

JOY WHEN SHE WAS SICK.

A girl, belonging to a church society, went to call upon a cripple, taking some sweet spring flowers to the invalid. After a little conversation, the visitor asked:

"Don't you get tired of being tied to that bed day and night, Miss Grey, week after week?"

"Yes, I think I do sometimes; that is, I grow bodily tired," was the response. "But I try not to think of that, I only want to remember that God is good and merciful. In His love He spared me, even though I am a cripple, to live that I might learn to know Him here. You see, before I was hurt, I never thought about him as being a real friend and helper. But since I have been compelled to lie here quiet and helpless, I can even find joy and thankfulness in my affliction; I live to serve Him, and that crowds almost every other thought out."

And the one who had come to minister went away feeling that she had received more than she had given during that brief visit. "Joy and thankfulness in affliction." Truly, only those who know Him for the loving Saviour that He is can say this.—*Young People's Weekly.*

JAPANESE MATS.

The floors of the houses in Japan are covered with white mats nearly three inches thick. These serve for cushions to sit upon, as well as for carpets to tread upon; for the Japanese do not sit on chairs. The mats are always three feet broad and six feet long. As every mat is the same size, a mat is often used as a measure. Instead of saying that a room measures so many feet, as we do, the Japanese say that it measures so many mats. There is a room in the palace called the "Hall of the Thousand Mats." Here the Emperor sits upon his throne. The mats measure exactly how far any one may come into the hall. A man of high rank is allowed to approach the throne many mats nearer than a man of lower rank.—*Far Off.*

"Charlie, what is it that makes you so sweet?" said a loving mother, one day, to her little boy, as she pressed him to her bosom. "I dess, when God made me out of dust, he put a little thugar in," said Charlie.

MOLLY AND THE SERMON.

"Well, Molly, did you like my sermon this morning?" asked the parson.

"Oh, yis, your rivrence, 'twas mighty improvin'."

"And what part of it did you like best, Molly?" continued her interrogator.

"In troth, plase your rivrence, I don't remember any part exactly, but altogether it was mighty improvin'."

"Now, Molly, if you don't remember it, how could it be improving?"

"Now, does your rivrence see thim towels I have been washing and dhrying on that hedge there?"

"Certainly, Molly."

"And isn't thim towels all the better for the cl'anin'?" she argued.

"No doubt, Molly."

"But not a dhrop of the soap and water stays in 'em. Well, sir, it's the same thing wid me. Not a word of the sarmin't stays in me. But I am all the better and cl'aner for it, for all that."

THE EFFECT OF MUSIC.

While a gentleman was watching some spiders last summer, it occurred to him to try what effect a tuning fork would have on the insects. He suspected that they would regard the sound just as they were in the habit of regarding the sound of a fly. And sure enough they did.

He selected a large ugly spider, that had been feasting on flies for two months. The spider was at one end of its web. Sounding the fork, he touched a thread at the other side of the web, and watched the result.

Mr Spider had the buzzing sound conveyed to him over his telephone wires, but how was he to know on which particular wire the sound was travelling? He ran to the centre of the web very quickly, and felt all around until he touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was sounding.

Then, taking another thread along, just as a man would take an extra piece of rope, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it. But he retreated a little way, and looked at the fork. He was puzzled. He had expected to find a buzzing fly. He got on the fork again, and danced with delight. He had caught the sound of the fly, and it was music to him.—*Harper's Young People.*