

may find countless numbers of Mother Nature's pet productions.

Man prides himself upon his power of invention; is proud to exhibit the stately edifices which are the result of his work. Let him study the homes of the ants; he will learn that they were architects long before a stone building ever existed upon the earth. They have dug tunnels, compared with their own size, more vast than anything man has ever attempted.

The modern lady plumes herself upon the beauty of her dress, the richness of the hangings in her parlor, or the colors of her carpet; she forgets entirely that there are little insects that furnish their cells with scarlet more brilliant than anything she possesses, make laces she may well envy.

The butterfly you love to chase was once a worm-like caterpillar; after shedding its skin, drawing itself into a silken ball, and remaining in a sheath still as death for months, it bursts its case, and appears in all its present loveliness.

What hungry creatures they are! Think of a boy eating double his own weight in a day and night! That is just what many of these maggots do. A boy requires eighteen years for his growth; the common moth ten days. Armies of caterpillars make raids on our orchards sometimes, and are able in a few hours to strip a lovely tree of its beautiful dress, and leave it in the leafless livery of winter to make new conquests elsewhere.

An Enormous Spider.

At the Zoological Gardens in London may be seen a spider which is about as big as a house sparrow with his wings folded. When the spider's legs are open, he is most formidable-looking. The whole of his body is covered with dark red-brown hair. He is fed upon cockroaches, and he spins threads across the ground, in which the cockroaches get entangled. He will also kill and suck the blood of young mice, of the brain of which he seems especially fond. He is confined in a glass case, the temperature of which is kept up by warm water. The bite of this spider—which comes from South America—is said to be very injurious to both man and beast.

That Little Hand.

"He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters."

Black and blue eyes opened wide with wonder in the bright faces of the children who had gathered lovingly around old Mr. Elden, as he slowly spoke these words.

"What does he mean, Elsie?" whispered Jane Lee to her cousin. We asked him for a story, and you know he always has one ready. I hope he isn't going to preach a sermon!"

"Wait, Jennie; we shall see."

"This text," continued Mr. Elden, "always reminds me of an incident of my childhood. When I was a little boy, I had a pleasant company of playmates, and we used to enjoy our sports together, just as you children now do. At the lower part of the village where we lived was a river, and a bridge across it. We often went there to play, and many times I have stood a long while trying to see the fish as they swam below."

"One day we were playing on the bridge, and one of our number, who had mounted the railing, was watching something in the water, when he sud-

denly slipped, lost his hold, and fell. We heard his cry, and the splash as he struck the water. We ran to the side of the bridge and looked over. The water had already closed above him, he had sunk so quickly, and bubbles were rising where he went down. We were too young to know exactly what to do, and too much frightened even to shout for help. The little fellow rose once more to the surface, struggling for life, but could only give us a beseeching look, when, with his arms uplifted, as if imploring help, he sank again.

"We were still speechless with horror, but a kind man had noticed our movements from a short distance, and suspecting what had happened was hastening towards us. He reached the bridge. Nothing was in sight but one little hand above the water, and that was fast disappearing. We had recovered our voices, and pointing at it, we cried eagerly, 'There's his hand! Oh, there's his hand!'"

"That outstretched hand! I seem to see it now—I shall never forget how it looked to me. But our friend waited not a moment. As that hand went out of sight he plunged into the river, and soon brought the drowning boy to the shore. He looked earnestly into the pale face of our playmate, as he held him in his arms, and in a tone of voice that sent a thrill of joy through all our hearts, he said, 'Saved!'"

Then turning to the rest of us he added, 'Boys, I know you will never forget that little sinking hand. Remember, when it comes into your minds, that we are all sinking in a colder and darker place than that river, unless we have asked One to save us, who alone can do it. This boy will soon recover now, and be able to say that I took him from the river. It is my prayer that he and every one of you may be able to say of another, better friend, as you think of the dark waters of sin, in which all who do not love Christ are sinking, "He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters."'

"Dear little friends," said Mr. Elden, closing his story, "I trust the prayer of that good man, for me, has been answered. Will you remember that little hand, and the lesson it taught us? Jesus is ready to take hold of those little hands of yours as you lift them up imploringly from the depths of sin and evil in this world, and He will bring you at last, not to the shore of such a river, but to the 'Shining Shore.' Will you ask Him to do it?"

Sagacity of a Sparrow.

I live in the city, and one afternoon I saw in the kitchen area an unfledged house-sparrow, unable to fly any distance, and which had tumbled down into this prison, across which was laid an iron bar, extending within a foot of the concrete pavement; the mother was at the top, looking down with pity and alarm at the awkward position of this, perhaps her only child. Many and ingenious were the attempts on the part of both parent and offspring for the regaining of the latter's lost liberty, but each and all proved useless.

I looked on with some fear and anxiety, lest the drama should be concluded by the flying away of the mother and the desertion of the child; but no, although each new plan seemed to fail in the carrying out, at length the mother sparrow flies away, and returns with a stout straw in its beak, and rests for a few seconds on the edge.

Then conceive my delight when the little nestling, after a chirp or two from its mother, learning no doubt the particulars of the plan, climbs to the upper part of the bar, nearest to the pavement, takes the offered straw into its beak, and is raised to the iron bar, and flutters away with its delighted mother.

A Cat's Mind.

A noisy milkman came rushing up the back steps every morning, banged down his tin pail and shouted "Milk!!!" The cat always received a saucer of milk on his arrival. When the rattle and the shout were heard, the cat would spring to the door with his eyes sparkling. A mischievous boy, noticing this, thought he would fool the cat. He ran up the steps, and shouted "Milk!!!" The cat was at the door in an instant, but when it was opened no milkman appeared. There was something so funny about making a fool of the cat, that the experiment was tried from time to time with great success; but suddenly it failed. When the boy rushed up the steps and shouted "Milk!!!" the cat lay beside the stove and purred sedately. The boy was resolved not to be beaten by the cat, so he took with him a tin can, banged it down with a great rattle and cried, "Milk!!!" when the cat sprang for the door as if she had been touched by electricity.

—Joys come to us like blossoms, and we think we have them; and then, when, like blossoms, they fall, we think we have lost them, although the seed or shadow is left; but they are not gone because they have passed through a particular period of their development.

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