

ties, quite as anxious to lure the stranger to the bee's hive as other birds are to draw him away from their own nests. It never deceives, but always leads the way to some hive. Equally remarkable in its intelligence is the bird that guards the buffalo and rhinoceros. The grass is so often dense and tall that one could go close up to these animals quite unperceived; but the guardian bird, sitting on the beast, sees the approach of danger, flaps its wings and screams, which causes its bulky charge to rush off from a foe he has neither seen or heard. For his reward the vigilant little watcher has the pick of the parasites of his fat friend.

#### 4. COMMERCIAL VALUE OF INSECTS.

Great Britain pays annually \$1,000,000,000 for carcasses of that tiny insect known as cochineal; while another, also peculiar to India, gum shellac, or rather its production, is scarcely less valuable. More than 1,500,000 human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of the fibres spun by the silk-worm of which the annual circulation medium is said to be \$200,000,000. In England alone, to say nothing of the other parts of Europe, \$500,000 are spent every year in the purchase of honey, while the value of that which is native is not mentioned, and this is the work of the bee. Besides all this, there are gall-nuts, used for dyeing and making ink; cantharides, or Spanish-fly, used in medicine. In fact every insect is contributing in some way, directly or indirectly, in swelling our commercial profits.

### XI. Friday School Readings.\*

#### 1. THE EARTH WAKED FROM WINTER'S SLEEP.

A POETICAL LITTLE GEM.

Earth, like a child in bed,  
Lay still in wintry sleep, not long ago;  
But spring came like a nurse, with noiseless tread,  
And drawing off the coverlet of snow,

Stooped down and kissed her brow  
Softly, again, again, till Earth awoke,  
And opening violet eyes, looked up to know  
Whose touch it was that thus her slumber broke.

And straightway knowing spring,  
Whose own warm smile of love was on her face,  
In winsome smiles she broke forth answering,  
And leaped up joyfully to her embrace.

Spring washed her first with showers,  
Then dressed her in a robe of tender green,  
And lastly filled her lap with fresh bright flowers;  
And Earth forgot how sleepy she had been.

#### 2. THE QUEEN'S FORTHCOMING BOOK.

The Queen, says a London correspondent, has written a work, entitled "Leaves from a Journal in the Highlands," which consists of about forty papers, descriptive of her life at Balmoral and the neighborhood. The work is illustrated by photographs and wood cuts from Her Majesty's sketches. It contains, among other interesting matter, three long accounts of her incognito journeys made by the Prince Consort and herself to different parts of Scotland, and the adventures which they met with. In one of the papers she gives an account of the preaching of Dr. Norman McLeod, of Glasgow, and after stating how astonished she was that any one could preach "so eloquently and touchingly without notes," she adds, "and then he prayed so kindly for me and the prince in the after prayer that I was deeply touched; but when he invoked God's blessing on the children, I felt a great lump in my throat." She had not expected to be prayed for so kindly by a Presbyterian, and least of all did she expect him to remember the children. I think there is something touching in this simple note of the queen-wife and mother, which shows how true a woman she is. Only forty copies of the work have been printed for special friends and favorites, but sooner or later it will of course be reprinted, and will be a most interesting addition to contemporary literature. What would

the world not give for such a work by Queen Mary or Queen Elizabeth? The copy from which I have quoted bore on the title-page the following inscription:

"To dear Jennie G—, in remembrance of many, many happy hours—gone never to return again, from V. R."

#### 3. ENTRY OF VICTOR EMMANUEL INTO VENICE.

The following graphic account of the entry of the King of Italy into Venice is taken from the Military correspondence of the London Times. We have deferred it for want of room.

If the boats and their rowers were richly decorated to welcome the troops, they were doubly so now, and with the gay flags, blooming tapestries, and silks or carpets dyed with deeper hues, formed a perfect feast of color; only the sun and the blue sky were wanting to bring out the full gorgeousness of the effect. At about 11:20 a.m. the sound of cannon, muffled by the heavy air, told that the king had arrived at the railway station. Every thing went well there according to arrangement, and soon the official gondolas, forerunners of the advancing Majesty, dashed past to see that all was clear.

Then came up through the mist the royal barge, brilliant with creamy white and golden blazonry. The men who urged it along were clad in all that fancy could devise to add to the richness of the spectacle—jackets of blue and silver, with knots of scarlet ribbon, their pantaloons fitting close to the shapely limbs, showing each ridge and furrow of the twisted muscles as they strained forward at the oar, and marking every undulation of the gondolier's graceful movement. The canopy was of crimson velvet, supported by golden poles, and stooping over from the poop was a female figure, Italy, perhaps, clad also with golden garments, and seeming about to place the laurel wreath which she held upon the head of the occupant below. The national flag, bearing in its centre the white cross of Savoy, floated over the whole. There were cries enough of delight now from the quays, but it was not the crimson, nor the gold, nor the white, that attracted the attention of the crowd and drew such wild cheers from their hearts and lips. Just in front, where the parted curtains hung in heavy folds, was a plain featured man in a general's uniform standing erect, with bare head, before them. But they knew that he was an honest man, and that the uniform of the general had ere now been soiled with the dust and smoke of battle, in fulfilling his father's legacy and striving for the independence and unity of Italy. There was no mistaking the broad, straightforward countenance, the determined jaw and heavy moustache so familiar to them in every room of their houses and every corner of their streets. They saw at last among them the King whom they had called to be their sovereign, and they shouted for Victor Emmanuel, the man who is true to his word. There must have been old men present who had seen the entrance of the great Napoleon, and had shouted for him as boys and men will shout before a conqueror: but he came as a conqueror, with banners and trumpets and soldiers and bayonets; while the King of Italy was attended to-day by a small group of his family and ministers. His body guards were the men who had so long stretched out their hands to him for help, his defence against treachery the hearts of his people. Though the barge was shapely and the rowers strong and well-trained, it moved but slowly down the canal, for the private gondolas took possession of it, and it became the centre of a jostling, good humored crowd, which showed much warmth of heart to the person of the King. Before the *cortège* arrived at the Rialto the oars of his boat were encumbered with those of the manner-looking black gondolas, and the stately barge had to be taken in tow. One must see such a crowd of gondolas before comprehending the niceties of steering of which they are capable, and the delight, amounting almost to a passion, of the gondoliers in their management of their favorites. More than once the crush was so great that there was almost a stoppage, but never did good humor fail for a moment, and the few seconds of enforced idleness were spent in throwing about prints of the chosen of the people rolled into scrolls and tied with ribbon.

At last the joyful, crowding, crushing minutes, so near at times and yet so far from royalty, were over, the brilliant barge reached the place opposite the Ducal Palace where doges and Princes have landed from time immemorial, the King disembarked among the shouts of the populace, and the cheers of the well-dressed crowds that filled every available spot in or on the Ducal Palace, walking on a carpet prepared for his honor, yet so unnecessary on that polished marble floor, toward the church of St. Mark. Entering there, he placed himself in the dim twilight under the canopy prepared for Napoleon 58 years ago, and heard the solemn *Te Deum laudamus*, which has been sung from old times to consecrate deeds both good and bad. After the service, issuing from the door into the square, he walked rapidly between the two ranks of men, receiving fervid cheers as he passed along, and entered the palace

\* NOTE TO TEACHERS.—FRIDAY READINGS FROM THE JOURNAL.—Our chief motive in maintaining the "Miscellaneous" department of the Journal is to furnish teachers with choice articles selected from the current literature of the day, to be read in the schools on Fridays, when the week's school-work is finished, as a means of agreeable recreation to both pupil and teacher. Several teachers have followed this plan for several years with most gratifying success.