

‘ Yes, please,’ gasped Tom, not daring to look at his old companion.

The exchange was quickly made, and the ten dollars in Tom’s hand. Tiger was beguiled into a barn, and the door hastily shut, and Tom was hurrying off, when he turned, and cried in a choking voice :

“ You will be kind to him, Major White, won’t you ? Don’t whip him. I never did, and he’s the best dog ”—

“ No, no, child,” said Major White, very kindly. “ I’ll treat him like a prince, and if you ever want to buy him back, you shall have him.”

Tom managed to falter “ thank you,” and almost flew out of hearing of Tiger’s eager scratching on the barn door.

I am making my story too long, and can only tell you in few words that Tom’s sacrifice was accepted. A friend took little Dick to the city free of expense, and Tom’s money paid for the necessary operation. The poor crooked fingers were very much improved, and were soon almost as good as ever. And the whole village loved Tom for his brave, self-sacrificing spirit, and the noble amendment he had made for his moment of passion.

A few days after Dick’s return came Tom’s birthday, but he did not feel in his usual spirits. In spite of his great delight in Dick’s recovery, he had so mourned over the matter, and had taken Tiger’s loss so much to heart, than he had grown quite pale and thin. So, as he was permitted to spend the day as he pleased, he took his book and went to his favorite haunt in the woods.

“ How different from my last birthday,” thought Tom. “ Then Tiger had just come, and I was so happy, though I didn’t like him half as well as I do now.”

Tom sighed heavily ; then added more cheerfully :

“ Well, I hope some things are better than they were last year. I hope I have begun to conquer myself, and with God’s help I shall never give up trying while I live. Now if I could only earn money enough to buy back dear old Tiger, I should like it.”

But while Tom was thinking, and gazing up into the blue sky through the delicate green leaves, he heard a hasty, familiar trot ; there was a light-crashing among the bushes, and with a quick bark of joy, Tiger himself, the brave old dog, sprang into Tom’s arms.

“ Tiger, old fellow,” cried Tom, trying to look fierce, though he could scarcely keep down the tears, “ how came you to run away, sir ?”

Tiger responded by picking up a letter he had dropped in his first joy, and laying it in Tom’s hand.

Tom opened it, and read in Major White’s trembly hand :

“ MY DEAR CHILD :—Tiger is pining, and I must give him change of air. I wish him to have a good master and knowing that the best ones are those who have learned to govern *themselves*, I send him to you. Will you take care of him, and very greatly oblige your old friend,

“ MAJOR WHITE.”

And then Tom read through a mist of tears :

“ P.S.—I know the whole story, dear little friend, ‘ be not weary in well-doing,’ ”—*The Congregationalist*.