

The Boy Martyr.

And one described underneath occurred
From rapid persecutions in Scotland.

He had been dumb with terror,
And took with priestly ire;
The true were daily threatened
By bullet, sword and fire.

They by their wives and neighbours
Like hounds to butchers led,
Solely over their fated homes
The storm of ruin sped.

But through the awful tempest, dread,
Of vengeance, fire and blood,
They glori'd, that their feet might walk
The path their Saviour trod.

To do the villainish deeds of blood,
Or one by Satan inspired,
Behold, a band of armed men,
By heathenish fury fired.

Their brows are black, their hands are red,
For victims fresh they look,
When, by the way, a youth they spy,
And in his hands a book.

"What book is that, young highway beat?"
The captain roughly cries.
"The Bible, sir, the Word of Life,"
The lad at once replies.

"Throw it, right quickly, in the ditch,
Or your blood shall wet the sod!"
"No," firmly said the hero brave,
"It is the Word of God!"

Again the savage order's given,
With oath and threatening jeer,
But the boy stood firm with steadfast will,
Unmovable by fear.

"Then cover with your cap your eyes!"
The captain shouts in ire,
While peace and joy the hero nerve—
"Soldiers, prepare to fire!"

"I will not cover up my eyes,"
The youth undaunted said,
As strength and courage he received
From Christ, his living Head.

"Upon your faces I will look,
As you must look at me
And face the great white judgment throne,
When we the King shall see."

'Twas silent—then, the muskets' blaze,
And then—his soul was free,
His own a martyr's glorious crown,
And grand Eternity.

Little Dick's Special.

BY E. L. B.

"A SHINE for a dime! A shine for
a dime!"

Over and over the shrill cry rang
through the streets, and the small boy
with the block slung over his shoulder
kept a sharp lookout for muddy boots
and ready customers. A merry whistle,
a bright, happy face, and a well-worn
but also well-patched suit, with a lov-
ing, cheerful heart underneath—these
were the make-up of little Dick. His
mother called him Richard because
that was his father's name, but every-
one else who knew him called him
little Dick. He and his mother had
had quite a struggle, since the father's
death, to pay the debts and the rent
and the small expenses of food and
clothing, besides taking care of the old
grandfather; but they were coming
through all right now, and Dick some-
times had a whole five-cent piece to

put in the collection plate Sunday
evening. He never went to church
in the morning because he stayed at
home with his grandfather while his
mother went to church, and he never
went to Sunday-school because his
grandfather liked him to sit by his bed
Sunday afternoons and read to him,
but he always went to church Sunday
evenings, and perhaps did as much
listening and learning in one service
as some people do in three. Dick had
learned for one thing that there was a
happiness in giving. He loved to give.
Indeed, as an eminent divine once did,
he used to empty his pockets before
leaving home of all but his five or three
or one cent piece for fear he might put
something in the plate which ought to
be spent for his mother or grandfather.
So, when one evening the minister an-
nounced a "special free-will offering"
for the next Sabbath evening, little
Dick longed to have something special
to give—something even more special
than a five-cent piece. He noted care-
fully what the minister said about
bringing in the tithes. He listened
closely when he went on to explain
about the tithes being one-tenth; and
Dick thought he understood all about
it. All through that week little Dick
thought about it, and wondered how
he could save up the special; but,
whether because the weather was fair
and boots not so muddy, or whether
because that was the week that his
grandfather's rheumatic medicine must
be renewed, Saturday morning found
him again on the streets, with no pros-
pect yet of any special beyond a five-
cent piece.

"A shine for a dime! A shine for
a dime!" he shouted in the pauses of
the tune he was whistling. His regu-
lar customers had all been served,
and two or three extras beside, and
still he kept up the whistle and the
call.

"Well, chap! I guess my shoes
need something of that sort."

Dick's block was down in a second,
and his blacking and brushes ready for
work the moment the speaker was
ready to put up his foot. He was one
of the tip-tops; Dick could see that
the minute he looked at his fine cloth
suit and pointed toes.

"You have muscle, I see," he said,
as little Dick rubbed and brushed and
polished with a will until the sun him-
self would have felt flattered by his
reflection in the two points.

"A job like that deserves special
notice and special pay," he continued,
carefully selecting the piece he wished
from his handful of change.

"There, you have earned all of that
and more too." The gentleman handed
little Dick a quarter, and walked
quickly away. He was out of sight
directly, leaving little Dick with a re-
joicing heart, only sorry that he had
no chance to speak his thanks. Again
he shouldered the block, and the
whistle and the shout sounded louder
and merrier.

When Dick got home that night he

had to do some hard calculating. He
was no arithmetician, for he had never
been to school a day in his life, but
with the aid of his mother and grand-
father in the one-tenth he succeeded
in arranging his affairs to his satisfac-
tion. He emptied the little box in
which he kept his earnings upon his
grandfather's bed, and placed the coins
in a row of ten, counting slowly and
carefully, so as to make no mistake.
With the twenty-five cents which the
fine gentleman had given him there
was just one dollar and fifteen cents.
One dollar he had rightly earned—the
fifteen cents had been a gift. He con-
sulted with his mother whether he
could not give ten cents of his own
earnings—that would be his tenth, and
then surely he might give the fifteen
cents which he had not really earned
besides. He would give that whole
quarter, just as it was, he decided.

"A whole quarter! That will be a
special, won't it, mother?" he exclaim-
ed, with pardonable pride.

His mother would not hinder him,
although she knew that the rent would
soon be due again, and she had not
earned as much with her washing that
week as usual. She would let the plate
pass her by in the morning, and Dick
should put it all on in the evening.
So little Dick ran to church with a
happy heart the next evening, his
"special" snugly hid in his jacket
pocket. He sang the hymns with all
his might and prayed with all his
understanding, and when the plate
came around put his "special" in very
quickly, so that he would have time
to see how big it looked beside a five-
cent piece.

"Five times as big," he thought,
with a little delighted chuckle—he
knew as much arithmetic as that.

Then he tried to keep a sober face
while the minister preached about the
widow's mite, but could not help feel-
ing glad that his gift had been more
than a mite, and he thanked the
stranger again in his heart, for with-
out his help the "special" would have
been only ten cents instead of twenty-
five.

The stranger himself had gone to
church that evening. He had taken
a lady with him, and when the col-
lection was taken had carelessly drop-
ped a one dollar bill on the plate.
The lady thought, as little Dick did,
of his generosity. But when the
church-treasurer was counting the
money the next day, he found among
the collection a counterfeit quarter;
and nobody knew—nobody but God—
that little Dick had put it there; and
nobody knew—nobody but God and
the gentleman stranger—how little
Dick had gotten it; but God did know,
and laid in his treasure house a whole
good quarter as little Dick's offering,
and accepted only the counterfeit as
the gift of the stranger.

To the sight of men the deed covers
the motive; but God looks from the
other side, and the motive hides the
deed.

Spiders at Work.

SPIDERS are certainly very clever; their talent does not lie in one direc-
tion only, they are clever all round; they are ropemakers, silk manufac-
turers, spinners, weavers, tentmakers,
potters, masons, raft manufacturers,
navvies—witness their tunnels—div-
ing bell makers; they hunt, they
dive, they run along the water; they
skate, they leap, and they are aro-
nauts. Among these last are the
garden spider, the labyrinthine spider,
the aeronautic spider, and the gossamer
spider, and this is how their aeronautic
exploits are achieved. When they
want to cross a stream or a chasm, or
to rise to some height, they first of all
spin a little piece of rope and fasten
it firmly to some object; they then
cling to this strand with their feet,
and, with their heads downward, raise
the lower part of their bodies into the
air, and as soon as they feel the light-
est current of air, they throw off from
their spinnerets a yard or two of silk;
this being covered with viscid globules,
is sure to adhere to some other ob-
ject, and as soon as the spiders feel
this is the case they tighten it and
gather it up by gumming it together,
and then venture across their cable-
bridge, spinning a second line as they
go to strengthen the first. Sometimes
they will suspend themselves from this
bridge, and descend, spinning a rope
on which to effect the downward jour-
ney as they go; at others they will
throw out a quantity of gossamer, and
as a current of air wafts this upward
they mount aloft upon it.

The common house-spider, which
always spins a horizontal web, and
therefore could not trust to committing
a floating thread to the wind, works
on a different plan. She walks around
to the opposite side from which she
has fastened her first web, carrying it
with her, and then draws it up and
tightens it; and as the strength of the
web depends upon this first cable, she,
like all other spiders, crosses and re-
crosses this, and tests it by swinging
her whole weight on it until she is
quite satisfied as to its powers of en-
durance.

Another spider, often seen on win-
dows on a summer's day, is the leaping
spider; and if watched it will be seen
to justify its name by taking short
leaps, frequently alighting on a fly or
gnat, which it has previously marked
down as its prey. It will jump in
any direction, because it is always sus-
pended by one of its own silken ropes,
which it spins as it leaps, and by it
returns to its former place. This
spider makes a silken nest among
leaves or stones—an oval bag, open at
both ends. It uses the nest as a place
of retreat during the winter or in bad
weather, when it is moulting, or tired
from its hunting expeditions, for it
belongs to the group of hunting spi-
ders, and makes no net or web, though
occasionally it constructs a tent.—
Sunday Magazine.