

dew drops. I thought it but proper to withdraw to a distance, lest my visit might prove an intrusion. The creature soon returned to the feast, took its position under the wells, and sipped every one of them dry. It resumed its tapping, and, having opened a new fountain, went bobbing off to the right, halting and sipping as before. It again adjourned to the elm, and again regaled itself with more solid food:

"Miscuit utile dulci."

It seemed as if, with the labour of pecking, and the variety of dishes, the creature's appetite was improving, and I came away leaving appetite to take its course, without spectator, guest or rival.

Returning an hour later to the garden I found that three additional holes had been made. At mid-day the number had increased to thirty. I could not help admiring the elegance of the little work executed by the winged artist. The holes were scooped in the form of cups, and notwithstanding the rapidity with which the bird plied its art, and the roughness of the material on which it worked, the surfaces within were perfectly rounded and smooth.

"Materiam superabat opus."

In every clime and season, as we look around us over beautiful nature, the Providence of God comes out before our eyes in charming traits. Each quadruped, each bird, each plant, speaks of the Being, who, unseen, manifests Himself in His Works. Who else taught the wood-pecker to look for nutritious juice in the maple? Who taught it to scoop with taste, and in such a direction as to catch the descending sap? Whence came its knowledge, that the cups once emptied would fill a second time, and that, while they were filling, it might improve the time in another field of labour. Nature is, indeed, beautiful and instructive; but only when we look narrowly into it and beyond it, to its great and wise and bountiful Author, Him who gives to all His creatures the means of self-support and self-defence. When our Blessed Lord spoke of the unbounded confidence which we ought to have in our Heavenly Father, He took the birds of the air to illustrate His sweet doctrine. "Behold the birds of the air; for they neither sow nor do reap, nor gather into barns; and your Heavenly Father feedeth them." Then, recalling to us our own position and value before God, He concludes: "And are not you of much more value than they?"

M. M. M.

Dr. Emmons, a New England divine, met a pantheistical physician at the house of a sick parishioner. It was no place for a dispute; but the abrupt question of the pantheist was, "Mr. Emmons, how old are you?" "Sixty, sir; and how old are you?" "As old as creation," was the triumphant response. "Then you are the same age as Adam and Eve?" "Certainly, I was in the garden when they were." "I have always heard that there was a third party in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was you," rejoined the divine.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASONS.

By Cardinal Newman.

All is divine
Which the Highest has made.
Through the days that he wrought,
Till the day when he stay'd,—
Above and below,
Within and around,
From the centre of space
To its uttermost bound.

In beauty surpassing
The universe smiled
On the morn of its birth,
Like an innocent child,
Or like a rich bloom
Of some gorgeous flower;
And the Father rejoiced
In the work of his power.

Yet worlds brighter still,
And a brighter than those,
And a brighter again
He had made, had he chose;
And you never could name
That conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources
The Maker possessed.

But I know of one work
Of his infinite hand
Which special and singular
Ever must stand,
So perfect, so pure,
And of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence
Ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May,
And the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July
In its passionate noon,
Munificent August,
September serene,
Are together no match
For my glorious Queen.

O Mary! all months
And all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness
When they are gone.
And we give thee May,
Not because it is best,
But because it comes first,
And is pledge of the rest.

A great many people say what they don't mean in their prayers. A Scotchman went behind a fence to pray, and declared to the Lord that if the fence should fall on him it would be no more than he deserved. At that moment a high wind blew the fence over on the petitioner. He rose hastily from his knees and cried out in a frightened voice:—"Hech Lord! it's an awful world this: a body cannot say a thing in joke but it's taken in earnest."