

## The First Silk Dress.

'See, grandpa,' said little Hetty, 'this is the first silk dress I ever had in my life: I'm just as proud as anything.'

'Indeed!' said grandpa, smiling over the rim of his spectacles, 'I should think it was for the maker of the dress to feel proud; not for the wearer.'

'Oh, mamma made it,' said Hetty.

'No, you are mistaken,' answered grandpa, 'mamma only sewed it together. It had to be woven first.'

'Then the weaver made it,' said Hetty, looking down thoughtfully at the shining folds.

'No,' said grandpa, shaking his head, 'the weaver didn't make it; it had to be spun first.'

'So the spinner made it?' cried Hetty.

'Not one spinner, but hundreds of thousands of little spinners; they spun these threads for their own shrouds.'

'Their shrouds!' exclaimed Hetty; 'a thing to be buried in? Grandpa, what do you mean?'

'Do you know who the spinners were, Hetty?'

'No, grandpa,' she answered, doubtfully, 'I don't think I do.'

'They were queer, ugly, green worms, about three inches long, with sixteen legs, strong jaws, and a big stomach. Did you ever hear of silk worms?'

No, the little girl had never heard of them, and she listened eagerly for their story.

'They are hatched out of eggs no bigger than a grain of mustard seed, so of course they are very tiny at first. But they have big appetites for such tiny folk. If you go into a room where many of them are feeding, it sounds like the grinding of a rusty machine.'

'In a month's time they will eat 60,000 times their first day's weight in mulberry leaves, and then their short life is over; they quit eating then, and begin to spin fine silk threads, in which they wind themselves round and round, in queer little oblong balls called cocoons.'

'When he is completely buried in this silken ball, the worm dies—that is, he dies as a worm, but in two weeks if you do not destroy



DRAWING LESSON.

this buried life, he bursts his silken tomb, and comes out a winged creature that we call a moth. Then we take his grave clothes, carefully unwind them, and spin little Hetty a dress!'

'Oh, how strange!' said little Hetty, softly. 'They didn't know they were making me a dress, grandpa?'

'No,' said grandpa; 'and there was another thing they didn't know, little Hetty; when they went to sleep in their silken graves, they didn't know they would leave their ugly worm bodies, and come to light again with wings.'

'But we know, because God has taught us, that when we lie down in our graves, we are to rise again, clothed with a more radiant garment than any loom could spin, even the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness!'

Grandpa had forgotten little

Hetty, and was gazing far away into the sky but Hetty never forgot the story of the silk worm and its beautiful meaning.—E. P. A., in 'Central Presbyterian.'

How the birds sing nowadays! We don't think it polite to peep in people's houses unless we are invited. There are some people, however, who watch the birds so closely that they can tell just when different birds wake up and when they go to sleep, when they eat and what they eat, and how many children they have. They know, too, whether birds are generous or selfish, cross or kind.

Well, people can easily find that out about us. And they do, too, and watch us pretty closely. We had better look out what they say about us!

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