

PILLOWS AND PRAYERS.

One night the mother of two little girls was away at bedtime, and they were left to do as they would. "I am not going to pray to-night," said Lillian, when she was ready for bed. "Why, Lillian!" exclaimed Amy, with round eyes of astonishment. "I don't care; I am not going to. There isn't any use."

So she tumbled into bed, while Amy knelt and prayed. The little prayer finished, and the light extinguished, Amy crept into bed. There was a long silence, then Lillian began to turn restlessly, giving the pillow a vigorous thump, and saying crossly: "I wonder what is the matter with that pillow!" Then came a sweet little voice from Amy's side of the bed: "I guess it's because there isn't any prayer in it."

A few minutes more of restlessness, and Lillian slipped out of bed, and knelt in prayer. Then all was quiet and peaceful, and the two girls slept.

Is there a prayer in your pillow when you go to sleep at night?—Selected.

WHEN THE MOUSE SCORED.

One day while standing at my window watching the shifting clouds and the drowsy swaying of trees, my attention was called to the peculiar actions of a large Maltese cat in the field beyond our lawn. It would crawl along, stop, fumble something, then go on a little distance, keeping this stopping and fumbling up for some time.

At last the lawn was reached, then through the fence the something came, followed by the cat. Then I saw what it was—a poor little mouse that the cat had been tormenting.

The cat was too well fed to kill and eat its prey, but just indolent enough to torment and worry its poor victim.

On and on they came across the lawn. The cat would catch the poor little thing in its claws, mouth it, and then let it go. Poor mouse, thinking he was free, would try to make good his escape, but the respite was only for a few minutes, when he would be grabbed again.

Across the lawn and up the terrace they came, just below the window where I was standing. When the top of the terrace was reached the cat gave his victim one more squeeze, looking delightfully at the poor exhausted thing, as much as to say, "I could kill you and eat you if I wanted to."

You know it was the last straw that broke the camel's back, so this last squeeze and indignities were too much. The mouse turned around, faced the cat, sat on his hind legs like a squirrel when it eats a nut, and when the cat made another attempt to molest him the mouse slapped the cat a well-directed blow in the face with his little paw. The cat was so taken completely by surprise and so thoroughly disgusted with himself that he turned and fled, like the coward he was, and the mouse disappeared in a hole close to the cellar wall. I was as surprised as the cat, and thoroughly enjoyed the discomfiture of poor pussy. I think it was the most amusing thing I ever saw, and if I had not seen the whole thing I would have been tempted to doubt the story if it had been told me.

Make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

Allow thyself to complain of nothing,
not even of the weather.

If we must suffer instead of serve, let us suffer heroically as we would serve. It may be that suffering is the highest service we can give the world.—Byron Palmer.

THE FAMINE IN CHINA.

A Shanghai periodical says: "To show the possible unity of the Chinese Christians, if a worthy object is reasonably presented to them, and their willingness to shoulder responsibility, we mention the comparatively large sums of money for the famine that have been sent all the way from Manchuria to Canton, and the western provinces and even from abroad. However, funds received so far by the Shanghai foreign relief committee are inadequate to attempt anything proportionate to the need, so we are letting the Chinese Government and the native charitable societies do what they can, though the time when the situation will be beyond the Chinese agencies is rapidly approaching, and missionaries are hoping to dispense relief in conjunction with the Shanghai committee. As to the famine situation the gravity in Kiangsu and Anhui provinces is increasing and it is over five months to the next harvest. Several millions are on the verge of starvation, about four millions are destitute in the devastated region, which no such disaster has visited, it is said, in several generations. At Chinkiang there are ten thousand refugees, at Nanking twenty thousand, at Yangchow twenty-five thousand, and four hundred thousand at Tsing Kiangpu. At other cities also large numbers have gathered, in all over a million persons, it is estimated, have collected in these camps, which may become hotbeds of disease. So the missionaries have urged the officials to try to have the people return to their homes, though it is very difficult to persuade the hungry and desperate refugees to return, as they fear they will not be cared for if they leave the cities.

At the rate of two cents for each person it costs twenty thousand dollars to feed for one day the one million refugees about the cities, without saying anything of the numbers who are still left in the country. It will take millions of dollars to save all the hungry ones, and it is beyond our hope that such a sum will come from all the avenues of help combined, but every dollar contributed will increase the power of the relief committee to save life. In the name of Him, who when he saw a great multitude of hungry people, had compassion upon them, we implore all God's people to render, all the help they can."

The "Witness," at the request of the Montreal Chinese Christian Endeavor Society, which headed the list with a generous sum, appeals for subscriptions to all who sympathize with fellow human beings in terrible straits.

Previously acknowledged \$174.10
From former closed famine fund 719.72
Total \$893.82
When the amount reaches \$1,000 it will be sent at once to China.

The truer life draws nigher

Every day.

And its morning star climbs higher

Every day.

Earth's hold on us grows slighter,

And the heavy burden lighter,

And the dawn immortal brighter,

Every day.

You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out are the moments when you have done things in the spirit of love.—Henry Drummond.

When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the woman who needs it, a kind word to the striving-trifles in themselves light as air—will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity.

SAVED BABY'S LIFE.

There are many mothers throughout Canada who do not hesitate to say that Baby's Own Tablets have saved the lives of their little ones. One of these is Mrs. John Shortill, Georgetown, Ont., who says: "I have no hesitation in saying that I believe that Baby's Own Tablets saved my little girl's life. From the time my little girl was three months old she cried all the time with indigestion. She was frail and puny; her food did her no good, and I was literally worn out taking care of her. The doctor treated her for some time, and finally told us he could do no more for her, and we did not expect she would get better. It was then I learned of Baby's Own Tablets and decided to try them. We had given her a box of the Tablets there was a great improvement. Her digestion was much improved, and her bowels, which had been terribly constipated, moved regularly. From that time she began to thrive splendidly, and is now as healthy a child as you could wish to see. We are now never without a box of the Tablets in the house. Baby's Own Tablets will promptly cure all the minor ailments of babies and young children, and the mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OUT OF THE WAY NOTES.

Five is the great sacred Chinese number.

Ants in five nests, when counted, varied from 93,500 down to 13,000.

A cork tree must be fifty years old before it produces bark of a commercial value.

In Madagascar silk is the only fabric used in the manufacture of clothing, as it is so cheap.

Corsica produces more wax than any other country of Europe, if not of the world. In former times, the inhabitants paid their taxes in wax.

A birth is announced in an odd fashion in some parts of Holland. A silk pin-cushion is attached to the door-knob. If the cushion is red, the new arrival is a boy; if white, a girl.

When a number of camels travel they are usually led by a strong bull, who keeps the rest in order. If the leader should fall ill, or be absent from any other cause, the herd almost invariably mutinies. In Asia Minor, the duty of leading camel caravans is frequently deputed to donkeys. This may sound curious, but it must be remembered that in the East the donkey is an important animal.

Electricity is fatal to the discernment of certain colors. Yellow and pink, two totally different colors, look strangely alike by electric light. Heliotrope is also like pink, and subtleties of shade are quite lost in it. No light shows up shades and colors like candles did, when those commodities were made of wax. It is certain that all the modern artificial illuminants mix up colors and shades inextricably, and electric light is worst of all.

The Icelanders have a strange but effective plan for preventing horses from straying away from any particular spot. If two gentlemen happen to be riding together without attendants, and wish to leave their horses for any reason, they tie the head of one horse to the tail of another, and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state, it is utterly impossible for the horse to move on, either backwards or forwards. If disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle, and even then there must be mutual agreement to turn their heads the same way.