

"Why, Elizabeth!" exclaimed Harry's Aunt Portia, when the maid had left the room, "is that girl's name Jobyna? I thought so. I never forget a face, and her name is so unusual that I couldn't help remembering it. She used to work for me, and she was the best waitress I ever had; but how did you induce her to wear a cap? I never could."

Then, of course, the whole story came out, and Harry's Aunt Portia, who proved on acquaintance to be less awestruck than her niece had expected, laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.—Youth's Companion.

A FUNNY FRENCH BEAR.

I wonder what Bruin thought of it all! For years he had looked up at just such little girls; and now one was actually in the same pit with himself. True, it was smaller than the children who usually peered through the railings; and then it was finely dressed, and had long flowing hair, and eyes, nose and mouth, too, just like other children.

The comical expression of his countenance as he held the wax figure within a few inches of his nose brought shrieks of laughter from the on-lookers above, and no one enjoyed the fun more than the baby who had accidentally dropped the doll in the first place. Nurses lifted their little tots higher, that they might get a better view, and larger children squeezed between the French, English and American visitors who always flock to this famous Jardin des Plantes, and who now thronged to this bear pit especially.

Their exclamations and merriment did not disturb Bruin though, for he was too much interested in his new-found possession. Sometimes he held it in both paws, sometimes he clasped it in one arm. It was too little a child to hug, even if he had wished to do so, and he must have wondered why it did not cry out, kick or bite, or make some sort of resistance.

Plainly, if ever a bear was puzzled, that bear was. If he thought it a little human cub—and I should not be surprised if that is just what he did think—he must have had a mighty poor opinion of all those grown-up creatures who would not risk their lives to save the little one. Accidentally his nose tilted the stylish hat off, and when, some few minutes later, his huge paw as unintentionally knocked off that curious cub's head so that the sawdust was streaming out, I wondered, indeed, what he could have thought of it all.

Now, do you suppose he thought, as he glanced up at all those laughing people leaning far over the railing, that, because they looked like the doll, they were stuffed with sawdust too?—St. Nicholas.

A SONG SPARROW'S GRATITUDE.

It is a rare occurrence for animals in a wild state to select man for a companion and friend, yet well-authenticated instances when this has been done are a matter of record. The following incident is vouched for by a young lady who is a close and accurate observer:

"Last week my brother, a lad of 12, killed a snake which was just in the act of robbing a song sparrow's nest. Ever since then the male sparrow has shown his gratitude to George in a truly wonderful manner. When he goes into the garden the sparrow will fly to him, sometimes alighting on his head, at other times on his shoulder, all the while pouring out a tumultuous song of praise and gratitude. It will accompany him about the garden never leaving him until he reaches the garden gate. George, as you know, is a quiet boy who loves animals, and this may account in a degree for the sparrow's extraordinary actions."

Four Jewish firms in Glasgow, have agreed to close their furniture shops on Sundays.

A TIMELY REVISION.

"Have you a revised copy of the New Testament in the library, Miss Reid?" asked the young man who was making an evening call. "No, Mr. Slow," she replied. "I regret to say we haven't." "What's a revised copy?" asked Bobby who had been permitted to sit up later than usual. "You are rather young yet, Bobby, to understand such matters," said his sister, kindly. "A revised copy means that certain changes have been made in the Bible which were considered necessary to a better understanding of the text. Now you had better run off to bed—there's a good boy." The young man could scarcely conceal his admiration. "Well, if that's what it is," said Bobby, "our family Bible is revised, 'cause pa changed it the other day. He scratched out the date of your birth and made it three years later. He told ma something about you and Mr. Slow, and said that it wouldn't do any harm now, and if Mr. Slow wanted to look at it, it might do a deal of good." Presently the young man went away, and a family consultation was held. It resulted in Bobby's passing a sleepless night.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh help Thy children when they call:
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look, in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
By that we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun!

Rudyard Kipling.

UNANSWERED.

An old beggar in the far East sat in the sunshine of a gateway. The day was warm, his position comfortable, and he fell asleep as he sat there, never noticing when a kindly disposed passer-by dropped a coin in his outstretched hand. Another pedestrian, less generous and with no scruples of honesty, soon discovered the ungrasped gift. Glibly assuring himself that the old man could not well lose what he never knew he had, the newcomer deftly transferred the money to his own palm, and went his way. A little later the beggar awoke, glanced towards the setting sun, and with a sigh for the luckless day that had brought him nothing wended wearily homeward.

Is it not in such a fashion that we do much of our asking at heaven's gate? Day by day we offer our petitions; we want the things for which we ask, indeed, but we scarce expect their coming. The outstretched hands have become a matter of custom; we do not notice how often they are filled, nor how swiftly and in what strange ways the answers often come. The granting of many a petition comes easily within our reach, but we fall in our listlessness to recognize or grasp it.

"We pray, indeed, but no watch we keep;

The golden answers slip by while we sleep,
And we murmur, 'Thy heavens are dumb.'"

BABY'S FRIEND.

Happiness is a sign of health in babies. Nearly all their troubles vanish when they digest food well and are free from teething pain. Baby's Own Tablets brings happiness to babies by curing stomach troubles, constipation, feverishness, diarrhoea, and teething troubles. There's a smile in every doze and the mother has a solemn guarantee that this medicine contains no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. James Jewers, Beaver Harbor, N. S., says: "I have given my baby Baby's Own Tablets as occasion required since she was a day old. They have always helped her, and now at a year and a half old she is a fine healthy child. I think every mother should always keep these Tablets on hand." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BEGINNING HOUSEKEEPING.

Each bed should have for its outfit three pairs of pillow cases for its square pillows; two pairs of sheets, which measure a full yard more than the length of the mattress, to insure undisturbed and protected covers; two white spreads, of a quality easily laundered and light in weight and two pairs of large all-wool blankets, of which one pair should be bound separately—these constitute the sole essentials. To them may be added a home-made quilt and comfort.

The table linen must include the best cloth for special occasions, three really good ones for general use, and two dozen napkins that will not shed lint. Of towels there is theoretically no limit to the needed variety. Practically, however, there are only a few dozen hemstitched huck for bedroom use, one dozen checked linen for china, and one dozen crash for the kitchen, all made in yard lengths, besides three roller towels, two and a half yards long, will easily supply the ordinary demand under the conditions imposed. Of course sickness, lavish hospitality, or even a delayed weekly washday would necessitate a larger supply in each case. A maxim profitably observed by a successful housekeeper is worth passing on for consideration in this connection. "Expense for essentials only, plus remunerative labor, equals thrift." With this in mind, one can easily determine how much can or must be added to the supply on hand in the spring, when the thoughts of thrifty housewives turn towards the linen closet. Usually one pair of sheets and two pairs pillow cases are sufficient for the annual replenishing. Two table cloths, one dozen napkins, and one-third the towel list added each year will insure ample comfort under ordinary conditions.—Harper's Bazar.

There are now in connection with the China Inland Mission 549 missionaries, with 1,282 Chinese helpers, 394 of whom are unpaid. There are 205 central stations, 632 out-stations, 827 chapels connected with 475 organized churches. From the commencement of the work 21,648 persons have been baptized in connection with the mission's work, of whom 14,078 remain in fellowship at the present time, while many have "fallen asleep." During the year 1905, 2,541 persons were baptized. There are 66 boarding schools with 1,166 pupils, and 122 day schools with 1,831 scholars. There are also 7 hospitals, 37 dispensaries, and 101 opium refuges.

We may not know what is on the other side of the wall, but we can find out what is on our own side.