



Betty Morton and the Archbishop.

THE mother of Archibald Tait died when he was three years old, leaving him to the care of his nurse, Betty Morton. At thirteen, he went to the Edinburgh Academy, which was a day school only. The boys lived at home, or boarded in the families of the city, so that little Archibald was, like all the rest, thrown upon the society of some one outside the school, and for him it was the company of Betty Morton.

The course of study was very severe; six hours' continuous work by day, and as many more at night. But Tait rose rapidly to the head of his class, though he had not, like some of the other pupils, the benefit of a private tutor. He scarcely needed one, for Betty served instead. And unlearned though she was, she seemed to serve that purpose as well as any other.

He used to repeat his memorized Latin lessons aloud, and Betty held the book close to her eyes, diligently following every word as he said page after page. To her Latin was an unknown language, but that scarcely made a difference.

"Ay," she would say, by way of encouragement, "it maun be richt. It's just word for word, and it sounds like it."

Then there would be a sudden lowering of the book and an ominous, "Na! na! It's no that ava!" And Archibald knew that he was wrong.

Three years later, he went to Glasgow University. Here again Betty accompanied him, and she not only tended him with care, but made sure that his hours of study were not interrupted, even repulsing his friends, with inexorable firmness, when they came to the door.

He was still a young man when she died, and throughout her illness he was with her constantly. As the end approached, he showed a depth of tenderness which no one had suspected beneath his somewhat stern exterior. The

two took the "Lord's Supper" together, and were then left alone. All night the young man sat beside the old nurse's bed, and gave her words of comfort, as she could bear them, and as the morning broke, on New Year's day, she died with her hand clasped in his.

A Lover of Animals.

THERE are few men with a stronger love for dumb animals than that of the Prince of Wales. Dogs are special favorites with His Royal Highness, and the group of beauties to whom all our young readers are here introduced, are among the finest in the Prince's possession. At the recent great English Dog Show they carried off all the first prizes.

The Prince is no mere buyer and raiser of animals "through a deputy." Here, as in all things, he is most thoroughly practical, and many visitors to different agricultural and animal shows in England have been surprised when they learned that the short, middle-aged man whom they saw taking an active interest in the proceedings was H. R. H.



THE PRINCE'S DOGS.