

made heaven and earth . . . the Lord Himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence."

I am sure God rejoiced when He set the hills round about Loch Lomond, telling the world in tenderest fashion that so He will stand "round about His people, from this time forth for evermore." Gazing up from the beautiful lake to the serene glory of those mighty hills, we lean back instinctively on the Heart of our Father in childlike confidence. He has shown His love for us by making our home so lovely, and we feel His power as we look at the everlasting hills.

"He will not suffer that thy foot be moved:
Safe shalt thou be.
No careless slumber shall His eyelids close,
Who keepeth thee.
Behold, our God, the Lord, He slumbereth ne'er,
Who keepeth Israel in His holy care."

As we passed the little pier at Luss, I exclaimed: "If I ever have nervous prostration I want to come here, live with a dear old Scotch couple in one of those cottages, and lean back against the hills until my nerves are healed by their quest strength." Then I glanced at my guide-book and read: "Luss is simply the village that Providence has framed as a complete example of what a charmingly restful holiday retreat ought to be."

But here we are at the end of the "Bonnie banks of Loch Lomond," and here is our coach. We are fortunate enough to be perched up on the front seat beside the coachman, who is an animated guide-book, telling us all the history of the neighborhood—ancient and modern—as he cracks his long whip over the four great horses who are pulling a heavy load round the hills and through the wooded glens. Higher and higher we climb, with the beauty of many cascades shining through screens of green trees and pink and purple heather. More and more hills are above us, looking more majestic than ever as the heavy clouds veil them and the Scotch mist wraps them in mystery. Still we wind around more and more hills, always climbing higher, until we find ourselves at the picturesque summer hotel beside Loch Katrine, and suddenly discover that it is three o'clock and we have had nothing to eat since our early breakfast in Glasgow. How could we miss any of the beauty for the sake of eating?

Soon we are steaming along Loch Katrine in the "Sir Walter Scott," wondering what we should have thought of its wild beauty if we had not been spoiled by Loch Lomond.

Now we are in a coach again, passing through the wonderful Trossach's glen, with Ben Venue towering on one side and Ben A'an on the other. Now the horses are climbing again around and around the hills in serpentine coils, higher and higher. A passenger in the back seat exclaims indignantly: "We could get to Aberfoyle very soon, coachman, if you would only go straight ahead." The coachman only smiles as he looks across the deep ravines and up the steep precipices ahead of us. We wrap ourselves in rugs and cloaks to keep off the cold wind and the driving rain, and look down at Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar, sleeping among the hills like diamonds set in green. It is lovely up here. There are only a few black-faced sheep and goats and some wild-looking Highland cattle, with their sharp horns, almost hidden among heather and bracken.

But they also whisper a message from God: "All the beasts of the forest are Mine, and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls upon the mountains." There they are: Young grouse, running beside the coach, as tame as chickens. If God knows each one of these living creatures on the lonely Highland hills, then He knows all the hopes and fears of His dear children, who are worth more each one of them than all the cattle upon a thousand hills.

But it is very late, and I must stop talking and go to bed.

God be with all my dear friends in far Canada. DORA FARNCOMB.

Good, once put in action or in thought, like a strong oak, doth from its boughs shed its own
The ripe germs of a forest.

—J. Russell Lowell.

The Beaver Circle.

[All children in second part and second books, will write for the Junior Beavers' Department. Those in third and fourth books, also those who have left school, or are in High School, between the ages of 11 and 15, inclusive, will write for Senior Beavers'. Kindly state book at school, or age, if you have left school, in each letter sent to the Beaver Circle.]

Something About Moths and Butterflies.

Dear Boys and Girls,—Some time ago there lived in this city a very dear old man whose hobby was studying insects. The first time I met him he told me about having seen an immense cocoon fastened to a stem of some lilac bushes quite near to the street. For six weeks during the late winter he passed it by, wondering each day if it would be gone, but apparently no eye was as sharp as his, for it was undisturbed. Finally, as the leaves came out and the weather became warm, he took it home on the twig to which it was fastened, and before very long there emerged from it a beautiful moth of immense size.

So interested was I in the history of this moth that he took me up to see it one day, and so I had a chance to take a peep at his collection, which consisted of many hundreds of moths and butterflies of every size and color.

Among them was one which was particularly notable for its great beauty. It was of a pale blue-green in color, with wings projecting into two long ends that might remind one of a "swallow-tail" coat; and upon the wings were two spots looking just a little like the "eyes" of a peacock's tail-feathers.

The old gentleman said that the moth was called "luna," and indeed the name

hardly wait until I consulted a friend who was an expert on such things.

When I saw him I at once plunged into the story of the "queer little humming bird" I had seen.

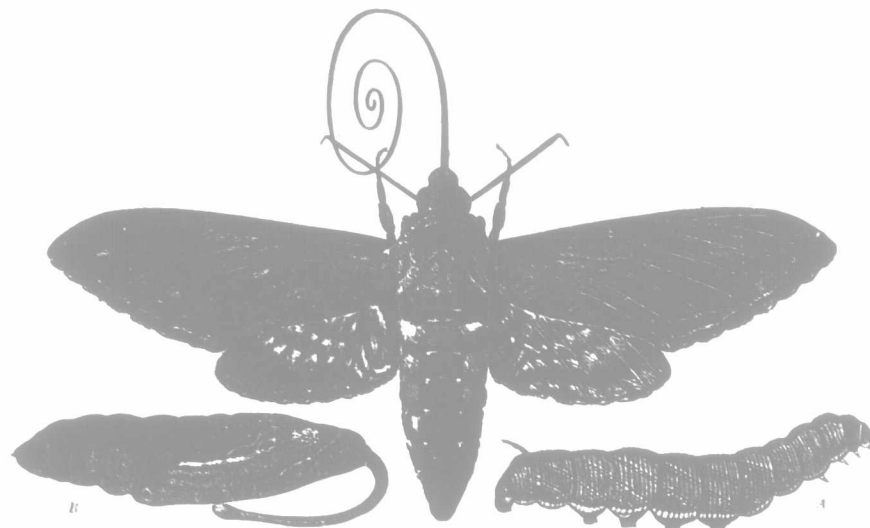
There was an odd look on his face as I went on, and when I had finished,—well, he just laughed, and then I found out that my little humming bird was none other than one of the hawk-moths, and that the long bill was just the tube or proboscis which such insects thrust down into the flowers and through which they pump up the honeyed water which they love. This proboscis, you will remember, is usually kept coiled like a watch-spring, but may be thrust out at will, a very queer kind of feeding apparatus, don't you think? But there is a very tiny mouth beside.

Afterwards I found that the caterpillar (larva) from which one species of these moths is developed is the large green "grub" that you sometimes see on tomatoes and potatoes, and which looks rather ferocious, by reason of a curious curved horn on top of the last segment. Some people are very much afraid of these caterpillars, imagining that they will pierce them or sting them with the horn. You need not be at all afraid, however; the caterpillars are quite harmless, and can be handled with absolute safety.

There are several kinds of hawk-moths, the one which I described as hovering over the phlox being commonly known as the "humming-bird hawk-moth."

Now, just in closing, perhaps some of you may want to know what difference there is between moths and butterflies.

There are some differences in structure and the veining of the wings which you need not bother about just here, but there are a few rough variations which may help you a little. The bodies of the moths are usually thicker, and the three



The Potato Hawk-moth.

With (A) larva, and (B) pupa. [Note the curled proboscis, mandibles and antenna.]

seemed very suitable. Of course, I had little expectation of ever seeing a live one, but the happy chance came. A friend and I were sitting in a small wood by a pond one evening when we heard a decided fluttering among some leaves nearby. Going to see what was causing the disturbance, we jumped for joy, for there was indeed a luna moth, and so much prettier too than the one in the collection, for its large beautiful body was not all shrivelled up and stuck on a pin. Needless to say, we let the beautiful moth go. We were not scientific collectors, so chose to let this wonderful thing, as beautiful as any flower, live.

Have you ever seen any of the hawk-moths? My first acquaintance with one of them came some years ago, when I was just beginning to be interested in birds and insects. Towards sundown one evening I was sitting near an open window, looking out at a big clump of tall phlox in full bloom, when I saw a tiny object hovering about among the flowers. Watching with all my might, I presently discovered the creature to resemble, from where I sat at least, the smallest humming bird that ever was, but with somewhat the coloring of a bee. From flower to flower it went, hovering on wing in the air, just as a humming bird does, and apparently poking a long bill down into the tubes of the blossoms searching for nectar.

Of course I was quite excited, and could

divisions (head, thorax and abdomen) less clearly marked than those of the butterflies. Moths usually fly at dusk or early dawn, while butterflies fly for the most part in the daytime, as they seem to love the bright sunshine. They usually keep their wings erect while at rest, as moths never do. Again, you must note particularly the antenna, or feelers, joined to the head. In butterflies these are always slender, with a thickening or knob at the end, causing them to look like little clubs; in moths they are either fine and tapering, slightly hooked, or feathery.

Both moths and butterflies, you will understand, go through all the changes, egg, pupa (or chrysalis as it is usually called when speaking of butterflies) and adult.

Now, then, keep a watch out for these chrysalids, which are not always shrouded in a cocoon. If you find one, put it in a box with a mosquito-netting cover, and perhaps some day you will be rewarded by seeing a full-grown moth or butterfly emerge and stand there fanning its wings to get strength and life into them.

Some boys and girls with good eyes collect the tiny eggs by cutting off a bit of the plant on which they are placed, and by keeping the stem in water to keep the plant fresh, manage to see the eggs hatch into larvae and the larvae develop into pupae (or chrysalids), finally seeing a glimpse of the emerging adult creature.

insects. This may be rather late for this year, but you can still keep on the lookout for pupae and cocoons in general, as many species hibernate, so that next spring you may hope to see for yourself some of these wonderful changes.

Uncle Jotham's Boarder.

I've kept summer boarders for years, and allowed

I knowed all the sorts that there be; But there come an old feller this season along,

That turned out a beater for me. Whatever that feller was arter, I vow I hain't got the slightest idee.

He had an old bait-net of thin, rotten stuff,

That a minner could bite his way through;

But he never went fishin'—at least, in the way

That fishermen gen'ally do; But he carried that bait-net wherever he went;

The handle was j'inted in two. And the bottles and boxes that chap fetched along!

Why, a doctor would never want more; If they held pills and physic, he'd got full enough To fit out a medicine store. And he'd got heaps of pins, drestle lengthy and slim,

Allers droppin' about on the floor. Well, true as I live, that old feller just spent

His hull days in loafin' about And pickin' up hoppers and roaches and flies—

Not to use for his bait to ketch trout, But to kill and stick pins in and squirt at and all.

He was crazy's a coot, th' 'aint no doubt.

He'd see a poor miller a-flyin' along— The commonest, everyday kind,—

And he'd waddle on after it, fat as he was.

And foiler up softly behind, Till he'd flop that air bait-net right over its head,

And I'd laugh till nigh out of my mind. Why, he'd lay on the ground for an hour at a stretch,

And scratch in the dirt like a hen; He'd scrape all the bark off the bushes and trees,

And turn the stones over; and then He'd peek under logs, or he'd pry into holes,

I'm glad there ain't no more sech men. My wife seen a box in his bedroom, one day,

Jest swarmin' with live caterpillars; He fed 'em on leaves off of all kinds of trees—

The ellums and birches and willers; And he'd got piles of boxes, chock-full to the top

With crickets and bees and moth-millers. I asked him, one time, what his business might be.

Of course, I fust made some apology. He tried to explain, but such awful big words!

Sorto forren, outlandish and collegey. 'S near 's I can tell, 'stead of enterin' a trade,

He was tryin' to jest enter "mology." And Hannah, my wife, says she's heard o' sech things;

She guesses his brain war'n't so meller. There's a thing they call Nat'ral Histerry, she says,

And, whatever the folks there may tell her,

Till it's settled she's wrong, she'll jest hold that air man

Was a Nat'ral Histerrical feller. —Annie T. Slosson.

Our Books.

I may say that our offer to send as premiums large, handsome nature books, illustrated in color, to all boys and girls who send us (directed to Puck) from four to six new subscriptions, always holds good. These books are too expensive to send as essay prizes, but any boy or girl can have one by doing some subscription work for us. The only reason for writing directly to Puck instead of to the