

She sails away in her air-ship, here and there, according to her fancy, the thread rising high up over the ditches in the meadow, over the river, over bushes and trees, over the houses of the town, and over the church steeple. When the children see the spider's little air-ship they cry: "Look at the long summer thread!"

After a time the spider thinks she has travelled far enough, and wants to stop, but how is she to lower her ship to the ground? Small as she is, she knows a way out of the difficulty. She seizes the floating white thread with her nimble legs, and rolls it up into a ball. The more she pulls it in, the less the breeze can carry it, till she gradually sinks to the ground.

Here the spider seeks a corner where she can safely take up her winter quarters. If she finds no likely spot, she spins herself next day another little air-ship, and travels further on. It is true that she can neither steer nor guide her vessel, for it is driven along with the wind, but she leaves it in God's hands, who has a fatherly care for even the smallest spider. But she must think for herself, also, and take heed which way the wind is blowing.

Where Montgomery Fell.

All good Americans, when they visit Québec for the first time, go to the spot where the ill-fated Montgomery fell in battle, in his rash attempt to take Québec after his capture of Montreal in 1775. High up on the precipitous rocks above the lower city they find the inscription, "Here fell Montgomery, Dec. 31, 1775." As the Spectator stood there musing on the things that might have been, a carriage drove up containing three ladies. The driver announced, "Here was where Montgomery fell." The ladies craned their necks. "Where did he fall from?" "From up there, madam! He fell from the place where you see the sign, down to the road here, and the fall ended his life." The Spectator was highly amused at this interpretation of the word "fall." Following old Champlain Street, he came to the shore of the St. Lawrence and entered into conversation with an old Irish woman. He related to her what he had just heard; but, instead of sharing his amusement, she said seriously, "Yes, I've heard my old father tell about it; he said General Montgomery was on horseback when he fell, and the fall killed both horse and rider!"—*Spectator, in N. Y. Outlook.*

Rhymes for Little Folks.

Over the Meadow.

Over in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother-toad
And her little toadie one.
"Wink!" said the mother;
"I wink," said the one;
So she winked and she blinked,
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother-fish,
And her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother;
"We swim," said the two;
So they swam and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother-bluebird,
And her little birdies three.
"Sing!" said the mother;
"We sing," said the three;
So they sang, and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother-muskrat,
And her little ratties four.
"Dive!" said the mother;
"We dive," said the four;
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother-honey-bee
And her little honeys five.
"Buzz!" said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five;
So they buzzed and they hummed,
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow,
And her little crows six.
"Caw!" said the mother;
"We caw," said the six;
So they cawed and they called
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother-cricket
And her little crickets seven.
"Chirp!" said the mother;
"We chirp," said the seven;
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.