

"This child has no mother but me, no father, except God. See that you love her, faithfully, purely, singly, to make up to her these long years of orphanhood—forlorn years at the best. She deserves to be happy—my darling. God send she shall be so, at last!"

THE END.

THE LITTLE BLACK DOG.

WHO has not seen that touching picture called the "Poor Man's Funeral Procession?" Under a grey sky, a coffin covered by a black pall and common to all, advances, alone, without friends and without honours; alone is not exactly the word; a dog accompanies it, his head lowered; a dog, the only friend of the unfortunate who has at last found repose between four planks.

This melancholy picture was reproduced some short time ago at Paris; a coffin was passing alone, under the rain, having for follower and mourner only an old black dog, whose mournful eye and lowered head accompanied his master to his last home. The passers by took no notice of it, misery and isolation being so common in the streets of Paris; the most charitable said: Poor wretch! Some women perhaps raised a prayer to heaven that the poor soul might repose in peace, that was all; when a well dressed young man, coming out of a cross street, in his turn caught his eye on this sad funeral.

"And nobody to follow it!" said he to himself; "that is too much. I will go, and let the breakfast and friends wait."

Immediately he took his place behind the coffin, beside the dog, who drew back as if to do him honour. They went thus to the graveyard, where the chaplain advanced to receive the body. But this forsaken body was to be placed in the common pit, and a lively sense of disgust seized on the young man, who was so interested in this unknown coffin, and immediately soliciting a moment of respite, ran to the keeper of the ground and bought and paid for a place, as also a little wooden cross, that he wished to plant over the grave of this unknown friend. The ceremony was accomplished; the earth fell with the last prayers on the lid of the coffin; the priest threw for the last time the holy water, and the *Requiescat in pace* was said; the dog howled in a most lamentable manner, and the grave-digger busied himself in quickly filling the grave. The young man departed slowly, his heart filled with a melancholy satisfaction; but once passed the gate of the cemetery, he regained his ordi-