

Miss Jerushy's conversion was regarded by the public as a mysterious and even miraculous occurrence and the facts were never known until she told them herself after Dr. Gill had completed a successful pastorate of ten years and been honorably retired. She made her confession on the day when a united people gave him a house and lot to pass his days in, and thus lightened the gloom of the occasion with a tale that set the tables in a roar.—The Interior.

THE JAPANESE LANGUAGE.

The Japanese language has some features which puzzle beginners in its use. In English when one has learned the name for rice, that ends it. Not so in Japan. Begin with cooked rice, meshi. When eaten by a child it is called mame. In speaking to another person of eating rice you call it gozen. As a merchant sells it, uncoked, it is kome, and as it grows in the field it is ine. So a carpenter's foot, or shaku, is about twelve inches, but a tailor's is fifteen. A kin or pound of beef is fourteen ounces, of flour twenty-one, of sugar over thirty. The ri, or mile, varies in different provinces, and on the Fusiama ascent half a ri is marked a ri because it's so much harder work going up hill.

HE KNOWS.

He knows it all at set of sun,
The little errands I have run,
How hard I tried and where I failed,
Where dreadful wrongs and sin prevailed;
He knows the burden and the cross,
The heavy trial and the loss
That met me early on the way
And lingered still at close of day.
He knows it all—how tired I grew
When pressing duties that I knew
Were mine, I left in part undone,
And how I grieved at set of sun,
And could not rest till His sweet tone
Of calming love had gently shown
Me that He did not blame—He knew
That I had tried my best to do.

—Selected.

OUT-OF-THE-WAY NOTES.

A Russian is not of age until he is twenty-six years old. Until that time at least four-fifths of his earnings must go to his parents, if alive.

Smoking is permitted in the prisons in Belgium only as a reward for good behaviour.

Among women who become public entertainers very few attain success as ventriloquists.

A magistrate states that a schoolmaster has the right to search a pupil if he suspects him of theft.

If men were relatively as strong as beetles they would be able to handle with ease weights of several tons.

Eight hundred thousand pounds is spent every year on the food and clothing of indoor paupers in London.

The talipot palm of Ceylon grows to the height of a hundred feet, an dits leaf is so large that it will cover from sixteen to twenty men like an umbrella.

Naval officers are servants of the King, and should appear in the King's Courts in uniform, said a judge in the Admiralty Court, when an officer went into the witness-box as a civilian.

The "u" with which so many Japanese words end is silent. A Japanese word can only terminate either in a vowel or in certain consonants, and if neither of these occur a silent "u" is added.

According to a classified list of measurements, the men of the finest physique appear to be in the limestone districts of northwest Yorkshire, Westmoreland, Cumberland and the north of Ireland.

The human foot is becoming smaller. The masculine foot of twenty centuries ago was about twelve inches long. The average man's foot of today is easily fitted with a number eight and a half shoe, which is about ten and a half inches in length.

AUNT REMY ON LIVING WELL.

We hear it said of people so often nowadays: "They live so well," and it generally means that they have fine houses and clothes, and rich food and plenty of it—but is that really "living well?" I think it is doubtful to say the least.

You know I believe, Sam Henry, that the greatest battle that Christians have to fight nowadays is the battle to keep "their souls on top"—as the little boy said. You don't understand? Well, I'll tell you the story. I found it in an old paper, and it was headed: "A Little Boy's Sermon," and it was one to me, and it will be for you, too, I hope.

As the story goes, the little fellow was sitting quietly after dinner in his father's library. He had two apples, a red one and a green one.

Presently he heard the child say: "Thank you little Master."

Droppin' his paper, his papa said: "Who was here just now, Bertie? I thought that we were alone."

"Nobody Papa but you and I."

"I thought I heard you speak to some one," said his father. Didn't you say "Thank you little Master?"

The child didn't answer at first, but blushed and laughed.

Then he said: "I'm afraid you'll laugh if I tell you."

"No, I won't, or we will laugh together."

"Well, I had eaten my red apple and wanted to eat the other, but I remembered somethin' teacher told me at school. She said our stomachs would be glad if we did not give them too much to grind up and it seemed to me for a minute as if I heard mine say: 'Thank you little master,' but I know I said it myself."

"What has your teacher been telling you about eating?"

She taught us a verse about keeping our souls on top. That wasn't the words, but that is what it meant.

At this papa's paper went suddenly up before his face. When it dropped down there wasn't any laugh there, an' he said:

"Were these the words: 'I keep my body under?'"

"Oh, yes, that was it, but it means just the same. If I keep my body under, of course my soul will be on top."

Now, Sam Henry, that little fellow had begun to learn one of the greatest lessons in life.

You watch and see. God does not seem to put any very devout soul, nor even any very bright mind in a pampered body. The soul can't stay on top then, and there's where it belongs.

We are all disposed to ponder too much to our animal natures. We give too much thought to what we shall eat and what we shall drink and wherewithal we shall be clothed. Luxuries are so cheap nowadays and that makes 'em so beguiling'.

We are so busy watchin' those who have more'n we have that we forget how many have less.

I do believe the devil is usin' these things to undermine characters he can't pull down by any other means, and so the "Holy War" we've got to fight, if we want to keep our souls on top, must be fought right here.

Honestly, if my Tommy was livin' I'd feed him as plain as they say the Spartans lived. What that boy's teacher said is true. If we give our stomachs too much food to grind our brains will suffer, an' our souls will not be on top.

I'd dress him plainly, too. You're laughin'. You say "that's not a sin men fall into." I don't agree with you. There's many a boy growin' up with extravagant ideas about dress, an' when he comes to workin' for his livin' it often means debt, an' sometimes dishonesty.

Of course I don't expect young people to see this as clearly as I do, but I wish you would begin to notice for yourself—for I surely do want to "keep your soul on top."

The King's breakfast never varies. It consists of tea, toast and one egg.

CHILDHOOD'S PERILS.

The so-called soothing medicines contain poisonous opiates that deaden and stupefy, but never cure the little ailments of childhood. Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate, they act on the stomach and bowels, and thus remove the cause of nearly all the ills that afflict little ones. In this way they bring natural, healthy sleep, and the child wakes up bright and well. Mrs. A. Weeks, Vernon, B.C., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and can cheerfully say that I have found them all you claim for them. These Tablets are good for children of all ages from birth onward. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25c a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOW TO ARRANGE FLOWERS.

A well-known landscape architect who has had much to do in laying out parks and supervising the arrangement of flowers in them says that women should make a serious study of arranging flowers in vases, and especially taking into consideration the proportion of the vase. The more simple the material and the form of the vase the better the artistic effect. Take for instance, the syringa. A straight terra cotta vase like a column holds these blossoms to perfection. Some vases of exquisite and elaborate workmanship are complete in themselves without the addition of flowers; the effect of the line of the vase is spoiled by covering it, and the simple, natural beauty of the flower is injured by the elaborate setting made by the vase. A single stalk flower is appropriate for a handsome vase, sometimes, but care must be taken that the effect is not like that presented by the spectacle of a small man in a big hat.—Exchange.

THE COST OF JOY.

Joy is a purchase, not a gift. Everything has its price. Freedom costs blood and tears and treasure. Legitimate wealth costs nerve and brain; illegitimate wealth costs souls. New life is won at the cost of patience and pain. Surrounded on all sides by these irrefutable facts, man still expects the joy of the Lord to be God's free gift. On the contrary, the attainment of this joy means careful calculation coupled with lavish expenditure. We must take much thought concerning it, and for it we must pay the price, the full price; self-denial, self-forgetfulness, self-immolation. Joy is not purchasable in counterfeit coin.—Sunday School Times.

BEAR FRIENDS.

Friendship is not uncommon among citizens of the Zoo, even between representatives of different species. In Central Park a big Polar bear and his distant cousin, a grizzly, were confined in the same pit, but it was considered expedient to separate them by a strong partition of bars.

Both were full-grown, husky specimens of their breed, and had they ever come together with intent to kill, it is probable that the entire force of keepers could not have separated them.

One day a small boy threw a paper box containing some sugared popcorn into the grizzly's side of the pit. It fell close to the partition, and in trying to shove it away with his muzzle the grizzly clumsily pushed it into a hole just under the partition bars.

The greater part of the hole was on the Polar's side of the house, and he could have pulled out the box, but he seated himself on his haunches and watched his neighbor trying to get his big paw down the opening of the hole.

The hole proved too small, and the box was too deep down. At last the grizzly gave it up and sat ruefully regarding his lost treasure.

Suddenly the Polar bear rose to the occasion. He waddled over to the hole on his side, rolled over on his side, thrust his paw down and shoved the box up into the grizzly's yard.