

ASKED TO RESIGN.

BY W. C. MARTIN. I knew the Rev. Thomas Tucker; knew and loved him well; I knew some things about him which he never designed to tell. His joys he spoke of freely, and the kindnesses received, But I, who knew his very soul, some other things perceived: I saw him when burdens pressed him, Or grief or pain possessed him, And though he showed a cheerful front, I never was deceived. His manner was against him; he was quiet and reserved, And seldom was accorded half the honor he deserved. He did not seek to advertise what in his life was best, Nor tell the world that all the graces dwell within his breast. His people hardly knew him, And their devotion drew him, Was never fully given, though at first it was professed. The church around the corner always seemed to have the other church receive the crowds that passed them by. He dealt in cheap sensation, and he used the pronoun "I." He made the people often laugh, and sometimes made them cry. And Tucker's people humbled, They felt so greatly humbled, To have the other church receive the crowds that passed them by. He did a more abiding work than did the other man: He built a far more stable church than such a preacher can, But this could not atone for lack of racism and show. His deacons talked the matter over, said he was "too slow." And each with each contended, His usefulness was ended, And then they plainly told him that they wanted him to go. And he received it meekly, just as though it were his due, And of his grief and agony his people never knew. The breaking of his noble heart, such grief as his, such prayer They could not, had they known about it, comprehend or share. Those weary nights unsleeping, Distress too deep for weeping, Were such as coarser natures are not called upon to bear. A thousand times he murmured, scarcely knowing what he said: "Despised of men, rejected, it were better to be dead. Despised, rejected, not esteemed; their faces turned away, A man of sorrows, and with grief acquainted night and day, O, Father, help me bear it, O, help me, help me bear it! Forgive them, for they know not what they do," I heard him pray. And when the people cast him out, this man who did not "draw," This man whose Christy graces they, unchristly, never saw. The Father sent his angels, his, his servant, to sustain, And gave him grace to bear the thorn with all its galling pain. And Jesus whispered, "Brother, Remember how another Who came unto his own was also treated with disdain." —Burlington Ind.

CHANCE.

"Throw me that drill, Jim," said the blacksmith to a fellow on the opposite side of the shaft. Jim picked it up and tossed it over to the speaker. I looked venomously at the murderous dillards, a half-formed idea in my mind that it would be a charity to humanity to take the drill and crush in their miserable skulls with it; but I merely pulled out my watch and time-book, scribbled a line on each of two slips and handed one to the blacksmith and one to Jim. "Take these up to the office, boys," I said mildly. "We won't need you round here any more," and sticking a prospecting pick in my belt, I started down the perpendicular ladder in the wall of the shaft, cursing the stupidity of men in general and of miners in particular. Not six weeks before a miner had violated the simple rule about passing tools across the shaft; a hammer dropped in, and we paid \$10,000 to the widow of one of the men who had been at work below. Reflecting that I would start a training school for fool-killers as soon as I had money enough, I reached the end of the ladder after a somewhat tedious descent and stepped down on a large ledge of rock which was about a hundred feet below the surface. I paused a moment to look about me. The vein had "faulted" at this point, about four feet, and having been found some distance off, the three-foot ledge of rock on which I stood had been left standing temporarily while the recovered vein had been opened for some twelve feet further down. I scrambled into this narrower portion of the shaft, and by the aid of projecting stones reached the bottom. Here there had been trouble again, and I turned on the electric light, buckled my waterproof coat tighter round my throat and started in, with the assistance of my pick, for a minute examination of the bottom and sides. An hour and a half's work, and I thought I had found a clew to the difficulty. About the same time, I came to the conclusion that it must be near the dinner hour. I leaned back against the wall to rest a moment before beginning the laborious ascent, and mechanically looked up. As I did so, I distinctly heard the words: "Throw me that dynamite, Bill," and a second later, two dark objects entered my field of vision at one side of the top of the shaft, and one of them passed across—only one—the other struck the edge of the top-most timber, rebounded slightly, and started down. I heard a yell of horror, and for a fraction of a second a face was thrust over the edge of the shaft, then quickly withdrawn. I felt a convulsive grip at my throat, and a cold sweat broke out on my forehead. The muscles at the roots of my hair contracted vigorously. There it was—my death-warrant. Death? Well, I should guess yes! Death alone; caught like a rat! Hopeless death; awful death! The cartridge was falling near the wall of the shaft; I measured its path with my

eye and saw it would strike the ledge of the rock above me. I knew it to be "sixty per cent," and that the concussion of its fall would be far more than sufficient to explode it and blow the entire bottom of the shaft to smithereens. I watched it as it spun over and over like a wheel, and there came to me a statement in a schoolbook I had studied when a child as to the speed of falling bodies, and I made a nice mental calculation thus in a shade over two seconds the trouble would be over. This train of thought ran through my mind and was completed before the cartridge had accomplished the first yard of its journey. A schoolbook I had studied as a child? That was a queer experience! A vista in my brain, long closed, seemed slowly to open. I saw myself in the old schoolhouse—the master on his bench, drowsing over his weekly newspaper; the sleepy hum of study; the quiet of a summer day; the lowing of a cow in the meadow outside. There was the girl, her hair plaited in two long tails down her back, one tied with blue and the other with red ribbons. She was looking out of the corner of her eyes, alternately at me and at the master, while she chewed a pencilled note into a transmissible wafer before flipping it across to me. That note seemed to me to be the opening of my life. One by one, almost counting scenes in my child-life passed in a stupor and lighted in serene succession before my mind's eye, and all the time the cartridge was falling, falling; and all the time that grip at my throat seemed tightening, tightening. I saw the boy grow to youth, the girl into young womanhood. I saw the ever-increasing sympathy and affection between them. I saw them on moonlight nights walking home from the country church; I saw them on late afternoons, rowing on the river and riding horseback through the pines. I saw them drift, drift, on and on, until one afternoon the boy went to the father, and after much circumlocution and needless verbosity, approached the fatal subject. Approached? That was all; then the boy went back down the lane with his mind filled with murder and suicide. I saw him pack his trunk, leave the home of his boyhood, and start life for himself in the far West. I saw him become a miner; after a while he staked out a claim of his own; a little later he sold it for a modest fortune. And all the time the cartridge was falling, falling. The boy returned to his native town. Late one Sunday afternoon he drove into the wood near her father's home. He quietly sat down on a stump and lighted a cigarette. I seemed to smell that cigarette! The girl walked down the lane to the edge of the woods. The boy ran up the path and took her in his arms. He led her to the buggy, and they drove out of the wood together. I saw them in the West, as man and wife, their life full of hope, strength, faith. I passed over with them a thousand incidents of those happy years in their little home with their little child. And then I saw him make an unwise venture and lose all but his health, his energy, and his family. I saw them start life again. I saw them in a modest cottage the boy had just begun to pay for. I saw the boy reading to the girl at night. I saw them struggling with the questions no man can solve, and I recalled the night the boy and the girl were first struck in the face with the full force of the law of Chance! I saw them as they lay awake all night, asking themselves: Can Chance and God live together in the same world? Is God Chance, or is Chance God? The cartridge was half-way down. I recalled the details of an incident I had met with once in a Western town. A cyclone had demolished the village. Death, destruction, butchery everywhere. For days later, a house, apparently uninjured, was entered by the relief corps for the first time. The back roof had fallen in on the bed where had lain the husband and wife, and on the crib by their side where had lain their little child. The child and husband were dead; the mother lay there still alive, both eyes broken, and by her side a swayed—old dead baby. That was a lovely instance of what Brute Chance can do when he tries himself! It was a lovely illustration of the operation of the eternal and immutable laws of justice and compensation! Thus women had come into the world through no fault of their own. As they lay in her cradle, she might well have said to those about her: "You have brought me here. I did not ask you to let me come. If it be true that I am the result of natural law existing in the world, then let that law protect me until I pass out the way I have come. You should not starve me; you should not brutalize me; you should not subject me to torture of disease. You should deal with me kindly, fairly, honorably, so long as I deal with your other children kindly, fairly, honorably; and at last, when all is finished, you should allow me to pass out quietly, peacefully, painlessly. As she lay hopeless on her bed by the side of her dead husband and her dead child, did she think of those things? As she felt the crucifying pangs of child-birth coming on her there alone, and after racking hours of untold agony saw another little corpse added to those around her, did she think of the necessities, the injustices of that agony? Did she know that she was only a victim of chance, and that before him the God of all the worlds was helpless? Did she say to herself, "There is no God but Chance?" When the Christ drank the last drop of the bitter cup which in Gethsemane He had prayed should pass from Him if it was His Father's will, He set the golden goblet gently down and faced the frightful and ignoble death of the cross unflinchingly. He knew He should pass through those gates into His Father's arms. He knew He was soon to be clasped to that bosom of boundless love, to hear those priceless words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" And He knew that through that death would pass out also the influence of the life He had completed, and that it would go echoing down the ages, with ever-increasing strength and power, until time should cease and eternity begin. But this woman felt no such sustaining thought. Every child of Mother Nature shows his kinship in his inherited abhorrence of a vacuum, in his hatred of a useless thing; and the bitterest thoughts that can come to one at the close of the great trial is that it has been for nothing. As the woman lay there, her body broken, her soul upon the rack, she must have felt the immeasurable tragedy of that thought; and she must have felt the three-immeasurable tragedy of Chance! She must have felt that she had suffered, by Chance, as even the Christ had never suffered, and that it had been in vain. As I remembered how the boy and the girl had clasped each other that night in an unspoken terror of what Chance might have in store for them, some words of Royce which the boy had once read to her came vividly to my mind:

"The worst tragedy of the world is the tragedy of the Brute Chance to which every thing spiritual seems to be subject among us... If it were only our sin that kept it and blow the entire bottom of the shaft to smithereens. I watched it as it spun over and over like a wheel, and there came to me a statement in a schoolbook I had studied when a child as to the speed of falling bodies, and I made a nice mental calculation thus in a shade over two seconds the trouble would be over. This train of thought ran through my mind and was completed before the cartridge had accomplished the first yard of its journey. A schoolbook I had studied as a child? That was a queer experience! A vista in my brain, long closed, seemed slowly to open. I saw myself in the old schoolhouse—the master on his bench, drowsing over his weekly newspaper; the sleepy hum of study; the quiet of a summer day; the lowing of a cow in the meadow outside. 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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. A DAILY THOUGHT. Made at a single bound clear all the steps of being—it takes us from earth into the soul of man—and from that to God.—BELLARMIN. Both big and little hats are seen, but none of medium size. Tips are absent from most of the new shoes. There's a very pretty hit of style in the long, unbroken vamp. Contrary to grown-up styles, children's shoes remain the same broad-toed, common-looking affairs that fashion and equanimity agreed to support three or four years ago. New pumps are already shown, and are just a little different from those of last year—that little, however, eloquent of the change of styles. Even so surely, though very, very slowly pointed shoes gain in favor—the new pumps show that change. Pumps are out a little lower than they were last year—why, nobody knows. For last year's high pump, with the bit of elastic hidden away under the bow, holding the shoe snug on the foot was the most comfortable form ever made; and the new ones slip a little. In place of the rather higher pumps of a year ago have come "ribbon ties," evidently of the same family, but boasting four (or even six) great eyelets, through which ribbon runs to tie in an even longer bow than last year's boasted. These ribbon ties, by the way, bid fair to almost entirely supplant low shoes. Tan shoes promise to be worn a good deal—for that matter, they've been worn all winter, to a certain extent. But it's hardly likely that this season will see so great a future made over them as last. But white! White promises to be more popular than ever, in spite of everything said and done about it last year. Most of the white pumps will be made of buckskin, leaving canvas to the ribbon ties. Dresses in the Peter Thompson style are literally all the rage at present for school dresses for misses. By far the greater majority of the pupils at the fashionable New York private schools wear these Peter Thompson costumes, made of linen in summer, and of serge, hannel, or chevrot in this time of year. Dark blue serge and chevrot, trimmed with white or black braid, are favored for this style, but some melon in fancy gray checks, plaids and mixtures are being shown also. One pretty style has a large sailor collar with a shield reaching to the waist-line. This, as well as the lower part of the sleeve, can be substituted and a white, pleated, waist worn underneath. The skirt is side-pleated. The material is a small, gray, invisible plaid, and the emblems are embroidered in red. The tie is of the same shade. An excellent model for misses in this blouse style house dress is made of old rose Henrietta. The waist has a guimpe of fine white mousseline made of alternate rows of tucking and lace insertion. The skirt is made in the new circular shape, and trimmed with three rows of silk braid, which also adorns the blouse. The old tailored shirt waist of linen is back with us again; but, like every other revival of an old style, it is marked with fascinating differences. These, with all their severity of cut, are made feminine by the delicate materials they are made of, by the thoroughly feminine neck-fixings, and by certain little touches in the way of short sleeves or odd cuffs which stamp them as thoroughly of today. There are fascinating new shirt waist stuffs out: linens in every weight, from those cobwebby things which seem like some rarer material; new plaid ones, and ruder kinds, but nothing that is very heavy. Those sturdy kinds are often used to make shirt-waist suits, although some stunning little simple shirt-waist suits are made of handkerchief linen, with the seams put together by heading. Plenty of buttons are used on both skirts and waist, rather large ones on the heavier linens, little ones on batiste and the rest of the sheerer stuffs. Some of the shirt waists are almost mannish in their cut, only the treatment of collar and tie softening them into present styles. And some of them, as plain as pipestems, have sleeves with no cuffs at all, except for the shallowest of turned back affairs edged with a demure scallop, which the collar echoes. Skirts are mostly circular, or in the effect of circular, many of them buttoning over large pearl buttons straight down the front to the hem; a few of them, outdoing down the back. Some of them have a seam directly down the front. Where a shirt-waist suit is intended to be laundered, bands are best left off, for no matter how carefully they are done up, these bands are apt to shrink a different way from the skirt itself. The shirt-waist suits pictured were designed to be made of linen, or of some of the summer fabrics, but make attractive models for the prettiest of spring shirt-waist suits, of wool or cotton voiles, in the pretty little checks and plaids which have come out in even greater profusion this year than last. There's a soft green—just one of the inexpensive cotton voiles—which, in its marking, is strongly suggestive of shadow-checks, but has just a little more character than shadow-checks had. In its soft coloring it reminds you irresistibly of spring, and it is a material which could be worn all summer on the cool days, as well as serving as a mighty pretty shirt-waist suit all spring. Grays and violets and good, staunch blues come in a host of attractive lightweight materials, all of them subdued and quiet as to color, but full of style. There is so much doubt in the minds of manufacturers about the Empire style in costume finding favor with American women that they have not taken it up at all as yet. The princess, however, is being developed with modifications, and the princess skirt with bolero is one of the leaders, the bolero taking on a variety of expressions as to length, shape and decorative treatment. The hip yoke with modifications has been reinstated. —Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

FARM NOTES. —R regularity in feeding and work makes long-lived horses. —The first principle in feeding cattle is the ability to buy right. —Put up the windows and replace all broken lights in the stables. —When oats are fed unthrashed they make a better balanced ration. —Irregular feeding makes thin horses, no matter what quantity is given. —A free use of the whip when unnecessary will make stubborn horses. —Sheepmen have four sources of revenue: Wool, lambs, manure and mutton. —The pure-bred animal makes from scrub conditions no more than the scrub does. —Cream should have uniform consistency as well as uniform ripeness when it goes to the churn. —Clover is richer than grass in the muscle formers; for young animals it is the better feed. —No animal of any breed or species of domestic animals will uniformly produce young that are a 1 of a superior order. —The pure bred animal is the more valuable simply because of its greater capacity to appropriate favorable circumstances. —I takes longer and costs more to make up a pound of loss than it does to add five pounds of gain under favorable conditions. —Better for storage must be pretty dry. If too much water is present it will not keep well, and storage buyers will let it alone. —At no other time in the life of the animal is the influence of liberal or of scant feeding so great as when the animal is young. —Each particular field requires special and careful treatment. One plot of land may be better adapted for a certain crop than another, and the farmer must study the requirements of each field and crop. —The age of the animal has much to do with the gain, and, other things being equal, a young, growing animal will make a greater gain from a bushel of corn than one near maturity. —Young, growing animals have more hearty appetites than mature ones, but this is because the impulse of their nature is to grow. To stand still is unnatural for the young. —E. J. Sheldon in the Kansas Farmer. —Farmers should rigidly guard their hogs against disease by procuring any new stock required only after inspecting the hogs from which they desire to select. Never buy from a neighborhood in which disease is known to exist or recently existed. —It is claimed that a farmer can keep one sheep for every cow without feeling the additional expense, as sheep consume much less than other stock will eat. The use of sheep is most appreciated by the fact that they are great foragers, and destroy a large number of weeds. A flock of sheep confined to a limited area will also add considerable fertility to the land. —There is always a large amount of coarse material in the barnyard that has little or no plant food in it, especially if it has been exposed. Such manure is not worth taking to the fields, and if turned under it will make the soil dryer in summer. Such material should be made the fertilizer for a new heap, so as to rot it down to less bulk, and also to use it as absorbent material for fresh manure. —There are thousands of acres of hillside land that are not utilized, yet a hillside is an excellent location for an orchard. Some of the best orchards are on land that cannot be plowed. Where land can be tilled it is an advantage, but hillside land will not only permit of fruit-growing, but can also be utilized for sheep, especially the merinos, which are hardy and active, foraging over hillsides or level ground. Whenever a portion of the farm is too hilly for cultivation it can be given up to sheep. —Good seed potatoes are necessary if a large crop is expected. Never attempt to economize on seed. Get the best, as any mistake made will last into the harvest. Use whole seed, if possible, and give more room in the rows. While the sprouts from single eyes are breaking the ground the tops of whole potatoes will be large enough to plow. Many farmers have lost money by cutting the seed potatoes into small pieces in order to reduce seed cost, but more every dollar thus saved they lose much more in the crop. —The raspberry and blackberry fields now require a cutting out before spring unless such work has been done. Pests can be well not produce much fruit, and even the best canes will not yield choice fruit if the canes are too thick. The canes also require manure or fertilizer. Some blackberry fields have done service for years without fertilizers, but if the field is given good cultivation and well supplied with plant food, the increased yield and better quality of the fruit will make some of the unprofitable fields pay well. —The man who has a good farm and is doing well had better stay with it instead of trying to get something better. Too many of this kind of men have failed. They understand their business on the farm and were successful but when they embarked in business which they did not understand they failed. Never satisfied and always wanting something easier and better is what makes work harder and loss interest and even this will sometimes lead to failure. Keep what you have and make it better is a good maxim for a successful farmer. —The best time to sell is when the market is ready and the fowls just right. Never wait for a chick to mature, and the largest profit is for the early ones. The earlier they are hatched, and of a size fit for market, the better, as the early chicks are luxuries. The sooner they are marketed the more food will be saved. In many sections a large proportion of poultry is marketed during the periods of Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's day, but the supply almost invariably far exceeds the demand, and unless the poultry are fat and choice, prices may be very low, and much stock carried over until it brings hardly enough to pay the cost of transportation and sale. Unless fowls are disposed of in a short time after they arrive in market they will be sold at a low price, but there seems to be a large demand for choice stock, and at good prices, during all seasons of the year. —Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

WORK OF THE WORMS THEIR IMPORTANT PART IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD. Objects of Antiquity That Have Been Preserved by Them—Some of the Peculiarities of the Senses of the Earthworms. The common earthworm, despised by man and heedlessly trodden underfoot, fulfills a part in nature that would seem incredible but for the facts revealed by the patient and long continued researches of Darwin. "Worms," says Darwin, "have played a more important part in the history of the world than most persons would at first suppose." Let us follow Darwin and see how this apparently insignificant creature has changed the face of nature. We will first consider the habits and mode of life of the earthworm. As every one knows, the worms live in burrows in the superficial layer of the ground. They can live anywhere in a layer of earth, provided it retains moisture, dry air being fatal to them. They can, on the other hand, exist submerged in water for several months. They live chiefly in the superficial mold less than a foot below the surface, but in long continued dry weather and in very cold seasons they may burrow to a depth of eight feet. The burrows are lined by a thin layer of earth, voided by the worms, and end in small chambers in which they can turn around. The burrows are formed partly by pushing away the earth, but chiefly by the earth being swallowed. Large quantities of earth are swallowed by the worms for the sake of the decomposing vegetable matter contained in it, on which they feed. The earth thus swallowed is voided in spiral heaps, forming the worm castings. In this case the worm obtains food and at the same time excavates its burrows. In addition to the food thus obtained half decayed leaves are dragged into the burrows, mainly for food, but also to plug the mouths of the burrows for the sake of protection. Worms are also fond of meat, especially fat. They will also eat the dead bodies of their relatives. They are nocturnal in habit, remaining, as a rule, in the burrows during the day and coming out to feed at night. The earthworm has no eyes, but is affected by strong light if exposed to it for some time. It has no sense of hearing, but is sensitive to the vibrations of sound. The whole body is sensitive to touch. There appears to be some sense of smell, but this is limited to certain articles of food, which are discovered by the worm when buried in earth, in preference to other bodies not relished. The worm appears to have some degree of intelligence from the way in which it draws the leaves into its burrows, always judging which is the best end to draw them in by. This is remarkable in so lowly organized an animal, being a degree of intelligence not possessed by many animals of more complex organization. For instance, the ant can often be seen dragging objects along traversed instead of taking them the easiest way. As we have seen, vast quantities of earth are continually being passed through the bodies of worms and voided on the surface as castings. When it is stated that the number of worms in an acre of ordinary land suitable for them to live in is 53,000 we can imagine the great effect which they must have on the soil. They are, in fact, continually plowing the land. At one part of the alimentary canal of the worm is a gizzard, or hard muscular organ, capable of grinding food into fine particles. It is this gizzard which is the main factor in triturating the soil, and it is aided by small stones swallowed with the earth, which act as millstones. In consequence of the immense amount of earth continually being brought to the surface by worms it is not difficult to understand how objects, such as stones, rocks, etc., lying on the surface will in course of time become gradually buried in the ground. Owing to the burial of stones and other objects by the action of worms ancient monuments, portions of Roman villas and other objects of antiquity have been preserved. These have been gradually buried by the worms and so preserved from the destructive effect of rain and wind. Many Roman remains were studied by Darwin and traces of the action of worms found, to which action their preservation was mainly due. The sinking of the foundations of old buildings is due to the action of worms, and no building is safe from this unless the foundations are laid lower than the level at which the worms can work—namely, about eight feet below the surface. Another useful effect produced by worms is the preparation of the soil for the growth of seedlings. By their agency the soil is periodically sifted and exposed to the air and in this way is able to retain moisture and absorb soluble substances of use for the nutrition of plants. Dr. Johnson's Kiss. On the eve of leaving London for Canada Mrs. Brooke, who wrote "The History of Emily Montague," the first novel written in Canada, gave a farewell party, Hannah More, Johnson and Boswell being in the company. Dr. Johnson was obliged to leave early and apparently departed after wishing his hostess health and happiness. Shortly after a servant whispered to Mrs. Brooke that a gentleman was waiting below to speak to her. Running downstairs, the fair novelist found the venerable lexicographer. "Madam," said he ponderously, "I sent for you downstairs that I might kiss you, which I did not choose to do before so much company."