

wells filled. He borrowed a pencil from the horse editor and wrote :

"The sun has three motions : An axial rotation which it performs in 25 days 8 hours and 9 minutes ; a sort of orbital motion around the centre of inertia of itself and its system of planets ; and a progressive movement through space in the direction of the constellation Hercules at the rate of 154,185,000 miles a year. The earth revolves around the sun."

"Well, I'll be keel-hauled," exclaimed the sailor man, "if that don't beat all. Here, take the money, Baldy, take the money. This is a lad that knows things, and I'm willing to lose and treat besides."

So they went out and beat the Raines law.—*N. Y. Sun.*

One of the funniest of the would-be wise-sawyers of to-day is he who goes by the name of "Ram's Horn." Over his mendacious signature appear some of the most flagitious plagiarisms that it is possible to conceive, and these are often murdered in a ludicrous fashion. The other week "Ram's Horn" re-hashed an old story of a well-fed dog succoring a "tramp" dog. The latter was described in these terms : "He was blear-eyed and skinny, and so poor that when his tail wagged in appreciation of Roger's bringing him the bones, *his joints would make a noise like a sandpaper rustle!*" There is no sign that this was intended as a rough exaggeration ; it is a tale of "dog heroism," supposed to be told with "Ram's Horn's" usual devotion to religious truth.

Oh, tandem, you're a poor device

For lovers twain, alack!

She cannot see her swain at all,

While I behold her back.

No tender glances are exchanged,

Indeed, the case is sad,

No arm can gently steal around

To make waist places glad.

—*Detroit News.*

Mr. Fuzzy—I don't see why you wear those ridiculously big sleeves, when you have nothing to fill them.

Mrs. Fuzzy—Does your head fill your silk hat?

WHY PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH.

A CLERGYMAN'S PRIZE POEM.

The following are the opening lines of the poem which gained the £100 prize for the best essay on "What is Public Worship." They are by Rev. J. S. Boucher, of Carnarvon, Wales :

Some go to church just for a walk,
Some to stare, to laugh and talk.
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some their idle time to spend.
Some for general observation;
Some for private speculation.
Some to seek or find a lover;
Some a courtship to discover,
Some go there to use their eyes,
And newest fashions to criticise
Some to show their own smart dress,
Some their neighbors to assess.
Some to scan a robe or bonnet,
Some to price the ribbons on it.
Some to learn the latest news,
That friends at home they may amuse,
Some to gossip false and true,
Safe hid within the sheltering pew.
Some go there to please the squire,
Some his daughter to admire.
Some the parson go to fawn;
Some to lounge and some to yawn
Some to claim the parish doles,
Some for bread and some for coals.
Some because it's thought genteel;
Some to count their pious zeal.
Some to show how sweet they sing;
Some how sweet their voices ring.
Some the preacher go to hear,
His style and voice to praise or jeer;
Some forgiveness to implore;
Some their sins to varnish o'er.
Some to sit and doze and nod.
But few to kneel and worship God.

A dear old Christian said, when spoken to of the joy of the eternal home with Him—probably so near, "I am in heaven now." "Oh, yes," urged the visitor, "but I mean when you leave the body and are at home forever." She smiled as she replied, "I dwell there." "But you do not quite understand me. I mean what will it be to be really there, and sing the new song?" "I sing there now every night," was the quiet response, for the presence of Jesus made her days as the "days of heaven upon earth."—*Lucy A. Bennett.*