


that great big wasp up that veranda pillar, fifteen feet high! 'Whew!' said I to myself, 'this is intensely interesting, and I must remain and see the end of it.' The ascent began, the ants having not once relinquished their hungry grasp on his deadness. Father and mother, lads and lasses, uncles, aunts, cousins, and baby ants now came to aid in raising Sir Wasp heavenward. Instead of there being a dozen, there must have been three times that number engaged in the tug of war. Up and up they went, and in another ten minutes had reached the top of the pillar. I had espied a large lizard watching their operations, and I thought that just here he might seize their prey, and then all their labour would amount to nothing. But no; evidently his lizardship did not relish wasps, or very likely he had been stung by one of them some time. And so the ants went on their way unmolested, and in two or three minutes more were safely housed with their booty in their lofty home, there to enjoy a grand feast upon the fruits of their labour, or to store it away for some cooler weather. The whole feat was performed inside half an hour, and gave me a greater relish for my work. So I went to my books moralizing on the power and wisdom of little things, thanking the All-father for the lesson afforded me by the little inhabitants of antdom."

GIVING.

 ES, I always give for missions and everything else," said Phil. "I give something every Sunday, don't you?"

"Why, no—I give five or ten cents when I think I can spare it, when I have a good deal of money and don't want it all for anything," said Tom.

"I give whatever papa or mamma give me for it," said James. "Sometimes it's more and sometimes it's less."

"Oh, I always give my own money," said Phil. "I don't think it's any giving at all unless you do that."

"Yours is the best way, I'm sure," said Tom, soberly. "They say it's the regular giving that counts. And then, of course, what you give is just so much out of what you'd like to spend on yourself."

"Yes," said Phil, feeling very self-denying and virtuous.

"I am going to try your way," said Tom. "And I'm going to keep an account and see what it will amount to."

The three boys were on their way home from Sunday-school, where they had heard, from a missionary, some very interesting accounts of the great work which is going on in Africa. He had treated his subject with all the power which comes of a heart glowing with zeal in the grand work to which he had devoted his life, and love for the poor creatures whose eyes had learned to look to him in earnest seeking for the knowledge of the way of life.

And as heart always awakens heart he had succeeded in deeply stirring the sympathies of his young hearers as he told of lives wretched and degraded in this world and hopeless as regards any other; of down-trodden women and

neglected children who are crying out to those in our favoured land: "Come over and help us."

So that many of them went away with the solemn feeling that they should, in some sense, be held answerable if they did not strive to hold out a helping hand to those in such sore need. For the present it was plain that missionary interest was to be centred in the Dark Continent, and little societies were formed among Sunday-school children, they believing it would be pleasanter to put their gifts together than to offer them separately.

Several boys came to Phil's house on the next afternoon to talk it over, and Phil brought his account-book to put down their names as the first members of their society, with a preamble in which occurred many high-sounding words setting forth their resolves and intentions.

"What's this, Phil?" asked his uncle, picking up the book on the same evening after tea.

"O, that's my account-book, uncle. I brought it down to take names and draw up resolutions for our missionary society."

"May I read it, or is it a secret organization?"

"Certainly you can. I am simply, you know, trying to work up the idea of liberal giving among the boys."

"A most excellent idea," said his uncle, concealing his amusement at Phil's rather pompous tone. "Let me see—bananas, twenty-five cents; soda water ten cents; peanuts, twenty-five cents; bat, thirty-five cents; candy, fifteen cents; base-ball cap, seventy-five cents; Sunday-school, six cents—"

"O stop, Uncle George, that isn't it. That's when I was visiting at cousin Tom's, and I promised mamma I'd put down every cent I spent."

But Uncle George seemed not to hear and went on.

"Peanuts, fifteen cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; getting shoe mended, forty cents; soda water, ten cents; missionaries, five cents; getting bat mended, fifteen cents; lemonade for the boys, fifty cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; collection in church, two cents."

"Please give me the book, uncle."

"I'm glad you don't forget your charitable duties, Phil," said his uncle, giving up the book with rather a mischievous smile.

Phil took it in some confusion. He had heretofore thought but little more of his spending than to remember his mother's wish that he should keep an account of the money with which she kept him so liberally supplied. Now, in looking over his hasty entries, he was astonished.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, as he added up one page, "two dollars and ninety cents for eating and play, and seventeen cents for giving. And I bragging to the boys what a good thing it is to give regularly!"


He was a conscientious boy, and his heart smote him as he ran over the long list and thought with his newly-awakened feelings of the bread of life which that much money might have carried to starving souls. If his mother had aimed to teach him a lesson through his account book she had not failed.

He got up at last and stood before the glass.

"Now, my young man," he said,

shaking his head very threateningly at the boyish face he saw there, "you know very well that a quarter for peanuts doesn't look any larger to you than a pin's head, and that a quarter for giving looks as big as a cart wheel—but that's got to stop sir! This book isn't going to hold any more accounts of dollars for trash and cents for Sunday-school."—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE "THANK YOU" PRAYER.

 NCE upon a time I listened,
Listened while the quick tears glistened
'Neath the drooping lids that hid them, as a
little prattler said,
While a father's arms caressing,
Round the precious form were pressing,
And against his pillowing bosom lay a dainty
curl-ringed head.

"Papa," spoke the little trembler,
"Papa, dear, do you remember
When that gentleman was here to tea, his
sober, solemn air?
How he bent his head down lowly,
And his words came soft and slowly,
As he prayed to God in heaven such a pretty
'thank-you' prayer?"

"And I wondered all about it;
For, of course, I couldn't doubt it
Was a funny way that made us be so kind to
one another.

To say 'thank you' for each present,
In a way so very pleasant,
And forget that God might like it: so I asked
my darling mother.

"But she looked at me so queerly,
And her eyes were very nearly
Full of crying, and I left her, but I want to
know real bad!"


Here the shy eyes lifted brightly—
"Is it treating God politely,
When he gives us things, to never mind, nor
tell Him we are glad?"

"And since then I've been thinking—
Papa, dear, why are you winking?"
For a slow sob shook the strong man, as each
keen, unconscious word
Pierced him, all the past unveiling,
All the cold neglect and failing,
All the thoughtless, dumb receipt—how the
heedless heart was stirred!

"God is good, and Jesus blessed them,
And his sacred arm caressed them,"
Murmuring thus he touched the child-brow
with a passionate, swift kiss
Of the little one beside him,
Of the angel sent to chide him,
And a "thank-you prayer," ah, never more
his living lips shall miss!

—*Woman at Work.*

SPRINGTIME.

 RE you not glad that spring is
coming, boys and girls? beautiful
spring, with blue skies and
mild breezes, and fresh, sweet
odors of leaf and flower?

I know you are. Spring has been a
delight to hosts and hosts of people in
all generations, and thousands of poets
have sung her praises. I am going to
print for you to-day one of these poems
—one of the smallest of them all. It
was written by an English poet who is
still living; his name is Robert Brown-
ing. Although an Englishman, he has
lived for many a long year in Italy,
and it was there that he wrote this fer-
vent little bit of poetry. He called it
"Home Thoughts from Abroad," and
I fancy he was a little bit homesick
under the bright Italian sky, when he
tried to think how it would seem to
wake up in his dear old English home
that April morning, and to find every-
thing as he describes it in the first
stanza of the little poem. Spring is
later in our Northern States than in
England, but it is no less lovely when
it comes. Keep your eyes and ears
wide open this year, and notice all the

buds, and blossoms, and insects and
birds, and see if you do not think this
the most wonderful spring you have
ever known.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

O, to be in England, now that April's there!
When whoever wakes in England sees some
morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the bushwood
sheaf

'Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf;
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard
bough

In England—now!
And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds and all the
swallows,

Hark! how my blossomed pear-tree in the
hedge
Leans to the field, and scatters on the
clover


Blossoms and dew-drops from the bent spray's
edge!

That's the wise thrush! he sings each song
twice over,
Lest you should think he never could re-
capture

The first fine careless rapture!
And all the fields are white with hoary dew,
Which will be gay when noontide wakes
anew

The buttercup, the little children's dower,
Far brighter than this gaudy passion flower!

KNOWING HOW TO DO IT.

 HEN an accident occurs in-
advertently, or through care-
lessness, it is useless to fret
and cry about it. If it is possible, set
to work at once and remedy the mis-
chief. There were both good sense
and philosophy in the way gladness
was brought out of grief in the case
described below.

Frank was playing about the well-
curb with his new penknife in his hand,
when, to his great sorrow, he dropped
the knife into the depths below. He
heard it ringing and saw it glancing
down the old mossy stones, and was
almost tempted to spring down after it,
in his distress and vexation. As it
was he could only go into the house
and tell his grief to his mother, who
sympathized with him, and very likely
took occasion to tell him what a good
thing it was to be careful, and all that.

Uncle John sat by the window, and
when he had heard about the accident
he asked, "Was the knife open?"

"Yes, sir; I was making a fiddle
out of a shingle."

"Well, don't give up until we see
what can be done."

So he took a small looking-glass to
the well, and directed a bright sunbeam
to search diligently in the bottom for
the missing knife.

"There it is, Uncle; O there it is!"
shouted Frank, in great excitement.
"I see the pearl handle. Now if the
sunbeam could only fish it up," he
added more sorrowfully.

Uncle said nothing, but walked into
the house, and pretty soon came out
with a large horseshoe magnet attached
to a stout string. Very carefully he
lowered the magnet, keeping the sun-
beam fixed on the knife, and presently
the magnet touched the bright steel.
It clung fast to the bar, and was
literally fished up by it, to the great
joy of Frank and the admiration of all
beholders.

You see what a good thing a little
science is!

"I CHALLENGE any man who under-
stands the nature of spirits, and yet
for the sake of gain continues to be in
the traffic, to show that he is not in-
volved in the guilt of murder."—
Lyman Beecher.