

which brings them to focus, just beyond the object, upon another lens; the impression is received upon a sheet. The object must be transparent. Microscopes formed by various lenses differently placed about, but I could not describe all these to you."

"What is a multiplying glass?" inquired Susie.

"A simple piece of thick clear glass cut into a number of surfaces at slightly different angles on the one side, and left plain on the other. When you look through at a thimble, for instance, you see not the one thimble merely, but as many thimbles as your glass may have surfaces. Each surface receives rays from the thimble, and, being distinct, transmit the impression of the thimble to your eye. The centre one is seen in its right place, the oblique surfaces catch the rays slanting, and pass them on slightly refracted. After leaving the glass the rays are reflected, so that they seem to place the thimble in different directions. The magic lantern comes next."

"We have seen several," said Susie, George, and Nellie.

"Inside the tin box a light is fixed which passes through a large plano-convex lens fixed in the tube of the lantern. This light falls upon the strips of glass which are placed upside down in front of the lens; the pictures painted on the strips appear on the sheet which is hung to receive them. A mirror at the back of the lantern adds to its light and power. A little about the rainbow must close our chat on optics. What are its colors?"

"Prismatic colors," answered Susie.

"Shall I tell you how these are formed? But first let me hear what colour light is."

"White," replied Nellie.

"Each ray of white light can be divided into seven different colors by a three-sided glass, called a prism. Tell me the colours."

"Red, blue, yellow," replied Lottie, stopping short.

"In this order, Lottie: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. They are not all equally refrangible, that is, some colours are more bent than others. You can only see a rainbow when you stand between the sun and the shower, with your back to the sun. The lower the sun is in the heavens the higher the bow will be, and *vice versa*. It is thus formed—a ray of light falls upon a drop of water, and makes its own tiny, wee prism in the drop itself, by being refracted as it enters the drop and passing through to the other outer edge, a part of it is reflected to a third point of the circle of the drop. This water-prism divides the ray into seven colours."

"Then why does not the bow fall with the drop?" asked George.

"Because it can only be seen when the eye, the sun, and the drop are at a certain angle, and it is formed continuously upon the suc-

cession of drops which fall just at that angle. Tell me where we hear about the first rainbow?"

"After the flood."

"Yes. Why did God send that flood?"

"Because people were wicked and God destroyed them?" answered Nellie.

"This strongly shows God's hatred of sin, and He must punish sin, because He is holy. How, then, can we escape from destruction for our sin?"

"By believing in Jesus," replied Nellie.

"Who puts this belief in our hearts?"

"The Holy Spirit," answered Nellie.

"Yes; and when we see the bright beauty of the bow above, we can think of it as God's glorious sign of His forgiving love, and His promise not to destroy man hopelessly again."

SELINA A. BOWER.

THE BURDEN SHARED.

It was a drizzling, cold, autumn evening, when the grey sky and the stormy wind made it seem dark, although there should have been another good hour of light, for it was only six o'clock. At the door of one of the hundreds of small houses which are inhabited by workmen in London, a clean, respectable-looking woman stood watching. Presently two little girls entered the narrow street, slowly walking in the chill rain. One of them looking hastily up as the woman called out—

"What makes you so late? Come in, Kate, to your supper, and let Carrie run home to hers."

Kate came in with a slow step, and her little companion passed on down the street. In the little kitchen a snug fire burned, and on the hob was a big mug of hot tea. A plate of bread-and-butter on the table stood temptingly ready for the hungry little ten-year-old school girl.

Mrs. Mears made her take off her damp cloak and sit down.

"You shouldn't loiter so, coming from school! Father'll be in soon, and Johnnie needs nursing—eat up your supper, and then take him on your lap by the fire."

Mrs. Mears was busy, and ran upstairs to finish cleaning a room before her husband, whose work was a long way from home, should get back.

Kate sat down by the big fire, and looked at her bread-and-butter. Four thick slices! How nice it looked, and she was so hungry. Then she divided the slices, saying softly to herself—

"Two for Carrie and two for me."

She ate her two slices very quickly, and then she turned her back upon the plate, and looked fixedly on the fire. The mug of tea was next attended to, and a good saucerful poured out, for it was very hot. Kate drank the

saucerful, and a little more, measuring with her finger until the tea descended to half-way up the mug. Johnnie was quiet in his cradle, mother was still scrubbing up-stairs, and Kate hastily threw on her cloak again, and carrying beneath it her mug half-full of tea, and her bread-and-butter, she went, as quickly as she could without spilling the tea, down the street. She stopped at the door of a house where a very wan, and little face watched at the window. The face brightened, and soon appeared at the door.

"It's half mine, Carrie—I wish it was more, for you'd no dinner," said Kate, unfolding her treasure. And she followed her schoolfellow into a clean room where no fire burned, and where Carrie seemed to be alone.

"Drink the tea quickly, Carrie, for I must run home to mind Johnnie," said Kate, as she watched with keen satisfaction the disappearance of her own two slices of bread-and-butter, and was, oh, so glad she had turned her back on it at home!

That night when Kate was in bed and asleep, Carrie's mother came. Mrs. Mears asked her in, and the tired workman made room by the fire for the pale, thin woman.

"I can't stay, thank you, but"—and the widow's voice faltered—"taint right as your little girl's meals should be shared with my poor girl!"

Mrs. Mears and her husband looked at each other and at the widow in astonishment.

"You see, Mrs. Mears, it was like this. I was standin' in the wash'us, and they didn't know I was there, and your Kate ran in with some bread-and-butter and some tea in a mug, and says she, 'it's half mine, Carrie—I wish it was more, for you'd no dinner!' and my little girl was 'ungry, and I'd no food for her—and so she 'ad it! But I couldn't lie down in bed till I'd told you."

Tears were in Mrs. Mears' eyes, for although she knew the woman was poor, she had never thought of this! Mr. Mears spoke out manfully—

"I'm glad Kate could do that! Your husband worked many a year with me, and if I'd known times was so hard you should have had a little of my little."

Nothing was said to Kate till she was starting for school next day, when she lifted the lid of her little basket, and saw two separate parcels.

"What's these, mother?"

"One's your dinner, the other's Carrie's."

Then a blushing, grateful face looked up, and Kate whispered—

"Mother! I'm so glad! she had none yesterday, nothing to eat till—"

"You took her half your tea!" said the mother, quietly. "Always tell mother, dear, for I would never grudge a morsel of what we have to any hungry child."

MINNIE DOUGLAS.

DARK DAYS.

Ah, me! ah, me! the dark, dark days,
When life seemed far too hard to bear;
When dismal were its weary ways,
And doubt was very near despair;
When foolish seemed my best-laid plans,
Impracticable, hopeless, vain;
As I was longing to let slip
The work that since has brought me gain!

The dark, dark days, when weeping skies
And sobbing winds seemed but to be
The echo of that human woe
Whose deeper meaning was in me;
The days when Love had proved untrue,
And Friendship but a broken reed—
A broken reed that pierced my heart,
And made it inly, dumbly, bleed!

The dark and dreary days in which
The body would not serve the mind,
And painful languors had the power
My will in impotence to bind;
When Duty called me with strong voice,
And, heedless both of blame and praise,
I answered her with fainting heart—
Oh, the long, aching, weary days!

But then, O soul, thou wert but one,
But one in a great company,
And each had had some days as dark
As any that had come to thee;
For into every life must fall
The solemn rain of human tears,
And over every life is hung
The sombre clouds of drifting fears.

But not in laughter and in song
Was I the noblest lesson taught:
Twas in the struggle of dark hours
My soul to the highest aims was wrought.
Then, Faith, Endurance, Patience, Hope,
Came near, and made me strong for strife;
And thus the storm of life's dark hours
Brought me the harvest-time of life.

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