

Where is He? Where the sick men lie,  
Withered with fever's scorching blight;  
Bring grapes to cool their lips so dry,  
Which death's dread hand will cool to-night.

Where is He? Where that weary child  
Is laid, with shattered, aching limb;  
Give fruit unsparing, heaped and piled,  
The Saviour counts it given to Him

Where is He? Where you sick girl waits  
His parting word to set her free,  
Give ere she pass the pearly gates,  
Where she will need no gift from thee.

Within the Hospital they lie,  
Jesus is there their woes to see;  
Oh! let Him say in passing by,  
Freely they gave their fruit to me.

And when your loaded shelves ye pile  
For winter use with eager care,  
If ye would win the Master's smile,  
Oh! let the sick ones have His share.

The Lord seeks fruit from every tree,  
The Lord who gives both sun and rain,  
Oh! tell me could it ever be,  
Jesus, should seek and seek in vain.

#### LAUGHING CHILDREN.

Give me the boy or girl who smiles as soon as the first rays of the morning sun glance in through the window, gay, happy, and kind. Such a boy will be fit to "make up" into a man—at least when contrasted with the sullen, morose, crabbed fellow, who snaps and snarls like a surly cur, or growls and grunts like an untamed hyena from the moment he opens his angry eyes till he is "confronted" by his breakfast. Such a girl, other things being favourable, will be good material to aid in gladdening some comfortable home, or to refine, civilize, tame, and humanize a rude brother, making him gentle, affectionate and lovable. It is a feast to even look at such a joy-inspiring girl, from the parted lips, displaying a set of clean, well-brushed teeth, looking almost the personification of beauty and goodness, singing, and as merry as the birds, the wide awake birds, that commenced their morning concert long before the lazy boys dreamed that the sun was approaching, and about to pour a whole flood of light and warmth upon the earth. Such a girl is like a gentle shower to the parching earth, bestowing kind words, sweet smiles, and acts of mercy to all around her—the joy and light of the household.

Many a boy has for years puzzled his brain to guess what is meant by "in the miz," in the fourth commandment. "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is."

#### COURTESIES TO PARENTS.

Parents lean upon their children, and especially their sons, much earlier than either of them imagine. Their love is a constant inspiration, a perennial fountain of delight, from which our lips may quaff and be comforted thereby. It may be that the mother has been left a widow, depending on her only son for support. He gives her a comfortable home, sees that she is well clad, and allows no debts to accumulate, and that is all. It is considerable, more even than many sons do; but there is a lack. He seldom thinks it worth while to give her a caress; he has forgotten all those affectionate ways that keep the wrinkles from her face, and make her look so much younger than her years; he is ready to put his hand in his pocket to gratify her slightest request; but to give of the abundance of his heart is another thing entirely. He loves his mother? Of course he does! Are there not proofs enough of his filial regard? Is he not continually making sacrifices for her benefit? What more could any reasonable woman ask?

Ah! but it is the mother-heart that craves an occasional kiss, the support of your youthful arm, the little attentions and kindly courtesies of life, that smooth down so many of its asperities, and makes the journey less wearisome. Material aid is good so far as it goes, but it has not that sustaining power which the loving, sympathetic heart bestows upon its object. You think she has outgrown these weaknesses and follies, and is content with the crust that is left; but you are mistaken. Every little offer of attention, your escort to church or concert, or for a quiet walk, brings back the youth of her heart; her cheeks glow, and her eyes sparkle with pleasure, and, oh! how proud she is of her son.

Even the father, occupied and absorbed as he may be, is not wholly indifferent to these filial expressions of devoted love. He

may pretend to care very little for them, but having faith in their sincerity, it would give him serious pain were they entirely withheld. Fathers need their sons quite as much as the sons need their fathers; but in how many deplorable instances do they fail to find in them a staff for their declining years!

Begin early to cultivate a habit of thoughtfulness and consideration for others, especially for those whom you are commanded to honour. Can you begrudge a few extra steps for the mother who never stopped to number those you demanded during your helpless infancy? Have you the heart to slight her requests or treat her remarks with indifference, when you cannot begin to measure the patient devotion with which she bore with your peculiarities? Anticipate her wants, invite her confidence, be prompt to offer assistance, express your affection as you did when a child, that the mother may never grieve in secret for her son she has lost.—*Rural New Yorker.*

#### THE SONGS OF BIRDS.

The song of a bird is uttered solely for the pleasure of listening or being listened to on the part of a songster, and bears no relation whatever to any preceding or subsequent movement of the bird; and we therefore claim that the song of the bird is an expression of melody that gives pleasure to the bird itself and to other birds, which is known to the singer; so that he derives an additional pleasure from this consciousness; or, in a few plain words, the reason that birds sing is precisely the same as that which induces mankind to cultivate music, which with man originally was exclusively vocal. A bird, when singing, does not usually busy itself with something else at the same time. If busy feeding, it quits work, and taking up a position that better suits it, the bird commences its song, and repeats the same until wearied with the repetition, or called by its mate or "a sudden thought" to something or some other place. When, however, it is busy feeding, the low chirps and an occasional twitter indicate, if alone, that it is talking to itself, or if with company, that it is talking to them; for a bird surrounded by others, or in company with its mate, will chirp most loudly, and with a greater variation of notes than when alone. If disturbed how different a note is given. Who can doubt the meaning of a frightened bird's alarm cry? Again, let us observe two birds immediately after mating. Many of their actions, and their low, ceaseless twittering, are a most laughable caricature of a newly married couple—say on their wedding journey. Like poor mankind, bird-kind, they have their petty vexations, and the little quarrels of a newly mated pair of birds are also wondrously human-like. What may all this have to do with language? Just this, that precisely in accordance with the way that things go on, whether smoothly or not, are the "chirps and twitters," as to seem to us simply to be low, musical, and deliberately uttered, or if from any cause the birds are excited, then these same utterances are shrill, cacophonous, and so rapidly repeated that the birds, if unseen, cannot but be recognized by their voices.

#### ENEMIES TO THE POTATO BUG.

In addition to the enmity which in self-defence man has developed against the Colorado Beetle, nature is at work in other ways to check its inordinate growth. Not having been favoured with any suggestions from our own Agricultural College, we have to "look to Washington" for information, and find a communication from Mr. C. R. Dodge, the Assistant Entomologist of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the perusal of which is instructive. He says:—

"There are about twenty parasites that prey upon these destructive insects and serve to keep them from becoming even more destructive than they really are. The lady bugs, or "lady birds," belonging to the family *coccinellida*, do inestimable good by destroying the beetle while in the egg state, as there are no less than six species actively engaged in this good work. *Hippodamia maculata* is a small pink species, marked on the back with ten black spots. *H. convergens* is another small species, which has done much good in checking the ravages of the beetle; its larva—for these lady birds attack the eggs in both stages—is bluish, marked with orange and black. The beetle has twelve fine dots or markings on the back. *H. 15 Punctata* is one of the largest of our lady birds. It is cream-colored, with a tinge of chocolate, and is marked with fifteen spots, as the name implies. The thorax is also cream-colored, marked with black. The larva is black, and is armed with six rows of spines. *H. glacialis* is marked on each wing cover, near the end of the abdomen, with three black spots, colour brick red. *Coccinella mumea* is a small clay-coloured species, having no spots whatever; and *C. novem-notata*, as the name implies, is distinguished by being nine-spotted.

In the larval state the beetle is attacked by a great many insects,