

each ornamented at the end with one of these minute yellowish specks, with a view of submitting them to microscopic examination as a means of satisfying my curiosity. No sooner had I focused my instrument on these almost invisible objects than they instantly developed into forms of most marvelous beauty.

So entirely unique were they, differing from anything that had previously come under my observation in every detail, that I at once determined to mount them for preservation. I therefore carefully folded them in a bit of paper and placed them in my pocket, where they remained a month before I found leisure to mount them. On removing them from the wrapper I once more placed them under the microscope, that it might assure me they were just as I left them a month before.

Convinced that they were in their normal condition, I then proceeded to arrange them in an orderly position before sealing them in their crystal tomb, and, to make it less tiresome for my eyes, I condensed the light of the lamp on the objects with an ordinary reading-glass.

While thus manipulating them I was annoyed by a slight motion among the hairs to which the eggs were attached, and turned my breath away, under the impression that it was the cause of the disturbance. This, however, seemed to make no difference in the embryonic commotion, and for a moment I was thoroughly mystified.

Without waiting for further developments of a spiritualistic nature, I again appealed to my microscope to satisfy my curiosity. Placing the whole collection under a two-thirds objective, I was inexpressibly delighted to see fully one-fourth of the larvæ in the very act of opening their shells. It instantly occurred to me that in using the reading-glass in arranging the eggs I had not only condensed the light but also the heat of the lamp sufficiently to produce the wonderful result which my faithful microscope had revealed.

It is needless to add that I lost no time in hermetically sealing the objects of my delight in the glass cells prepared for their reception, where all signs of life soon ceased; and, as a result of this simple accident, I have a slide showing part of the eggs unopened just as they were gathered, while others show the grub with his head and half his body protruding from the shell.

It may also be interesting to the young student of nature to know that the egg of the bot-fly is not broken at all in hatching. The grub simply pushes a cap or lid from one end of his little cell and crawls out. Indeed, the shells are so strong that I have found it quite impossible to crush them between thumb and finger.



Two Dolls

By Mary Allaire

I think my first feeling was indignation when I looked at her. "Aged 107 years" was the legend hung on her neck; while another string held her suspended from a hook in the top of the case. Of course she was only a doll, but a doll one hundred and seven years old is entitled to a cushioned chair and space. Instead, this venerable friend of childhood was hung by the neck in the corner of a glass case, quite smothered by elegant brocade dresses, lace capes, and hats that had been worn by ladies when the doll was quite new; it is not impossible that the doll and the dresses and the laces and the hats all came over in the same ship. Here they were on exhibition at the World's Fair—the dresses spread to show the pattern; the laces given every opportunity; but the doll, which had been hugged and kissed until all the paint was worn off her dear, homely, wooden face, hung by the neck in a corner.

There was a very wise look in her eyes, and one felt almost sure that, if it were not for the glass, a conversation would be quite possible. Think of owning a doll as old as the country! The little girl who owns this doll is five years old, and she is the great-great-granddaughter of the lady who first owned it. What a difference between this doll, who doubtless was considered a beauty, and the doll who is sitting on the sofa in my parlor this morning! The doll

at the Fair is cut entirely out of wood. Her hair is painted, her joints are stiff, and she would be considered quite small, being only about six inches long. As I think of her now, I do not believe that she would excite any comment if it were not for the card on her neck, "Aged 107 years." She is very valuable, if we remember all the love and tenderness and care she has received. Certainly too valuable to be hung by the neck, with her poor feet in the air like a criminal. I found my glasses getting quite moist when I looked at her, and I have had to take them off now as I remember her age and her position, dangling before a careless public; for she is hung too high for the children to see her unless they are quite tall. I wanted to rebuke some boys who shouted with laughter when they discovered her. She might have been saved that if a chair had been given to her.

The doll in my parlor has quite a history, and when I look in her face—for I hold her in my lap sometimes—she looks at me with so much intelligence that I listen as if I expected her to express an opinion.

Have you ever heard of a Working-Girls' Club?

Doubtless you have. Well, Lizzie Goodenough is a Working-Girls' Club doll, and I do not wonder that the girls of that Club are both fond and proud of her.

Among the many things done in a Working-Girls' Club is learning to sew. The members are usually young girls who have had to begin earning money when quite young, before they had time to learn to sew.

Now, sewing, unless you love it, is not any more interesting or attractive than learning to spell, or studying grammar or arithmetic. Well, you can imagine that learning to sew in the evening, after working hard in a factory all day, is not the most amusing occupation, and that a great many girls refuse to go into the sewing classes. How to make a sewing class interesting and amusing, then, becomes a most important question, and the President of one Working-Girls' Club solved it. She bought Lizzie Goodenough, who was then only a doll two feet tall. She had no personality. She was taken to the Club, and her beauty made every girl in the Club her friend. She could move her head, her arms, and her legs; she could stand up and sit down most gracefully. Her hair was not entirely satisfactory, so a friend of the Club gave the hair that had been cut from her head, and this was soon on Lizzie's—beautiful golden-brown hair that hangs way below her waist, and a beautiful bang besides; it all combs smoothly without tangling. You may be sure Lizzie created excitement, and when it was announced that she needed clothes, and that they were to be made in the Club, nearly the whole Club became a sewing class. The result is that Lizzie has an ample and satisfactory wardrobe. Flannel and muslin skirts, thick and thin dresses, cloaks, hats, slippers, stockings—all plain but well made, and they fit her. Every garment was cut and made in the evening by these young girls, all of whom work in factories all day. When Lizzie's wardrobe was finally completed, it became a question which dress she should wear. Then there was a fair at the Club, and Lizzie was the most important person there; she was bought and given back to the girls until she had far more than paid for her clothes. Then it became a question what should be done with her. It is a strange thing about working-girls' clubs that the members always find reasons for helping other people, other associations as well as their own. It was decided that Lizzie must make some little children happy, and she was voted to a lady who was well known to the members—who was a member of the Club. This lady gave her time to a kindergarten. She was asked if she thought the children in her kindergarten would like to have Lizzie visit them. Of course she answered "yes," and the next week Lizzie entered the kindergarten, and was admitted into all its attractions both of work and play. Every day a chair at the table was given to her, and her neighbors did her work. It was more difficult to give her the benefit of the games and the play-circle, but whenever possible it was done.

Now she has come to spend the summer with me. I often wonder if she misses the children, and I take her in my lap, and talk to her. I wonder if I imagine it!—some-

times it seems to me her big brown eyes grow very loving. There is one thing of which I am sure. She never shall be hung by the neck in a glass case for careless people and rude boys to laugh at. She must have about one hundred and twenty-five families who are interested in her, and about forty children who love her, besides some "grown-ups." You see how much better protected she is than if she belonged to only one family.



Sunday Afternoon

Be Not Weary¹

By Lyman Abbott

And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.—Galatians vi., 9, 10.

The Galatians were the French of the olden time, with the fervor, the versatility, the quickness of response, the ready imagination, the instantaneous if superficial enthusiasm, which characterize the French nation. When Paul came among them with his Gospel, they received him with wonderful enthusiasm. He had some trouble with his eyes, due, perhaps, to that experience, at the time of his conversion, when he was blinded by the sudden light from heaven; and he says, in writing to them, that they would have plucked out their eyes and given them to him if it could have done any good. That was the spirit in which they received him. But when he was no longer there to stir their hearts and quicken their minds and incite their imaginations, the flame of enthusiasm, which burned up quickly, burned out as quickly, and left only ashes. They ceased to be enthusiastic; they found that religion, which seemed to them such a power, was a very prosaic thing; they found it easier to think about the Gospel than to carry it out in daily life; and they began, as men do under such circumstances, to provide some substitute for practical religion: they began to fall back upon ceremonials and rites to take the place of righteousness and good living. This was the occasion for Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. It is the letter to which we are to go whenever we find the enthusiasm which began the religious life followed by stupor and the substitution of something for religion. I want to develop a little the doctrine of our text, and first to bring you a little closer to its original meaning.

In the first place, then, the two words rendered "season" in one text and "opportunity" in the other are the same Greek word. I do not know why the translators have rendered it by two different meanings. They give you the impression that whenever the chance occurs you are to do good; you are to wait for the opportunity and answer when it knocks at the door. But Paul says, "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in the reaping season we shall reap, if we faint not. As we have, therefore, the season"—that is, the sowing season—"let us do good unto all men, especially unto those who are of the household of faith."

There are four things, then, uttered by Paul in these two verses, by express statement or by implication. First, that there are occasions arising which induce us to become weary in well-doing; secondly, that we are not to yield to those occasions, but to go on with the righteous living, sure that when the time comes for reaping we shall gather the results of our right doing; thirdly, we are to recognize that this is the special season for doing good to others, and while we are in this sowing season we are to be exigent and earnest to do the sowing; and, fourthly, that we are especially to do this to those who are of the household of faith. These are the four points which I wish to talk about to you this morning.

In the first place, then, we do get weary in well-doing. I suppose we all get weary in well-doing. We have heard the Gospel preached from the pulpit by an eloquent

preacher, we have read some eloquent discourse, we have read the story of the Four Gospels, and it seems to us to present such a noble ideal of life that we take hold of it with enthusiasm: it seems a poem, a glorious life. But it does not seem so when we begin to carry out our purpose. It was heroic for Christ to bear the cross. Why? Because it was hard to bear the cross. And, therefore, when we undertake to bear our cross, we find that cross-bearing is not a poem, it is hard and burdensome. Our bearing our cross is a very different thing from reading about Christ's bearing his cross. In the very nature of the case our life has elements of weariness in it if we attempt to follow, practically to follow, Christ. In the first place, we grow weary because this life of righteousness is a prosaic thing. Doing every day's duty oftentimes comes to be a kind of dull routine. It is doing common things in an uncommon spirit. Do you remember that passage in Isaiah where the prophet says that those who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up on eagles' wings, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint? It seems at first like an anti-climax; but it is not. To spread wings and fly is glorious, exhilarating. They shall run and not be weary. To start out in the race spurred on by all the enthusiasm of competition is not difficult. But the climax comes when we walk and do not faint. To trudge down the dry and dusty way, step by step; to ask the people as you go along how many miles it is to the town you are going to reach, and every man makes it more miles than the man before; to find the roadway harder, and the pathway dustier, and the burden heavier and still heavier, and not give it up—that is the climax. But that is the essence of a Christian life: to go on doing prosaic things when the enthusiasm of the wings has gone and the enthusiasm of the race has gone, and there is nothing but a dry, dusty, day-by-day doing of duty, a dull and prosaic duty. Then we get weary. Let some one propose to start another mission school on the East Side of New York, and the newspapers will not give two lines to it; but let Dr. Rainsford propose to start a saloon with pure whisky, pure rum, pure wine, and a pure atmosphere, and we are all excited about it. I do not find any fault with that. We have tried the experiment of the Sunday-school, and wherever it has gone purity and truth have sprung up. But there is nothing new about that; it is just dull, prosaic, day-by-day work for dull, prosaic little children. But the notion of starting a reform liquor-shop! that is novel—and interesting. It stimulates us because it is novel. We get weary in well-doing just because it involves the same old routine day after day.

And then we get weary in well-doing because of the people we have to work with in our well-doing. We get sometimes very weary of the saints. Very. They are opinionated, they are obstinate, they have ambition and approbateness mixed up with their conscience and their self-will; of course we are not opinionated, we are not obstinate, we have no approbateness mixed up with our conscience; but they have! We find this in the mission work, in the Sunday-school, in the hospital, in the missionary society, in the church; and sometimes when these mixed motives appear, and the wish is hindered and delayed, we get discouraged and we say, There is absolutely no use; we may just as well get out of this and give it up. Do not you know that feeling? Have you not had it? How many ministers have come to me, I wonder, in the course of my experience, and said to me, practically, Mr. Abbott, I cannot work with that church any longer; I wish you would find me a better church? They have got tired of the saints. We get tired of the people we have to work with.

And then we get weary because of the people we have to work on. Publicans and sinners, when we read about them in the New Testament, are poetical; but publicans and sinners, when we meet them in this nineteenth century, are very prosaic people; there is nothing poetical about them at all; and we get tired of trying to do anything for them. We start out in life with an impression that everybody wants to be better, that the ignorant want to learn, that the vicious people want to be virtuous, that the idle people want to work. But we do not undertake to do good work

¹ Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.