



MYSTIFIED MOLLY.

Did you ever see a cat look so funny in all your life? Sitting there with grandma's spectacles on as if she were reading from that book. But it is no use trying to make us believe that, for we can see that she is only looking at the bird. That is a favourite position of hers, she often sits like that. You think she must be a very well brought up cat or she would try to tear Dickie to pieces. Well, I am going to let you into a secret. She did make a spring at him once, no doubt with the hope of having a nice morsel for dinner. But some how or other she found that Dickie was not like other birds (for, between you and me, he is a stuffed bird) as he did not try to get away in the least, and he felt hard, and, on the whole, Molly (that's the cat's name) thought he would not make very good eating. So she let him alone, and now that poor Dickie has been smoothed out and set up again in his place, she has a habit of sitting and staring at him, as if she had never yet been able to make out what kind of a bird he is.

THE BOY AND THE BISHOP.

I REMEMBER a story of a wise man saying a golden word to a rough, scoffing, young fellow on a village road. Bishop Wilberforce was walking along, and some youths were standing talking and laughing, and they called out impudent things to the good man. One of them said "Which is the way to heaven, maister?" The Bishop might have gone along and taken no notice, but he did not. He looked quietly at the young impudents, and he said, "I will tell you. Do you," he said, "take a sharp turn to the right, and then keep straight on. That's the way to heaven."

THE LOST KNIFE.

BY LAWRENCE H. WOODBURY

A True Story

ONE beautiful summer afternoon two boys were flying a kite in their grandfather's field in a little Maine village, where they were spending part of their vacation.

George was ten years old, and was the dol of seven year-old Fred who thought that his brother was almost a man, and knew enough to be one anyway. The boys were very happy on this particular afternoon, as grandpa had just given each of them a fine new pocket-knife with two sharp blades and pretty ivory handles which they were fond of, not alone because of their value, but also because of the giver, for, they loved their grandpa very dearly.

The wind blew briskly as the boys put up the kite, and George soon saw by its leaps in the air that a longer "tail" was needed to balance it properly, so he set to work with some strips of newspaper and some stout twine to make the "tail" longer. George used his new knife to cut the twine, and when the kite was ready to fly again, the knife was left lying in the long grass where he last dropped it.

The kite went up beautifully the second time, and the two boys passed a very happy hour in running about in the big field and watching the graceful movements of their kite in the air. When George was winding up the kite string, after pulling down the kite, Fred saw him put his hand into his pocket and then heard him shout with alarm. "O Fred! I've lost my new knife! and I never can find it in this big field with the long grass!" and then he almost sobbed in his effort to keep the tears back.

Nothing was more serious to Fred than to see his brother in trouble, and he could not help crying himself. The losing of a knife was a very serious matter to boys of their age, and they at once began an almost hopeless search for it, for they did not know where to look, and could only wander about with the faint hope of finding the place where the knife had been dropped.

As Fred walked slowly along, this thought came into his mind: "Why not ask God to help me?" So this little boy sat down in the grass and asked God to help him find the lost knife. After opening his eyes, he had taken but a few steps when he saw the knife lying in the grass before him, just where George had dropped it.

Two happier boys would have been hard to find, as the brothers wound up their kite string and left the field, and ever after this, the blessed promise, "Ask and ye shall receive," meant more to both of the boys than ever before.

THE CORAL.

UNDER the sea, in its sandy bed,
Grow beautiful corals, white and red,
Baby's rattle and necklace too
Once far down in the ocean grow.

Seamen gather these treasures rare,
Which people prize and so often wear
But did you know in each starry cell
A tiny animal once did dwell?

Millions labour in harmony,
And build their cities under the sea,
Coral cities, of white and red,
Under the sea in its sandy bed.

SPINNERS AND WEAVERS.

Did you know that all the silk in the world is made by very little worms? These creatures have a machine for spinning it. They wind the silk, too, as well as spin it. The curious cocoons the worms make are wound with silk. Men take them to factories, where they are unwound and made into the beautiful silks you and your mother wear.

The spider is also a spinner. His thread is much finer than the silkworm's. It is made up of a great many threads, just like a rope of many strands. This is the spider's rope, that he walks on. He often swings on it, too, to see how strong it is. Did you ever see a spider drop from some high place? How his spinning machine must work!

The wasp makes his paper nest out of fibers of wood. He picks them off with his strange little teeth, given him for the purpose, and gathers them into a neat bundle.

When he has enough, he makes them into a soft pulp in some strange way. This pulp is very much like that used by men in making paper. Very likely the wasps taught them how, because they are the oldest paper-makers in the world.

This pulp he weaves into the paper that forms his nest. You must look for one, and see how much it is like the common brown paper we use to wrap bundles in. The wasps work together, so that it takes but very little time to build a nest.