

THE MODERN PULPIT

THE NEW HEAVEN AND THE NEW EARTH.

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"A new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."—2 PETER III. 13.

Last Sunday we began the new year by considering our hopes for the new heaven and the new earth, and by asking ourselves the question whether even here and now we might not enjoy, at least, a foretaste of the fruition of that realm of God. We did not hide from ourselves that everything on earth has a crack in it; that everything on earth is transitory and imperfect, that alike the material world and the whole estate of men, and our individual lives, groan and travail in pain together, even until now, waiting for the redemption of the body; but we inquired whether we may not hasten the blessed restitution of all things to their ideal beauty and happiness, even as in the previous verse St. Peter speaks of Christians as expecting and hastening the day of the Lord's coming, and we look from the sphere of home life one single illustration of the certainty that we can ourselves make unspeakable differences in the blessings or the misery of the conditions which here surround us. It has been said of home by a wise writer, that it locally contains all hell or all heaven; there is no third place in it. Since, then, an English home may be to us what we make it, a heaven or a hell; clearly no small part of life depends upon our choice of good or evil; and if in a sphere so wide we can in a measure anticipate even here, and even now, the new heaven and the new earth, there is reason to believe we could do so in a still larger measure, that we could then, as it were, antedate the coming of Christ's kingdom and the lead on the coming years.

There are two great spheres of public activity, politics and business, and for each of us privately there is the domestic, the social, the individual life. Let me try to show this morning how, not in our homes only, but through all our lives, by living as the children of the kingdom, we may anticipate something of its final blessedness. I should not, of course, attempt to exhaust the subject, but only to illustrate it. And yet, if we could but grasp the general thought with all the vast responsibility which pertains to it; if we would regard the elements of the highest blessedness to which man can possibly reach as things not distant, not Utopian, but perfectly attainable, we should soon see that God has not mocked us with a dream, or dazzled us with a mirage of the wilderness, but that he places within our reach the happiness which is our being's end and aim, and that He has told us the secret which unlocks His eternal treasure-house of spiritual bliss.

We, brethren, according to His promise, "look for a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." You see St. Peter's conception of this new universe; it is one characteristic to him. Is righteousness attainable by men? If it be, then the essence of God's kingdom is not beyond man's power to attain. If righteousness be attainable here and now, then here and now, we may at least enter into the Kingdom of God. Is our conception of happiness absolutely identified with righteousness? Is that the thing which we desire? Is that our ideal? Is that the one goal to which we are stretching forward in the heavenly race? If so, then for us here and now the path to heaven lies through heaven, and all the way to heaven is heaven. What sort of a condition answers to the heaven of which you dream and for which you sigh? Is it a state of things which you vaguely glory in? Is it a crown, the symbol of supreme self-aggrandizement? Is it a throne, the summit of individual exaltation? Is it the rest of an untroubled indolence? Is it an unbroken dream of pleasure? If so, our heaven may prove to be indeed a chimera both now and hereafter. Such notions of heaven betray the unsuspected fact that, after all, our high spiritual hopes, as we call them, resolve themselves into mere earthliness, into an ill-concealed amalgam of vanity and of selfishness. The true conception of heaven is holiness, it is the elimination of baseness of sin; so says David: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall rise up in His holy place? Even he that hath clean hands and a pure heart, and that hath not lifted up his mind into vanity, nor sworn to deceive his neighbour." This man "shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation. This is the generation of them that seek him, even of them that seek thy face, O Jacob." "So, too," says St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of—what? Nine persons out of ten will fill up the verse with the words—"a crown of glory;" but that is not what St. Paul says, what he says is: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

A crown of righteousness. Well, but that is a crown which we may wear now, because many of God's children have worn it visibly on earth; many have been able to say with the discerning king: "My crown is in my heart not on my head—not set with diamonds and Indian stones—one to be seen." Ah! how childish beside that unseen crown is

The round
And top of sovereignty,
Which glitters on so many an uneasy brow!
Glory! The world gives the name of glory

To the tedious pomp that waits on princes,
When their rich retinue loag
Of horses led,
And grooms besmeared with gold,
Dazzles the crowd,
And sets them all agape.

They see no kingliness in the persecuted misery of godlike souls. "Art thou a king, then?" says the cowardly, blood-stained Roman procurator in undigested astonishment, with unconcealed contempt, to the poor prisoner who stood before him. "Art thou a king,—thou poor, worn, tear-stained outcast, forsaken of every friend and of every subject in thine hour of bitter need?" "Thou sayest" such was the calm answer, "thou sayest that I am a king." Aye, but the crown is not a crown of pride, and the kingdom is not of this world. And so have all God's saints felt. Do you look upon heaven as a reward, as a sort of personal

honor, as a sort of unlimited treasury or glorified star and riband? It is nothing so trumpery, and it is nothing so commercial; and if it were, it is not our poor shivering virtue that could deserve it. It is not a reward, it is the gift of God. Do you want to "go to heaven," as they phrase it? Well, you may go to heaven now, if you really desire it, and if you know what heaven means. Go to heaven! My friends, heaven is a temper, and not a place. What do you pray for when you pray for heaven? I will tell you what St. Thomas of Aquino prayed for every day, it was, "Give me, O Lord"—What? "Not so much wealth, or fame, or success, or to be avenged on mine enemies, or to be well spoken of by all men—none of these things—no; but his daily prayer was, 'give me, O Lord, a noble heart' which no earthly affection can drag down." And what was the reward for which he looked? A white robe? a golden street? a house of gems? No; but when the vision said to him "Thou hast written well of me, O Thomas, what reward dost thou desire?" *Non alium nisi te domine*—no other reward than thyself—was the meek and rapt reply. Did not David say the same? "Thou, O God, art the thing that I long for. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth than I desire like unto Thee." Are our souls in any sense of the word a-thirst for God? Amid the eager competition of business, in the mad desire for pleasure and for gold, how many of you are seeking "first the kingdom of God and his righteousness?" Ah, my friends, if "God and his righteousness" be our conception of heaven we may obtain it, and that without money and without price.

Earth has her price for what earth gives us.
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in;
The priest has his fee that comes and shrives us;

We bargain for the grave we die in;

For a cap and bells our souls our lives we pay;
Bubbles we earn with our whole soul's tasking;
It is only heaven that is given away,
It is only God that may be had for the asking.

If righteousness by our characteristic of the new heaven and the new earth, it is her attainable. If God be the one object of our desires, and union with Christ our single aim, why may not the best of heaven lie to us here? "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God." Which of us can honestly say that? If we can, happy are we. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

Modern science had shown us why the deep sky is blue, and here in a London lecture room you may see the azure of the firmament enclosed for you in a tube of common glass. Oh, my brethren, that we could see how possible it is for us to make our lives like that tube of common glass, and to fill them with the spiritual azure of the new heaven; and if each of our lives were full of heaven, how widely would it diffuse its lovely radiance, and how soon would that new heaven glow over all a darkened world! But, as before, I can only give some passing illustrations of this possibility, taken from various spheres or elements of our private or public life. Millions of men are engaged in one form or another of trade and commerce, and every one of us is more or less occupied with things in which money is concerned. Now, one main element of righteousness is stainless honesty, inflexible integrity. Have you ever thought how immense an amelioration would be introduced into the conditions of life if perfect integrity, if stainless honesty were, as it might be, the invariable rule? How keenly does the Book of Proverbs express the world's experience of the commonness of cheating and quackery, and selfish, struggling competition, and the incessant aim to overreach and to defraud, to make unjust gains, and to win all which, legally or illegally, we can, and not the fair and honest profit and proportion! But the Christian must ever pray: "Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for my trust is in Thee." Eliminate from all money concerns the elements of fraud and immoral custom, of scramble and selfishness, of puff and push, of the dishonesty which postpones, or which will not pay its just debts, of the counter-dishonesty, which rings from the fair payments of the honest, the bad debts of the dishonest—eliminate the robbing of the hiring of his wages, and the grinding of the faces of the poor, and the making gain of the appetites, or the wants, or the miseries, or the guileless inexperience of others—eliminate the fraudulent dealing with trusts, the playing tricks with money, the forgeries, the bubble companies, the gambling speculations, the rings of middle-men, the cooking of accounts, the tampering with markets—get rid of all this network of the base and evil spirit of Mammon, this manifold engineering of temptation which Satan put into the hands of those who, making haste to be rich shall not be innocent, and can you estimate the greater heavenliness which would then be introduced into human society? Truly, the love of money is the root of all evil. Only the fewest know how to win it wisely and to spend it nobly. Men try in vain, as they have ever done, to serve God and Mammon. They do not disbelieve in Christ; but, like Judas, they sell Him, they palter with God and with the laws of God for gold. If we would pour that one ray of heaven into the shut house of life, the first essential for each and for all of us is absolute, perfect, inflexible integrity. "He that worketh in his righteousness feareth the Lord."

Nor less essential to our new heaven and our new earth is perfect purity. Can you, can any mind, short of the infinite, at all measure the depth and shame, and misery with which life is flooded by the violation of God's law of chastity. Who shall tell how many millions are the lives in which because of uncleanness "the root has been as rottenness, and the blossom has gone up as dust?" He who sins against this high, beneficent, inexorable, eternal law does so, verily, with his eyes open against all that has been taught him by all the experience of all the world. He goes like a bird to the snare of the fowler, like an ox to the slaughter, like a fool to the correction of the stocks; he goes knowingly to the banquet where the dead are, and the guests are in the depths of hell. Immeasurable is the curse which iniquity introduces into human life, immeasurable are the wrongs which it inflicts upon the innocent, immeasurable is the certain and awful retribution to which it drags down the guilty. Alas, we need go no further than the shameful streets and the agonizing hospitals of great cities, to know the horrors of disease and wretchedness which follow in the wake of God's insulted and violated law. Let us not speak of it, but look and pass. But, to every young person here present most earnestly would I say, pray to the Almighty that He may cleanse the thoughts of your hearts, and teach you how

benevolent and how inexorable is that law of purity. Cherish the unsullied crystal of that heavenly innocence. When the serpent creeps in, the bliss of paradise is gone. You can never know what heaven is; you can never know the serenity of perfect peace until you have learned the duty of keeping your mortal bodies in temperance, sobriety, and chastity. "Know ye not that your bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost, who dwelleth in you, except"—and how fearful an except that is—"ye be reprobates." "Blessed"—our Saviour's own lips said it—"are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

Once more—for, as I said, I desire only to illustrate the subject, not to exhaust it. With perfect integrity and perfect purity, there must also be perfect love in the new heaven and the new earth, and the tender, charitable truthfulness which is a part of love. We need a new heaven and a new earth most of all because so many men by hatred and untruthfulness, as well as by dishonesty and uncleanness, turn earth from a possible heaven into an anticipated hell. Of all evil lives, the most evil is that of those who ponder to the calumny, the envy, and the malice which are the most snake-like of human infirmities. I know that the world, like the fashionable world and the vulgar world, does not think so. Alike in the foul slum and the luxurious drawing-room, there are many men who think that malice is rather amusing, and who take lies for wit. Other vices ally men to brutes; but of malevolent falsehood man has the sad and degrading monopoly. It is impossible to estimate the extent to which bad men and bad women for their own interests, add to the misery of life by the venom of unbridled malignity. But enough of this, also. Earth would be a comparative Paradise if men loved each other as they envy and hate and belie each other. Even the sphere of religion rings with the bitterness of unscrupulous partisans. "She thought to herself," writes a modern novelist, "how delightful it would be to live in a house where everybody understood and loved and helped everybody else. She did not know that her wish was just for the kingdom of heaven."

Now, I appeal to every one among you all to tell me whether you do not clearly see that life would be utterly different if men would make it different, unutterably more blessed if men sought or cared for the elements of true blessedness. Oh, that men would be but true men, and that women would be the holy and gracious things which God meant them to be! For when they indulge themselves in these vices they cease to be true men and true women. The man whose heart is ever burning with envy and hatred, and sullen jealousy and mad ferocity—is he aman or is he a jackal or a tiger? The man who has enslaved himself to appetite and drunkenness, the man who is smitten with the wand of a foul enchantment and lives for pleasure in a sensual sty—is he a man or is he become akin to the ape or to the swine? The man who is given over to lies and malignity—has he not sunk into, as he has heard, the serpent's curse? Expel from the human heart all that remains of the ape's vileness, the serpent's hiss, the tiger's fury, the vulture wings which hasten to carrion, and then how gracious a thing is a man if he only be a man! Man must be like the brutes or like the angels, as he will. A society of men as God meant them to be, a true Church—I do not mean a mere hierarchic Church, a Church organized for the self-glorification of priests, a Church absorbed in functions and in formulae, but a true Church of Christ—ah! it would be a place which angels might love. And we might help, each one of us, to make earth so; for if each one swept behind his own door, the streets of the new Jerusalem would be clean. And the more heartily we do this, each for ourselves, the more surely will others do it; for it is astonishing how much goodness goodness makes.

A Dumb Rooster.

A gentleman living on the outskirts of the city, near Black Rock, owns a curiosity of the like of which Barnum never dreamed of. It is a deaf-and-dumb rooster—a full-grown, brilliantly plumed, brown Leghorn chanticleer—that has lost his voice, can neither crow nor cluck, nor make any other audible sound with his vocal apparatus; does not wake up the neighbourhood at five o'clock in the morning with an everlasting cock-a-doodle-doo; does not give an alarm of hawks every time a black cloud crosses the sun, but is still as much the lord of the chicken park as ever.

He has not always been thus. Up to the time he was eight months old he was as noisy as any young rooster need be. Then he got his head caught in a barbed-wire fence in such a way as to mangle his neck and probably tear out the vocal cords. Losing the power to make sounds, he evidently forgot how to hear them. At least now, at the age of three years, he gives no evidence of hearing. But he makes his eyes answer for ears and voice, too. If any one wanted proof that he was really deaf and dumb, those eyes would be convincing. There is nothing he does not see. When the first glow of sunrise appears he begins the duties of the day by rousing all the rest of the fowls in the hennery in his own original way. He walks around to each one and kicks it off its perch. There is no resisting such an invitation to get up. It's much more effective than crowing. When he gets a challenge to fight he does not stop to announce what he can do. He goes and does it. And his battles are all victories.

The most remarkable thing about this intelligent bird, however, is the fact that, though deaf, he can distinguish between an admonition to "shoo" and a request to come to dinner. How he does it is a mystery, but it is believed that he tells by the motion of the lips and general attitude of the person who addresses him.

A course of instruction in a deaf and dumb institute is all this rooster needs to learn to talk with his spurs.—Buffalo Express.

New Way of Cooking Beefsteak.

Buy a nice round steak; spread over it a dressing made of bread crumbs soaked in boiling water and seasoned with salt, pepper, butter and sage to taste. Then take the steak, spread with this dressing, into a roll. Tie it round and round with a string to keep it together. Place it in a dripping pan with a little water and bake it in a moderate oven. After taking from the oven remove the cord and slice the roll ready for the table. It is very nice either warm or cold.

Husband—"My dear, we will have to begin to economize right off." Wife—"Dear me! What has happened?" Husband—"Cigars have gone up."

IN THE BUSH.

A Tragedy of Australian Life.

Far away up a wild arm among the folding hills, with the green gray mantle of the eucalyptus bush spreading for miles and weary miles between them and civilization, there lived a couple. Not man and wife, not even brothers, except in love; and in that these two were more to each other than many a pair representing a human relationship. It was only a man and his dog; and the man was only a shepherd on an outlying station belonging to a wealthy squatter.

It was in the old days, before sheep farms were the comparatively easily managed affairs they are now, and when the unlucky shepherd seldom saw any human face but that of the manager; and his not more than once in a couple of months. It is true most shepherds had a house-mate, who took it in turns with him to stay in the hut, boil the "billy" and make the damper; but this man was an exception. He was still young, though it was difficult to say what age. He might have been anything from twenty-five to thirty-five; the gray eyes were bright and clear enough for the former age, while the expression of sorrowful patience was rather that of a man who had learned that the world-voices call to the human soul forever and forever, "Renounce, renounce!"

He certainly had not much to enliven him. The society of sheep assuredly plays a great part in the pastoral poetry of many celebrated verse makers, but mayhap they never tried it. Anyway, they have a fashion of introducing ribbons and flutes and little Bo-peeps as compensating adjuncts to this style of life; whereas this man had none of these things, nothing at all, in fact, but a rough, yellowish cattle dog, which looked something like a colley that had gone wrong in early youth. He, the dog, rejoiced in the name of Snip. When I say "rejoiced" I speak advisedly. Snip looked upon life as one large joke. His mouth curled up in a kindly, if ironical, grin; his tail fairly wagged itself off when his master looked at him, and nothing but his deep sense of propriety prevented his joking with the sheep in a scoffing fashion when he ran the silly dingy creatures in for the night. As he sat by his master at this moment outside the hut door he occasionally interrupted his own hunt for the lively flea to thrust his nose into the man's hand with a coaxing movement that meant as plainly as could be, "Come, drop that pipe, do; we have had enough of smoking and moonlight for one night. I want to lie across your feet and go to my dreams. This is the third night you have made me lose my beauty. What you see in that moon I can't make out. Bow!"

"Can't you, old fellow?" answered the man. "Perhaps not; you are a quite un-sentimental dog—that is your one fault. If moonlight is the only earthly light that brings me back an evening on a long terrace walk over a shining sea, can you not give up a snore or two, you lazy beggar, to please me? No? Well, come then," and rising he stretched himself with a half sigh. Why did the past come back to-night? He did not usually think of that old business, being too wise a man to worry over the irremediable. But to-night—to-night there came to him a face he had loved a good deal better than Snip's; though it had held for him none of the tender devotion in the dog's brown eyes now turned up anxiously to his. A woman's face, connected somehow with the moonlight and the sea; a woman's voice in an agony of entreaty. "Save him, can you not? You, who can do everything; can you not save him, your own brother?" And he had done so. Not unthinkingly, not without a good many reflections if it were not possible to do so without giving up his own life. But it had not been possible. He wondered how would he have done it with no other incentive than bare duty, whether the sacrifice would have been so easy if another than the woman who loved his brother had asked it of him. His father, for instance? His father, who squandered as much misplaced affection on said brother as ever Isaac did on that scapegrace Jacob. Nonsense, of course he would. It would have killed his father if his eldest son had been disgraced. It was bad enough as it was. Why did he think of it to-night? Perhaps because of that strange unconscious faculty which recalls past events, because close in the future they are arising from their graves to give us one more scene of a play we had fancied well over.

Patting the dog's head, who gave a supercilious sniff, he turned to enter the hut when the sound of horses' feet broke the stillness of the night.

"The manager," he muttered, pausing on the threshold.

A few moments and that individual reined in his horse by the shepherd's side. Contrary to custom, he had a companion. "Evening, Gervaise," he called to the shepherd, who lifted his hat slightly in answer to his superior's greeting. A typical Australian of the shepherd's class never touches his hat, or does so in a early fashion that suggests compulsion. This man lifted it with the respect for himself, the respect for the person addressing him that one gentleman uses towards another. He did not speak, and the manager continued:

"This gentleman wishes to look over some of the run to-morrow. I suppose we may as well stretch ourselves here by the fire for a couple of hours. We must be moving by dawn, as we've to get back to Wallaby Creek to-morrow evening."

The shepherd helped to unsaddle the horses and then, throwing a couple of logs on the half-extinct fire, he soon kindled a blaze, boiled the billy and gave his guests their evening meal. He had not paid them much attention as he did so, coming and going in the doubtful lights of the setting moon and the flickering fire; but as the others moved to stretch themselves on their blue blankets the manager kicked the smouldering sticks together and the flame shot high and clear into the night. In this sudden light the shepherd's eyes fell carelessly on the stranger, who was arranging himself in an awkward and new-chumish fashion along the ground. The half-seen face and form were as familiar to him as the white English shores he would never see but in his dreams again. He could not help an involuntary start; but after that he sat quite still on his log, with Snip lying close against his legs.

He seemed to have been making up his mind to something during this pause; and now he rose and going to the stranger's side gently touched his shoulder.

"Father!" he said, quietly.
The half-sleeping man opened his eyes.
"Father!" said the shepherd again, in a tone even more carefully void of emotion than before.

"What do you mean? Who the devil are you?" he queried, sharply.

The shepherd silently removed his hat and the pair looked into each other's eyes for a few seconds.

"I wonder you dare speak to me," said the elder man, at last, in a scarcely audible tone, which yet quivered with uncontrollable rage. "What do you mean by it? Why are you here?"

The shepherd shrugged his shoulders. "I must exist somewhere till I die or commit suicide. The Australian bush is surely an odder place for you than it is for me! A sentimental desire to hear of you all again induced me to speak to you."

He paused, but his companion said nothing.

The shepherd's hand, resting on Snip's rough head, clenched itself till the nails met in the palm.

"Have you not forgiven me after these long seven years?" he said, hoarsely.

"No; and again no!" cried the other, in a burst of passion.

"So young a man, father!" interrupted the shepherd, with a gentle intonation, as if calling attention to an exculpatory circumstance about another person.

"Don't dare call me 'father'! I am no father of yours. None of our blood ever disgraced themselves; while you, you, a common thief who forged my name to pay your low debts! No; you are certainly no son of mine!"

The shepherd laughed shortly.

"I don't see that you are bettering the situation," he remarked, grimly. "However, though you have no forgiveness for me, perhaps you will not mind giving me a little home news. I shall never trouble you again; you shall never again hear from me or of me; never see my face on this side of the grave; but tell me about the old home this once! You cannot call me troublesome—sir! Can you not even grant me mercy enough for this favor?"

There was no reply for a little, then the answer came:

"No; I have no mercy on thieves. Go!"

And his father threw himself down again, turning his back to his son.

In a few hours, as day broke, the three men started up the run. If ever the bush looks beautiful it is in the soft solemnity of the dawn, when the mountain clefts and the hollows between the trees are filled with a strange blue dimness that is almost too glorified to be called a vapor; when the dew is drenching the long coarse grass, and the exquisite clearness of the songs of the magpies, the leatherheads, the butcher-birds and many another "feathered fowl" is like an early choral service.

As day wears on, the mountains may look like huge mounds of sun-baked red earth, on which the covering gums seem to shrivel and droop before your very eyes; dawn's solemn sweetness may be replaced by an awful glare that holds the terror of death, but the joy of the daybreak keeps you alive through all the very long length of an Australian Summer noon, and stays with you till the rapture of her star-bright nights comes to comfort your soul.

The three men rode silently on, except for an occasional remark from the manager. The country was good, but it was rough riding for all that, and though they kept the midday halt to boil the inevitable "billy" within the shortest possible limits, it was six o'clock before they again got within sight of the shepherd's hut.

Snip, who had been trotting behind in a cheerfully tired sort of way, bounded forward with renewed vigor, but all at once stopped short, barking furiously.

"What is it Gervaise?" called the manager to that individual, who rode forward to investigate.

"A snake, I think," was the answer as the shepherd dismounted. "Ah! a death adder, I fancy. Here, Snip, you fool, come back; you'll get bitten if you don't look out," and the shepherd, picking up a stout stick, aimed a blow at the creature, which was half-hidden in the grass. He hit it, but did not kill it, and the reptile darted upon his assailant, only to be met by another blow, which put an end to its career in this stage of existence.

"He didn't touch you, did he, Gervaise?" called the manager.

"No," answered the shepherd in a strange tone.

"Oh, that's all right. Well, we must be going on, or we shall get bushed. No, we won't go to the hut. Good-night," and putting spurs to their tired horses they cantered out of sight.

The man watched the disappearing figures for a moment, and then, kneeling down, he took up the dead adder, examined it a little, and, taking out his knife, carefully extracted the poison-bags. He looked round once more; it was a beautifully calm evening, with a tender roseflesh in the sky—the bleating of a sheep came softly through the still air. He sighed a little, and then in a mechanical fashion made a tiny little scratch on his wrist and rubbed the deadly virus gently on the place. He did not move for some few minutes; in fact he appeared to have forgotten where he was till Snip jumping on him impatiently recalled him to himself. He started. "Oh, my poor old dog!" he ejaculated, caressing the animal as he tried to lead him home, to supper. He hesitated a little, and then going into the hut poured some milk into a tin bowl and set it on the ground for Snip. That person wagged his tail in a half-thankful way, as much as to say, "You might have thought of that before!" and forthwith began to lap greedily. Had he not been so well employed he would have noticed his master's unusual occupation; as it was he saw nothing. When the gun was loaded the man came, and passed his hand over the rough yellow coat with the movement of a mother touching her dead child's face.

"My poor old fellow; my dear old boy!" he murmured.

But something warned him not to wait, "Snip," he said suddenly, "look at me. Lie there; no, don't move, keep still—quiet, good dog!" The dog obediently did as he was told, and lay looking at his master, knocking his tail with little taps against the floor. The shepherd met the unutterable love of the brown eyes for an instant as he looked down the gleaming barrel, and then—then a quick report and it was all over. The man dropped the gun, and creeping to Snip he lay down by him, throwing his arm across the poor furry body and burying his face out of sight against the faithful dead side. The motionless quiet was only broken by the laughter of a jackass when the sun was down, and the darkness fell over the lonely hut, empty of all now save the silent presence of the dead.