

glass under a microscope, and each particle of the dust will reveal itself as a perfect symmetrical feather.

Give your arm a slight prick, so as to draw a small drop of blood; mix the blood with a drop of vinegar and water, and place it upon the glass side under the microscope. You will discover that the red matter of the blood is formed of innumerable globules or disks, which, though so small as to be separately invisible to the naked eye, appear under the microscope each larger than the letter of this print.

Take a drop of water from a stagnant pool or ditch, or sluggish brook, dipping it from among the green vegetable matter on the surface. On holding the water to the light it will look a little milky; but on placing the smallest drop under the microscope, you will find it swarming with hundreds of strange animals that are swimming about in it with the greatest vivacity. These animalcules exist in such multitudes that any effort to conceive of their numbers bewilders the imagination.

The invisible universe of created beings is the most wonderful of all the revelations of the microscope. During the whole of a man's existence on the earth, while he has been fighting, taming and studying the lower animals which were visible to his sight, he has been surrounded by these other multitudes of the earth's inhabitants without any suspicion of their existence! In endless variety of form and structure they are bustling through their active lives—pursuing their prey—defending their persons—waging their wars—prosecuting their amours—multiplying their species—and ending their careers; countless hosts at each tick of the clock passing out of existence, and making way for new hosts that are following in endless succession. What other field of creation may yet, by some inconceivable methods, be revealed to our knowledge?

THE DOG WHO FOUND A DOCTOR.

Now I will tell you a strange story of a dog, but it a story which I know to be true. There was a good man who was a doctor, and whose name was Day.

Once, as Dr. Day was riding home in

his gig, he saw by the road-side a poor dog who seemed to be in much pain. The dog would cry and hold up his paw, as much as to say, "Do look at my poor paw! You do not know how much it pains me."

Dr. Day was a kind man. So he said to his horse, "Ho! Stop here, old horse, and let us see what ails this little dog."

So the horse stood still; and Dr. Day got out of his gig, and went to look at the paw of the poor dog. He found that a big thorn had run into the paw, and had made the paw so sore that the poor dog could not walk to its own home.

Then Dr. Day took the dog up in his arms, and put him in the gig, and drove home to his own house; and there Dr. Day took the thorn out of the paw of the dog, and bound the paw up in a rag, and gave the dog some nice milk for his supper.

So the dog stayed in the house till he was quite well, and could run and play and frisk once more; and then Dr. Day opened the door, and said to the dog, "Now, little dog, you are quite well, and you can run home to your master if you want to."

And the dog barked, and put his fore feet against Dr. Day, as if he wished to thank him for all that he had done. And the doctor said "Good-by!" and the little dog trotted off to his own home, where he could see his master once more.

Some weeks passed by, when one day as the doctor sat in his room, he heard a noise at the front door. "Bow, wow, wow! bow, wow, wow! bow, wow, wow!" That was the noise. And each bow, wow, wow, was louder than the last.

So Dr. Day got up to see what it all meant; and when he was at the door, what do you think he saw? I will tell you what he saw. He saw two dogs on the door-step; and one was his old friend from whose foot he once took the thorn, and the other was a poor dog who was lame and sick.

Now, when the dog who had once had the thorn in his foot saw Dr. Day, this dog ran up to him and licked his feet, and barked to show that he was glad to see him. And then this dog looked up in the face of Dr. Day, and then ran to