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called Indian Cup with shades of colour from green to greenish red and to crimson, grows with its curious shaped leaf, having hairy inside where insects become entangled and finally drowned in the water that is in this odd formed vessel. More interesting is the insectivorous plant, Sun-dew the leaves clothed with reddish glands that exude drops of a glutinous fluid, glittering like dew-drops; so soon as an insect alights on one of these glands certain movements transpire with the tentacles that digest the creature. Here, on these spongy lan is, the May apple, pink orchid, and cotton plant succeed in drowning your evil thoughts, and the Labrador tea, leather leaf azalia, and kalmia, shrubs that bring forth bright blossoms, look rich from inhaling the sea breeze that blows over them. But what may be said of Ornithology, a branch of study much more interesting to many? What mine of wealth would be in the sportsman were he to search further than his wont into habits of the migratory birds that visit our shores; how our feelings would be moved to the writer of a page or two of their habits in his endeavour to widen his own experience. Let us hope to hear from the numerous visitors to the wild geese, brant and ducks a few notes taken by close observation. Our wading birds, that flock in numbers about the islands at the mouth of the Miramichi river and sea coast are to be disregarded with their quaint ways and odd gestures. Following the course of some winding brook the harsh notes of the blue jay can be heard and to fancy that such bright plumage can be associated with a cry so shrill! Here the king-fisher may be seen, though he prefers no company and is happy without friends; not to mention the robin, with innumerable perching varieties that give life to the woods with their active movements and musical cadences.

In that branch called Entomology that captivates the enquirer far into the mysteries and wonders of insect agency, much is to be learned. The surprising instinct of ants and bees is sufficient to keep a mind busy in closely watching those who might give us lessons in assiduity. The swarms of bees that fly across the river and noticeable wherever the bright corolla of flowers are found, may be seen during the early summer storing up nectar for future use. They also are instrumental in aiding fertilization and crossing varieties of plants by often carrying the pollen

from one flower to another. And the butterflies, moths, beetles, and other flies conspicuous for variations in colour to be found in dense copses, or on some tangled bank, or bit of woodland, cannot be left out from the category of this branch of Natural History. Before closing these few pictures I might have mentioned Geology with all of its noble teachings, carrying the student to ages gone by; with the classification of rocks he compares different epochs of time by means of formed strata. There are, besides, the dwellers of the sea, from the lowest vegetable forms to the finished nervous system of our fish. Decked with bright colours the jelly-fish, star-fish and sea-anemone surpass others in beauty living under like conditions. A vague doubt seems to be entertained of the habits of the fish that frequent these waters, and here there would, in another line, be afforded information so beneficial from one who made a point to satisfy himself and imparting it to those around him. I'll quote one instance of an attentive watcher. Male salmon have been seen to fight for hours, whilst the female quietly aside looked on, till, satisfied of the conqueror retires with him for life.

An attention to some of these branches of study will be fraught with necessary good results, not an extensive study, but such a one that the ideas may be grasped easily; and to him sanguine of immediate knowledge of the movements of forms around him will find a task that requires years of constant attention; but that large advances in welfare can come only in the slow processes of things let us rest satisfied with the little that can be done, and yet to find it worth while to do that little. In the great struggle for supremacy and other forces that direct us to aims far beyond what possibly can be attained, the road to the goal will now be strewn with brighter hopes content from time to time to rest from the jostle that daunt our finer sensibilities, when refreshed we return to our work with a steady effect, alike on thought and action.

Nature shows no partiality for race or individual, be what he may, her bright colours and specimens of interest belong not to single class; but beckoning to us in that still small voice she whispers, come one come all

OPPOSITION.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head-wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is

what he wants, and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing strips himself in the sunshine and lies down by the wayside to be overlooked and forgotten. He who but braces himself to the struggle when the winds blow gives up when they have done, and falls asleep in the stillness that follows.

WHAT WE ALL THINK.

That age was older once than now,  
In spite of locks untimely shed,  
On silvered on the youthful brow,  
That babes make love and children wed.

That sunshine had a heavenly glow,  
Which faded with those "good old days,"

When winters came with deeper snow,  
And autumn with a softer haze.

That—mother, sister, wife, or child—  
The "best of women" each has known,  
Were schoolboys ever half so wild?  
How young the grandpas have grown?

That but for this our souls were free,  
And but for that our lives were blest;  
That in some season yet to be  
Our cares will leave us time to rest.

When'er we groan with ache or pain,  
Some common ailment of the race,  
Though Doctors think the matter plain,  
That ours is "a peculiar case."

That when, like babes with fingers burned,  
We count our bitter waxing more,  
Our lesson all the world has learned,  
And men are wiser than before.

That when we sob o'er fancied woes,  
The angels hovering over head  
Count every plying drop that flows,  
And love us for the tears we shed.

That when we stand with tearless eye  
And turn the beggar from our door,  
They still approve us when we sigh,  
"Ah had I but one thousand more!"

That weakness smoothed the path of sin,  
In half the slips our youth has known;  
And whatsoever its blame has been,  
That Mercy flowers on faults outgrown.

Though temples crowd the crumbling brink  
O'erhanging truth's eternal flow;  
Their tablets hold with what we think  
Their echoes dumb to what we know.

That one unquestioned text we read,  
All doubt beyond, all fear above,  
Nor crackling pile, nor cursing creed  
Can burn or blot it: GOD IS LOVE.

O. W. HOLMES.

KINDNESS.

(Written for the "Snowflake.")

DEAR SNOWFLAKE:—The virtue of kindness, is one that is always welcome, and that wins the hearts of men. Every heart is susceptible to its benign influence and power, and were it not that more or less of it prevails among men life would be simply intolerable. Many hearts pine away for want of the cheering influences of sympathy from their friends and acquaintances; and not unfrequently do persons erroneously conclude that, because they are not treated with the vocal and demonstrative expressions of friendliness, there exists no feeling of kindness in the hearts and natures of those with whom they come in contact. Thus persons are often wrongfully judged on account of natural reserve, or because they fail to ex-

press in words what they feel. No doubt such persons would do well to be more lavish in stating how they feel towards others. But still we greatly prefer the kindness which is characteristic of such as show it by deeds of generosity and kindness. We think it is of a more robust and enduring nature, and will be found to serve us in the day of need and adversity. It is not so likely to be of a mushroom growth or of a merely sunshine nature. It will last, and will not fail when clouds and darkness surround us. True, it is still more desirable to not only have such rugged kindness but also in due moderation to manifest it in words. For some it is the easiest thing possible to say how much they feel of kindness to others, but in how many cases all their affection for and interest in the comfort and happiness and welfare of others evaporates in words—words sweet and tender, it is true, but of no practical value. They are always wanting when deeds are necessary. At other times, particularly when you are in comfort and in a flourishing state they flutter round you like butterflies; but let the frosts of adversity appear and they are gone—their ardour is soon frozen. Kindness of the purest and most-enduring kind is founded on a heart which is itself pure, and will specially flourish in a heart and life controlled by Divine love and law. This will result in the production of much pleasure to all who exercise this virtue, and in helping all who come under the influence it exerts upon them. And surely we, who enjoy so much good from the Creator of all, ought to endeavor to cultivate the feeling and virtue of kindness as much as possible and thus help to smooth the asperities incident to this life.

Allow me to thank you, dear SNOWFLAKE, for the kindness manifested in your career and the evidences you gave of a desire to contribute to the pleasure and comfort of life.

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love  
Make our earth an Eden like the heaven above."  
ONE WHO HAS FELT KINDNESS.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of June—  
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,  
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;  
And you, warm little housekeeper who class  
With those who think the candles come too soon,  
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass!  
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,  
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong  
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth  
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song.  
In doors and out, summer and winter mirth.

Leigh Hunt.