

SAVED FROM THE HORSES' FEET.

The following incident occurred during a general review of the Austrian Cavalry a few years ago:—

A little girl standing in the front row of spectators, either from fright or some other cause, rushed out into the open field just as a squadron of cavalry came sweeping round from the main body. They made the detour for the purpose of saluting the Empress, who was seated in that part of the parade ground. Down came the flying squadron, charging at a mad gallop—down directly on the child. The mother was paralyzed, as were the others, for there could be no rescue from the line of spectators.

The Empress uttered a cry of horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable, and such terrible destruction—the trampling to death by a hundred iron hoofs.

Directly under the feet of the horses was the little one. Another instant must seal its doom—when a stalwart trooper, who was in the front line, without slackening speed or loosening his hold, threw himself over by the side of his horse's neck, seized, and lifted the child, and placed it in safety upon his saddle-bow; and this he did without changing his pace or breaking the correct alignment of the squadron. Ten thousand voices hailed with rapturous applause the gallant deed, and other thousands applauded when they knew. Two women there were who could only sob forth this gratitude in broken accents—the mother and the Empress.

And a proud and happy moment must it have been for the soldier when his Emperor, taking from his own breast the richly enamelled Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, hung it upon the breast of his brave and gallant trooper.—*Ex.*

APHIDISTAN.

A sudden shower of rain came on during the afternoon of our Sunday-school excursion. Uncertainty of weather is the necessary price of the lovely summer foliage of our beautiful country. Happily, we soon found shelter for all the children in the barn where tea was to be served. While we were all gathered there, looking out at the down-pour, and not knowing how to amuse ourselves, our energetic superintendent called out, "Now, dear pastor, tell the young people a tale." The request made me both feel and look awkward; for of all difficult things, few things are more difficult than to recall a story, just of the right sort that is wanted, off-hand; unless you have one carefully prepared for the occasion. "A good fairy tale will do," said a young lady by my side. "Yes, anything that will amuse; you can easily add some good moral," continued the superintendent. Now, when you have to take a cold bath it is best to dive at once. So I jumped in.

"Shall I tell you about Aphidistan?" I said.

The new word awoke interest. So perhaps would the promise of anything that might entertain while the shower continued. There was a chorus of "Yes, yes," and a general movement towards where I was standing. I felt that I was in for it, so I allowed myself no hesitation, but went on:—

"I recently paid a visit to this very interesting place. The fields were long and narrow, covered with a dark green smooth sward. Here and there at distances apart were growing high trees, each having only a few leaves, but these in proportion to their height, were large and spreading. One of these trees had on its summit a large crown of velvety leaves of bright crimson, that was very beautiful. But what attracted

my attention was a flock of remarkable creatures that were quietly feeding between the trees. They were very numerous, standing as closely together as they could. They had plump smooth bodies of a delicate emerald green, almost transparent, so that they looked like round globes of glass filled with bright-colored jelly. Each had six legs, which appeared to be very weak, and no wonder, for it rarely moved about. Instead of a hoof it had a long foot with a curved claw like that of a bird. Its head was something like that of an elephant, only the eyes were large and bright red, and, having many facets, glittered like cut jewels. On the top of the head were two long horns that looked like tails, which could be waved about, but generally rested on the creature's back, reaching along its whole length. Then it had a long trunk, through which it continually sucked up the juices of the green field upon which it stood,

from time to time to milk them. These masters approached them very carefully, and, selecting one, gently stroked its sides, so that from the two tubes on its back there was poured out some yellow-colored sticky fluid, like treacle or honey. This seemed to give relief, as milking does a cow. The herdsmen went from one to another, collecting all they could, and then carried it away to the place where it was stored. Like good farmers they were careful of their stock. Some might be seen cleaning any that were soiled, others carrying away any dirt or rubbish they found lying on the field; sometimes they even will take some away to be cared for in some sheltered place. The cattle, for so I may call them, were very stupid and lazy, scarcely ever moving about. When once their trunk was fixed, they kept on sucking up the juices and going no further, waiting for their tubes to be milked, and then, when so refreshed,

another, were stifled and fell, their bodies shrivelled; they were all dead, carried away as by a storm, and the surface of the field was left quite clear. The masters, being evidently unable to help them, ran away out of sight as rapidly as they possibly could, leaving behind most of the sweet honey they had gathered with so much trouble. Well, now, that is all."

"Oh!" said the children with a kind of sigh.

"Now, who can tell me where Aphidistan is?"

Said a sharp girl, although I think her teacher whispered to her, "Afghanistan is the country of the Afghans, so I suppose Aphidistan is the place of the Aphids."

"Well done," I said. "Now, who can tell me something about the Aphids?"

"They are little green flies that live on the stalks of rose trees," said one.

"Oh, I know," said another, "father kills them by blowing at them tobacco smoke."

"What I have been telling you," I went on, "is really a correct description of the little green fly, as it is called, that infests rose bushes. The conveyance that took me to Aphidistan was a microscope. It is a very curious and remarkable fact that the flocks of aphids, which often entirely cover plants, are watched over and cared for by ants, who breed them and care for them, cleaning them, defending them, and milking them as farmers do cows. Were this not proved beyond doubt, it is so strange that no one could believe it. Different species of aphids belong to different species of ants. For instance, the green flies of the rose bush appear to be the "dumb driven cattle" of the little brown ants common in our gardens. They increase with enormous rapidity. A single aphid becomes the mother of about seven or eight dozen little ones at the same time, and if she lives a few weeks may see her grandchildren and their children and grandchildren in the fifth generation. So that it has been calculated that one single aphid may, in the course of one year, have a family four times as numerous as all the people now alive in the whole world. It is a good thing that they have so many foes. Those pretty little insects called lady-birds destroy these destructive creatures by millions. A flight of lady-birds will sometimes prevent blight for a long time afterwards. Green flies are the pests of gardeners. When they get upon a plant they soon increase to large numbers and suck out the sweet juices, and so weaken and kill the flower. One of the best ways of destroying them is by blowing tobacco smoke upon them, when they shrivel immediately and fall off dead."

"That proves," said the superintendent, "that tobacco smoke is poison. Boys, don't you touch it. It may not kill you, as it does the aphids, but it will make you sallow and sick and pale. Boys should never smoke."

"It may show us," I went on, "that there is use for everything. The proper use of tobacco smoke is to clear rose trees from destructive insects—not to put into our mouths to make us ill. But I have not told you one quarter of the marvels of these little creatures."

"Tea is ready now," some one said; and the children, like lively ants, ran off to get at the sweets.—*Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, in Church and Home.*

TRUST.

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be.
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor
be afraid!'"

—*Prophets' Rabbi Ben Ezra.*



A stalwart trooper seized and lifted the child on to his saddle.

and by which it was nourished. Here and there one, larger than the rest, had a huge pair of gauze wings, which, however, it seemed too lazy to use, so that they hung idly by its side. But the most remarkable feature was the part of the body by which it was milked. This was not beneath, as in the cows in this country, but on its back, where were two long tubes, one on each side; they looked like silver trumpets; from these could be drawn the honey milk; indeed, you could see it gently bubbling along these tubes, and sometimes running out of their ends.

"Now as I looked at these very strange green cattle, and what I tell you is exactly true (here cries of Oh! Oh! rose from a number, but I saw I had their attention, so I took no notice, but kept on), I found that they were the flocks of certain herdsmen, or whatever we prefer to call their owners, who came

going on with the pasture. One consequence was that they were often in very great peril. They were sometimes attacked by flying dragons, much larger than themselves, with wide buzzing outstretched wings and fierce large eyes, and terrible destructive jaws. It was amusing to see the consternation the approach of these alarming foes caused among the herdsmen, but the cattle I am telling you about seemed too stupid to understand the danger. Their masters would jump on their backs, and leap from one to another and try to defend them, sometimes succeeding and sometimes unable to prevent a number being killed and eaten up. All this was in the bright sunlight. As I looked there came a wind which seemed to shake the very ground on which they stood. Then came a thick cloud as of bluish smoke. In less than a minute all these wonderful little creatures, one after