

was the dog's constant playmate. He was a merry little fellow, and as fond of Bobby as Bobby was of him.

One day while the little boy and the dog were romping together, the ship gave a roll, and splash went the child into the sea!

A cry was raised, "A hand over! a hand over!" and the brave dog sprang over the side of the ship, clearing it like a greyhound, and swam towards the stern.

The little boy's father, half-frantic, leaped with others into the jolly-boat; but it was too dark to see far before them. All gave the child up for lost.

At last they heard a splash on the left side of the ship. "Pull on, quick!" cried the father. The boat was turned, the men pulled with greater force, and in a moment brave Bobby, holding up the child with his mouth, was alongside! Joy! joy! joy!

The boat was rowed back to the ship; the half-drowned boy was recovered; the parents were delighted; and brave Bobby was patted and caressed by all.

At the Cape of Good Hope the passengers were to be landed. The officer got into the boat with his wife and child; but he told the sailors to hold the Newfoundland dog tight by the collar till the boat was some distance from the ship. "You will then see," said he, "what a strong swimmer he is." Brave Bobby pulled and tugged to get loose, but all in vain, for they held him till the boat was