

He was good-natured, playful, and quiet by turns, but as ugly as any canine dared to be. But he had won me over to his side, and I allowed him to stay; and afterwards we became close friends.

Nix was a waif to be sure; but he had the true instincts of a good, noble animal. He evidently was a great student of human nature, had seen its many sides, and was a competent judge of character. Not only this, but he enjoyed the beauties of the earth and its environment,—appreciating all these things, understood more than many of us now understand, more than I ever would have been able to understand, had it not been for his tuition.

Nix, as I have said, was seated with me in the window seat, he on one side of the window, and I on the other; he in a meditative mood,—meditating perhaps on some question of great import to him, I, thinking of nothing in particular. I had paid but little attention to Nix until he, apparently wearied of thinking, or having arrived at a solution of the question in hand, arose, lazily stretched himself, and then lay down sleepily, but with his eyes fixed intently upon me as if to hold my attention.

As he lay thus I asked, “Well Nix, what is the matter tonight?” He could only look his answer; but he seemed to say sorrowfully, “Master, you are losing something. You do not enjoy nature’s works. You are dead to the beauties that at this moment are evident to me on all sides.”

He pointed out to me by directing his glances hither and thither, to that object and to this, the wondrously beautiful effect produced by nature’s arrangement on this beautiful star-lit night. He showed me the star-lit heavens which never appeared so beautiful as now. He directed my gaze to the evidences of the rising moon, full, round, and golden, as she appeared among the trees which lined the crest of the ridge, from behind which she emerged. And as her beams spread luxuriantly in all directions, lighting up mother earth with her mellow rays, how she played hide and seek among