

faith, our quietness of heart, the mutual love and respect of our home circle, for all that the world could give, if we had to leave those things outside."

What shall I call that? This is life, is it not? When we get to heaven, we do not expect to find another sort; we expect to find that. That kind of manhood is upon the throne of the universe. I went there by the cross of Calvary. This is life indeed, and this is life eternal.—R. J. Campbell.

◆◆◆◆◆  
**"THE HOLY CITY."**

Thirty men, red-eyed and dishevelled lined up before a judge of the San Francisco police court. It was the regular morning company of "drunks and disorderlies." Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing:

"Last night I lay a sleeping,  
There came a dream so fair."

Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fail of a sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

"I stood in old Jerusalem,  
Beside the temple there."

the song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meantime the song went on, and every man in line showed motion. One or two dropped on their knees, one boy at the end of the line, after a desperate effort of self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his folded arms, and sobbed, "O mother, mother!"

The sobs, cutting to the very heart the men who heard, and the song, still welling its way through the court room, blended in the hush. Then one man protested.

"Judge," said he, "have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this—" He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after a surprised effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax:

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
Sing, for the night is o'er!  
Hosanna in the highest!  
Hosanna for evermore!"

The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly—a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could have accomplished.

◆◆◆◆◆  
**Nothing Loosens up Colds.**

On the chest and relieves that tight feeling and hard cough like Nerviline," writes E. P. Renshall, of Sutton. "I never use any other remedy but Nerviline, and find it serves as a general household liniment best of all. Children's colds and inflammatory pains are quickly cured by Nerviline, and its action on colds, coughs and sore throat is unequalled by anything I ever used. Nerviline is both powerful, pleasant and reliable. Every mother should use Nerviline. Price 25c.

**NOUNS OF MULTITUDE.**

The reference to the bewildering number of nouns of multitude recalls the story of the foreigner looking at a picture of a number of vessels, and exclaiming: "See what a flock of ships." He was told that a flock of ships is called a fleet. And it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a flock of wolves is called a pack, and pack of thieves is called a gang. The distracted stranger was further informed that he must be careful to speak of a host of angels, a shoal of porpoises, a herd of buffaloes, a troop of soldiers, a covey of partridges, a galaxy of beauties, a horde of ruffians, a heap of rubbish, a drove of oxen, a mob of blackguards, a school of whales, a congregation of worshippers, a corps of engineers, a band of robbers, a swarm of locusts and a crowd of people.

◆◆◆◆◆  
**ONE OF THE LITTLE ONES.**

Among the many interesting incidents connected with the closing of the saloons in Kittanning, Pa., a leading merchant tells the following:

A woman came into his store very timidly. She was evidently unaccustomed to trading.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the merchant.

"I want a pair of shoes for a little girl."

"What number?"

"She is twelve years old."

"But what number does she wear?"

"I do not know."

"But what number did you buy when you bought the last pair for her?"

"She never had a pair in her life. You see, sir, her father used to drink when we had saloons, but now they are closed he doesn't drink any more, and this morning he said to me, 'Mother, I want you to go up town today and get sissy a pair of shoes, for she never had a pair in her life.' I thought, sir, if I told you how old she was you would know just what size to give me."

Thousands of men need only to have the temptation of the open saloon removed to make them self-respecting and capable for their families.

◆◆◆◆◆  
**HOW TO HELP.**

The Michigan *Christian Advocate*, in suggesting some practical ways in which individuals can make their temperance sentiments felt, says:

In travelling, for instance, a temperance man should, if possible, patronize a temperance hotel rather than a finer one which may derive its chief revenue from a bar. In great conventions, representative Christian men too often seek entertainment at the big hosteleries irrespective of their grog-shop proclivities. Committees of the Y. M. C. A., the Christian Endeavor, and possibly the Epworth League have sometimes been thoughtless in this regard. In small towns, of course, where there is only one or two hotels, there may be no room for choice, but in most large cities a selection can be made. And further adds: We wish an organization could be effected making it easy to touch the business of every hotel, store, office or corporation that helps to sustain the drink trade, and encourage all men to be total abstainers and practical supporters of the temperance cause.

◆◆◆◆◆  
The Empire of Morocco is the most important State that is absolutely without a newspaper.

**WHO INVENTED THE ALPHABET.**

The two nations credited with this wonderful achievement are the Phoenicians and the Persians. But it is not usually conceded that the two are entitled to anything like equal credit. The Persians, probably in the time of Cyrus the Great, used certain characters of the Babylonian script for the construction of an alphabet; but at this time the Phoenician alphabet had undoubtedly been in use for some centuries, and it is more than probable that the Persian borrowed his idea of an alphabet from a Phoenician source. And that, of course, makes all the difference. Granted the idea of an alphabet, it requires no great reach of constructive genius to supply a set of alphabetical characters; though even here, it may be added parenthetically, a study of the development of alphabets will show that mankind has all along had a characteristic propensity to copy rather than to invent.

Regarding the Persian alphabet-maker, then, as a copyist rather than a true inventor, it remains to turn attention to the Phoenician source whence, as is commonly believed, the original alphabet which became "the mother of all existing alphabets" came into being. It must be admitted at the outset that evidence for the Phoenician origin of this alphabet is traditional rather than demonstrative. The Phoenicians were the great traders of antiquity; undoubtedly they were largely responsible for the transmission of the alphabet from one part of the world to another, once it had been invented.—Henry Smith Williams, in *Harper's Magazine*.

◆◆◆◆◆  
**PREACH THE GOSPEL.**

A young minister in a college town was embarrassed by a thought of criticism in his cultivated congregation.

He sought counsel from his father, an old and wise minister, saying:

"Father, I am hampered in my ministry in the pulpit I am now serving. If I cite anything from geology, there is Professor A, teacher of this science, right before me. If I use an illustration in Roman mythology, then there is Professor B ready to trip me up for my little inaccuracy. If I instance something in English literature that pleases me, I am cowed by the presence of the learned man who teaches that branch. What shall I do?"

The sagacious old man replied:  
"Do not be discouraged. Preach the gospel. They probably know very little of that."

◆◆◆◆◆  
**A NOBLE MOTHER.**

A great living preacher has recalled somewhere a striking incident of the siege of Paris. On one occasion after an action outside the walls, when the French troops were seeking safety in ignoble flight, a French mother came to one of the gates towards the evening of a winter's day. She asked for her son by name from those who came hurriedly trooping in. One officer, himself a fugitive, told her that the Germans were making no prisoners; that her son, if ever he came back alive, must return that way before dark. She watched through the deepening shadows, and at last, as the night fell, turned homeward with a cry: "Thank God! he did not run away." She preferred that her son should have been faithful to his country's cause—utterly, devotedly faithful, even though it was "faithful unto death."

**AN ENGRAVING FEAT.**

Mr. Houseal, an engraver in Baltimore, has accomplished the feat of engraving the alphabet on the head of a pin. Mr. Houseal, who rarely uses a glass in his work, can read the letters with the naked eye, and, although there are few persons whose eyesight is so strong, a common magnifying glass serves to make them easily distinguishable.

The letters range from left to right, and all are capitals. In the first circle around the edge of the pin are the letters A to M, inclusive. Within this is a second circle beginning at N and ending at Z, and directly in the centre is the & mark.

The diameter of the pinhead is barely a sixteenth of an inch, and it can be understood how small the letters must be. They are about one-fourth the size of the letters in the Lord's prayer engraved on a gold dollar. The work occupied about an hour and a half.

◆◆◆◆◆  
**THEY FIXED THE EYE.**

From far away Ceylon comes a funny little story. A tea planter who had a glass eye was desirous of going away for a day, shooting with a friend, but he knew that as soon as the natives who were at work on the plantations heard that he was gone they would not do a stroke of work. How was he to get off? That was the question. After much thought an idea struck him. Going up to the men, he addressed them thus: "Although I myself will be absent, yet I shall leave one of my eyes to see that you do your work." And, much to the surprise and bewilderment of the natives, he took out the glass eye and placed it on the stump of a tree and left. For some time the men worked industriously, but at last one of them, seizing the tin in which he carried his food, approached the tree, and gently placed it over the eye. This done, they all lay down and slept sweetly until sunset.

◆◆◆◆◆  
The people of Southern Russia are being reduced to a position of extreme poverty, by the calling out of the reservists, many of whom have been slain in Manchuria. The families dependent upon them have appealed to the military authorities for help but have been informed that the burden of assisting them cannot be borne by military funds.

**Poison—**

In the Blood brings  
Humors and Boils, Salt  
Rheum, Eczema and  
Scrofula,

**WEAVER'S  
SYRUP**

Will cure them permanently by purifying the  
**Blood.**

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.,  
MONTREAL Proprietors, NEW YORK.