

friend's bedside, strove by discoursing on sacred subjects to bring comfort to his soul. "Cease your kindly ministrations," after awhile said the dying man. "They are well-meant, but are unavailing. I am now at Death's door, and shall soon cross the threshold and be where no harm can overtake me. I am, and always have been, a Jew." At once the great Churchman fell on his knees, and in fervent tones put up a Hebrew prayer for the dying. He also was a Jew, but intimate as the two men had been throughout life, neither had confessed, or even suspected that the faith each held was the same, and was not that which both professed.

Attention is often drawn to the fact that the draught-horses of to-day have speedily grown used to and lost fear of the steam and petroleum-driven vehicles which at the present time ply in their thousands along our thoroughfares, and thus come into close contact with those highly nervous creatures. But horses are not the only quadrupeds which have overgotten a dread of carriages—I use the word in its broader sense—other than those to which long-established custom has harnessed them. When I was a child, and while railways were still in their youth, I have often seen the domestic animals in the fields, horses, cows, bullocks, &c., spring up, and career about wildly at the aspect of a near passing train. To-day, their descendants rarely vouchsafe even a passing glance at one. This indifference is but another proof of that hereditary instinct of which Mr. Thompson-Seton and others have told us, and which shows itself in the careful avoidance by hunted animals of the man who carries a gun. No doubt the ancestors of the wild creatures of to-day looked with equally natural dismay at their human contemporaries who went about with bows and arrows or even ruder weapons. But with the tame animals of to-day the hereditary instinct has led them into an opposite direction, that of trust. They have discovered that the ugly, shrieking, steam-belching, earth-shaking monster which is gone almost as soon as it appears has no intention of molesting them.

It is a curious fact, well known to all who possess a long line of family portraits, that in one generation or another the wearer of a face in nowise resembling the faces of his or her contemporary relatives is said to "hark back" to some ancestor, remote or near; a process not infrequently repeated, though the resemblance is by no means always to the same ancestor.

A school-fellow friend of my elder sister and mine, at whose house we often visited, was the "living image" of the