

HOME AND SCHOOL

Vol. I.]

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1883.

[No. 10.]

Only a Baby's Grave.

ONLY a baby's grave—
Some foot or two at the most
Of star-dusted soil,
Yet I think that God
Knows what that little cost.

Only a baby's grave—
Strange, how we moan and fret
For a little face
That was here such a space—
Oh, more strange, could one forget!

Only a baby's grave—
Did we measure grief by this
Few tears were shed
On our baby dead—
I know how they fell on this.

Only a baby's grave—
Will the little life be much
Too small a gem
For His diadem,
Whose kingdom is made of such!

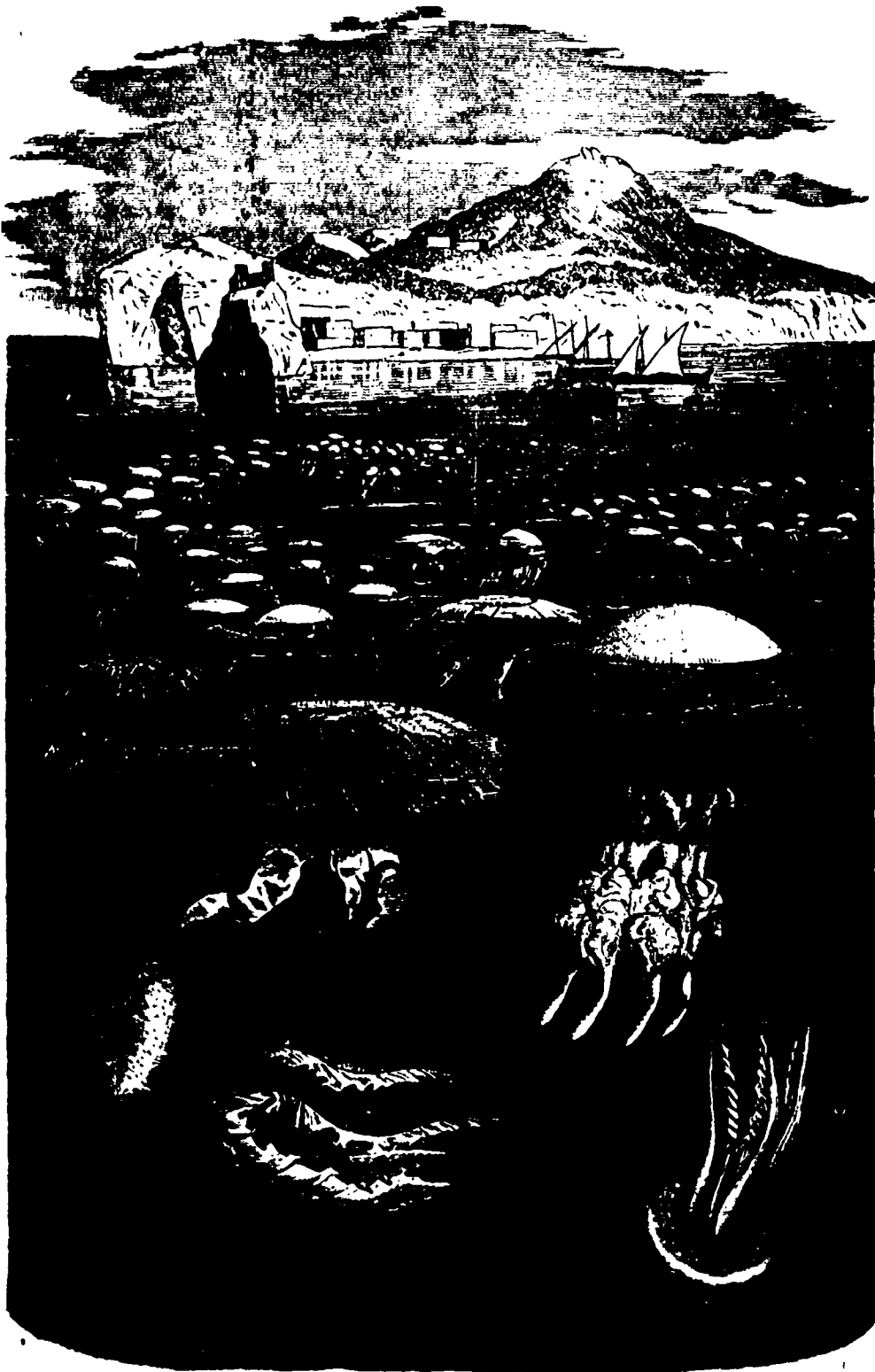
Only a baby's grave—
Yet oft may we come and sit
By the little stone,
And thank God to own
We are nearer to Him for it.

Wonders of the Deep.

ON a bright July day last summer, the present writer, with some friends, was sailing over the transparent waters that lave the rocky shores of the Island of Mount Desert. Numerous smaller islands rose in perpendicular rocky cliffs from the sea, much like that shown in the accompanying cut. It was delightful to glide along beneath the cliffs and watch the waves break along their base. In places great caves and gorges had been worn by the ceaseless action of the surf age after age.

The sea, too, was swarming with the delicate and beautiful objects shown in the cut. They glided by in fairy-like loveliness, glancing in the sunlight, and yet almost as transparent as glass. I took some out of the water to examine, but they fell into a shapeless mass of jelly, and only recovered their beauty when placed again in their native element.

When jelly-fish are seen lying in shapeless masses upon the beach, where they have been washed by the tide, their appearance is not attractive. It, however, we can watch them from the side of a boat, or from a long pier, as they dart through the water with their tentacles trailing after them, we



WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

shall soon learn to admire their graceful movements and their elegant colours. There is something very interesting, too, in these little inhabitants of the great deep. They are such soft and helpless little things, and yet they live and have their own good times if only the boisterous waves do not catch them and fling them too harshly against the rough shore.

Jelly-fish consist of a single bell-shaped mass of jelly, from the inner surface of which hangs the body of the animal, with the mouth in the centre. The mouth opens directly into the stomach, from which several hollow tubes, (usually four) extend to a circular tube around the edge of the bell. And they are often found floating in large companies. Jelly-fish are often propelled by alternately taking in and throwing out water under the bell. This gives them a jerking movement, which looks as if it were caused by breathing. They come to the surface chiefly when the water is quiet, and, as they like the warm sun, you will not see many of them at an early hour in the day. They are easily alarmed. If they meet with an obstacle in their course, or if they are touched by an enemy, the bell contracts, the tentacles are instantly drawn up, and the creature sinks in the water.

Delicate fringes and tentacles hang from the lower edge of the bell, adding greatly to its beauty. The tentacles are often many feet long, yet the animal has the power of drawing them up so that they are not visible. This curious power of contracting and expanding the tentacles belongs to many humble sea-creatures, and you will be greatly interested in watching their movements. Sometimes, while we are still wondering at their disappearance, they lengthen again as if by magic. The tentacles of jelly-fish are covered with a great many lasso-cells. These lasso cells are too small to be seen without a microscope; still, they are powerful weapons in their way, and are quite sufficient to enable the jelly-fish to catch its food. Many of you know how the skilful hunter uses a lasso for catching wild cattle. The jelly-fish uses