

HOW HUMMING BIRDS HATCH OUT

William Lovell Finley, the new naturalist-photographer, writes as follows:

"At first the little capsules of eggs had a wonderfully delicate flesh tint of pink. Then, one morning, I stood over the nest like Thomas of old. Some one had replaced the eggs with two tiny black bugs! It might have been a miracle. There was a tiny knob on the end of each little bug that looked as if it might be the beginning of a bill. Each little creature resembled a black bean more than a bird, for each possessed a light streak of brown down the middle of the back. They couldn't be veins, for they were pulsing with life in a lumpy sort of way. I went frequently to look at them. In a few days the little nestlings began to fork out all over with tiny black horns, until they would have looked like prickly pears had they been the right color. At the next stage each tiny horn began to blossom out into a spray of brown down, the yellow at one end grew into a bill, the black skin cracked a trifle, and showed two eyes. It was hard to see just how these black bugs could turn to birds, but day after day the miracle worked till I really saw two young humming birds.

"When I first crawled in among the bushes close to the nest the little mother darted at me and poised a foot from my nose, as if to stare me out of countenance. She looked me all over from head to foot twice, then she seemed convinced that I was harmless. She whirled and sat on the nest-edge. The batlings opened wide their hungry mouths. She spread her tail like a flicker, and braced herself against the nest-side. She craned her neck, and drew her dagger-like bill straight up above the nest. She plunged it down the baby's throat to the hilt, and started a series of gestures that seemed fashioned to puncture him to the toes. Then she stabbed the other baby until it made me shudder. It looked like the murder of the infants. But they were not mangled and bloody; they were getting a square meal after the usual humming-bird method of regurgitation. They ran out their slender tongues to lick the honey from their lips. How they ailed it! Then she settled down and ruffled up her breast feathers to let her babies cuddle close to her naked bosom. Occasionally she reached under to caress them with whisperings of mother-love."

A CASE OF SUSIE ADAM.

Betty is seven years old, dearly loves her school teacher, and when at home talks extensively of the matter of her classroom.

"Lots of the boys and girls hate quotations, but I like it awfully," she volunteered once.

"And what do you mean by 'quotations'?" asked an inquisitive elder.

"Why, don't you know? It's something the teacher writes on the blackboard, and you learn it, and it helps you all the week; and then the teacher asks you for it, and on Friday you go to the platform and say it."

"Oh! Well, make believe this is Friday, and do it for us now."

Quite charmed, Betty rose, mounted an imaginary platform, gripped her little dress, gave a serious courtesy, and said, with loud and elocutionary distinctness, "Susie Adam forgets Susie Adam."

"What if she does? Let her. Give us the quotation!"

"What! Say it again."

"Susie Adam forgets Susie Adam," repeated Betty, worked up and threatening to become warlike.

Neither questioning nor expostulating availed against this statement concerning Susie, and not until the teacher herself was interviewed did the mystery resolve into "Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm."

No man can wish himself into happiness.

THE INNER LIGHT.

A famous lady who once reigned in Paris society was so plain when she was a girl that her mother one day said, after gazing at her for a long time with a distressed expression, "My poor child, I fear it will be very hard for you to win love in this world—indeed, even to make friends."

It was from that hour that the success of this woman, known to the world as Madame de Circourt, dated. For a little time she took the matter sorely to heart. Then, humbly, but sweetly and untiringly, she began to be kind—kind to the pauper children of her native village, to the servants of her household, even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. Nothing so distressed her as not to be able to render a service.

As the years wore on, her good-will toward every one made her the idol of the great city which was eventually her home. Although her complexion was sallow, her gray eyes small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her some of the most noted men of her time. Her lifelong unselfishness and interest in others made her, it is said, irresistible, and young and old forgot the plainness of her features in the loveliness of her life.

Count Tolstoi was so plain as a boy that his mother said to him:

"You know, Nikolinka, that no one will love you for your face, and therefore you must endeavor to be a good and sensible boy."

Tolstoi said when he was an old man that all through his life these words had helped to keep him true to what is most worth while in human character.

"I knew when my mother spoke them," he said, "that I should without fail become a sensible boy."—Youth's Companion.

MOTHERLESS.

"It's the loneliest house you ever saw."

This big gray house where I stay;

I don't call it livin' at all, at all,

Since my mother went away.

"Four long weeks ago, an' it seems a year;

'Gone home,' so the preacher said,

An' I ache in my breast with wantin' her,

An' my eyes are always red.

"There are lots of women, it seems to me

That wouldn't be missed so much,—

Women whose boys are about all grown up,

An' cousins an' aunties an' such.

"I tell you the very loneliest thing.

In this great, big world to-day

Is a boy of ten, whose heart is broke,

'Cause his mother is gone away."

Few people perhaps realize how rapidly the "Cape to Cairo" railway—which some years ago seemed a Utopian scheme—is being pushed along to completion. The British South Africa Co. has received information that the railroad has been brought up to Victoria Falls—the line now stretching a distance of over a thousand miles from Cape Town. The sections of the huge, sinble, span bridge, which is to carry the railway across the Falls, are on their way out from England, and it is expected that the structure will be completed before the end of this year. Meanwhile, the line will be taken on hundred miles further north, to Kalamo. The completion of this railway will be accompanied with vast changes for better or worse for Africa. Unless Christian people bestir themselves to do more than they are doing now in foreign missionary work the changes will be for the worse. Mere "commerce" never civilized anybody, much less Christianized anyone.

Joy and sorrow are such near neighbors that it is sometimes hard to run a line fence between them.

BABY'S SMILE.

Baby's Own Tablets has a smile in every dose for the tender babe and the growing child. These Tablets cure indigestion, wind colic, constipation, diarrhoea, and feverishness, break up colds and bring natural, healthy sleep. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate, narcotic or poisonous "soothing" stuff—it always does good and cannot do harm. Mrs. Joseph Ross, Hawthorne, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them just the thing to keep children well." You can get the Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A DIVINE VOCATION.

The following from the Montreal Witness gives expression in fitting terms to a truth that cannot be too frequently reiterated at the present time:

"The King says he often works twelve hours a day, and he is past the age at which our modern socialists would have put him on a pension. We have known the King to do continuous work for weeks together at a rate of taxation on his physical powers to which a twelve-hour work day at regular work would be child's play. All know how the Emperor of Germany works. Broadly, it may be said that every man who accomplishes anything in the world works at least twelve hours a day, and a great deal of it at problems which take it out of a man as no assigned task could. But what is more important than the fact that the King is an intense worker, is the true idea of work which he holds. No greater curse could come upon a people than to regard work as an evil. The King extends his sympathy to the unemployed because they are shut out from the joy of work. To those who do not look on work in this way life is not worth living. They must spend their hours seeking happiness where none is to be had. Every man was sent into the world to serve his fellow men, and except in doing that he can have no real joy. Every man has a calling—a divine vocation wherein he can serve his fellow men, and woe to him who does not find that vocation, and work at it for all he is worth, not for himself but for what he can do for men. Woe to him who thinks he gains something by doing less work, or—more criminal still—worse work, than he can do in his calling. It is not thus that any happiness can be got out of life. It is not thus that men get on in life. It is the man who does all he can get on, and who gets the opportunity to do more. We congratulate the King on having learned life's secret, and we heartily pity those who have not."

Benjamin Franklin once said, "The noblest question in the world is, What good may I do in it?" To raise the inquiry is to face the duty.

TOBACCO AND LIQUOR HABIT.

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