

Happy Days

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OUR BRUTE FRIENDS.

BY ROBBIN MERRY.

VARIOUS species of the brute creation have been adapted in the instincts given them to become companions and helpers to men. Horses are powerful and invaluable servants, and should ever be treated kindly. Cows have in all ages proved valuable to the family. Many kinds of fowls are almost indispensable to human comfort. Sheep, and in some countries goats, have great value as an adjunct to human existence. In the orient, camels and elephants hold a most important relation. Among smaller animals, cats cling to human society and fill an important place. A nobler place is that of dogs, an almost universal companion and friend to man, from the equator to the icy regions far toward the poles. In many countries the service of dogs is above estimate, and everywhere their watchful instincts are recognized. They are the natural guardians of the palace, the cottage, the hut, and the tent. When the inmates are asleep the dog is the ever-vigilant soldier on duty at the door. Many of the species, indeed, are worthless, as of the human species as well, and ought to be exterminated. Others are noble, and fill admirably the sphere appointed them by the Creator.

Of their relation in human companionship, especially as touching upon boy life, a writer in *Peck's Sun* discourses thus happily:

"A boy who owns a dog has good company. They are true friends, and neither would think of going back on the other. Their friendship is true and faithful. If you meet one, you are pretty sure to see the other near; and if one

gets into a quarrel, the other is sure to take a hand. Did you ever notice a boy and a dog that have been together any length of time? Of course you have. Why, they understand each other as well as two boys would—and better, in fact.

insult the other, and an insult to either is resented by both. You could no more buy that dog of his young master than you could hire him to kill his best friend. The wag of that dog's tail is of more value to that boy than anything else except his mother's love. A dog is a most excellent companion to a boy. The dumb brute will be true even to death, and his faithfulness does to a certain extent create a true and faithful disposition in the boy. A boy is generally in good company when he and his dog go out into the woods and fields, and the parent has a reasonable feeling of security for the boy in such company."



The dog knows exactly what his little master means when he speaks, and will stick up his ears, turn his head to one side, then to the other, and look the boy square in the face with all but human expression in his countenance when he is being talked to. It is 'love me, love my dog' with every boy. To insult one is to

of the gods." Occasionally fatal accidents occur, but the sport is none the less popular on that account.

RELIGION is a good thing without theology; but theology is not worth a fig without religion