

top of the glen; look through the night, you can see the candle glimmer in our own window." Shag appeared obstinate for the first time in his life; and, at last, Halbert advanced alone, heedless of the warning growl of his companion. He had proceeded but a few steps when he fell over a precipice, which had been concealed by a snow-wreath.

Malcolm repeatedly snuffed the little candle which he had affectionately placed so as to throw light over his boy's path, replenished the fire, and spoke to his wife that comfort in which his own anxious heart could not participate. Often did he go to the door, but no footstep sounded on the crackling ice, no figure darkened the wide waste of snow. "Perhaps the doctor is not at home, and he is waiting for him," said his poor mother. She felt so uneasy at her child's absence, that she almost forgot her own pain. It was nearly midnight, when Malcolm heard the well-known bark of the faithful Shag. "My son, my son!" cried both parents at the same moment. The cottage door opened, and Shag entered without his master. "My brave boy has perished in the snow!" exclaimed the mother; at the same moment, the father saw a small packet round the dog's neck, who was lying panting on the floor. "Our boy lives," said the shepherd; "here is the medicine tied with his handkerchief; he has fallen into some of the pits, but he is safe. Trust in God; I will go out, and Shag will conduct me safely to the rescue of my child." In an instant Shag was again on his feet, and testified the most unbounded joy as they both issued from the cot-