

pears in April. These have on them a wasp much like a gall fly ; it has four gauzy wings, jet armor and a piercing poniard. When the first pistillate flowers are ripe, crowded together on their receptacle, it creeps down among them and lays an egg in the ovary. A hundred eggs may be laid on one receptacle. The ovaries nourish the embryos of the wasps ; they grow there, passing through the grub and pupa states ; the males die there, but the female wasps come out and are ready to make a similar attack upon the June crop. These blossoms differ from the early ones in that they have pollen. The wasps going into these, cannot get out without becoming covered with pollen, and from them they go to another tree near by which bears true figs, and give to them the pollen ; this fertilizes the ovaries, they grow and develop into luscious fruit. There are, therefore, three crops, as it were. The first two are called *capri* figs : the ancients knew them by this name ; they sometimes hung branches of the *capri* figs upon the true trees, finding that unless they were brought together in some way, no fruit matured.

The secret of the insects' work has been a modern discovery. Mr. Gibson calls attention to this, one of the most curious examples of cross fertilization, along with those that he has himself made.

The soundness of judgment which the scientist must possess and the gift of expression which the poet has belong to the few, but their methods of observation we may all adopt. And as the resurrection miracle of the spring time is once more going on, there are inviting opportunities. A thrifty robin proved the truth of this a week ago. She was looking about in the grass before my window and had already in her bill what seemed to be a good load of twine, when she spied a rag which had probably been the tail of a kite. It was narrow, but fully half a yard long. Mrs. Robin evidently considered whether she should leave

the twine for this larger prize, but decided to take both. She picked up the rag, dropped it, and took it up again, and again, until she had it so nicely balanced that she could take to her wings. The first flight took her only to a low bough of a tree near by ; a little higher she stopped again ; the third flight carried her out of sight among the topmost twigs. The precious rag could not have been more useful in the home the robin was building than were the lessons in perseverance and industry which she gave to her unseen observer.—*Scientific American*.

CANTICLES 2 : 4.

I sat alone—I saw the banquet spread,
I saw the guests in wedding robes pass by ;
I saw each to the place assigned him led,
“ No place for me,” I thought with weary sigh.

I sat alone—my eyes were dim with tears ;
My soul was faint, and hunger pressed me sore,
“ Must I,” I cried, “ through all the coming years
See others feast, yet hunger evermore ?”

Then starting up, I said, “ The King I'll seek,”
And at His feet will lay my treasures all ;
Perchance that He some gracious word may speak,
Some crumbs may grant that from His table fall.

So, scarcely seeing for the blinding tears,
One forward step I took, and fainting, fell ;
But swift was raised by One who calmed my fears,
And gently whispered, “ Daughter, all is well !”

Then, looking up, I first beheld the King,
In all His glorious beauty, bending o'er ;
White-robed I stood, and on my hand a ring,
And heard, “ Come, sup with me, nor hunger more.”

Fast clinging to His hand, I reached the board,
And by His side I sat, a willing guest—
Thus to be honored by my gracious Lord ;
I had not dreamed that I could be so blest.

He fed me with His hand, and as He gave
Of sweetest things, I raised my eyes above
And saw a silken banner o'er me wave,
And on its folds I read the one word, LOVE.

—Selected.