

of them in bed with me when I awoke in the morning. They would climb up my coat-sleeve while I was studying, and go to sleep under my arm, and they were very angry if they were disturbed, although of course I could not sit still all day for their convenience.

About twilight every evening they would come out of their hiding-places and play around the room, and were as wide awake all night as they had been sleepy all day. They were very fond of playing in my hair, and often the first notice I would receive that they were out for the evening would be their coming down with a flying leap from the top of the window plump upon my head, as I sat reading or talking. When I was engaged in study, such an interruption was rather startling at first, as they always awoke and came out of the cage together, so that, before the first had time to recover his balance after his leap, the second would alight in the same place, and while they struggled with each other to gain a foot-hold the third would strike on top of them, and perhaps knock one or both of them off upon my collar or shoulders: but they usually jumped back on my head again, and for a minute or two I would have all three scuffling together in my hair.

In a short time I learned to expect this visit about dark every evening, and I was very much pleased to see that they soon learned to know me, and always selected my head when there were visitors in the room. I never discovered that my visitors felt slighted by this neglect, or were at all sorry that their heads were not favored in the same way.

They were very fond of perching upon the bare nails, and climbing upon the cord, and would often carry a nut up and sit there and eat it, and then drop the empty shell behind the picture.

They had one great feat which was very amusing. They would run up the side of the door-casing to the top, and then drop down to the door knob, and try to sit there; but as it was round and smooth they had great difficulty in clinging to it, and usually slipped off on the floor, one after the other, and raced back to the top of the door to try it again.

Occasionally one would almost succeed in gaining a seat upon the knob, but before he had time to get fairly balanced, another would drop down and strike him, and both would fall to the floor.

They would eat all kinds of nuts, but they seemed to be much fonder of insects, and were very busy a great part of the evening catching the large moths and beetles which are so abundant in the early summer. They would hang by the jaws of their hand-paws to the lower edge of the sash of an open window, and watch for an insect to fly past them. If it was near enough to reach they would seize and eat it as they hung in the window. If it was not near enough for them to reach it in this way, they would sail out into the room after it, and in most cases catch it before alighting.

Their large, projecting eyes, fitted for seeing at the night, and their power of sailing short distances through the air, fit them perfectly for the capture of insects; but nuts must furnish the larger part of their food, for they may be entrapped in the dead of winter when there are so few insects that they can not depend upon them.

They have the instinct shared by most of the gnawing animals, such as mice, striped squirrels and beavers,—of storing up in the fall a supply of food to be used in the winter. One which I kept several years, after those of which I have been telling you, dropped nearly a peck of hickory nuts down a hole which a mouse had gnawed in the floor of my closet, thinking that he was storing up a rich supply which he could draw upon when he should need them.

They probably live upon nuts and seeds in the fall and winter, and their power of catching insects helps them to gain a living during the spring and early summer, when proper vegetable food is scarce, but insects very abundant.

Of course I need not tell you that the name "flying squirrel" is a mistake, as they do not really fly, and are furnished with true wings.

A very thin skin, covered with hair, like the rest of the body, joins the fore to the hind leg on each side, and thus forms a board sail which enables the animal to slide along through the air for some distance. Their legs are very short and weak, and they can not jump upward much more than a foot; but, by climbing up to some high place, such as a tall tree, and then sailing off into the air, they can clear for a hundred feet or more before reaching the ground. The tail is very broad and flat, and is used as a rudder to regulate the slope at which they shall fall. The rudder of the boat is used to turn the boat from side to side, so it is flattened vertically, and moves from side to side. The tail of a flying squirrel does not seem to be of very much assistance in turning from side to side, but it regulates their fall, so that they can come almost straight down to the ground, or sail off so as to come down very gradually.

Sometimes they come almost down to the ground very rapidly, then, just before they reach it they bend the tail so as to sail off for some distance, close to the ground. After they have sailed down from a high place in this way, and have thus acquired a good supply of force, they are able to change the position of the limbs and tail so as to go up some little distance, in the same way that a sled will slide up a short hill after it has gone down a long one, but of course they are not able to reach a point as high as that from which they started.

They were able to start from the top of the window, and sweep down almost to the floor, and then rise enough to catch the back of a chair on the opposite side of the room, which was about twenty-one feet deep.

In the woods, where they can start from a very great height, they make much longer flights than this.

The tail is also used to stop them, by bending it down so as to catch the air, when they wish to alight.

All of these uses of the tail for a rudder, require that it should be arranged on the opposite plan to the rudder of a boat, and we see why it must be flattened horizontally, and move up and down, instead of being flattened vertically, and moving from side to side.

It may be new to many persons who live in the city, to learn that the flying squirrel is fully as abundant and widely distributed as the chipmunk or striped squirrel, although it is not as often seen, since it lives among the tops of tall forest trees, and is seldom seen in the day-time.—Prof. W. K. Brooks, in *October Wide-Awake*.

"HARRY'S FORGIVENESS."

"Don't I love you, Tommy! I'll give you a warm shake of the hand after class; you'll see!" said bright-eyed, open-faced Harry Dalton, as the boys gathered round their Sunday-school teacher one evening to practice the hymns for the next Lord's-day. Tommy Gibson had come in late as usual, and as he took up his accustomed post near the harmonium, he appeared quite indifferent to this warm salutation.

As such loving expressions are rarely heard from our matter-of-fact English boys, the teacher glanced enquiringly from one to the other, and saw plainly that matters were not quite right between the boys.

Expressive glances of warning or defiance passed on both sides during the lesson, while the other boys, as they espoused the cause of either, rallied round their respective friends. It required no little amount of tact and patience on the part of the teacher to keep the attention of the class to the business in hand. When at length the last hymn had been mastered, and before the books could be collected and put away, Tommy had rushed off, followed by his friends and supporters.

Harry prepared to follow, on seeing which the teacher hastily turned round and caught him by the hand.

"Please let me go, teacher," said he, with a faint effort to free himself; "I have a word for Tommy Biggs; I do love him so!"

"What do you mean? you don't look very loving at this moment: Tommy also seems to doubt your love."

"I love him about as much as he loves me, so we are quits, teacher," replied Harry; "he is going to feel the weight of my hand, that's all."

"What has he done to vex you?" asked the teacher, still retaining a firm, yet gentle, hold of his wrist.

"He has been throwing stones at me, and one hit me right on the head and hurt me very much. I only want to pay him back; I believe he won't like to throw stones again."

The teacher looked full into the heated, passionate face of the boy, and quietly said, "Harry, we have just been singing those sweet, beautiful hymns, which should have driven all angry feelings out of your mind. You said on Sunday you wished to become a disciple of the Lord Jesus; and doesn't He tell His disciples to forgive one another?"

"But, teacher, I have already forgiven him three or four times," urged Harry.

"That is not enough, Harry—'until seventy-times seven! However often Tommy may offend you you must always forgive him.'"

"A fellow, can't forgive forever, teacher," said Harry relenting somewhat.

"No, we can't forgive, but we must seek the grace of God's Holy Spirit to enable us to do so. Just you ask God to help you, and you will see how easy it is to forgive Tommy."

The teacher waited for an answer, and though it did not come directly in words, she saw by the altered and subdued expression in his face that her words had taken effect; she released her hold of his hand, and Harry, finding himself free, affected to look round for his enemy, saying, "Ah well, teacher, it is late; if he has escaped me to-night, there are more days than one in the year. I'll give it to him yet."

"No you won't, Harry, you will forgive

him yet, and by doing so you will heap coals of fire on his head."

"Good-night, teacher," said Harry, as his bright eyes responded to his teacher's smile.

"Good-night, Harry," replied the teacher, satisfied that he was not yet prepared to confess he had been conquered."

Next Sunday morning his teacher was accosted with—"I have forgiven Tommy, teacher and told him so."

"Well, are you not much happier than if you had beaten him?"

"Yes, teacher," he frankly replied.

Thus Harry learnt his text by heart—"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—*The Christian*.

A BIBLE FOR EACH.

Teach the Bible to the children, from the Bible. With patient carefulness teach the meaning of the words committed to memory. A Christian woman with careful training when a child, by the transposing of "m" from "them" to "is," believed the "m-is" to be a regular place like "the heaven and earth, the sea," while the text distinctly reads "and all that in them is." What ideas will children have without careful teaching of word and letter and spirit? A little boy whose home is in a costly house asked this startling question: "Is the Lord's Prayer in the Bible?" And a little girl's idea of guilt was something that shone and was bright, "like gilt paper."

The Lord is able to make alive, and clothe with power to his praise, the dry bones of lessons faithfully parrotized, which take no root in the hearts of the children for want of some hard word made plain. But how shall the teacher stand to make answer, whose work it is to prepare the way for the Lord, and to make the crooked ways straight? One of the very best of human helps in exalting the valleys and making the mountains low is a Webster's Unabridged English Dictionary. Teach the children how to read the Book, how to search for its treasures, where to find the promises, that when the lesson leaf has gone into the dust-heap, they may know where in the heavens of God's love they may look for the stars that give light in the night.

A little girl with a new Bible teased every day, "Tell me a place to find, 'Give me a verse to look for;' and she was set to seek the verses where Jesus says "Follow me." What good did it do to search the Scriptures thus in her book? She will look again to find the same places, and the Lord himself shall say to her soul, "Follow me." For "my word," saith God, "shall not return unto me void."

Every child should have its own Bible. Each has its own way of using, keeping, and studying a book. One in a family of several members is not enough. The Book was evidently written for children as well as men of mind. Its stories are short, vivid, and pointed. Simplifying them by elongation improves their perfection in the same way that a pint of new milk is made better by an added pint of pure water. If to possess this treasure for each, one must deny one's self, do it. Civilization requires often much self-denial, that each may have his own tooth-brush and garments.—*Mrs. R. M. Tuttle, in S. S. Times*.

AN EAST WIND IN THE EAST.

BY REV. HENRY H. JESSUP, D. D.

Have you ever thought what is meant in the Bible by an "East wind"? Had you been here last week, you would have learned all about it by bitter experience. No wonder that Jonah's head was scorched by it. In the Arabic version we read (Jonah 4, 8): "And it happened at the rising of the sun, that God prepared a hot east wind and the sun smote on Jonah's head, and he wilted, and he asked death for himself and he said, My death is better than my life."

An east wind began to rage here on Wednesday, August 22nd. A deadening and oppressive heat settled over the land. The next two days it grew more intense. The air was dry and hot as the breath of a furnace. The birds sat motionless in the thick trees. The green leaves of the fig-trees grew crisp and dropped to the ground. Book-covers curled up as though they were being held by a coal grate. Doors, bureaus, and tables cracked with a loud noise, and warped with the heat. Even the wooden ceilings creaked as if the boards were in agony. Men and beasts panted as if gasping for breath and parched for want of water. Our children awoke almost every hour of the night, calling for cold water.

I have rarely enjoyed anything more than I did the sight of a great flock of sparrows, driven by thirst to our yard, where is a long trough of water. They plunged in, drank, and drank again, flew around and fairly exulted with delight at finding in this arid mountain and on such a day, an abundance of water. A huge centipede plunged into our washbowl to slake his thirst, and although obliged to despatch him for fear of his injuring some one of the family, I could not help allowing him

to live long enough to enjoy the luxury of a draught of cool water. Writing was almost impossible as the ink dried on the pen between the inkstand and the paper.

I had to ride four miles on horseback during the heat. Returning after sunset, I met Dr. Bliss just coming up from Beirut. His first question was, "Is anybody left alive on the mountain?" The heat in Beirut exceeded anything in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. No wonder that Jonah wilted. Thousands of Syrians "wilted" on Friday, and I doubt not many said in thought if not in words, "My death is better than my life" if this east wind continues.—*Beirut, Aug. 29th, 1877.—Christian Weekly*.

ANECDOTES OF FOXE.

"The Acts and Monuments of John Foxe," the martyrologist who died in 1587, has lately been republished. The following anecdotes are taken from it:—

Being once asked at a friend's table what dish he desired to begin with, he answered the last—which word was pleasantly taken as if he had meant some choicer dish, such as usually are brought for the second course; whereas he rather signified the desire he had to see dinner ended, that he might depart home.

Going abroad by chance, he met a woman that he knew, who, pulling a book from under her arm, and saying, "See you not that I am going to a sermon?" Master Foxe replied, "But if you will be ruled by me, go home rather for to-day; you will do but little good at church." And when she asked, "At what time he would counsel her to go?" "Then," answered he, "when you tell nobody beforehand."

It happened at his own table that a gentleman there spoke somewhat too freely against the Earl of Leicester, which when Master Foxe heard it he commanded a bowl filled with wine to be brought in, which being done, "This bowl," quoth he, "was given me by the Earl of Leicester;" so stopping the gentleman in his intemperate speeches without reprehending him.

A young man, a little too forward, had, in presence of many, said that he "could conceive no reason, in the reading of the old authors, why men should so greatly admire them." "No marvel indeed," quoth Master Foxe, "for if you could conceive, you would then admire them yourself."

WOMAN'S DRESS IN THE ELIZABETHAN ERA.

It was about the middle of her reign that Elizabeth introduced that astounding style of dress in which she figures in most of her portraits, and in which the body was imprisoned in whalebone to the hips; the petticoat or habit-shirt, which had for some time been in use, and covered the whole bosom to the chin, was removed, and an enormous ruff, rising gradually from the front of the shoulders to nearly the height of the head behind, encircled the wearer like the enormous wings of some nondescript butterfly. In fact, there was ruff beyond ruff; first a crimped one round the neck like a collar; and then a round one standing up from the shoulders behind the head; and, finally, the enormous circular fans towering high and wide. The head of the queen is seen covered with one of her eighty sets of false hair, and hoisted above that a jaunty hat, jewelled and plumed. In order to enable this monstrous expanse of ruff to support itself, it was necessary to resort to starch, and as Stubbs tells us, also to a machinery of wires "erected for the purpose and whipped all over with gold thread, silver, or silk." This was called a "supportasse, or underpropper." The queen sent to Holland for women skilled in the art of starching; and one Mistress Dingham Vander Plasse came over and became famous in the mystery of tormenting pride with starch. "The devil," says Stubbs, "hath learned them to wash and dress their ruffs, which being dry, will then stand inflexible about their necks." From the bosom, now partly left bare, descended an interminable stomacher, and then the farthingale spread out its enormous breadth like the modern crinoline. In nothing did Elizabeth so much betray the absence of a fine and healthy taste as in her dress: a modern historian justly observing that in her full attire she resembled, with all her rings, her lace, her jewels, her embroidery, her ruffs, and bedizements, more an Indian idol than an English queen.—*From Cassell's Illustrated History of England*.

