

Nº 4



THE CAT'S PAW

THE LANDSEER SERIES of PICTURE BOOKS

No. 4.

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Pictures on the Cover.
THE CAT'S PAW,
HIGH LIFE.

WITH DESCRIPTIONS BY MRS. SURR

T. NELSON & SONS, LONDON & EDINBURGH.



BEAUTY'S BATH.

(FIRST PICTURE.)

BEAUTIFUL water, clear and cool! Does a little child ever look so sweet as when she comes to kiss you fresh from the healthful bath, where she has had a merry frolic in the midst of tiny waves?

The pretty girl in the picture loves her bath. She does not fear that the water will take the curl from her golden hair, or wash away the roses from her cheeks. She knows that if she is to grow up well and strong she should use plenty of water.

Fido must have his bath also, for no one would care to fondle him if he were not clean. Some little dogs cry when they are going to be washed, and so do some silly children. You cannot reason with a dog, and make him know how good and wholesome it is to be clean; but all children, except babies, can understand how well it is to be often washed. Therefore children should never cry about it. Still there is some excuse for crying if the soap gets into the eye. Every person who washes either a child or a dog ought to be most careful that this does not happen. I believe that many a poor dog that slinks under a bed or a table when he sees the servant getting his bath ready, only tries to hide himself because he dreads the smart which comes from soap rubbed into his eyes. We should be careful not to give needless pain, even to a dog.

BEAUTY'S BATH.

Fido does not look as if he suffered from any such careless treatment. He does not put his tail between his legs when he sees the bath, but wags it instead, for he enjoys the cool water quite as much as his young mistress. Fido has a happy home, and he loves a game of play with the noble dog on the cover of this book, who is never so rough as to hurt him even in sport.

Do you not wish that the poor little children who live in dirty courts and play in the gutters had some of the care and kindness shown to this favoured dog? No one combs their tangled hair—no one washes their little faces, some of which would be so pretty if they were only clean. The lovely flowers are washed by the rain, the shining shells are washed by the sea, and the boys and girls and pet dogs in good houses are washed by servants. But there are many children in the smoky alleys of large towns whom no one washes. Poor things! they need plenty of fresh water, and kind people to see that they use it. Then they would be sweeter than the flowers, as rosy as some sea-shells, and as healthy and comfortable as well-cared-for Fido.

JACK IN OFFICE.

(SECOND PICTURE.)

JACK is not a handsome dog, nor is he blessed with a sweet temper; but his master would not exchange him for the finest dog in the town, for Jack can be trusted, and is so useful a creature that his owner cares little that the neighbours call him ugly.

Jack's master gets a living by selling cats' and dogs' meat, which he wheels daily in a barrow through the streets. Every morning his dog watches him closely threading the slices of meat upon wooden skewers, and placing them in a basket. And Jack wags his tail when the basket is filled, for he knows he must go with his master on his rounds to take care of the barrow while he calls at houses that stand back from the road. Jack knows all the cats that will bound out of kitchen areas, with tails up and open mouths mewling, when his master cries "Meat" in the streets; and also every dog which will rush out for its dinner when the house door is opened.

Though he does not like cats, he is never cross to them unless they try to steal the tempting meat from the barrow. If a cat does not keep her proper distance, Jack grins at her till she can see every white tooth in his head, growling all the time. And if his savage look and voice do not frighten her away, he makes a snap at her which sends her flying off with a bushy tail.

JACK IN OFFICE.

Jack is very proud when his master says to him, "Here, sit on the barrow, and take care of everything while I'm away." Dogs of all sorts and sizes may snuff round it with longing looks, but he does not suffer one to touch a morsel of meat. They may lick skewers from which the slices have been taken, but that is all. He places his paws over the chains of the scales, as if he thought, "I should like to see the man or dog who would venture to steal anything my master has set me to watch over." Therefore it is not to be wondered at that Jack's master looks upon his dog as a friend, and feeds him well. He loves him though he is not handsome, because he deserves to be trusted.

I once knew a child who was called Little Trusty. She was not pretty, but she was good, which is better still. Her friends gave her the name of Trusty because she deserved it, for when she was out of their sight she did as they told her, just as if they watched her all the time. Sometimes her mother was obliged to leave her home for the day, that she might get money to buy food for her children by her work; but she went away with a light heart, for she said, "Little Trusty is sure to take care of the baby, and see that he does not hurt himself while I am away."





ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

(THIRD PICTURE.)

WHAT a fat, pampered dog! He has just strutted out of the grand house over there, looking as if the ground were not good enough for him to step upon. A troop of dogs gather round him and follow him in his morning walk through the park, eying him as if he were a king among them, made only to be waited upon and admired. His name is Aleck, and he is a great pet. Many a hungry child would be glad of the nice food he leaves every day, and of the soft warm bed upon which he sleeps at night.

See, now, he has gone round to the back of the gardener's cottage, where the old dog Di lives in a large tub. He stands still, and looks down upon Di with a glance of scorn, as if thinking, "What a wretched creature you are, Di; quite beneath the notice of a noble fellow like myself!" And all the dogs that follow the pampered pet look as if they thought so too. But Di does not care a straw for Aleck's scorn. He only glances at him with a sneer, which seems to say, "To be vain and over-fed never made a man or a dog truly great. Having all I need, I am content, and just as happy as you are, though I do live in an old tub instead of in a fine mansion."

Had Di known it, he might have told Aleck a story of a wise man in olden time, who also lived in a tub, and would not have

ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

changed his house for the grandest mansion in the world. A great king, who was very rich, and lived in a splendid palace, and had many servants to wait upon him, was told how this poor fellow had no home but a tub. And he pitied him, and thought he would go and see if he could not make him more comfortable. So one sunny day he went to see him, and asked the old man if there was anything he could do for him. But he did not appear at all grateful for the kind offer, and answered, "Only stand out of my light." And so the king went away, thinking how strange it was that a wise man could be content to live and die in an old tub, and not care even to accept a favour from a great prince.

We are wrong if we think that all the people who live in fine houses, and have rich food to eat and soft beds to sleep upon, and as much money to spend as they choose, must therefore always be happy. If a rich man does not love and fear God, all his gold will not make him truly happy. Better to be poor and eat coarse food and lie on hard beds, and be happy with God for our friend, than to be rich and unhappy without him.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

(FOURTH PICTURE.)

ROUGH is happy now,—happier than he has been for many a day, though there is not so much as a bone in his dish, nor even a handful of straw in the old tub where he will soon lie down to rest. For Rough is home again; and though that home is only a bare barrel, it is the dearest place he knows on earth.

Poor dog! all his trouble came from his love of killing rats. One day his master had a visit from an old friend, who spoke about the fine fowls he had at home, and said that as soon as the chickens were hatched, rats came at night and stole them one by one. Rough's master told his friend that his good dog would not allow a rat to visit his house or his stable, and he would gladly lend him for a month to catch the thieves that stole the chickens.

So, much against his will, Rough was taken some distance from home and placed in a yard among some grand fowls and ducks, not one of which he tried to harm. He had plenty to eat and drink, and a nice kennel with sweet hay in it. He soon caught the rats that did the mischief; and when his master's friend saw them lying dead in the yard, he patted Rough's head and said, "Good dog." But Rough was not happy; for he could not forget the old tub at home, where he had spent so many pleasant hours.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

And he longed to be there again; for how could a new friend, however kind he might be, be so dear as an old one?

And so one day, when a man came into the yard and left the door open, Rough darted out and ran home as fast as his legs would carry him. The month was not nearly gone, but Rough's master was very pleased to see his dog back, and to hear him bark and cry for joy as he came near the gate. He will be sure to see that faithful Rough soon has water and food given him, and also clean straw in his barrel, and the dog will have a happy night in the old tub, feeling "there is no place like home."

PICTURES ON THE COVER.

THE CAT'S PAW.

CUNNING Jacko has broken his chain. He peeps into the kitchen-cupboards, to see if he can find something nice to make off with. Ah! he sees some chestnuts baking on the stove! He snatches at one; but it burns his paw. What is to be done? Jacko looks around;—there is puss fast asleep. He catches her up in his strong grip, and seizing her paw, brushes the chestnuts down with it. She yells! but cruel Jacko holds her fast. How mean to make others do what we would not like to do ourselves!

HIGH LIFE.

DOES the stately dog on the other side, sitting quietly beside his master's chair, as if waiting and watching for his return,—does he hear the cries of the poor cat as Jacko forces her to burn her soft paw with the hot chestnuts? There is a look in his eye that seems to say he hears the yells, but cannot go to see what is the matter. His master appears to have left the room in a hurry, and his papers and books are in the good dog's charge, who will not stir from the spot till he returns. How well it is to deserve to be trusted!

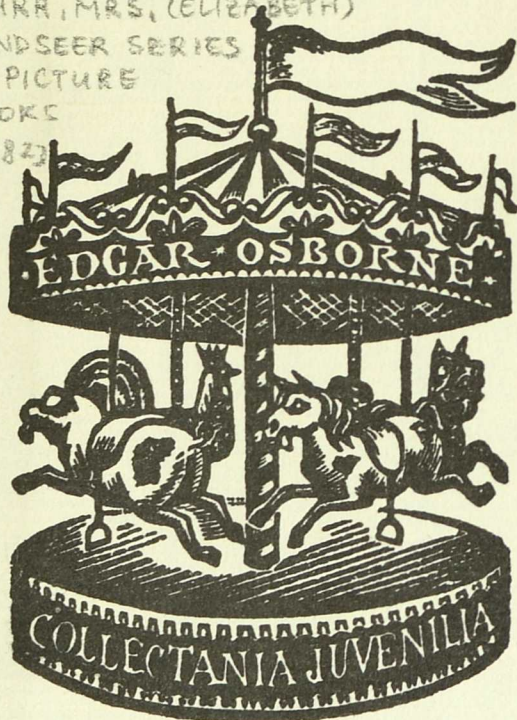


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