

we approached in our carriage, I greeted a stout fellow working in a field, who seemed to be a better sort of a laborer, or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some particulars relating to the neighborhood. He answered well enough, I was about to give him a sixpence, when Helen stayed my hand, and cried out in the old style—

“Hey, Donald, mon, dinna ye ken ye’r old fren’s?”

The man looked up in astonishment. It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was heightened by its style; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could induce him to enter our carriage and answer our numerous queries as to our old friends.

Different men start in life in different ways. I believe that mine, however, is the only instance on record of a gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.

THE ANGEL LIFE.

I was at a school examination a few days ago, and when a class stood up to read, the teacher selected a lesson in the Fourth Book, descriptive of the proceedings of the ichneumon-fly. This fly is provided with a sort of sting; and, seeing a caterpillar, she pierces him and leaves some of her eggs in his flesh, where they hatch into little worms. The most wonderful part of this proceeding is, that the caterpillar does not die, but goes on feeding and creeping about as before!

You have often heard that caterpillars, if no accident befall them, will become butterflies. And some good little boys I know, are very careful not to hurt the poor little caterpillars. They want to see as many butterflies as possible next year; and they know that for every caterpillar they kill, there would be one

butterfly less. If I find a caterpillar in the house, (for he doesn’t know I would rather not have him there, and so he comes in without invitation,) I carry him carefully out, and put him among the grass. You may ask “Where is the *butterfly* about him?” Ah, it’s there somewhere! There’s butterfly about him, or else he would never become a butterfly. Look at a grain of wheat. Where is the stalk and the leaf? It is there! You see that little knob near one end. That is the *germ*. Well, if you could unroll that little germ, you would find the stalk and leaves and ear of wheat all there, rolled up! And so with the caterpillar. He has butterfly-wings, all folded up, inside of his homely coat! But now happens a sad thing with the poor caterpillar which this fly has stung. He never comes out in butterfly shape the next spring, like the others! The *germ* of his butterfly-life has been destroyed by these little grubs. So ants destroy the germ of the wheat grains they store up for winter use, that they may not sprout and grow. The wheat seems as round and pretty as ever, but if it were sown, it would never grow. The little stalk and leaf, so beautifully rolled up in the germ, are gone. So with the caterpillar; the little butterfly hidden in his body, is killed; and when he dies, he never lives again.

Now, a good man, Archbishop Whately, thinking over this strange fact, tells us to mark how like sin were these grubs, and how like the caterpillars were we, when sin becomes deeply seated within us. The Fourth Book does not say anything of this, and so I could not help telling it to the class who were reading. Every little child has Angel wings all folded up within him, and he may hope one day to spread them in the heavenly air, and begin his Angel life. But he who allows sin to eat out his Angel life, will have no wings to spread! We cannot always tell when the wings are gone; but I think the person generally knows it himself. But I have known children who were sure *their* wings were safe. They seemed as if they felt them fluttering. They loved Christ so much, that they wished to fly home to him, if it were only his will to let them! Sometimes they get their wings much sooner than we parents wish! Dear little friends, are you sure your wings are safe?