

THE GUIDING ANGEL.

little squatty quadruped by his side, which looked up in his face with as much sagacity as if he understood his master's remark, and perfectly agreed with him.

"Let's have a race!" Tommy continued, "down to that maple. One, two, three, and away," and off they sped, Tommy reaching the goal first, and plunging head foremost on the dewy grass, watched fat Button waddling along with all the speed he could muster. When at last he did get to the tree Tommy greeted him with as much applause as if he had performed a very praiseworthy feat, and then they rolled over one another and tumbled about the green sward, Tommy's uproarious laughter mingling with the short shrill bark of Button, until both were fain to lie still from sheer exhaustion. When they had rested a little while Tommy started up, saying,

"Now, Button, jump, like a good fellow!" and the little cur sprang into the air, higher