

West, with the foreigners a comin' into it, an' of the poor freedmen of the South, or of the great heathen world that so needs the gospel. We'd spend hours an' hours a talkin' it over, an' as we did so we'd get nearer to each other an' I trust near to the Lord.

It's now been a good many years that we've been a tryin this tenth business, an' I wouldn't go back to the old heater-skelter way o' givin' for anythin'.

Hudly has jest been to the city to see the children, an' she came home with her face all aglow. Our Thomas an' the minister's Fred, who married our Mary, have gone into business together, an' are doin' first rate; but that isn't the best of it; they've started a mission in the wickedest part o' the city, and Hudly said 't did her old soul good to hear these young voices a tellin' them poor, ignorant ones of the love of Jesus, an' to see 'em listenin' an' a comin' into the kingdom.

As I'm a closin' I've got this much to tell you; if you want to be a happy Christian you must let your prayin' and praisin' an' givin' go together, an' I will say that Hudly never did a better thing for me than when she gave me "The Lord's Money" book.—The Expositor.

CHILDHOOD AILMENTS.

Most of the troubles that afflict little ones may be traced to the stomach or bowels, and if these are put right the child will get well and thrive well. Baby's Own Tablets will cure all stomach and bowel ailments, and all the other minor troubles of babyhood and childhood. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Wilbert McKenzie, Chelmsford, Ont., says: "My little girl was troubled with obstinate constipation to such an extent that we did not think she would live. She cried almost constantly and was wasting away. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and in three days found a great improvement. I continued giving her the Tablets for nearly a month, and every trace of the trouble has disappeared, and she has since been a bright, healthy child and has grown nicely." You can get the Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Peat covers one-seventh of Ireland, sometimes reaching a depth of 50 feet. The United Kingdom has 6,000,000 acres, of an average depth of 12 feet.

At Dublin a couple of lions have spent the last four years in an open-air cage without any artificial heat, and appear to have thriven well under the circumstances.

Averages for the height of women show that those born in summer and autumn are not so tall as those born in spring or winter. The tallest girls are born in August. As far as boys are concerned, those who first see the light during autumn and winter are not as tall as those born in spring and summer.

A modern scientist has discovered that mental activity enhances physical beauty, thus controverting an old theory. He says: "A handsome man, or woman either, who does nothing but live well or self-indulgently grows lumpy, and all the fine lines of the features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor always at work keeping his fine lines in repair and constantly going over his face to improve the original design."

Glass teapots are gaining considerable favor among expert tea-makers. These pots are of stout tempered glass, delicately trimmed with bands of silver. Inside the pot itself a hollow ball of silver rolls about, and by its prompt acceptance of the heat of the boiling water prevents the glass from cracking. The charm of the crystal pot lies not wholly in its novel and beautiful appearance, but in the fact that through its transparent sides the user can see at a glance what amount of tea she has on hand and how strong it is.

HOW TO CARRY AN UMBRELLA.

Few people carry an umbrella correctly, unless it rains; and not all of them, even then. A closed-up umbrella ought never to be tucked up under the arm and protruded far to the rear like a long, aggressive, inflexible tail—as most of them are carried.

Any one who sports an umbrella in that manner, takes three times as much room as he ought, and makes himself a disagreeable and dangerous member of perambulating society.

Whoever is behind him, has to regulate every motion with reference to those of the neighbor of the umbrella; he has not only to do that, but to make calculations as to what will be the tyrant's future movements.

If the weapon-carrier turns suddenly to the right or the left, you are liable to get a scrape from his metal tip, across the face or body. If he steps back of a sudden, maybe you will get it in the eye direct.

A little umbrella, as is said of a little learning, is a dangerous thing, unless prudence goes with it; and he who would not be haled into the courts to pay for damages done to some fellow pedestrian, should carry both cane and umbrella in a line with the body.

When it rains, and the umbrella is spread, there is still more care required. Few people know how to shelter themselves to advantage, and still fewer how to protect any one else at the same time. To keep the umbrella from draining its many little eaves-tongues on other people, or picking at their hats, is also a praiseworthy accomplishment.—W. J. Carleton's Everywhere.

CRADLE SONG.

There's a little white bed in a house

That I know,
And a mother sits rocking it,
Gently and slow;
Rocking and singing with
Love so deep
For the little wee baby
There fast asleep.

Hushaby, lullaby, baby dear,
Cuddle down closely, do not fear;
The same loving care guards you and me
That watches the nestlings in their tree.

There's an oriole's nest in the

Old willow tree,
And in it are birdies small—
One, two, three.
Hushaby, baby, the
South wind sings
As each little breeze the
Nest cradle swings.

Hushaby, lullaby, birdies small,
Cuddle down closely, you can not fall;
The same loving care guards you in the tree
That watches so tenderly baby and me.

—Emma A. Whittier.

DEFINITION OF BIBLE TERMS.

A Day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about 50 cents. A shekel of gold was \$8.

A talent of silver was \$538.30.

A talent of gold was \$13,800. A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents.

A farthing was 3 cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was a cent.

An ephah, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.

A bin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.—Evangelist.

HOW THE TWO MONKS QUARRELED.

Two old monks, so the story goes, lived in a nice, dry, comfortable cave, and their names were Brother Hilarius and Brother Boniface. Most of their time they spent in praising God and, for the rest, they for the most part sat on the same bench and laughed at the same things. They loved Christ and they loved each other, and such love always makes for happiness.

But one day Brother Hilarius got tired of being good. Like certain boys and girls when they also have behaved for a long time, he wanted a change. So he remarked to Brother Boniface, "I say, let's be naughty."

Brother Boniface looked serious, for he did not like the idea, but at last he consented, and asked, "How can we manage it?"

"Well," said the other monk, "Let us have a quarrel. There is nothing worse than a real row."

"Yes," went on Brother Boniface, "But what can we quarrel about?"

"Well," came the answer, "I can't pull your hair, for you haven't got any. And I can't steal your food, for you always want me to eat yours as well as my own. But I have it! You see that white stone out there? You say it's yours and I'll say it's mine, and so we'll get up a squabble."

"All right," said the other monk, "only you must begin, and perhaps," he added with a smile, "it'll come to a fight." And he clenched his fist behind his back for when Brother Boniface was a boy at school there had on one occasion been a fight, and—but that is tedious.

Brother Hilarius scowled, and looked ugly and black, and Brother Boniface did the same, and neither of them seemed the least like the good, kind man he really was.

Then Brother Hilarius pointed to a large white stone and said, gruffly, "Choose! that stone is mine, and if I catch you sitting on it, or using it as a pillow, I shall crack your bald pate with it."

Such nervousness made Brother Boniface jump, and he said with amazement, "I beg your pardon, my dear brother."

"Don't call me 'dear,'" was the rough reply. "Behave respectfully to your betters. Understand that white stone is mine. Do you deny it?"

At this Brother Boniface could hardly breathe, but he managed to stammer out, "Your stone is it?"

"Yes," shouted the other monk, "my stone, and, mind, it belongs to me and I'm going to have it."

"Well," laughed Brother Boniface, "of course, it is yours, my dear friend. And if you'll wait a minute I'll hand you another, and you can have two."

Then they both burst out laughing, and Hilarius said: "I suppose we must give it up. It takes two to make a quarrel, and you are such an amiable old fellow that you won't disagree. And woe were good and happy ever afterwards."

Who knows the moral to this tale? If you were never to quarrel could the other child ever quarrel with you? And when you see Jesus Christ, the meek, the gentle, the unchangeable, selfish boy or girl, or the man or lass who is always good tempered and amiable? I wonder what Brother Boniface would say?—British Weekly.

Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;

Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,

To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;

Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

A man may conceal his name, his age, the circumstances of his life, but not his character. That is his moral atmosphere, and is as inseparable from him as the fragrance of the rose from the rose itself. In the glance of the eye, in the tones of the voice, in mien and gesture, character discloses itself.