

And he wasn't ashamed of his home any more. —Margaret E. Sangster, J., in *The Christian Herald*.

THE STORY OF A SPIDER.

I bring for the boys and girls today a spider story. I wonder if you know that the Bible tells something about spiders. If you will look up Proverbs 30:24 you will find these words: "There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise." One of the four is the spider and this is what it says of her wisdom: "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces." How many hands has the spider? I think you will find eight and she can use them all. She is a worker.

You may have read that story of Robert, the Bruce, who became king of Scotland. Once he had to flee from Scotland on account of his enemies. He went over to the north of Ireland and lived in hiding among some poor folk. He was much discouraged. One day he was resting in one of the cabins of his friends. He saw a spider swinging at the end of a thread trying to reach with her web from one rafter to another. She tried once and missed; a second and a third and failed; a fourth and a fifth, but did not quite reach it; a sixth time but did not catch it. Ah, thought Bruce, if she succeeds the seventh time I'll go back to Scotland to try once more. The seventh time she reached it and Bruce went back and became king.

A particular kind of spider did a peculiar work in helping to dig the Panama Canal. Of course, this spider could not use pick or shovel or dredge, but it was a kind of repair workman for the surveyors and had its home in the surveyor's office. This was the work it did. You have seen surveyors using that three-legged instrument behind which one man stands and sights through to measure distances and angles. That instrument has a very fine thread or wire made of platinum. But platinum is very scarce and very valuable, more valuable than gold. When these platinum threads wore out the surveyors at Panama did not always find it easy to have on hand new threads. But some one found out that the silken thread a certain spider was spinning all the time was a good substitute. Hence they brought several of these spiders into the office and gave them a clean little corner in which to live and work out silken threads for the surveyor's use. "Little but exceeding wise, for they take hold with their hands, and are in kings' palaces"; this time in the surveyor's office.

Now let us keep in mind that they take hold with their hands and do some worth while thing. Did they take hold with their tongues, and merely talk about it as we do sometimes they would be neither exceeding wise nor in kings' palaces. But they take hold with their hands and do. The next time you see a spider notice how many hands it has, and remember the proverb, "Little but exceeding wise, for she taketh hold with her hands." And if not always a way into kings' palaces, at least, in that way she was the teacher of a future king, and in the same way was the helper in the doing of our biggest pieces of work, in digging the Panama Canal. —R. A. Hamilton, in *Christian Work*.

VERY REMARKABLE.

Polly, standing on the piazza, waved her hand in such a cheerful exuberance of farewell that Aunt Emily looked back from the carriage with a troubled expression.

"I wish I knew what idea Pollykin is re-

volving in that curly head of hers," she murmured. "I'd feel safer."

"O, no, you wouldn't, my dear. You'd probably be in a fever," laughed Uncle Horace. "Polly's ideas are seldom reassuring."

Polly herself needed no reassuring. She was quite confident that a day for wonderful things had arrived and that she was the young person to perform them. There was not often such an opportunity as having Aunt Emily away for a whole day. Certainly there had not been since day before yesterday, when Polly wrote in her new red-and-gold notebook: "Resolved to be a remark-u-bul woman. Pauline Alice Mead."

"Be a good girl," Aunt Emily had said. And that meant not going out of the yard to play, helping to take care of Thaddy, and not troubling Bridget, who had the week's ironing to do. "Such little things!" said Polly scornfully. "Anybody could do 'em and not be one bit remark-u-bul."

But she knew what she meant to do; and it was not to be any small undertaking, either. She had heard Aunt Emily say that the upper storeroom must be cleaned and put in order as soon as she had time to attend to it. And wouldn't auntie be pleased and surprised to find it all done without any trouble to herself! "Of course house-cleaning is a pretty big thing; but it is only a little room, and I can climb up on a stepladder and reach the very toppest part of it," she mused. "Nobody ever said I mustn't; so 't isn't wrong, and Bridget will be downstairs, where she won't bother."

It was easy to find the stepladder; and though it was not quite so easy to transport it up to the storeroom, Polly accomplished it and was ready to begin her work as soon as she found that Bridget was safely occupied with her ironing. Dusters, soap, and some water in auntie's china wash bowl (she did not like to go to the kitchen for any of her utensils) made what she considered a very business-like outfit; and when she tied about her waist an apron so long that it nearly tripped her at every step, she mounted the ladder.

"I can do it as well as anybody," she assured herself as she began moving the jelly glasses. "And I can have a nice, quiet time 'thout nobody to 'sturb me."

But she had forgotten Thaddy, and that young gentleman was not one to tolerate being forgotten long at a time. His small feet ascended the stairs right foot forward on every step, and his voice preceded him. "Polly, Polly, I do want some one to play horse with me. Polly, where is you gone?"

"O dear! He'll bring Bridget if I don't answer him," muttered Polly. "Here I am, Thaddy. Hush, I'm here."

Her guarded tones finally reached the little searcher; and after two or three exasperating calls of "Where?" he pushed his way into the small room. "I want you to come and play hor— What you doin', Polly?"

"I'm cleaning house," said Polly desperately. "I can't play now, 'cause I'm going to move all these jellies 'n' things and wash the shelves to s'prise Aunt Emily. You be a good boy and run away for a little while, won't you, Thaddy?" she urged coaxingly.

"No, I'm going to clean house and s'prise mamma, too," he declared. "I'm goin' to wash the floor 'n' lots of things."

"No, no, Thaddy, you mustn't; you can't do it."

"Can, too," said Thaddy positively. And he plunged his hands into the bowl of water and drew out the cloth with a splash.

"Thaddy!" cried Polly, leaning toward him.

Alas! she leaned too far, and the ladder tilted. She clutched wildly at a shelf and upset half a dozen glasses, and the next moment child and ladder went down together amid a series of shrieks from Thaddy. When the noise brought Bridget to the rescue, she found a small boy with a bumped head fairly streaming with jelly; while Polly, bruised and crying, lay on the floor in a pool of water, the ladder on top of her and the broken china bowl and fragments of glass around her.

Poor, frightened Bridget called on all the saints she knew; but when she had separated the wreck and found that the human part of it had no bones broken, she certainly did indulge in what Thaddy called "an awful hard scoldin'." She interspersed it with warm water, dry clothing, arnica, and sympathy, however, and gradually brought peace and order out of the confusion. But it was a very subdued and somewhat battered little Polly who lay upon the lounge when Aunt Emily came home and furnished that good lady with a surprise not intended.

"Ah! little girl, it is easy to leave undone the small duties that are our own and come to grief by attempting the great deeds that belong to somebody else," said Aunt Emily with a tender little laugh. "Most of us get many a fall before we learn better."

And somehow that "we" was wonderfully comforting as well as convincing. Polly opened her little red notebook that evening and looked long at the first entry. Then she wrote underneath it: "Resolved to try being just a common, good girl at first and not be a remark-u-bul woman till I grow up. It's convenient for other folks."—Advance.

UNANSWERED PRAYERS.

The story is told of a woman who dreamed that she died and went to heaven. As an angel was showing her about, she was brought to a large room where many bundles were piled. Finding her name on several bundles, she asked for an explanation, saying, as she did so: "I remember praying for those very things when I was down on earth." The angel replied: "Yes, when any of God's children make requests to Him, preparations are made to give the answer, but if the petitioner is not waiting for the answer it is returned and stored in this room."

Does not this explain our failure to receive answers to the prayers which we know come from the heart? "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."—Selected.

Children's Letters

JUST BAPTIZED.

Dear Presbyterian: I will introduce myself by saying that I am a grand-nephew of the late Rev. Jas. R. Crews, who preached at Buffalo, Bethlehem, Lynchburg, Anchor of Hope and Galena churches, and grand-son of the late Mr. Geo. C. Crews, who was for many years an elder in Cub Creek church. I was baptized there yesterday. My mamma reads the little letters to me just as grandmother read them to her. My mamma is writing for me this time, and we hope you will publish my letter; as I am sure all our friends would like to read it. Your little friend,

Claiborne Burnley Deaner.

Aspen, Va.