

ingly; for nothing would have induced him to place himself within the sphere of her attraction again, and, therefore, he laid it upon me, in the most solemn manner, to do all in my power to bring Laura home to her God, if I ever had the opportunity. I undertook the charge, Bertrand; his earnestness acted upon me with a sort of magnetic power, and I could not have refused, even had I wished it. But I thought it most likely I should never come across her on this earth again, and now that I have so unexpectedly been brought to her, I do entirely believe, Bertrand, that it is in answer to John's prayers for her, incessantly offered to the last moment of his life, and for the same reason I believe that I shall be allowed to bring her back to her Redeemer; for, although personally I should be utterly weak and incapable of such a task, yet I do think that I shall be able to accomplish it by means of Pemberton himself. I think his beautiful history will touch her heart as with a ray of divine light. She does not even know at present that he is dead, or anything of the life he lead after he parted from her; but, surely, when I have told her all as I hope to do, she too will learn to desire that Deathless Love for which he was so glad to die."

And as Mary remembered the look that had been on John Pemberton's face when he spoke to her of his longing to depart, but a few hours before his death, the tears rose suddenly to her eyes, and she hid her face upon her husband's shoulder.

(To be Continued.)

THE OWL THAT THOUGHT HE COULD SING.

"What can bring the people into the groves to hear those nightingales sing?" said an owlet to his mother.

The old owl didn't know, and she didn't care—she was busy watching a bat.

"I am sure I have as fine a voice as any nightingale, and far stronger."

"Stronger, certainly, my son," said the owl, with a blink, for the bat had escaped.

"I shall go into the grove to-night, and give them a song," said the owlet.

The owl opened her round eyes very wide, but said nothing.

Accordingly when the night came, and the hour for the sweet thrilling of the singing birds drew near, he flew heavily along, and placed himself in a conspicuous part of the grove, that he might be seen and heard to a proper advantage.

Now the nightingales did not by any means admire the prospect either of his company or his co-operation in their concert; so those who were bent on singing sought another grove, while those who were content to be quiet for the night kept snugly at roost.

"Where can the nightingales be?" said the people who came to hear them.

Upon this the owlet set up a hoot so loud and so long that it nearly frightened them into fits.

"That creature has terrified them, and scared them all away," said one. "I will soon dispatch him. Where's my gun?"

But the disconcerted owlet took the hint, and before the gun came he had got back to his mother.

"Your feathers are ruffled, my son. Have you been singing?"

The owlet reluctantly related his disgrace and narrow escape.

"It is just what I expected, and I am glad you are safe back."

"Then why did you suffer me to go?" said the owl, indignantly.

"Because I was sure it was a point on which nothing but experience could con-

vince you. I don't understand music, and cannot tell you why people should take the trouble to go and hear nightingales sing, and at the same time shoot owls for hooting, but I know it to be a fact. There is much difference between our voices, which I can discern myself every time I hoot. Ours may be superior for anything I know; but as the prejudice of the public mind is strong on the other side, I shouldn't think of disputing the point; and probably, now you have experienced the effect of your performance on their ears, you will be satisfied, with me, to leave them alone in their mistake.—Mrs. Prosser's Fables.

CHILDREN'S GARDENS.

I wish every mother in the country knew the great satisfaction to be derived from the little plots of land the children cultivate as their own. No matter how small, it has a peculiar charm, and its mixed and incongruous plantings often yield astonishing results. No radishes so crisp as those your little son will lay beside your plate, the reward for his toil and care. No flowers so beautiful as those your loving daughter in some bright spring morning, nurtured and tended by her own hands. The earliest hepatica of the woods grows serenely in the shadow of May's tree, and wild violets flourish in Annie's gentle care.

In our own home each child has a plot of ground and an apple-tree, the fruit of which, always fair and beautiful, is shared generously, and the surplus sold for pocket money. Sometimes an early melon finds its way to our table from the garden of one of our industrious boys, and is praised and appreciated as a reward for his labor. Little two-year-old has a garden too, and while we try to teach him not to pull up the happy family of flowers and vegetables that thrive there, we delight in his glad murmur as he roams like a true Bohemian in the summer sunshine, saying, "My garde, my garde," and taking a whole potato from the cellar where his restless feet often wander he plants it just deep enough for the hens to pick out, and nothing daunted sows a handful of peas over it. But as he grows older he will learn that this is not the road to success, and try to copy the care and vigilance displayed by his elders. Even "Baby Hope" has a little circle filled with sweet wild flowers, brought from the woods this spring, "to be ready when she can gather them," the children say—and our eager young botanists are ever ready to search for a new flower to transplant into "Hope's garden." By such innocent pleasures home is made happy and beautified.—Rural New Yorker.

PETTY DECEPTION.

There are now-a-days very many people who flatter themselves that they are very good and pious, that they would scorn to lie or cheat, or enact an out-and-out wicked deception, who are yet constantly skirmishing all along the line of upright dealing, without coming fairly and squarely up to it. The time has come when all this fencing and dodging, this scheming and wire pulling, these petty deceptions and so-called innocent little frauds, should be branded with their right names. When the line of right should be very distinctly drawn, especially in our example and in our teaching the young. Intentional deception slyly and wickedly enacted is a lie. Taking people's money without a fair equivalent is stealing. Private use and embezzlement of trust funds is a high crime; and offerings ostentatiously laid at the feet of God's servants, are not always what they seem.

HOW THE RUST GROWS.

The transformations in the growth of a butterfly are so evident that the merest school-boy may try the experiment and observe the truth of it for himself; but in the rust the objects are so very small that the changes can only be seen by the keen eyes of skilled observers, aided by the best powers of the microscope. Beginning with the spores of the mature rust-plant, as seen in the black stains on the old stubble of any grain-field, it will be found that when the warm and moist days of spring come these spores germinate, producing in a few days a short stem bearing a crop of other spores of very much smaller size. To avoid confusion, these must be called by their scientific name, *sporidia*, while the parent spores are the *teleutospores*. The sporidia have never been seen or made to grow upon the grain; but when they find their way to the leaves of a barberry bush, they soon begin to germinate, and make themselves manifest on the under surface of the leaves in what are commonly known as "cluster cups." The interior of these pretty little cups are closely packed with spores of a still different kind, styled the *acidium* spores. These will not grow upon the barberry, but when they fall upon a blade or stock of grain, they soon produce the yellow rusty covering so often seen as the grain is beginning to ripen, and caused by a multitude of *uredo* spores. Later in the season this *uredo* state produces the final, perfect teleutospores, thus completing the circuit of life in this little rust-plant. Long before this rust was discovered to be a plant, farmers had noticed that there was a close relation between it and the barberry, and at present the latter is being rapidly destroyed with good results, though it can scarcely be expected that the rust-plant will thereby become extinct, as probably the *acidium* state grows on other than the barberry, though not yet discovered elsewhere. This is an excellent illustration of polymorphism, so common among fungi, and it also answers well to show the vast number of spores these microscopic plants produce. The teleutospore usually bears from five to ten sporidia, and allowing that only one of these finds the barberry leaf, there may be from one to fifty cluster cups as the result. In our case suppose only one, and a low estimate for its contents would be 250,000 *acidium* spores, and if only one in a thousand finds a place on the grain-stalk, and each brings forth its 250,000 fold, there would be under such circumstances 62,500,000 spores from the single one with which we started. Taking the same teleutospore, and supposing every spore in all the stages found its place to fill it, the result would be 1,562,500,000,000,000,000 spores, which may be looked upon as its true descendants for the season. Or giving each inhabitant of the globe his equal share of these reproductive bodies, he would have nearly as many as there are individuals in the whole human race. This may seem like a very large story about a very small matter, but it is not the only strange truth the microscope has revealed.—Scribner's Magazine.

We are too apt, in our wonder and our applause, at the height to which a man has attained against all odds, to forget to note whether his steps up the incline have been clean and justly taken.

Thou can't make death's awful summons
Angel whispers to mine ear;
Chilling blood and breaking heart strings
Thrills of joy if Thou art near!
Waiting, working, praying, hoping,
While the shadows creep apace,
Clinging to thee—resting on thee,
Death is but thy crowning grace!

—Brunot.