

### A DOG'S CHARITY.

**L**ATE in the afternoon of a raw day in November, as the doctor alighted from his carriage at the door of his stable, after a long drive over frost-bound roads, he was somewhat startled by the sudden appearance of a hound, which trotted up to him without ceremony, and seizing him by the skirt of his long driving-coat, endeavored to pull him in the direction of a shed adjoining the stable.

The doctor remonstrated rather vigorously, whereat the dog immediately released his hold, but, instead of running away, retreated in good order toward the shed, whence he presently re-appeared and tugged at the coat as before.

Having freed the horse from the shafts of his buggy, the doctor went into the house for a lantern. As he came out, the hound again approached and repeated the performances.

This time, greatly to the creature's delight, the doctor followed him into the shed, and there, in a remote corner, stretched at full length upon his side, and evidently in a condition of exhaustion, lay what is known as a "coach-dog"—a short-haired animal of medium size, whose coat is thickly covered with small black and white spots. By the light of the lantern the doctor looked the poor fellow over carefully, and soon found the cause of his breakdown in torn and bleeding feet that made travel impossible.

Here was a charity case indeed, and to such appeals of charity the physician is ever ready to respond. A comfortable bed of straw and a good supper were quickly provided for the sufferer. His feet were then cleansed, anointed with a soothing ointment, and wrapped in bandages, the hound looking on, meanwhile, with every manifestation of interest and pleasure.

He was invited by the hospitable doctor to spend the night with his canine friend, but he declined the invitation.

Having seen his companion properly cared for, he hurried away as if on important business; but when the doctor went to the stable

next morning he found the faithful creature at the stable door waiting for admission.

When he was permitted to enter, he went straight to the patient, and I wish I could report word for word what passed between the two. I have no doubt the hound inquired into his friend's condition, congratulated him upon having found an asylum in his extremity, and in reply for expressions of gratitude and obligation, protested that he had done no more than any self-respecting dog would do under the same circumstances. He remained about the stable for about an hour, and then left.—*Our Animal Friends.*

### HE WAS WATCHED.

"That young Brown has become a Christian, has he?" So said one business man to another.

"Yes, I heard so."

"Well, I'll have my eye on him, to see if he holds out. I want a trusty young man in my store. They are hard to find. If this is the real thing with him, he is just the man I want. I've kept my eye on him ever since I heard of it. I'm watching him closely."

So young Brown went in and out of the store, and up and down the street. He mixed with his old associates, and all the time Mr. Todd had an eye on him. He watched how the young man bore the sneer of being "one of the saints" as he stood up manfully for his new Master, and was not afraid to show his colors. Although Mr. Todd took rides, went to church, or did what he pleased on the Sabbath, he was glad to see that Brown rested on the Sabbath day and hallowed it. Though the Wednesday evening bell never drew the merchant to prayer-meeting, he watched to see if Brown passed by. Sometimes he said: "Where are you going, Brown?" and always received the prompt answer, "To prayer-meeting."

Brown's father and his teacher were both questioned as to how the lad was getting on.

For a year or more Todd's eyes were on Brown. Then he said to himself:

"He'll do. He's a real Christian. I can trust him. I can afford to pay him. He shall have a good place in my store."—*Ep. Hc.*