

## SEA-ANEMONES AND THEIR MODE OF LIFE.

(CHAPTER II.—Continued.)

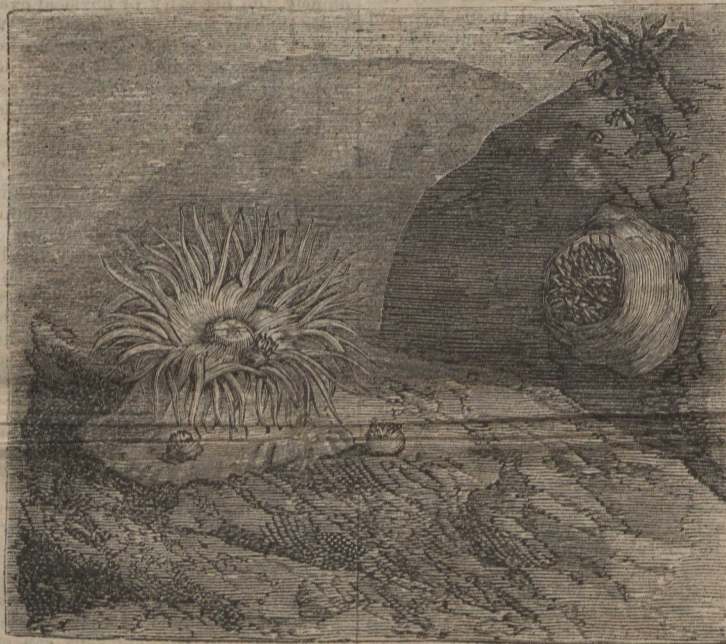
This circulation is maintained by means of numerous delicate vibratile filaments, lining the inner walls of the body, and named *cilia*. These, by their continual waving, keep up constant currents in the contained fluids. The stomach is connected, in the anemones, to the walls of the body by a series of flat partitions named "mesenteries;" and the presence of these latter, therefore, divides the interior of the body into a number of chambers, through which the fluids of the body duly circulate.

The anemones possess a peculiar armature, in the presence of numerous minute cells, imbedded in the tissues of the body. These cells each contain a little fluid, and a thread-like filament which lies coiled up in a spiral manner amidst the fluid. From the presence of the "thread" these bodies receive their name of "thread-cells." When they are touched or irritated in any way, the cell bursts, and the thread and fluid are thrown out; whilst if the thread comes in contact with any surface of delicate nature, it pierces the latter, and inflicts a wound into which the fluid is undoubtedly constitute organs of offence, and are in fact a kind of stinging apparatus. The anemones may be handled freely, without any dread of these cells, the little darts or threads being of too delicate nature to pierce the human skin; although when the tentacle of the anemone is applied to some softer part, such as the mucous membrane of the lips, a slight tingling sensation may sometimes be felt. Larger and more powerful thread-cells, but of essentially similar structure to those of the sea-anemones, exist in the jelly-fishes, or *Medusidae*, and in allied beings—as many an unfortunate bather knows to his cost.

A curious feature in anemone existence is the power possessed by these forms of resisting mutilation and injury of almost indefinite extent. We may divide an anemone longitudinally, and instead of the operation proving fatal, we may find each half gradually to become a distinct animal. This process of multiplying after division reminds one somewhat of the result of Hercules' operations on the Hydra of old; and indeed there is a

little creature, named the Hydra, which is nearly related to the sea-anemone, and which multiplies vigorously after being sliced and cut in various ways, as Trembley, of Geneva, showed during the last century.

In these days, when horse-flesh and other unwonted dainties are being utilized for food, it may be worth while for reformers in the matter of dietary to consider whether the sea-anemones might not with advantage be enrolled into the list of the *cuisine*. Ere now the anemones have been tried as articles of food, and various experimenters, such as the Abbé Dicquemare and Mr. Gosse, have borne testimony to their excellence. When dexterously cooked, anemones should have as good a chance of becoming popular articles of dietary as many of their marine neighbors; and probably it is a mere matter of



prejudice, rather than of expediency, which prevents their introduction into our bills of fare.

In aquaria, anemones may be seen to "walk," in leech-like fashion, by alternately fixing base and mouth. The writer has watched anemones moving on the glass to which they were attached, by simply expanding and contracting their fixed base; and one or two kinds are known to naturalists, which are not permanently rooted, and which appear simply to plant their base temporarily and loosely amidst sand or mud.

It may lastly be noted that the sea-anemones stand as the type of that large and important group of animals, the *coral-polypes*. However varied in form and different in aspect it may be, the coral-secreting animal is simply and essentially a sea-

anemone which has the power of taking lime from the sea-water, and of fabricating from that lime a wondrous structure, which, when representing the united labors of countless polypes, serves to effect changes of great extent and magnitude on our earth.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

## HOW DONALD SUCCEEDED.

A Scottish nobleman lived a very retired life, and left his affairs very much in the hands of others. Donald, one of his tenantry, rented a farm, upon which his forefathers had lived for about two hundred years. The lease which he held was on the point of expiring, and the steward refused to allow Donald a renewal, wishing to put the farm into the hands of a friend of his own. Poor Donald tried every argument in his power with the

half. At length his lordship ceased. Donald, who had stood trembling with anxiety for the result, now gently knocked at the door. "Come in," was his lordship's reply; and Donald entered. "Who are you, man? What do you want?" was the enquiry. Donald stated his case. The peer listened, was touched with the tale, and having heard something of Donald, assured him of his protection, and that his lease should be renewed. Many artless but earnest thanks followed, and he was departing, when a thought of anxiety for his noble master occurring to his mind, Donald returned, and spoke thus: "My lord, I was a bold man, and you forgave me, and have saved me and my poor family from ruin. Many blessings attend you! I would again be a bold man if I might, and say something further to your lordship." "Well, man, speak out." "Why, my lord, I was well-nigh a ruined man; so I was bold and came to your lordship's door, and as I stood there, I could not but hear your lordship praying to the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, and you seemed unhappy. Now, my lord, forgive me, but I cannot help thinking the Virgin Mary and St. Francis will do you no good, any more than your lordship's steward and porter did for me. I had been a ruined man if I had trusted to them, but I came direct to your lordship, and you heard me. Now, if your lordship would but leave the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, who will do no more for your lordship than your lordship's steward and porter would do for me, and just go direct to the Lord Jesus Himself, and pray to Him for what you need, He will hear you, for He has said, 'Come unto ME, all ye that labor and are heavy laden;' and again, 'Him that cometh to ME, I will in no wise cast out.' Will your lordship forgive me, and just try for yourself?"

It is said that his lordship was struck with this simple argument, and that he afterwards found what a poor penitent sinner, trusting in Jesus, will always find,—pardon peace, and salvation.—*Friendly Visitor*.

—A little girl was trying to make her doll sit up straight at the table, but could not succeed. Finally she gave it a slap on the head, and exclaimed; "You sit up there, young lady, or not a single step shall you go with me to the Centennial.