

the young from the wind and rain; but to remedy this defect, the inner surface is lined with a cement, which excludes the wet.

"Who taught the bee thus to care for and protect its offspring? Who implanted that powerful instinct in its nature which in its workings is so like to reason?"

"If a nest be watched, one of its inhabitants will be seen to bury itself in a mossy hole, about a foot from the nest. This is the entrance to a secret way which leads to its habitation. Sometimes, curiosity to see the bee work, overcomes the reluctance one might feel to destroy its patient labor. The nest is always placed in the middle of the material from which it is to be constructed.

"No one has ever detected them in bringing the moss from a distance; rather than do so, they repair the vault, when it is injured, with materials from their secret way. Sometimes they even do without, rather than forage for moss. They divide their labor very singularly. A bee settles on a tuft of moss, its head being turned from the nest. With its teeth, and first two legs, it divides and disentangles the filaments, and transfers them to the two middle legs. The second pair seizes and push it to the third pair, and these thrust it as far behind as they can reach; by which means a piece of moss is advanced toward the place where the nest is to be, by a space which exceeds the whole length of the bee. Another bee, in a line with the first, passes it along; and thus four or five, stationed in a row, spend their time and labor in conveying the materials for building.

"The inside of the nest contains a comb, or combs; but it is entirely destitute of the symmetry and order which are so characteristic of the comb of the hive-bee.

"The upper surface of each comb is irregularly convex, its under concave; and it is composed of oval eminences placed against each other. These are not cells for the young, but cocoons; beside them, are deposited ill-shaped masses, which constitute the chief object of interest with them. These are the receptacles for the eggs, and contain, sometimes, as many as thirty. They are filled with a kind of bee-bread, formed of the pollen of flowers, moistened and prepared by the bee, so that when the little worm is first hatched, it has food and raiment within reach. The nest also contains little vessels, which are filled with excellent honey.

"The humble-bee has a much finer instinct than the hive-bee in discovering the nectary of flowers. In many blossoms this is concealed, but the humble-bee finds it out, and taps it; just as a butler gets at the contents of a cask. But the hive-bee, like the cunning inhabitant of a city, allows the rustic to gather the treasure, and then waylays and robs him.

"A curious story is related to illustrate their generous disposition and good nature. In a time of scarcity, some hive-bees, after robbing an humble-bee's nest, took entire possession of it; one or two, however, still lingered about their old habitation, and went into the fields to collect honey, which they brought home, when the hive-bees surrounded and licked them. These manoeuvres lasted about three weeks.

"Their affection for their young is very remarkable. When about to lay her eggs, the female is obliged to watch, with the greatest care, to keep the others from devouring them. For six or eight hours, she watches the cell containing her precious charge, when the desire to injure the eggs seems changed for the most assiduous care. They know just when the food will be consumed, and a new supply is constantly furnished. As the young increase in size, their cells burst, and the artisans are close at hand, who repair the breach by putting on a patch of wax. When the chrysalis is about to change into a bee, the workers cluster over the cocoon, and cherish the tender inhabitant with the heat, which is necessary to its existence.

"Such are some of the habits of that little creature whom we so thoughtlessly see visit the flowers in our garden. May we not well inquire, 'if God has endowed this insect of a day with such wonderful powers, what are we to infer as to the capacity and obligations of those whom He has created in his own image, and destined for immortality?'—*Student and School-mate.*

### BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

I was standing by the side of my mother, under the spacious porch of Dr. Beattie's Church Glasgow, awaiting the hour for afternoon service, when I observed two young men turn a corner, and walk towards the church. They were dressed in their working clothes, unshaven and dirty, and slightly intoxicated. As they passed the church door, they assumed a swaggering, irreverent gait, laughed, and finally commenced singing a profane song. My mother turned to me, and said, "Follow these two men, and invite them to a seat in our pew."

I soon overtook them, and delivered my mother's message. One laughed scornfully, and began to swear; the other paused and pondered; he was evidently struck with the nature of the invitation. His companion again swore, and was about to drag him away; but he still paused. I repeated the invitation, and in a few seconds he looked in my face, and said, "When I was a boy like you, I went to church every Sunday. I have not been inside of a church for three years. I

*don't feel right. I believe I will go with you."* I seized his hand, and led him back to the house of God, in spite of the remonstrances and oaths of his companion. An excellent sermon was preached from Eccles. xi. 1, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." The young man was attentive, but seemed abashed and downcast.

At the conclusion of the service, my mother kindly said to him, "Have you a Bible young man?" No ma'am; but I can get one," was his reply. "You can read of course?" she said. "Yes ma'am." "Well, take my son's Bible until you procure one of your own, and come to church again next Lord's day. I shall always be happy to accommodate you with a seat."

He put the Bible in his pocket, and hurried away. At family worship that evening, my mother prayed fervently for the conversion of that young man.

Next Sunday came, and the next, but the stranger did not appear. My mother frequently spoke of him, and appeared grieved at his absence. He had, doubtless, been the subject of her closest devotions. On the third Sabbath morning, while the congregation were singing the first psalm, the young man again entered our pew. He was now dressed genteelly, and appeared thin and pale, as if from recent sickness. Immediately after the benediction, the stranger laid my Bible on the desk, and left the church, without giving my mother an opportunity she much desired of conversing with him. On one of the blank leaves of the Bible we found some writing in pencil, signed "W. C." He asked to be remembered in my mother's prayers.

Years rolled on; my mother passed to her heavenly rest; I grew up to manhood, and the stranger was forgotten.

In the autumn of 18—, the ship *St. George*, of which I was the medical officer, anchored in Table Bay.

Next day, being Sabbath, I attended morning service at the Wesleyan Chapel. At the conclusion of worship, a gentleman, seated behind me, asked to look at my Bible. In a few minutes he returned it, and I walked into the street. I had arranged to dine at the "*George*," and was mounting the steps in front of that hotel, when the gentleman who examined my Bible laid his hand on my shoulder, and begged to have a few minutes' conversation. We were shown into a private apartment. As soon as we were seated, he examined my countenance with great attention, and then began to sob; tears rolled down his cheeks; he was evidently labouring under some intense emotion. He asked me several questions—my name, age, occupation, birthplace, &c. He then inquired if I had not, when a boy, many years ago, invited a drunken sabbath-breaker to a seat in Dr. Beattie's church. I was astonished; the subject of my mother's anxiety and prayers was before me. Mutual explanations and congratulations followed, after which Mr. C. gave me a short history of his life.

He was born in the town of Leeds, of highly respectable and religious parents, who gave him a good education, and trained him up in the way of righteousness. When about fifteen years of age, his father died, and his mother's straitened circumstances obliged to take him from school, and put him to learn a trade. In his new situation he imbibed all manner of evil, became incorrigibly vicious, and broke his mother's heart. Freed now from all parental restraint, he left his employers, and travelled to Scotland. In the city of Glasgow he had lived and sinned for two years, when he was arrested in his career through my mother's instrumentality. On the first Sabbath of our strange interview, he confessed that after he left church he was seized with pangs of unutterable remorse. The sight of a mother and a son worshipping God together recalled the happy days of his own boyhood, when he went to church and Sunday school, and when he also had a mother—a mother whose latter days he had embittered, and whose grey hairs he had brought with sorrow to the grave. His mental suffering threw him on a bed of sickness, from which he arose a changed man. He returned to England, cast himself at the feet of his maternal uncle, and asked and obtained forgiveness. With his uncle's consent he studied for the ministry, and on being ordained, he entered the missionary field, and had been labouring for several years in Southern Africa.

"The moment I saw the Bible this morning," he said, "I recognized it. And now, do you know who was my companion on the memorable Sabbath you invited me to church? He was the notorious Jack Hill, who was hanged about a year afterwards for highway robbery. I was dragged from the very brink of infamy and destruction, and saved as a brand from the burning. You remember Dr. Beattie's text on the day of my salvation, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.'"—*British Mothers' Journal.*

(From the *Home Journal*.)

The following sweet and touching lines are from the pen of an educated and accomplished woman, well known in the magic circle of good society. They refer to an actual scene, which she very pathetically narrates. Her little boy was dangerously ill of fever. At midnight he suddenly awoke from a troubled sleep, and called wildly for his