

LOST HIS FAITH IN GOD.

A small boy, new to the Sunday school, was greatly pleased with his picture card and its text, "Have Faith in God." On the homeward way, however, the precious possession slipped from his fingers and fluttered from the open street car and immediately a cry of distress arose. "Oh, I've lost my 'Faith in God'! Stop the car! Please stop the car!" The good-natured conductor signalled, and the car was regained amid the smiles of the passengers. One of them said something about the blessed innocence of childhood, but a more thoughtful voice answered: "There would be many truer and happier lives if only we older ones were wise enough to call a halt when we find ourselves rushing ahead on some road where we are in danger of leaving our faith in God behind us."

COUNTING MONEY BY ELECTRICITY.

The enormous increase of bank business could not be handled were it not for the ingenious electrical appliances now in use. Among them is the electrical coin counter.

This counter counts and sorts money into wrapper packages at the rate of 72,000 pieces an hour. This is seventy times faster than it can be done by hand by the most expert counters in the world.

The coins, after having been shoveled into a magazine behind the counting apparatus, are so allowed to run out upon a tilted tray which has a polished surface in which are little mortised places or indentations which can be adjusted to the size of a dime, half dollar or any other coin. As the coins slide across the surface of this tray those for which the little pockets are adjusted will drop into place and will be held until, by the touch of another button, the operator releases them and they are stacked and wrapped in paper so that the little piles can be easily handled.

HONEY.

Many people are very fond of sweet things, especially candy. Most of these sweets are made by man out of juices, by various processes, some of them quite complicated. One of them is made directly by God for us, for I know of only one that nature produces exactly in the form in which we use it, and that is honey. The bees make it, and just as it is, we eat it and enjoy it.

In Proverbs we are told that pleasant words are like honey, and surely whoever produces pleasant words is one of God's honey-makers. Hunters are always on the lookout for honey, and I wish to call your attention not so much to producing honey as to recognizing it.

Years ago whenever anybody told an old story, or uttered a familiar saying, some one was sure to say "Chestrnut!" To-day if anyone is hit by a remark, in some regions, some person present is sure to exclaim, "Stung!" I wish to suggest another expression, one of worship and praise. When some one utters a pleasant word at the table, show your appreciation by saying, "Honey!" When a compliment is given, a cheery word spoken, let some person present endorse it by saying, "Honey!" And even where the expression is not used, learn to find out all the honied words and deeds. Enjoy them, show appreciation of them. How much honey is made that no one even notices!—The Congregationalist.

Love which lasts is a condition of the mature mind; it is a fine compound of inclination and knowledge, controlled by reason, which makes the object of it, not a thing of haphazard, but a matter of choice.—Aron.

A LITTLE SONG.

Sing a song of summertime,
Coming by-and-by,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Sailing through the sky;
When the season opens
They'll all begin to sing,
And make the finest concert
Ever heard upon the wing.
Blackbirds, yellowbirds,
Robins, and the wrens,
All coming home again
When the winter ends.

Sing a song of summertime,
Coming very soon,
With the beauty of the May,
The glory of the June.
Now the busy farmer toils,
Intent on crops and money;
Now the velvet bees are out
Hunting after honey.

Well they know the flowery nooks
Bathed in sunshine mellow,
Where the morning glories are,
And roses pink and yellow.
—Youths' Companion.

AN EGYPTIAN FUNERAL.

A funeral in Egypt is indeed a strange sight, and the first one the visitor sees astonishes him very much. At the head of the procession march a corporate body of the blind and a certain number of men who proceed at a quick step, singing a most jubilant air, while swinging themselves from right to left. Behind them comes the funeral car, or rather a sort of bier, bearing a great red shawl, in which the body is deposited. At the extremity of the bier, on a perch, is placed the turban or the tarbouche of the defunct. Two men carry this bier. They follow with such high spirits the movement of the head of the cortege that the corpse, rocked in every direction, seems to jump under the shawl that shrouds it. The women bring up the rear, some on asses, some on foot. The first row is formed of weepers or rather screamers, who send forth toward heaven at each step the shrillest notes. The weepers hold in their hand a handkerchief, with which they are not solicitous of wiping their eyes perfectly dry, but which they pull by the two ends behind their head with a gesture that would be desperate if it were not droll. On arrival at the cemetery they take the corpse from the bier to cast it, such as it is, into the grave. The grand funerals, however, take place with much more solemnity. An important personage is hardly dead in Egypt before his friends and acquaintances hurry to the house; during one or two days they eat and drink at the expense of the dead, or rather his heirs, indulging in the noisiest demonstrations. When the hour of the interment arrives a scene of the wildest character is produced. The slaves and women of the household throw themselves on the corpse and feign a determination to hinder it from passing the threshold. This lugubrious tragedy is played conscientiously; they snatch away the coffin; they belay each other with blows, and the most violent and frightful clamor is heard. At last the procession leaves the house and repairs to the cemetery, preceded by camels loaded with vicinals, which are distributed to the poor hurrying in crowds along the road. All along the road the mourners and friends of the family fight for the honor of bearing the bier for an instant, and thus it passes or rather bounds from hand to hand amid the most frightful disorder. The interment ended, every one returns to the house of the dead to recommence the festivities, dancing and the mortuary demonstrations.—Selected.

Good words will do more than hard speeches; as the sunbeams, without any noise, made the traveler cast off his cloak, which all the blustering of the wind could not do, but made him bind it tighter.

A GUARANTEE OF SAFETY

Most of the "soothing" syrups and powders advertised to cure the ills of babies and young children contain poisonous opiates, and an overdose may kill the child. Baby's Own Tablets are sold under the guarantee of a government analyst that they contain no opiate or harmful drug. They can be given with absolute safety to a new born child. They cure all those minor ailments originating in disordered stomach or bowels. Mrs. F. Young, River Hebert, N.S., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation and stomach trouble and when my baby was teething, and have found them the best medicine I know of for these troubles." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOW A PARTRIDGE DRUMS.

When I first came to Canada, I found there were various opinions as to the method of making the sound. One man, who read a good deal but rarely went into the woods, said the sound was produced by the bird's voice; some of the hunters told me the bird struck its wings on the log, and others declared that it struck them together over its back.

I did not much heed the book man's explanation, for all the woodmen laughed at it. I soon learned to discredit also the idea that the bird thumped the log with its wings, because, whether it stood on a stump or a stone, a rotten log or solid timber, the sound was always the same. Lastly, I did not believe that the wings were struck together, because, when a pigeon or a rooster strikes its wings together, the sound is always a sharp crack. At length, after watching the bird carefully, I came to the conclusion that it drums by beating the air only.

It is not an easy matter to get sight of a partridge when he is drumming, but I managed to do it by crawling on my hands and knees toward the bird, lying still while he was quiet, and only moving forward when he renewed his noisy courtship—for it is to woo and win his mate that Sir Ruffed Grouse indulges in these musical exercises. In this way I contrived to come within twenty feet without alarming him. Through the alder thicket I could just see his shapely form strutting about like a turkey cock; then, for a moment, he stood upright, with his feathers lying close. Suddenly his wings flashed, and at the same moment I heard the loud thump. Then, for a few seconds, he stood, looking about as though nothing had happened; but presently came a second flash and thump, and others rapidly followed at lessening intervals, until at last the serenade rolled away like the galloping of horses or the rumbling of distant thunder.—Ernest E. Thompson in St. Nicholas.

I think I know my Bible as few literary men know it. There is no book in the world like it, and the finest novels ever written fall far short in interest of any one of the stories it tells. Whatever strong situations I have in my books are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. "The Deemster" is the story of the Prodigal Son. "The Bondman" is the story of Esau and Jacob. "The Scapegoat" is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl; and "The Maunxman" is the story of David and Uriah.—Hall Caine.

God loves to give, and He loves to have His people give. He does not like to have them covetous; He does not like to see them hoard; so, when we learn to give, and love to give, we become like Him.