

CANINE COURAGE AND FIDELITY.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

—Coleridge.

"Sirrah, my man, they're awa!" And so they were, Mr. Editor—seven hundred of them—lambs, of the "wild, black-faced breed," wild almost as the red deer on their native mountains. Seven hundred of them—and at weaning time, too!—had broken, at midnight, from Mr. Hogg, the famous Etterick shepherd, and, parting into three separate companies, had, with muffled thunder of furious feet, stormed away to the hills. This it was that had wrung from Mr. Hogg the exclamation quoted above.

It was addressed to no heedless ears. Thrilled to the heart by the distress of his master, the noble Collie—dear gift of God to man—responded to the call. Swift as an arrow, noiseless as a ghost, he melted into the night.

All that night Mr. Hogg and the lad who accompanied him searched the hills in vain. Not a lamb could they discover, and there was no trace of Sirrah. Morning found them exhausted and dispirited. How could they go to their master and tell him they had lost his whole flock? Well did the shepherd know the qualities of splendid, wise, fleet, resourceful Sirrah—faithful to death. But was it not clearly impossible that even Sirrah could collect these wild and scattered lambs and control them in the darkness? Suppose he did find and collect and master one company of them, what was he to do with it while he searched the hills and valleys, the rocks and ravines, the vastnesses of the mountains, for the others? But that he should succeed in finding, collecting and controlling even one of the bands in the darkness, was in the last degree improbable. The case was desperate. Even the Etterick shepherd, with all his skill and experience, was at his wits' end, and utterly dispirited. If he could have found even a few of the lambs—but to lose them all! Then, suddenly, as he was disconsolately making for home, he discovered a small body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Clench, and "the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for relief, but still standing true to his charge."

Could it be possible that the wonderful dog had, after all, collected and saved one of the missing bands, and had driven them into this commanding situation, the better to control them? Hogg hurried forward with renewed hope. But what was his astonishment, on coming nearer, to find that, not one only, but all three companies were there—not a lamb missing! "How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond my comprehension," says Mr. Hogg. "All I can say is that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning."

Sirrah's son, Hector, was a comparatively stupid dog, but how faithful let Mr. Hogg testify. There had been trouble at the folding of some lambs. Hector had worked hard, and they were all got in at last. But when supper time came, no Hector could be found. His master called him in vain. "I was distressed about this," Mr. Hogg says, "for, having to take away lambs in the morning, I knew I could not drive them a mile without my dog, if it had been to save the whole drove." But when he went next morning to the fold, "There was poor Hector sitting, trembling, in the very middle of the fold door, on the inside of the flake that closed it, with his eyes still steadfastly fixed on the lambs. He durst not for his life leave them, though hungry, fatigued and cold, for the night had turned out a deluge of rain. He had never so much as lain down, for only the small spot he sat on was dry, and there he had kept watch the whole night." Had he not been a stupid Collie, he would have known that the lambs were safe in the fold. "But he would not," as Mr. Hogg says, "even take my word for it, for he would not quit his watch, though he heard me calling both night and morning."

Jemmy Forsythe was my father's shepherd for over forty years, and when he had grown somewhat feeble, and for reasons which we will not specify for this letter concerneth neither "wine, women nor graft"—was at times a bit unsteady on his pins, his Collie, Sailor, might be seen pressing very close to him. On such occasions, when Jemmy was trying to negotiate any unusually difficult dyke, Sailor, having it in mind that he was in danger of falling, would take him by his coat and tenderly steady the old man till he reached level ground.

Mr. Steel, of Peebles, was so proud of the wisdom and skill of his Collie that he delighted to send her home in charge of flocks of sheep,

while he himself went off about other business. On one of these occasions he had sent her to drive a number of sheep a distance of five miles when she was quite unfit for the work. On reaching home, he was alarmed to find that both sheep and dog were missing. Hurriedly summoning help, he set out in search of them. But, on reaching the street, lo! there were all his missing sheep, and driving them along was his poor dog, carrying a puppy in her mouth. The Collie, indomitable in her fidelity, had not allowed even the pangs she suffered to interfere with the discharge of her duty; and, while the maternal instinct impelled her to guard her offspring, her love for her master and her sense of the trust reposed in her would not permit her to abandon the charge committed to her care, even in the desperate situation in which she had found herself. But those who knew the circumstances best marveled, for she had to bring the flock over wild, almost trackless hills and through sheep all the way.

As soon as she had delivered her charge into her master's keeping, the poor creature hurried back to the moor and one by one carried home the rest of the litter. "But the last was dead."

The wisdom, the fidelity, the fortitude displayed by this dumb animal, the suffering she endured in the discharge of her duty, must surely fill every true heart with admiration and pity.

Only a few weeks ago we read of a man in our own Province of Ontario having been attacked by his Jersey bull, of a neighbor who had courageously come to his assistance being attacked in his turn, of both their lives being in jeopardy, and of the Collie of one of them fearlessly attacking the bull, and thus apparently saving the lives of both the men.

The following incident I had from the lips of one of the most estimable members of the House

more?" Or are there, perchance, under conditions beyond our ken, undreamed of possibilities?

"Behold, we know not anything,
I can but trust that good shall fall,
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter turn to spring."

A FRIEND OF MAN'S FRIEND.

Bruce Co., Ont.

OUR FAITHFUL FRIEND, THE DOG.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I sometimes, on taking up a newspaper, find an article headed, "The Confessions of a Burglar," in which the writer tells of the circumstances that led up to his adopting that mode of getting a living, and, in addition, relates his success or non-success in his operations. In your issue of June 20th, pages 1017-18, there is a letter headed, "Recollections of a Shepherd," which might be more appropriately headed, "The Confessions of a Dog-killer." This writer relates that he was born in Ontario in the early forties, that his father farmed 500 acres, and kept no dog. He himself farmed successfully for 30 years, and kept no dog; kept sheep, though, of which he was very fond. During all those thirty years, my friend tells us that he had only three sheep killed by dogs, for which he received ample remuneration. But, while his own losses were nil, his neighbors appeared to have suffered to some extent, hence he appoints himself a public executioner—a modern Don Quixote—to rid the neighborhood of every canine upon which he could lay his hands. He also insinuates that any person who is mean enough to own a dog, is apt to be a

liar. "Nearly every dog-owner will defend his dog's reputation against evidence sufficient to hang a human." So says this writer. But lying is not by any means confined to dog-owners. I think I can bring the charge home to my friend "the shepherd" himself. One of the dogs he put out of the way was a bulldog, owned by a man who worked on the farm. This dog, being found one night in the cellar of the "great house," was shot to death and buried in the orchard under the apple trees. Two days afterwards man enquires about his dog. Anything seen or heard of him around here? Of course not, but will lend you one of the horses to ride around the concession, etc., etc., knowing all the time that the dog's remains were under the apple trees. "Shep," may claim that this was a white lie, but white lies are just as bad as, if not worse than the other kind. As a "piece of diplomacy," he thinks it



Lively Beeswing.

Hackney mare; chestnut; foaled 1905. Champion, International Horse Show, 1907. Breeder and owner, Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart.

of Commons it has ever been my privilege to know: It was winter. He was sleeping heavily at midnight, when he was started broad awake by something scratching at the bed clothes and pulling at the breast of his nightshirt. Springing up, he found, to his amazement, that his Collie, who slept outside, had gained access to his room by breaking through a double window, and was trying to tell him that his barn and house were in flames. By dint of desperate exertions he managed to save his family. In the course of his frantic efforts to do so he was felled to the ground—splendid specimen of manhood though he was—by a leg, that, breaking of a chair, recoiled and struck him on the temple as he was smashing a way of escape through a window. Of this circumstance he was, however, quite unconscious at the time. As he himself escaped from the burning house, the veranda fell upon him, but he got off with a badly-bruised leg. And the noble creature—"hero"—we should say if he were human—that had braved the breaking glass and fear-compelling fire to save his dear master? What of him? Oh, brave and loyal heart! Is there, then, no reward reserved for thee in all the ages? Or shall thy sole reward be the smothering smoke and agonizing flame in which you perished, but from whose fell grasp you saved those you so fondly loved? Is that small heap of poor charred flesh and bones all that indeed remains of so much love and truth, faithfulness, wisdom and courage? "No

all right to deceive the "hired man." He believes it lawful, in certain cases, to "do evil that good may come." What the Apostle thought of those who hold such a doctrine, he will find in Romans 3: 8. My friend appears to have had a cemetery—a canine burying-ground—in his orchard, where he laid away vast numbers of "Wandering Willies." But his practices differed somewhat from those in other cemeteries, inasmuch as all his grave-digging and funerals were conducted in the dead of night! The Scriptures tell us that some men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil (John 3: 19, 20), and, although he kind of boasts about what he has done, I think if one of his neighbors had caught him in the act, he would have felt rather cheap.

And now, a few words in the dog's behalf—Luke 16: 19, and onwards. Here, He who made the world tells us of a certain rich man who fared sumptuously every day, and of a beggar named Lazarus, full of sores, who was laid at the rich man's gate, desiring to be fed with the crumbs. Whether he was so fed, we are not told, but we are told that the dogs came and licked his sores. The dogs seemed to have more sympathy and compassion for the poor beggar than the rich owner of the chateau.

Wolves, in ancient times, were quite numerous in the British Isles, and it is on record that a Welsh Chieftain owned a famous wolfhound named