

Now begin spinning again." And out waved another banner.

"There, isn't that a beautiful little balloon?" cried Miss Argiope, excitedly. "Now, little sister, take a firm hold with all eight feet, and let the breeze lift you; but remember, when you see me signal to gather your streamer into a ball up under your jaw, and you will land as lightly as a fairy."

Then away, away, they sailed, floating out over the sunny meadows as gracefully as a bit of thistledown.

When the little sister saw the signal, she remembered to take in her banner, and, sure enough, as her sister had told her, she sank gently down until she landed lightly beside her upon an aster in full bloom.

"Oh! ah!" gasped the little sister. "How beautiful, and what a view!"

"Of course, my dear," replied Miss Argiope, kindly. "Didn't I tell you the world was worth seeing? But we have no time to spare; let us set to work and weave our new homes, and then there will be plenty of time for sightseeing."

And there, by the roadside, I saw them both. This very morning, guarding carefully their precious eggs, which they carry about with them in a little silken pocket, for safekeeping.

They were sunning themselves in the loveliest gauzy wheels, that were spangled with dew-drops and that sparkled like a queen's diadem.

They looked very happy and contented, and not a bit homesick.—A. W. McClelland, in the Outlook.

Patience Taught by Nature.

"O dreary life!" we cry. "O dreary life!"
And still the generations of the birds
Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds

Serenely live while we are keeping strife
With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife,

Against which we may struggle. Ocean girls
Unslackened the dry land; Savannah—
wards

Unweary sweeps; hills watch, unworn; and rife

Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest trees;

To show above the unwasted stars that pass
In their old glory. O, thou, God of old!
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to these—

But so much patience as a blade of grass
Grows by contented through the heat and cold.
—Mrs. Browning.

When a Girl Should Learn to Unlove.

There is a time, I believe, in love's first approach when it is not too hard to bar the door if there is reason why it should not stand ajar. A girl may not have to learn to love, but she can learn to unlove if she must. She herself must be the judge. If the man bring her weakness instead of strength, low ideals and not high ones; if he is indolent or intemperate, or unclear; if she feel that she will be mated down, and not on the sweet and wholesome level on which she lives, then if she is truly wise she draws the bars of the door gently but resolutely and holds it fast. And when her heart aches, as it doubtless will sometimes, half out of sympathy for him and half because she so misses the sweet accustomedness of his presence, the little attentions, the flowers, the tender look that stirred her so strangely—when her heart aches because of what has gone out of her life, let her hold fast to her brave resolution; let her strong self whisper to her weak, pleading self, "I will be nobly mated, or not at all."—Helen Watterson Moody, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Mother's Gift.

There is a great deal of sentiment about Grover Cleveland, which he inherited from his mother, and a religious vein, which comes from his father. Upon his writing table in the library at Princeton lies the old-fashioned Bible, with covers of black enamel, which was given him by his mother when he first went away from home. While he was President the little volume was always kept in the upper left-hand drawer of the desk that was presented to the President of the United States by the Queen of England as a memento of the Sir John Franklin expedition to the arctic region. At the top of the cover in a little space surrounded by an ornamental border is inscribed in gilt the name "S. G. Cleveland," and upon the fly leaf there is a line or two of writing in a neat, precise feminine hand, from which we learn that the book was a gift to "My son, Stephen Grover Cleveland, from his Loving Mother."

Colonel Lamont says that he first saw this Bible on the table in Mr. Cleveland's law office in Buffalo, and other friends remember having seen it there. When Mayor Cleveland became Governor the book was generally on the bureau of his bedroom. When the Governor was about to become President Colonel Lamont found the Bible in the President's rooms at the Arlington, and, handing it to Chief Justice Waite, asked him to use it when he swore the new chief magistrate into office. There were about 40,000 witnesses on the plaza in front of the capitol when Stephen Grover Cleveland pressed his mother's gift to his lips, and before it was returned to him Mr. Middleton, the clerk of the Supreme Court, entered a formal record on the last fly leaf that it was used to administer the oath of office to Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, on the 4th of March, 1885.—William E. Curtis, in Chicago Record.

"Art tired? There is rest remaining. Hast thou sinned?"

There is sacrifice. Lift up thy head.
The lovely world and the over-world alike
Ring with a song eternal, a happy rede,
Thy Father loves thee."
—Jean Inglew.

Seeing the Point.

The following story is told of a Philadelphia millionaire who has been dead for some years. A young man came to him one day and asked pecuniary aid to start in business:

"Do you drink?" asked the millionaire.

"Once in a while."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me."

The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of a year came to see the millionaire again.

"Do you smoke?" asked the successful man.

"Now and then."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again."

The young man went home and broke away from the habit. It took him some time, but finally he worried through the year, and presented himself again.

"Do you chew?" asked the philanthropist.

"Yes, I do." was the desperate reply.

"Stop it! Stop it for a year; then come and see me again."

The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again. When asked by his anxious friends why he never called on the millionaire again, he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at. "He'd have told me that now I have stopped drinking and smoking and chewing, I must have saved enough to start myself in business. And I have."—Youth's Companion.

A Useful Friend.

Blessings on the woman who in a happy moment invented that comfort and convenience, the shirt waist. Before its advent summer gowns were, of course, thin and dainty, composed of diaphanous tissues, sheer lawns, soft wools, or stout gingham, as seemed good to their wearers, or befitting occasions of useful work or gracious ceremony. But when the shirt waist arrived it was so sensible, so easy to launder, and so becoming to old and young that it was at once adopted, and, far from being a transient fashion, came to stay. Equipped with an appropriate jacket and skirt and two or three shirt waists a lady may set out for a trip across the continent or across the sea; she may spend a week in a friend's house, or go away for over the Sabbath. If to this outfit her purse allow her to add a dress of India silk, which may without difficulty be folded into an ordinary dress suit case or traveling bag, she need have no fears that she will be unprepared for any emergency. She will have the moral support of knowing that she is properly dressed and therefore armed for any social fray. Shirt waists are light of weight and texture, and therefore cool. If one does not find it convenient to have many changes, she may prefer one or two waists of China or India silk, which are always in order, very thin, and may or may not be made over a fitted waist lining. These are liked by women who wish to keep their laundry bills limited. A gingham or percale waist, or one of white lawn or linen, is prettier for young ladies, and has a fresh and dainty look which is an attraction to the beholder's eye at home and on the promenade.—Christian Intelligencer.

God's Rest.

It is the evening hour, and thankfully,
Father, thy weary child has come to thee.

I lean my aching head upon thy breast,
And there, and only there, I am at rest.

Thou knowest all my life, each petty sin;
Nothing is hid from Thee, without within.

All that I have or am is wholly Thine;
So is my soul at peace, for Thou art mine.

To-morrow's dawn may find me here or there;
It matters little, since Thy love is everywhere!

Daughter of Heaven! we dare not lift

The dimness of our eyes to thee,

Oh! pure and God-descended gift!

Oh! spotless, perfect Charity!

—Ruskin.

It is now almost two full centuries since England and Scotland were united, in 1707, under the name of Great Britain. Yet up to the present time the world continues to employ the familiar terms English Queen, English army and so on, with no mention of Scotland. This slight has often been commented upon by Scotchmen, but never perhaps more happily than at Trafalgar. Two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, from the same little clachan, happened to be stationed near each other, when the now celebrated signal was given from the admiral's ship: "England expects every man to do his duty."

"No a word o' puir auld Scotland on this occasion!" dolefully remarked Geordie to Jock. Jock cocked his eye a moment, and turning to his companion, "Man Geordie," said he, "Scotland kens weel enouch that nae bairn o' hers needs to be tell't to do his duty.—that's just a hint to the Englishers."