



THE CHAMELEON.

A Pause by the Way.

A MAN, I stand upon the spot
Where, when a boy, I played,
And gaze upon the changed scene
Which passing years have made.
Oh, sweet, sweet time, what pain—
It ne'er will come again.

What though I think of name attained,
Of wealth and fame achieved,
And ask myself: "Have I not won
More than my hopes believed?"
Oh, sweet, sweet time, what pain—
It ne'er will come again.

Ah, vain, how vain! the heart will know
No joys like those of youth:
And name and fame can ne'er restore
The soul once white with truth.
Oh, sweet, sweet time, what pain—
It ne'er will come again.

Fond visions of those other days
Into my memory roll,
And all their wealth of hope and love
Pour full across my soul.
Oh, sweet, sweet time, what pain—
It ne'er will come again.

Ah, could I be a boy once more
Beneath these azure skies,
Where first my infant feet were set
And all my treasures lies!
Oh, sweet, sweet time, what pain—
It ne'er will come again.

O, hopes and loves that have their graves
In far-off happy years,
My heart is sad and bows itself
Above your mounds in tears!
Oh, sweet, sweet time, what pain—
It ne'er will come again.

—John C. Wallie, in *Chicago Current*.

The Chameleon.

THERE is a curious little lizard, the name of which is so coupled with fable that many believe it has never even existed. We mean the chameleon, which, though never seen on this continent, abounds in the Old World. It is generally imagined that the reptile is capable of changing its colour at will to the brightest of rainbow hues; and there is a widespread popular belief that it lives on air; both of which ideas, though naturally arising from the peculiar appearance and habits of the animal, are far from the truth. The chameleon measures from five to eight inches in length, and has a curious pyramidal-shaped head apparently separated from the neck. Its body is short and thick, and ends in a prehensile tail of medium length. The ears are concealed under the skin, the mouth is large, and the eyes, which are very prominent and full, are covered by a regular lid, in which is a small round perforation just in front of the pupil. The legs are long and slender, and terminate in a hand formed of five toes, divided into two bundles, so as to resemble one broad finger and thumb. In the aid of these members, and by sliding their tails around the branches, the lizards climb about shrubs and trees

in search of insects. Their motions are, however, very slow, and their habits sluggish in the extreme. They will cling to the bars of their cages for days at a time, giving not the slightest sign of life, except perhaps the occasional twinkle of one eye. Handling them does not seem to disturb their equanimity, as they rarely struggle as long as they are permitted to cling to a finger; while they are perfectly harmless.

The strange peculiarity of the animal, however, is its faculty of changing its colour, not in bright tints, but from a pale gray to light green, yellow, brown, reddish, and violet shades; all, however, dusky and undecided. These changes sometimes occur very rapidly, and are apparently provoked by anger and fear. In handling the lizard we have noticed that although it would, as we have already intimated, show no signs of uneasiness, the clear light tint which covered its whole body would give place to dark brown blotches, some of which shaded curiously into black; resembling in form the spots of a leopard.

Another curious feature of the chameleon is the independence of its eyes. It moves them separately; and when the animal sleeps it seems as if but one half of it were awakened at a time. If a light be placed before one eye, the half of the corresponding side of the body becomes of a different colour from the other side; but tint becomes uniform all over when the light is carried before the other organ. It would seem from this that the reptile has two distinct luminous perceptions.—*Scientific American*.

Mrs. Moody's Anniversary—Four Score Years.

BY S. E. BRIDGMAN.

FORTY EIGHT years ago this February 5, 1885, a chubby little lad crossed the threshold into existence here. This was on his mother's thirty-second birthday. We never tire of the story of conflict with the bitter realities of life when one comes off conqueror. We catch a new inspiration from every heroic soul that overcomes all obstacles and wins success by consecrated energy. It has been our privilege to-day to see Mr. Moody surrounded by his cousins, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, mother, seeking to honour the aged saint, who, on this her coronation day, receives her friends. It was fitting that the first public use of the elegant Marquand Hall, at Northfield, Mass., should be to give a reception to this bright, cheery old patriarch, who retains at four score the vivacity and brightness of a much younger lady.

On entering this home of eighty lady

students, we were led into a room where we found the coat-of-arms of the Moody-Holton families, giving a peerage of more than royal dignity—a trowel, spinning-wheel, reel, swift, cards for flax, churn, worn by use along many a weary year in providing for a hungry household something to eat and something to wear, told of honest toil and honest labour. To live a lifetime in a country town, rising from the lowliest station to the highest honour, and bearing all with perfect simplicity and self-forgetfulness, is even a rarer thing than the winning of such honours. One of the most touching sights to-day was the inpouring of the citizens, old and young, who came bearing tributes of love to the dear old mother and her boy, who sat side by side as lovingly as in the far-away years. This tribute was even more dear, we doubt not, to these recipients than the telegrams, cable despatches, letters, flowers, books, silver, arm-chairs, and the precious gifts which came from various parts of the world. Four sons and one daughter are here to grace the occasion, while Lemuel and Samuel J. Holton, of Boston; Cyrus Holton, of Northfield, are also present to gladden their aged sister with their love. The floral offerings are profuse; the collation prepared for the guests ample; the letters read from Rev. James H. Brooks, of St. Louis, and Rev. Theodore Cuyler, of Brooklyn, exceedingly bright; the pleasant addresses by Hon. B. G. Northrop, Mr. Holton, brother of Mrs. Moody; and by Dwight L. himself, fade away before the vision of two hundred earnest, noble young ladies and a hundred joyous lads, who are gathered here from all parts of the world. These are the crown jewels of the hour. These are the result of Mr. Moody's labours, outside his great evangelistic work. These six hundred acres of hill and valley; these massive buildings of brick and granite at Gill and at Northfield, "built to stay," are a grander sight than even the outpouring of affection and honour from the high circles of earth. These enthusiastic souls tell of a world's redemption; of the speeding on of Christ's Kingdom; of influences set in motion which shall outlive old earth's history. No wonder that our eyes filled with tears when the choir of young ladies, standing before the saint, sang with touching sweetness:

"God bless thee, dear mother! God bless thee, dear friend!
His mercy be o'er thee, His goodness defend.
We join thee in praising,
Our grateful hearts raising
To Him who hath loved us, who loves to the end."

The King's Jewels.

WHAT are you doing with the King's jewels?

"The King's jewels," asks some one. "What have we to do with the King's jewels?"

Much; and what if He should come and ask about them, ask what you do with them on the street and at school?

"On the street? at school?" is another surprised question.

Yes; what are you doing with the King's jewels on the street and at school? You say you have confessed Christ in your youth, and what are patience and love, the peace-making spirit and the self-denying spirit, qualities He has produced within you by His Spirit, but jewels that He, the great King, has intrusted to you? Do

others see them in your lives? Do your schoolmates and playmates acknowledge you as Christ's because they see such Christlike qualities in you? These are the royal stones He plucks out of His diadem, and with them marks you as His. Do your friends see these marks? They can tell a mean bit of glass from a diamond. There are no eyes quicker to tell the false from the real. What about your example at school? Does every one say of you, "That boy, or that girl, is a Christian indeed?" Another school-year has opened, and, O youthful wearers of the King's jewels, see that no tarnish is on them; see that they are not hidden, and so the world deny that you belong to the King.

What One Little Worm Did.

A NUMBER of people were once assembled in a grand park; and the owner pointed to a magnificent sycamore-tree, which was dead and decayed to the core. "That tree," said he, "was killed by a single worm."

Two years before it was as healthy as any tree in the park; but one day a worm about three inches long was seen to be forcing its way under the bark. A naturalist who saw it told the owner that, if left alone, it would kill the tree. The master of the park scarcely believed it possible; but next summer the leaves of the sycamore fell very early, and in the following year it was a dead, rotten thing. One worm can kill a whole tree. One sin or evil habit persisted in can ruin a child for whom Christ died.—*Children's Bread*.

An Engineer's Story.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen us," said the engineer, as he pried his oil-can about and under his machine. "Queer thing happened to me one day about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I can almost cry every time I think of it. I was running along one afternoon pretty lively when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl, not more than three years old, toddled on to the track. You can't even imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even slack much, at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over; and after reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down, my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I'd stopped for when he laughed and shouted to me: "Jim, look here!" I looked, and there was a big black Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny, and kept on laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home."—*Chicago Herald*.

A PINT of beer contains as much spirit as half a pint of claret, a quarter of a pint of port or sherry, or a wine-glassful of gin, whisky, or brandy.