

ward says she must send the book away before you come back, I am going to copy it for you, Mamma, for I do think you will say it is very wonderful. It is written in the Life of a Mr. Collins, who used to paint beautiful pictures. His very best sitter, they say, was a dog of his own, called Prinny. His master used to place him in any position he wished to draw, and he never moved from it, until a sign was given to show that he might do so. One day Mr. Collins had placed him on the backs of two chairs, his fore legs on the rails of one, and his hind legs on the rails of the other. In this very uncomfortable position he painted him for some time, till he was told that a friend waited upon him in another room.

He was in such a hurry to see this visitor