

*WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH.*

it is probable that even Jim's love of mischief would not have allowed him to stand by and see Snap proceed to extremities. Jet's dread of his enemy was naturally extreme; and now, when he came suddenly upon him, he retreated precipitately towards the middle of the street, whining and turning appealingly to his mistress for protection. Jim, enjoying the evident terror both of the dog and the little girl, encouraged Snap to give chase, when Katie, crying out, "Oh, my dog! my dog!" sprang forward to seize the frightened little animal before Snap's onset should be made. Just as she was stooping to pick him up—wholly absorbed in her eagerness to save him—the Winstanleys' large family-sleigh, with its gay fur trappings and spirited black horses, came dashing round the corner, close behind her. It was too late to rein them in, and before Katie could even become aware of the danger she was in, one of the shafts of the sleigh struck her with violence, and threw her aside to some distance, where she lay stunned and senseless on the snow.

"O mamma! it's Katie Johnstone!" exclaimed Clara Winstanley, with white, horror-stricken face and trembling voice, as she recognised the tartan frock which she had seen so recently. Mrs Winstanley, distressed and terrified, was beside the little prostrate figure almost before the sleigh could be drawn up. A little crowd had already collected around the child, who, though unconscious, moaned as they tried to lift her, and some one run off to find the nearest doctor, who was quickly on the spot. After a cursory examination, he expressed his fear that the injuries were serious, and offered to accompany the little sufferer