

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS



JANE BUDGE.

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KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

AND

True Stories About Them

BY

JANE BUDGE

*Author of "Our Country's Story," "Great Events in England's History,"
"Poems," "William Penn,"
"Glimpses of George Fox and his Friends," etc., etc.*

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PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.

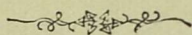
IN preparing a third edition of this little book for publication, improvements have been made in its appearance, and additions in prose and verse, which it is hoped will not merely add to its interest, but tend to foster in young hearts that sense of duty and responsibility as regards dumb animals which it is the desire and aim of the writer to encourage.

October, 1894.

J. B.

The extracts from the *Olive Leaf* (now out of print) are not by the author, but added by permission.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS



CHAPTER I

NEVER be unkind to animals. Boys, remember that cruelty to them is a most cowardly and unmanly thing. A lady who is a great friend of boys, and understands them well, when speaking of the noblest lad she had ever known, puts first among his good qualities his tenderness to animals. And then she tells us why she puts that first. Because she had always noticed that boys who were good to poor dumb creatures grew up to be brave and generous men.

You have all heard of the great-hearted Garibaldi. Well, once in his island home of Caprera, he got up in the night, because he could not rest for thinking of a poor, lost lamb, and he sought for it until he found it, and then carried it home and fed it with milk, and warmed and revived it in his arms.

As for girls, unless they are kind and tender to all soft, helpless things, whether babies or kittens, they will be a disgrace to their womanhood. They can do much in this matter, because they often have

the charge of little children, who need to be taught that they are apt to hurt and tease animals by what they mean for play.

Let us all think for a moment of some of the reasons why we are bound to be kind to animals. In the first place, they are dumb. They cannot speak and tell if they are ill-used, and it is very mean to take advantage of this. Think, too, how much they add to our comfort and happiness, and surely we ought to make some return to them.

There is the strong, patient horse. How invaluable he is to man, and how often he is shamefully treated! The cow, the donkey, the pig, the sheep, and all the inhabitants of the poultry-yard, how could we spare any of them? Then there are our dogs and cats who live with us. What should we do without them? What delightful companions they are, to say nothing of their usefulness!

Think of the wild birds, too. How voiceless the woods and fields would be but for the sweet songs of blackbird, thrush, and lark, and many more! How exhilarating is the wild, exultant cry of the sea-gull, and what a beautiful object it is as it floats upon the wave!

Now I want you to consider that all these creatures can suffer pain and feel pleasure. We have no right to keep pets unless we know how to make them healthy and happy, and we cannot do this unless we know what their wants are. Believe me, that if you study the habits of the different animals that come in your way, and try to understand their

feelings and their needs, you may add greatly to your innocent pleasures in life.

Never lose an opportunity of helping animals in distress. You may depend upon it that this will give you more real enjoyment than stoning poor, frightened dogs and cats, which is conduct worthy only of a sneak and a bully. Those of you who are strong enough can do a great deal to help horses in difficulty. When you see one with a heavy load stuck in the mud, instead of staring at his struggles, help to raise the wheels and push the cart on.

I will tell you a beautiful story about this. A great many years ago there lived a clergyman, who was also well known as a poet. His name was George Herbert. He belonged to a noble family, being the younger brother of a peer, and he was in all respects a Christian gentleman. One day he was walking to Salisbury to meet a large number of friends, when he saw a poor man with a weak horse, which had fallen under its load, and both of them were in sore distress. George Herbert at once took off his spotless clerical coat, helped to unload the horse and get him on his feet, and then to replace the load. He did not mind soiling his white hands and his clean clothes, nor being hindered on his journey, and, perhaps, tired by work he was not accustomed to. Then he gave the poor man money to buy some refreshment for himself and for his horse, and told him that if he loved himself he should be merciful to his beast.

When George Herbert joined his friends at Salis-

bury, they wondered to see his dress dirtied and disordered. When he told them the cause, some of them were so vulgar-minded as to say that it was not fit employment for a gentleman. But he answered that the thought of what he had done would be music to him at midnight; that he was bound not only to pray for all that were in distress, but to help them as well; and that he praised God for this opportunity of doing so.

In conclusion, I ask you to bear in mind that cruelty to animals is wicked as well as mean, for they are God's creatures even as we are. "To maltreat a child is always held to be a cowardly and unmanly act, and it is equally cowardly and unworthy of the human character to maltreat a poor animal, which has no possibility of revenge, no hope of redress, and no words to make its wrongs known. Pain is pain, whether inflicted on man or beast, and we are equally responsible in either case."

CHAPTER II

THE HORSE

THE horse belongs to the family of quadrupeds called *Equidæ*, which includes the ass, the zebra, quagga, etc. They are all marked by one peculiarity—namely, having but a single toe at the end of each limb, and that toe enclosed in a horny hoof or natural shoe.

In America and Central Asia the horse is still to be found wild, though it is not known what country should be called his native place. He is now to be seen in most parts of the world, and can bear great varieties of climate.

You know how much horses differ in appearance, yet the large, stately cart-horse and the little Shetland pony are near relations. I will tell you of two distinguishing characteristics which mark all horses, whatever their size, or shape, or colour. The tail is always entirely clothed with hair up to the root, and the mane always hangs down, and never stands up stiff and straight as that of the donkey does.

The long mane and tail are very useful to their owner, as with them he can brush away the flies and other insects which sadly annoy him. Unfortunately, there are men who think that they know better than Nature, and who crop the mane and tail, which is a sad loss to the poor horse.

We are all aware that horses are intelligent animals, and that they are exceedingly valuable to us. But it is very grievous to think how often they are badly used. There are men who will beat and overwork them in the most shameful way ; and there are people who, after having many years of good service from a horse, are so cruel and ungrateful as to sell him for a few pounds, when he gets old and feeble, to those who will task him beyond his strength and abuse him because he is weak.

If horses are properly cared for and kindly treated, they may live and work for twenty years and more ; but most of them are worn out long before that time. I knew some kind, good ladies in Cornwall, who had a horse called Prince, twenty-three years old, yet strong enough to take them in their carriage, with a younger horse, to a town ten miles distant and back again, and that, too, over hilly roads.

The same ladies once had another horse, called Sprightly, who was *thirty-three* years old when he died, and he was able to work until the last year of his life. Then he spent a few months quietly in their comfortable stable and pleasant green fields, but he became ill, and to save him from suffering his life was ended.

I could tell you also of a pony, named Jack, in my grandfather's family, that, always being well-used, lived to be so old that at last they were obliged to put him to a merciful death.

Jack's master lived in a country town, and his

mistress was accustomed to ride on him when she went out for the day. Once he suddenly stood quite still, and she could not persuade him to go on. Presently she discovered that the little tin box containing her cap, which she carried at her saddle-bow, had fallen off on the road. Jack had discovered that it was gone, and had done the only thing he could do to inform his mistress of her loss.

Sometimes her sister used to ride on Jack. She did not know how to manage him, and he was perfectly aware of this fact, and would take advantage of it. The story was often told how he once carried her into the middle of a pond, and there stood stock-still with her on his back.

We must always remember that a horse is not a machine, but a creature with a will and character of his own. Only those who bear this in mind will treat him justly and draw out all his powers. An ill-used horse can no more do his best than can an ill-used child. If your master told you to move a heavy desk, and you tried your utmost and could not do it, and then he were to beat you because you were not strong enough to obey his command—what would you think of him? Yet this is the way in which poor horses are often served.

Some drivers know of no argument but the whip, and this is as ignorant as it is brutal. "The infliction of pain is a clumsy and barbarous manner of guiding a horse, and we shall never reap the full value of the animal until we have learned to respect its feelings."

CHAPTER III

THE HORSE (continued)

A GENTLEMAN who knows all about horses asks, "What does a man deserve who treats a horse unkindly?" I hope that you think with me, that such a man deserves severe punishment. The horse is a powerful animal, and I wonder that he does not oftener put forth his strength and return ill-treatment with interest. But he is commonly a very patient and long-suffering creature.

However, cruel men get their deserts sometimes in other ways. I knew of one such, who, when riding on the shaft of his wagon, lifted up his heavy-nailed shoe to kick the poor horse. In doing so he lost his balance, fell off, and the wheel went over his leg, breaking the bone, and he was laid up for many weeks, and had time to think over the consequences of his cruelty. I could tell you of another man, who was discharged on the spot with a week's wages by the master for whom he had worked fifteen years, because he was found ill-using a little pony which his master had recently bought and committed to his care.

The foreman of a large livery stable told a friend of mine that his employer would turn away any

servant, however valuable in other respects, if he was ever cruel or even rough with the horses. The foreman added, "People think a horse *is* a horse, but they differ as much in what they can do as people. I always talk to the horses ; they like it."

You will find that masters who are humane themselves will not put up with brutal servants. I know of a man who had a beautiful mare, of which he was very fond. He noticed that when he opened the stable door she would begin to plunge about, as if frightened ; but the moment she heard his voice and knew who it was, she was quiet again. He saw that there was something wrong ; so he kept out of sight in the stable when the boy who took charge of her was coming in. Then he saw this cruel lad go into the stall and begin to beat her, which is a sure way to ruin any horse. I need scarcely tell you that the boy was dismissed immediately. A few weeks after he had the assurance to come back and ask for a character. The master told him he was astonished at such a request, and that if any one ever applied for it, he would give him such a character as would prevent his ever having another horse in his charge to ill-use.

Now, lads, many of you will have the care of horses by-and-by. Try to remember that any simpleton can beat a horse, but only a wise man can manage a horse. I want you always to treat your horses in such a way that if ever you live in a world where they are the masters, and the men draw the carts, you may be able to say to the horses, "We

only want you to do to us as we used to do to you."

You must not expect to find all horses alike. They have different tempers and dispositions, just as boys have. Some will give much more trouble than others, and require more patience. But cruelty will ruin any animal. Show your manliness by keeping your temper if your horse vexes you. Horses are nervous creatures, and they are often punished for being frightened, when a little forbearance and gentleness would remove their fear. Many are unruly from cruel usage when young, and they do not at first believe that a driver means to be kind.

A friend of mine once bought a valuable horse that was quite vicious. It was dangerous to go close to him. He would strike out with his feet, and try to bite. Indeed, he was a regular brute. Yet to the man to whose charge my friend committed him he became gentle and obedient, and they were the best of friends. They understood and loved each other. That was the secret.

Never forget, lads, that cruelty may teach a horse any number of bad tricks, but that it will never cure one. Patience will do wonders. If you mean to master your horse, you must first master yourself. If he falls down, be as gentle and quiet as possible in holding him and getting him up again. Remember, if it is bad for you it is worse for him.

Never beat a horse because you are in a bad temper, or because you are clumsy and careless. Use

your whip as little as possible. Try to govern your horse intelligently. Don't use bearing-reins. They interfere with the horse's movements and often distress him. You could not walk fast uphill with any comfort if your arms were fastened down to your sides, and a tight bearing-rein is worse to a horse than that would be to you.

Be sure that the harness fits well, especially the collar, and take great care of your horse's feet and legs. Examine his hoofs every day to see that they are free from stones, and that the shoes are all right.

CHAPTER IV

THE DOG

THE canine family includes the wolf, the fox, the jackal, etc., as well as the dog. They are all *digitigrade carnivora*, or flesh-eating animals, walking on their toes, which are separated from each other like fingers. They have very strong and useful teeth, some of which are said to act with the united powers of a saw, a pair of shears, and a bruiser. There are five toes on the fore-feet, and generally four toes on the hind-feet. It is only the toes that rest on the ground. They have two coats of hair, the under one being shorter and finer than the outer.

The canine family have good hearing and sight, but their most wonderful sense is that of smell, which is so marvellously keen that we all know how much more our dogs trust to their scent than either to their eyes or ears; and in some breeds this faculty is more strongly developed than in others. Perhaps it exists in the bloodhound beyond all the rest; but if you take out a terrier you will notice that his chief amusement is running with his nose to the ground nearly all the way, and how much he is discovering by that you could never guess.

There are some species of wild dogs, especially in India. Of these there is the Buansa, of Nepaul, which is smaller than a wolf and larger than a jackal. There are other sorts of wild dogs in India; as, for example, the fierce, swift-footed Dhole; but I believe it is thought by some that they are only varieties of the same race. Then there is the pariah dog of India, a cur both wild and tame. You have heard that in many Eastern towns the only scavengers are a low race of masterless dogs that are always hanging about the dirty, narrow streets; yet I believe that even these will show that they possess something of the true dog-like gratitude and faithfulness on the rare occasions when they receive kindness.

The Dingo of Australia is another wild dog. These hunt in pairs, or in small packs of five or six. They are very active, and, when excited, very fierce. They are most destructive to sheep. But more interesting than any of these are the many kinds of dogs with which we are all familiar. The grand-looking bloodhound, the massive mastiff, the invaluable sheep-dog, the curly retriever, the keen, active terrier, the snub-nosed pug, the graceful greyhound, the silky spaniel — how different all these are from one another, and how truly every individual dog has a character of its own.

Yet there is one point in which they are wonderfully alike. There is scarcely a dog to be found that will not show gratitude and affection if he has the chance. I say, if he has the chance, for some

poor creatures never find any one to love. Even the poor pariah cur of India will try to attach itself to some traveller who looks kind and friendly.

The famous naturalist, Cuvier, says of the dog that it is "the most singular, the most complete, and the most useful conquest that man has made. The whole species has become our property; each individual is entirely devoted to his master, adopts his manners, distinguishes and defends his property, and remains attached to him even unto death; and all this springs, not from mere necessity, nor from constraint, but simply from a true friendship. It is the only animal that has followed man all over the earth."

Every one who keeps a dog should take care to understand what it needs to make it healthy and happy. Cleanliness, wholesome food, and exercise, are always necessary. Never be so cruel as to let him be constantly tied up. Here is a rule to be remembered—" *Every dog requires exercise in the open air for at least an hour every day; and no one who, from any circumstance, is unable to give this amount of exercise to his dog should commit the cruelty of keeping him.*"

Feed your dog moderately and regularly twice a day; if there is a third meal, let it be very light, and let him *always* have plenty of clean water. If he has a kennel, raise it off the ground, to prevent dampness, which is very hurtful to dogs. See that he has clean straw or shavings.

If you have a puppy, you must keep your temper,

and be patient, if you wish to train him well. If you want him to love you, you must love him; that is the only way. If you punish him, be sure that he knows what you punish him for. Never tease him. Never beat him cruelly; cruelty never does any good.

Dogs are very liable to fits, which ignorant people mistake for madness. The fearful disease of madness, or rabies, is very rare in the dog. It never comes on suddenly; the poor creature is strange and moping for days before it becomes dangerous, so that if people took proper care of their dogs, no one need be injured even in the very few real cases of rabies; or, at least, such instances would be most exceptional.

CHAPTER V

MORE ABOUT DOGS

I WILL now tell you some interesting stories about dogs which I know to be true; and it is from their owners that I have had the particulars. First, I will tell you of a handsome Labrador dog, named Rock, who was the property of a lady, living in the neighbourhood of Norwich, who bought him at the door for sixpence, when he was a puppy. He turned out a very clever and sagacious fellow.

When his mistress told him to fetch her slippers, he never failed to bring them, though they were not always kept in the same place, and he sometimes had to go upstairs in the dark to find them, yet he always got the right ones, and never by any chance brought a pair of boots by mistake. At her bidding he would go into a corner of the room, and stand there on his hind-legs until she said, "Step out, Rock." Then out he would walk, still on two legs, and make a bow or curtsey, whichever he was told to do.

He could play at hide-and-seek, whether in the house or out of doors, as well as any child could do. When lying down, if a scrap of bread were put on each fore-paw, he would take the right or the left

piece first, as he was directed, though such a command would be very puzzling to many children.

But you must not think that Rock spent all his time in playing clever tricks. He had his regular work to do. Every morning he carried the can in which the milk was fetched, and when he heard the country postman blow his horn at the top of the lane leading to the house, he would run to the gate and wait for the letters. Then, taking them carefully in his mouth, he delivered them to his mistress at the dining-room window.

He was friendly with the cat and the pony belonging to the lady. He would even allow his own pussy to lie down in his kennel, though no strange cat might venture near it. He was taught to ride on the pony's back when his mistress drove out, and if she met any suspicious-looking person that she wished to get rid of, she had only to say one word which he well understood, and he would at once bark and growl fiercely.

Rock is very fond of the water, and he once performed a feat like that which has made famous the spaniel called Beau, belonging to the poet Cowper, who wrote a charming poem about it.

Well, one day Rock was out for a walk on the banks of the river with his mistress's niece, when she saw a water-lily she wished to gather which was beyond her reach. She thought she would try if Rock would help her, so she called him, and, pointing to the lily, she said, "Fetch it." He immediately plunged into the river, bit off the flower under the

water, thus getting a nice stem, and bringing it uninjured to land, he laid it down at the lady's feet.

Perhaps you would ask how Rock learnt to act so usefully and intelligently. I cannot give you any particulars of his education, but I am sure of this, that love and patience have been his chief teachers. I am sure that when he did not understand his mistress at once, she never spoke crossly to him, but tried gently to make her wishes plain, and then Rock would set his clever wits to work to find out what she meant, and he would be proud and happy when he succeeded.

His kind, good mistress has now passed away from a world she helped to brighten and make better, and I have not heard who has charge of Rock, but I feel certain she would take care that he should be entrusted to those who would treat him lovingly and wisely.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

ALL day they wandered wearily,
And wept, and could not rest,
Until at last the sun went down
Behind the golden west.

Closed were the dewy flowers, and hushed
Was every singing bird,
And, sighing thro' the forest trees,
The evening breeze was heard.

Then on the grass they laid them down,
And there, too tired to weep,
Hand clasped in hand, cheek pressed to cheek,
Lay in the arms of Sleep.

The Night-wind rose, but tenderly
O'er the tired slumberers blew ;
The clear, calm Moon looked down from Heaven,
The "patient Stars" watched too.

They seemed to linger, lest the gloom
Should make those young hearts ache ;
And Silence lovingly kept guard
That nought their sleep should break.

They slept when o'er the weary earth
The feet of Darkness crept ;
When Light's glad step effaced his track,
Still the fair children slept.

Deeper and deeper grew their sleep
As midnight passed away ;
Deeper and deeper grew their sleep
As night gave place to day.

The Sun rose from his eastern couch ;
His early worshippers,
Ready for morning orisons,
Rose up at once from theirs ;

Following the Persian's mystic creed
Of old-time strength and power,
Now in these later ages left
But to the bird and flower,

Higher and higher rose the Sun,
Brighter and brighter shone,
The woods were musical, and still
The children slumbered on.

At last the fearless robins stepp'd
On cheek and forehead fair;
Their little feet were tangled in
Long curls of flaxen hair;

And when they saw that none were by
To watch the early dead,
They strewed them o'er with fallen leaves—
A forest shroud—'tis said.

Nay, smile not at that legend old;
Nothing may worthless be
That winneth for a living thing
Kindness and charity.

And for the sake of that sweet tale,
Some robin yet may fly
Unharmed across the sportsman's path,
Before the schoolboy's eye;

Still welcome at the window-sill,
And at the cottage-door,
For the sake of that old English tale
Writ in the days of yore.

CHAPTER VI

A BRAVE DEFENDER

NEAR the town of Redruth, in Cornwall, there is a precipitous granite hill, 697 feet high, called Carn Brea. On the summit is a little castellated dwelling, part of which is exceedingly ancient, and founded upon a rock.

Many years ago a very interesting circumstance occurred there, in which a dog was the chief actor. Perhaps you know that most of the working classes in that part of Cornwall are employed in the tin and copper mines. Of course, to those who are fathoms down in the heart of the earth, the sunshine can never come to brighten their toil. There it is always dark; so it is the custom to work by night as well as by day, the men taking it alternately for eight hours at a time.

At the date of which I am speaking, a miner lived with his wife and baby in this lonely house—or, as it is called, castle—on Carn Brea. One day the clergyman of the parish brought some visitors for a walk to Carn Brea. He was accompanied by his house-dog, who was not, I believe, in the habit of going so far from home. The party went into the little castle, and I suppose they climbed up the narrow stairway to the flat roof, from which there is a wide view of land and sea.

After they were gone, the miner's wife was surprised to find the great dog lying down under the table, in her humble parlour. She knew him, and was not afraid of him; but she did not want him there, so she told him to get up and go home. He seemed very unwilling to do so, but as she insisted on his leaving, he at last rose and went out. She naturally supposed that he had returned to the parsonage, and thought no more about him.

The night came on. Her husband had to go to the mine, and the young wife was left in her solitary home, with no companion but her little child. When it was very late, she heard a knock at the door. It startled her, for she knew that it was not time for her husband to return, and no visitor was likely to come at such an unseasonable hour.

However, she took a light in her hand, drew back the bolt, and opened the door a little bit, that she might peep out cautiously. Then she saw a strange man standing there. She felt too sure that he was come for no good, and tried to shut the door in his face. But he tried to hinder her from doing so. He pushed from outside to open it, and she pushed from inside to close it. But he was the stronger, and had just succeeded in forcing his way in, when the young woman heard a great spring and a loud, angry bark. The next moment the pressure from without had ceased. No one was pushing the door against her. She shut it quickly, and barred it firmly. Then, overcome with terror, she sank fainting on the floor.

When she recovered, all was silence and darkness. Her candle had dropped from her hand as she fell and was gone out. She was there alone. With a bewildered feeling she rose to her feet, and went to get a light. As she tried to recall what had happened, a fear came over her lest she might have made a mistake, and that after all the man she had glimpsed at the door in the darkness might have been her husband, and that the clergyman's dog, not knowing him, had, perhaps, killed him.

In her confusion this thought so possessed her that anxiety for her husband's safety overcame every other fear, and she dressed herself and went out into the loneliness to seek for him. She had not gone far before she met him coming back from his work, safe and sound. He had seen neither dog nor man, and knew nothing of what had happened.

By daylight they searched outside the castle, and found a piece of a man's coat torn off. But the dog, who had waited about on the hill for so many hours, having done his work, was gone home. God had watched over the helpless mother and child, and the brave defender He sent to them was a dog.

The wicked man who had tried to enter the house was never discovered. At least, there was no proof against him, but there was a very strong suspicion who he was.

As I have said, this circumstance took place long ago, but I believe that more than one member of my own family was personally acquainted with the miner's wife.

CHAPTER VII

THE HISTORY OF KEEPER

I DO not know where Keeper was born, but when I first knew anything about him he belonged to a lady in Cornwall, and was a full-grown, rough-haired, sandy-coloured terrier. He had got the bad and dangerous habit of barking at the heels of horses, which, of course, makes them start, and is often very perilous to the rider. This made him so troublesome to his mistress that she was glad to part with him.

His new owner, Mr. H., lived at Stoke Newington, a suburb on the north side of London. Late on a winter afternoon, Mr. H.'s house had been entered by a thief, who, though he did not succeed in carrying off anything, had much alarmed the family; and Mr. H. thought that when he was absent they would feel less timid if they had a sharp little dog in the house. So Keeper made the long journey by train to London, and reached his new home after dark on a Saturday night.

The next day, when his master had returned from church, he took Keeper for a walk. At first the dog went on steadily enough, but after awhile he suddenly bolted, and ran off, giving no heed to Mr. H.'s efforts to stop him. His master was vexed and sorry

never doubting that he had seen the last of him, for he thought it impossible that Keeper could find his way in a perfectly strange place, where he had arrived after nightfall, only a few hours before.

But Mr. H. was quite mistaken, for when he reached home he found that Keeper had got there before him. This will show you that Keeper was a sharp little scamp, and many a proof he afterwards gave of his sagacity. His master's place of business was about two miles distant, and in a little while Keeper was taken there to live. He liked the change very well, except on Sundays, when he found it rather dull, and then he generally took a walk to Stoke Newington, and barked for admission at his master's door. He would remain to dinner, and then go back to the factory.

When the unwise order for muzzling dogs was made one summer, Keeper was duly provided with a muzzle. But he had no intention of wearing anything so uncomfortable, and he soon appeared without it. Another was bought for him, but that also vanished, and it was plain that he allowed or encouraged some dishonest person to take it off and steal it, and that it was useless to go on supplying him with muzzles.

At that time the police had orders to take up all unmuzzled dogs, and Keeper soon came to understand this danger. He would dodge a policeman from one side of the street to the other in the cleverest way; and if any one said to him, "Keeper, there's a policeman coming," he would make himself scarce in a

minute. Although he was a country dog, he would thread his way through crowded London streets with unruffled dignity, and if he was with any one who got into an omnibus he would follow it fearlessly. On one of these occasions he thought that he should like to ride too, and astonished the conductor by jumping through the open window in the door into the omnibus in which the young man he was with had taken a place.

Though Keeper was much like a London street-boy in most of his ways, yet he was very particular in some things. For instance, he was quite too much of a gentleman to accept a bone if it was thrown to him. He would not touch it unless it was politely handed to him. He had also a very refined taste in plain biscuits, of which he was very fond, and it was of no use to give him commoner sorts, for he would not taste them as soon as he found that they were not the same kind that his mistress was eating at the table.

Keeper has been dead for many years, but he outlived his good master, whose family left the neighbourhood after his death. I have often thought of the strange wonder that Keeper must have felt on the first Sunday after the house was shut up, and he went as usual to Stoke Newington, and barked in vain for admittance at the familiar door, and at last had to go away without his dinner.

He was not left desolate by his master's loss, for he had other kind friends at the factory, and he did not attach himself devotedly to one person

only, as some dogs will. Once when a workman who lived on the premises died, of whom Keeper was very fond, the dog, in spite of efforts to prevent him, found his way into the room, and having looked carefully at the coffin, seemed satisfied, as if he knew that his friend was gone.

CHAPTER VIII

*THE LIFE OF ANOTHER DOG*¹

THE dog of whom I am now going to tell you was called Roddie for shortness, though his real name was Roderick Dhu. His master was studying in Edinburgh when he bought him of a poor man who much wanted the money given for him. You will want to know what Roddie looked like, so I must tell you that he was a pretty little fellow, with very long, silky, black hair, which sometimes half-hid his bright eyes. Now and then he was washed, and he was often brushed and combed to keep his glossy coat from getting rough and tangled, and he used to stand quite still while this was being done. He seemed vexed if he got soiled with mud when taking a walk with his master, so you see that he was a gentlemanlike dog, who wished to be clean and neat.

The first great change in his new life was a short tour in the Highlands. He did not like the begin-

¹ This short account is published by the kind permission of the family to whom Roddie belonged. A much fuller narrative, under the title of "Black Roddie and His Master," was published several years since in an illustrated book, now out of print, by Dean & Son, Ludgate Hill.

ning of it at all, when he was shut up in an odious dark dog-box in the train, parted from the master who was more than the whole world beside to the faithful little heart. But he was very happy when he was taken out, and ran by the side of a four-horse coach, on the top of which his master was sitting. This was intense enjoyment to Roddie, because he was light and active and could run very fast without getting tired; but it is not kind to let a heavy, slow dog follow a carriage, except for a short distance, as it fatigues him very much.

Roddie had a charming holiday, climbing up the mountains and boating on the lakes in the Highlands. But his travels were only begun, for when his master turned southward again, it was to London that he was bound, and once more poor Roddie had to endure a dog-box, though by this time he understood that its miseries would not last for long. On the way they stopped for a night at Nottingham, to see his master's sister, and here Roddie met with an adventure which threatened to end his history as far as we are concerned with it, and I must tell you how it happened.

Soon after the travellers arrived, they all went out for an evening walk, and thus Roddie visited the town and the ruins of the old castle, returning by moonlight. The next morning he was missing. In vain his master whistled. No little pattering feet came eagerly running at his call. A long time was spent in looking for him, but to no purpose. Hours passed away, and they began to fear that

they should never find him again. However, in the evening, while they were walking about the garden, the truant appeared, creeping humbly to his master's feet, and licking them, for he knew that he had done very wrong. But his master, though displeased at first, was far too glad to see him once more to be angry with him long. They found afterwards that the little scamp had been paying a visit to the old castle on his own account. It was supposed that he had lost his way coming back, and had wandered about for hours, until at last he had got into the right track again.

The next day Roddie came to his journey's end in a suburb of North London, where he was warmly welcomed and much admired by his master's father and mother and sisters. He made himself at home directly, sitting up and begging at tea-time, and then going all over the house and looking into every room.

And now that we have seen him settled for life, I must tell you a few of his funny little ways and tricks. He was fond of digging holes in the flower-beds, sometimes to imitate the ladies when he saw them gardening, and sometimes to keep safe any spare bones which he did not want to eat directly. This was not so bad as another dog I knew, who liked to carry bones upstairs, and bury them in the nice white bed-clothes. Still, Roddie was forbidden to make pits in the garden; so, when he had finished his work, he used to go quite away from the place, and pretend that he did not know

anything about it. As he had no hands, he could not rub the dirt off his nose after he had been digging, but he would lie under the table with his tail wrapped over his nose, trying to hide it.

Besides taking long walks with his master, Roddie was often allowed to follow the carriage, but sometimes, when he was not sure whether he was meant to go, he would jump in before his master was ready, and get out of sight under the seat. Then, when they were clear away from home, he would leave his hiding-place, looking up quite innocently, as if he would say, "May I go, master?" I am sorry to tell you that he had a naughty trick of chasing the cats and fowls, and one day he really caught a poor little chick, and for this he was beaten and shut up. He was greatly troubled then at his master's displeasure, and came most humbly to beg for forgiveness when he was let out again.

Several years passed away in Roddie's happy home, and then he met with the great disaster of his life, and this was how it happened. He was out for a walk with one of the ladies, when he ran into a garden where a big dog was guarding a little boy. The big dog fancied that Roddie meant to hurt the little child, and he sprang at him furiously. Then they had a terrible fight. At last, with much difficulty, the great dog was forced to let go his hold, and poor Roddie was carried home in his master's arms. He was tenderly nursed, and in a little while he could run about again, but the sight of one bright eye was gone for ever.

By that time his master had a wife and little children, and this brought fresh cares to Roddie, who would run by the side of the perambulator to see that all was right. He was getting old now, and his glossy black coat was sprinkled with many grey hairs. The sight, too, of his one eye grew dimmer and dimmer, until at last he was quite blind. He could no longer notice his master's friends from a window overlooking the road, where he loved to stand up on two legs on a chair, resting his fore-paws on its back. But even when he was sightless he would not give up trotting off on little expeditions by himself, and sometimes he would be so busy that he would not come home until the house was shut up, and he had to stay in the garden all night.

When a new baby arrived, he could not see it, but one of the little sisters lifted its soft, tiny hand, and laid it upon Roddie's head, that he might *feel* what it was like. The new baby did not stay long: the angels came for her. But Roddie was sadly puzzled when she lay in her small coffin, half-hidden with fair, white flowers, not fairer or whiter than the little waxen face. He did not know that she could only wake in heaven, and he thought that it was unkind to leave her all alone. So when he found that no one stayed with her, he settled himself on the mat outside the door, and there kept watch as long as the dead baby lay within. It was vain for even his master to tell him that she did not need his care. The faithful dog would not desert his post.

He did not live very long after this. When he died they buried him in his master's garden, and many tears were shed over his grave. Dear old Roddie! He had been *tender, trusty, and true* through his little life. It would be well, indeed, if as much could be said for you and me.

CHAPTER IX

THE LOST PUPPY

ONE cold winter day, when the snow was on the ground, a kind lady was sitting after dinner in a pleasant parlour which looked into the front garden. There was a bright fire in the grate, and in the warm, sheltered room she did not feel the wintry weather. But she looked up and saw a large, shivering black puppy, of the retriever kind, pressing his poor, cold nose against the window, which reached nearly to the ground. He was very thin, and quite emaciated. It was plain that he had no home and no food.

Now the lady could not enjoy her own comforts while a starving, suffering creature was mutely imploring her help. Still, she was at a loss what to do. Meanwhile, the puppy had seated himself bolt upright in the doorway, and resolutely refused to move. A woman who was working in the house offered to take him with her, thinking that he might find his way home. She managed just to get him away, but he was a wise puppy, and when he saw what she was up to, he ran back again directly, and settled himself in the doorway as before. It seemed as if he were saying to himself, "I know

that they are kind people here, and here I mean to stay."

By this time the lady who had first seen him had told the dear, aged mistress of the house, who was too feeble to leave her room, and as they both felt that they could not possibly refuse to help him, they had him taken into the stable yard, where he was fed and warmed and comforted. They did not know what to do next. They thought at first that they would keep him for a little while, until they could find a home for him elsewhere. But he had quite made up his mind to stay with them. So what could they do? They had once had two little dogs of their own, who had lately died, and they did not want anything so large as this great puppy. They thought that he was much too big for them. But he did not think so. He was of opinion that he was exactly the right sort of dog for them to have, and at last they came round to his way of thinking.

So when this question was decided, a nice kennel was made for him, and he was delighted the first time that he was chained up, evidently understanding that if there was a house on purpose for him he was going to stay. I need not tell you that he was not always kept tied up. The ladies were too good to do anything so unkind as that. Once or twice he was taken upstairs, that the dear mistress, whose eyes were getting sadly dim, might see him, but he showed his pleasure in such a rough and noisy manner that she was not able to bear his company for long. On account of these boisterous ways of his,

they could not keep him in the house, as to have him where there was anything he could break or throw down would be like having a bull in a china shop.

The elder lady is now gone where, in the light of heaven, she can see all things clearly. The dog, no longer a puppy, lived for several years with the younger lady who first saw him and pitied him. I have seen Sancho (for that was his name) out for a walk with her, and he always seemed full of fun and spirit. Perhaps he may some day have saved her from unseen and unknown danger. But whether he has or not, it is certain that every one is the better for doing a kind action. It is its own reward; and One, whose words can never pass away, has said, "*Blessed are the merciful.*"

CHAPTER X

DOGS AND THEIR WAYS

EVERY one who knows and loves dogs can give many instances of their sagacity. Those who have studied them with most sympathy are those who feel most sure that dogs can reason, and can understand what is said to them. I will tell you a few anecdotes on these points, which, like the others I have told you, I have had from my own friends.

The first story is about a little King Charles spaniel, called Charlie, who belonged to a young lady. It was a rule never to speak in his presence of taking a walk if he were not to go, unless you spoke in French or German; for if you mentioned your intention in English he understood directly, and would be troubled to be left behind. Charlie was treated as one of the family, and no one would hurt his feelings knowingly.

After his young mistress was married, if her sisters came to see her, Charlie always walked upstairs with them, waited while they took off their out-of-door things, and then conducted them down again, thus carefully doing the honours of the house to those who belonged to the family circle.

When a baby came to his new home, Charlie was terribly jealous at first; and when he saw it in the arms of his mistress he would retire under the sofa, and sit there as if sulking. Now, she knew that it was affection for her that made him jealous, and she could not bear for him to be grieved, and wanted to make him understand that she had not ceased to love her faithful dog, although she had a dear little child to take care of.

Presently she discovered that if, when singing to her baby, she made a sort of chorus of "Charlie, dear Charlie," he would come out from his hiding-place, stand with his fore-paws on the fender, wag his tail, and look quite content. His loving little heart was satisfied, because he felt they were all one party, and that his mistress was thinking of him as well as of the baby.

I know a lady who had a small high-bred terrier, who was one of her most devoted watchers during an illness. Day after day and week after week he would lie on her bed, gazing at her with pitiful, tender eyes, and kissing and caressing her when he saw that she was in great pain. Can you wonder that she loved him?

Since his death the lady has had two terriers, named Rover and Jessie. I believe that she had Jessie from a puppy; but Rover was found one bitter winter night, cowering in a neighbouring doorway. His owner was never discovered, but he could not have a kinder master and mistress than his new owners.

These two dogs often showed how well they understood the words addressed to them. When they begged their mistress for a walk, and she said, "No, I cannot take you to-day," they would go and lie down, or look at her appealingly. But if she said, "Yes, you may go," they would make such an uproar that they could be heard all over the house. If the lady wished to go out by herself first, she told them to *wait* and *watch*, and that she would come back for them soon. Then Jessie mounted the table, and Rover got on a chair by a window, or they stood on their hind legs so that they might be able to look out, and thus watch like two children until their mistress returned to fetch them.

Once, when a visitor was staying in the house, and they asked their mistress for a walk, she replied, "I cannot take you, but Mrs. F. will." Away they rushed upstairs to Mrs. F., who was dressing to go out, and much astonished her by scampering round the room to show their pleasure, as she could not tell how they knew that she meant to give them a run. They have acted in this way again and again.

Jessie would stand by and listen when her mistress was giving the housemaid directions about errands, to find out if she were going too; and if the lady said, "You can take Jessie with you," Jessie would keep guard on the housemaid that she might not be left behind.

Now I will tell you a touching story concerning the death of a dog who lived in a pleasant country

house in a lovely Cornish valley. His name was Pluto. I remember when I was a child seeing him once. He was a very big black dog. His master was a delightful host, for he had read, and travelled, and observed much, and even a child was welcome to share his stores of knowledge. But with all his learning he did not forget the dumb creatures.

Pluto's devotion to his master was absolute and entire, and when he was away the faithful dog would pine as if the light of his life were gone. And thus it was that when his master and mistress went on the Continent he was sorely troubled. Being very intelligent, he satisfied himself, after a time, that their absence was likely to be a long one, and then all his spirits and energy forsook him. He refused food and sometimes even water.

Nothing roused him but the unwearied attentions of a favourite cat, who seemed to know that he wanted to be comforted. But his sorrow was too deep to be cured. He was hungering for the sound of his master's voice, for the glance of his master's eye, for the touch of his master's hand. And so it came to pass that before that long waiting was over the loyal heart had grieved itself to death.

His master had reached London on his homeward way, when he received a letter telling him that his dear, faithful dog was dead. When he had read it, he laid it down, saying, "I have lost a friend," with such a look and tone of pain that no one liked to say a word.

Yes, children, God has given us these noble, loving

creatures to be our friends. What will He say to us, one day, if we abuse His gift?

THE SKYLARK

MARK that speck in the blue sky,
Soaring, soaring up on high.

Hark! hark! hark!

It is a happy lark,
And we hear it singing, singing,
The air with music ringing,
As upward it is winging.

Its voice it loves to raise
Far above our dusty ways,
And I think the song it sings

Is praise! praise! praise!
Unto the King of kings,
To Him who gave it wings,
Who such gladness doth impart,
That its happy little heart
Has not room its joy to hold,
So it needs must overflow
Like a brimming cup, and lo!
With this dear bird and bold
The overflow is song:

A song so heavenly sweet
That it sounds for earth unmeet,
As the strain floats up on high,
On, on, in the blue sky,
Where it seemeth to belong.

Singing! singing! singing!
And higher ever winging,
As it cleaves the air asunder.
Do you wonder, do you wonder,
That it evermore comes down?
—Strange, as for king to leave his crown,
For such sky-voyager e'er to steer
Its downward course and join us here.

THE DEAD BLACKBIRD

АН! little boy, when the stone you threw,
Say, did you think what that stone would do?
Did you think that the song of that beautiful bird
Would never again in the fields be heard?
Did you think of the nest in the holly tree?
Of the mate and her orphan family?
The little birds chirp, and ask, "Why does he stay?
We are hungry, and he is so long away";
And the mother makes answer, "My nestlings, dear,
Be patient, your father will soon be here.
He will feed you first, and then sing you to rest,
With a lovely song in your happy nest."
Alas! poor mother, he will not come;
He will never return to his cosy home;
He will never sing in the tall elm tree;
He never again will comfort thee.
By a thoughtless hand a stone was cast,
And the song he was singing became his last.

Ah! little boy, you cannot bring
The power of flight to that drooping wing;
You cannot relax the stiffening limb,
Nor brighten the eyes that are growing dim.
Never again from the tuneful throat
Will be heard the sound of another note;
And his mate and her nestlings will watch in vain
To see him return to his home again.
Ah! little boy, when that stone you threw,
You did not think what that stone would do.

CHAPTER XI

CATS

OUR cats belong to the same family as the lions and tigers, and all the other wild, dangerous and beautiful beasts of the *Feline* tribe. You may see the same exquisite gracefulness of movement in a tiger and a kitten. Strong as he is, the lion is only a kind of very big cat; and to a certain extent he has been at times tamed. The *Felidæ* have keen hearing and sight, and their soft, cushion-like feet make no sound in walking, so that they can steal upon their prey unawares. Their terrible claws are their chief weapon.

The wild cat was once common in our own country, but now it is very scarce, though it is still found occasionally in lonely places in the north of Scotland. It is very fierce when attacked. Many centuries ago the domestic cat was rare all over Europe, and I wish that it was so still; because, if it were a rare animal, it would not be so often ill-used as it is now.

A great deal of nonsense is talked about cats never attaching themselves to persons, only to places. Those that have been always kindly and carefully treated are often very affectionate and intelligent. Such willingly accompany their friends to new

homes, and are habitually gentle, losing the uncertain temper which is a characteristic of the *Feline* race.

People sometimes do very cruel actions from thoughtlessness. One great cruelty of which persons living in towns are often guilty is, leaving their cats behind them when they change houses. This is a shameful thing to do. To leave a poor, helpless creature without home or caretaker, perhaps to be starved to death, perhaps to be tormented by cowardly boys—what can be worse? If you cannot keep your cat, never be so cruel and mean as to desert it, but put it to death mercifully and quickly, so that it shall not suffer. It is a most unkind thing to rear playful kittens that you do not want, and then, when they are grown up, give them away to those who will ill-use or neglect them. It is far better to drown the poor little creatures soon after they are born. To do this mercifully, use water that is not quite cold, and be very careful to keep them entirely under water for a long time. The sooner they are taken away the less the mother will miss them.

Can you expect that a hunted, half-fed cat, squeezed and pulled about by children, and caressed by no one, is likely to show much sense or affection? Such a cat is wild and timid, and naturally thinks every one an enemy. You cannot tell what any animal is capable of until you have made it understand that it has no cause for fear. I have had cats as gentle and sociable as possible, because they knew that they were living with friends.

Some ladies I know very well had a cat named Phœbe, who lived to be fifteen years old. She once took care of a chicken for two days. It happened in this way. The chick was hatched after all the rest of the brood, and was too weak to run about with the others. It was plain that it would die if left with them, so it was brought indoors, and placed before the fire to see if warmth would revive it.

Phœbe was, as usual, lying on the hearth; and presently she went over to the chick, calling it as if it had been a kitten, and then licking it and tucking it under her warm coat. She spent the whole day cuddling it before the fire, and in the evening, when the hen and her family were settled for the night, this chick was put under its mother's wing. But the following morning, as it was still feeble, it was again brought in and entrusted to Phœbe's care. By the next day it was able to hold its own with the rest of the brood.

As long as the chickens remained in the coop, Phœbe showed her interest in her foster-child by sitting down outside the enclosure, and watching their movements. What made her conduct the more remarkable was, that she had no kittens at the time, so that her motherly kindness seemed like pure benevolence.

I can tell you of another considerate act on the part of a young, beautiful, long-furred grey cat, recently sent from Phœbe's home in Cornwall to live in Clifton. In his new abode there was an older cat, a very small, common black one, and she had a

kitten. Every day for two or three weeks the mother brought it up from the kitchen to the dining-room, but it soon became too heavy, and then the servant kindly carried it up for her.

One afternoon she forgot to do so, and the grey cat came to her, looking up in her face, but as he could not make her understand, at last he darted down the kitchen stairs, and quickly appeared again with the kitten in his mouth. He was plainly aware that he was much bigger and stronger than the mother, and so he had come to her help. Another day, when they were all in the garden together, he again took up the kitten and brought it into the house.

I think that both these anecdotes show kindness and intelligence on the part of the cats. They had always been treated with gentleness and consideration, so that their better qualities were encouraged and developed. I will tell you one more incident that happened in London, showing the motherly love of a poor cat.

In a large place of business, where there were stables and vehicles, there was a female retriever dog belonging to one of the men in charge. She had a litter of puppies, and as they were valuable, she was allowed to rear several. About the same time a cat on the premises had kittens, and these were all drowned. No doubt the poor puss thought them much prettier than the puppies, and more worth keeping.

At last she seemed to make up her mind that

it was not fair for the retriever to keep all her children, when not a single kitten had been left to herself. So she seized an opportunity to get one of the puppies, and tried to carry it up the ladder to the loft where she lived. But it was very heavy, and when she got near the top, she was forced to drop it, and the poor little thing was killed by the fall.

Puss was not disheartened, however. She resolved to try again, and the next time she was more successful, and was found in her nest, rejoicing over the great baby which she had purloined from its own mother.

BOB'S PETITION

*("Bob" being a smooth-haired terrier, nearly white,
except his head.)*

A LITTLE more liberty, Master, I pray;
You can't think how dreary 'tis, all the long day
Chained here to my kennel with nothing to do,
And no one to speak to. The fowls, it is true,
Are close by; but no dog could demean himself so
As to court their acquaintance; and then, you must
know,
There are no passers-by to amuse your poor Bob,
No rats to be killed, nor cats' saucers to rob.

How eagerly for you each morning I wait !
How my heart bounds with joy as I dash past the
gate !

But too oft 'tis of liberty only a taste,
Just one drop of the sweet draught, and then (why
such haste?)

You call me, dear Master, and back I must go
To a life whose monotony you cannot know ;
Think not I am reconciled grown to my chain,
But I have not hope left enough now to complain.

O Master ! if you were from motion debarr'd,
Except such as *I* get, you would think it most hard ;
Yet my limbs are so active, so strong, and so fleet,
That if you and I raced, it is I that should beat.
You'll say that I snap, tear the garden—oh, dear ;
I hang down my head, for 'tis true, I much fear,
But the more I am chained the more surly I grow,
What you men call a misanthrope, and you must
know

I dread that rheumatics may trouble me yet,
For want of the exercise which I *don't* get.

A short run, dear Master, each day you provide ;
Do give me an hour in the garden beside !
You'll say I do mischief, but soon I should learn,
If each day I were loose, what is right to discern,
(And a bit of wire netting from kennel to fence
Would easily keep me from trespassing thence).
For that pert, noisy dog that next door you may see,
Though a riotous cub, oh, what freedom has he !

But if in the road I should run, you prefer,
Let some one, I pray you, go out with me there;
One free hour each day (as much more as you please)
Is what I would crave, if I could, on my knees.

Don't take it amiss that I thus *write* to you;
As I can't speak your language, what else can I do?
But having no writing materials out here
I have borrowed the pen of a friend that is near,
Who hopes you'll not blame her for lending me aid,
Who will feel for the trouble most richly repaid,
If you'll listen and grant what I earnestly pray,
One *whole* hour of freedom, *at least*, every day;
And with love, of which nothing his Master can rob,
Here ends the petition of poor, patient

BOB.

*(Much more than an hour of freedom was afterwards
granted to Bob.)*

CHAPTER XII

MORE ABOUT CATS

I HAVE told you an instance of one cat helping another. Now I will tell you of a similar case which happened near the old town of Dartmouth, in Devonshire.

There was an unused stable in the garden of a house there, and in this stable a stray cat made its home. The young ladies of the family tried to make friends with him, but he was so wild or timid that all their coaxing was in vain.

After a time they made a present to a farmer in the neighbourhood of a cat of their own with her three kittens. He took the mother and babies with him in a covered basket, and put them in his barn. This was about a mile distant from the town where they had lived, and on the other side of a hill.

The next day the cat came back to her old home, bringing one kitten in her mouth. In a little while she left the kitten and went away again. A few hours afterwards the family were much surprised to see her marching down the garden, carrying another kitten, and this time with a companion to help her, for by her side was walking the stray cat, holding in his mouth the third kitten. It was

quite plain that the poor mother had, somehow, told her friend of her difficulty in bringing back her children, and had got his kind assistance in her labours. Both cats were very weary with their tiresome journey, for they must have found it hard work to carry the kittens so far. I am sure that you will be glad to hear that they and their mother were not sent away again.

Now I will tell you a few anecdotes which show that cats are teachable. Some friends of mine had for many years a long-furred tabby, named Kitty. They had also a pet canary, and though it is natural for cats to hunt birds, yet Kitty had so thoroughly learnt to understand that *this* bird must not be touched that she would as soon think of eating her mistress as of eating the canary. Sometimes, when his cage was put on the kitchen table to be cleaned, her saucer of milk was placed close by it, and Kitty would walk round the cage, purring, and rubbing her head against it; while the canary inside would follow her movements without a thought of fear, and peck at her fur through the bars.

Yet even this cat once killed a bird which flew out of its cage; and which therefore seemed to her to be a wild one. We must always remember that cats are beasts of prey. They need their dinner just as you do, and in their natural state they have to get it by hunting. Still, like other creatures, they can be tamed and taught. They ought always to have their meals punctually and regularly, so that they may know that they are properly provided for,

and have no temptation to steal or kill. If they are brought up where there is a bird in a cage, they can generally be taught not to harm it; but if they are strangers, you should carefully hang your bird out of reach.

There was once a cat in my father's house, though before I can remember, that would let herself in from the back garden by opening the door into the house. This door had an old-fashioned latch, and she would make a spring and press it down with her paw, and then the door would open. I can tell you of another cat I have seen, belonging to a little girl. He was a fine, sleek, English tabby, and his name was Lonjo, though he was generally called Lonnie. He came to his present home when a kitten, so that his education began early, and this is needful in the case of cats as well as of children. He was taught to stand up on his hind legs and wash his face with his paws. But he was rather cunning about this, and often would not do it unless he saw that he was going to be rewarded for it. When I last heard of him he was learning "to lie down and die," but he was not then perfect in this lesson.

Lonnie was very fond of the servant, who had been his chief teacher, and when she first came downstairs in the morning, he expected her to kiss him. If she did not do this at once, he would stay near her while she was laying the fire, and would keep on patting her until he had his kiss. In the same house was a very tame rabbit, which

had been a member of the family for six years, and he and Lonnie often had a romp together, which, I think, shows that the rabbit must be amiable to enjoy such juvenile pastime, and that the cat must be gentle in his play.

We are never surprised to hear of dogs giving up their own pleasure to stay with those they love in sickness or trouble. But sometimes a cat will do the same. I will give you an instance of this, which was told to me lately. A district visitor in the suburbs of Liverpool, calling to see a poor woman, found her ill in bed, with her dog and cat seated on the foot of it, one at each corner. And there they lovingly and patiently settled themselves day after day for a whole fortnight until their mistress was better. When she went downstairs, they trotted downstairs too, and went back to their usual habits. Perhaps you will say that it was the dog who taught the cat to be so kind and attentive. It might be so, but then it proves that the cat was willing to learn.

Although we are reading a chapter about cats, yet, as I have mentioned this dog, I think I must tell you something more about him. His name was Jack, and he regularly attended a "mothers' meeting" with his mistress, where he behaved much better than many of the children who used to come. One day she did not wish to take him, so she left home before the time for the meeting, when he did not see her, and waited at a neighbour's house. But Jack was far too sharp to be matched in this way. He knew the right day and the right hour, and he

went alone. He must have taken care to be punctual, for when his mistress arrived, she found that he had reached before her, and there he was comfortably settled in his accustomed place, and pleasantly wagging his tail in reply to her greeting, "Oh, Jack, Jack! I thought I had done 'ee this time."

THE COMPLAINT OF A CHAINED DOG

MOPING in the pleasant sun,
I ask—what is it I have done
That I am kept a prisoner here,
Chained to my kennel through the year?
I do my duty night and day
By warning wicked men away;
My master's house I closely guard
While he sleeps safe—yet my reward
Is to be treated like a thief:—
To me no season brings relief.
They send the children out to play,
And stretch their little legs, they say.
But the poor dog,—who thinks of him?
He longs to use each stiffening limb.
I hear the schoolboys shout and run—
How I could help them in their fun!
And when I now and then obtain
A half-hour's freedom from my chain,
I am so nearly mad with joy,
I am as bad as any boy!

But if I had an hour each day
For healthful exercise and play
I could be sober as a judge :—
Strange that my master still should grudge
The little trouble it would be
To give so great a boon to me.
'Tis true I often hear him say
I'm a good house-dog—but I pray
To have, instead of empty praise,
Freedom to brighten these long days.
How I do wish that he could be
For one whole week chained up like me.
Some pity then might reach his mind,
If fellow-feeling makes us kind.
Master ! you know I am a true
And faithful servant still to you ;
I earn my wages—pay them me—
They are not gold, but *liberty* !

CHAPTER XIII

ABOUT SQUIRRELS

THE beautiful red squirrel is one of the few wild quadrupeds still left in Great Britain. It is a *rodent*, or gnawing animal; so called from the structure of its teeth, and its manner of using them. The different varieties of mice and rats are also *rodents*. Indeed, they are a very large family, and are found all over the world.

Squirrels are most agile little creatures, leaping from bough to bough, or racing up the trunks of trees, and on slender twigs that seem too fragile even for the weight of such dainty things as they are. They can also run with great speed on the ground. They feed on nuts, beech-mast, acorns, and the buds of very young branches of trees, which does not help the growth of the trees. It is said that they will occasionally eat eggs and even young birds.

In a hollow bough, or some such place, a pair of squirrels will build their nest. They will weave together moss and grass and leaves to make it, with a skill and delicacy which you might try in vain to imitate. There in the summer they will bring up their young, of which they have generally three or four at a time.

But in the long, warm days of summer, when they are so blithe and gay, they prepare for the winter by hiding little stores of food in the ground and in other safe places. They remember where they have buried their treasures, and know where to find them when wanted, even though the snow is on the ground. In very cold weather the squirrel will often sleep for days, but when it is mild he will come out of his nest, and be active and brisk.

It always grieves me to see a wild, restless creature in captivity, and when I was a child such pets were forbidden things. Yet once, because we could not help it, we were the owners of a caged squirrel. I will tell you how it came about.

A friend of ours was taking a drive in a wooded part of Hampshire, when a young squirrel ran across the road, and the gentleman who was driving jumped out and caught it. Our friend begged it of him, and brought it all the way to our home in the far west, because she knew how dearly some of us loved animals. But if we had had our choice, the squirrel would have been left in his native woods.

We did the best we could for our poor little prisoner. A *large* wooden cage was made for him. Not one of those horrible rollers in which some ignorant people compel an unfortunate squirrel to live on a perpetual treadmill. Our cage was like a little shed, with sloping roof, and bars in front. It was raised about three feet from the ground, and faced towards the south. It had perches, over which our squirrel used to perform summersaults

faster than any acrobat, and as if he had no bones in his body.

Outside one end of his cage, and entered by a round hole, was a roller, into which he could go whenever he was inclined for a whirl, and come out again as soon as he was tired. In the same position at the other end was a little box, into which we used to put dried moss and wool for him to arrange in his own fashion.

When the cold weather was near at hand he would make the loveliest little nest in the box—so smooth, so soft, so warm. He would only leave the tiniest hole by which to enter, and when he was inside he would close that too. And there, curled up like a ball, with his bushy tail wrapped round his slender body, he would doze away the greater part of the twenty-four hours, just coming out for a little food and exercise, and then retiring again.

He was fed with nuts, fruit, and bread-and-milk. It was a pretty sight to see him sitting up, with his beautiful tail reaching his head, holding a nut with his fore-paws as if they were tiny hands, and glancing at one the while with his bright black eyes, as he shelled and peeled his food.

He lived for about four years, and was as happy, I think, as a lonely, caged squirrel could be. For some time before his death he had a little swelling on the side of his face, from what cause we could not tell, and we supposed that it was of this that he died.

Not long ago, a friend of mine, Mr. B., who was

out on a short walking expedition, went one evening into a little quiet public-house, in a very small village, to get a night's lodging. No large towns, with their smoke and noise, were near this village, which was not far from lovely woods. Mr. B. noticed in the kitchen a squirrel's roller, and his first thought was that some unhappy little creature was in the habit of being confined there.

But when he returned, after taking a walk, he was much interested by seeing a tame squirrel playing with the son of the master of the house. He would run over the lad, sit on his shoulder or hand, and make himself one of the party assembled in the kitchen. He would help himself to a lump of sugar when inclined ; and he always examined a paper bag carefully, on the chance of its containing nuts.

He would jump upon strangers, but seemed to detect them by smelling at their hands, and then would quickly leave them. Mr. B. was glad to find that he was only now and then put into his roller for a change, and to keep him out of the way. Nearly all his time he was quite free, and frisked about as he pleased, in the house. He had been outside the front door, but speedily came in again.

The history of this pretty pet was interesting. The lad had found two very young squirrels in the woods, and he thought that he would try to rear them. So he brought them home and gave them to the care of the cat, who had just had a litter of kittens, of which, I think, one was left. Puss took kindly to these foster children, and nursed them as

tenderly as if they had been kittens, in a comfortable bed by the kitchen fire.

Unfortunately, one of the tiny squirrels was accidentally killed by the cat lying on it when it got under the blanket. After this, the lad used to carry the other upstairs with him at night, for fear it should meet with the same fate. This made the cat very anxious. She did not like to lose sight of her charge, and she would watch her opportunity, and if she found the doors open, she would run upstairs and bring it down to the kitchen again.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

[The late Rev. Alexander H. Mackonachie, sometime Vicar of S. Alban's, Holborn, was taking a holiday at the house of his friend, the Bishop of Argyll, on the banks of Loch Leven, in the winter of 1887. On the morning of Thursday, December 15th, he set out for a long walk to the head of the lake, accompanied by the Bishop's two dogs,—a deer-hound and a terrier,—who were very fond of their master's guest. A terrible snowstorm came on, and for two days and nights brave men sought in vain for the missing ones, until late on Saturday afternoon they found Mr. Mackonachie lying dead in the snow, with the two dogs watching beside him with such devoted care that at first

they were hardly willing even for their master to approach him.]

Do you know the tale? how he laid his head
Down to rest on that fair white bed?

No evening prayer by him was said,
No kind "Good-night."

The wild wind wailed with moaning sound,
The feathery snow-flakes hid the ground,
The darkness gathered all around
That solemn sight.

A dreary place wherein to die?
Good friend! forsooth, so say not I—
The heavens a royal canopy

Above him spread;
No city dwelling's stifling gloom,
Within some dull and narrow room;
The mountain heights about him loom
In grandeur dread.

With those he left the fire burned clear,
Snow and wind could not venture near,
He did not need its warmth and cheer,

Their missing guest;
With them was wonder and affright,
Hurrying and wakefulness that night,
Footsteps astir, torches alight—

With him was rest.

Watchers twain were about his bed,
Tender and true though life had fled,
One at the foot, one at the head,

With eager eyes,

Whose glances on the still form keep,
Waiting till from that quiet sleep,
Which must refresh, it is so deep,
He shall arise.

It was ye who suffered, comrades true,
When the fierce winds howled and the snow-
flakes flew,
Long was the night, the day long, too,
In your lonely lot.
Death was there, but so veiled from sight,
With voice so low, and with touch so light,
The babe on its mother's bosom might
Have trembled not.

Faithful guardians! he will not wake—
Do ye not crave your fast to break?
Stretch cramped limbs by the freezing lake?
Will ye not go?
Well have you done your duty here,
He will not miss you—never fear—
All he needeth is grave and bier—
Will ye leave him? No!

Hark! there are tones and steps. Beware!
Guard your treasure with tenfold care—
Nay, dear watchers, ye may forbear,
'Tis a voice from home.
Your master comes, releasing you
With the love and praise that is your due—
Shall we be found to our trust as true
If our Master come?

CHAPTER XIV

BIRDS

THERE are no living things more beautiful than birds. I am not thinking only of the humming-birds, like animated gems, and other gorgeous-feathered creatures of tropical climes. We need not go away from our own lanes, and fields, and shores to find birds exquisite in form and colouring. We have, too, delicious songsters, while scarcely any of the brilliantly-hued foreign birds can sing.

For brightness of plumage, we should put the kingfisher and woodpecker first among British birds. But the jay, the goldfinch, the bullfinch, the golden-crested wren, the starling, the magpie, and many others, are richly decked in red and green, purple and gold. It is true that the magpie, at a distance in the shade, looks as if he were simply black and white; but watch him in the sunlight, with his wings and tail spread, and you will see how handsome he is.

Our gayest-looking birds are not, however, our sweetest singers. The nightingale, the blackbird, the thrush, and the skylark, with their most lovely voices, are plain and quiet in colour; but I think that their gift of song is better even than beauty.

It is wonderful that from such dainty little bodies can be poured forth such a volume of sweet sound.

Birds have many enemies, and of these the very worst is man. What with his guns, and traps, and stones, it is a matter of surprise that any birds are left in the neighbourhood of large towns. Their melodious voices are sometimes a great misfortune to themselves, because on this account they are condemned to imprisonment.

Now, I want you to promise that you will never cage wild birds that have known the untold joys of flight. Think what a terrible change it must be—instead of soaring in the air, to be confined in a tiny prison. You will say, perhaps, that you like to keep them that you may hear them sing; but to make them unhappy for your pleasure is simply selfishness. I wish they knew that it is for their music that they are caught, for then they would be silent in captivity.

Above all, never catch a skylark. You have heard its flood of song, as if its little heart could hardly contain its gladness, while it rose higher and higher towards the sky, until it was like a speck, or altogether lost to sight. Just imagine what it must feel to be shut up in a miserable cage, where it cannot fly at all. Some wild birds, whose flight is lower, can be happy in a good aviary; but don't keep them in cages. Especially remember never to imprison a lark. There are plenty of song-birds reared in cages that you can have to refresh you with their tuneful voices.

I want you now to give all your attention while I tell you of the *usefulness* of birds. You will sometimes hear bitter complaints of the mischief which they do, from farmers and gardeners. It is quite true that many birds do eat grain and fruit, and they will sometimes take a great deal if they can get it. But then you must bear in mind that *if we had no birds we should have no corn and no fruit.*

The reason is this. There are in Nature millions and millions, untold multitudes, of insects, grubs, and caterpillars that feed on vegetable life, and they would soon turn all our fields and gardens into deserts if they were let alone. Man is nearly powerless to contend with them. He can manage to kill a few of the snails, and slugs, and such as these; but there are myriads of insects, some of them so small as to be almost invisible, which are the worst of all, and which we can do but little to lessen.

Here it is that the birds come to our help. Look at the sparrows. They will eat almost anything. They will make free with our gardens, and coolly enter aviaries to pick up grain. Yet they destroy insect life to such an extent that it is calculated that a single pair of sparrows, when feeding their nestlings, will kill 3,000 grubs in one week. The friendly little robin is also a great consumer of worms and insects, and the tiny blue titmouse makes wonderful havoc among the latter. You may see rooks following the ploughman that they may pick up grubs in the newly-turned furrows.

Then take the blackbird and the thrush. They,

too, are sometimes very mischievous in helping themselves to fruit. But the blackbird's chief food is insects; and the song-thrush lives principally on snails and such-like things, and it is very clever in breaking the shells against a stone. Now, do you not think that it is only fair to let them share with us the fruit which they have done so much to preserve?

I think, too, that we owe them something for giving us such delightful music. What they will take from you, in all your lifetime, will not cost half as much as a piano, and I have never heard a piano yield music half as sweet.

The French have had a lesson on the value of small birds. It was the bad custom in some parts of France to kill them wherever they could be found. The consequence was, that the crops were so damaged by grubs and insects that a law has been passed forbidding the destruction of the birds.

The owl is another ill-used friend of the farmers; for, among the many small creatures on which it preys, is the mouse. You all know the pretty little mice which are so troublesome in our houses. These will often settle in the farmyard; and, besides them, the beautiful field-mouse and harvest-mouse—the latter the smallest quadruped in England—will also establish themselves in corn-stacks.

They increase most rapidly, and therefore the owl is very valuable in keeping down their numbers. I heard lately of a district in the north of England where the farmers had been ignorantly waging war

upon the owls, and the result was that they were overrun with mice.

You see that if Nature had fair play, the different kinds of animal life would keep each other in check ; but man upsets the balance to his own hurt.

CHAPTER XV

BIRDS—(Continued).

THE migratory or passenger birds are of peculiar interest. It is a wonderful fact that hundreds of thousands of these, some of them very small, take, twice a year, long voyages in the air, far over land and sea, and so live in a perpetual summer. How they find their way we can only guess, but doubtless they are helped by their marvellously keen sight.

None of these are more familiar to us than the swallows, which we all rejoice to see as signs that the winter is over and past. They build their nests and rear their young with us; but when the days are shortening, and the nights begin to be cold, you may see them collecting on the roofs of houses, as if they were talking over their plans for departure.

Swallows consume enormous quantities of insects, and catch them while on the wing. The height at which they fly depends on where the insects are to be found—whether near the ground, or high in the air; and this, again, depends on the weather. So, at times, the swallows are out of sight far above us, and at other times we may see them sweeping backwards and forwards, so low down that we could almost touch them if they would let us.

There are several varieties of this tribe which visit us. Besides the common swallow, there are the house-martin and the swift, all three being sociable birds, which usually build their nests near or on our houses. Often they will return year after year to the same spot.

There are also the tiny sand-martins, which burrow their homes in banks of clay or sand, railway cuttings, and such-like places. They keep together in large flocks, and form quite a colony where they settle.

The swift has extraordinary powers of flight, and is almost always on the wing, except when it is asleep. It never alights on the ground.

We know why passenger birds leave us with the summer. As winter draws on there would be no food for them here; so in good time they fly away to sunny lands in the south of Europe and in Africa. But it is not clear why they journey so far north in summer, as they often do. The little sand-martin has been seen in Siberia, on the great plains that border the Arctic Ocean.

The cuckoo is another welcome visitor. All country boys and girls eagerly listen for its note in April, which tells us that the spring is come. Houseless and homeless, the cuckoo never builds for itself, but lays its eggs in the nest of some other bird. It is hard work for a pair of little sparrows or titlarks to feed the great hungry nestling which makes room for itself by hoisting out its foster brothers and sisters from their rightful home.

Long ago the tall, slender-legged storks used to visit England. They never come now. Perhaps they would not have deserted us if we had been as kind to them as the people are in Holland. There, no one dares to hurt them, but places are prepared for their nests, not only on the roofs of houses, but also on the church towers, and the solemn-looking stork walks about the streets, or in the markets, without a thought of fear.

It is very useful as a scavenger, eating refuse that would be very unhealthy if not removed. It also feeds on a variety of reptiles that would be injurious if their numbers were not thinned. But it is not only for these services that the storks are so kindly treated, but because they are looked upon with respect as very good birds for their love and faithfulness to each other.

Besides the passenger birds that spend the summer with us, there are many others which come down from the north of Europe before winter, that they may escape the bitter frost and snow of those high latitudes. Such are the fieldfare, the snipe, the woodcock, widgeon, etc. The severer the weather, the greater will be the number and variety of these winter visitors.

But we might fill large books with the story of the birds, and yet not tell one half of its wonders. Find out all you can about their curious ways and works, and then I think you will not have the heart to hurt them. Depend upon it, this knowledge will give you more pleasure than the cruel, senseless

habit of purposeless killing. It makes one ashamed to know that the gay little Australian parroquet could live out-of-doors in England as easily as the robin can, but for the people who try to destroy every strange bird they see.

There is a law now which forbids to take or kill birds during the breeding season, but they need our care all the year round. Children can do much to preserve them by feeding them in winter, as great numbers perish of want and cold in severe weather. But if the *boys* would resolve to protect the birds, it would be better than all the rest. Let us have no bird-nesting, no treacherous snares, no stone-throwing.

Boys ! will you not try to befriend the birds ? Don't make a holiday in the country a day to be mourned over by every living thing that crosses your path. Let the nests alone. Though your clumsy fingers can easily pull them to pieces, you could not make them if you tried ; you are not half clever enough for that, however clever you may be. Let the birds sing in peace.

Can you not chase the butterfly, with its gorgeous hues, and the dragon-fly, with its transparent wings, without trying to crush them ? The pretty little woodmouse, the swift water-rat, the blithe squirrel—don't molest them in the forest.

Have you ever thought that they are all-works of God, and that the Bible tells us that *His tender mercies are over all His works* ? Do you think that

He can be pleased to see His beautiful creations
wantonly destroyed? Remember,—

“ ————He regardeth them,
Those creatures weak and small;
Their table in the wild is spread
By Him who cares for all!”

A STORY OF WINGS.*

REPRINTED FROM “THE ANIMAL WORLD.”

“Just now there is again a deplorable tendency towards the use of natural wings and whole birds in millinery.”—*Daily Paper*.

THE wife of the vicar was young and fair;
The simplest hat on her braided hair
Borrowed such charm from her lovely face,
That it seemed a thing of artistic grace;
But, like many another as kind and good,
She fancied that Fashion understood
The how and the wherewithal to wear,
And trusted to *modiste* and milliner,
Instead of her own sweet womanly mind,
Which could but choose the fit and refined.

So one day she took from its wraps with care
A wondrous erection just sent to her,

* Published at Orphan's Printing Press, Leominster, at 1s. 6d. per 100.

In which was set one beautiful thing,
And that was a kittiwake's exquisite wing.
She was bound for a stylish afternoon tea,
But first she must visit her nursery,
Where the baby crowed with delight to touch
The ornament which he fain would clutch ;
And Harold declared, with a wild halloo,
That mother was just like a cockatoo ;
While Nelly's incipient womanhood
Pondered the matter in thoughtful mood.

But the lady had an hour to spend
Before she reached the house of her friend ;
To her mothers' meeting she bent her way,
Though rather shy of her dress that day ;
She met each one with kind look and word,
The little tales of their troubles heard ;
And she made the time pass pleasantly
With her friendly talk and her sympathy.
Before they left, she ventured to say
How it grieved her to see their boys at play,
Stoning the thrushes, now weak with cold,
And with winter sorrows manifold ;
And then she spoke of God's loving care
For the creatures He made—the birds of the air ;
How should their children grow good and kind,
While in cruel deeds they could pleasure find ?

Good-bye was said. They went one by one,
And the lady thought herself there alone,
As making up her accounts she sat,—
When she felt a sudden twitch at her hat ;

It came again, and made her start,
While quicker and louder throbbed her heart,
And then she suddenly was aware
Of a wingless kittiwake standing there
Upon the table. It silence broke,
And (wonder of wonders !) thus it spoke :—

“ That wing is *mine*, you wear to-day
The thing that was stolen from me away.
Well I remember the morning fair
When we skimmed the waves and cleaved the air,
My mate and I, as we sought to find
Food for the little ones left behind,
When peal on peal broke like thunder’s sound,
And soon sea and rock and sands around
Were strewn with the fair birds dying and dead.
My mate fell first—then, ere life had fled,
The wings were wrenched from my bleeding breast,
And I was flung on the billow’s crest
I once had joyed to tread, but now
A quivering mass I sank below,
Hearing my hungry birdlings’ cry,
Worse than my own sore agony.
And you are a mother ! well, that is good :
What do you think of my starving brood—
The downy nestlings that ’neath *that* wing
Were wont so cosily to cling ?
A nice becoming plume for you—
You who can pity the thrushes, too !
Murder and robbery in one day—
Yet you’ll wear that wing when in church you pray.”

And the poor bird, giving its anger vent,
Waxed so indignant and eloquent
That it was with almost a shriek it spoke,
And with its wail the lady awoke.

Her eyes were dim for the mother-bird's woe ;
The room was dark, and the fire burned low ;
She was too late now for the afternoon tea,
So she gathered her books up tremblingly,
And went a back way, like a guilty thing,
She was so ashamed of that kittiwake's wing.

In her happy home the fire shone bright,
The room was full of a pleasant light,
But warmer and brighter and yet more fair
The welcome her husband gave to her ;
But even that could not charm away
The troubled look on her face that lay,
And she could not find a moment's rest
Till the strange, weird story was confess'd,
And she asked, with tears in her eyes of blue,
If the phantom bird had told her true.
The vicar looked grave while he stroked her hair,
And thought she never had seemed so fair,
As he answered her that the lovely wing
Was, spite of its beauty, a cursed thing.
" You will never have another," said he ;
" I will never wear this again," sobbed she ;
" Give it to Nell for her doll," said he ;
" Nay, it is stained with blood," sighed she ;
" Then we will burn it to-morrow," said he ;
" No, we will burn it to-night," cried she.

NOTE.—“ The eggs are seldom laid until the last week in June, so that many of the young are still in the nest, or barely fliers, when the Sea Birds' Protection Act expires on August 1st. Some years ago, when the plumes of birds were much worn in ladies' hats, the barred wings of the young kittiwake were in great demand for this purpose, and vast numbers were slaughtered at their breeding haunts. . . . Fishing smacks with extra boats and crews used to commence their work of destruction at Lundy Island by daybreak on August 1st, continuing this proceeding for upwards of a fortnight. In many cases wings were torn off wounded birds before they were dead, the mangled victims being tossed back into the water. . . . Allowing for the starved nestlings, it is well within the mark to say that at least nine thousand of these inoffensive birds were destroyed during the fortnight.”—Latest Edition of “ Yarrell's History of British Birds.”

CHAPTER XVI

TAME BIRDS

AMONG tame birds we are all acquainted with the parrot, although he is a foreigner and comes from Africa. This bird is long-lived, attaining to fifty years of age and more. The grey parrot with the crimson tail is the best talker, and is often a very entertaining pet. In every case gentleness and perseverance are needed to teach him to speak, and some parrots are much sharper pupils than others.

They have a very disagreeable scream, but this is said to be from fear, and can be checked when they have learnt that they are among friends and have nothing to be afraid of. But if they are to be docile and affectionate you must be always kind to them. There must be no silly and cowardly teasing. Talk to them, caress them, and gain their confidence. You can tame no creature until it has learnt to trust you.

Parrots are vegetable feeders, and it is a great mistake to give them meat. They like it, but it makes their skin irritable, and then they peck off their feathers. For the same reason, bread soaked in water is better than bread and milk. Canary-seed, grain, nuts, the kernels of fruit-stones, haw-

thorn berries, and the cones of fir-trees are suitable food for them. They are fond of capsicum and hemp-seed ; but I believe that these should only be given now and then, as they are very stimulating.

Being natives of the tropics, they rejoice in sunshine, and should have as much of it as possible. They must never be exposed to draught or damp. They want plenty of air, and close rooms are very bad for them ; but draughts are most injurious.

Some friends of mine had a clever, amusing grey parrot for eighteen years, whose death was quite a grief to the household. He was bought in Madeira, and by good and patient teaching he learnt to speak well. One of his accomplishments was repeating verses, of which he knew several. I have heard him say the first verse of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," just like a child would do, but more distinctly than some children repeat their lessons. Once he said *bird* instead of *star*, when he scratched his head and corrected himself immediately.

He seemed to like a joke, for one day when he mixed two of his verses together in a very absurd way, and saw that everybody was amused, he made a point of repeating the mistake. On another occasion he slyly pulled the kitten's tail and made her cry, and then gave a great laugh and said, "Poor little kitty !"

There was a grey parrot that lived in the same house as the good dog Pluto, of whom I have told you. This parrot, too, was a capital talker, and I will tell you of a very mischievous speech of his.

After Pluto's death, his master had another dog, a bloodhound mastiff, called Odin, who was the largest dog I ever saw, and as great in strength as he was in size.

You remember that their home was in the country, and one day when the parrot and Odin were alone in the kitchen, a man and little boy from the neighbouring village came up to the open door, and walked in, looking round for some one to speak to. They could only see Odin, who was sitting on the floor quietly licking his paws, when they were startled by hearing a voice say, "Odin, turn him out!"

It was the parrot who gave the command, but the man did not know that; he thought it was some person speaking, and was terribly frightened when the dog rose up, took hold of his coat, led him clear out of the house, and then sat down to watch him, but not at all in an unfriendly manner. Meanwhile the little boy had squatted down behind the door, hoping that he should be hidden there. And this was the state of things, all brought about by the parrot, when the lady of the house came to the rescue.

I have begged you never to catch wild birds to keep in cages; but there are plenty of song birds reared in captivity who would perish if set at liberty. Chief among these are the canaries and mule birds; the latter being, generally, partly canary and partly goldfinch, and fine singers. If well managed they are often long-lived. Whether

for canary or mule, have a good-sized cage with at least four perches, and be very careful about the shape and size of these.

The perch should be so broad, and so wide, that in grasping it the bird's claws hardly touch the undermost side. He wants a firm hold, and the tiny perches around which the claws meet are miserably uncomfortable. The food should be canary-seed mixed with a little flax and maw-seed. They are very fond of hemp, and may have a few of these seeds daily, and rather more when moulting; but do not give them much, as it is too heating.

They like a change of diet—a bit of sugar or bread, and in summer chickweed, groundsel, shepherd's purse, or water-cress. It is well to have a store of ripe plantains against winter. They should have clean drinking water every day, and if the tin or glass is not large enough for bathing, let them have a bath frequently.

If they are in a room with gas, when it is lighted throw a shade over the cage; and be sure that the window is opened at the top daily, for close rooms do more harm to birds even than they do to us. Give them plenty of air, but bear in mind that draught and damp are their worst enemies. They dearly love sunshine, but never expose them, unprotected, to the full blaze of the sun.

It is easy to tame one of these birds. First, remove its fear. Get it to know your voice and to like you to come near it, and feed it with dainties from your fingers. The first time that you let it

out, keep very quiet. See that there is no fire in the room, and that door, window, and chimney are all closed.

We had a mule bird that was very bold and tame. He would fly to the bars to be fed with hemp-seed, would come on the breakfast-table and help himself to butter, or bread, or sugar, as it took his fancy, or, perhaps, he would perch on some one's head or shoulder.

He had a large flower-pot saucer put on a newspaper on the floor, and in this he gave himself a splendid bath, splashing the water all about. Sometimes he returned to the cage himself; but if he did not, he was never caught, as that is apt to frighten small birds, but the cage was held up to him where he settled, until he went in.

CHAPTER XVII

WE have seen how much animals may learn by training and education. But there is another thing I want you to bear in mind, and that is, that when they have troublesome or dangerous tricks, these have often been caused by bad management whilst they were young. For instance, when one sees horses vicious, we might find, if we knew their history, that it was ill-usage that had made them so.

I could tell you of a large farm where many years ago several cart and carriage horses were kept. The master was a kind, good man, and his carter seems to have been like-minded. He always trained the colts himself, and they never had such a thing as a vicious horse on the place. He had wonderful power over his horses, and they always looked happy and in good condition, and did their work with a will, for happiness makes labour easier for us all; and they were, sometimes, full of playfulness when it was over.

Now, how did this carter manage his horses? I will give you his own homely words. He said: "I allus use my colts and horses like children. I gives 'em plenty to eat, and treats 'em kindly, never punishing them except when they deserves it, and that's not very often, you see. I can do most any-

thing with them, for a man's a great thing in the eyes of a horse." Now, lads, will you try to be great in your horses' eyes by showing them how kind and just you can be? It is when they are happy and fearless that they will often learn clever and amusing little ways. I know one gentleman living in the country in Essex who taught his horses to open gates for him. One of them learnt the lesson so well that he would lift the little gate before his stall right off its hinges and walk out when he had a mind to do so.

A good man, who had had plenty of experience, has said, *that no man ought to train horses unless he fears God, and loves the creatures God has made.* I want you never to forget these words. They are most true. Those who fear God will not dare to be cruel to the animals which He has lent to us. Those who love them will never have the heart to ill-use them.

And then we owe them so much! yet how apt people are to forget that! I will tell you a sad story on this point. It happened in a country town, not far from my native place, and the gentleman who told us the circumstance knew all about it. Near him there lived a worthless man who had a faithful dog that loved him far more than he deserved. One evening, when going home intoxicated, he stumbled into a deep ditch, and would have perished there but for his dog, who, as he was not strong enough to pull his master out himself, ran home as fast as he could and brought some one to

help, and thus saved the man's life. Would you not think that he would prize his faithful dog most dearly ever afterwards? But it was not so. The rest of the story is almost too bad to tell, but it is as true as it is shocking, though you will hardly know how to believe it. When the time came for him to pay the tax for his dog, he said he would not do it; and rather than part with the money, which it is plain that he preferred to spend in drink, he killed the loving creature that had saved his life. But this is not the end of the story. There is more to come. Another night this cruel man again was drunk. Again he passed the ditch. Again he fell in, but this time there was no faithful dog to bring him help, and he was miserably smothered in the mud.

I should not like to finish a chapter with such a dreadful account as this, so I will tell you some anecdotes about dogs, in which there was love and kindness instead of cruelty. The first happened in Sussex, on the premises of a gentleman living in the country. One day the boys found a poor, half-starved Newfoundland in the garden. He had sores on his body, and it was not pleasant to go near him. What do you think the boys did? I will tell you first what they did *not* do. They did not throw stones at him. They did not drive him away. They did not try to kick him. The first thing they did was to feed him. Then they put straw into an old kennel, that he might have a nice place to lie down. He thought that he could not do better than stay

with such kind boys as these, and he soon got very fond of them, and had the run of the place. He would follow one of the boys to school, and another to play at football. He would follow the coachman to his home, more than a mile off, and then return by himself. At the coachman's house he met with a favourite dog belonging to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, and the two dogs became so friendly that after a time they would call on each other, and go for a walk together. One evening both were missing, and were searched for in vain. Next day came the sorrowful tidings that two large dogs had been run over and killed on the railway line, where, no doubt, they had gone for a walk, little dreaming of its woful ending.

If they had been men, we should say that most likely they did not hear the train coming because they were talking to each other. It is certain that animals can communicate among themselves. Sometimes we see this plainly. I heard an instance of this lately from a lady who knew all about it. In the small town where she lived beside the sea, a large dog came to reside, who was a great deal of a bully, and attacked all the dogs that came in his way. One day he ill-used a gentle old spaniel, who was no match for him in strength or size. But the spaniel had at that time staying in his home a powerful dog, to whom he must have told his grievance, for his friend went three times to the house where the enemy lived, and when at last he found him gave him a good thrashing.

When once we begin talking about dogs, it is hard to stop; but I will now only speak of one more, a dear little fellow I knew, who spent what I think a very useful life. He belonged to a lady who was often ill, and suffered a great deal, and from the day when her sister brought him home in her handkerchief—a little, black, fluffy ball of a puppy—until his death, fifteen years afterwards, through all that long time he helped to cheer his dear mistress's hours of pain and loneliness. To be near her in a quiet, darkened room was better to him than any pleasure. She gave him her love in return for his devotion, and the grateful little heart needed no other reward.

CHAPTER XVIII

SAVED BY A HORSE

NOW I am going to tell you some true stories that show not only the sagacity of the horse, but how the merciful man may be rewarded for acts of mercy. A great many years ago there lived in the neighbourhood of St. Austell, in Cornwall, a small farmer named Drew,* of much worth and intelligence, whose great-grandchildren I have known. Near him there lived a bad, cruel man, who so ill-used and starved the poor horse which had the misfortune to belong to him that it was quite unable to work, and then he turned it out on the common to die.

There were no police in those days to interfere with this brutal master, and the horse would have been left to perish miserably but that Mr. Drew saw him, and had compassion on him, and offered to buy the poor creature. As it seemed impossible that it would ever work again, its owner willingly sold it for a trifle, little more than the value of its skin. Then Mr. Drew fed it well, and carefully tended it in every way, and to his surprise it grew quite strong again. And now mark this! That horse, that seemed worn out through ill-treatment, worked for

* See "Life of Samuel Drew, A.M.," by his eldest son. London: Longman.

more than twenty years longer, and was a most faithful and valuable servant to the good man who had rescued it, and who used to say that it was the most sensible horse he ever rode. Mr. Drew had to take long journeys regularly over rough country roads, often in darkness and in storm, sometimes passing perilous places, where a false step would be fatal, and through all difficulties and dangers this horse carried him safely year after year, even when it was blind.

When at last the time came that it could work no longer, this good master remembered what he owed to the trusty companion of his toils and travels, and cared tenderly for it. It lived in the orchard, and was fed regularly with bread soaked in milk when the loss of teeth made it unable to bite grass. Sometimes it wished for an early breakfast, and would put its head over the palings in the direction of its master's bedroom, and neigh. Then Mr. Drew would jump from his bed, and call out from the open window, "My poor old fellow, I will be with thee soon."

Now, after what I have told you, I think that you will agree with me that it is a very interesting fact that a horse was the means of saving the life of Mr. Drew's daughter. I am not able to tell you whether it was the same horse as the one of which we have been reading, though I think it very likely that it was. You shall hear the whole story. It happened a long time ago, as you will see, but it is as true as if it had occurred yesterday.

It was about five o'clock on a November evening, in the year 1796, that Miss Drew left the town of St. Austell, on horseback, to return to her father's house. The shortest way was across a beach, for St. Austell is not far from the sea, and this was quite safe when the tide was out. Miss Drew believed that there was time for crossing before high water, and wishing to make haste, as it would soon be dark, and the weather was cold and wild, she resolved to go over the sands. She met with no hindrance until she had nearly reached the end of the beach, where she had to pass under a cliff, and then she found that the tide was farther in than she expected; but she was not frightened. She was now only about half a mile from home, and it would not matter to her or the horse if they had a little wetting, so they went boldly in. But presently Miss Drew found that the water was far deeper than she had supposed, and, with the rough sea at her right hand and the steep cliff at her left, she saw that they must be drowned if they went on; so she tried to turn her horse round to go back, but in doing this it fell over a rock. Miss Drew was thrown, and found herself struggling in the waves, but she held on to the horse, and with some difficulty they got safely on the beach. But they would be safe only for a few minutes more. They were shut in by rocks on both sides, with the cliff like a mighty wall behind them, and a rough sea before them, with the tide rising higher every moment. And now the storm grew fiercer, the wind roared, the thunder

rolled, and flashes of lightning showed Miss Drew the horrors of her situation, while she was exposed to tremendous showers of hail, from which she could find no shelter. With a desperate effort she remounted her horse and tried to get round one of the projecting rocks, but she utterly failed in the attempt, and had she succeeded it probably would have cost her her life.

As the tide rose higher the horse managed to get up on a rock, and with some difficulty his mistress followed the example. But it was only for a little while that they were secure. The rising tide swept their place of refuge; the waves washed over them, and would soon have carried them away, but the horse, with a great struggle, climbed up to another crag, and, encouraged by this, Miss Drew tried to do the same, and though she found it hard work she succeeded. And now she thought that it was simply impossible to get any farther up the cliff, and that there she must meet her fate.

It was, indeed, a desolate position for this young woman, waiting in the darkness and the storm for the rush of the wild waters that were drawing nearer every instant, with no friend but her horse beside her. Yet her heart did not fail her. She knew that there was one who could care for her in life or death, and she prayed to Him and was at peace. Believing that she herself must die, she did not forget to think about the safety of the horse, but wishing to give him all the help that she could, she tried to take off the saddle and bridle,

that he might be able to swim more easily. While she was doing this, the horse, to her utter amazement, by making a violent effort, got up another crag so far as to keep his head above the waves, and once more his mistress, encouraged by his example, endeavoured to do the same, and succeeded in what she had supposed to be impossible. Now she saw that their last refuge had certainly been reached, for a mass of rock was hanging over them, which neither man nor beast could scale, and she quietly waited, not knowing what the end would be. No doubt she thought of her home, so near at hand, which yet it was likely that she might never see again; and we may be sure that it gave her a pang to think of her good father and mother, watching for their daughter's return, and wondering why she did not come, little dreaming of the sore strait she was in.

Some time passed away, and then Miss Drew began to hope that the tide had turned; and when a little later the moon rose and shone upon the heaving waters, her heart was filled with joy to see that they had really begun to retire. It was plain that if she did not die of cold, and that seemed by no means improbable, that she might escape, as well as her faithful companion, when the tide had ebbed sufficiently to leave the sands clear. The horse was standing almost upright, and his mistress kept his head so close to her as to have the warmth of his breath, and this greatly helped her, and was, perhaps, the means of saving her life.

It was only as the moon rose higher, and the tide went farther and farther out, that Miss Drew discovered to what a fearful height she and her horse had climbed, and it seemed a difficult matter ever to get down again. At last this was accomplished by both of them without any serious accident; but when the beach was reached, Miss Drew found herself stiff and powerless from the deadly cold and exposure which she had endured. She could not mount her horse, or walk, or raise her voice to call for help; and sitting down upon a rock, she thought that after all she should die there, though almost within sight of her father's house. But, being alarmed at her long absence, he had sent his servant to look for her, and there she was found, so exhausted as to be nearly unconscious; and no wonder, for she had been for three or four hours in the water, and had been out in the terrible storm from five in the evening until half-past eleven at night. We can all fancy the thankfulness and joy with which she was welcomed in her home, and we need not to be told how tenderly the two poor wanderers—one in the house and one in the stable—were warmed and fed and sheltered.

CHAPTER XIX

SAVED BY A DOG *

NOW for a splendid dog story. Some years ago, the Rev. Egerton R. Young, a brave, good man, as you will see, left his Canadian home and went as a missionary into the far away regions of British North America, to teach the wild Indian tribes near Lake Winnipeg, who call the Queen—their Queen as well as ours—“The Great Mother.”

It is almost impossible for us to imagine what the winters are like so near to the North Pole. We may think of all the severest snowstorms and the hardest frosts we have ever known, and yet they are nothing compared to awful winters in which great lakes—like inland seas—are frozen hard. Then it is that the dwellers in those lands travel on the boundless white roads in sledges drawn by dogs. These voyagers over the trackless snow have to clothe themselves in furs and the thickest of wraps, or they would die of cold. And they have to carry a stock of *dog-shoes* with them, for on these perilous journeys the poor things often get their feet sadly

* The writer has been kindly permitted to take these particulars from a very interesting book, entitled “By Canoe and Dog Train,” by Egerton R. Young, published by Charles H. Kelly, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C.

rubbed and sore, and then these shoes, which are made of heavy woollen materials, are firmly tied on with a soft piece of deer-skin. Sometimes a dog will stop suddenly and hold up an injured foot, thus silently begging for a shoe; and when it has been put on, he will bark joyfully to show his gratitude.

Now Mr. Young had a number of splendid dogs, chiefly of the St. Bernard and Newfoundland breeds, which he used for drawing his sledge. In the first place the parent dogs were sent to him from Canada, but all the younger ones were reared by himself; and he trained them firmly and kindly, so that they loved him, and obeyed him, and served him heartily and well. The noblest and the dearest of all his dogs was called Jack. He was a magnificent St. Bernard, with a glossy jet-black coat, measuring in height from his shoulder more than thirty-three inches,—not much short of three feet,—and when in his best condition weighing about a hundred and sixty pounds. He was a grand-looking creature! There was not another dog to match him in all that northern country, near or far; and he was as clever and good as he was beautiful. He was devotedly attached to his master, and many times was the means of saving his life; and it is of one of these occasions I am going to tell you.

It was in the depth of winter that Mr. Young set off to take a journey of some sixty miles down the mighty lake, now frozen hard, to visit the small bands of Indians who lived upon its eastern shore,

who wanted to hear from him more tidings of the Great Spirit, which is their name for God. The party consisted, besides himself, of an Indian lad called Alec, and eight fine, powerful dogs, four to each sledge, to which they are harnessed tandem fashion, in single line. It was bitterly cold when in the early morning they left the camp-fire in the woods where they had passed the night, hoping before it grew dark to reach the Indian village and find warmth and shelter. For some hours they went on comfortably, though Mr. Young and Alec were often obliged to get out of their sledges and run along beside them for the sake of the exercise, for all the buffalo robes and fur capes and caps and mittens cannot keep off the piercing chill of such intense frost. After a time the wind rose high and the snow began to fall, and by-and-by it increased and became that fearful kind of storm which is called a blizzard, when the air is full of the finest, blinding snow, coming down in dense clouds, whirling about in all directions, so that many a bewildered traveller has become stupefied, and then unconscious, and so died.

Mr. Young was quite alive to the peril, but he thought that it was almost as dangerous to go back as to go forward, and he hoped that if they were very careful they would be able to keep in the right direction and so get to the land. For greater safety, he fastened the rope at the back of his sledge to the collar of the head dog of Alec's train, so that they could not miss each other. For weary hours they

struggled on gallantly, men and dogs, buffeted by the awful storm beating upon them, without sun or moon or stars to guide over the white trackless waste which surrounded them on every side. At last a terrible fear seized them that they had missed the way, and Mr. Young shouted out, "Alec! I am afraid we are lost." And the lad answered, "Yes, Missionary, we are surely lost." But Mr. Young was not the man weakly to give up the fight for life. He had a wife and children, for whose sake he would have faced the wildest blizzard that ever blew, to say nothing of his work among the Indians, who needed him to help and instruct them. So he quietly talked over the matter with Alec, and they agreed that they must strengthen themselves with such food as they had with them before they renewed their battle with the storm. How they would have rejoiced over a cup of strong tea, but they could not have it, because, being on the lake, they had no wood to make a fire with. However, they made the best of things, and, protecting themselves as well as they could, they sat down to a dreary dinner with the eight dogs around them. Now when the dogs are travelling it seems to suit them best to leave feeding them until the evening, when the day's work is done. But on this occasion Mr. Young felt that dogs and men must all share alike, for too probably it was the last meal that any of them would ever taste. While they were eating as best they could, Jack sat close to his master's side, as he always did when things were going wrong, for it

is in times of trouble that dogs cling most closely to their friends. Both the missionary and Alec knew only too well that their one earthly hope was in the sagacity of these faithful creatures. The white man, with his education and his learning, the red man, with his wonderful skill in following a trail, were equally at fault, and unless the dogs were cleverer than either of them they must all perish together. So Mr. Young turned to the dear comrade at his elbow and said, "Jack, my noble fellow, do you know that we are lost, and that it is very doubtful whether we shall ever see the Mission House again? The prospect is that the snow will soon be our winding sheet, and that loving eyes will look in vain for our return. The chances are against your ever having the opportunity of stretching yourself out on the wolf rug before the study fire. Rouse up yourself, old dog, for in your intelligence we are going to trust to lead us to a place of safety."

I am sure that Jack listened intently and understood that his master confided in him, and with loving pride accepted the responsibility, as you will see. When all was ready for a fresh start, the dogs harnessed again, the drivers in their places, and the sledges united as before, Mr. Young called out, "March!"

Every dog-train has its leader, for whom the others wait, and the leader of Mr. Young's team was a fine snow-white Esquimaux dog, named Koonah, which is the Indian word for snow. But

Koona did not move. It was plain he could not tell what to do, for when again his master shouted, "Go!" he turned his head and looked at him, as much as to say, "How can I go, unless you tell me where?" The missionary had no idea which was north or south, or east or west, and in utter helplessness he shouted to Jack, who was second in the train, "Go on, Jack, whichever way you like, and do the best you can, for I do not know anything about it." Jack did not need to be told twice. He took the command at once, and Koona and the other dogs had nothing to do but to keep up with him, as away he dashed in the teeth of the raging storm. Master and dog had for the time changed places. Mr. Young no longer dared to guide or give orders, and the safety of the whole party depended, under God, on the skill and faithfulness of the noble creature, who, without a compass to direct him, and half blinded by the rushing snow, as fine as dust, was speeding on without a pause, gallantly helped by the rest of the team. How would it all end? Did Jack really know what he was doing? Was he steering for the right goal, or would they at last be landed in a snow-drift, to perish there? No doubt these thoughts passed through the missionary's mind, but he felt that he was in God's keeping, whatever might happen, and left it all with Him. The cold grew more and more intense, until there was a risk of being frozen to death, and Mr. Young would often shout back to Alec to make sure that he was awake, knowing that if the lad once

fell asleep he would never wake again. And so it went on for hour after hour. The pitiless storm did not slacken, Jack never hesitated for an instant, and all the dogs stood to their work like heroes. At length the twilight came, and then the night and darkness was added to the terrors of that wild and fearful journey, but the heart of the missionary did not quail. Now he would call out a warning to Alec to hinder him from falling asleep, and then he would give a cheering word to the dogs, who would love to hear their master's voice, who often could not see them in the deepening gloom. After travelling thus for three hours in the dark, the dogs became excited, and it was clear that they had made some joyful discovery. Human intelligence could detect nothing, but their pace, which had been all along so swift and steady, was now quickened into a gallop, for they knew that they were nearing land. Presently they dragged the sledges over a large heap of ice, which the Indians had piled up where they had made a hole to get water; then, making a sharp turn, they tore up the steep bank of the lake, plunged into the forest, and never stopped or stayed until in a few minutes' time they stood still in the midst of the Indian wigwams. The whole party was saved, saved by a dog. Mr. Young would see again the dear faces of wife and child, and Jack would lie once more on the wolf rug at his master's feet, and look up at him with the immeasurable love which shines out of a true dog's eyes.

CHAPTER XX.

PERHAPS after reading of interesting dogs, and cats, and birds, you think that you would like to have a pet of your own. Have one, by all means, if you are sure that you both can and will take care of it. If a little girl tires of her doll, or a boy of his top, there is not much harm done, but to tire of a living plaything is cruel. Don't let your pets be troublesome to other people. Turning out cats at night is often a great annoyance to neighbours, and is not best for the cats.

If you keep rabbits, be sure to give them a little water, as they cannot help themselves to sufficient moist food as wild rabbits can.

If you are allowed to have a dog, get one that is suitable for your home. Retrievers, and others that need a great amount of exercise, are most fitted for the country ; and a big dog is not adapted for small premises. If you are obliged to let him be tied up a good deal, remember that he ought always to have at least an hour's freedom daily ; but I would not keep a dog at all if I could not let him loose more than that.

If you have puppies or kittens, you must expect them to be troublesome. You must look after them,

or else they will do mischief, just as babies will when they begin to walk about. All young things need patience from those around them. I am sure that boys and girls do.

If you want animals to be fond of you, never tease them. Show that you love them, and so get their confidence. Then you must talk to them. This is most important. Horses, dogs, cats, birds—indeed, all kinds of creatures—like to hear the human voice when it speaks pleasantly. I read the other day of a keeper at the Zoological Gardens who had to be removed from his post because all the animals disliked him so much. Yet he treated them kindly, but he had not the least idea how to talk to them. He did not know what to say, and they could not endure such a dummy.

If you want to teach any amusing trick, you must be good-tempered and patient about it. And always bear in mind that it is a great mistake to suppose that because one dog has learnt to do a clever thing, that another dog will do the same. They differ from one another just as children do. I will tell you how I have seen this in our own dogs.

Many years ago we had a half-bred, long-haired Scotch terrier, who was most loving and sensible. He was three years old when he came to us. He had been well treated before, but no one had shown him any affection. When he found in his new home that there was love to be had, his whole heart answered to it. He had plenty of spirit, but he was gentle and quiet, only barking when he had a reason

for it. He was civil to visitors, though he only cared for his own people. To his master he was especially devoted, and when he was at home would follow him like his shadow. He lived for about twelve years after we had him, and was a cherished member of the household.

Since we have had a dog of almost exactly the same breed, and just the same colour and size, but as different as possible in disposition. This later pet was noisy, and rough, and restless, full of play, and welcomed visitors boisterously. Although always lovingly treated, for we had him from a puppy, he was sparing of caresses to his best friends, unless they had been away from him. Two dogs could hardly be more unlike in character than these two terriers.

Still, education had its effects. This turbulent, fussy dog walked about among the doves on the floor of his master's aviary, without a thought of doing them harm. New ones were at first terrified at the sight of him ; but their fear soon passed off. They saw that he had no wish to hurt them, and they were satisfied. It was the same with the tame caged bird I have told you of. I have seen him enjoy his bath on the floor, with this dog lying so near as to be splashed with the water.

Of course terriers are not water dogs, but this terrier liked running into a pond, and would often go deep enough to swim. The secret was that he had never been thrown in, but coaxed and encouraged to go of his own free will. If you wish to spoil your

dog for the water, throw him in. There is no surer way to make him hate it.

But I must tell you one or two more anecdotes to show how dogs learn from those they live with. I knew of one, a big fellow, who rubbed his paws on the mat when he came into the house in muddy weather. He did it so heartily that sometimes it was thought to be one of the children ; but they were less particular about coming in with dirty shoes.

Then there was a dog, mostly bloodhound, belonging to some friends of mine in Cornwall. One day, when he was out for a walk with the ladies who owned him, he passed a flock of sheep browsing on the side of a hill. From a distance they heard the cry of a lost lamb, but did not notice that the dog had left them and gone out of sight, until they saw him coming towards them with the lamb trotting by his side. He gently led it back to the flock, and then rejoined the ladies.

A few more words about the horse. A gentleman in the army, who is a high authority, says : " No men deserve the title of ' horsemen ' who beat horses ; it is not the way to manage them, and it will always be found that those who do so are either ignorant, stupid men, or possessed of a cruel disposition. Such individuals should have nothing to do with horses."

Nor must we forget the poor donkeys. It is true that they are often stubborn, but they are not stupid. If they are well cared for they are fleet and useful. Cruelty won't mend their obstinacy. Coax

them by giving a carrot. Donkeys don't know how to resist that.

And now, before we end our talk about animals, I would again urge you to be kind to them. It will be a great pleasure in your life, and one which will do you good, if you take a loving interest in the wonderful creatures which God has entrusted to our care. Remember that they all belong to Him. You talk of *my* dog, *my* cat, *my* pony ; but He who made them is their real Owner and Master, and you will have to answer to Him for your treatment of them. He will hear their complaints ; to Him they are not dumb.

“ They may be silent as ye say,
But woe to them who, day by day,
Unthinking for what boon they pray,
Repeat, ‘ Thy kingdom come.’
Who, when before the Great White Throne,
They plead that mercy may be shown,
Find awful voices drown their own,
The voices of the dumb !”

EXTRACTS FROM THE
“OLIVE LEAF.”

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

A FEW Sabbaths ago, I was walking in a road in the environs of a large town, and met a cart filled with men, and drawn by a thin, weak horse, whom they were urging at its utmost speed.

As I turned a corner, I saw another horse, around which a crowd of people were standing, some with looks of pity, and others indifference, whilst a boy stood at its head crying.

The poor creature was bleeding, having been wounded, the people said, by the shafts of the cart which we had just seen. It was dying, and such a look of meek suffering was upon its face, that I could hardly restrain my tears.

It was thin, and old, and blind, and death seemed a mercy for it. It would no longer have to endure blows for its weakness, nor pain, nor hunger, nor thirst. Its useful, but heavily oppressed existence would soon be ended, and the faintness and suffering it was then enduring would be at its last.

I was obliged to proceed; but my mind was filled with thoughts of the dying horse, and cruelty to animals appeared to me in a more atrocious light than it had ever done before.

As I spoke of this on my return home, the wretchedness inflicted on animals by war was suggested to me, and my heart sickened at the thought. The immense misery of the human race in warfare had always occupied my mind to the exclusion of this lesser, but still very important, consideration.

If God has given us His other living creatures as the servants of our necessities and convenience, we ought to use them as His gifts, and we may be very sure that we displease Him when we inflict an atom of unnecessary pain upon them.

THE GREEN LINNET.

HOW happy is a bird's life! I wonder what child now living has not thought so, as it has watched the feathered creatures flitting about in the summer air, rocking themselves on some delicate little spray, gathering wool and moss for their nests, or carrying home the food to their tiny young ones.

What child has not wished, as it came home weary from a walk, that it could borrow and take the feathery wings which carry their possessor over miles and miles without pain?

Oh, how happy is a bird's life! And then to be a singing bird—to wake with the first dawn of the morning light, not to feel sleepy or drowsy, but to wake quite up, and sing, and sing, and sing, and make the sweet fresh air ring again with clear, joyous notes, and to send gladness into the heart of every listener—of the poor man as he goes to his work, of the weary dweller in some dark town nook, who for once has begun the day with breathing fresh air, of the little children who go out in the morning to gather violets and primroses, and who stop to say, “Hush! hark! a bird is singing.” Oh, what a blessing and a happiness must all this be!

A blessing and a happiness it would indeed be, my child, if a bird could think as we can; if it could feel as we do, that there is no pleasure so great as that of giving pleasure; but the bird cannot think and feel all this. Nevertheless, it does lead a very happy life.

Yet birds have their sorrows, for God has given them the power to love the young ones whom they care for so tenderly. This little linnet, after it has made its beautiful nest among some bushes or in a hedge, after it has bent dry weeds for the outside, and matted them altogether, and lined it with soft wool, and thistledown, and horse-hair, and laid its tiny eggs within, and sat on them, and hatched them into young tender birds, is liable to a great misfortune. From whom?

From children, I am grieved and ashamed to say, for it is most frequently by naughty boys that birds are robbed of their young. Ah, how mournful is their note when the young ones are gone! so sad, so wild, so melancholy, that we can almost fancy they speak, and reproach us for the deeds of our kind.

If you had heard, as I have done, a lark singing in this sorrowful tone, as it fluttered around and above its once happy home, you could never rob a nest of either the eggs or the young. I hope you will not do so. Let the bird's life be happy, seek and find your pleasure in giving pleasure to all around, or, if you cannot give it, be sure never to take it away.

OLD CHARLIE.

BY A LADY.

SOME years ago we had a favourite pony, which, like all animals that are taken notice of, showed us many amusing proofs of his sagacity.

Unless the stable door was fastened outside, Charlie generally opened it with his mouth, and went wherever he liked. One afternoon the boy had neglected to do this, and the consequence was Charlie was missing. In a few hours a farmer brought the truant home, whom he had found feasting in a field of barley.

When shut in, he made a most unusual stir, which was taken no notice of at the time; but the next morning the boy came in with the news that "Charlie certainly was mad, for he would not let any one go near him; was kicking and plunging, and, moreover, groaning piteously." We were at breakfast, and my brothers laughed, and rose to see what was the matter; but they soon came back, saying, the boy was right, for it was quite evident something was hurting the pony, or he was ill.

I was very fond of old Charlie, and jumped up

to go to him. "You must not go, it is not safe; he attempted to bite me but a minute ago," my brother said. However, I was not at all afraid; and, followed by the whole party, went to the stable. Prancing about, and moaning still, there he was, but directly he saw me he walked quietly over, and speaking soothingly, I patted his head. Still he moaned.

They were all surprised to see him so suddenly docile. "Depend upon it he has chosen me for his surgeon again, and has a thorn in his foot, or something of the kind," I said; for once before I had taken a thorn from his leg, when he would let no one else approach him. I could find no thorn; still he looked at me beseechingly, and moaned.

All at once I saw a barley-corn had run deeply into his eye; only just enough was visible to enable me to take hold of. Doubtless, in his pain, he had rubbed and pressed it further into the eye. Poor Charlie! he had paid dearly for his runaway and thievish gambols in the barley-field the night before.

I held up the eyelid with one hand, and, as gently as I could, pulled out the barley-corn. Charlie never moved while I was doing it, but when he found the pain lessened, he rubbed his head against me, and plainly showed his gratitude. The boy went to him, and Charlie was quiet again, as usually he was wont to be.

Charlie was a very good-tempered, though high-spirited pony.

Every morning (excepting Sundays), winter and

summer, when it was fine, I rode on Charlie's back, and he was generally used in the gig during the day. My ride never seemed to tire him; both of us in high spirits, away we went, first up a mountain skirting the sea.

Charlie well knew the round, and I am sure the enjoyment was mutual. Playful as a lamb, he would trot, canter, or gallop, as best pleased his fancy.

One day, more playful than usual, he succeeded in throwing me off. My foot was entangled in the stirrup, and if Charlie had gone on I should probably have had a serious accident. But I was mercifully preserved. In an instant the faithful creature stopped; he was so frightened that he trembled all over. I could not scold him, got up again, and very quietly went towards home.

Charlie was a musical pony. Whenever we began to sing, he always stepped to the tune, slow or fast. Charlie loved music, and often, for amusement, we gradually sang slower and slower. When ending the tune, Charlie would stand still in the road.

When anything was given to Charlie he did not like to eat, he would always take it, and hold it in his mouth for a long time (as dogs often will) just to please the giver.

But I must tell you of old Charlie's mournful death. One of his favourite haunts was a wood, and many of the trees overhung the cliff. He would jump over gates and hedges from his field to reach

the wood, and one morning he was found hanging dead in the branches of a tree above the water. We suppose some boys must have teased him, and in trying to escape them he fell over the cliff. Poor Charlie!

A NEW MEMBER OF THE PEACE SOCIETY.

A MONTH or two ago, as I was walking with a worthy patient of mine, I began to admire his dog, a fine specimen of the bull-terrier species, which was running before us, every now and then turning to refresh his honest spirit by a glance at his master's affectionate eye.

"Ah, sir!" said his master, "Nelson, sir, in spite of his breed and his name, is a member of the Peace Society. He won't fight, sir. I have trained him to it. Not that he's afraid. Not a bit of it. He's above it.

"You should have seen him the other day when a big dog was beginning to attack him. Master and I were by. I only said 'Nelson!' and you should have seen how proudly he stood, looking at the other one. He'd have died rather than have touched him.

"And he's as tender as he's brave," said his master, warming as he went on. "How fond he was of our young cat! He'd take her up in his mouth as gently as a mother would her baby, and be quite happy when she was lying on him. And when she died!—why, sir, he'd hardly eat for a week.

"Nelson makes friends wherever he goes. I don't believe even the dog that flew at him had the heart to go on, after he found that Nelson wouldn't bite him."

The other day, as his master and he were leaving my house, I took my children to the door to see the dog that wouldn't fight. "Yes," added the master, as he went down the gravel walk, "and it isn't the nature of the breed either."

THE KIND-HEARTED DOG.

I KNOW a gentleman who possesses a very handsome dog, a setter; he has named him Argus.

Argus is a very large and powerful animal. His master wants him to assist in taking hares and pheasants and other *game*, as these creatures are usually called. He accordingly sent him to a school for dogs, that he might be properly educated, and made fit for his business.

In this school lived many other young dogs, and amongst his companions were three very small puppies. One of the puppies was rather weakly. Argus took no notice of the other two, but delighted to play with and fondle this little creature.

He would lie for hours and look kindly at it, turn it over with his large paw, and when it wanted to rest would tenderly lift it into the kennel with his mouth. If it wished to come out again, he would, in the same way, lift it up; and the little puppy would crawl to him, lie down beside him, and seem to love his noble friend in return for all his kindness.

What a pretty example we have for little boys and girls!

Some of you, my young readers, have school-

And day by day to that lowly mound
He came with noiseless tread,
Listening to catch some familiar sound—
For he knew not the child was dead.
And he pined away in mute despair,
For his loved companion's sake,
As from dawn till midnight he lingered there—
Watching till she should wake.

Did she not waken? dear children, say,
Did the watcher watch in vain?
Alas! from her silent couch of clay
He won her not back again.
But where had the parted spirit fled,
The spirit that cannot die?
Oh! was not the cherub they mourned as dead
With the angel-hosts on high.

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BUTCHER
KINDNESS...
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