

an alkali. You remember they gave her lemon juice—that's an acid.

'Why couldn't they have given her vinegar?' said John. 'Isn't that an acid?'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Wilson, 'it would have been very good, too.'

'I should think that sometimes people would take acids and get poisoned,' said John.

'You are quite right,' said Mr. Wilson; 'they do, and then you have to give them an alkali, which would be, for instance aromatic spirits of ammonia, or our friend baking soda; but another thing, the acid would injure the walls of the stomach, and you would give milk, or the whites of eggs, or flour stirred in water besides.'

'Well, I fear it's going to be rather hard work to study medicines, if this is a part of it,' Guardie, said John; 'but I think I'll like it.'—Presbyterian Witness.

### The Turkey's Nest.

(Frank H. Sweet, in the 'Sunday School Times'.)

'If you find the nest,' said Farmer Brown, With a twinkle in his eye,  
'You shall have the nicest thing in town That a dollar bill will buy.  
But, mind you, it is no children's play For that sly old turkey hen  
Has often stolen her nest away, And has puzzled all my men.'

Across the fields and into the wood,  
And down by the running brook,  
Among the logs where the old mill stood,  
Into every sort of nook,—  
And one by one they gave up the quest,  
Bobbie and Jack and Fred.  
'We never could find that turkey's nest  
If we searched a month,' they said.

The fields were wide, and the hills were steep,  
And the baby's years were few;  
And she lagged behind and went to sleep  
Where the alder bushes grew.  
And the turkey did not see her guest  
As she sought her eggs to set,  
So baby awoke and found the nest,—  
And they are wondering yet.

### An Old-fashioned Virtue.

'Mamma, do I have to wear this great, awful heavy coat to-day? It's just boiling! I can't stand it! It's ridiculous!'

This was shrieked in a sweet, high, fretful soprano by an otherwise lovely girl.

'Yes, my dear,' answered the mother, mildly. 'This kind of weather is treacherous. It isn't safe to put on thin things! You do not realize what a chill there is in the air.'

The girl put on a look of despair, and declared she could not live under such circumstances. She said all the other girls wore thin things, and it was 'ridiculous.' She even went so far as to tell her mother that she did not know about the weather—that she had not been out—and implied that her mother was wholly unfit to govern her actions. She first dropped in a dismal heap on the sofa, and declared with tears that she 'wouldn't go a step, then, for she wasn't going to have the girls make fun of her,' but when she saw that had no effect, she slammed out of the door with a vindictive look at the patient mother, who sat sewing on a new dress for her, and I think if she could have seen the pained look in that gentle face she would have forgotten her companions who were waiting for her outside, and have come back to drop in new humiliation at that dear mother's feet.

Mothers have been through a great deal of pain and sorrow and patient endurance for their girls and boys. You will never know until you have had children of your own how much anxiety and waiting-on and care you took. It is right you should give them reverence and curb your own impatience.

'My mother hasn't got me a thick coat yet,' declared one of the maidens who were waiting outside. 'She said it was no use, for she knew I wouldn't put it on if she did.' This with a superior toss of the head that made the girl in the heavy coat feel more and more rebellious against the dear mother who had commanded that it be worn.

The Chinese have one beautiful virtue. They carry it, perhaps, too far, honoring their par-

### THE LIZARD.

I don't think I can do better than tell you something about a little friend of mine here, that occupies the same sitting-room with me, and sometimes makes it a bit lively. It is not a baby, nor a cat, nor a dog, nor a monkey, though either of these would at times make it lively enough. It is only a little lizard, just like what you see here in the picture. I dare say, you would not care to have any of these creatures in the room with you, except perhaps in a cage. But if you were in India you couldn't help it. They just come to stay day and night, and don't ask your leave, and there may be half-a-dozen of them there at a time. You see, in India we keep

but he has spied it, and, like a flash, he is round the two corners and within a couple of feet of it. But there he suddenly stops. The rush of him would startle the spider and his game would be up—so he stops, and now begins a policy of cunning, quiet stealth. With his eyes fixed on his prey he gently moves a little bit forward, and then another little bit; crawling, crawling, slowly yet steadily forward until he reaches striking distance, and then, with a sudden dash and open mouth, he is on the unhappy creature, which waited just a second too long, and is now inside those cruel jaws.

Though the lizard has often to wait a good while for the arrival for his lunch or supper, as the case may be, there are times when his



the doors and windows wide open all the day, and the windows, at least, at night also, so that almost anything that can jump or fly can easily come in if it likes.

But it really doesn't matter about our nimble little friends, the lizards, for they are quite harmless and prefer the walls to any other place to stay on; and, if there are any pictures hanging on the walls, they love to be behind them, out of sight and harm. But they don't stay there always. Certainly not; for they must have food, and they won't get that behind the pictures, but on the open walls. So the walls are their great hunting-ground, and the best time for the work is when the lamps are lit at night. It is then that all insects, of all sorts and sizes, attracted by the light, come in from the outside and fly about the room, and our friend the lizard, who lives mostly on insects, is on the watch for one to alight on a wall.

Hallo! There is a fine, fat spider stopped for a second on a picture. Now watch Mr. Lizard. He is on the opposite wall from it,

meals literally crowd upon him. In the moon or rainy season moths and large flies of various kinds, beetles of all sorts and sizes, with many other winged and unwinged creatures, gather into the house, and especially at night, when the lamps are lit, come in through the windows and make themselves at home with you as you sit in your study or drawing-room. This is the lizard's harvest. Scores and scores of these insects will be on the walls at a time, and every lizard in the room will be out for the feast. Such a chasing and catching and gobbling then you never saw, until surfeit says enough, and the hunters reluctantly retire behind their pictures full to the muzzle.

A curious thing about the lizard is the delicacy of its tail. It is so easily disjoined that sometimes a fall from the ceiling will knock it off; and sometimes where two have a fight on the wall over a fly, and perhaps both come down thud on the floor, the result will be at least one stumpy lizard to return and a tail left behind.—'Daybreak.'

ents to such a degree that they almost worship them, even when they have such as are utterly unworthy of worship. But we certainly could learn something from them in the way of reverence.—Grace Livingstone Hill-Lutz, in 'Youth's World.'

### Unseen Dangers

Dr. Francis E. Clark, tells an interesting story of a young man living in Maine, who was out in the woods one day with his camera taking photographs of attractive bits of scenery. He came upon the mouth of a little cavern between the rocks, and he said to himself, 'I will see what sort of a picture I can get out of that cave,' and as it was a dark day he decided to take a 'time exposure' instead of a 'snap shot.' Steadying the camera upon his knee as well as he could at the edge of the cave, he gave the sensitive plate a long, deliberate look at the semi-darkness within, went upon his way through the woods, and after a few hours returned to his home. Several weeks afterward, in a leisure day, on developing his picture, you can imagine his astonishment to see in the picture in the very centre of the cavern, with arched back and bristling fur, and within springing distance of

the spot where he had laboriously balanced his camera, a huge Canada lynx, that might easily have torn his eyes out and have destroyed his life, and yet he came and went and saw no signs of danger.

We walk in the midst of physical and moral perils every day in life. How splendid the promise, 'He that keepeth these shall neither slumber nor sleep.'—'King's Own.'

### Master of Your Surroundings.

Which is the stronger, yourself or your surroundings? There is no question but that the soul may be master if it will, but how often we see the nature weakened by luxury, or else made hard and unsympathetic by poverty, the material surroundings taking control and ruling the rightful king!

Whether your surroundings are pleasant or the reverse, dominate them. Do not let a soft bed and a bountiful table master your ambitions and weaken your resolutions. Do not let a shabby coat and a bare room drag down your ideals or shake your confidence in yourself and in God. Whether your lot is cast in gardens or in desert wastes, you can be master of your surroundings, and king of yourself. 'Young People's Weekly.'