

ion, they positively refuse to accept a queen again, and instantly assassinate any that may be presented. But the premier has succeeded, after disturbing their nest and putting a few of the ants with a new queen, in having them accept the situation and form a new government with this nucleus of monarchy.

This same careful observer tells us they readily understand each other. When an aunt goes back from a bit of food, which she is unable by her own strength to stir, she can and does communicate in some way to her fellow ants the need of help. They clearly understand her message, and they prepare to assist her. Still, ants must be great gossips, for it appears they really have no confidence in her information. What they see with their own eyes fills them with the utmost eagerness, but what they learn from others they accept with a huge grain of caution. In fact they are somewhat like many so called Christians who, like Thomas, must have put their hands into the points of the nails ere they believe. They usually go with the messenger, but without spirit, without genuine earnestness until they see with their own eyes that her story is true. Then they are all urgency and life and fire, they act with the utmost "go," and cannot reach the provisions too soon. Hearing with the ear has little effect on them. The story is a pleasant one, no doubt, and soothes them, but they hear the words only, and heed them not. Is not this, too, like grown up men and women?

Time is the greatest of all tyrants. As we go on toward age he taxes our health, limbs, faculties, strength and features.

THE GREAT AND LITTLE ONES.

The Emperor of Germany one day was present at a school examination. The children had been asked several questions on Natural History, and had given some specimens of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms. Then the Emperor with a smile said: "Well, but which of you, dear children, can tell me to which kingdom I belong?"

A deep silence followed this question, for the children could only think of one answer, and that they did not dare to give.

At last a little child of six years held up her hand. The Emperor approached, and timidly the young voice said:

"To the Heavenly Kingdom."

A pronounced vein of humor must certainly have run through the country curate who said to his flock: "I fear, when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say 'specie,' which may account for the smallness of the collection. I hope you will prove by your present contributions that you no longer labor under the same mistake."

NOTICE,—to Localizers and others
—All correspondence for CHURCH WORK must be addressed to REV. JOHN AMBROSE, Digby, Nova Scotia, as this magazine is now printed in that town.

PRICE.—Single Copies of CHURCH WORK, 30 cents a year. Twenty-five or more Copies to one address, 25 cents a year each, strictly in advance. Editor and Proprietor, REV. DR. AMBROSE, Digby, N. S., to whom all subscriptions are to be advanced.