

THE OLD HOUND

ONCE there was a beautiful Hound. He had long, silky ears and a smooth, bright skin; and he was not only beautiful but strong and swift, and a faithful servant. Whenever his master went hunting, the Hound went with him and chased the deer. After many years the Hound grew old and feeble, but still he followed his master, with the other dogs.

One day a stag had been chased till it was almost tired out, and the old Hound came up with it and seized it; but his teeth were old and broken and could not hold fast, so that the stag gave a sudden bound and got away. Just then the master rode up, and seeing what had happened, was very angry. He took his whip to strike his faithful old Hound.

“Hold! hold! O dear Master,” said he, “do not strike me. I meant to do well. It is not my fault that I am old. Remember what I have been, if you do not like me as I am now.”