

ing, and our curly heads pillowed softly on her warm breast, we were hurled recklessly hither and thither, as she jumped suddenly up with a start to growl savagely at a foot-step which she heard on the verandah above us. We could have forgiven this once in a way, but it was chronic, and our little lives became a burden to us. When we reproached her, she called us ungrateful little demons, and asked us if we did not know that she did it to defend us from the black man, who otherwise would assuredly take us away from her for ever. She'd heard our mistress use this threat to the boys, and so had we. In our innocent little puppy babble we told her to tell that to the Marines, that we did not require defending, that we would much rather she should save herself the trouble. But she only caught us by the scruff of our necks and shook us well for our impudence. This was unjust of her, for how could we help having more sense than she had?

"Shortly after this, when we really did require defending, she stood calmly by, and never even troubled to growl. I'll tell you how it was. When we began to run about we left our nursery to have a look at the wide world and its inhabitants. We were lost in wonder and admiration at first, but soon got over that. Our master had been married twice, the son by the first marriage, Master Tom, was grown up, but by the second there were two little, chubby, apple-faced boys, you know the sort.

"You are doubtless aware of the unaccountable desire which possesses us dogs to own a human friend and master. I never could understand it, and I do not suppose I ever shall! You hold for us an irresistible fascination, I felt it first the moment I clapped my baby eyes on those boys; and what I feel most about this degradation, which has befallen my old age, is the lack of human sympathy and companionship. Ill-treatment, blows, kicks and curses, aye, even semi-starva-

tion—all are as nought compared to this loss. You could never understand the longing that comes over me even to lick the feet of the surly boy who brings my rations—when he happens to think of it—not till I have polished them off though, that's always the first consideration. I am well aware that he doesn't care two straws for me, but, though I hate myself when I think of it, that does not lessen the feeling. This inordinate love for man is often the curse of our race. You can perhaps gain some idea of its intensity when I admit, as I will to you, that, though certainly not so fierce and passionate, it is far more faithful and enduring than our love of the other sex of our own race. But keep this fact to yourself, please; if it leaked out that I had divulged it, the ladies would hate me more than they do already, which is unnecessary.

"This extraordinary love of your race caused us even as pups to worship those boys at first sight, as I think I have already stated. The idea that they might perhaps deign to play with us, was simply entrancing, and overwhelmed us with delight. They did so deign; then entrancement ceased and tribulation began. Their idea of play differed totally from ours. It consisted, for instance, in each of them holding one of us up by the tail to see which of us could make the most noise—in these contests I excelled, Brother Bob was nowhere—pulling our ears, sticking their fingers into our eyes to see us wink afterwards, and a host of other ingenious tortures, too numerous to mention. And through it all mother never lifted a paw to defend us. In fact it is hardly credible that both the mothers, theirs and ours, looked on with the utmost indifference. Ours would have flown at any grown person who dared to ill-treat us, but just because our tormentors were little boys, she answered our cries for help as follows:—'Oh, nonsense! those dear little fellows can't hurt you much, I'm sure. A