

marked with black. His voice was a deep bass, and when he chose to speak, he certainly could be heard. We never allowed him to sleep on the beds. He was shut in the shed at night. There was straw where he could lie if disposed to be lazy, and an open window through which he could leap if he desired to take his nightly walks abroad. One night father heard an odd noise, went to the window, and saw another cat ascending a pine tree, with 'Tabby after him'. Tabby had worse enemies than this. Two dogs lived near us. Before Tabby came to us, they chased him into a shallow bay in the river once, where he got a snag under a rock, with only his nose above water. The times that he was chased up trees by those dogs, I could not number. At times he took refuge in a hole in the cliff. Father went to the porch one morning, and rescued him, the dogs were pushing in the outer door. On another occasion, he ran off with a newly fried chop, and after a severe spanking, on account of his stealing milk, he would be terrified when the milkman appeared. But those dogs never gave up. Late in the autumn, he was caught and badly worried. I carried him home, and he, with pitiful mews, tried to inform the others of what had happened. We thought at first that he would not live, but he did after all. The neighbors who had kept Tabby returned, and as we were to leave the Pines, it was arranged for them to take him again. We carried him over to the new house, once however, safe in a bag. I have heard that "cats are attached to places and not to persons," but I do not believe. The same night after Tabby was taken to the new house, he stood mewing at the new house. All that winter he was chased by other cats, and slept in the shed. In the spring of '89, all next

summer he lived with us, and part of the next winter. He very rarely jumped on our laps, nevertheless he loved caresses. If I had space and time, I could relate many amusing things that happened to Tabby. If milk, beefsteak, or fish, were mentioned, he always understood, and mewed loudly. Tabby's end was a sad one. He took bad fits, and seemed very dangerous, so alas! he was shot. He was much regretted by us all, and lies in our yard, in Brockville, in a grave overgrown with grass, thistles and pink catnip.

D. W. K., Lancaster.

SUMMER EVENING ON LAKE VICTORIA.

Let us go a rowing, rowing,
O'er the glistening sheet of water,
Called by some the River Avon.
Let us watch the shifting landscape,
Mirrored in the Lake's calm surface,
While the changeful hues of even,
Gather in the Western sunset.
Let us hear the catbird mewing,
Hear the hollow voice of bittern,
See the swallow swooping, dipping,
Whilst the robin tunes his whistle.
Let us drift adown the River,
Listen to the sounds of voices,
Sounds of merry voices singing,
And of laughter free and joyous:
Pull the skiff now past the rushes,
Past the rustling, reedy grasses,
Where the iris boldly blossoms,
Safe from plundering hand of
maiden,
Spreading wide its purple blossoms,
See the Western shadows deepen,
Hushed the bird songs in the
gloaming,
Frog and cricket now are piping:
Dusk the shadows of the hillside,
Dim the outline of the headlands:
Far out on the blackening water,
See the glimmer of the bright lights,
Lights from household, street and
wareroom.