

of the bill, it is then tossed high in the air, the immense jaws open like a pair of park-gates, and the descending morsel falls straight into the gullet with a 'cluck' that makes one roar with laughter. The conjurer who catches knives and rings might take a lesson from these comical creatures."

"OUR DAILY BREAD."

Frank sat in his little chair by the fire, looking quite thoughtful for such a curly-headed little rogue as he was. "What puzzles your little brain now?" asked his mother. "Why mother," said he, "I have been thinking how it is God gives me bread; it seems to me as if you made it and gave it to me, and every time I say, 'Give me this day my daily bread,' I can't make out how it is, and it troubles me." "Why, Frankie," exclaimed Emma, "what a naughty question. The Bible says so, and that is enough."

Frank looked a little frightened; but his mother gave him a pleasant smile, and said, "I am glad you inquired; I like to explain whatever I can to you. There are many things we cannot understand, and those we must believe because the Bible asserts them. But I think I can show my little doubter how it is that while I make the bread, it also comes from God. What is bread made of, Frank?" "Flour, mamma." "And where does the flour come from?" "I know," said little Susie, who had drawn up to hear what was saying; "it came from Ames' store; I saw his man bring it in a barrel in a great wagon yesterday." "So he did, my dear; and where did Mr. Ames get it?" "From Rochester," answered Frank; "for I saw, Rochester mills, New York, marked on it in real letters." "Yes, but where did the Rochester miller get it?" "He ground it from wheat." "And where did he get the wheat?" "He bought it from some farmer, I suppose," said Emma, the oldest of the group. "Yes, and where did the farmer get it?" "Why, it grewed," said little Susie very briskly, at which they all laughed.

"So it did, my child," said their mother, "and now, who will tell me how it grew?" Frank looked a little doubtful, and Emma replied, "Why, some farmer ploughed his field, sowed the seed, and when it was grown and ripened, he cut it with a

sickle, dried, and thrashed it." "Yes," said her mother, "so far all seems to have been done by man; but could man do the whole?" "He couldn't make the ground," said Frank, after a long pause. "No, God made the earth; but will wheat grow in every part of it?" "Yes, I guess it will," said Frank. "No," said Emma, "it won't grow up where Dr. Kane went, it is so cold there." "No, nor under the equator," added her mother, "for there it is too hot. God made the earth, and caused it to move round the sun in such a way that some portions of it should be neither very hot nor very cold, but just right for grain to grow and ripen. He also made the right kind of soil; if the seed had been sown in a bed of soft clay or mud, or in dry sand, or on a rock, it could not have flourished and borne a crop. But the soil being provided, could man do all the rest?" "Yes," said Emma, "he could cultivate and gather it." "Then if God had quite forgotten it from spring to autumn, it would have grown just as well?" "No, it wouldn't," said Frank, "he had to keep the sun shining on it all day long." "Yes," answered Emma, "and he had to send rain, or it would have all withered and died." "Oh yes, so he did," said Frank; "I didn't think of that."

"You see," continued his mother, "that though man does a part, God also does a very large and important part. If he had not made the right kind of soil, and given the right degree of warmth, if he had not shed over the field the beautiful sunlight, the refreshing rain, and the gentle dew, there could never have been one single stalk of wheat. Man alone could never create a foot of ground, a ray of sunlight, or drop of dew; for all these he is dependent on the kindness of our heavenly Father, and without these we could none of us have our daffy bread. Does my little Frank see how it is God gives him bread?"

"Yes, I do; and he made you too, mother, or else you could not do your part in making the bread." "I think," said Emma, "it takes a great many to make our bread. There is the farmer, the miller, the merchant, and the cook; each has a part to do in it: your part, Frankie, seems to be to eat it." "Yes, and to be thankful for it. I am glad I asked you mother, because now I see how it all is, as clear as can be, and when I

say my prayer I shall know what it means." "Yes, always tell me when any thing perplexes you. I like to have you think for yourself, and inquire the meaning of things, and not merely repeat words without connecting any ideas with them."

A LEARNED WITNESS.

Witnesses are often exceedingly stupid, but we don't know whether this witness ought to be called stupid or not. He was before Baron Martin. It was desired to get from him an exact account of a certain conversation, with the "says I" and "says he;" but the counsel could not comprehend the form in which he was wanted to make his statement. So the court took him in hand. "Now, my man, tell us exactly what passed." "Yes, my lord, certainly. I said that I would not have the pig." "Well, what was his answer?" "He said that he had been keeping the pig for me, and that he—" "No, no; he did not say that—he could not have said it. He spoke in the first person." "No, I was the first person that spoke, my lord." "I mean this—don't bring in the third person—repeat his exact words." "There was no third person, my lord; only him and me." "Look, here, my good fellow! he did not say that he had been keeping the pig; he said, 'I have been keeping it.'" "I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship's name at all. We are on two different stories, my lord. There was no third person! and if anything had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it." So the court had to give it up, though the witness was only too ready to tell all he knew.

AUSTRALIAN BEESWAX.—Amongst the productions of the colony that are likely to become valuable in future time, we may mention the wax of the native bee. These bees deposit their honey in the hollow portions of trees, of the Eucalypti more especially, and in some parts of the colony, trees that have been the receptacle have yielded three and four hundred-weight. Our attention has been particularly drawn to the subject, by learning that the wax of the honeycomb has been manufactured into candles in this district, with a considerable amount of success. Although not of the virgin-wax colour which characterises the Belmont candles, they are, nevertheless, very excellent in burning.—*Yass Courier*.