

breaking up, and her last boat had broken from its fastenings. Then Richard Wilmore raised his voice, asking who would go with him to save the crew. There was no lifeboat, only the fishing craft; he who ventured to sea that night must carry his life in his hand. So many a courageous fisherman thought of his wife and children and hesitated. But not for long. The grey-haired stranger quietly divesting himself of his upper garments, as if he were merely going on a pleasure trip, instead of being about to risk his life for others, had a calm courage about him that inspired the same virtue. The first who joined him was a man as old as himself, whose relations were all dead. The next a lad of twenty, full of youth, and strength, and courage. One by one they came, and soon a boat's crew was gathered around Richard Wilmore. They took their places in a large roomy boat, and soon pulled against the increasing waves out to the wreck. The distance was not great, but the strain was terrible, the foaming waters every moment threatened death. The poor ship was gained, a dozen of the exhausted men taken off, and back the rescuers came. Many a fisherman rushed into the surf, and seizing the boat's bow, drew her on the beach. Once more into the ever-increasing storm the brave volunteers ventured. Again they reached the wreck, again took on board half-drowned men, but, alas! too many. Deep laden though she was, the little craft was labouring once more towards the shore, when half way from the wreck a great mass of water rose

behind like a mountain, fell with a crash like thunder, and overwhelmed rescued and rescuers! Never more did they rise in life. But next day many corpses were washed ashore. Even now there are fishermen on the coast, old men bowed and bent, who will show you where in the rocky bay, in the raging storm, the brave stranger and the gallant volunteers died doing a noble duty. They carried all that was left of Richard Wilmore and laid him on the humble bed of the inn. When Lucy's father, hastily summoned, came down to Sunbay and looked for the last time on his brother's features, they bore that calm expression that the faces of brave men wear who fear not, neither in life nor in death, but believe.

Poor Dick mourned so truly for his master that he refused food. And so he died, never even seeing the little mistress for whom he had come all the way from India.

Poor Lucy! She was deeply, painfully grieved; she bitterly reproached herself, and even thought that if she had posted in time the letter to her uncle he would not have been drowned. But her father gave her comfort. He said, "The good God willed that Uncle Richard should die and be taken as he was, straight from a good deed to its reward, and all the letters in the world would not have altered his end. There is one thing, Lucy," he went on, stroking the little girl's fair glossy curls, "which you and I, and all of us, *must learn* from his death—to be ready, as he was; do not put off being ready—Do it now."

## STRANGE FRIENDSHIPS AMONG ANIMALS.



ALTHOUGH the old saying may generally be true that "birds of a feather flock together," there have been many instances known of animals totally unlike in habits living together in perfect happiness. In just the same

way as many boys and girls whose tempers are altogether different live together with their parents, and choose quite distinct occupations to suit their various tastes, so birds, and cats, and dogs, and cattle have sometimes shown the greatest affection for each other in spite of their individual peculiarities.

It happened once that a cat was deprived of all

her kittens: most likely they had to share the same fate as many other kittens, and were taken from her to be drowned. At any rate, the poor animal was so desolate and miserable that she actually took under her care a litter of young rats, which she nursed and tended with all the care of a fond mother until they were old enough to take care of themselves. The owner of the cat, who was a poor man, exhibited the animals, in return for which he collected a considerable sum of money.

I remember, too, reading of a goose that was very fond of a house-dog. They sat together near the kennel the day through, only parting at meal-times, when the goose went to be fed, returning immediately afterwards to its place by the side of its friend. They quite understood each other, for when the dog barked the goose would cackle and run at the offender; and if only permitted, she liked to roost

with the dog all night, instead of taking her proper place with her own companions. Sometimes, when the dog ran into the village, the goose would, if possible, follow him, running and flying alternately, in order to keep pace with her friend. One day the dog began to be ill, when the faithful bird stationed herself at his side, and could not be induced to move even to take food; so to prevent her dying of hunger, her pan of corn was placed close to the kennel. Notwithstanding her care, however, the poor dog died; and in a few days a new house-dog was installed in his place, who so nearly resembled the old one in form and colour, that either the goose mistook him for her old friend, or she felt attracted to him because of the similarity between the two animals, and approached quite in a friendly way within his reach. Sad to say, the new dog seized her by the throat and killed her on the spot, so that she was not left long to mourn her sad loss.

Hares and rabbits also have frequently been tamed to great perfection. A gentleman once had a hare that would eat its food from his hand, and its two companions were a greyhound and a spaniel. During the day the three animals romped about and frolicked in high glee, and at night were often seen lying together on the hearth. The greyhound and the spaniel were field dogs, and amused themselves by hunting hares, though they treated their playfellow with the greatest kindness.

Another gentleman had a dog, a hare, and two

cats living together, and a very happy life they had of it. The dog acted as a guardian over his three friends, evidently conscious of his own superiority in strength, for he barked quite savagely at any one for whom they manifested any sign of fear.

In Scotland, not very long ago, a dog, cat, and two rabbits lived together on such very good terms with each other that they well deserved the designation they were known by of "the happy family." The dog was evidently, both in her own estimation and in that of all the other members of the family, at the head of the establishment. The rabbits were two fat, smooth, and lively animals, but not rounder or handsomer than Minnie, the cat. If the dog regarded herself as the head of the family, puss unmistakably regarded herself as the mistress. When the dog was lying asleep, she used to seat herself on her back, either to doze or to take a quiet survey of what was going on around, as if the seat had been made expressly for her use. The rabbits gambolled about, too, to their hearts' content, the touch of their soft paws seeming rather to soothe the dog than to cause her any annoyance. When, one day, two puppies appeared upon the scene, they were welcomed with scarcely more joy by the mother than by puss and the rabbits. A large box was provided for them, where they all slept together at night, and not many sights more interesting can be imagined than the peaceful slumber of this happy family.

## A CHAT ABOUT THE ZULUS AND THEIR CUSTOMS.

*By a Former Resident.*



to "eat up" a small neighbouring tribe of the Amaswasi, and naturally present events put me much in

EVERY new year there is held in Zululand a great festival called the "Umkosi," or Feast of First Fruits; after which, if the omens are propitious the army goes out to war. It was so this year and for the first time it was waged against the English. Some years ago, when I was present at the great feast, the Zulus were about

mind of those days long ago. For instance, I find this note in my journal, "There are only two occasions great enough among the Zulus for the chief's own song to be chanted. One is at the great festival, and the other, if *an army has gone out and has been overtaken by much rain on the way*. It is believed that it will not become bright until this song is sung; then the heaven clears and the army proceeds again." Some months after the English Mission had been established in Zululand, King Panda sent us an invitation to attend the New Year's Feast, which we very gladly accepted. It was two or three days' waggon journey, or "trek," from Kwamagwaza to Konodwengu, the king's great kraal. A trek was at all times a treat, if it did not last too long, and the weather were fine.

On approaching the royal kraal, our Hottentot driver William became more alert than ever. He