



A BIG SPONGE.

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SPONGES are the most truly manifold in form of any animals; they are met with of all shapes, all sizes, and all colours.

Some branch out like trees; many resemble a funnel or a trumpet; others are divided into lobes like great fingers; for instance, the *Neptune's Glove*; and there are some which are known by the name of *sea-muffs* and *sea-tapers*, on account of their form.

A closely-allied variety produces regular sponge monuments, which grow from one to two metres high (three feet three inches to six feet and a half) on the submarine rocks.

They have a narrow stalk, which at a certain height expands considerably and gives the structure the look of a cup, symmetrically hollowed out and exactly like an immense drinking goblet. To such a colossal vase the imagination of the sailor could only give one name, that of the redoubtable god of the sea; this living vase is the *Cup of Neptune!*

WELL SAID.

A MINISTER had preached a simple sermon upon the text, "And they brought him to Jesus." As he was going home, his little daughter walking beside him said, "I like that sermon so much." "Well," inquired her father, "who are you going to bring to Jesus?" A thoughtful expression came over her face as she replied, "I think, papa, that I will just bring myself to him." Her father said he thought that would do admirably for a beginning.

"THE SUNDAY STONE."

IN one point of the coal mines in England, we are told, there is a constant formation of limestone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This water contains a great many particles of lime, which are deposited in the mine, and as the water passes off, these become hard and form the limestone. This stone would be white, like white marble, were it not that men are working in the mine, and as the black dust rises from the coal it mixes with the soft lime, and in that way a black stone is formed. Now, in the night, when there is no coal dust rising, the stone is white; then again, the next day, when the miners are at work, another black layer is formed, and so on, alternately black and white through the week until Sunday comes. Then, if the

miners keep holy the Sabbath, a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before. There will be the white stone of Saturday night, and the whole day and night of the Sabbath, so that every seventh day the white layer will be about three times as thick as any of the others. But if the men work on the Sabbath they see it marked against them in the stone. Hence the miners call it the "Sunday stone." How they need to be very careful to observe the holy day, when they would see their violation of God's command thus written down in stone—an image of the indelible record in heaven!

CARL'S MISSIONARY GARDEN.

Do any of the boys and girls who read HAPPY DAYS know what a missionary garden is? Little Carl was a member of a mission band, and one day early in the spring he went to his mamma and asked her how he could earn some money for the missionaries.

"You may have a missionary garden, Carl," she answered.

"I will give you a little plot of ground at the end of the garden, and you may dig it up and plant vegetables in it. Then I will buy your vegetables from you, and you can give the money to the missionaries."

Carl was very happy that there was some way in which he could earn money, and he took great care of his little garden and kept it free from weeds. When he took his first load of vegetables to mamma, he was

very proud of his success. Carl told his little friends about his garden, and now there are other missionary gardens besides Carl's. Perhaps some of the little boys who read this story would like to earn in this way money to send the Bible to the heathen in the far away countries.

Do they know anything about One who came from heaven to this earth to be a missionary? Who was He? Whom did He come to save?

THE CHILDREN ARE PASSING AWAY

BY MRS. HEYFIELD.

On the recent deaths of several little children

But little children are passing away
From the shadows of earth to endless day,
Up to the gleaming city of light,
Where "they shall walk with Him in white."

Beside the grave stand weeping friends,
And with their bitter sorrow blends
The voice of Christ, with comfort rife,
"I'm the Resurrection and the Life"

"Thy brother shall rise again," He said,
To the Bethany sisters, who mourned their
dead;

And we know we have a pitying Lord,
For "Jesus wept"—'tis in His Word.

He still looks down, in tenderest love,
And calls the little ones above;
He loves them, as when on earth He trod,
And said, "Of such is the kingdom of God."

They dwell within those mansions fair,
Our blessed Lord went to prepare:
A countless throng beneath those bowers,
Which bloom with never-fading flowers.

Up in that heavenly land of peace,
Where holy songs that never cease,
Within its glittering portals swell;
Where Jesus with his saints doth dwell.

Oh! to be ready to meet them above,
In that blest land of joy and love:
May we have all our sins forgiven,
And join the ransomed ones in heaven!

THE PARSONAGE,

Pouch Cove, Nfld.

YOU HAVE A PART.

"I CAN do nothing to make my home happy," said a little girl.

But stop! Did you ever look into the inside of a watch? There you saw some very tiny wheels as well as larger ones. But what would happen if these little wheels were taken out? The watch would be of no use to keep time. So also you have a great part to do in making a good home, if you are very small.—*S&L*.