

In f you have another interesting thing. The tentacles on the margin of the umbrella are of two kinds. First you see those that curl and wave in the water trying to get hold of food. Then there are the straight ones below. These are called 'sucking tentacles,' because they have each a sucker at the end. In h and i you may see the end of one of these tentacles, showing the sucker in two ways. These are the anchors of the beautiful violet-colored medusa there drawn. He puts them down on some fixed point, such as a rock, takes hold of it with his suckers, and fixes himself there, while he fishes with the other tentacles for his food.

I think this will enable you to look at jelly fish when you see them with some knowledge of how they live, and what each part of the body means. We see in them a new way of swimming that we have not had before, that is, by the use of the umbrella, also the little floats on the body of a are I think new to us. You see how many different parts God has designed for enabling animals to move about. He is a very wonderful designer indeed. He cares for their comfort too, and suits every one to the life it has to live, and the element in which it has to move.

The Widow's Mite.

(Prize story in 'Ram's Horn'.)

'It is well to know that attempted things
Are counted and crowned by the King of
Kings.'

'Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.' The words rang out encouragingly, even triumphantly, from the lips of the earnest young pastor, echoing from bare wall to bare wall of the little building where a faithful few had gathered for prayer on this blustering November evening. There were but a few present: barely sufficient to claim the promise, but whatever depressing influence the paucity of numbers may have had in the beginning of the service, it had all been dispelled by the intense zeal of the speaker, and now, in the closing appeal, his whole form seemed to take on new force and vigor while his face was radiant with the glow of the divine message that thrilled his being.

Though so scant in number, he had the satisfaction of knowing that all present were giving eager attention to his words. Even the poor soul sitting near the stove, fighting bravely but ineffectually to stifle the harsh, rasping cough that so piteously shook her slight form at every paroxysm—even she, he noticed, with pleasure, seemed to be earnestly following him in his exposition of the text.

'Go forth!' said he, in closing, 'go forth, beloved, with confidence, not in yourselves, but in him who hath overcome the world. Be diligent in spreading abroad the knowledge of God's love and power of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; thereby shall ye lay up for yourselves a good foundation against the time to come.'

The service is over, and the little band of worshippers hurry through the storm, all eager to reach the warmth and shelter of home. One turns to the north, facing the sleet-laden wind with bowed head, drawing her shawl more closely about her thin form as she starts on her journey.

'Let me help you, Mrs. Adams,' says the cheery voice of the pastor. 'Here, take my arm, please; this is a bad night for you to be out—yet I was very glad to see you, and you haven't far to go. How are you getting along, and what does Dr. Mack say about the hospital?'

'He thinks that I would be more com-

fortable in the hospital, but he holds out no hope of my recovery;' here the troublesome cough interrupted for a moment; 'I'm glad the distance is so short to-night in this storm. God pity the homeless and destitute.'

'Amen, and may his blessing rest on you, Mrs. Adams. Remember, the crown is for those who endure to the end. Good night.'

The lonely woman passes into the house and quietly makes her way up to her little room, repressing, to the best of her ability, the distressing cough, lest it disturb the rest of the household. Almost a stranger among strangers, her life, fast ebbing away, held very little of comfort or pleasure from a worldly standpoint. But no word of complaint was ever heard from her.

Her beloved husband had died many, many years ago, and her only son, the mainstay and joy of her declining years, went out from her one bright, winter's morning, with a smile of love lighting his face, and as she fondly watched him riding across the sunlit yet bleak Dakota prairie, he turned and waved back a farewell that was fixed for ever in her tender memory of him. Caught in a furious blizzard that evening, on his homeward road, she saw him no more until the warm sun of a late spring melted away the coverlet of snow that had been his winding sheet.

Two years ago she came to this great city, hoping that where so many found employment she, also, might be able to earn her daily bread. The struggle had been too much for her strength. She had found an abiding place in a quiet suburb, where the noise of the huge western metropolis was toned down by distance to a melodious murmur somewhat like the sound of the sea. The little that sufficed for her existence, she earned by scrubbing and cleaning the waiting rooms at the railway depot; but her life's task was nearly done.

One sentence from the pastor's lips had taken possession of her; in the silent watches of the night it came to her wakeful mind with redoubled force and emphasis. 'Don't bury your one talent—if it be but one—but keep it bright by constant use in the Master's service.' How plainly she could hear his pleading voice and mark, once more, the deep earnestness that shone in his eyes. Yes! her heart responded to the urgent, loving call; but what could she do? Nothing, literally nothing. Her utter helplessness and her inability to do anything for the Master weighed very heavily upon her, so that her spirit sank in grief, but the blessed thought that her great high priest, Jesus, was touched with a feeling of her infirmities, brought consolation and sleep to her tired mind and body.

The following day was bitterly cold, and the pain in her poor side had increased so that, at times, it was almost unbearable. But that evening she went about her weekly task of cleaning the waiting room as patiently as ever, with a tender regret lingering ever in her mind because of her lack of power to do anything for her beloved Saviour.

A sudden fit of coughing served to draw the attention of the agent. 'Oh, Mrs. Adams,' said he, 'I wouldn't bother about scrubbing the rest of the room to-night. I didn't notice what you were doing. It's too cold; besides, you'd better go home and take something for that awful cough.'

With a quiet word of thanks she finished the portion of work in hand, then walking over to a bulletin board hanging against the wall, she reached up on tip-toe and inserted a few invitation cards and tracts among the other notices on the board. This had been her custom each week, and now she looked up at them by the flickering light that came from the fire in the open stove,

then with a fervent prayer for God's blessing upon them she went out into the night.

On the platform she passed a man who was pacing up and down. He opened the door she had just closed, gave one keen look into the dim-lit empty room and entering, seated himself near the stove. When the station agent came out and busily poked up the fire, he rose to his feet with a question as to the next train west and moved over to the dark side of the room, resting his shoulders heavily against the bulletin board. Evidently very much disturbed, his comely, boyish face working with ill-suppressed emotion as he impatiently shifted his weight from one foot to the other, while his restless hands closed and unclosed spasmodically.

The sound of an oncoming train brought a sigh of relief from him as he straightened up from the wall. He started nervously as he felt something cold slip down between his collar and the back of his neck. Swiftly his hand went up and brought to his view one of the simple cards left by the widow. Stepping nearer the light he glanced at it and read:

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.. My son: if sinners entice thee, ..
.. consent thou not. ..
..
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Why! What is there in such a simple message to cause so vast a change? He stands and gazes like one petrified, looking at the little card but seeming to see through and beyond it.

'There's the train,' says the agent. 'D'you want a ticket?' Receiving no answer, he passes out, and returning after the train has gone, finds the stranger still standing staring blankly at the card. At length he seems to notice the scrutinizing look of the puzzled station agent, and becomes conscious of his surroundings. Without a word he turns and leaves the room, and with swift, powerful strides he marches forward into the storm.

'My son: if sinners entice thee.' It seems but yesterday that he stood by the bedside of his dying father—the grandest, truest, noblest man he had ever known—and heard from his loving lips the sentence he had just read on the card he still held crushed up in his hand. Every word of that last message was ringing through his brain now, while his hand feels again the firm yet tender clasp that held him so steadfastly while he listened to the parting words of counsel and comfort.

'Consent thou not.' Ah! but he had consented. He had been enticed by a Devil, and knew in his heart, that he had been the plaything and sport of those who had beguiled him from the path of right. They had plucked him like a pigeon caught in the meshes of the fowler, and had led him step by step until, to-night, he stood—just on the threshold of manhood—dishonored and a fugitive. He had consented—and this very night had started to take the final step that would forever separate him from mother, home, respectability and God. He had come to the quiet suburban station that none might ever be able to trace him in his flight, and when the morning dawned he would be in company—

No! A thousand times no! Come what may, he is determined that he will go no further in that path. He will go back to his dear, ill-used mother and confess all. New life comes into his heart as he steps bravely out to execute the new-formed resolution while the face of his revered father seems to smile upon him once more.

The tardy light of the winter's sun, shining the next morning through the lace curtains of an uptown residence, rested on the heads of mother and penitent son—truly joined in heart once more—as their voices blended in a united petition to God for pardon for the prodigal.

The same sunlight poured through the uncurtained window of that upper chamber that had been the abiding place of the Widow Adams. The summons had come, and the ransomed soul had gone home. The daylight revealed the lifeless body; the once sad, worn face now glorified by a smile of wondrous beauty, as if, in the moment of partition, she had heard the Master's greeting:—

'Well done, good and faithful servant. enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'