his hands and screamed for help; but there was, at the moment, no person near that part of the river.

Was there no one to save the wicked drowning boy? Must he be cut off in his sins? Yes, there was help at hand. Who was the deliverer? It was Driver. He had heard Harry's cries, and rushing to the spot, plunged into the river. It was as if he knew all about it, for in an instant he caught the collar of Harry's coat and with a few strong pulls he brought the boy out of the strength of the current, to the side where the waters were shallow and still. Harry now caught hold of the branch of a tree that hung over the stream, and with the help of Driver crawled to land. Thus was he saved from drowning by the dog whose life, only a few days before, he had tried to take away.

By the time the bad boy had got home, his aunt, who lived near his father's cottage, heard of what had taken place, and also about his cruel conduct to Driver. As she had been like a mother to him—for his own mother was dead—she hurried at once to the house. She was a wise, pious woman, and had often told