

there on that Island or I'll kill you; do you understand it?" I shall always think he did, from the troubled look he gave me and the pleading way in which he crept to my side and attempted to carress my hand. Roughly I shook him off and bade him go fetch that bird. Obediently he plunged into the ice-cold water, swam to the island, and then stood in an irresolute, troubled manner beside the duck. Angrily I shouted my orders, but he only put his nose on it, then swam back toward me. I sent him back three times; then he attempted to land. I knew that he was too chilled to make it possible for him to return to the Island, but my passion mastered me and again and again I struck him back into the water, with my gun butt, fiercely declaring that he would bring me that bird or never land alive. O, the look in those brown eyes as he turned them upon me at each new effort to land! Boys, I'll never, *no never* forget it, and I expect to meet it even when I stand before God's bar of justice.

The stranger paused here for a little ere he found voice to go on.

"Presently he grew so helpless from cold, struggles and blows, that he let himself drift beyond my reach, but, frenzied with rage, I dropped my gun and snatching up a long pole I leaned over the water's edge to strike him. As the pole came down some sod or root under my foot gave way, and I found myself struggling in the coldest water I was ever in: but it was only for a few brief moments, for, with the icy hands of death already tightening about his faithful heart, that noble dog roused himself at sight of my peril, worked toward me as best he could, and with a last desperate effort, born of love and fidelity, he dragged me to shore, sank down, and, with a few short gasps, was dead.

"Chilled and stupefied, yet perfectly conscious of the enormity of my sin, I watched by his side, gazing into the still open eyes and alternately cursing myself and calling him names of endearment that he never heard in life.

"How long it was, before another hunter's voice recalled me to myself and my condition

I do not know, but I know that during that time my sufferings of mind made me unconscious of bodily suffering. I was helped home, but for many weeks I lay between life and death, and they said all my unconscious ravings were of Stanley and that awful transaction by the lakeside. I have been a different person since, but I can never, in life, get away from that page in the book.

"You understand what I mean now, and all I have to say further is, boys, *be kind to every living creature*, and if you can do any good by repeating an old man's story, tell it again and again."

There was silence in the little group as once more the carriage wheels rode noiselessly away; but presently the largest boy took some pennies from his pocket and bade two of the smaller ones "run to the market and get a good meaty bone." On their return it was laid where the stray dog could smell it, and then the company quietly dispersed, each to tell to someone else the old man's story, and put in practice, we trust, his admonition, "Be kind to every living creature."—*The World*.

HIS FAVORITE HYMN.

"A little boy came to a city missionary, and holding out a dirty and well-worn bit of paper, said; "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that."

Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it and found it was a page containing that beautiful hymn, of which the first stanza is as follows:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

The missionary looked down with interest into the face upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it and why he wanted a clean one.

"We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket, after she died; and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one to put in a frame and hang up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?"