



THE GARDEN SPIDER.

THE GARDEN SPIDER.

ONE of the drollest of all the spider family is that represented in the picture above. It is seen in its hole excavated in the ground, with its head upward, and numerous forelegs extended forward, and two on each side backward; just beneath the orifice of its smooth, circular, and deep passage, leading directly downward—often a foot or more in the ground—to a beautiful nest at the bottom. At the top of its hole it constructs a cover out of dirt, made into paste with saliva and a silk material which serves alike for braces and office of a hinge. This lid, or door, fits so close to the opening as to be water-tight, and in appearance is so nearly like the common ground about it as to escape detection. On each side of the opening occupied are two others; one of these is shut up, and the other with its lid open. When the spider passes inward, and when it leaves the nest, the lid is closed; but when it watches for its prey it rests just inside the open door, as now seen. When within reach of an insect, it springs tiger-like, upon its victim, and kills it by bites with its powerful mandibles. Its nest and the passage thereto are worth examining for their very beautiful structure. They are not only faultlessly smooth of surface, but lined throughout by a beautiful silken tissue, which excludes water and dust from the nest.

MY LITTLE NEIGHBOURS.

DEAR CHILDREN,—In Galatians, fifth chapter and fourteenth verse, you will find these words: "For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." How many of us do this? I mean by "us" professed Christians. But do we love Jesus if we do not keep his law? You remember we are told, "If ye love me, keep my commandments;" and, "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." But I hear a bright boy say, "We are not under the law, but under grace." Very well. "What then? shall we sin, because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid." If we love our neighbours we will not do evil against them; if it had not been so God would not have said, "My son, give me thine heart;" but he knew that when he had the heart he had control of the whole body. I know we think it hard sometimes to forgive a wrong some one has done us. But "if we do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses." Jesus said, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you;" and, "This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you." And how did he love us? He laid

down his life that we might live; and "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." It may not be necessary for us to lay down our life for our friends, but let us be willing to do what is necessary—that is, no evil to them, but all the good we can. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ" "And let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

I should like to go on, and tell you some of the promises that are given to those who keep Christ's commandments; but you can look them out for yourselves. Won't you do it? Begin at once, and learn at least one verse every day. It will require but little time, and do you an unlimited amount of good.

HELPING PAPA AND MAMMA.

PLANTING the corn and potatoes,
Helping to scatter the seeds,
Feeding the hens and the chickens,
Freeing the garden from weeds,
Driving the cows to the pasture,
Feeding the horse in the stall—
We little children are busy:
Surely there is work for us all,
Helping papa.

Sweeping and washing the dishes;
Bringing the wood from the shed;
Ironing, sewing, and knitting;
Helping to make up the bed;
Taking good care of the baby,
Watching her lest she should fall—
We little children are busy:
O there is work for us all,
Helping mamma.

Work makes us cheerful and happy,
Makes us both active and strong;
Play we enjoy all the better
When we have laboured so long.
Gladly we help our kind parents,
Quickly we come at their call.
Children should love to be busy:
There is much work for us all,
Helping papa and mamma.

A CLASS OF BOYS.

Nor long ago a Sunday-school teacher got together a class of boys from the street—bootblacks, newsboys, and all sorts, such as are found only in large cities. One of the first questions he asked was, "Is there any sinner in this class?" Instantly the reply came from one of the brightest of the lads, who pointed to another boy at the other end of the class, saying, "Yes, sir; that fellow down there."