

THE LITTLE FOLK.

Our Dog Trick.

If I were going to preach a sermon to some little folks I know, can you guess what I should take for my text?

I can fancy how you will smile and your eyes sparkle with amusement when I tell you that I would take a dog for my text.

A queer text? Yes, it certainly is, but a very good one notwithstanding, for there are a great many things that little people would do well to learn from Trick, our Scotch terrier.

In the first place, for you know every sermon must have a firstly, Trick is very obedient. If he is enjoying a game of romps he is never too eager or excited to heed his master's "Lie down, sir."

In a moment the game is ended and Trick lies quietly down, although he may tremble with suppressed excitement and eagerness, and his brown eyes will be very full of wistful entreaty as he watches his master's face for permission to bound up again.

There is nothing that Trick enjoys more than a good game, and when his master sits down he will find a pebble, a little stick or a bit of coal and lay it on his master's knee or in his hand, and then he will stand beside him waiting for him to notice it and toss it in the air. Before it reaches the floor Trick jumps and catches it in his mouth, then he brings it back to his master to throw again. This is a game of which he never wearies.

Secondly, for I must not forget the heads of my little sermon, Trick is very persevering. He seems to have learned and put into practice that little couplet that all children have heard:

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

If Trick is not successful when he tries to do anything he does not get discouraged and give up the attempt altogether. Not a bit of it. He keeps steadily at it until he accomplishes it, if it is something that dog power can accomplish.

Trick is a great jumper. Although he is a small dog he can jump over the garden fence without any difficulty. Sometimes his master pins a handkerchief on the top of the doorway, and Trick will jump for it until at last he catches it in his mouth and brings it in triumph to its owner.

Even if the handkerchief is placed so high that it is out of his reach it does not seem to discourage him, but he jumps again and again, like a bouncing india-rubber-ball, until at last his master takes pity on him and gives him a chair to jump upon.

Lastly, Trick is very faithful. If anything is left in his charge he can be depended upon to be faithful to his trust, no matter what temptation may be offered to him to desert his post, and I think that is perhaps the best lesson we can learn from this dog.

I am afraid that not all boys and girls can be trusted as implicitly as Trick can be trusted. His dog conscience seems to tell him that it is dishonourable to break a trust, and so he is faithful and loyal to any charge that is laid upon him. Can the same be said of all boys and girls?

If he could speak instead of looking at us so wisely out of his intelligent brown eyes, he would tell us to be faithful in everything, as he tries to be.

Now, do you not think that Trick makes a very good text for a wee sermon, and that a good many useful lessons can be learned from this wise, clever doggie?

MINNIE E. KENNEDY.

Stories of Cats.

Cats have always been the companions of man, or at any rate have always inhabited human homes. The ancient Egyptians, like the modern English, loved and respected the beautiful sleek tabby; nay, the Egyptians carried their regard so far as to worship the animal while alive, and preserve its bones when dead; and embalmed cats are frequently found in the mummy-pits, in the silent companionship of their human friends

The affection of cats for their young is well known. Here is another instance of it; and an illustration of the marvellous manner in which some animals can find their way through districts quite strange to them:

"A military chaplain, when living with his family at Madras, had a favourite cat. Having to change his residence, he removed to another side of the city, a distance of several miles. The in-coming tenant's wife took a great fancy to the cat, and begged that it might be transferred with the house. Through fear that it would be lost in going so far from familiar haunts, added to the knowledge that a good home would be given, and, more especially, because poor puss was then in delicate health, she was, after much hesitation, allowed to remain.

About three weeks afterwards, the chaplain's wife sitting in the drawing-room of her new home, was amazed to see their old friend enter the verandah, spring into her lap, overwhelming her with caresses, and showing every possible sign of delight at their reunion. It was assumed that she had, in an unaccountable manner, come to take up her quarters where she was sure of a welcome.

Towards evening the visitor disappeared, as mysteriously as she had arrived. The following day she returned, but this time not alone, for in her mouth was a very small kitten, which she gently laid at the feet of her mistress with a pleading and most eloquent expression, as though craving for protection for it."

Of another cat which did not like to be parted from her little one, the following story is told;—

Mistress Puss lives in a family as its beloved pet, and has much careful attention. Each year, when the family goes into the country, of course Mistress Puss goes too, and thus she has become quite used to travelling and its accompanying discomforts. She has become used also to the various signs of moving and knows what it means when the carpets come up and trunks are packed.

This particular season Mistress Puss, being the happy mother of a promising kitten, was very anxious and nervous as the time for flitting drew near and at last became so troubled that she attracted the attention of the family by her peculiar behaviour. She had packed her little one into a partially filled trunk lest it should be overlooked in the moving!

A Knowing Dog.

A Newfoundland dog owned by a New Orleans lady gave an illustration of the fact that in some way dogs comprehend what is said to them.

One day a lady called on his mistress, and during her visit Lion came in rather shyly, lay down on the parlor carpet and went to sleep. The conversation ran on, and the visitor finally said:

"What a handsome Newfoundland dog you have."

Lion opened one eye.

"Yes," said the mistress. "He is a very good dog, and takes excellent care of the children." Lion opened the other eye and waved his tail complacently to and fro on the carpet. "When the baby goes out he always goes with her, and I feel sure that no harm can come to her," his mistress continued. Lion's tail thumped violently on the carpet. "And he is so gentle to them all, and such a playmate and companion to them that we would not take \$1,000 for him." Lion's tail now went up and down, to and fro, and round with great undisguised glee. "But," said the mistress, "Lion has one serious fault." Total subsidence of Lion's tail, together with the appearance of an expression of great concern on his face. "He will come in here with his dirty feet and lie down on the carpet when I have told him time and again that he mustn't do it."

At this point Lion would doubtless have remonstrated if he could, but, being speechless, he arose with an air of the utmost dejection and humiliation and slunk out of the room, with his lately exuberant tail totally crestfallen.