

during those eight years he had read it diligently (as was attested by its well-worn appearance), and he confessed to having found in it the words of Eternal Life. The people of his village, including their priests and influential men, had been accustomed to gather in his house and hear him read and preach from the wonderful book. As a result many became anxious to read and search for themselves. "For," they said to me, "we see what an effect reading this book has had on his life. From being hard and tyrannical, he has become kind and forbearing and just, and we wish to read for ourselves to see how this has been brought about."

Hence many were the ready applicants for Bibles, and very eagerly and sincerely were many of them read by men who already had a fair idea of the great Gospel truths through the preaching of this one man in a land far removed from missionary work, which preaching was an effect of the reading and study of the Holy Word, aided only by the teaching of the Holy Spirit—teaching for which the man had made it his habit to pray daily.—*Christian*.

MUSICAL TASTE IN ANIMALS.

Some years ago my father lived in an old hall in the neighborhood of one of our large towns. The grounds were extensive. It was his delight to have a sort of model farm, which gave me many opportunities of studying the different characters of the various animals upon it. Then I saw the influence of music upon many of them. There was a beautiful horse, the pride and delight of us all; but like many others he had an unconquerable dislike to be caught. My father had so trained him to obedience that he gave very little trouble; a whistle and a wave of the hand and Robert would come to be saddled. But if left to our old gardener Willy he would lead him a chase, generally ending in defeat. One very hot summer day I was sitting at work in the garden when Willy appeared, streaming with perspiration.

"What is the matter, Will?"

"Matter enough, Miss. There's that Robert, the uncanny beast; he won't be caught, all I can do or say. I've give him corn and one of the best pears off the tree; but he's too deep for me: he snatched the pear, kicked up his heels, and off he is, laughing at me at the bottom of the meadow."

I was very sorry for the old man; but I did not clearly see how to catch the delinquent. I could well believe he was laughing at our old friend, for he was a curious animal.

"Well, Willy, what will I do? He won't let me catch him, you know."

"Ay, but, Miss, if you will only just go in and

begin a loon on the peanmer, cook says he will come up to the fence and hearken to you, for he is always a-doing that; and maybe I can slip behind and catch him."

I went in at once, not expecting my stratagem to succeed. But in a few minutes the saucy creature was standing quietly listening while I played "*Scots wha ha'e wi Wallace bled*." The halter was soon round his neck; and he went away to be harnessed, quite happy and contented.

There was a great peculiarity about his taste for music. He never would stay to listen to a plaintive song. I soon observed this. If I played "*Scots wha ha'e*," he would listen, well pleased. If I changed the measure and expression, playing the same air plaintively, as, for instance, in the "*Land o' the Leal*," he would toss his head and walk away, as if to say, "That is no sort of music." Changing to something martial, he would return and listen to me.

In this respect he entirely differed from a beautiful cow we had. She had an awful temper, Old Willy used to say, "She is the most contrarist beast under the sun." If she were in one of her ill-humors it was with the greatest difficulty she could be milked. She never would go with the other cows at milking time. *Nancy be milked with them!*—that was a thing not to be thought of. She liked the cook; and when not too busy cook would manage Miss Nancy. But if she were not very careful up would go Nancy's foot, and over would go the milk-pail and its precious contents. When the cook milked her it was always close to the fence, near the drawing-room. If I were playing she would stand perfectly still, yielding her milk without any trouble, and would remain until I ceased. As long as I played plaintive music—"The Land o' the Leal," "*Home, Sweet Home*," "*Robin Adair*," any sweet, tender air, she seemed entranced. I have tried her, and changed to martial music, whereupon she invariably walked away.

I could give many instances of a love for music in animals. I will give another. I was sitting in the drawing-room one evening, singing to mamma. It was a double room, with folding doors. She was in one where there was a lamp. In my room, which was unlighted, the window was open, and close to the window was a stand for music. When I ceased playing I heard a peculiar sound, and was conscious there was something in the room. I called for a light. There, sitting on the stand, was a large white owl. He looked far less surprised than we did. In a minute or two he stepped quietly out of the window and flew away. After this we did not leave the lower sash of the window open; but the owl still came and sat upon the stone outside, listening.—*Chambers' Journal*.