

looks out upon the summer sky, which is calm and bright, as if no thunder-clouds could ever darken its serenity, and watches, without hardly being aware of it, a bird cleaving its way swiftly through the impalpable ether, as if on some hasty errand; but swifter far even than the passage of its light quivering wings, has been the flight of her own true spirit to the presence of him for whom, in her silence, she cares with an ever-loving sympathy, day by day, and hour by hour—Bertrand—her Bertrand no longer—but still the one love of her life. What will this momentous news be to him? She knows it all well, by the instinct of her true affection, as none other upon earth can know it, and her heart sinks within her with a leaden weight of terror, for she understands that the very fact of an enemy confronting France will raise up all his patriotism, stifled rather than slumbering, like a giant in his strength, and that he will fling himself into a convulsion of anxiety to share the perils of his own true country. His duties as an employee of the English Government will seem to him like the galling fetters of an iron chain, but his strong sense of honour may lead him to consider himself still bound by them if France is triumphant, and seems to have no need of aid of any save those who are outwardly, as well as in heart her sons; but if she should prove unfortunate, if reverses should befall her, and her mighty foe should wound her to the heart, then Mary knew it would be to Bertrand Lisle as though a blow had been struck at his mother, and that all other considerations would be flung to the winds in order that he might fly to her aid, and give her a single life at least, if he could do so. Mary looked up to heaven, and her lips moved in an earnest prayer for his safety, the first of the unceasing supplications for his preservation which were to rise from her heart night and day through all the trying time to come. Then she thought of Lurline. The marriage would have to be postponed, that was certain, whether Bertrand joined the French army or not. He would certainly not entangle himself with such a binding tie while France was in peril; but except the immediate anxiety for his safety, it ought to make little difference to Laura; if she loved him truly she would be ready to wait for him as long as might be necessary, and to marry him ultimately, under whatever change of external circumstances. How earnestly did Mary pray that Lurline would now give him all the heartfelt sympathy she would herself have accorded to him had she stood in the place of his future wife, letting no thought of herself or her claims upon him add a feather-weight to the anxieties which would at once oppress him. Mary knew nothing of what was going on at Chiverley; none of the Wyndhams had taken the trouble to write to her, and she had received but one letter from Bertrand. It had come only a week or two after she had left the rectory, accompanied by a business-like despatch from his solicitor, and it was written to tell her, in the most delicate manner, that he had settled upon her a part of his income, and that the lawyer enclosed her the deeds which secured it to her. She answered it by declining gently, but almost absolutely, to receive even the smallest amount of money from his hands. She returned the legal documents, and assured him that she required nothing whatever, as all her wants were supplied in the new life she had chosen for herself. It might be that her determination had offended him, but, anyhow, he had never written to her again, and she knew nothing whatever of his movements. Many sad and anxious thoughts disturbed poor Mary's

faithful heart as she stood there looking out on the tranquil sunshine; but suddenly an idea passed into her mind which woke a light of fervent joyfulness in her dark eyes. Remembering how women were allowed to go out from England to help the victims of the Crimean War, it occurred to her that some similar organization might be employed in aid of the wounded in France. "If so I shall go," she said to herself; "I shall go to help Bertrand's countrymen—perhaps—perhaps himself!"

(To be continued.)

AN ARMY OF ANTS.

In an open Caribi house I was sitting one afternoon reading, being quite alone, for we had found no inhabitants there, and I had sent my Arawak crew in various directions to search for them. A sharp bite caused me to look at the assailant. It was a "yakman" which had given my ankle a nip, just to see what it was made of. A score of his comrades were running up my legs, and I had to hasten out of the house—which was by that time alive with them—and brush them off. This was effected with little damage, and I had then a fine opportunity of observing the tactics of this predatory horde. One immense column came through the forest, marching along the ground, and winding its way round the roots of the trees. The captains, whose heads and forceps are twice as big as those of the rank and file, were marching at intervals alongside the column, and directing their operations. Just as the column approached the house, it divided into three; one came round on the right flank, another on the left, while the main attack—which had driven me out—was from the centre. No insect without wings could escape them. Even those able to fly, as the great South American cockroach, seemed paralyzed with fear, and, trying to hide themselves, were caught under the troolie thatch. Down they fell, covered with ants; and hundreds more on the ground threw themselves upon them, until they were completely hidden by a living mass. Resistance ceased, and the work of cutting up and dragging off commenced. In two hours the ants had cleared out the whole building. It was then about four o'clock, when, as if by some recognized signal, they gathered into three columns, falling by the same routes into one main body, which continued its long winding march through the woods. When they rest for the night, they cling together in an immense cluster. I have seen them in the corner of a room where I had to sleep, reaching from the floor nearly to the ceiling, and from one to two feet thick. In the midst of these living masses are their eggs, or pupæ, which they most carefully guard from the cold and damp, and which are hatched there.—*Mission Life.*

HINDOO SUPERSTITION.

Long before a Hindoo child is born the mother—who is treated with great kindness—performs certain ceremonies to avert evil from her future offspring. As soon as the father visits his new-born child he puts a little money into its hand, and all the relatives who accompany him follow his example. On the fifth day the mother bathes; on the sixth she worships the goddess Shasthi in the shed where the child had been born; and on the eighth, eight kinds of parched corn and rice, prepared in the house, are scattered in front of the door, and are eagerly picked up and eaten by poor children, who are always on the look-out for such wind-falls. The ori-

ginal design of scattering this grain and rice seems to be an offering to the god. On the twenty-first day from the birth of the child all the women of the family assemble under a fig tree, and worship the goddess Shasthi again. The woman, if her child is a male, is now regarded as pure; but if it is a female, then she must extend her period of nonpurification for a month. These ceremonies over, the child's nativity are cast by an astronomer, and its fortune told in that vague, mysterious, non-compromising language so much in force among this fraternity all the world over. A name is then bestowed upon the infant. This is usually the mother's prerogative, and the name given is commonly one taken from their mythology, such as that of one of the gods; or sometimes, if the mother is of a sentimental turn of mind, the name of a flower or a tree is given to the child. Sometimes parents will give their children soft and harsh names alternately, hoping thereby to obviate the envy of their neighbours, and their consequent malice, if all the children had pleasant-sounding names.—From "The Races of Mankind."

CLOSE QUESTIONS.

Your tempers. How are they? Do you become impatient under trial; fretful, when chided or crossed; angry, revengeful when injured; vain, when flattered; proud, when prospered; complaining, when chastened; unbelieving, when seemingly forsaken; unkind, when neglected? Are you subject to discontent, to ambition, to selfishness? Are you worldly? Covetous of riches, of vain pomp and parade, of indolence, of honor, of ease? Are you unfeeling, contemptuous of others, seeking your own, boasters, proud, lovers of your own selves? Beware! These are the sediments of the old nature! Nay, if they exist in you, in however small a degree, they are demonstrative that the old man of sin is not dead. It will be a sad mistake if you detect these evils within and close your eyes to them and continue to make professions of holiness. These are not infirmities; they are indications of want of grace.—*Bishop Foster.*

THERE may be outward activity and inward sloth in the same individual.

If "visiting the widow and the fatherless" have so much of vitality in the principle, do not ye keep so far from the practice.

WITHOUT the Spirit, St. Peter trembled at the voice of a maid-servant; with the Spirit, he withstood kings and princes.—*St. Jerome.*

The leaves of the Gumbo trees, which grow in the West Indies, when eaten by any animal will cause all its hair to drop out, and I have seen horses and cows both without a hair in mane or tail from eating its leaves. The Manchenillo tree is quite common on some of these islands, and is very poisonous. The wind blowing through it directly upon a persons sensitive to poison, will take effect in a few moments. The smoke from its burning wood has the same effect. I saw a horse which had taken shelter under one of these trees during a shower, whose hair was taken off wherever the drops of rain from its boughs had touched him, and afterwards had this mottled appearance. A negro, who slept under one of them in midday, was awakened nearly unconscious, as if under the effects of a powerful narcotic. I have known several cases of severe poison and two deaths from eating crabs poisoned with this tree.