

Nearly a year ago, on Tom's birthday, Tiger arrived as a present from Tom's uncle, and as he leaped with a dignified bound from the wagon in which he made his journey, Tom looked for a moment into his great wise eyes, and impulsively threw his arms around his shaggy neck. Tiger, on his part, was pleased with Tom's bright face, and most affectionately licked his smooth cheeks. So the league of friendship was complete from that hour.

Tom soon gave his school-fellows to understand that Tiger was a dog of superior talents, and told them that he meant to give him a liberal education. So when Tom studied his lessons, Tiger, too, was furnished with a book, and, sitting by Tom's side, he would pore over the pages with an air of great profundity, occasionally gravely turning a leaf with his paw. Then Tiger was taught to go to the post-office, and bring home the daily paper. He could also carry a basket to the baker's for crackers and cake, and putting his money on the counter with his mouth, he would wait patiently till the basket was filled, and then trot faithfully home.

Added to all these graces of mind, Tiger had shown himself possessed of a large heart, for he had plunged into the lake one raw Spring morning, and saved a little child from drowning. So the next Saturday, Tom called a full meeting of his schoolmates, and after numerous grand speeches to the effect that Tiger was a hero, as well as "a gentleman and a scholar," an enormous brass medal was fastened around his neck, and he was made to acknowledge the honor by standing on his hind legs, and barking vociferously. Old Major White had offered Tom ten dollars for Tiger, but Tom quickly informed him he "wouldn't take a hundred."

But I am telling you too much about Tiger, and must say a few words about his master, who is really the subject of my story. As I have already told you, Tom had a pleasant, round face, and you might live with him a week, and think him one of the noblest, most generous boys you ever knew. But some day you would probably discover that he had a most violent temper. You would be frightened to see his face crimson with rage, as he stamped his feet, shook his little sister, spoke improperly to his mother, and above all, sorely displeased his Father in heaven.

To be sure, Tom was soon over his passion, and very repentant, but then he did not remember to be watchful and struggle against this great enemy, and the next time he was attacked, he was very easily overcome, and had many sorrowful hours in consequence.

Now I am going to tell you of one great trial on this account, which Tom never forgot to the end of his life. As I was saying a little while ago, Tiger and Tom were walking down the street together, when they met Dick Casey, a school-fellow of Tom's.

"Oh Dick!" cried Tom, "I'm going to father's grain store a little while. Let's go up in the loft and play."

Dick had just finished his work in his mother's garden, and was all ready for a little amusement. So the two went up together, and en-