

fought the tempter. "Get thee behind me, Satan!" he cried in his agony of spirit. "I cannot pray. I cannot ask God to help me. I am a stranger to him!"

It was night when he entered the cottage. All was silent. Presently the low murmur of a voice reached him. With a weary sigh he moved toward the door of the room from whence the sound proceeded. He paused as he heard the following words:

"God has been so good to mother and me. O how happy we might be if he would bring father back to us! O God! save father for Jesus' sake!"

The door turned silently upon its hinges, and the father, whose heart had been wrung by the words of supplication which fell from the lips of his child, crossed the floor, and sank upon his knees by the side of the boy.

"Father!"
A whole volume of unspoken gratitude lingered in the name as it fell softly from the lips of the kneeling boy.

"Pray for me, child, I cannot!" pleaded the father.

When the wife and mother entered the room she found them still upon their knees. Who can portray the joy that filled the heart of the woman who had been worse than widowed!

The change was slow but sure. Many hard battles were fought, and many times, but for the saving help of divine grace, poor weak humanity would have been conquered by the tempter. John Driestomb fought bravely until at last, encouraged by the blessed assurance, "Ask, and ye shall receive," the man whose life had been so nearly wrecked was able to exclaim,

"How safe, how calm, how satisfied
The soul that clings to thee!"

"Let the good work go on," said Mr. Foster, when he heard of Mark's noble efforts to weaken the influence of the wide-spread evil. "His example will bear fruit in the years to come, and demonstrate to many a youth the fact that, though *only a boy*, he, too, can be a worker in the good cause, and perhaps by his efforts bring sunlight into many homes now darkened by the shadow of intemperance."

A VERY SMALL LION.

WRITTEN FOR "PLEASANT HOURS."

THIS queer little lion usually makes his home in the Middle and Southern States, but he sometimes ventures as far north as New England.

He was given the name of Ant-lion because, although he eats many other kinds of insects, ants seem to be his favourite food. His manner of building his traps and catching his game is as cunning as that of any lion of larger size.

He is the larva of a species of dragon-fly. I dare say all of my readers have seen the dragon-flies which live in their vicinity. They are quick-moving, darting, flying creatures with four transparent, gauzy wings, reflecting rainbow tints; long, lithe, slender bodies; large heads; and big, black, bulging eyes. They have a peculiar way of hovering quite motionless in the air, for a moment or two, and then darting off with lightning-like speed. The boys call them darning-needles, and say they carry a sting in their tails, which is a mistake, as they really do no harm, except, perhaps, to

bite one a little; and that only upon provocation.

All of the different kinds of dragon-flies are pretty much alike in their general appearance, though they come from very dissimilar larvae.

The Ant-lion is, perhaps, the most curious and interesting in its habits of any known larva. He is but little more than half an inch in length, is flat, and shaped something like a squash-bug. He has six legs, but uses only the hindmost pair in walking. He moves very slowly and generally backwards. His appetite is insatiable, and he feeds upon the juices of insects, particularly ants.

In order to capture them he builds a pit. First, he finds a soil of loose, dry sand, and selects a place in it well-sheltered from the wind. Then he traces a circle as large as he wishes his trap to be, usually about three inches across; this he does by half-burying his body in the sand and moving backwards, turning up a furrow just as a little plough would, and throwing the earth outward. He goes round again and again, each time inside the last furrow until the centre is reached; then he begins to dig with his head and foreleg, throwing all the sand over the edge of the circle, which he gradually deepens in the centre and smooths upon the sides until it becomes a funnel-shaped hole, two or more inches deep.

When it is finished to his satisfaction, he buries himself in the very middle of it, leaving only the tips of his jaws above the ground. There he lies in wait. When an insect, in travelling about, comes to the delicate edge of the pit, the sand begins to give way under its feet, and it slides down the sides of the trap; perhaps it struggles, and stops itself, and begins to crawl out; but, when this happens, the lion loads its head with sand, and again, and again throws it with great force upon the poor captive, until the terrible shower brings it to the bottom, and into the strong and greedy jaws waiting to receive it.

These jaws are most formidable weapons, being claw-like and hollow, and specially adapted for sucking up the juices of insects. When the body is sucked quite dry the lion throws it over the edge of his den, and once more places himself in position to wait for the coming of another victim, which very soon appears and falls into his pit.

He lives in this manner for nearly two years, destroying an incredible number of the most active insects, which by his cunning he catches alive, though he is himself all the while in a very sluggish state.

At the end of the two years he forms a cocoon of sand, gluing the grains together, and lines it softly with layers of beautiful silken stuff, which he spins from his own body. The whole cocoon is less than half an inch in diameter. In this he lies down to await his transformation into the perfect insect.

After some three weeks it is completed, and the little creature gnaws with its jaws or mandibles through the cocoon. When it first emerges it is only a half inch in length, and is very wet and miserable-looking; but as it suns and dries itself it stretches out with the most amazing rapidity, soon becoming at least an inch and a half long in the body, while the wings expand from less than one-fourth of an inch to nearly three inches in length.

Then, as it flies away on its lace-like iridescent wings, with its black body glistening in the sun, it is as pretty a sight as one need wish to see.

S. L. CLAYES.

A HOME FOR HIS MOTHER.

BUSINESS called me to the United States land office. While there a lad, apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, came in and presented a certificate for forty acres of land.

I was struck with the countenance and general appearance of the boy, and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land.

"For myself, sir."
I then inquired where he had got the money.

He answered, "I earned it."
Feeling then an increased desire to know something more about the boy, I asked about himself and his parents. He took a seat and gave me the following narrative:

"I am the oldest of five children. Father is a drinking man, and often returns home drunk. Finding that father would not abstain from liquor, I resolved to make an effort in some way to help my mother and brothers and sisters. I got an axe and went into a new part of the country to work, clearing land, and I have saved money enough to buy forty acres of land there."

"Well, my good boy, what are you going to do with the land?"

"I will work on it, build a loghouse, and when it is all ready will bring father, mother, brothers, and sisters to live with me. The land I want for my mother, which will secure her from want in her old age."

"And what will you do with your father if he continues to drink?"

"O sir, when we get him on the farm he will feel at home, and be happy, and I hope become a sober man."

"Young man, God bless you!"
By this time the receiver handed him his receipt for his forty acres of land. As he was leaving the office he said, "At least I have a home for my mother."

PERSEVERANCE.

YEARS ago a German boy read of the siege of Troy, and made up his mind to find the ruins of that great ancient city. Troy had perished three thousand years ago—if, indeed, it ever existed at all. But, said the little German, "I will find it though." Though a poor lad, slaving at work until bedtime, he procured books and taught himself six or seven languages. He pushed on and prospered, until as a merchant he had made a fortune. Every step of this study and money-making was taken with the aim of fulfilling the vow of his boyhood. In due time he started eastward with a company of labourers, and for long, long years pursued his search. At last he found Troy. His discovery was a sensation through all Europe. A short time ago the treasures of gold, silver and bronze dug out of the palace of the Trojan king were exhibited at South Kensington. For three thousand years the burnt ruins of that city had lain covered with sand, and by money it was regarded only as a faded creation of poetry, but Dr. Schlieman, at his own unstinted expense, and by his own amazing enterprise, proved its discovery to the world.

Think of it. A poor lad, learning languages, making money, spending seven years or more in far away deserts, sustained through a lifetime by a one fixed resolution. He vowed in boyhood that he would find Troy, and he did find it. This German lad said, "Put down my name," and when life was far spent he succeeded in hacking his way into the temple of Fame.

Now, if we can find Truth and God, if we can find "Glory, honour, immortality and eternal life," is it not worth while, for the sake of these imperishable possessions, to summon up our utmost resolution and to pursue our aim with diligence through the swift years of our mortal pilgrimage? "They do it for a corruptible crown, but we for an incorruptible." Do it with thy might.

Write on thy heart this holy principle,
Nobly resolved and as a man resolved,
Thou shalt not die till victory crown thy brows."

GLEAN AWAY, CHILDREN, AND BRING IN THE MITES.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HODGKIN, OF THE N. Y. CONFERENCE.

GLEAN away, children, a million in gold,
Jesus is asking for harvest this year,
All around the world must his Gospel be told.
Glean away, children, our triumph is near.

CHORUS.

Glean away, children, the master receives
Gifts from the dear ones in whom he delights;
After the reapers that bind the big sheaves,
Glean away, children, and bring in the mites.

Glean away, children, the million will come,
Faster because little hands lend their aid;
Follow the reapers and add to the sum,
Wealth that the Lord's little gleaners have made.

CHO.—Glean away, etc.

Glean away, children, and gather with care,
Kara that have fallen unnoticed aside;
Bring in your handfuls for Jesus and share
Joy with his reapers at life's harvest tide.

CHO.—Glean away, etc.

Glean away, children, the reapers are fast
"Some of the handfuls of purple for you";
Follow the reapers and gather them all,
Glean away, children, see what you can do.

CHO.—Glean away, etc.

A MILLER AND HIS BURDEN.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman driving to town overtook a miller who was walking. The gentleman asked the miller to ride with him.

"No," said the humble miller, "I wouldn't be seen in such a plight riding into town with you."

"Never mind that," said the gentleman, "I wish to talk to you; come, get in."

The mealy miller then got in and sat down on the back seat, but still keeping the sack on his back.

"Why don't you put down that sack?" asked the gentleman.

"Why," replied the miller, "I should think it was enough for you to carry me, without my adding the weight of this heavy sack of meal."

Many Christians who have given themselves to the Lord, insist on trying to carry their sorrows and troubles on their own back. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."