

ter companion at times for its want of conscience and human emotion. The beautiful, luxurious, life-enjoying animal brings a relief from the stress and strain of creatures with souls. A dog comes near enough to man to have sometimes a touch of human pathos. There is often an appealing look in a dog's eyes, that is enough to make one fancy he is going to develop into a man some day, and begins to be conscious of some higher destiny stirring within him. What companionship there is in a good dog! There is to me something attractive in almost any dog, except a Spitz. I draw the line at Spitzes. Dogs, as a class, have a large capacity for friendship. My own dog, if he could count (perhaps he can), might reckon up, first me, his master, chief in his affections, then perhaps half a dozen friends,—human friends, I mean,—and two or three times as many with whom he is on terms of good-natured acquaintance. About his relations with his own kind I cannot speak so confidently, but I think he has no real intimacies with other dogs. A dog has the fine quality of preferring the company of his superiors to that of his equals or inferiors: he consorts with men in preference to his own race. With dogs and cats, and, indeed, all the inferior tribes, we can practise a fine simplicity and friendliness of manner, quite beyond what exists among ourselves. I can greet a perfectly strange dog with a pat, and he accepts it gra-

ciously, or perhaps answers with a friendly wag and a responsive glance out of his honest brown eyes. Perhaps he even makes the first advance, coming up to me with an inquiring sniff. How much a dog finds out through his sense of smell, I suppose, is known only to his Creator. The nose seems to be to a dog almost as much as the eye is to a man. Perhaps he judges character by it. It may be that just as we say, "I like the look of that man," so a dog says to himself or his fellow, "I like the smell of that man." I am sometimes afraid that I am more accessible to caninity than to humanity. I like a man when he proves himself on acquaintance a good fellow, but I am attracted to a dog as soon as I see him. There are plenty of dog-lovers who will understand the feeling. The dog-loving disposition is of itself no small bond between those who share it, bringing them at once into a sort of Masonic relationship with each other. So, too, there is the love of horses,—one of the great passions of humanity. There are plenty of men to whom horses are as full of fascination as pictures to an artist or stocks to a Wall Street broker. Almost every domestic animal has its devotees and special friends. The canary has its lovers. Even goldfishes find people who treasure them. And every such taste and affection enlarges by just so much one's world. It is a key that opens to us another room in our Father's house.—*Ec.*

## 'THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.'

IT has been generally announced in the press that His Excellency the Governor-General has been deeply interesting himself, for some months past, in the establishment of a Society for the advancement of Literature and Science in the Dominion. After much deliberation and consultation with eminent scientific and literary gentlemen, His Excellency has been pleased to approve of the preliminary arrangements for the

first meetings of the Society, which are to be held in the City of Ottawa during the last week of May. The Association is named after that famous Society which came into existence in England during the Restoration, and has ever since contributed so largely to the scientific development of the world. The following is a list of the officers appointed by the Governor-General for the first meeting :—