



THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

The Trap-Door Spider.

OUR engraving shows a very interesting spider called the trap-door spider. It is found in Jamaica. He makes for himself an underground gallery, with an entrance through a trap-door. The door fits exactly, and is fastened on by a capital hinge; the outside is rough like the earth surrounding it, while the inside is smooth and tidy, white and felt-like, exactly resembling the interior of the gallery. The hinge is made outside, so that the door closes of itself if the spider goes out to take a walk. This he generally does at night, when he catches and brings home the insects on which he feeds.

Yonder

No shadows yonder!
All light and song;
Each day I wonder,
And say, How long
Shall time me sunder
From that dear throng?

No weeping yonder!
All fled away;
While here I wander
Each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay.

No partings yonder!
Time and space never
Again shall sunder;
Hearts cannot sever;
Dearer and fonder,
Hands clasp for ever.

None wanting yonder.
Bought by the Lamb!
All gathered under
The evergreen palm;
Loud as night's thunder
Ascends the glad psalm.

—Horatius Bonar.

ONE of the old English worthies said that a great many sermons were like carefully written letters dropped into the post-office without any address written upon them. They were not intended for any one in particular, and they never reached anybody.

Alcohol and Insurance.

INVESTIGATION has recently brought out some exceedingly interesting facts regarding Life Insurance and Temperance practice. Several Companies have, for over thirty years past, insured Moderate drinkers and Total Abstainers in separate sections, and according to the strict stern logic of ascertained facts, have made out averages entitling Abstainers to bonuses of 20 to 25 per cent over moderate drinkers. The comparison does not take into account so-called Drunkards—such are not accepted by the wise Insurance authorities. The distinction made is (all other things being equal) simply between moderate users, and those who take no alcoholic drinks, and the exact comparative results presented; not made out in the first place with a design of favouring any temperance theory or dogma, but purely as a matter of business. At the same time, as corroborative testimony, the significant facts are worthy of being taken into serious consideration.

Not only are the averages of various years of individual Companies, but several Companies, and different countries, with but little variation, and WITHOUT ANY EXCEPTION, give results substantially similar, amply confirming beyond all peradventure the truth which enlightened Science had asserted—that "*Alcohol is the Enemy of Life.*"

It is sometimes said that the financial bearing should be considered sufficient to vindicate, and often that the moral consideration ought to lead to the practice of Total Abstinence, but here is a view essentially VITAL, emanating from shrewdly conducted business institutions of different countries, including over a hundred thousand policies in the societies, making these distinctions; all of which report that deaths in the general invariably so far exceed those in the Total Abstinence section as to entitle the Abstainers to the largely more favourable terms.

Surely it is not for those "whom it may concern" to ignore such plain lessons of business prudence, dealing with strictly audited accounts and estimates, founded on well confirmed law of comprehensive average.

Here then comes a strong appeal to common attachment to life—highly commending strict Total Abstinence. And strongly too in favour of removing the Poison beyond the reach of the reckless Moderate Drinker.

A True Story.

"I WISH to resign my class," said a teacher to our aged superintendent. "I work, and my labour is in vain."

"My friend, work done faithfully for Christ is never in vain. Toil on, don't lose heart."

"I must give up the work, sir; I can't keep on any longer."

"Yes, you will, when I tell you this: I have been a Sunday-school teacher now for thirty years, and I have not grown weary yet," warmly replied the superintendent, "and I never will leave the work until my Master calls me home."

"I don't feel like that. My class tries me sorely. If I could only hear of one lad who had become a Christian I should not want to give up."

Three days afterwards this teacher came to the superintendent, an open letter in his hand, and tears streaming down his cheeks,

"Oh, sir," he cried, "do you remember Robert Clarkson?"

"I should think I do, the young tyrant! How he used to plague you, to be sure. What part of the world is he in?"

"Chicago, and has been there for ten years. You know, sir, he was in my Bible class. Well, this letter is from him, and he writes to say that he is now a superintendent of a Sabbath-school out there, and the words I said to him at parting were the means of his conversion. And—I shall never forgive myself for growing weary of teaching—I will take my class as usual next Sunday."

Bad vs. Good Reading.

IMPURE literature is another gigantic evil of the times, and the more dangerous because of its Protean form. The extent to which our people, and especially the youth of both sexes, are corrupted, seduced, depraved, and ruined by such reading has not yet been fully known. Every taste is pandered to from that of the poor, unhappy child of ease and fortune, who divides her time between the toilet, the opera, and the French novel, to that of the pale-faced factory girl, who devours the last dime romance. The activity of the press for evil must be exceeded by the activity of the press for good. And the only excuse Churches can have for conducting enormous publishing houses, is that they can thereby supply a carefully graded literature to the people at little more than a nominal price. Any effort to make money involves a Church in an inconsistency from which all the subtleties of logic can never deliver it. Methodism has, from the beginning, been engaged in the work of supplying in every form pure literature—would that it were lawful to add, and at the low prices established by Wesley—by means of one of the best colportage systems in the world, its itinerant ministry.

Go and Do Likewise.

A LADY of good social position in Cleveland, Ohio, while on her way to a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, saw as she passed a beer saloon, a young man about to raise a glass of liquor to his lips. Following instantly the motion of the Spirit—would that Christians always did this!—she left her companion at the entrance, and, stepping in, said to the youth:

"Oh, my friend, stop! don't touch it!"

Startled by the appearance of a well dressed lady in such a place, he turned, and asked:

"What brings you here?"

"To save you from ruin," she replied.

"What do you want of me?" he again asked, confused by the unexpectedness of the scene.

"I want you to go with me to the Young Men's Christian Association meeting," she answered.

"But you would be ashamed to walk with me," he said.

"Not in the least: I would be rejoiced to go there with you," she replied.

Unable to resist her persuasive manner and heartfelt interest in his welfare, the young man left the untouched glass, and went to the meeting. Here prayer was specially made for him, and her act of immediate obedience resulted in his conversion. He became not only a Christian, but one of the most active workers for the gospel in Cleveland.

What a Gentleman Is.

"THE essential characteristics of a gentleman," says Mr. Matthews, "are inward qualities, developed in the heart."

The drover was a gentleman at heart, and in speech also, of whom the following anecdote is told. He was driving cattle to market one day when the snow was very deep, save on the highway. The drove compelled a lady who happened that way to turn out of the road and tread in the deep snow.

"Madam," said the drover, taking off his hat, "if the cattle knew as well as I do what they should do, you would not walk in the snow."

Charles Lamb tells a story of Joseph Price, a London merchant, who revered womanhood in every form in which it came before him.

"I have seen him," writes the genial essayist, "stand bare-headed (smile, if you please), to a servant girl while she was inquiring of him the way to some street, in such a posture of enforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance nor himself in the offer of it."

"I have seen him," he continues, "tenderly escort a market woman whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as though she had been a countess."

These anecdotes show what genuine politeness is. It is a kindly spirit which expresses itself kindly to all. Of one who possesses it the remark is never made, "He can be a gentleman when he pleases." As Mr. Matthews says—and we wish boys to memorize the saying—"He who can be a gentleman when he pleases, never pleases to be anything else."