

which he had not seen since he had stayed in his friend's house. The hotel was a long distance from that hospitable home, and how the dog knew where he had taken up his abode remains to be proved.

The dog kept tight hold of his arm with a firm but gentle grasp, and pulled him on where he wished him to go, namely, in exactly the opposite direction to his intended route; away from the hotel instead of towards it. To escape was impossible, and the intelligent, almost imploring, look of the dog took away all wish to do so. As his wishes were complied with, the dog grew more trustful, let the gentleman's arm go, and jumped about in front of him, still leading the way. The gentleman followed, still greatly wondering at his companion's strange eagerness. At last they came to the water's edge, where a toll bridge divided one part of the town from the other. His friend's house lay the other side of the bridge.

Here the dog grew more and more excited. The truth began then to dawn upon the traveller's mind. The dog had been left the wrong side of the bridge and had not a copper to pay his toll. But why did he not swim across? The traveller looked down, and then remembered that sharks infested the water, and the dog was too knowing to trust to his chance of getting through unhurt. Delighted with the animal's sagacity, he paid the toll; the dog bounded across the bridge and the trusty friend went back to his hotel, musing on the wonderful depth of canine reasoning powers.

It is marvellous to think how many little links that dog must have had in his mind. He must have first made up his mind when his master or his master's servant went through the gate and left him behind, that he would not sit down hopelessly and lament, but do his best to get things put straight. Then he must have run over in his mind all his list of acquaintances, to consider which of them would be amiable enough, and powerful enough to help him, and then he fixed upon the attractive stranger, who doubtless had been very kind to him. But where did he live? And where was he to find him?

It was some time since he had left his master's house. Perhaps, then, he remembered having accompanied his master long ago to call upon some stranger at the great hotel in a certain street. His new friend might also have gone there. At any rate he would go and see. He had been so kind to him, he would be sure not to grudge him one of those brown chinking things which men carried about with them, but dogs, never. O happiness! He meets the very man. But how to make him understand? Gently lead him to the place, men are so clever, and this one was so kind. All turned out as he expected. No danger from the sharks! No danger of being left all night in the streets without any supper. Who shall say after this that dogs cannot reason? I only wish some human beings could reason half as well!

ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL.

The Bell-Bird.

WE have no bell-birds in England; few people have ever heard of them, or could tell you in what countries of the world they are to be found.

Still, a few travellers in South America and Africa tell us that they have heard in silent forests or in the lonely bush the deep ringing note of this strange bird—the bell-bird—it is well-named for the sound of its

voice is as the tolling of a distant church bell—a sharp, clear, distinct tone, then a pause, and another toll.

Just one at a time—the call of a bell—a far-off church bell. English hearts have leaped with a sudden rapture of joy on hearing that sound in the wilderness. It seemed to bring the listeners all at once face to face with their home, their kindred, their God. Surely somewhere, not far off, there