

blue-birds, a sound drubbing, in which Mr. Llewellyn acquiesced. Rodney was introduced to a cedar-bird, with little patches of vermilion on his gray wings, looking as if he had been sprinkled with drops of sealing-wax.

'He's a scout, I guess,' said Rasmus; 'it's too early for him up here yet.'

Going through a thick piece of woods, Rasmus felt himself very happy to see a shrike, or butcher-bird.

'He's goin' to set up housekeeping here for the summer. In a few days he'll pick out a good place for a nest.'

'Why do they call such a pretty thing a butcher-bird?'

'Because he keeps a meat-shop and hangs up his meat on hooks. You watch him a bit.'

And sure enough the shrike, who darted about picking up berries and eating spiders and beetles, came upon an unlucky cricket, and coolly went and impaled him on a thorn, to save for future need; after a little he brought a second and then a third, and stuck them up in his shop.

'Horrid little wretch!' said Rodney.

'So he is; he eats smaller birds, too. I saw one kill a humming bird-once. Greedy thing; he hangs up more food than he can eat, and goes away and forgets it. Now, I like woodpeckers. Here's the nest of one in this hollow tree, and the front door being too large, you see he has plastered it up with mud to the right size. They are as handsome birds as we have, unless the jays are finer. It is time for the flicker or golden-wing now, and we'll see him to-day; and then there is the red-wing and the red-head and the yellow-breasted; they are awfully kind to each other, and take turns sittin' on the nest so each can go feed; and they are neat, too, they clean up their nest every night.'

About four o'clock Mr. Llewellyn found a dry and sheltered spot near a stream, where, he said, the camp should be made. Rasmus was a master-hand at woodcraft. He set Rodney to bringing stones for a hearth, where the fire should be made; then he chose two trees standing in line, and laid across the first crotch in each a long sapling reaching from tree to tree. Mr. Llewellyn brought several long, dead branches, and set them sloping from this sapling to the ground, to form a slanting roof for a shelter-hut, open to the fire. Over this framework was laid a thatch of cedar boughs, and the ends were closed up in the same way; beds were prepared of pine needles, dry leaves, and hemlock twigs; Rodney dragged a great pile of fuel to be in readiness. Mr. Llewellyn then went to work at his sketching and coloring, and mounted the day's plunder of beetles and butterflies on cards.

'You will never be able to carry all you have, soon,' said Rod.

'I shall express a box of them from Johnstown to a friend to be taken care of. Now, to-night we will have a moth hunt, and you will set the traps. Take this little bottle, about dusk, and go among the trees, and with the brush put some of the sweet, sticky stuff on the bark of the trees, only mark your way by blazing, that is, by breaking branches, so as not to forget where you went. I should not wish to leave the night-fliers to die in the traps and serve no good end.'

Rasmus had gone off to find a pool for a bath, which he pronounced splendid, and which refreshed him to make great preparations for supper. A large loaf, a dozen eggs, and some potatoes had been purchased at a farm-house; a tin pail, coffee, sugar, and ham at a country store. The eggs and potatoes were roasted in the ashes of the fire; the ham was toasted by hanging it on green twigs before the blaze; the coffee was made in the pail. Mr. Llewellyn had a folding metal cup in his pocket, and Rasmus had invested five cents in a mug; Rodney was obliged to drink his coffee from the pail-lid, but thought that it had its advantages in cooling quickly.

Close by the edge of the stream grew a clump of colt's-foot, and the handsome blossoms catching the eye of Rasmus, he asked why flowers were different colors.

'I don't mind learnin' things,' said Rasmus, 'when learnin' comes so easy, as just havin' you explain agreeable when I ask.'

'The colors of flowers are usually in the petals—the flower, as you call it—and these are hung out as signs on handbills, to call the attention of insects who are wanted to carry the pollen from flower to flower; and as dif-

ferent kinds of insects are wanted, flowers have different colors. The original and most common color is yellow; beetles like yellow; the flowers that wish for customers a promiscuous lot of little flies, are usually white; flowers that bid for night-fliers or moths, are white or pale yellow, as they are best seen in the dark; and flowers that desire visits of bees and butterflies are red, purple, and blue, for these insects prefer such colors. Bees are very fond of blue. If you put honey or sugar on different colored paper, the bees will go first and oftenest to that which lies on blue; if you cut off the petals of a flower, even a bee-loved flower, the bees will no longer go to it, even when you leave the honey sacs.'

'I have made up my mind,' said Rodney, 'that if I can get to college, I shall study most the Natural Sciences. I'll put my spare time all on them, and I will have that for my business in life, to learn and teach and write about the wonders of flowers and insects and birds. It seems to me these are all in partnership.'

'Now you talk,' said Rasmus; 'now you've got a notion what kind of a cargo to take on, and what kind of a market to carry it to. I told you a week ago that was what you needed, and now you've took my advice. You'll find you generally handle yourself right, if you go the way I tell you.'

At this glimpse of the cheerful satisfaction Rasmus had in himself, in spite of having thus far brought his life to nothing, Rodney laughed until he fell back and rolled over on the grass.

## Church Going Animals.

(George Bancroft Griffith, in the New York 'Observer'.)

The writer has learned of a new phase of canine character through the story of a dog who would not change his denominational connection with a change of masters. In this respect he showed more strength of character than is exhibited by some human beings who permit circumstances to govern them in a matter which should be one of the deepest convictions of duty.

Greenfield, Mass., once boasted of a dog whose churchgoing proclivities might well make him an example to his brother-men. He was a regular attendant upon the ministrations of the venerable and venerated Dr. Chandler, pastor of the North Parish Church. After the death of his first master, who was a member of Dr. Chandler's church, the dog became the property of a well known deacon of another sect. But the dog, with a faithful consistency worthy of the old martyrs, refused to change crews with masters. Regularly every Sunday morning he started for church with the family, but when they reached the road that turned off toward Dr. Chandler's the dog invariably trotted off alone down this road to the church of his preference, leaving the family to pursue their way without him.

He was an object of great interest to the children of the congregation, and helped beguile the way for them through many a long sermon, a little above their heads. He was a large yellow dog, with the dignified bearing of one who respects himself. The possession of but one ear added to the peculiar sagacity of his aspect, and his wise air of interest in the proceedings.

The pulpit was reached by a long flight of steps, with a landing at the top. When Dr. Chandler entered the church and mounted these steps, the dog always followed him and stationed himself on the landing, where he remained during the service, conducting himself with the greatest gravity and propriety. If he were sometimes guilty of a stolen nap, he was not without company in the pews.

As most of the congregation lived a long distance from the church they usually brought lunches, which were eaten during the short nooning between the two services. The dog mingled affably with the congregation during this nooning, and was never suffered to go hungry. In the afternoon, he resumed his post on the pulpit landing, when he trotted off homewards, apparently as full of edification as any of the congregation.

In some way, by some mysterious dog wisdom that our dull human brains cannot fa-

thom, he always knew when Sunday came. On week-days he accompanied the family to the village as a matter of course. Only on Sundays, but invariably then, did he forsake them for the road across the meadows to the North Parish Church.

In the West of England, not far from Bath, there lived toward the close of the eighteenth century a worthy, learned and benevolent clergyman. He had a turnspit named Toby, a fine dog, with stout legs fit for his work, and enabling him to follow his master hour after hour, sometimes, indeed, to his annoyance, but he was of too kind a disposition to repulse him. At length he became so persevering, and even presuming, in his attendance that he would venture into the reading desk on a Sunday. This the clergyman tolerated for a time, but thinking he saw a smile on the countenances of some of his congregation at Toby's appearance, he began to fear that he was injudiciously indulgent, and ordered Toby to be locked up in the stable the next Sunday morning.

But he was locked up to no purpose, for he found his way out through the leaded casement, and presented himself at the reading desk as usual. Again the next Sunday it was determined to take further precaution, and accordingly, when the dog had done his part on Saturday toward roasting the beef which was to be eaten cold on Sunday, he was not suffered to go at large as on other occasions, but was bolted up in the woodshed, where there was no window to allow of his escape.

He continued in confinement, testifying his uneasiness by barking and howling during the greater part of the day of rest, but it was hoped his discomfort would be a warning to him to avoid the church. Being let out on Sunday evening, and left at liberty for the rest of the week, he passed the days in his usual way, did his duty in the wheel whenever he was wanted, and showed not the least sullenness or discontent. But at twelve on Saturday, when his services were wanted for the spit, Toby was not to be found. Servants were dispatched in all directions in quest of him, but without effect. It was supposed that he must have been stolen, and the cook and the master were alike in despair.

On Sunday morning the clergyman went to church, free from Toby's officious devotion, but concerned at his unaccountable disappearance. His reappearance, however, was equally unexpected, for as his reverence entered the reading desk he saw Toby's eye twinkle a morning salutation in his usual corner. After this no opposition was offered to Toby's Sunday movements, but he was allowed to go to the church as he pleased, with the approbation of the rector and the whole parish. In this case, if the dog did not reckon days, he showed excellent powers of calculation for his own ends.

A Massachusetts young lady saw a peculiar feature in a church in a Maine town which she visited not long ago. Hearing the cooing of a dove, she looked around and saw a white dove perched on the organ listening to the music with great appreciation. She learned afterward that the dove had been a regular attendant at church for eight or ten years, being attracted by the music, of which it was very fond. It was twelve years old, and was the pet of a lady who lived near. After church the dove was taken to his Sunday school class by a boy, and seemed to enjoy the proceedings. Unlike many churchgoers, the weather made no difference to the dove, but every Sunday, summer and winter, he was at his post on the organ. That part of Broadway on the east side, between Pratt street and half the block toward Gough street, in Baltimore, has a rat whose actions have gained for it the title of the religious rat. He is seen at night, and only when there are services either in Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church or Broadway Baptist Church. He seems to be in a very placid humor when there is service in but one of the churches named. But when the two congregations are worshipping at the same time, as is the case on Sunday nights, he becomes uneasy and keeps a constant running between the two. One evening, when some residents tried to prevent him going into the yard of the Baptist Church just as the Rev. Mr. Phillips began a sermon on 'The Evils of Liquor,' the rodent made an attack upon the party. Several ladies screamed lustily, which caused the rat to beat a re-