

present, too, the other day, for my sister sent him a half-crown, and that's what is taking me down town, for I'm going to spend it on a hood for him. One must have a first baby decent, you know, and this knitted thing is only fit for the garden. Let me look at yours—silk, I declare! What might have that cost?"

"It didn't cost me much, Mrs. Jenkins, for I made it out of a silk handkerchief one of my young ladies gave me, when I was in service."

"To think of that now! I believe I've got a white silk handkerchief somewhere amongst my things, but I'm sure I could never make anything of a hood out of it. You're handy at your needle, you see, but everything I make seems to turn out clumsy-like."

"I'm none too clever with my fingers," answered Mrs. Robinson humbly; "I only wish I were; but I was always a housemaid, and had but little time for stitching. This very hood I unpicked it twice before I could get it to my mind, but it came right at last, and now I seem to like it better than I should one out of the shop. I'll help you with yours, if you like, Mrs. Jenkins, and then you'll have your money to begin a bank-book for your baby."

"Well, I am much obliged to you, but I think I'll buy the hood, as I've settled to," answered Mrs. Jenkins; "there'll be plenty of time to save for baby when he's a bit bigger; it may perhaps make them miserly to begin so early to think of money." And as just then Mrs. Robertson was engaged in the somewhat nervous operation of signing her name as trustee for her little one, her neighbour left her, and Mrs. Robertson soon also emerged from the office, lightened of her shilling, but happy in the possession of a little brown book, in which baby's first savings were deposited.

Mrs. Jenkins meanwhile walked briskly on to the milliner's, where she spent her baby's half-crown, and another shilling of her own put to it, on a showy hood, "a sweet, pretty thing, and makes the baby look like an angel." So declared the shopwoman, and Mrs. Jenkins was quite of the same opinion. Perhaps she was not so well pleased with her bargain at the end of a few weeks, when the little hood would no longer fit the child's head, and, there being no way of enlarging it, it became crushed and spoilt with the vain endeavours to draw it on the little head. Mrs. Jenkins was too proud to ask her neighbour again to help her make a hood after having refused her aid, but she did feel envious of Mrs. Robertson as the weeks rolled on and the home-made hood still looked soft and comfortable round little Johnnie Robertson's fat face. "To think it should never have cost her a penny! Seems to me she's got her money and her hood too. Ah! some have luck and some haven't." So reasoned Mrs. Jenkins to herself, but she would have been nearer the truth if she had said, "Some take trouble while others won't."

Mrs. Jenkins' husband worked at the same factory as Mrs. Robertson's—in fact, nearly all the men in Bedminster were employed about the factory in one way or another, and these two were both steady workmen, and earned about twenty-five shillings a week, and this was all the year round.

As, however, the years rolled on, there was a great difference to be seen in the two houses, and even in the two children, though both were healthy, strong boys, and were much made of in their respective homes. Mrs. Jenkins' parlour, though it did boast long muslin curtains and six green moreen-covered chairs, besides numerous ornaments of a somewhat tinselly order, was not half so snug, nor even so pretty, as Mrs. Robertson's room, where the window had only a short blind stretched firmly from side to side; but then the blind was always clean; "a bit of a thing like that is washed

directly," Mrs. Robertson would say. Over the blind also could be seen the fine geraniums or fuchsias, which were brighter and pleasanter than all the muslin curtains in the world. The furniture, too, had its history. It was not merely a shop-bought suite, one piece the same as another. That couch under the window was once a strong packing case, which Robertson got for a shilling or two, and which Mrs. Robertson upholstered with red cotton twill, with the long red cushion of the same stuff. No queen could wish for a pleasanter seat. The bookshelf, too, was Robertson's work, and so was the rocking-chair, once a high kitchen chair of the usual sort, but, with its legs cut short and fastened firmly to rockers, it was really a capital chair; and "if a baby could not be rocked off in that, it must be a stubborn one," declared little Mrs. Robertson, who, like a wise, loving woman, was always ready heartily to admire any efforts of her husband's to make her house comfortable. And yet her husband was by no means especially clever at carpentering—few biscuit-makers are; but perhaps, seeing how contriving and ingenious Mrs. Robertson was in her woman's way, he felt stimulated to attempt these little schemes of household improvement, which would probably never have come into the mind of a man whose wife was lazy or thriftless.

Both Robertson and Jenkins took great pride in their little plot of garden ground; indeed gardening was greatly in favour in nearly all the houses of Orchard Row. In the pleasant spring and summer days it was quite a treat to walk past the several plots. In winter, too, there was always something to be seen. Christmas roses bloomed to perfection in many of the gardens, and the earliest snow-drops and crocuses were always to be found there.

To be continued.

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST.

BY REV. J. P. HOBSON, M.A.,

Go, lay it in the ground with tender care,
As earth to earth indeed;
And yet bedew it with the loving tear—
'Tis more than earth—'tis seed.

'Tis true that since the spirit sped its wing,
In that last dying hour,
Thine eyes beheld a frail, corrupted thing,
Destroyed by Satan's power.

Yet think not of it thus within that bed
Of grass so newly made;
Oh! think not thus of those beloved dead
Asleep in Jesus laid.

Look off beyond the grave! lift up thine eyes
Away from dreary earth;
For yonder cold still body shall arise
To new and grander birth.

For they are past—the sickness, pain, and fear;
The heart has ceased to mourn;
And this corruptible shall then appear
In youth's perpetual morn.

And he, who here was dying hour by hour,
Shall then forever live;
And weakness shall be turned to strange new power
Which God Himself shall give.

And that frail body, which did oft afford
To sin an easy prey;
Shall then be like the body of the Lord
In that great rising day.

Then sow the precious seed with seemly graith,
And smooth the narrow tomb;
And quickly rear a stone—a pledge—in faith
Of triumph almost come.

And let the sower hopelessly grief restrain
As each new grave he leaves,
Rejoicing that the Lord shall come again,
And bring his golden sheaves.

Children's Department.

SCIENCE EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

OPTICS.

"CAN any of you tell me the use of the telescope?"

"It makes things that are distant appear near. The ships at sea seemed quite close when the coast guardsman let us look through his glass," replied George.

"Why are distant things indistinct?"

"They are too far off for us to see them," said Nellie.

"That means—first, they are so far off that few rays of light reflected from them reach our eye; and secondly, the visual angle is too small."

"What is the visual angle?" inquired Susie.

"The angle formed by the rays from an object as they meet at the eye. Distant objects must be magnified to increase the angles. This is effected by a double convex lens, or by a concave mirror, either of which also collects more rays of light from the objects, and carries them to the eye, so rendering the distant things plain. There are refracting and reflecting telescopes. The former consists of a tube containing the object-glass—a double convex lens—and the eye-glass—which may be a double convex, a double concave, or a plano-concave lens. The tube limits the view, and confines the rays of light, and its smaller sliding tubes enable us to adjust the two lenses so as to suit our individual sight."

"I quite understand all that," volunteered George. "Now tell us about the large telescope."

"You mean Dr. Herschel's. This is a reflector, and consists of an arrangement of concave mirrors, which receive the rays of light from the object and enlarge and finally transmit these rays through one or more lenses to the eye. The mirror has stronger magnifying power than the double convex lens. The tube of Dr. Herschel's telescope is 40 feet long, and its diameter is four feet ten inches; it magnifies 6000 times. Four years were spent in its construction. There is a disadvantage in the mirrors. As they are made of highly-polished metal they become dimmed by damp, and do not retain their brilliancy more than two years. Now tell me what the microscope is for?"

"To make the wings of beetles, and tiny flowers, and mites of leaves plain," replied George.

"To enlarge the appearance of small objects so as to give them distinctness and definite size. How is this done?"

"By putting them quite close to the glass; and yet I don't see why that makes them large," said Nellie.

"The microscope you have, Nellie, is a single one, and consists of one double convex lens, that is a bowed out lens."

"Then by putting an object close you increase the visual angle; the lens too collects more rays of light, as well as expands the rays that are transmitted or passed through it, therefore the object gains in brightness as well as in size, and numbers of points, and marks, and forms become visible, because the rays from them are thus collected and carried to the eye. A compound microscope has two lenses, and the eye-glass being larger than the object-glass, the magnifying power is increased. There is a third kind—the solar microscope. This requires a looking-glass placed at an angle outside a window so as to catch the sun's rays and throw them on a large double convex lens,

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