

Said the ant, "This sermon is a very good one for some folks, but it has no sort of application to me. What can such a poor, little, crawling thing as I, do for the good of the universe? Besides, I have so large a family of my own to provide for, that it requires all my time and attention. If I had wings like the butterfly, I would not live so useless a life as he does."

Said the butterfly, "I am really ashamed of the ant, who has such stores laid up, that she does no more good with them. I am sure if I were half as rich, I would supply all the poor of the neighborhood. But when I can hardly get enough for myself, how can I help others?"

The little fish complained that he had neither time, nor talents, nor opportunity of doing good; he was so insignificant that he had no influence, and moreover he had to get food for himself, and take care that he was not made food for others. If he were only as large and strong as the whale, he might be useful.

The sheep declared that as he had no horns to defend himself, it was absurd to think of his doing any thing for others; he hoped his neighbor the goat would apply the sermon to himself.

Thus each excused himself; and on the whole; the sole result of the discourse so much applauded, was to convince each, that himself was most unfortunate, and his neighbors without excuse.

Maria liked the fable very much: she wished her papa would *always* tell her a story, when he wanted to teach her anything; she should remember it so much better. But he told her it would not be best that she should always have stories; see must learn to attend, and remember what he said to her, in whatever form it was said. "And now," said he, "what are you go-

ing to remember as the result of this conversation?"

Maria hesitated a moment and then said, "That people who do not do their duty in the station in which they are, would not be likely to in another."

Autumnal Foliage.

THE beautiful appearance of the autumnal foliage, which this year seems almost to surpass in gorgeousness that of any previous season, often induces an inquiry as to the reason of the change which a few frosty nights make in the green livery of trees and forest. The question is purely a chemical one, and one, moreover, about which there is no very general agreement of opinion. In fact, there is no subject included among natural phenomena more difficult to explain than this change in the constitution or arrangement of matter, whereby a particular body is caused to reflect or absorb light in such a way that it assumes at one time a wholly different color. These changes are very far from being confined to any one species of matter. The trout, which, on a sandy bottom, has a yellow speckled hue, becomes dark brown, or blue, beneath a shaded bank; the yellow of the weasel and the rabbit, maintained during the summer months, is already changed to white; and it is susceptible of rigid demonstration that the blue of the October sky is not the same, either in tint or quality, with that which welcomed the bursting of the leaf in the months of April or May.

The general supposition in regard to the change of the leaves is this: When the tree or plant is in full activity, its foliage, it is well known, absorbs carbonic acid and disengages oxygen. When, now,