

EPHEMERA, OR DAY FLIES.

These insects belong to the family which is scientifically called Ephemera. They are called day flies on account of their short life, a single day sometimes witnessing their entrance into a perfect state of development and their death. They pass about two years in their larval and pupal state.

These insects are interesting and remarkable for a stage of development which is very uncommon. When they forsake the water where their larval and pupal state is passed they creep out of the pupa case, and after resting for a short period—from one to twenty hours—begin a tremendous motion of their wings. Then they fly to the trunk of a tree or to the stem of some water plant, and cast off a thin membranous skin which has enveloped the body and wings; and fly quickly away before the eyes of the observer, leaving this skin resting upon the stem, looking at first like a dead insect. After this operation the wings are much brighter. The state between leaving the water and casting off the skin is called "pseudimago."

These day flies were known to the ancients. Aristotle says "that about the time of the summer equinox he observed on the shore of one of the rivers which empties into the Bosphorus, little sacs, from which insects would creep out and fly about until evening and then grow weary and die at the setting of the sun. They were called on this account day flies."

On a quiet May or June evening these insects may be seen flying about, sometimes in great numbers, their gauze-like wings irradiated by the rays of the setting sun. They fly without any visible motion of their wings, and seem to drink in joy and pleasure in the few hours which lie between their appearance and disappearance, their life and death.

They measure from 17 to 19 millimeters without the tail filaments, which in the female are of the same length as the body, but in the male double the length.

The larvae inhabit the water, and have upon each side of the back part of the body six tufts or tassels, the head runs forward into two points, and has fine hairy feelers; the legs are smooth, the front ones the strongest and adapted for digging. They are fond of hiding under stones or burrowing into the sandy shores, and make a very curious tunnel, something like a double barrelled gun, which is often fifty-two millimeters deep.—From *Brehms' Animal Life*.

WHO SHALL TAKE HIS PLACE?

"There is hardly anybody like him left," said little Hugh in a very mournful tone to his mother. "What will we do without him, I wonder! It will seem so strange not to see him in church, and he always prayed in prayer-meeting—and who'll there be to come into Sunday-school and lay his hands on our heads now?"

Hugh's tears came at the remembrance. His mother had just returned from the funeral of one of the elders of the church and was telling the little boy of the dear old man being carried into the sacred place which he had loved and in which his figure had been so well known for so many years of an upright Christian life. She spoke of his gentle face, beautiful in the peace of the sleep which the Lord gives to his beloved, as friends gathered around with tears, grieving for their loss, but still rejoicing that he had entered into rest.

"But," went on Hugh, "they have so many good people in heaven already, mamma, I think we wanted him more here. You know old Mr. Ross is the only one that's like him and his hair is very white, and perhaps," in a half whisper, "he'll die before a great while." "One after another."

"But we want them so much," persisted Hugh, who could not remember a time when he had not seen the two good old men in

their places, and could hardly feel as though church would be church without them.

"Why, my boy, Mr. Ross and Mr. Deane have not been dead long, you know. Other good men filled their places before them, and younger men must take their places as they pass away."

"Oh!" said Hugh. It was a new idea to him and his little mind went off on a very thoughtful ramble. "I wonder who they'll be, mamma?"

"Some of those whose heads are getting gray now, I suppose. Some of those you see every Sunday are growing old. They will, as years go by, become less and less tied to earthly things as they grow nearer to the kingdom. We shall see in their faces more and more of the look of those who "

at his almost awe-struck face. "If you are allowed to live a long life you will see the most of those who are older than yourself one by one laid to rest before you, until at last people will see in you a white-headed man, and little children will look up at you as you have looked up at Mr. Deane. I hope you will be like him and that people will love you as we have all loved him."

"Oh, mamma, how can I ever be as good as Mr. Deane?"

"A good boy makes a good man, Hugh. If you give yourself to the Saviour, striving to serve him with all your heart while you are young, you will surely serve him well when you are old."

Think of it, dear boys. It looks almost too far away for you to give a thought to

UNCONSCIOUS HYPOCRISY.

There is such a thing as unconscious influence—an influence undesigned and unsuspected. Is there such a thing as unconscious hypocrisy? Does not hypocrisy consist in a design to conceal what one is doing or a design to appear different from what he really is; and can one have such designs without being conscious of them? He must take into account the influence of habit. When one begins to practise on a piano, he is conscious of an act in connection with every key that is struck. When he becomes an expert, he is conscious of only a general purpose to play the tune. There are other acts which become habitual, and their performers do not seem conscious of their moral character.

A lady called on Mrs. Alston. "I am very happy to see you," said Mrs. A. "It is a long time since I saw you."

"I was sorry I was not at home when you called," said the lady; "I was attending a sick friend."

Mrs. A. seemed very glad to see her visitor, and pressed her to spend the afternoon with her. Her manner was so cordial that the lady would have stayed if it had been possible. She prolonged her call in accordance with what she supposed to be Mrs. A's wishes.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. A., "I thought she would never go."

"Didn't you want her to stay?" said her little daughter Mary.

"Mother is very busy to-day."

"Don't you love her very much?"

"She is a very pleasant woman."

The conversation was not pleasant to Mrs. A. Till her daughter put those home questions, Mrs. A. had not thought that she was playing the hypocrite. She wished to be agreeable, and her efforts took the form above mentioned. What is the true epithet to be applied to her conduct, the reader must decide.

There is a great deal of unconscious hypocrisy among men. It is thought to be necessary in order to get along with men. It is never necessary to do wrong. It is never wise to do wrong. What is necessary in order to get along well with men is kindness and a real interest in their welfare, and not a showy pretence. A thoroughly sincere character is as estimable as it is rare.—*Christian at Work*.



DAY FLIES.

waiting for the Master's call, and when at last it comes we shall miss them from among us. And who will take their places?"

"Well," said Hugh with the face of one bent on following up a serious question, "it will be men younger yet, who will be growing older all the while. Men like—papa, won't it, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, and after those?"

"Younger yet. Young men like brother Edward. How strange to think of his ever being an old man!"

"But the time will come when even they will be gray-headed. And who will come after them, my boy?"

"Why, mamma, it will be the boys. Little boys like me?"

"Yes, dear," she said with a tender smile

it, but the great Lord will surely want you some day to fill the place of some one he has taken to himself before you. Do you not want to fill it in a way which will bring honor to his name and a blessing to those around you? He will lead you if you seek his help with earnest hearts into a beautiful life as a boy and as a man, so that when at last you wear a hoary head it will be a crown of glory until the day shall come when the King of Heaven shall give you the crown of everlasting life.—*N. Y. Observer*.

SCALE BUNS may be made to taste as nicely as when fresh, if they are dipped a moment or so in cold water, then put into a hot oven for five or ten minutes. They will turn out as light and as crisp as when first baked

A CHAT—Miss Leonard, at the Boston Cooking School, gave directions for making some dainty dishes that are not familiar to everybody, as well as improving the concoction of some that are old friends. Her recipe for chocolate is simple. Two ounces of Baker's No. 1 chocolate, one-half teaspoonful of salt put into a saucepan, with one tablespoonful of water to dissolve it; place on the stove and stir until smooth. Have ready a pint of hot milk, which add slowly; just before serving add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Soup is the foundation of a good dinner. Think of a green pea soup in February! The peas were green, but they came out of a can, however, instead of a pod, and were delicious. One quart of peas was boiled in a pint of boiling water until soft, and then mashed in the water. One quart of milk was heated in a double boiler. After the peas were mashed they were rubbed through a strainer, adding to them one pint of boiling water and putting them on to boil again; one tablespoonful of flour and one tablespoonful of butter were cooked together and added to the boiling soup; one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper were added, and enough of the hot milk to make the soup of the desired consistency.

APART from Thee all gain is loss, All labor vainly done; The solemn shadow of the cross Is better than the sun. —*Whittier*.