

never inside a church door. Mike had long been trying to induce his friend to accompany him to church, but so far without effect. At length Phil gave his consent to go to church on a certain Sunday morning. Mike called for him in good time, and together they went to the service. As soon as Phil entered the door, the unusual scene affected him strongly. The dim, religious light—the many lights in the dim distance on the altar—the massive arches and pillars—the pictures—the ghost like forms of the worshippers silently moving into their places—the utter silence, except the tolling of the bell—all this had a weird solemnizing effect on poor Phil who had never been in such a place before. But you can imagine how the effect was heightened when by and by the service began. When the priest appeared in his gorgeous robes—when his solemn, mummering, indistinct tones stole on the ear—when he swung the incense—when the organ began to peal—when the deep tones of the singers rolled like heavenly thunder—Phil was utterly overcome. Turning to his friend Mike, and giving him a dig in the ribs to avert his attention, he said, in a loud stage whisper—

"That bates the devil."

Mike immediately turned to Phil, and replied—

"That's the intenshun."

The story elicited rapturous applause. The humour of the situation, together with Miss Pearce's way of presenting it, was overpowering. Mrs. Hart alone could see nothing amusing. When an hour or two later she walked home with her husband she confided to him her opinion that Miss Pearce was a bold, frivolous thing, whose sense of propriety was very low indeed.

"I think," she said, "of the way she talked about Solomon! It was really profane. And then, the way she used the words of that Psalm that was sung by the choir! Oh, it was shocking. But worst of all was the low, flippant way she spoke of the adversary of the soul. She said this bates the devil. Those were her very words. I tell you, there is a bad end before that girl."

"But, you know," said Mr. Hart, "she was only repeating what the Irishman said."

"But why did she repeat it?" indignantly demanded Mrs. Hart. "I see she is corrupting you, as well as all the rest. I noticed that you laughed as loud as any of them. I was utterly shocked at such profanity."

But Mr. Hart held his peace. For seven years he had been trying to make his wife see a joke, and he realized that he was not much nearer to the goal than when he started.

To be continued.

"We none of us know one another,
And oft into error we fall.
Then let us speak well of each other;
If we can't, let us not speak at all."

Jews and the Number Thirteen.

The Jewish people are exempt from any taint of superstition relative to the number thirteen. They believe with the Orientals that it has something divine in its juxtaposition of figures, and they derive their knowledge from their men of Biblical culture. Thirteen cities were dedicated to their ancient priesthood; thirteen high priests descended from Aaron; thirteen Kings sat in the council of the ancients; on the thirteenth day of the month Nisan, the sacred and imposing rites of Passover, began. To carry out still further the divine influence, the incense they used consisted of thirteen distinct colours.

Facts about La Grippe.

Significant facts concerning la grippe have recently been made public. Mortality records covering fifty-six years' experiences of one of the largest American life insurance companies, prepared for the insurance exhibit at the Paris Exposition, contain the results of an investigation of 46,525 deaths, varying with different periods, and showing the havoc wrought by different epidemics that have caused general alarm. While small-pox and cholera have had little effect, la grippe, or influenza, has reached the first rank among the individual causes of disease.

Thirty years ago only one death was ascribed to influenza. Then the disease disappeared from the mortality tables altogether until 1890, when 22 deaths were reported. In 1892, when la grippe was epidemic, 133 policy-holders died from its effects. Since then the disease has attacked with fatal results from 20 to 41 policy-holders a year, 364 deaths occurring during the last ten years.

Influenza is described as a "disease of all ages," the largest number of deaths, however, being reported among policy holders between sixty and eighty years old. These figures show only approximately the true importance of the disease as a source of mortality. While on the one hand the term has often been erroneously employed, very many deaths due to influenza have been recorded as from pneumonia, because of the evident local lesion. On the whole, the figures understate rather than overstate the true mortality.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Sigh for Fame.

"What shall I do, lest life in silence pass?"

"And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What shall I do, lest thou me?
Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute—
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean—fame is but the brine
Along the shore."

"What shall I do to be forever known?"

"Thy duty ever."
"Thus did full many who yet slept unknown."
"O, never! never!
Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel trump in heaven their praise is blown;
Divine their lot."

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"

"Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife—
Yea, with thy might!
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled.
While he who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead."

Schiller, translated by Arthur Hugh Clough.

Light Gymnastics which will keep Women Young.

To remain young one must keep his joints limber. The following four simple exercises will greatly help to develop and preserve physical symmetry:

1. Stand erect, with hands outstretched, on a level with the shoulders, and slowly raise yourself on your toes as far as possible. Retain this position for an instant, and then sink back on to the entire foot. Do this twenty times a day at first, and increase each day to a reasonable limit.

2. Place the hands on the hips, and resting all the weight of the body on the right foot, slowly raise the left leg and extend it in front of the body. Then bend at the knee, pointing the toe downward and bringing the foot up. Repeat this ten times at

first. Then stand on the left foot and repeat the exercise in reverse.

3. Stand erect and lean over at the hips without bending the knees and try to touch the floor with the fingers. Day by day you will come nearer to the floor. This exercise will make the body supple and strengthen the back, and will encourage grace.

4. Extend the right arm, and, placing the left on the hip, bend to the left side as far as possible, and then reverse the exercise, which should be repeated ten times at first, and, like all the others, increased from day to day as much as circumstances will permit. Fifteen minutes a day spent in exercise at home should result in muscular development and greatly help to retain health.

Not at Home.

"Now, Miss Peach, you have torn your new dress! I must punish you."

Doll Peach would have cried, perhaps, only her wax eyes had no tears in them.

Truly, now, Nelly had torn the dress herself, putting it on. But she was playing nurse, and she liked to punish the dolls.

"I shall leave you alone with Mrs. Birch," said Nelly, "till you behave. Mrs. Birch, please tell doll callers I am not at home." Nelly had heard her mother say this when she was going out.

So little Miss Nelly marched out of the nursery, leaving the dolls with Nurse Birch and the baby.

There were doll Peach, doll Dozy, doll Sambo, and doll Dinks—four of them.

Nelly went to the study. It was where her brother Ben kept his books. She thought she would play doctor, like Ben. She put on her brother's spectacles, and made visits to the sick chairs and tables.

But she soon grew tired of it. It was so lonely without the dolls. Just then brother Ben came in. "Why, Nelly, you here? he cried, and ran forward to kiss her.

But he hit the table with his elbow. Down fell a glass vase to the floor. It flew all into bits.

"Dear me!" cried Ben. "But never mind! If I say nothing to mamma, she will think it is Nelly. Then you will be punished little sister;" and he stooped to kiss her.

"That's not fair," shouted Nelly, running away. "You did it yourself."

"Why, did I?" cried Ben; "and who tore doll Peach's dress, I would like to know?"

"Oh, Mrs. Birch must have told you."

"Well, you punished your doll for the dress. Now you must be punished for the vase."

Nelly thought a moment. "That would be very wrong," she said. "Then she ran to the door and shouted: 'I am at home, Mrs. Birch; I am at home!'"

All the dolls came in at once, and there was a great frolic. Ben played camel for the dolls to ride, and poor Sambo fell off and broke his neck. Sambo was a black crockery doll.

After this Nelly never punished the dolls for her own faults.—Our Little Ones:

Some people are always telegraphing to heaven for God to send a cargo of blessing to them; but they are not at the wharfside to unload the vessel when it comes.—F. B. Meyer.

Remember that in this world every mountain-top of privilege is girdled by the vales of lowly duty.—Henry Van Dyke.