

VICTORIA AND A SCOTCH LASSIE.

Many years ago a certain very great Scotch artist was living in Edinburgh; he painted then, and paints now, pictures so beautiful that all who see them pause before them, and wonder and admire. Queen Victoria is one of his patrons. One day Mr. G— received a note saying Her Majesty was coming to see him and his paintings. The household was naturally in a flutter of stir and bustle.

A dear little daughter about four years old took no part in the excitement. Her sweet gray eyes grew very solemn; her little rosy lips were sealed very tight, no smile played upon them, her whole deportment seemed changed. A dignified, rather superior sort of expression stole over her when the approaching visit was talked about. Every one noticed it, but no one could make it out.

At last, the day arrived; and the nurse, knowing her special charge would most likely be spoken to said, "Now, Missy mind if Her Majesty condescends to notice you, mind you have good manners and that you answer nicely!"

"Good manners!" said my little lady, tossing her head, and looking like some beautiful avenging child-spirit, "good manners!"

"Dear me! What possesses her?" said the nurse to herself in rather a fright; for she had never known her child to give way to tempers of any kind before.

But she and all the house knew very soon what avenging thought did possess the brave little heart? The afternoon arrived, the clock struck the hour, at which the Queen, as punctual as the clock itself, drove up. Little Janet was standing holding her mother's hand in the studio while a kind-faced, gracious-looking lady was talking eagerly to her father about his beautiful pictures. One painting after another was laid on the easel; and then the lady, looking at the demure, solemn little face at the end of the room, said, "I want to see another picture now. Come here, my child."

Obedience was a great law in this Scotch house, so little Janet obeyed. But her eyes grew very bright.

"Come here and tell me your name."

Then—a deep color spread over the child's face, an angry light shone from her eyes, she clasped her tiny hands behind her back, and these dreadful words flew out, and rang round the room in a quick, frightened, defiant way: "I don't like you! I don't like you at all!"

The father stood dumbfounded. What had the child said? What would she say?

"You don't like me? Why don't you like me?" asked the Queen in an amused voice.

"Because you cut off our Queen Mary's

head!" cried Janet, trembling and flushing. Then the English queen took prisoner in her arms the wee chivalric Scotch child, and kissing her said, "If I had done such a cruel deed, you would have been quite right; but I love your Queen Mary as much as you do."

Janet, reassured by the mother's tone which comes out in all Victoria says, gravely nodded her head, and answered: "Then I will love you too, and I will love you very much."

And from that day whenever Queen Elizabeth's name appeared in the history lessons, Janet paused and said, "That queen was not my queen. Victoria is Scotch as much as English and would never allow a wicked deed in her reign."—*Wide Awake.*

THE LARGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD.

In the farthest south-eastern island of the Philippine group, Mindanao, upon one of its mountains, Parag, in the neighborhood of the highest peak in the island, the volcano Apo, a party of explorers found recently, at the height of 2,500 feet above the sea level, a colossal flower.

The discoverer, Dr. Alexander Schadenberg, could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw, amid the low-growing bushes, the immense buds of this flower, like gigantic brown cabbage-heads. But he was still more astonished when he found a specimen in full bloom, a five-petaled flower, nearly a yard in diameter—as large as a carriage wheel, in fact. This enormous blossom was borne on a sort of vine creeping on the

ground. It was known by the native who accompanied Dr. Schadenberg, who called it bo-o.

The party had no scale by which the weight of the flower could be ascertained, but they improvised a swinging scale, using their boxes and specimens as weights. Weighing these when opportunity served, it was found that a single flower weighed over twenty-two pounds.

It was impossible to transport the fresh flower, so the travellers photographed it and dried a number of leaves by the heat of a fire. Dr. Schadenberg then sent the photographs and dried specimens to the Royal Botanical Gardens at Breslau, where the learned director immediately recognized it as a species of rafflesia, a plant formerly discovered in Sumatra and named after the English governor, Sir Stamford Raffles. The new flower was accordingly named *Rafflesia Schadenbergia*.—*Leaves of Light.*

EGGS AND PROVIDENCE.

Frank Buckland, the naturalist, had very decided views in regard to the teachings of nature: "Birds that lay their eggs in holes," he says, "have round eggs. There are, however, certain birds which incubate their eggs without any nest at all, upon the ledges of rocks. In this position it is very possible that danger would occur to the egg by being accidentally moved by the parent bird, or maybe by the wind. If the egg were round it would very probably roll off the precipice, and, falling to the bottom, be smashed.

"Let us see how the difficult problem of the preservation of this egg is managed by creative wisdom. The egg of the guillemot, to take a good example, is not round, but elongated at one end. The consequence is that when it is touched the egg will not roll away like a billiard ball, but will simply turn around upon its axis. This peculiar structure can be seen and the action of the force upon the egg illustrated by a very simple experiment. Take a common screw and place it near the edge of the table; touch it gently so as to set it in motion. You will observe that the screw, instead of running off the edge of the table, will simply turn round on its small end—its own axis. I cannot conceive anything more beautiful than this arrangement of the eggs of birds which build on ledges of rocks and which are liable to destruction. The fact will, I think, afford excellent evidence (if more witnesses were required) to show creatives kill even in such simple things as birds' eggs."



HER PLAN.

She kisses me in the morning,
She kisses me at night,
She says, "God help my darling
To only do what's right."

And so, you see, in school-time
I'm good as I can be,
For, don't you know, she's asked him
To be a helping me?

So, 'course when I remember
How many mammas say
That very thing each morning,
I know that every day

He must have lots to 'tend to,
And so I always plan
To be as little trouble
And bother as I can.—*Exchange.*

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HE DOETH much who loveth much; and he also doeth much who doeth well.—*Thomas a Kempis.*