

The Story of One Japanese.

In a little booklet, 'How Missions Pay,' fresh from the pen of the Rev. Dr. J. W. Laughlin, the story is told of the work accomplished by Joseph Hardy Neesima in Japan. He writes:

'A half century ago a boy was born in the Japanese empire. By some fortunate providence a copy of a Chinese translation of the Bible fell into his hands. Soon a glimpse at a map of the United States gave him a desire to see the new world, but Japanese law forbade emigration and he was compelled to run away. He stole on board a ship at Shanghai and worked his way to Boston, where he came under the influence of Mr. Joseph Hardy, a Christian philanthropist, who offered to educate him. He entered college and became a Christian. He took Mr. Hardy's name. He finished his college course with honor and went back to Japan to become the first native evangelist of his race. He collected money with which to erect the Doshisha, the first great Christian school of the empire. He used to say that he could have been nailed to a literal cross with less suffering than he was compelled to endure while at work upon that school. But by no tempting offer of personal gain could he be induced to turn aside from his course as a missionary, and when he died there were hundreds of young men and women all over the empire who testified to the influence which the life of Joseph Hardy Neesima had upon them.'—'The Ram's Horn.'

'I Just Keep Still.'

'How is it, Rob,' asked one boy of another, 'that you never get into scraps, like the rest of us?'

'Because I don't talk back,' answered Robbie, promptly. 'When a boy says a hard thing to me I just keep still.'

Many a man whose life has had in it a good deal of trouble and opposition would have saved much if he had learned in his childhood the lesson which this little fellow had mastered—that of 'keeping still.' If the hard word hurts, it will not make it easier to make an angry reply. If you do not answer at all, it stops right there; if your tongue cannot be restrained, nobody knows what the result may be. It doesn't matter so much what your playmate says, so long as you keep your temper and hold your tongue; it is what you reply to him, nine cases out of ten, that makes the quarrel. Let him say his say, and be done with it; then you will find the whole annoyance done with much more readily than if you had 'freed your mind' in return.

'Just keeping still' is one of the things that saves time, trouble and wretchedness in this world. The strong character can be quiet under abuse or misrepresentation, and the storm passed by the sooner. Patience sometimes serves a man better than courage. You will find again and again, that the way to 'keep out of scraps' is to keep still.—M. H. N., in the 'Christian.'

When in Trouble.

'When a boy,' said a prominent member of a church, 'I was much helped by a certain bishop, who visited at a house where I was. Taking me aside, the bishop said: "When in trouble, my boy, kneel down

and ask God's help; but never climb over the fence into the devil's ground, and then kneel down and ask help. Pray from God's side of the fence." Of that I have thought every day of my life since.'—'Ram's Horn.'

Forty Dollars Worth of Temper.

Whoever wishes to hear a solemn, almost tearful, oration on the evil of losing one's temper should apply to a certain scientific gentleman in Washington, of whom the 'Star' tells a tragic story.

He had a Negro servant who exasperated him by his stupidity. One day, when he was more stupid than usual, the angry master of the house threw a book at his head. The Negro ducked and the book flew out of the window.

'Now, go and pick that book up!' ordered the master. The Negro started to obey, but a passerby had saved him the trouble, and had walked off with the book. The scientist thereupon began to wonder what book he had thrown away, and to his horror discovered that it was a quaint and rare little volume on mathematics which he had purchased in London, and paid \$50 for it.

'The next time that I feel that it is absolutely necessary to throw things,' he exclaimed in his sorrow, 'I'll choose something less expensive than a favorite book.'

But his troubles were not over. The weeks went by, and Time, the great healer, had begun to assuage his grief, when, strolling into a second-hand book shop, he perceived to his great delight a copy of the book he had lost. He asked the price.

'Well,' said the dealer, reflectively, 'I guess we can let you have it for \$40. It's a pretty rare book, and I dare say I could get \$75 for it by holding on a while.'

The man of science pulled out his wallet and produced the money, delighted at the opportunity of replacing his lost treasure. When he reached home he sat down at the table to gloat over his find, and a card dropped out of the leaves. The card was his own, and further examination showed that he had bought back his own property.

'Forty dollars' worth of temper! Huh, I think I shall mend my ways!' he was overheard to say. His daughter, who tells the story with glee, declares that the Negro servant is positively worried over the sunny disposition of her father. He feels that the worthy man must be ill.—'Youth's Companion.'

A Gentleman.

I was once spending the night in a beautiful home in a large city. At about nine o'clock my host, a gentleman about fifty-five years of age, got up, went into the hall, and put on his overcoat and rubbers. Returning to the parlor door, he said:

'Excuse me, please, for just a few minutes. I am going to say good-night to my mother.'

His mother lived three blocks distant, and for thirty years her son has never failed to go and bid her good-night, if he was in the city.

'No matter what the weather may be, no matter who his guests are, my husband never fails to run over to his mother's and bid her good-night,' said the gentleman's wife when he had gone.

'Neither he nor she could sleep if this

duty had been neglected. When his business compels him to be away from the city, he writes to her every day, if only a single line.

'Her mental powers are beginning to fall, and she forgets many things, so that her mind is a blank on some points; but when nine o'clock comes, she always knows the hour, and says: "It is time for Henry to come and bid me good-night."—Selected.

Politeness is a sort of guard which covers the rough edges of our character and prevents their wounding others.—Joseph Joubert.

A Young Lady Acting as Servant.

Lady Aberdeen, in the course of a lecture delivered the other day, on women in Canada, told an anecdote which, she said, was a perfectly fair illustration of the Canadian woman. The Governor-General and his wife were making a journey across the Dominion, and dined one night at a house 'remarkable, even among Canadian homes, for its charm and beauty, presided over by one of the most attractive of mistresses.' They were waited on by so trim a parlormaid that Lord Aberdeen felt constrained to compliment the hostess on the results of her training. 'Oh!' said the lady, 'I am so glad you think Jane did well; I should like you to tell her so presently.' And when that 'presently' came, said Lady Aberdeen, what should she discover but 'Jane' arrayed in evening dress, and proving to be the daughter of the house, who, in consequence of the unexpected departure of the servant, had had not only to wait at table, but to cook the meal.—This girl acted up to the apostle's precept: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it heartily.' There is still a higher step in service, indicated in the next words—'unto the Lord.' (Col. iii., 23.)—'The Christian Herald.'

Some time ago a Franklin, N.Y., business man inadvertently gave a customer a \$10 gold piece for fifty cents change. The customer who received the \$10 gold piece observed to another party a few hours after that it was the funniest 50-cent piece he had ever seen. 'Yes,' replied the new arrival, 'but I'll give you two quarters for it.' The fool and the knave closed the bargain; the fool walked off with the two silver quarters, and the knave with the yellow piece. The loss of the \$10 gold piece worried the Franklin merchant because he could not account for its disappearance. During the recent revival in Franklin, conducted by the Rev. H. W. Pope, superintendent of the Northfield Extension, the man with the \$10 gold piece was converted, and finally restored the gold piece to the merchant. Justice was thus rendered on all sides.

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