

### PLOUGHING IN EGYPT.

Barley is merely thrown on the surface, and then pressed into the ground by means of a log of wood, which is dragged over it. For wheat, small furrows have to be made, either with a broad heavy hoe or a plough.

The ploughs are of the same make now as they were probably 3,000 years or more ago, being entirely of wood, and still drawn by oxen. Wheat is never sown on wet land, and it does not require much irrigation. The man who drives the plough has in his hand a goad, something like an English farmer's spud, having a point at one end, and a kind of hoe at the other. With the point he goads on the oxen, and with the spud cleans the plough.

### MRS. HUMMING-BIRD.

One day grandpa said to Harry and Ida, "Children, if you will come out while I am picking peas to-morrow morning, you will see something very pretty." That is all he would tell them.

They kept wondering about it every little while during the day, and made mamma promise to wake them early. I was a little curious myself to know what could be there at six o'clock in the morning, and at no other time. The children were very wide awake at the appointed hour, and full of fun. Grandpa said they must be quiet, or they would frighten away his little pet.

"Won't you tell us what it is, grandpa?" cried Harry.

"Do tell us, grandpa!" chimed in Ida.

Grandpa smiled, with a teasing look in his eyes, and said, "O you will soon find out for yourselves, if her royal highness favours us."

He had been at work only a few minutes and was whistling softly to himself, when out flew the daintiest little humming-bird! Her nest was in a quince tree just beyond the fence. At first she was shy and did not alight; but her wings quivered in the sun-

shine, and showed the lovely colours. She flashed around like a rainbow, and the children were wild with delight. Grandpa pretended not to see her, and soon she gained more courage. Then she flew back to her nest and called her two young ones. They had just begun to use their wings, and the mother-bird coaxed them to the pea vines.

The children had a good look at them then. They were about as large as a bumble-bee, only slimmer in the body. Their feathers had begun to grow, and they seemed like a mixture of red and green and gold. The mother-bird flew away, and left her little ones near grandpa, as if she knew he would keep them from harm. In a few minutes she was back again, her bill laden with sweets, which she fed to the birdies. She did this several times. Then she gave a little call, and flew towards the nest. The birdies soon followed her. Grandpa said she helped the little birdies along with her bill the first morning she came.

The children were delighted with grandpa's pet. They had never seen a humming-bird before, and to have one so near was an inducement for them to wake up early. Mrs. Humming-bird came every morning until the little ones were able to fly away, and grandpa's peas were all picked.

If children would only keep their eyes open, they would learn many a valuable lesson from what they see around them.

A BITTER word may make a wound that will never heal. A kind word may win a friend that will never turn. A caution may save a soul.

At the close of an address to a Sabbath school from the words, "What must I do to be saved?" the speaker said, "Now let us change the question, and ask, 'What must I do to be lost?'" "Do nothing, sir," answered a little girl.—"Yes, friends," said the speaker, "just *do nothing*, and you will be lost."