

behind a cupboard. There she sat all day in a corner and no one noticed her, but when it was dark and the people were asleep, she came out and began to spin a web on the wall. She had four big eyes and four little ones, and with these she could see as well by night as she could by day. She needed neither candle nor lamp to work by.

In her body she had spinning glands, and from them she spun thin threads, drew them this way and that and made a fine web of them. In it she meant to catch the flies that are so troublesome to people, and gnats that bite and worry children. With her eight legs she wove the threads into each other, putting little sticky knots upon them, and on these the flies and gnats were to stick with their wings as they flew by. Finally she wove at the end of the web, sheltered in the corner of the room, a little tube-shaped house for herself. In this she sat, looking out of the opening as if it were a window.

When morning came with bright daylight all was ready. She had worked very hard, and was as happy and as proud of her work as ever a spider could be. She had built her house well, and it was all neat and proper.

And now you might suppose that people took a delight in this industrious little spider, and admired the beautiful net which was to catch the tiresome flies. But you will see.

When the mother came into the room with her child, and saw the spider's big web and the spider, she took a broom, swept them off the wall, and threw them into the yard. "That spider had worked hard," she said, "and did more in this one night than many a man works in a week, but it did its clever work in the wrong place. It should spin its web in the yard or the garden, but not in the room. Do your work well, and do it where it is wanted."

An Irish priest had laboured hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whiskey. "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can." "Me enemy, is it, Father?" responded Michael, "and it was Your Riverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our enemies!" "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

How the children did enjoy the picture in the
March REVIEW!
G. Y. B.

A Spelling Test.

Infallible, liquefy, scandal, diamond, academy, glimpse, beggar, forfeit, internally, harangue, immense, financier, chief, malicious, heifer, pronunciation, ominous, rampant, assessor, lucid, vaccinate, ventilation, utterance, adverse, likelihood, assailant, indictment, Pennsylvania, biennial, pianos, martyr, vagrant, pyramid, verbal, grievance, Binghampton, salad, aqueduct, volcano, refer, referring, referred, reference, elementary, subtrahend, miscellaneous, preliminary, platinum, participle, convergence.

Have written on the blackboard in a corner that is not likely to be needed the name of every pupil in the room. Opposite each name, have five small squares, one for every day of the school week. Let each pupil, when he comes in, put a red mark after his name, if he is on time. If tardy, he must put a blue mark after his name, and if absent the square for the day is a blank. It is a very gratifying sight to the children to see a row of five pretty red crosses after their names, and the friendly rivalry which comes from it is a spur to their ambition to be regular in attendance, and to be right on hand by 9 o'clock every morning.—*Es*.

A young Frenchman who was learning English while on a tour with an American attendant, exclaimed, "O my, I am all of a sweat!" "Miss Morceau," exclaimed her attendant, "never use that word again! Horses sweat. Men perspire. Ladies merely glow."

Dare to do right; dare to be true!
The failings of others can never save you.
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,—
Stand like a hero and battle till death.
—Wilson.

Be firm! One constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old, Teutonic pluck.
—Holmes.

A smile, and then two merry eyes
To make the pleasantest of skies;
A laugh, or many, if you please,
To make the sweetest summer breeze,
All these, if used well and aright
Will even make a dark day bright.
—Phoebe Cary.

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscles trained; know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me!"
—Lowell.