

great struggle. Tom rocked backwards and forwards, and although he was a proud boy, he sobbed aloud. Tiger whined, licked his face, rushed off in dark corners, and barked savagely at some imaginary enemy, and then came back, and putting his paws on Tom's knees, wagged his tail in anxious sympathy. At last Tom took his hands from his pale, tearstained face, and looking into his dog's great honest eyes, he cried with a queer shake in his voice,

"Tiger, old fellow! dear old dog, could you ever forgive me if I sold you?"

Then came another burst of sorrow, and Tom rose hastily, as if afraid to trust himself, and almost ran out of the woods. Over the fields he raced with Tiger close to his heels, nor rested a moment till he stood at Major White's door nearly two miles away.

"Do you still want Tiger, sir?"

"Why yes," said the old man in great surprise, "but do you want to sell him?"

"Yes, please," gasped Tom, not daring to look at his old companion. The exchange was quickly made, and the ten dollars in Tom's hand. Tiger was beguiled into a barn, and the door hastily shut, and Tom was hurrying off, when he turned and cried in a choking voice—

"You will be kind to him, Major White, won't you? Don't whip him, I never did, and he's the best dog!"

"No, no, child," said Major White kindly, "I'll treat him like a prince, and if you ever want to buy him back, you shall have him."

Tom managed to falter "thank you," and almost flew out of hearing of Tiger's eager scratching on the barn door.

I am making my story too long, and can only tell you in a few words that Tom's sacrifice was accepted. A friend took little Dick to the city free of expense, and Tom's money paid for the necessary operation.

The poor crooked fingers were very much improved, and were soon almost as good as ever. And the whole village loved Tom for his brave, self-sacrificing spirit, and the noble amendment he had made for his moment of passion.

A few days after Dick's return came Tom's birthday, but he did not feel in his usual spirits. In spite of his great delight in Dick's recovery, he had so mourned over the matter, and had taken Tiger's loss so much to heart, that he had grown quite pale and thin. So, as he was permitted to spend the day as he pleased, he took his book, and went to his favorite haunt in the woods.

"How different from my last birthday," thought Tom. "Then Tiger had just come and I was so happy, though I didn't like him half as well as I do now."

Tom sighed heavily; then added more cheerfully—"Well, I hope some things are better than they were last year. I hope I

have begun to conquer myself, and with God's help I shall never give up trying while I live. Now if I could only earn money enough to buy back dear old Tiger.

But while Tom was thinking, and gazing up into the blue sky through the delicate green leaves he heard a hasty, familiar trot,—there was a crashing among the bushes, and with a quick bark of joy, Tiger himself the brave old dog, sprang into Tom's arms.

"Tiger, old fellow," cried Tom trying to look fierce, though he could scarcely keep down the tears, "How came you to run away, sir?"

Tiger responded by picking up a letter he had dropped in his first joy, and laying it in Tom's hand.

Tom opened it, and read in Major White's trembling hand:

"MY DEAR CHILD: Tiger is pining and I must give him change of air. I wish him to have a good master, and knowing that the best ones are those who have learned to govern themselves, I send him to you. Will you take care of him, and greatly oblige

Your old friend, MAJOR WHITE."

And then Tom read through a mist of tears—

"P. S. I know the whole story. Dear little friend, 'be not weary in well doing.'"

The Congregationalist.

The Whole Law.

"For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."
—Jas. ii. 10.

The Rev Mr Leupolt, of India, found some difficulty in getting the idea contained in the above verse impressed upon the minds of the natives. Argument was resorted to, but without avail. "Never," says he, "could I make the common people understand me without a parable." In this parable he described a scene on the Ganges. "The day was dismal; the wind roared, the thunder pealed, the lightning was vivid, the waves of the Ganges rapid; the infuriated element threatened destruction to every vessel on its waters; no boat could outlive the storm for any length of time.

"But see!—what is that? It is a boat in distress, filled with people, rapidly hurried along by the waves. Between the peals of thunder, the shrieks of the people are heard. They fear the rocks on the shore, to which the current is driving them? Could they be but drawn into the creek, they would be safe. Those on the shore look anxiously around, and discover a chain near them. A man instantly fastens a stone to a rope, binds the other end to the chain, and flings the stone into the boat. The rope is caught. The people eagerly lay hold on the chain, while those on shore begin to