



THE CARPENTER BEE.

This curious insect well deserves its name. It hollows out cells in a solid log as smoothly and accurately as the best carpenter could do. In these it lays its eggs and hatches its pupa. One of these is seen curled up in one of these cells. The openings to the air will also be seen. The instinct of the honey bee in building its waxen cells is marvellous. The most skilful mathematician could not surpass it in getting the largest amount of cell space with the smallest expenditure of material.

A WALK TO THE EDGE OF HEAVEN.

"Can I go and help Grandfather Morse along the walk, mother?"

"Help him!" laughed Guy, before mother could answer. "Why, you're a little tot of a girl, Bertha, and Grandfather Morse is very tall. He's deaf as a post, too."

"Yes, dearie, you can go," said mother, as quietly as though Guy had not said a word.

"And I can make him hear with my hand," smiled Bertha.

It did indeed seem like it, for when she slipped her kind little fingers into grandfather's palm his face lighted up at once.

"So you've come to help me along, little one," he said. "Thank you. It's very kind of you. The sky looks so bright off to the west that I wanted to come out and look at it even if the street was rough."

And then Bertha squeezed two of his fingers gently.

"Yes, yes, I knew you saw it. It makes me think how bright and happy it will be in heaven."

And away Grandfather talked as though the child was telling him she understood it all. When she pulled softly on his hand he seemed to know that there was a rough or muddy place around which he needed to walk.

"You've been such a great help to me, I shall never forget it," said the old man, bending down to kiss Bertha when he

was at the gate of his home. "Always think how Grandfather's heart was glad because a little one came out to lead him. It's just like the verse in the psalm."

"Yes, I know you don't want to be praised," he added, as Bertha's fingers moved nervously in his. "But good-night, dearie. The Lord bless you."

"Bertha," said mother the next morning when her little girl came down-stairs, "Grandfather Morse went home to heaven last evening. They thought he was asleep in his chair, but God had called him home."

"How easy it must have been," answered Bertha. "And didn't he say anything to his folks?"

"Yes, he talked to them about heaven, and his finger rested on a verse in the Bible which lay open on his knees. He must have been thinking about how you helped him in his walk, for the verse was, 'A little child shall lead them.'"

"O mother, I guess he couldn't have been thinking about the little bit of help I gave him. It's help enough to know I walked with him almost to the edge of heaven. And he said he'd never forget me."

"That will help you always," smiled mother, tenderly.

THE FLAX PLANT.

This little plant, not more than two or three feet high, plays an important part in the industries of the world. Look at the cloth which covers the dining-table, at the handkerchief you carry, at the towel with which you dry your face, at the fine cobweb lace which adorns your mother's neck. What are all these made of? Linen, you say. Yes; and linen comes from this modest little plant with the beautiful blue blossoms.

Flax grows naturally in Egypt and in portions of Asia; also in southern Europe. It has been made at home somewhat in the United States. Have we not each in our possession a few "home-made" heavy linen sheets which our grandmothers spun and wove with their own dear, useful hands?

Linen is made from the fibres of the inner bark of the flax, and from the seed comes linseed oil. Perhaps you know something about "flaxseed poultices," when you have a hard cold.

Martin Luther compared the discipline of Christians, which prepares them for usefulness, to the treatment of flax. "When it is ripe it is plucked, steeped in water, beaten, dried, hacked, spun, and woven into linen, which is again torn and cut."

Linen has been made from the earliest times. It is often mentioned in the Bible, and by God's commandment it formed the dress of the priests. The mummies of Egypt are found wrapped in it. In the British Museum are specimens over thirty centuries old. The finest linen is now made in France, though Holland and

Belgium are close competitors. The industries in Ireland are excellent, and in Scotland coarser qualities are made.

Before me lies a curious little book. It was brought out as a souvenir of the revival of linen manufacture in Langdale, England. The book is hand-made, the cover of linen unbleached, the paper is linen, it is printed on a hand-press, and the names of all who helped to make it are given. It is entitled, "Songs of the Spindle and Legends of the Loom." The songs and legends run all the way through Solomon, Homer, Ovid, Shakespeare and others, down to our own Longfellow.

In the Revelation there is this beautiful allusion: "And it was given unto her that she should array herself in fine linen, bright and pure; for the fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints." This was the dress of Christ's bride. Thus ever, when one of his followers does well, that right action helps to weave the robe of "fine linen bright and pure."

THE LITTLE BELL IN THE HEART.

My heart keeps knocking all the day!
What does it mean? What would it say?
My heart keeps knocking all the night!
Child, hast thou thought of this aright?
So long it has knocked, now loud, now low;
Hast thou thought what it means by
knocking so?

No, child; 'tis a lively little bell,
The dear God's gift who loves thee well.
On the door of the soul by him 'tis hung,
And by his hand it still is rung.
And he stands without and waits to see
Whether within he will welcome be;
And still keeps knocking, in hopes to win
The welcome answer: "Come in! come in!"

So knocks thy heart now, day by day,
And when its strokes have died away,
And all its knockings on earth are o'er,
It will knock itself at heaven's door;
And stand without, and wait and see
Whether within it will welcome be;
And hear Him say: "Come, dearest guest
I found in thy bosom a holy rest.
As thou hast done, be it done to thee;
Come into the joys of eternity!"

A PURE HEART.

A lady picked up a ring in the street, and took it to a jeweller to know if it were of any value. He decided that it was gold, but to make sure for her, said: "I will put it in acid; if real, there will be no change; if imitation, the acid will corrode and destroy it." The ring was dropped in, the lady watched anxiously, and received back her treasure, uninjured, only purer and brighter for the testing.

In this way our hearts are sometimes tested in this sinful world. Pure hearts will stand the test and come out bright and clear. We ought to often examine our hearts to see if they are the pure metal that can go through this world without being corrupted. A pure heart is an invaluable jewel.