

revenge. They sing apparently the same music, only one is the bass and the other the soprano. One is small, tender, and modest, the other large, bold, and strong.

They differ chiefly in what they do for the good of others in their lives. The little honey-bee is able, by its great industry, not only to provide for itself and offspring, but gives us also our own sweet, delicious honey. The bumble-bee imparts nothing, but lives for self only. The one is therefore petted, and is provided with little palaces to live in; while the other seeks an obscure place, often a deserted mouse's nest in a heap of stones, or under the dung-hill.

It is said that this is the cause of a great deal of jealousy on the part of the bumble-bee, and his little rival is often treated with coldness and contempt. But this day was so balmy, and the honey so plenty, that he condescended to sit down and talk over matters a little. So they thus began:

Bumble-bee, (pompously.) How do you do to-day? It is very pleasant. How is the queen and that large family of yours? I suppose you still live over yonder in that gentleman's garden in that little palace?

Honey-bee, (modestly.) I am very well, I thank you, and so are my family. We still live in the old place, although many of the children have left for new homes. I did not know that you knew my residence. Where do you live?

Bumble-bee. I have chosen, with Mrs. Bumble-bee, a mouse's nest in the yard next to you this year, in a safe place under a heap of stones. We don't want a glass house with different rooms incased in varnished boards, for we are not so foolish as you. What we gather we consume, and spurn the idea of laboring for others—gathering honey, only to be robbed of it in the autumn. If every body took good care of "number one," there would be no number two to rob, steal, and beg. We neither ask nor give any thing to any body. I think you are a fool!

Honey-bee. By no means. Our protector gives us shelter and safety, and if the season is bad and our stock of honey is short leaves it to us, and even feeds us with a substitute in the spring. It is a pleasure to make others happy; our happiness is increased thereby. We delight in it. I am now engaged in filling a few choice cells for a little daughter of the gentleman on whose premises we live. She often stands at the gate watching us. Real benevolence is heaven-born, while supreme selfishness is from below, and as it is from the pit it also leads to the pit.

Bumble-bee, (angrily.) Fie on your "benevolence." Don't preach to me, you little huzzy! There is no such thing in the world as disinterested benevolence. Selfishness, although often hidden, lies at the foundation of all our acts. All your acts too. You wish to please and gain the love of the gentleman on whose premises you live, for the sake of living there in his nice garden. And you seek to gain the love of that beautiful child for some selfish purpose, I know not what. Why, you are not half as wise as that little ant down there, who is commended and quoted as an example worthy of imitation. He is always busy, but gives nothing to any one. Indeed, he is worse than I am, for he destroys and I do not.

Thus the bumble-bee went on at great length; the honey-bee, from a natural modesty, and, indeed, from actual fear, hardly dared to reply, except to dissent from such principles, and deny false statements occasionally. Error and a weak argument generally carry with them the most words and the loudest.

At last the bumble-bee began to show signs of leaving, but finally said, (sorrowfully but scornfully,) "Before we part I want to ask you, my little friend, one question. It is this: Why are you and I so differently treated in the world?"

You are sheltered and caressed; no one raises a hand to do you injury. At the garden gate stand your admirers, often saying, 'The wonderful, beautiful, busy bee!' You have a place in books, and, what is better, in the hearts of all. On the other hand we are unknown, except to be hunted down and killed by bad boys. Nobody respects or loves us. We are larger, and I think better looking and better singers than you, and we mind our own business, but are very unhappy and much abused. What is the reason?"

Honey-bee. I will answer you frankly. I am glad you have asked me this question in parting. It is owing to the doctrine you have just been advocating, and the same you practice all through life. Love and good acts to others begets love and like deeds in others toward you. Virtue carries with it its own reward. Lay up one cell of honey even in your stolen mouse-nest for the boy who would kill you, and convince him of it, and you will make a friend out of every cell thus filled. You bluster through the world, apparently industrious, but the object is too low to commend you to the esteem of a living being.

Here the bumble-bee got very angry, and the little preacher flew away in order to escape bodily harm.

MORAL.

Supreme selfishness always looks with distrust on the best acts of others. Goodness will always find friends to commend it, even among the most abandoned. "He that watereth shall himself be watered." The direct road to the esteem and heart of another is by contributing something conducing to wealth or happiness.

We please God as well as man by our contributions. The best gift is that of the heart given unreservedly to him. An argument is not always gained by a multiplicity of words, and in the heart of some anger is the result of defeat, standing defiant where conviction and repentance should bring their rich fruits.

"Content Me."

BY REV. C. P. HARD.

THE little girl of Mrs. Ordway is playing alone, but at length gets tired of all the plans of amusement of which she can think. Then she says to her mother, referring to a neighbor's child, "I wish Mary would come over here and content me."

So we are reminded of the fact that a great many people are wishing that something would "content" them; would cause them to be really happy and have rest to their souls. Many of our little friends are in this number. Their plays, their books, the picnics, the visits which they make and receive, do not quite give them the comfort which they want.

In our search for happiness, we shall do well if we go directly at the removal of that which makes us fail to be happy, and if we earnestly seek Jesus as the source of joy.

We once saw a wise teacher teaching a class of boys in a teachers' meeting, so that others might learn how to instruct their scholars better. The subject was that which is contained in the story of the bad fountain whose waters were made good because of salt which Elisha the prophet cast into it. The course of a stream was marked on the board, and the scholars were asked if Elisha threw the salt into the stream at a distance from its fountain. They all agreed that he did not, but that he put the salt in "the spring of the waters." The teacher shaped the fountain into a heart, and wrote on the board, "My Life." If our lives are to be right, our hearts must be so. If we are to be

happy, our hearts must become good. Put the salt into the fountain! "Be converted," say Christ and the apostles. Then Jesus will make our hearts his home. Then we shall be happy. Charles Wesley writes a beautiful truth in this verse:

"When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And lo! he saith, I quickly come
To fill and rule thy heart."

When Jesus dwells with us he fulfills the promise, "I will give you rest." He gives us faith, and we believe that a kind heavenly Father is guiding us, and is doing the best things possible for us. He grants us patience, which prevents many hasty words and actions which we would afterward regret. He fills our souls with love for the work which he has given us to do. He takes away many fears that had made us uncomfortable. We are able to "read our title clear to mansions in the skies." We are happy in thinking of the love for us which Jesus has shown in the past, the assurance of present help which he furnishes us, and the promise that in "a little while" he will give us heaven forever.

Jesus does "content" us.



The Women at the Mill.

THIS picture will illustrate the saving of the Saviour in Matthew xxiv, 41, and also in Luke xvii, 35, where he speaks of two women grinding at the mill. The work of grinding meal is in the East usually performed by the women, and is very laborious. Though occasionally one works alone, usually two work together, sitting on the ground with the millstones between them, and both taking hold of the handle and moving it entirely around to and from them.

The stones, as they crush the grain, send forth a grating sound. This is the "sound of the millstone," which is several times mentioned in the Bible. The women frequently sing also at this work.

Three Things Worth Remembering.

1. The nearest way to a man's heart is round by heaven.
2. The best place for quarrelers to meet is in the dust.
3. The next best place to being with Christ in the glory above, is to be with him in the gutter below.

HE who healed all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people is still the Great Physician, and can heal every malady of the sin-sick soul.