

THE BOATS THE GNATS BUILD.

Did you ever hear about the wonderful boats the gnats build? They lay their eggs in the water, and the eggs float until it is time for them to hatch. You can see these little egg rafts on almost any pool in summer.

The eggs are so heavy that one alone would sink. The cunning mother fastens them all together until they form a hollow boat. It will not upset, even if it is filled with water! The upper end of these eggs is pointed, and looks very much like a powder-flask.

One egg is glued to another, pointed end up, until the boat is finished. And how many eggs do you think it takes? From two hundred and fifty to three hundred. When the young are hatched, they always, come from the under side, leaving the empty boat afloat.

These eggs are very, very small. First they are white, then green, then a dark gray. They hatch in two days and swim just like little fishes. Then they change again to a kind of sheath, called a chrysalis. In another week this sheath bursts open and lets out a winged mosquito. It is all ready for work. There are so many of them born in a summer, that, were it not for the birds and larger insects, we should be "eaten up alive."—*Our Little Ones.*

"HE MY ENEMY, MASSA!"

A slave in one of the islands in the West Indies, who had originally come from Africa, having been brought under the influence of religious instruction, became singularly valuable to his owner on account of his integrity and general good conduct; so much so, that his master raised him to a situation of some consequence in the management of his estate. His owner, on one occasion, wishing to purchase twenty additional slaves, employed him to make the selection, giving him instructions to choose those who were strong and likely to make good workmen. The man went to the slave-market and commenced his scrutiny. He had not long surveyed the multitude offered for sale, before he fixed his eyes intently upon an old and decrepid slave, and told his master that he must be one. The master appeared greatly surprised at his choice, and remonstrated against it. The poor fellow begged that he might be indulged; when the dealer remarked, that if they were about to buy twenty, he would give them the old man in to the bargain. The purchase was accordingly made, and the slaves were conducted to the plantation of their new master; but upon none did the selector bestow half the attention and care that he did

upon the poor old decrepid African. He took him to his own habitation, and laid him upon his bed; he fed him at his own table, and gave him drink out of his own cup; when he was cold he carried him into the sunshine; and when he was hot he placed him under the shade of the cocoa-nut trees. Astonished at the attention this confidential slave bestowed upon a poor fellow-slave, his master interrogated him upon the subject. He said—"You could not take so intense an interest in the old man but for some special reason; he is a relation of yours—perhaps your father?"

"No, massa," answered the poor fellow; "he no my fader."

"He is, then, an elder brother?"

"No, massa, he no my broder."

"Then he is an uncle, or some other relation?"

"No, massa, he no be of my kindred at all, nor even my friend."

"Then," asked the master, "on what account does he excite your interest?"



"He my enemy, massa," replied the slave; "he sold me to the slave-dealer; and my Bible tells me, when my enemy hunger, feed him; and when he thirst, give him drink."—*Children's Friend.*

DOGS.

Dog stories are without number and are always interesting; and in the great family of dogs the race that came originally from Newfoundland boasts more real heroes than any other. There are pathetic stories of dogs told in connection with every creed, and they have been duly immortalized by Sir Edwin Landseer and his emotional successor, Mr. Briton Riviere. The dogs of St. Bernard find travellers who are lost in the snow; collie dogs are the most affectionate of creatures in life as well as in death; and even the ordinary mongrel orurcher has a heart of compassion for the baby girl who is sent out of the room in disgrace and sits

disconsolately on the top step of the stairs. But the Newfoundland dogs are the true heroes; they win the medals and Victoria Crosses of dog life. Hitherto they have confined their attention, however, to seas and rivers. If a child tumbles on a pier at the seaside or escapes from its nurse's arms into the river, some great-hearted Newfoundland dog is sure to be at hand to offer his valuable services. It seems they are as handy, also, in case of fire. An imprudent mother in Paris left her infant alone in a room with an unprotected fire whilst she went out on an errand. The baby, while she was away, slipped down on the marble hearthstone, falling head first under the grate. The natural thing for a child to do under such circumstances was to howl, which it promptly did. Its screams attracted the attention of Médor, who was dozing downstairs in the kitchen. The dog, who was greatly attached to the child, sagaciously thought that something was wrong, so he bounded upstairs, luckily found the door open, and, seeing the situation of the infant, unable to extricate itself from its perilous position, dragged the baby away

one young lady, a teacher, rushed to an open window and jumped out of it. Throughout this scene of confusion one girl—one of the best-conducted in the school—maintained her self-composure, and remained seated on the bench where she had been when the alarm commenced without once moving. The color had, indeed, forsaken her face; her lips quivered, and some tears rolled slowly down her cheeks, but not one cry, not one word escaped; and there she sat, silent and motionless as a statue, till all danger was declared to be over. After order had been restored, the question was asked her how it happened that she had been so composed as to sit still, when everybody else was in such a fearful state of fright? Her reply was, "My father is a fireman; and he has told me that, if ever there was an alarm of fire in the school, I must just sit still. I thought of his words, and did as he desired me; and that was what made me stay quiet."—*Christian Guardian.*

LEARN TO GIVE.

1. From habit. This can be learned only in youth, therefore teach your children to put something in the plate whenever it is passed.
2. From a feeling of obligation and duty to God who commands it, and whose command you promised to obey. Teach this duty to your children.
3. From an overflowing love to God, who has given you so much. Give to him lavishly, as you would give to a beloved wife, or child, or parent, only in a proportion as much greater as your love to him and his love to you exceed all human love. Teach this also to your children.
4. Give from love to the needy and suffering. As soon as you see a want, or hear of one, try to relieve it, and teach your children to do likewise.
5. Give especially to those charities for which you are responsible. As a member of the (—) Church it is your bounden duty to give to those missionary operations which are carried on by it and dependent on it.
6. Give in such a manner of your money, your time and efforts, that you may continue the work of mercy to the bodies and souls of men which our Saviour began on earth, and teach your children to imitate his blessed example by ministering to the needy and suffering,—*Christian Giver.*

BE A MAN.

O, fie! do not cry.
If you hit your toe, say "Oh!"
And let it go.
Be a man if you can,
And do not cry.

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