

less, I again shouted, and now, to my inexpressible delight, I could hear little Bob's voice following my example.

For several minutes I could see nothing, as I gazed in the direction in which the boat had vanished, when a broad sheet of lightning revealed her to me, and oh, joy! she was heading towards us.

Again I was taken by a foamy billow, and hurled forward, and as I was thus impelled, I received a heavy blow on the head, which rendered me nearly unconscious.

I had just sense enough left to clutch at an oar, and that is the last thing I remember on that terrible night.

How time passed for some days after this I know not; but as my consciousness returned—which it appeared to do slowly, like the lifting of a curtain—I experienced a most delicious sensation, as though I was immersed in cold water.

When I opened my eyes, a feeling of horror seized me, for I appeared to be lying at the bottom of the ocean, and not far distant was the pale corpse of poor little Bob.

The water was as clear as crystal, and I could see every object with a strange and unnatural distinctness. Still it appeared to me that I was dead, for I was powerless to move.

At this moment I saw Bob's corpse stir; it oscillated for a second or two, and then rose, slowly to the surface.

I made a strong effort, and rose, too.

No sooner had I done so than I began to suffer an agony of pain; my head felt as though it would burst, and I had a singular and distressing sensation at my heart, while my blood seemed coursing through my veins like a mill-dam.

At length this seemed to subside, and I opened my eyes. When I did so, they rested upon two loving faces; they were those of my aunt and Clara. This was no dream, for Clara was stooping over me, and her sweet breath almost mingled with mine.

"Clara," I whispered, "I thought I should never see you again; how long have I been ill?"

"More than a fortnight."

"More than a fortnight! why, it appeared to me only a day."

"You have been wandering in your mind; but you must not talk."

"One question," I said, in an undertone, my heart beating as I said so. "Poor Bob?"

"Oh, Bob is all right; they picked him up first."

"Thank heaven!" I ejaculated. "I should never have held up my head if he had been lost."

And I sank back exhausted.

I look back to that illness with peculiar pleasure, for it was during that time I made up my mind as to my cousins' characters. I recall, too, the incidents of that "night on the North Spit," not with pleasure perhaps, but with satisfaction, for they had a marked influence upon my after life. I was a long time before I recovered, and during the whole time Clara was my constant attendant.

When I got well enough to go down stairs, I was congratulated, and my preservation was said to be little short of a miracle. But I have learned to look upon it in a different light. I see nothing miraculous or wonderful in it. It was an interposition of Providence for which I am deeply thankful.

There was no miracle required to save me; it was done by the most ordinary means—a boat built for the purpose—but that it should have been at that particular spot was the act of Him whose providence, from the hour of our birth to the day of our death, extends to the most minute particulars of our lives.

"There is one special providence," said my wife, when I had got thus far, "which you have not mentioned, and for which you ought to be very thankful."

"And what is that, Clara?" I asked.

"Why sir, that you had me for a nurse!"

"Well, darling, for your kindness then and always, I am duly thankful; but there is one thing for which I am more so?"

"And what is that, Mr. Impertinence?"

"That I did not make a mistake and marry your sister!"

T. E. S.

DAISIES AND VIOLETS.

WHEN high in sunshine poise the hawks,
The daisy spreads his snowy rays,
Until the shadowy Evening walks
Through meadows green and village ways;
And then the rosy tips arise
A fence around their golden prize.

The violet, purple-hooded nun,
Bends by the ash-tree's pillar gray,
Close in her leaves, and fears the sun,
• Breathing a fragrant prayer all day;
Then hears the field-bird sweet in bower
And dies a pale and open flower.

How might these silent children tell
A tale of unproclaimed design,
That in creation round them fell
The golden dust of Thought Divine;
And hint to all that smiles or moans
Of Care unseen that loves and owns!

STRANGE AFFECTIONS AND HABITS OF ANIMALS.

I AM always glad to receive well-authenticated anecdotes of dogs, or, indeed, of any animals, especially those which afford proofs of reason or something approaching to it, or of contrivance in furthering their wants. I have had ample proofs that a redundancy of milk in a female animal will produce strange associations. I have elsewhere* recorded the undoubted fact of a mouse having been seen by several persons in the constant habit of sucking a cat, and of a puppy having been stolen from its mother by a fox, which had lost its cubs, evidently for the purpose of being relieved from a pressure of milk. In corroboration of what has been said, I will mention the following facts, communicated to me by a friend on whose veracity I can strictly depend. He writes to me as follows:—"As you are interested in anything which relates to dogs, perhaps an account of a circumstance that occurred a few days ago may be acceptable. A pointer of mine produced on Friday last seven young ones, six of which were drowned, and one left with her. On my servant going next morning to give her some food, she found, besides the puppy, a hedgehog, which had been in my garden several years. This animal was comfortably curled up with the other two. My servant took it with him, and shut the door. After my breakfast, I heard that it had got back again, so I went to see it. The bitch was licking it, and evidently endeavouring to induce it to open, as it probably curled itself on hearing the door opened. She appeared quite as fond of her prickly pet as if it had been one of her own puppies. I had it again taken away, and then the bitch followed it, crying to have it back. This was the more extraordinary, for only a day or two before she had found the hedgehog in the garden, and had tried to kill it. It was certainly a curious and an incongruous adoption."

White, of Selbourne, mentions an instance of strong affection which appeared to exist between his horse and a solitary hen, which followed the horse as he was grazing in the field. A hen in my own neighbourhood, a very few years ago, took every opportunity of fostering under her wings a young pig, the youngest of a large litter, and which would have died of cold but for her care of it. The circumstance became known in time, and the little pig was brought up by hand, the hen contriving to cover it with her wings until it no longer required her protection.

I like to hear and record these instances of kindly affections in animals. They afford a good example to the human race, who are too apt not to give them credit for the feelings they possess. How many persons are there who can testify to the fact that they have taken young canaries from their parents and placed them in a cage which has been hung outside their house? The plaintive cries of these young birds have attracted the sym-

pathy of sparrows, who have fed them affectionately and repeatedly while in this situation. Again; should a sheep die in bringing forth a lamb, it is a well-known fact that other ewes of the flock will afford nourishment to the orphan, although they might have one, and sometimes two, lambs of their own to provide for.

A gentleman in Scotland had a golden pheasant sent him, and he confined it in a pen with a solitary chicken which he happened to have. These birds formed a great affection for each other, which they evinced in a variety of ways. The pheasant, however, died, and was immediately stuffed, and the chicken again turned loose. It appeared, however, to be miserable after the death of its companion, and, happening to see it after the pheasant had been stuffed, it drooped its wings after having attempted to get at it, kept its eyes fixed on it, and died in this attitude.

An elderly lady, residing a very few years ago at Brighton, had a favourite parrot, and a mutual affection seemed to exist between this bird and its mistress. The former had for many years its cage placed on a table in the bed-room of the latter, and it was covered with a cloth to keep the bird warm. During this long period the parrot was never known to make any noise, so as to disturb his mistress in the night. This went on for a great length of time, when one night the old lady's maid, who slept in an adjoining room, heard the parrot scream in a loud and very unusual manner. This was continued louder and louder, until at last the maid got out of bed, lighted a candle, and went into her mistress's room, when she found that she was dead. It is difficult to account for the screams of the parrot. Probably the bird heard some unusual sounds made by her dying friend, which might have alarmed her, or from some other cause which will never be ascertained. The fact stated is, however, undoubted, and I must leave it to my readers to form their own conclusions from the circumstances I have related.

Almost every one knows that ploughmen, when they come to the end of a furrow, clean their ploughshare with a spud, especially if the land is sticky. A ploughman in Essex had a little dog, somewhat of the turnspit breed, who always accompanied his master while he was ploughing. At last the animal evidently thought that he might be of use to his master, and save him some trouble, for, at the end of each furrow, the dog made it his business to clean the ploughshare, which he did by scratching the clay from it, and if he could not get the dirt off as quickly as he seemed to think he ought to have done, or as soon as his master was ready to start again, he showed evident signs of distress.

A niece of mine informed me that she had a favourite old cat, her constant companion, and also a young terrier dog, which she took great pains to teach to sit up and beg. With all her trouble, she never could succeed in making him do it. After having in vain tried to teach him, she was surprised one day at seeing her old cat, who apparently had been asleep on the hearth-rug, quit it, and placing herself by the side of the dog, put herself in a begging attitude, evidently for the purpose of showing the dog what he was expected to do. Since that time the cat has continued to sit up and beg at meals when she wants to be fed.

Many years ago an English officer, stationed at Samarang, during our occupation of the Dutch colonies, had a tame leopard. The animal had his liberty, and used to run all over the house of his master, to whom he seemed much attached. One morning, after breakfast, the officer was sitting smoking his hookah, with a book in his right hand, and the hookah snake in his left, when he felt a slight pain in his left hand, and on attempting to raise it, was checked by a low angry growl from his pet animal. On looking down, he saw the leopard had been licking the back of his hand, and had by degrees drawn a little blood from it. The leopard would not allow the removal of the hand, but continued to lick it with apparent relish, which did not much please his master, who, with great presence of mind, without attempting to disturb his pet in