

Waiting For His Master.

Children, I am sure that you all love animals, especially dogs, and one reason why you love them is because dogs always love their masters, and it is a pleasant thing to know that our household pets really love us. But do you think that horses can love human beings? Yes; they can. Look at the horse

mount upon his back, and pat him on the neck and say, 'Good old fellow!' and the horse will prick up his ears, and will say to himself, 'Master loves me, and I love him,' and so the horse will be quite happy.

Horses sometimes are very fond of each other, especially if they work together and live in the same

what disease the poor Arabian had died. The stable-man said, 'He has just died of a broken heart; he could not live without his old companion.' Was it not a pity, that they had been separated?

But now I must tell you something else that will amuse you. I once knew a pony in Scotland that became very fond of a little black cat! and, strange to say, the little cat was very fond of the pony, and used to sleep in the stable every night, sitting on the pony's back!

One day the pony had gone a long way with his master, and did not get home again till past ten o'clock. Poor pussie went mewing about the stable-yard, as though she would say, 'Where is my friend the pony? I can't find him anywhere.' When at last the pony arrived and walked into the stable, you should have seen how pussie rubbed herself against his legs, purring with joy to see him again. Then, with a great spring, she got upon his back, and settled down contentedly to sleep. It sounds very odd to hear this, but it is a true story.—'The Prize.'

Hide and Seek.

Bertie Graham lived in a village near to a large forest. He was a bonny boy of four years old, and had a sweet little baby brother.

Every fine afternoon mother took them for a walk, baby in the perambulator, and Bertie running and skipping by her side.

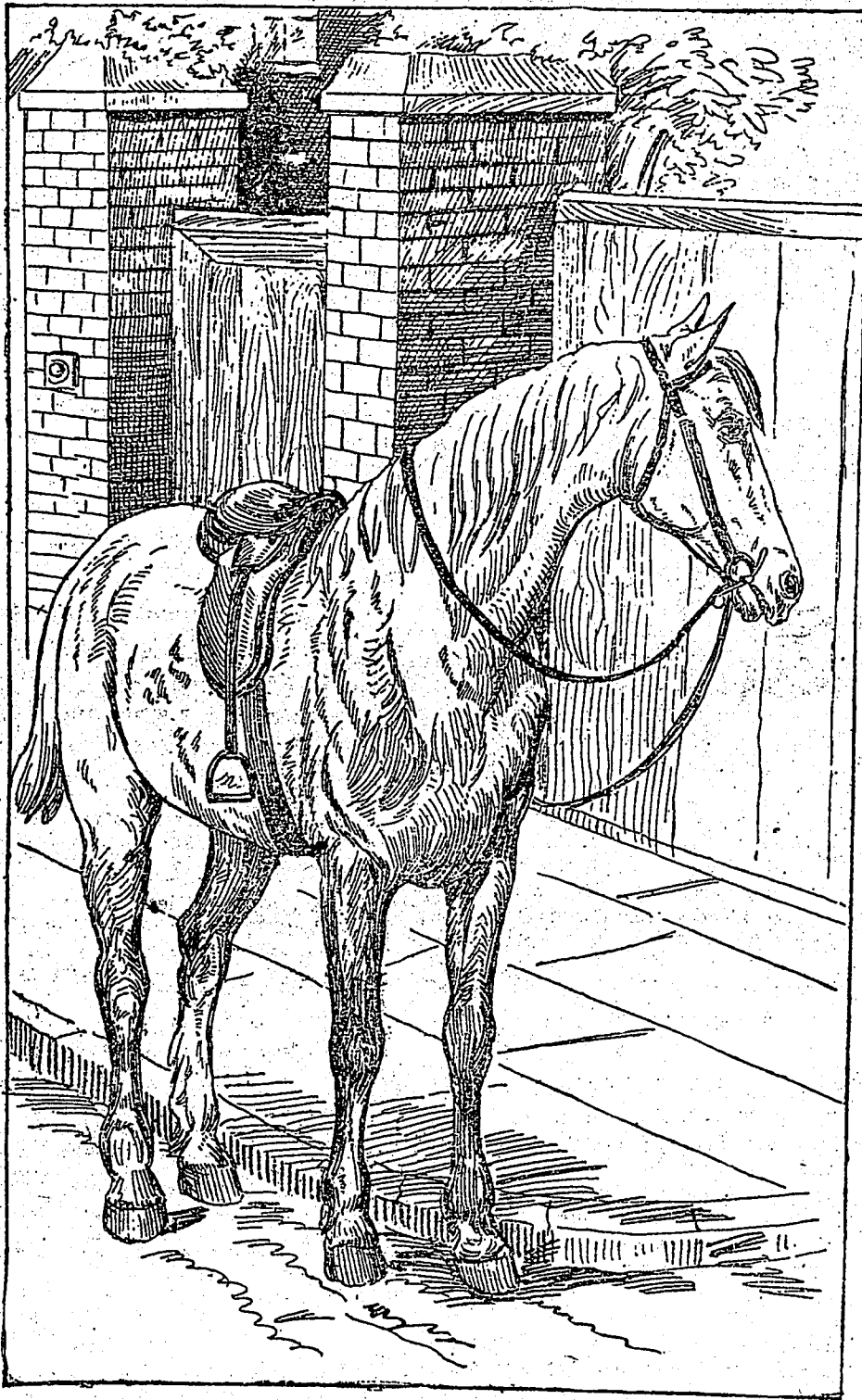
Sometimes, when there was shopping to be done, they went to the main road, where all the shops were. Sometimes they walked along the pretty green lanes, picking leaves and wild flowers; and sometimes they went through part of the forest.

Now and then mother would ask Bertie which way he would like to go. When she did this, he always said, 'Let us go to the forest.'

One reason why Bertie chose the forest was because he liked to play bo-peep round the trees. He would hide behind a large trunk for a minute or two, and then quite suddenly run out and clap his hands in front of the baby brother, who was just old enough to be amused in this way.

Sometimes Bertie would keep out of sight so long that mother pretended to be very frightened, and wonder if he had got lost.

'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' she would



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in our picture: he is waiting for his master; he is saddled; you can see the stirrups hanging down, and the bridle over his neck; he could run away if he chose to do so, for no one is holding him, but he does not wish to run away, for he loves his master, and would rather stay with him. Now, do you think, when his master comes, that he will lash his horse with a whip? No, he will

stable. I once knew two ponies, one an English pony, the other a pretty Arabian, and these ponies were kept in the same stable for more than two years. At last they were separated, the English pony being sold, and taken away to another home. Then the Arabian began to droop, he would not eat, he became very thin, and at last he died. I asked the stable-man of