

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind to be sure,
 And he constantly loved me although I was poor,
 When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
 I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so
 cold,

And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
 How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
 And he lick'd me for kindness, my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
 Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
 But he died at my feet, on a cold winter's day,
 And I played a lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go? poor, forsaken, and blind,
 Can I find one to guide me so faithful and kind?
 To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
 I can never return with my poor dog Tray.

CAMPBELL.

LESSON XXVII.

THE PIGEON OR DOVE.

do-mes-ti-cate	at-tach-ment	ap-pel-la-tion
sug-gest	ex-pe-di-ti-ous	in-ef-fec-tu-al
sur-round-ed	com-mu-ni-ca-tion	de-scrip-tion
ex-cres-cen-ces	in-ter-cept-ed	mi-gra-tory

All the numerous and beautiful varieties of the pigeon tribe, which, like the dog, the horse, and other domestic animals, have branched into an almost endless variety of kinds, forms, and colours, derive their origin from the wood-pigeon or ring-dove, which is of a deep bluish ash colour,