PROOF THAT SENTIMENT LIVES.

There was fresh proof offered at the sailing time and place of the Oceanic that all the world loves a lover. Just to get the last bit of essence of sweetness from a parting kiss a man bound for the other side, let the gangplank be pulled from his reach and the ship began to push from the shore. But the ship's officers and the attendants on the deck could not permit such a cruel punishment of a bit of displayed affection to go further, and orders were given that sent the ship and the gangplank back for the lover. And so he went aboard, and his fiancee melted from view among the watching crowd. Sentiment dead? Not a bit of it; the world is full of it.—Boston Transcript.

NERVOUSNESS IN CHILDREN.

Curing the nervous habits or "tricks" of children is one of the most insistent problems facing parents. The problem is made particularly difficult because the habits come so quietly that we find them established before we have really noticed them. Some habits are caused by disordered nerves, and in such a case the doctor must be consulted. Twitching of the face or limbs, opening of the mouth, blinking the eyes, hesitation of speech, are all indications that something is wrong, and no child must be punished for them; indeed, mere punishment never does any good either to the tricks dependent on bad health or on those of imitation. Defective sight is the cause of many so-called tricks; a child whose vision is faulty screws up his eyes or scowls in his efforts to adapt his powers of sight. In such a case an optician or oculist should be called in and the sight tested. A bad habit is simply repeated action, and it is only by persistently stopping it that one can hope to eradicate it.—Woman's Life.

POISON IN DRESS FABRICS.

The London Lancet, always on the outlook for anything detrimental to health, has something to say on the use of arsenic in the preparation of many dyes:

"We hold (it says) that it is just as important that our clothing, and especially that which is worn next to the skin, should be free from arsenical compounds as our food. Arsenic is readily absorbed by the skin, and symptoms of arsenical poisoning may easily arise from the presence of the metal in a garment. Perspiration that has the property of dissolving many metallic substances which would be otherwise untouched. We object to the present practice of loading dress materials with mineral substances."

Woolen garments, silk goods and hosiery, are often "contaminated" in this way. "At least fifty per cent. of the cheaper forms of hosiery contain very distinct quantities of arsenic, the amount rising in some cases to as much as half a grain per pair of stockings."

VOGUE FOR HAIR ORNAMENTS.

One would think by the gorgeous display of combs and pins for women's hair that the fad started by Cleopatra had once more become prevalent. That women are trying to enhance their locks by the aid of barbaric decorations seems to be assured. Much money is expended on these trivial bits of femininity every season, although they have never been quite so expensive before. The combs are trimmed with gold, sometimes heavily, and are set with stones of all colors, shapes and sizes. They are made in all manner of ways, the designs arranged most artistically.

The wealthy women have their combs made to fit their heads, and they also select their own designs. Side combs, of course, cannot afford to be so massive, but the designs are made to match. The use of the ordinary hairpin has become a thing of the past. Now women are pinning their hair entirely with large tortoise affairs, which are neatly trimmed with bands of gold or silver, and since the hair has become fashionable at the back of the neck they show off to good advantage.

BATHES IN STEAM.

When the little Russian girl wishes to take a bath she does not use a porcelain tub or any of the modern appliances to which you are accustomed, for she bathes in steam, not water.

In the poorer villages there are bathhouses, which are used in common, but every wealthy family has a private bathhouse, a small building, standing a few steps from the house.

This bathhouse is quite bare inside, a great brick, oven-like stove at one end, and some shelves, ranged one above the other, along one side, being the only furnishing it can boast.

Every Saturday a fire is made in the stove, and when the bricks are very hot water is poured on them until the room is filled with steam.

The little lady who is to take a bath lies on the lowest shelf first, and soon gets so warm that the perspiration starts out all over her body. She is then placed on a higher shelf, and more water is poured upon the bricks, and more steam raised. This makes her still warmer, but, nevertheless, she tries higher and higher shelves, getting hotter and hotter, until the water fairly runs from her body.

She looks more like a boiled lobster than anything else now, but she does not care for that.

Then when she has been steamed enough she is slowly cooled off by having first warm and then cold water poured over her.

After this she is rubbed down and you may be sure she feels as sweet and fresh as a flower.—New Haven Register.

The man of real wit breaks forth at most unexpected moments.

Women usually know what they want to do, but are slow at finding a way.

Some men can strike a profitable bargain whilst seeming to favor the other fellow.

Each man is inclined to believe his own affairs should at all times be given prominence.

When a woman starts in to make love she overlooks the ridiculous side of her course.

The happiest woman in the world is she who thinks her husband is the best man on earth.

Mothers of growing girls are always glad of suggestions as to the lengthening of their ever shortening dresses. One woman who has grown tired of the customary ruffle now cuts a ripple, opens the lower edges of the skirt's hem, inserts the ripple and stitches it fast.

Women who find time hanging heavily on their hands may provide themselves with extremely pretty hat pins at very little cost. It is only necessary to buy the common pins, crush off the glass beads and replace them with Indian beads. The latter can be attached with sealing wax or solder.

An Atchison girl who is visiting in a very small town writes home that when her hostess entertained the missionary society, instead of playing crockinole, or pinning a tail onto a donkey, for her guests' amusement, she opened up her guest's trunk and showed them all her guest's clothes.—Atchison Globe.

Why does Paris still continue to be the headquarters of fashion? Many women consider that she is living on the reputation of leading rather than really doing so. Yet these very women will only look at Paris models. There is something about French taste in color and French touch in style which is undeniably superior. On the other hand, we suffer here in some measure from the want of dash and originality in our own modistes.

Much stress is laid by those desirous of reforming marriage expenses in Sind upon the abolition of the ivory bangles. A set of these bangles, which is the first of the articles of jewelry which must be provided by the father of the bride, costs from £5 to £10, according to whether the bangles are ivory or inlaid with gold. The bangles are fragile and easily broken, and moreover become quickly discolored, when they have to be discarded and new ones provided.—Sind Gazette.

Cornstarch is recommended as a most effective agent for the removal of grease.

Buttons of tortoise shell are a newness.

Eolienne is nothing but a very soft silk poplin.

You needn't play bridge to wear a bridge coatee.

There are stockings in every color under the sun.

None but the young and fair should wear a polo hat.

There are flower handles on some of the prettiest parasols.

Hothouse violets are nearly over. But wood violets are coming.

The bulldog toe is "out." Our shoe tips muse be very feminine.

The most startling stockings are in half and three-quarter length.

You can make the daintiest kind of collars and cuffs out of narrow valenciennes.

Ruffles and puffs are among the revivals, and many dainty muslins show these two decorations.

One mull gown in a lovely shade of cream white had a skirt trimmed with six hemstitched ruffles.

With so many beauties to choose from it is cruel to limit woman to less than a dozen hats.

Suspended skirts very well made in silk or mohair are met with in the ready made department.

To protect the delicate silk stocking there are cotton moccasins to be slipped on between hosiery and shoes.

The street gown which seems to be taking better than any other model is the princess skirt and short bolero jacket.

The princess skirt is the antithesis of the fashionable pleated skirt. It is tight-fitting, and reveals the lines of the figure over the hips.

THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

Subject: Leading Children Softly.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Robert Collyer, the oldest Unitarian pastor in Greater New York, preached in the Second Unitarian Church, Clinton and Congress streets, Sunday morning. His last appearance in that church was last fall, when he delivered an address on the late Rev. Dr. John White Chadwick, the former pastor, who had just died. The eloquent preacher took for his text: Genesis xxxiii:13-14, "The children are tender; I will lead on softly," and said:

It was one of the secrets of my craft, in the old days when I wanted to weld iron or work steel to a fine purpose, to begin gently. If I began as all learners do, to strike my heaviest blows at the start, the iron would crumble instead of welding, or the steel would suffer under my hammer, so that, when it came to be tempered it would "fly," as we used to say, and rob the thing I had made of its finest quality. It was the first condition of a good job to begin gently, later I could strike with a firmer hand, and in the end pour out all my might in a storm of sturdy blows; but if I began so it ended, as a rule, with a wreck. The perfection of the Nasmyth hammer lies in the blending of its gentleness and its ponderous might, so that it can come down as gently as a June shower or smite like a tornado, according to the need of the moment. So the skillful mechanic starts new machinery, a locomotive, a steam engine or even a sewing machine, gently. It is the first condition of keeping the balance true that the machine shall not tear away at first at high pressure. I noticed the same in the building up of a grand organ. The builder began gently in bringing out its harmonies, with some fine chords, made those true and went on to the others, and so wrought on to the end. Again an animal trainer while he smites the tiger with an iron bar, if he is wise talks to a horse, allures him, courts him and makes him his friend. We do not speak of "breaking" a horse, so much now; we "train" him.

So I love to note such things as these as I watch the perpetual advent of little children into this life of ours, and wonder how we shall deal with them in the one wise way which will weld them, shall I say, to whatsoever things are true and lovely and of good report, start them to the surest purpose and train them so as to bring out the whole power for good which God has hidden in their nature. There must be one right way, and I think this father found it when he said: "The children are tender; I will lead them on softly." They may seem crude, mere machines or little brutes; there are some men who seem by their actions to have such notions of a child's nature, to their eternal shame. Here is the principle: They are tender; we must lead them on softly. Solomon may slip in with his cruel maxim of "Spare the rod and spoil the child." He has no business about my place while my children are tender. I can no more be hard on them than Jesus could. If I hurt them in this evil way I hurt those who are of the kingdom of Heaven. My white hairs have brought me this wisdom: That the unpardonable sin is to be hard on a tender child. I do not wonder that the old grandsire is so gentle with the second generation. He will not tell you, or himself, perhaps, why he is, but he would fain recall some passages of his fatherhood, but that cannot be done, so he chokes back the inextinguishable regret and humbly tries to get even through the overmeasure. My good mother was something of a Spartan, a very gentle Spartan, with her children, but it was wonderfully beautiful to see her in her old age spreading her wide, grand, motherly wings over the children of the new day. She could no more be hard upon them, no matter what pranks they played, than your May sun can be hard upon your May blossom. It was the return of the heart to the soft answer, the sweet submission to the better plan, the vision of the infinite worth of gentle ways with tender folk, the endeavor, unknown to herself, to ease her dear old heart of what little pain there was from the old days, the feeling that perhaps she might have gone more softly once.

These children are not things at all that we can turn out to pattern, but human beings, each one living to himself or to herself, holding a secret we cannot fathom, possessing powers perhaps we cannot even guess at—our children after the flesh; God's children after the spirit, but intrusted to our hands and homes that, coming out of Heaven with hints of the angels in them, they may go back when their time comes as sealed saints. The boy may be the image of the father, yet totally different within. We vainly try in our children, sometimes, to see our image, we detect a faculty or temper we never had. The Holy Spirit, which watches forever, selects and saves, by a law we do not half understand, and we do not understand these tender natures until we know what these powers are which are waking out of their sleep. My boy may have a faculty which in thirty years may be a benediction to the human family, but to-day it may look like a vice to me, and may grow to be a vice if I did not say, "The child is tender, I will lead on softly." He may be born with an overplus of imagination and things that have no existence may seem realities to him; I imagine he is lying right and left, and then instead of a gentle guidance, through which he can find the line between things and thoughts, I give first a stern warning and then a sound whipping. Here is a case where a father and son are alike, but with a difference. The father, a minister, has been drawing on his imagination, time out of mind, for matter for his sermons; the son has come honestly by the faculty, but he is not shrewd enough to see how far he can go without being found out. The father prays for him at the family altar, as if he were a son of perdition, and helps to make him one through such prayers. "Gently," I would say, "pray for insight and foresight; this may be a rare gift you do not understand. The loftiest poet that ever sang may be but a vaster liar by your criterion."

Children are tender we must remember as we try to educate them. We could hardly light on a wiser or better woman than Mrs. Barbauld; but she was so eager to make a very remarkable man out of her little nephew, Charles Aiken, that she educated him out of his mind into idiocy. So good parents, who would shrink from laying heavy burden on their children's backs, do not hesitate to lay burdens on the nerve and brain. They urge them on at their books, or permit the teachers to do this, until the poor young things lose more in wealth of life and life's worth than their education will ever pay for. Lead on softly in these paths of education. If your children want to rush ahead at a pace which will leave them learned but invalids, hold them back; a true education is not a long fever. Here and there a child may need to be urged on a little, but I frankly confess that under the high pressure of our public schools I would take the children's side in their little plots to stay away a day from school when they have been hard at work for many days. I like to plot with them; their success pleases me more than their failure.

In the culture of the heart, also, we must lead on softly. I can no more believe that hard and cruel thoughts of God will be good for my children than I can believe in hard and cruel words and blows, and I have no doubt there are more so-called infidels made, and confirmed to that end, by fathers who thought they were doing God's service than there are of any other type. Such thoughts may be but theology to the father, but they are very often grim, hard, real biting torment to the tender child. It shuts out Heaven and opens hell to him; it is cruel as the hissing and biting of serpents to some delicate small souls. I suffered more agony at one time in my childhood when a revivalist got hold of me and made me believe I might wake up in hell when I laid my poor little head on the pillow than from any other thing that ever struck me. There lies the way to do a fatal mischief, the way the seeds of infidelity are sown in many a noble nature. It is simply the revolt at the resistance to, and the rejection of, a God their nature is too large and sweet and tender to tolerate. If in these early days there is no day star of a lovelier light, no dawning for the small, bright soul of a better day, then there may be no chance for that soul to pass into the kingdom until it has passed out of the world.

When we quote the Scripture: "Train up a child in the way he should go," we must still take heed to our ways lest we think more of the Scripture than we think of the child—fix our mind and purpose on the other rather than the hither end of the way and train him for what he should be at forty rather than what he must be in childhood and youth. We must answer for what is written in the book of the life of our children. I must lay the patriarch's gentle purpose to my heart: "The children are tender, I will lead on softly," for these in my care, who also have the long hard journey before them.

If this is true of the shadow, how true it must be of the light. If ours is a hard and poor lot, no man or woman, father or mother, need ever fear the children will fail to look backward to the early years with a tender love, if by all the means in our power we make good for them the patriarch's purpose. I think, indeed, our love for the old home is very often deepest and purest in those who have had to face the hardest times if we have fought through them in this bright, good way, and led the children on softly. There were homes in this country fifty, sixty, seventy years ago bare of all things save this one secret—they are the dearest places on the earth to-day in memory of men and women who have everything now the heart can desire. And when we have done this, what better can we do than put the whole wealth of our endeavor in trust into the hands of God.

"Thou Art My Light."

A touching incident was narrated by Dr. R. F. Horton on the second Sunday after his return from months of treatment by a celebrated German oculist.

He was waiting in the oculist's consulting room, not knowing whether or not the remainder of his life was to be passed in darkness, when he put his hand into his pocket and drew out his little Bible—not to read it, but to see if he could. As he opened it his eyes fell on the text:

"For Thou are my lamp, O Lord; and the Lord will lighten my darkness."

"I had not been aware of the very existence of this text," he said, "and I do not know who but an angel could have led me to it; but I felt that, whether I received my sight or not, those words were enough for me, and from that time I seemed to know that I should continue to proclaim the words of this blessed Book."

Duty Above Life.

Life is a matter of very small account to any one in comparison with duty-doing, whether a man realizes this truth or not. Whatever is worth living for is worth dying for, if dying be an incident to its pursuing. When the Roman General, Pompey, was warned against the danger of his returning from Egypt to Italy, to meet a new trouble in his own land, his heroic answer was: "It is a small matter that I should move forward and die. It is too great a matter that I should take one step backward and live." Life is never well lived when it is held dearer than duty. He who would tell a lie in order to live is willing to pay a great deal larger price for his life than that life is worth to himself—or to others.—H. C. Trumbull.

Short Meter Sermons.

Kindness makes kin.
Faith gives fiber to life.
Blessed are the buoyant lives.
The selfish cannot be sanctified.
Purity does not rest on a plebiscite.
It takes more than a syllogism to save men.
Hot air is always succeeded by a cold wave.
Deeper science is the cure for scientific doubt.
There are a lot of people who would rather gather to-morrow's thistles than to-day's figs.

What Brings Hope.

It is necessary to distinguish carefully between submission to the will of God and to an inevitable fate. The one brings hope, but the other despair. —Presbyterian Record.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JULY 2.

Subject: Sennacherib's Invasion, II. Chron. xxxii., 9-23—Golden Text, II. Chron. xxxii., 8—Memory Verses, 19-21 —Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

I. Sennacherib's defiant messages (vs. 9-19). 9. "After this." After receiving the present from Hezekiah (2 Kings 18: 14-16). "Sennacherib." The son and successor of Sargon. He says he built towers around Jerusalem and shut Hezekiah in "like a caged bird." "Assyria." This was a great and powerful country lying on the Tigris. Its boundaries differed greatly at different periods. "Send his servants." See 2 Kings 18: 17. Tartan, or general; the rabsaris, the chief of the eunichs; and the rab-shakeh, the chief cup-bearer, these being the offices which their names imply, with a great host. None of these are proper names. Tartan was the ordinary title of an Assyrian general. They were to demand the unconditional surrender of the king and capital. "To Jerusalem." Sennacherib was encamped before Lachish, thirty miles southwest of Jerusalem, seated in state. From this proud position he sent a large detachment to Jerusalem. They took up their position on the north of the city, on a spot long afterwards known as the camp of the Assyrians. Hezekiah feared to appear; or perhaps, careful of his dignity, he sent officers of his court, who were nearer the rank of those sent. In his place came Eliakim, now chief minister; Shebna, now in the office of secretary; and Joah, the royal historian. "All his power." All his army.

10. "Whereon do ye trust?" Literally, "Whereon are ye trusting and sitting in restraint?" Judah was in alliance with Egypt, Assyria's arch-enemy; and reference is here made to this. 11. "Doth not Hezekiah," Hezekiah is abused most vilely and overwhelmed with scorn and insult. 12. "Worship before one altar." Rab-shakeh was not familiar with the Jewish law, and he naturally supposed that the destruction of so many altars would incur the displeasure of the gods; but the reason he gave to prove that Judah was weak was the very reason why God was with them to make them strong. 13-15. "Know ye not," etc. This boast was natural. The Assyrians had had an uninterrupted career of success and might well believe that their gods were more powerful than those of the nations around them. They had utterly over-run and destroyed the kindred tribes of Galilee, Gilead and Samaria. They had for years exercised lordship over Judea, and the very king who now defied them had purchased his safety by the payment of a heavy fine. 16. "Against the Lord." Hezekiah treated this blasphemous speech as he ought. He refers the matter to Jehovah.

17. "Wrote also letters." A little later another insulting message in the form of "a letter" (R. V., margin) was sent. The king took the letter and at once went again to the house of the Lord. He spread out the letter before the Lord and poured out his soul in earnest prayer (2 Kings 19: 14-9; Isa. 37: 14-20). 18. "A loud voice." An allusion is here made to what occurred (2 Kings 18: 28-35) before Sennacherib wrote his letter. "Jews' speech." The Hebrew language. The Syrian language was not understood by the common people. "To affright them." It was a day of great suspense. Already there was a rumor that the king of Egypt was on his way to the rescue. Senacherib had heard the rumor, and it was this which caused him to put forth every effort to intimidate Jerusalem into submission. 19. "Spake against," etc. They saw no difference between the Jehovah of the Jews and the gods of the other nations.

II. Hezekiah and Isaiah call on the Lord (v. 20). 20. "Prayed." King Hezekiah rent his clothes and put on sackcloth and went to the house of God, while his messengers sought out the prophet Isaiah to know what to do. The prayer expressed the deepest need, the highest faith, the utmost earnestness, the wisest plea, the highest motive. It was united prayer, a prayer meeting. Isaiah joined with Hezekiah. But they not only prayed, they worked. The king built walls and towers, and prepared arms and shields and encouraged the people to be strong and courageous, and not to be afraid of the Assyrian king, "for there be more with us than with him" (vs. 6, 7).

III. The Lord destroys the Assyrians (v. 21).

21. The word angel means "a messenger," "one sent," and may be applied to any messenger sent from God, whoever or whatever that may be. Thus in Psa. 104: 4 the winds are said to be His angels or messengers. The use of the word "angel" here does not determine the manner in which the destruction was accomplished. It may have been a storm, a pestilence or flood. It is generally understood to have been the simoon. "Cut off." In one night God's messenger smote 185,000 men (2 Kings 19: 35). This gives some idea of the immense size of Sennacherib's army. "He returned." The king and a few others were preserved. "Own land." Nineveh. "When he was come." Just how long a time elapsed between this calamity and Sennacherib's death we do not know, but it was probably about twenty years. He records other campaigns, but he never again came to Palestine. "His god." Nisroch. "Slew him." "Adrammelech and Sharezer his sons smote him with the sword; and they escaped" (2 Kings 19: 37).

IV. Hezekian is exalted (vs. 22, 23). These verses tell us that God not only saved His people from the hands of Sennacherib, but from all others and "guided them on every side." Many presents were brought to Hezekiah, and he was exalted in the sight of all.

Moral Tone Changed.

Governor J. Frank Hanly, of Indiana, has caused a great change in the moral tone of the State. He has made it a rule that no man who drinks shall be appointed to office, and his appointees have extended the rule to those whom they in turn choose. An important rule in line with the Governor's policy is that in all cities having boards of metropolitan police commissioners no man who drinks shall be on the police or detective force; that no officer shall enter a saloon either when off or on duty, except to make an arrest, and that no member of the fire department shall enter a saloon.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

SUNDAY, JULY 2.

The Making of a Christian: His Destiny. I. John 2: 15-17; 3: 1-3.

It makes a great difference, even to an indestructible gem, whether it belongs to a crown or a junk heap.

Look around and see how the world is treating God, and if you are the child of God, do not expect to be treated any better.

Could you explain to a caterpillar what it is to be a buterfly? No more could God explain to us what we shall be.

We become like whatever we truly see, as the sunlight lightens up whatever it falls upon, and covers the roughest stone that receives it with the brilliancy of the King of day.

Suggestions.

Our destiny is not to be measured by our accomplishments, but by our purposes; not by time, but by eternity.

If you want to glorify your earth, think great thoughts of heaven.

True thoughts of the hereafter contribute to the present; weak and dreamy thoughts only weaken the present.

Half of Napoleon's power was his consciousness of a splendid destiny. When one loses that consciousness, he loses his power.

Illustrations.

Every Christian is a king traveling through a foreign land incognito.

That your life is of pure marble does not make it a lovely statue. Take it to the Sculptor.

The sky begins on the earth; so does your heavenly destiny begin with the duties of to-day.

Questions.

Am I living as one with an immortal destiny?

Am I consciously preparing for my endless future?

Quotations.

Without a belief in personal immortality, religion is surely like an arch resting on one pillar, like a bridge ending in an abyss.—Max Miller.

I feel my immortality oversweep all pains, all tears, all time, all fears. —Byron.

As often as I hear of some undeserved wretchedness, my thoughts rest on that world where all will be made straight.—Fichte.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, JULY SECOND.

The making of a Christian: His destiny. I. John 2: 15-17; 3: 1-3.

The Word.

This exhortation from John is an appeal not to love a godless and evenescent world—a world as transitory and unsatisfying now as then. The destiny of man is immortality. The end of all about which we have been studying in previous lessons on the "making of a Christian" is to fit him for another life. The wicked lover of the world will go down to everlasting death; but the righteous doer of the will of God shall abide forever.

There is no term used in the Scriptures to describe the relations of Christians to the Lord more significant than this one of "son." The relations implied, the results obtained, and the destiny secured are all set forth in the terms used. Born of God, and adopted into the divine family, we are entitled to the promises made to the children of the Father in heaven. The implications are suggestive and glorious:

Every truly converted soul is adopted into the family of God. He dwells even in this life in the society of God's elect. He has fellowship with the other members of the family, and enjoys the favor of the Father. He has the sweet sense of communion and fellowship with the Elder Brother. He belongs even now to the great family a part of whom are on this earth, and the majority of whom are in the skies. This membership in God's family insures eternal life and eternal fellowship with God.

We may not know just what we shall be. But we do know some things. We know that there is an eternal life. We know that that life is conscious: we shall see and know and feel. We shall enter into complete fellowship with the Father. We have reason to believe that we shall eternally progress and develop in mind and affection. The Scriptures teach that this future life will be one of growth and service. Whatever punishment may be given to the wicked, the children of God are to have a glorious destiny. They are to see God, they are to dwell with him forever, and they are to be like him. How important, then, to be "born" of God, to be "built up in him," and to be "faithful unto death," when we have such a glorious destiny awaiting us?

A Persistent Nest-Builder.

One of the most energetic nest-builders is the marsh wren; in fact he has the habit to such a degree that he cannot stop with one nest, but goes on building four or five in rapid succession. And there is nothing slovenly about his work either. Look among the cat-tails in the nearest marsh, even within the limits of a great city and you will find his little woven balls of reed stems, with a tiny round hole in one side. There is a certain method even in his madness, for the nest in which his wife is brooding her seven or eight eggs is less likely to be found when there are so many empty ones around. Then, too, he uses the others as roosting places for himself.—Recrea-