

Piggy--A Tame Hedgehog.

Our dear hedgehog, whose portrait I enclose, came to us on Ash Wednesday, 1895, and quite of his own accord. A lad who was leaving the house about 2 p.m. by the side door was astonished to see Master Piggy with his long nose peeping round the water pipe, and called out, 'Here is a hedgehog.' Of course we all went to look, and my mother carried him in, and put him in the garden. In the course of the afternoon, from the schoolroom window, we saw him come down the garden and make a hearty meal on the bread and scraps that had been put out for the birds. He built himself a house with a small sage tree, a well-flower, some grass and leaves in a sheltered spot, rolled himself into a ball, and slept. At least he was always sleeping when we saw him then, unless we could persuade him to wake up when we fetched him out to show to an admiring friend.

Why he chose our house to come to, and

would find Piggy indoors. We have never discovered what she did, or how she made him understand, but he was always there!

Our garden is surrounded by a high wall, and can only be entered from the house, so it is a nice safe place for Piggy.

Through the winter of 1895-6 he slept in the bottom of the schoolroom cupboard; but he only remained torpid for a few days at a time, owing, I suppose, to the exceptionally mild weather. He chose this place himself, so we gave it up to him, and provided him with hay, paper shavings and an old print apron to lie on. He was not satisfied with these, but was always carting in some additional comfort--sometimes the duster with which the children clean their slates, sometimes a soft felt slipper, or large pieces of paper, and various other articles. We have often wondered how he contrived to carry such large things, and whether he uses his mouth alone, or his paws, too. Of course, being a nocturnal, his work is performed in

lap, when all at once he poked his head underneath her and bit her. She squeaked and ran away, so I knew she was hurt, as she rarely cries even if you tread on her: she is so sweet-tempered and sensible.

For such an intelligent animal Piggy's notions of eating are primitive in the extreme. He will sit right in his plate of bread and milk if he can, and then if you pick him up his feet and fur are all wet, as well as his long nose. But he looks as if he had been enjoying himself immensely. The only thing he will eat in the daytime is the skin of fried filleted plaice, and he is so fond of it that he will take it from your hand and bolt it. I am very careful to ascertain that there is not a particle of bone left in. He likes meat very much, and has been known to uncover and enter a saucepan that was accidentally left within reach, containing bones and meat jelly for the morrow's cooking!

His latest exploit was to climb into the wood-basket, and eat some greasy paper, put there to light the fire! He made quite a large hole in it!--'Band of Mercy.'

A Publican's Repentance

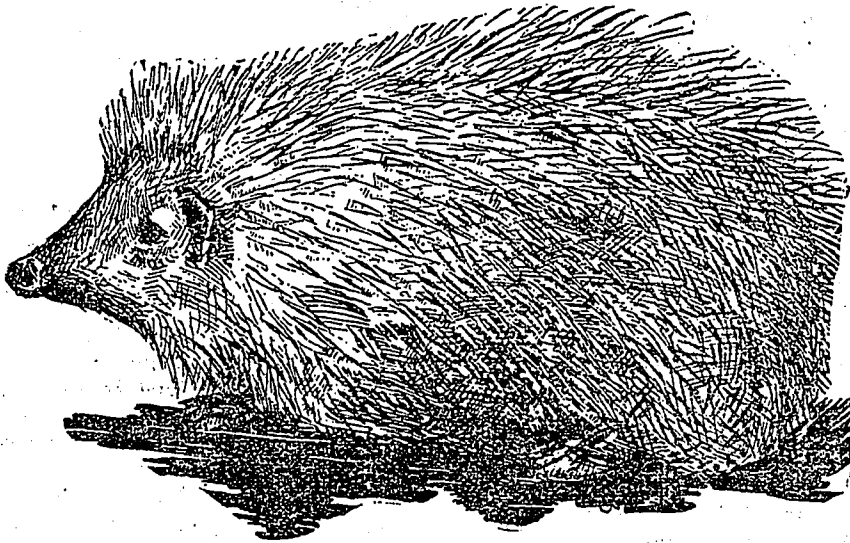
(Source Unknown.)

The Glasgow summer holiday month had nearly run its course. In fact, so far as the artisan portion of the population was concerned, the holidays were ended. All the factories, foundries, ship-building yards, and other work places were in full swing again. The stir and bustle at railway stations and the Broomielaw had greatly abated, and on that account it was an easy matter to have an outing with comfort and pleasure. I decided to spend a day on board the popular SS. 'Calumba.' At Greenock, which was reached on the return journey about five o'clock in the afternoon, the majority of the passengers landed, and proceeded to the city by train. I decided to sail all the way; and, not expecting to see anything above Dumbarton that would interest me, I went downstairs, meaning to spend the time with a book.

I had just begun my reading, when a man entered the saloon whom I had not previously seen on board. I looked and looked again at him, and then asked myself. Can he be William Barton? If so, he is sadly changed. He is better clad than he used to be twenty years ago, but what a sottish appearance he has! Twenty years ago! Yes, it is all that time since I saw him last. He was a coal merchant then, and carted from several collieries lying to the east of Glasgow. He was not rich enough to own a horse, but had a fine, strong donkey--'Dick' by name. William and 'Dick' were well known for years on Dalmarnock and London Roads.

William Barton was a consistent professor of religion in those days, and many a conversation I had with him on the things which belong to men's highest interests. I was young in the Christian life, and I own with gratitude that many ideas I got from him have been useful to me.

As I kept my eye on him I began to feel tolerably certain that my fellow-passenger was indeed my old friend the coalman, for whom I used to have so great a regard. As this certainty was growing on me, I remembered that William Barton had two special marks by which I should be able to identify him at once; one a physical defect, the other a disagreeable habit. When quite a



where he came from, will ever remain a mystery. Faversham is not exactly a country place, and though we do not live in the heart of the town, our road is well built over. There is, however, a meadow behind the gardens of the houses opposite to us, and he might somehow have come from there; but I think he was a very lucky creature not to have been molested on his way, and a very sensible one to have come to a house where the rights of all dumb animals are recognized.

At first I used to put a saucer of bread and milk outside his front door; but by-and-bye, when the back door was opened for one of the cats to come in, he would walk in at night and finish up any of their food that had not been eaten. It soon became the regular thing that the scullery door should be left open for him every night, and presently master Piggy discovered that it would be more comfortable to sleep indoors, so one morning I found an old hearthrug, that is usually rolled up and standing in the scullery, lying on the ground. Imagine my surprise on finding Piggy inside it.

He began to grow tame that first summer, and if I went to the back door to call in my cat, directly he heard 'Bab, Bab, Baba,' he would come running down the garden, and down the two steps, like a little dog. He would come up close to the door, but when he saw me he would run back a little way, and hide among the flowers. Evidently he associated 'Baba' with something to eat. Baba became quite attached to him, and if I said, 'Baba, go and fetch your pig,' presently she would come in and look at me with very big eyes, purring loudly, and I

the dead of night, and day is his sleeping time.

One evening lately I discerned a curious object under the work-table. It was Piggy with a good-sized piece of sponge in his mouth, of which I speedily relieved him, greatly to his chagrin.

In trying to make a bed in the scullery sometimes he has brought in quantities of snowdrop and lily-of-the-valley leaves--in one night more than enough to fill a large dustpan.

The August of 1896 Piggy dug a hole in the garden behind a gooseberry bush, and built a house in it of leaves and strawberry runners, and went to sleep, only coming out occasionally for food. His hibernating so early we attributed to the wet season. About November we fetched him in and put him into his old hearthrug, (which has long been made over to him), where he remained torpid for several weeks at a time. Indeed, he probably did not come out more than six times from September till the middle of February.

He is a very gentle creature now, and never sets up his thorns when we touch him, but he knows if a stranger is present or touches him, and shrinks up so that one cannot see his eyes. I read in a natural history that the hedgehog's prickles are their only weapon of defense, and that they are unable to bite. That is an erroneous idea, for he has bitten both our cats. I was nursing him and Wittle, the kitten, one day, when he took hold of a piece of fur, which, being long and very thick, prevented her being hurt. Another day Baba and he had been lying sleeping very contentedly on my