

ESTIMATES of the number of Jews in the world, of course more or less approximate, calculate their total at about 10,000,000, of which 4,500,000 are comprised in the Russian dominions, and 1,800,000 in the Austrian. The United States come third with 930,000, of which 350,000 are in New York alone. Germany and Roumania have respectively 560,000, and 300,000, the British Isles but 150,000. Asiatic Turkey a like number, and European Turkey, 120,000. France, in which so much is being written about being Jew-ridden, has only 72,000, with another 49,000 in Algeria. The tendency of the Jews is to increase most rapidly in the English-speaking countries, as in the United States, where 500,000 have been added to their number during the last decade, and in the United Kingdom, where their numbers have trebled within a score of years. In Russia also, during the same period, they have grown, according to calculation, from 2,500,000 to 4,500,000, despite the persecution to which they are subjected there

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THAT was a rather pointed story that the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst told in his pulpit recently to illustrate the fact, that no man could come in close contact with the universe without having the idea of the Maker come into his mind. The late Robert Ingersoll, while in Mr. Beecher's study, at one time saw a large globe standing on his table—a globe that showed, in elegant outlines, the contour of the earth's continents and seas. "That is a fine globe you have there, Mr. Beecher. Who made it?" was Mr. Ingersoll's inquiry. "Oh nobody," answered Mr. Beecher.—*Boston Transcript*.

Of the twenty-five leading Hymnals of the English-speaking world all contain the hymn beginning "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear."

In twenty-four of the twenty-five the following appear:

Art thou weary, art thou languid?  
As with gladness men of old.  
From Greenland's icy mountains,  
Hark! the herald angels sing.  
I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Jesus lover of my soul.

Just as I am without one plea  
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty.  
Our blest Redeemer ere he breathed.

The following are in twenty-three of the twenty-five:

All hail the power of Jesus' name.  
Awake, my soul, and with the Sun.  
Jesus shall reign where'er the Sun.  
Rock of Ages cleft for me.

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THERE can be no poorer soil for a childplant to grow in, or to attempt to grow in, than the soil of pretence. To learn to conceal is a sorrowful lesson indeed for a child. To learn to conceal honest poverty, as though ashamed of it, is the most sorrowful of sorrowful lessons in this line, for it is to so little purpose, and is unnecessary afterward.—*Ladies Home Journal*.

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"There is a vast difference in the sweetness and wholesomeness of spring water and cistern water. A spring fills from within, a cistern from without. Let your character be like the spring, welling upward and flowing outward—the best expression of yourself, vital, fresh, not a stale and feeble imitation of some other."

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WE often crush down our impulses, not realizing that our impulses are apt to be just the quick longings of our natures to fulfill their ideals.—*January Ladies, Home Journal*.