

## A Dog I Once Met.

No one could ever presume to say he *knew* Jeff. His full name was Jefferson Davis, so called—though a Canadian because born during the American Civil War.

He was not always called Jeff. It depended very much on the mood he was in. In his hours of relaxation and general *bonhomie*, he was addressed as "Jeff"; when in disgrace, "Jefferson Davis," and nothing could exceed his Chesterfieldian deportment when known as "Mr. Davis." He was a rough black and tan terrier of no particular breed—his coarse black coat without a gloss.

If accidentally you touched him—he never allowed a caress even in his weakest moments—you found it was not soft as "the fur of the beaver or swan's down ever," but rather hard, prickly straw. His ears were cut close, so was his tail—it being little more than a tip. His large intelligent eyes were keen in their outlook on a world he had no confidence in.

From the very first he let it be distinctly known he would not go for rats, though got for that purpose. When young and innocent—if he ever could have been the last—he sometimes, in unguarded moments of youthful impulse, would stand at what he wished you to suppose was a rat-hole, barking vigorously. If he ever came across one, he would stare it down with dignified surprise and then walk away.

He was lent once to a ratcatcher to be trained in what was ostensibly his vocation; but he routed the terriers and left the rats. I don't remember if he made friends with the rats, but he was capable of doing it. As you see he was not a thoroughbred dog in any way; but what he lacked in breeding, he made up in individuality.

He had strong aversions. His affections he kept well in hand; was always on the spot, and always knew his own mind. In callow days he had been taught by large bribes of cake to walk on his hind legs and shut the door. He did it with an air of great distinction, not as if he had ever been trained to it, or had accepted bribes, but rather as if it was the one thing for dogs to do, terriers in particular, and threw into his manner condescension.

My first introduction to him was on a visit to his proprietors in Montreal—no other word could fit the position he held with them. He merely tolerated the elders; on good terms with the young people, he still allowed no intimacy or familiarity. Often when studying Jeff, I became for the time being a firm believer in the doctrine of transmigration of souls.

I still incline to the belief that his small body was the temporary habitation of a faded worldling, one who had exhausted all the phases of soul life, finding nothing new even in being a black and tan terrier. I think he must have been a club man, for Jeff was exclusively fastidious, without much opinion of man or dog nature. Given too much to self-analysis, he had lost faith in all things, and in consequence gave the idea of a melancholy dog without much pleasure in life. In one thing alone he unbeat and showed frivolous feelings of enjoyment. To snatch a drive in the trams was the one thing Jeff *seemed* to think worth living for. Lying with his little sharp gloss black nose between his tan paws, seemingly asleep, but for an occasional twitching of the bright orange patch above his eyes, he would listen to all that was said. His talent in that way was known by the Barnards, and often they thought to sell Jeff by using ambiguous terms. But in vain the dodge, Jeff knew them, and apparently harmless remarks would bring forth in Jeff most unexpected results, for he knew all the plans for the day, and formed his own upon them. When supposed to be keeping watch and ward at home, when well on the way Jeff would come from under the seat with a "Here, Sam, aint you pleased!" expression of face, and a propitiatory wag of what ought to have been a tail.

It was a brave conductor and one with great tact who got him out without a row. Generally the tram was stopped, and Jeff with his party left. Jeff, with an air of having had enough of it, was glad to have reached his destination.

Towards the spring his spirits drooped. Well he remembered the early exodus to the country, suburban life he endured with protesting and an almost aggravating resignation; but the real unadulterated country of the Eastern Townships his soul abhorred—that is when he knew it.

He held, with Sydney Smith, that life in the country was sleep with the eyes open, and much preferred a stroll down Sherbrooke street to country rambles. He knew with keen intuition there was something up, unusually up, when he saw the amount of packing cases, and went from case to case with an elegiac appearance worthy of a tombstone poet or sensational novelist.

Then Jeff was ill! But somehow he never impressed people as being an utterly truthful dog, and the ruse was treated with the contempt it deserved. After that failure he was found well lost, as he thought, in the garret. He was kept well in sight afterwards and taken forcibly to the station. There his spirits revived, the crowd and bustle evidently acting as a tonic.

Taken into the passenger car, he lay snug and quiet in Daisy Barnard's lap. He loved dearly anything that had a diplomatic ring. Reaching Richmond station, he was carried into the ladies' waiting room fast asleep. When last seen he was seated on a bench with a solemn look worthy of a bishop. But when all was ready for the start to Elm Tree Farm Jeff was not to be found.

He was well known at the station, being a dog not easily forgotten, and was hunted for most thoroughly; but at last

it was decided he had either gone on in the train or been run over. I felt when I met my friend I had lost, if not an affectionate, at least an interesting friend, and had much sympathy with his own feelings, if still alive.

Three weeks afterwards, as the Barnards were sitting at breakfast, Jeff turned up with a smiling face. One side of his mouth had been badly bitten in a fight with a bull dog, in which he had been terribly mauled, giving it an uplifted look, showing three small sharp white teeth. It gave him a noticeable expression, taking form and colour from his moods—sometimes smiling, sometimes snarling, oftentimes one of scorn. On this occasion it was affably smiling—one he generally assumed when not sure of his footing with the family.

It appeared, from inquiry, that after a general loaf of three weeks round the station, he had decided upon letting himself down by degrees to the seclusion of Elm Tree Farm, staying for a longer or lesser period from the farm house as he liked or disliked his surroundings. Not having been received with the enthusiasm he had looked for, after a short sojourn he again disappeared. No one had seen him, no one had heard of him, and Jeff began to be spoken of in the past tense and his virtues remembered. But alas! the best laid plans of man we are told often miscarry, and in this instance that universal law extended to those of dogs. Jeff was found in this way: As Daisy Barnard and her sister were returning from the post-office they met a horse and cart driven by a young Frenchman, who was making the evening air vocal by his reiterated "Marche done!" Walking towards the sunset glow they could not distinctly see a little dog running beside the cart. Not so that little dog. No glow or glamour ever dazzled his keen sight. From afar he had known them; but, like many another who loves devious ways, he overacted his part.

They would have passed him unknowing in the safe ambush he had sought under the cart, when he *barked* at them. Not a joyful bark of recognition, but one at strangers he was not quite sure of. Now Jeff's bark was not one easily forgotten. I think he barked in chromatic scales. But, at all events, that bark gave him away. He was at once pounced on, and, after explanations to the courteous Frenchman, carried home.

That autumn it was decided to leave Jeff for the winter in charge of a friend in Melbourne. We bade farewell to Jeff and our friends with the desolation that comes with being left behind. A fortnight after—a wet, dark October night—we heard Jeff's bark at the hall door, peremptorily demanding admission. He was caked in mud and frightfully tired, refusing even to eat. He had made three attempts for freedom,—once he was captured crossing the bridge, the third time he swam the river and ran twelve miles to our house. For a week he would not leave it, attaching himself to my father in quite a touching way for Jeff, that for a time almost deceived us into thinking it disinterested. That winter we had a collie pup. Great was the deference shown him, Jeff giving up what had been his favourite place on the rug, waiting patiently until he was fed; in fact metaphorically, as well as literally, walking behind Don in all things. As winter melted into spring, we often spoke of our friends' return, not heeding Jeff as he lay on the outer edge of the rug, Don well in front. But after a while we did remark a gradual change in his manner. By delicate gradation he became more self-assertive to Don and not so obediently deferential to us. He had a bad quarter of an hour with the cook and broomstick on the old lines of *meum* and *tuum* in the matter of a bone. At last, just three days before his people returned, he had his first fight with Don. That evening, without as much as a "Thank you!" Jeff left, and was found by his people on the verandah of their house, one wag from the crown of his head to what he wished to have been a tail, and a general appearance of having been in charge during the winter.

Towards the end of that summer two girls from Montreal came on a visit to Elm Tree Farm. Jeff never took to them, treating them with distant hauteur of manner until a diabolical design came to him. The girls were haunted by hydrophobia and saw in every dog the possibility of madness. Jeff soon grasped the situation, and with lip well curled, would walk round them snarling and sniffing at their heels.

Poor girls! They would take refuge on chairs, sofas, and even tables, though he never tried to bite. But dread had become to them the neuralgia of indignation. They mistrusted him! He hated them! So it was quite an uncalled for attention his escorting them to the station on their return to town.

He was undecided to the very last, or his plans not quite formed; finally he made up his mind, heading after the carriage at a good pace. The last seen of him by his old friends, he had been seen to get into the train for Montreal. The conductor, when interviewed, said he had seen a dog answering to the description of Jeff. He seemed to belong to no one. After taking the tickets, he returned to put him into the baggage car, but he was not to be found. He had been seen by his two enemies—so they wrote—after reaching Durham station. Whether he had secreted himself until reaching Durham and then got off in his usual dignified manner, rather than be forcibly evicted, or seeing he had for once made a mistake, losing his head had jumped off and been run over, was never known. One thing alone was clear, he had made up his mind not to winter again in the country.

For a long time—he had such a knack of turning up—we all thought he might return, and got into the habit of listening for his bark in the long autumn nights. His re-

turn became almost a tradition amongst us, like that of King Arthur and Emperor Barbarossa, and a subject of fireside talk in those old sweet days that have long since, with Jeff, become a memory.

AUGUSTA COX.

## AN APRIL ALIBI.

Crispin Hjörward was my friend,  
With his Saxon eyes and hair,  
And that spirit all his own;  
Like an Ilesman of the Northland  
With his earldom on the sea.

More to me than kith or kin  
Was the silence of his speech,  
Full of quiet from long faring  
On the forest ways aloof;  
Brown as steep hill brooks at noon  
Touched with the red Autumn sun,  
Were his fearless tender hands;  
And the years went brightening by.

Now a lyric wind and weather  
Break the leaguer of the frost;  
And the shining rough month March  
Crumbles into sun and rain;  
But the dawnless night with slumber  
Wheels above his rest and wakens  
Not a dream for Crispin Hjörward.

Now the uplands hold an echo  
From the meadowlands at morn;  
And the marshes hear the rivers  
Rouse their giant heart once more,—  
Hear the crunching floe start seaward  
From a thousand valley floors,  
And far on amid the hills  
Under stars in the clear night  
The replying, the replying,  
Of the ice-cold rivulets  
Flashing down with many a joy  
In their arrowy blue speed;  
The crisp twilight filled and fretted  
With innumerable sound,—  
The return of Spring with tumult  
Of the freshets imprisoned  
In the universal thaw.

Now, the same bright way of wonder  
He so loved with his great heart,  
The awaited sure return  
Of all sleeping forest things  
Is reheralded abroad  
On the cherry-scented earth,  
Till the places of their coming,—  
Wells the frost no longer hushes,  
Trails no drift doth trammel now,—  
Hail them as of old once more.

But the one lost melody,  
The loosed silver chord which rang  
Once aforesaid resonant  
Through Mid-April, like a voice  
Through some Norland Saga crying  
*Skool* to Death, comes not again;  
Time shall not revive that presence  
More desired than the flowers.  
Longer wished for than the birds.  
April comes, but April's lover  
Is departed and not here.

Sojourning beyond the frost,  
He is weary and no more,—  
Though the wing-bright highholes rally,  
And along the barrier pines  
Morning reddens on the hills,—  
No more to the forest flutings  
The bright Norland's April fondling  
Gets him forth afoot, light-hearted,  
On the unfrequented ways  
With compassionate Spring.

New York.

BLISS CARMAN.

## TRUST.

When beneath the sombre clouds  
All the stars are lost from view,  
Do we doubt that they are there  
Gemming heavens purple-blue?

And when sorrow's clouds shall come  
'Twixt us and our Father's love,  
Shall we doubt that it is still  
Watching o'er us from above?

## A SUNSET.

A line in the west of purest gold.  
With grey clouds, lying, fold on fold,  
With fringe-like edges across the gold.  
And under a plain all white with snow,  
A beautiful frill for the golden glow;  
And many a sunset with crimson glow  
Have I seen in days before, but ne'er  
Have I seen as dainty a sky, or fair,  
As this with its bar of purest gold,  
With gray above it, fold on fold.