

myself twice as much if I know he's punished."

So he watched Tommy as closely as a cat would a mouse, but Tommy contrary to custom, was unusually studious, and as the hands of the clock neared the end of the half hour, Phil thought he would lose his opportunity; but "all things come to him who waits," and at last Phil saw Tommy raise his eyes. Instantly Phil's hand was up.

"Teacher," he exclaimed.

"What is it, Phil?"

"Tommy Smith's looking off his book."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him."

"Tommy," continued the teacher, "did you see Phil looking off his book?"

"No, ma'am, I didn't look up."

"Phil, are you quite sure you saw Tommy?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am, for I watched him," said Phil, positively.

"Then Phil, according to your statement, you looked off your book, and must be punished accordingly. Remain here until four o'clock. Boys, you can go."

The two hours Phil spent alone that July afternoon taught him a lesson he never forgot. Children do you know what it is?"

A Chinese Baby's Dress.

A baby's dress is not very elaborate in this country. It consists of a piece of blue cotton cloth about a yard square, well wadded. The baby is put in the middle, the little feet toward one corner. The corner next the left side is folded over the tiny hands; the one to the right is put over that; the one toward the feet is put over both. Then a strong string is wrapped around the whole, and the precious little parcel is kept as warm and comfortable as possible. It can kick too, and goo-goo, and is as happy a little baby as you ever saw. The corner of the square next the head is sometimes put over the little face, but generally the baby is free to look around and breathe.

Tree Toads.

Did you ever hear an odd little chirp from some tree or vine near the house?

When you caught the musician you found that it was a lively little green toad. He is not much like the great brown fellow who hops about the garden at dusk, catching the bugs and spiders which would soon spoil your pretty plants. Those of our country are, as I said, small and very near the colour of the leaves or bark of the trees to which they cling. They have some very curious relatives in other parts of the world. The mother-toads, in tropical Africa, put their eggs on leaves by the side of small streams. When the rain comes, it washes them into the water which will furnish them food after they are hatched. A good old lady toad's family in Martinique rides upon her back. In the Andes mamma toadie carries her baby in a sort of bag on her back.

In New Guinea there is a curious little fellow, which flies almost like a flying squirrel. His toes and fingers are webbed, and look like great fans outspread as he springs from limb to limb. They are only four inches in length, and the web of their hind foot expands to four square inches. You see that their feet are their most prominent feature. Nearly all the tree-toads are green or brown in colour. A kind Creator gives them all this colour

as a protection from their enemies, as it makes it more difficult to find them. One species frightens its foe by a luminous secretion; another gives forth a very strong pungent odor when attacked. Like their neighbour of the garden, they destroy many poisonous insects.

One bright little fellow is a natural barometer. To make useful he must be placed in a bottle, with a small ladder. Up this he climbs in pleasant weather, as if to enjoy the scene as any one else would. But if the clouds are gathering, or a storm threatens, down to the bottom of the bottle he goes until the weather improves once more.

Johnny's Fears.

Johnny had a great trial. He was sitting on the floor, looking over all his pictures, and baby toddled up and tore one right across, one of the very prettiest. Johnny called out, "O mamma, see!" and began to cry.

"Johnny," said mamma, as she took baby away, "did you know that tears are salt water?"

Johnny checked a sob and looked up. "No," he said with a great interest; "are they? How did you find out, mamma?"

"Oh, somebody told me when I was a little girl, and I tried a tear and found it was true."

"Real salt water?" asked Johnny.

"Yes, try and see."

Johnny would very gladly have tried if he could have found a tear. But by that time there was not one left, and his eyes were so clear and bright it was no use hoping for any more that time. He looked at the torn picture, but it did not make him feel badly any more. All he could think of was whether tears tasted like salt water.

"Next time I cry I will find out," he determined.

That very afternoon while climbing over the top of the rocking-chair he fell and got a great bump. It was too much for any little boy, and too much for Johnny, and he was just beginning to cry loudly when he happened to think what a good chance this was going to be to catch some tears. He put up his finger too quick in fact, for there had not a tear come yet worth mentioning, and now that his thoughts wandered from the bump, he could not seem to cry any more. So that chance was lost.

"I can't get a single tear to taste of, mamma!" he said ruefully.

Conscience.

There is a pretty fable of a great monarch who once gave to a much-loved subject a beautiful ring. It was set with precious stones, but it was not in these alone its value consisted. It was made of a peculiar metal, which had the power of contracting directly its owner did anything wrong. Though very large and loose at first, it became at times a painful encumbrance, which it was impossible to shake off or get rid of in any way.

I think that subject, if he was a wrongdoer, would rather have been without it. Don't you?

Now conscience is something like this ring; we feel its pressure when tempted to do wrong. Does it not accuse us continually? What child has departed from truthfulness, or done a mean action, without an inward twinge which dyes his cheek with shame? Well may we, under the stings of conscience, offer the prophet's confession, "O Lord, to us belongeth shame and confusion of face!"

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Never forget that these services were meant to be said not only on Sundays and Holy Days—but every day, and if there is not daily service in your parish, or if there are services, but you cannot attend them, you should always use parts of the Morning and Evening Service, for example, the Lessons, Creed, Psalms, or Collects, at your private devotion.

—In great national troubles, such as war, famine, pestilence, floods, fires, scourges, the good suffer with the wicked, but the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open to their prayer. When going through the greatest sufferings He is often preparing them for the greatest usefulness.

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