



Rock and Sand Borers.

Come and sit on the rocks with me for a little while in this pretty place. Look at the dashing, foaming water, and the sea gulls. But it is low tide now. The water has covered the very spot where we sit, and will again in a few hours. Do you see this rock, all full of clean-cut little holes? But they were not made by a hard tool. They were the work of the soft and fleshy 'Piddock,' who is covered with a thin rough shell. It is not known just how he does this piece of stone cutting, but he makes himself a very comfortable place, as you see.

Do you see this other rock borer, who has a star-shaped disk at the top? They call it the 'Paper Pholias,' because it has such a very thin shell. You see two holes in the disk? Well, they are the openings, tubes through which the creature breathes and eats.

Below these are some mud and sand borers called the 'Rough

Shell' and the 'Razor Shell.' The 'Cockle' is at the right. The cockle is liked for food by many people, and is caught and sold by fishermen.

Poor Matt; or the Clouded Intellect.

(Jean Ingelow.)

The back-ground of the story is a lonely sea-coast, somewhere off the British Isles, where are scattered a few fishermen's cottages. A lady from a neighboring resort comes upon it one day, in her wanderings, and is attracted when quite a distance away by the figure of a boy standing motionless and gazing up into a rift in the clouds. So intent, so immovable was his attitude, that she goes up to him and asks what he is doing. But not until she takes hold of him and repeats her question several times does he finally look away from the sky, and turn to her. Then with distressful earnestness he says:

'Matt was looking for God — Matt wants to see God.'

She was astonished and shocked at such an answer, but she soon saw that 'the clouded intellect' meant no disrespect or irreverence in thus 'looking for God.' Great clouds were rolling up in the heavens, and he explained, 'There was a great hole—Matt wanted to see God.'

The lady at once became interested in the boy. She learned that his parents had died when he was an infant and that he had been reared by his great-grandfather and an old aunt. A little neighbor girl who was very kind to him, said to the lady; 'He's a natural, ma'am; he don't know enough to get into mischief like us that have sense.' In answer to her many inquiries this new friend also learned that it was hard to get anything into his head; but once that's done, there was no fear of his ever forgetting it.'

So interested did she become in this singular child, that day after day she would come and sit and teach him. One of the things he learned was that a penny would get five apples (of which he was very fond), and that if people did not pay were 'bad men, bad men—put 'em in prison.'

This idea of 'not paying' took fast hold of him, and led to the next step in his dim mind towards his comprehension of God, and his plan of salvation. One day the 'parson,' for whom he had great reverence, read the parable of the 'king that would take account of his servants.' The boy was so intensely interested that he begged for more. So the minister, to make it very plain and vivid, told it over in his own words rather than read it. When he came to the part where the king said he shall be put in prison and never come out 'until he has paid all this money,' poor Matt became so distressed that he fled from the cottage. The lady who was present at the time followed and found him lying on the beach 'talking to God,' he said:

'And what did Matt say?' she asked.

His reply was:

'God, God—Matt has no money to pay.'