

Dorothy and Trusty.

'Lie down, Trusty! Keep still, sir!' Dorothy Kendall whispered.

It was Wednesday afternoon, and Miss Spencer, the teacher, had been reading a delightful story, and had given her little girls fifteen minutes to write what they could remember of it. Dorothy did not wish to be disturbed. Trusty ought to have understood that, she thought, he was such a scholarly dog. He came to school regularly with Dorothy and her little brother Archie, and sat beside her seat, which was the last in the row, never disturbing her while she was studying. But as soon as she went forward to recite, he would jump into her place and sit there until she returned, exactly like a 'committee man.' When the line was formed to march out at recess or at the close of the session, he took his place behind his little mistress, and Miss Spencer, who played the piano, said that he kept perfect time to the music, even in the wag of his tail. A wise, obedient dog was Trusty Kendall!

Why, then, should he suddenly sit upright with that keen expression on his handsome face?

'Oh, dear!' said Dorothy to herself. 'He's going to bark; I know he is. That's just the way he looks when a tramp comes to the back door. Lie down, Trusty!' she whispered to him again.

Behind her was a door leading into a narrow, dark hall, through which one could go to another schoolroom. It led to a closet, where the waste paper box stood, and where old maps and school furniture were stored.

'I will let Trusty stay in there until the school is done,' she thought.

So she quietly arose, took hold of his collar, and stepping to the door, opened it very softly. Trusty gave a long, whining growl and shrank back against her. Dorothy's heart gave one great throb, and then seemed to stop beating. The hall was full of smoke!

She closed the door and stood for an instant with her hand on the dog's collar, her poor little brain in a whirl; and then as fast as her little feet could carry her, she made her way to the teacher's desk, still holding Trusty, whose body was quivering with excitement.

'Miss Spencer,' she whispered, 'the hall is full of smoke, and I think the house is afire.'

The teacher glanced into Dorothy's white face, turned her own toward the door, smelled the smoke, clasped her hands as though to summon all her strength, and whispered in return. 'Go to Professor Lyon's room as quickly as you can, tell him in a whisper—Dorothy be sure to whisper—then come back to me.'

Miss Spencer turned and smiled upon the children.

'We will change the order now and give you a little exercise,' she said, and instantly sat down at the piano.

'Bang, bang!' Striking the keys sharply in that way meant 'Stand in your seats!' Another strain, and every one faced the door. Then came the quick, familiar march—quicker than usual this time—then tramp, tramp, sounded the little feet down the aisles, out through the doors, and down the stairs!

'She never heard our stories!' 'I think it's awful mean not to give us time to put up our books.' 'I guess teacher's sick. Didn't you see how pale she looked?' they exclaimed one after another, as soon as they dared to speak aloud.

Dorothy had given her message to the prin-

cipal, adding, in a pitiful whisper that went straight to his heart: 'Now, can I go to the kindergarten and get my little brother?'

'I dare not let you,' said he, quickly. 'There is no danger if we can keep them from knowing. Run back to Miss Spencer and we'll all be out in a few minutes.'

But there was Trusty wagging his tail and whining as he looked up into her face.

'Why, he knows where Archie is, and he is a dog. Of course he can go. Yes, Trusty, go find Archie and bring him to Dorothy,' she whispered, as soon as they were outside, and away through the halls he darted.

Dorothy reached her own room just as Miss Spencer was gathering her watch, Bible and papers from the desk.

'Look!' cried the teacher, grasping the child's hand, 'the flames are just coming through the door. Hurry!' and with trembling feet they followed the children, whom they found just outside in the yard.

'Go on, go on! Sing "Hear the Sound of Little Feet!"' and the teacher started the familiar song, pressing to the front, and soon had her flock on the wide lawn just opposite the schoolhouse.

And now the fire bell began to ring. Clang! Clang! Clang! And pouring through the door came the pupils from the various rooms in the doomed building. Dorothy had sunk upon the grass beside Miss Spencer her hands cold, her limbs weak and trembling.

'There come the little kindergartners!' at once shouted some one. Dorothy struggled to her feet, tried to laugh, but only burst into tears as Trusty appeared leading the van and grasping with his teeth the red and black kilt of her precious little brother.

Another minute and she had him in her arms.

Then around the corner, with a leap and a dash, came the horses with the fire engines, men and ladders. Everyone was safe. Dorothy's father had found her and Archie, and the children were hardly happier than was Trusty, who was trying to express his joy in the best language he could command.

'He wants to tell you how he got Archie.'

'Oh, that blessed dog!' cried one of the kindergarten teachers as she came up to the little group and bent over him. 'I'm most sure he saved the life of some of our tots. You see, Professor Lyon gave his pupils orders not to leave the room until the younger ones were all out; but he was obliged to leave them, and they were in a perfect panic and rushed down the hall just as we got our little ones out. We must have had a crush on the stairs if that dog hadn't stopped those big boys and girls. He barked and flew at them, and just held them back until we got our children down those dreadful stairs. He deserves a gold medal if ever a dog did.'

'And here's a girl that deserves another,' said Miss Spencer, throwing her arms around Dorothy. 'Why didn't you scream when you saw the smoke, my dear?'

'Why, you said we musn't. Don't you remember reading to us about that awful fire where the children got killed because they crowded down the stairs all together?' asked Dorothy.

When the children were gathered in a large church to begin study once more, Trusty appeared with a gold plate attached to his collar. It was given by the mothers of the little kindergartners, and upon it these words were engraved: 'To Trusty Kendall, the good dog that helped save our children from the fire.'—'Canadian Churchman.'

Out of The Depths.

(The Rev. Wm. Pierce, in the 'War Cry'.)

I wonder if there was a more noble and a more pathetic message sent back to the living from the brink of the grave than that of young Dawson, of the fated 'Caller On,' sent to his mother. The words are very few and simple. On the very verge of eternity, his vessel trembling like a living thing, as if conscious of impending destruction, the heart's passionate message has to be gathered into one simple and hurried utterance. And there it stands on the piece of drift wood: 'May the Lord comfort my mother. "Caller On," run down by an unknown steamer.—Dawson. No more time. Sinking.' All the great primitive passions of the heart are moved by the ship-boy's message. Brave lad! The pen that now writes of him moves at the impulse of tears. He was a hero every inch of him. She that bore him and mourned him departed, might dry her tears in her pride of being the mother of such a son.

It was a slow post that carried Dawson's letter to the shore. Twelve months and more it lay on the heaving deep.

'Ever drifting, drifting, drifting

On the shifting

Currents of the restless main.'

Summer and winter, night and day, in storm and in sunshine, one can see Dawson's letter rising and falling on the wave, now washed about in scorn by the mad fury of the gale, lost in its wrathful tumult of foam, but again, when the 'storm-wind of the equinox' was lulled to rest, and sunshine fell in glittering glory upon the wide wastes of the sea, there goes Dawson's letter, 'courtesying over the billows,' as though it bore not the tale of sorrow, yet ever with its simple prayer exhibited to the eye of heaven. Out of the trough of the deep it rises to the crest of the steep wave, and, for an instant as though the sea, pitiful and relenting, were lifting up the supplication in its strong arms to the Divine gaze, a new prayer ascends, with all the greatness of its forgetfulness and simple trust, 'May the Lord comfort my mother!' And one element of her comfort we are sure will be to receive this message from her brave boy. But who shall direct it to an uninhabited land? What a strangely confused and crooked voyage the track of this piece of drift-wood would show, if marked upon a chart, driven for weeks hither and thither, forward and back, at the caprice of the changing winds and tides! and yet the blind forces of nature, though they work slowly, must at last bring this missile to land. Thither the unseen Hand guides it, till the last wave of the incoming tide casts it high upon the sandy beach. No loud peremptory knock arouses the fisher folk of the village, telling them that the Lord's postman has brought a message 'out of the depths,' and has deposited it upon the strand. It would have fallen in with our ideas if a smart peal of thunder had roused them to the fact that the King's Messenger had brought so far on its journey Dawson's letter; that now they were to undertake its further despatch to the bereaved mother. But he that guided this letter through the vicissitudes of its long year of voyaging, can direct a casual eye to the chance of Flotsam and Jetsam, and to the pale message still legible upon its surface, thanks to the stout heart and strong nerve of the pious lad that wrote it. And so this precious missive was saved from being cast into the fire.

'Sinking!' The simple expression is dram-