

ously, 'I guess you don't rightly understand that when I came here just now it looked much more than likely that all your life would be over in about five minutes. I reckon you're wuth a heap more to your mother than a picture o' sea-doves' eggs is wuth to you.'

The young naturalist did not feel it then, but the day soon came when he realized the debt of gratitude he owed the old captain and his wife.

A Thirsty Orchid.

A most interesting plant that draws water for itself when thirsty has recently been found in South America. The Chicago 'Inter-Ocean' describes it:—

'One hot afternoon,' says Mr. Suverkrop, the discoverer, 'I sat down under some brushwood at the side of a lagoon on the Rio de la Plata. Near at hand there was a forest of dead trees, which had actually been choked to death by orchids and climbing cacti. In front of me, and stretching over the water of the lagoon and about a foot above it, was a branch of one of these dead trees. Here and there clusters of common "planta del ayre" grew on it and a network of green cacti twined round it.'

'Among the orchids I noted one different from the rest, the leaves, sharp, lance-head shaped, growing all round the root and radiating from it. From the centre or axis of the plant hung a long, slender stem about one-eighth of an inch thick by one-fourth inch wide, the lower end of which was in the water to a depth of about four inches.'

'I at once went over to examine my discovery. Imagine my surprise, when I touched the plant, to see this centre stem gradually contract and convulsively roll itself up in a spiral-like roll of tape.'

'But more surprising yet was the object and construction of this stem. I found on close examination and dissection that it was a long, slender, flat tube, the walls about one-thirty-second of an inch thick, cellular in construction, open at the outer end, and connected at the inner to the roots of a series of hair-like tubes.'

'By subsequent observation I found that when the plant was in want of water this tube would gradually unwind till it dipped into the water. Then it would slowly coil round and wind up, carrying with it the amount of water that that part of the tube which had been immersed contained, until when the final coil was taken the water was dumped, as it were, direct into the roots of the plant. The coil remained in this position until the plant required more water. Should the plant, however, be touched while the tube is extended the orchid acts like the sensitive plant (mimosa) and the coiling is more rapid.'

FROM THE REV. J. MAY, FRANKTOWN, ONT.

Franktown, Ont.,
Sept. 8, 1902.

Messrs. J. Dougall & Son, Montreal:

Gentlemen,—I am much pleased to learn that you propose to bind our 'World Wides' for us if sufficiently encouraged. You may put my name on your list. I cannot tell you how much I value this noble publication. Some of the articles are most admirable, whilst all are good. I eagerly devour it every week. It is just what was long wanted on this Continent, and its failure, from lack of adequate appreciation, would be a disgrace to Canada. It is good value for ten times its cost, and I wish you all success in this noble venture. Yours truly,

J. MAY.

How the Lee Boys Reformed

(By Mary Sweet Potter, in 'Christian Work'.)

'Now, boys,' said Mrs. Lee, as she left the dining room with the baby on her arm to soothe him to sleep in the cool, quiet nursery, 'be sure to do your chores well this morning; it helps me so much, and I have a hard day's work to do.'

The three boys, finishing their breakfast, started out with the intention of obeying their mother; but the morning was so pleasant that their minds turned longingly on certain pleasures which had been planned since the Saturday before and the very birds seemed whistling them out into the fields and woods, to say nothing of Jimmy Grant's signal sounding shrilly from beyond the pine grove.

'Pshaw!' said George, for whom that signal was intended, 'John and Martin can just as well do my share. I'm going.' And away he went.

John, being older and more thoughtful, lingered to draw two pails of water, then said to himself that it wouldn't hurt George and Martin to do all the work for once. He did not see George scudding away behind the wood shed.

So the fishing pole and box of flies which had been put in readiness the Saturday night before in view of an early Monday morning trip through the meadows, along the trout brook, were snatched in eager haste, and soon only Martin was left in possession of the general field of labor.

He carried in one armful of wood toward the boxful that he should have carried in, and then he, like the others, took himself away about business which seemed to him of a most pressing nature.

'John and George are a good deal bigger than I am, and I guess it won't hurt them to do all the chores this time without me to help, said he, and away he trudged through the dewy pasture, where it was full time that Mooly should have been eating her breakfast, instead of being shut up in the closely-cropped milk yard; and when Mrs. Lee came into the kitchen expecting to find her three boys cheerfully bustling around at their work, the first object that attracted her attention was Mooly's head reaching over the bars of the night yard, her soft eyes turned longingly in the direction of the grassy pasture.

Looking further for signs of delinquency, she found them in profusion; the tubs were standing empty, but for the two pails of water John had put in one of them; there was no boilerful of steaming water ready for use, no vegetables ready to prepare for dinner, and not a sign of the boys who should have done all this work was to be seen.

Mrs. Lee stood for a moment irresolute. At least the cow must be attended to; so leaving all the rest, she started to drive her to the pasture, and before she had gone far, stepped on a rolling stone and sprained her ankle so badly that she could go no further, but sank down to the ground, quite helpless.

It seemed to Mrs. Lee that she had lain there, bolstered up by a rock, for a very long time, but in reality it was just one hour, when Johnny came hastening down the lane toward her.

'Why, mamma!' he cried, 'why are you here? are you hurt?'

'My ankle is sprained, Johnny. Can you help me to get to the house?'

Not one word of reproach did she utter, but Johnny knew all as well as hundreds of words could have told him. His mother

was seriously injured and all because he and the other boys had failed to attend to their work, and left it for her to do.

No further words passed between them, but with Johnny's help Mrs. Lee succeeded in reaching the sofa in the dining room and then Johnny went swiftly over to the village for the doctor.

The boys looked in their father's face in fear and trembling when he came home at night, but he had a talk with mamma first, so that they found they were to be dealt with in the way she always chose to deal with them.

It was a mild and merciful way, but yet a whipping would not have hurt so much.

'So it seems that I cannot trust you to take care of mamma while I am away at work,' he said very gravely in answer to their questioning looks when he came out to them.

Not one of the three had a word to say. They were busily thinking of the times they had been guilty of doing just as they had to-day. To be sure, the consequences had not been as serious as this sad consequence of their mother's injury, but they knew that often and often she had been compelled to do their work, of their deserting their posts when their father was away at work, resting content because he supposed he could trust them, and never till now suspecting how unworthy they had proved themselves, because their too patient mother had not betrayed them.

Still, now that it had all come out, they were, it seemed, to receive no further punishment than those few reproachful words.

And they were enough. They went out in the old wood shed and talked it over together, the thought of their mother sitting so helplessly in her room all the time in their minds. After all there was not much to say.

'I didn't know you were going away,' said George.

'Neither did I know you were going,' said John.

'And I didn't know you two went,' said Martin.

Then they poked chips with the toes of their shoes and looked at each other. At length the whole matter was summed up by Johnny, the eldest of the three, in a few words:

'We'd no business, any of us, to go away till we knew every single chore was done,' he said.

'That's so,' agreed George.

'That's so,' echoed Martin.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The president of the Southern Pacific Company, Mr. Hays, has ordered the liquor selling bars taken off the ferry boats plying between San Francisco and the cities across the bay, notwithstanding they yielded the company a rental revenue of over \$50,000 a year. 'The Southern Pacific Company is in the railroad business, and not in the saloon business,' is the commendable sentiment expressed by President Hays.—'Temperance Advocate.'