

Sunday Reading.

A Worker's Prayer.
 If there be good in that I wrought,
 Thy hand compelled it, Master, thine;
 Where I have failed to Meet Thy thought,
 I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.
 One instant's toil to Thee denied
 Stands all eternity's offence;
 Of that I did with Thee, to guide,
 To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.
 Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
 Brings Eden to the craftsman's brain,
 God-like to muse o'er his own trade
 And man-like stand with God again.
 The depth and dream of my desire,
 The bitter paths wherein I stray,
 Thou knowest who has made the fire,
 Thou knowest who has made the clay.
 One stone the more twings to her place
 In that dread temple of Thy worth;
 It is enough that through Thy grace
 I saw naught common on Thy earth.
 Take not that vision from my ken;
 Oh, whatsoever may spoil or speed,
 Help me to need no aid from men
 That I may help such men as need.
 Rudyard Kipling.

Rob's Revenge.

'I'll thrash him for this; see if I don't,' muttered Rob, as he paced the kitchen floor in his rage. 'There is a limit even to Christian forbearance, mother.'

'Is there?' she said, in her gentle way. 'I don't remember seeing that, but I do about forgiving seventy times seven, and overcoming evil with good.'

'I think it's pretty hard,' went on Rob, if a boy has to put up with all I do at school because I'm trying to be a Christian. Just think, mother—here I find my skate straps all cut up, with a note tied on saying, 'I won't need them now, as I will spend all my spare time on my knees. It's in Ralph Moore's hand. No one else writes this way. Some of the other boys said my pants were praying out at the knees.'

'You do need new every-day clothes,' his mother said sadly.

'Nonsense! mamma. These are good enough. It's enough for you to keep me in school, the same as if father were living. It's just being laughed at over religion that makes my blood boil. Ralph is the leader of it all. But I must hurry, or he will get the start of me in the examinations. You know, Professor White has offered a prize for the best of papers, and I am determined to get it. You'll allow me that much revenge, won't you, mother?'

Not caring to wait for her answer, he snatched up his things, gave her a hasty kiss, and hurried away.

'Overcome evil with good,' kept ringing in Rob's ears. He was wondering what it meant, when he stopped in the hall to leave his old overcoat and cap.

'No need to take the saint's book away. Of course he won't peep,' came from Ralph as Rob passed. But before the laugh that followed this remark had died away, Ralph began in a distressed tone: 'O boys! what will I do? I've left my paper, pencils, pen and ink, and everything at home. Professor said not even a pencil should be sharpened or borrowed after he rang the last bell. O boys! can't you help me? There's only a moment, and I wouldn't lose this examination for anything. Father said this should decide about my going to college. Do someone divide,' and the expression on Ralph's face was pitiful in the extreme.

All the boys expressed sympathy, but declared they could not spare a thing for his use.

When Rob heard Ralph's lament, I regret to say he felt a little grim satisfaction. His proud rival would not be in the field. Then a thought of the kind of revenge the old Book taught crossed his mind—that strange command to 'overcome evil with good.'

Just as the professor was rising to touch the bell, Rob reached over to Ralph, and said: 'I'm sorry my paper isn't better, but here's half, and my pen and ink. Please take them.'

'No more communications,' came from the platform, and the surprised Ralph could only look at the unexpected supplies in amazement.

He saw at a glance Rob had given him the best of his paper, and had taken the risk of a lead pencil himself and there came a new and strange sensation in the proud boy's heart.

'Rob, old fellow,' he said, as they left the room at noon, 'you're the kindest boy I ever saw, and I'm the meanest. I'll never forget this undeserved favor.'

'Ralph Moore took the highest grade Rob Wheatley the second,' announced the principal a few days later. 'I must say, in regard to wheatley's excellent papers, it he had used his pen and ink, and a little more paper, the few mistakes he made would have been avoided.'

I am glad to be able to say Ralph went

to the professor and explained the unusual appearance of Rob's papers, and begged the standing be changed, and he given the first place.

Professor White said it was too late for such a change, but he gave an account of Rob's generous action that day before the boys, and they gave a rousing cheer for Rob Wheatley at the close.

'Rob, I don't believe you'll hear anything more about your religion,' Ralph said, as they walked home together; 'unless,' he added, 'we come for the receipt.'

'Well, Robbie, so you've conquered your enemy and had your revenge his mother said, when she heard the story. 'And there's a way to do that without blows—is there, my son.'

'Yes, mamma,' he answered; and I guess in that kind of revenge I overcame as much evil in Rob Wheatley as in Ralph Moore.'

BISHOP POTTER ON WEALTH.

The Greed of Gain, He Says is an American Madness—Its Effect on Our Life.

Bishop Potter of New York, spoke on 'Wealth and Commonwealth' at the annual banquet of the Episcopal church club of the diocese of Connecticut. He said in his address:

The subject of this evening is my own choice. I choose it because of its permanent importance. Divorce, drunkenness, crime, corruption in cities all have one root—the lust of money. Our American disease do I, say? Nay, an American madness.

'For what is the [one] eager dominant hunger which in one form or another, is expressing itself through combination, conspiracy or other ways from end to end of this broad land? It is the passion, the hunger, the greed of gain. That it is more than any, other single influence determines our policies, shapes our manners, inspires our maxims.'

'In England a man of science discovers an antiseptic dressing for gunshot wounds and he is lifted presently to be a peer of the realm. With us the men of science who enrich their age we too only distinguish by disputing their achievement or appropriating them without rewarding them for the products of their genius.'

'Is it any wonder under such circumstances that the average man in America turns to the business of accumulation and makes wealth the final standard of achievement since he finds that everybody else does? If material wealth be the end of being, if the buying of legislatures be the highest distinction possible to modern manhood, then we must needs look in the face the peril that in our time and our land are increasing.'

For one I have no smallest hope that any mechanism of legislation will in the remotest degree remove these perils. The church of God must go up, must stay up on a much higher plan. The prominent danger to our social order in this day is first the growth of wealth and then the abuse of it.

'Has it ever occurred to you what sooner or later would be the effect upon the mass of their fellow beings, if a company of men and women should bind themselves together to illustrate in their habit of life—simplicity of attire and chasteness in their dwellings, to discourage the accumulation of great wealth and to employ for art, science, philanthropy and religion all beyond a certain amount of their income?'

'The situation, grave and threatening as it is to all that is best in a nation's life, is the result of causes that are not far to seek. They are to be found in the spirit of the age, in the conditions of our national life and the standard of our personal values. In what is it that this age differs, it may be asked, from other ages that have gone before it? Well the chief difference, I should be disposed to say, is in its popular ideals.'

CONCERNING SANTA CLAUS.

Where he Originated and why Represented as an Old Man.

Santa Claus is of German origin. This is true if only because that is the Dutch name for St. Nicholas. That he is an old man is because in the ancient pagan feasts in celebration of the decay of the old year and the birth of the new an old man played the principal part—Among the Greeks and Romans it was Saturn, the father of all the gods, and among the Germans it was Thor, who was long bearded and white haired. The tradition of hoary age is appropriate, for representation of the dying year was too strong to be driven away by the new figure of the early church observances.

That the saint is St. Nicholas is due to the fact that that venerable personage's feast day was celebrated at about that period. St. Nicholas was a bishop of Myra who flourished early in the fourth century. He is the patron saint of children and schoolboys, and hence it was natural that he should be a part of a cel-

bration when the children received gifts and when they were allowed to be "heard as well as seen."

The practice of making presents on that day undoubtedly owes its origin to a general idea to carry into practice the Biblical mandate, "Peace on earth; good will to men." At first the great lords made presents to their retainers, and the season was marked by universal charity. By degrees the practice of Christmas giving spread until now everybody gives his friends presents.

A Week-a-Day Hero.

The newspaper item did not even give his name. It simply spoke of the accident, of how the molten metal, by the carelessness of another workman, splashed over and fell, whitehot and hissing, upon the young man who was standing near by. His hand was upon the lever controlling the machinery; and the item went on to say that though he was injured he never loosened his steady hold, and so saved the rest of the workmen from danger. If he had let go the lever the result would have been a terrible accident to the men beyond. He did not let go; that was all.

But what a splendid commentary it was upon that nameless hero! Evidently he had not considered that he did anything out of the common, or worth recording. He had the modesty that often goes with the highest courage. The act itself showed how noble his courage was. No bullet or shell on the battlefield could compare with a splash of whitehot iron, dashed unexpectedly upon the flesh, and eating into it. Not to flinch, even for a moment, meant that our work-a-day hero's first instinctive thought was of duty and of others, not of himself. Such courage as that revealed a noble soul behind it. It meant not only the physical nerve that could endure under sudden and exquisite agony, but the moral and spiritual nerve that could conquer that agony for the sake of the unconscious fellow-workers who did not even know their peril, and whom only the hero's steadiness in that moment of suffering and danger could save.

Not all our heroes are developed in war. Such a story as this shows that America can count upon many an unknown man to do his duty in the most splendid sense of the phrase. It shows, too, that the true note of the highest heroism is the forgetting of self the sacrificing of self absolutely and entirely. The soldier on the field, the martyr at the stake, the worker who suffers or dies for his fellows—these are all alike in the one heroic quality of putting self last and duty first. If we would have the heroic touch in our lives, we must cast out self, for selfishness and heroism are the two opposite poles of the soul.

Christ's Birthplace.

According to an article by Paul Carus in The Open Court, Chicago, the apocryphal gospels tell a somewhat different story of Christ's birth from the canonical books. According to the former, Christ was born in a cave and thence transferred to a stable, where the ox and ass worshipped him, while, according to the canonical gospels, the Nativity takes place in a stable. The apocryphal legends proved so strong that, in spite of the canonical version of the story, a cave near Bethlehem came to be finally regarded as the place of the Nativity, and a church was erected on the spot to commemorate the event and still stands as a lasting monument of this belief.

FALCON ISLAND REAPPEARS.

The Little Pacific Island Which Disappeared Comes Again Into View.

Falcon Island, which early last year was reported to have completely disappeared beneath the waves of the Pacific, is again showing its flat surface above the water. The life history of this speck of land has been unusual and interesting. A cable despatch from Europe printed in April last year said that after a brief life of fourteen years Falcon Island had ceased to exist. It was thought that no trace of it would ever be seen again. But Mr. Vossion, the Consul-General of France in the Tonga group, announces that Commandant Ravenhill of the cruiser Po. poise has returned to those islands from a cruise in the Pacific with the news of the reemergence of Falcon Island. He says that the highest part of the island is now about sixteen feet above sea level.

The island was formed by a great volcanic eruption at the bottom of the sea in 1885. It took the waves and storms of the ocean four years entirely to obliterate it. Mr. J. J. Lister, who visited the island a short time before it disappeared, said that it was rapidly being torn to pieces by the action of the waves. Unless a fresh volcanic outburst occurred he thought it would soon disappear. His prediction came true and a steamer that visited the place about the beginning of last year reported that not a trace of it was to be found above the water level.

The island was built up in the neighborhood of the Tonga group about thirty-five miles from the Island of Tolooa. A submarine volcano had reared from the bottom of the ocean a mighty mass of ejecta and on this foundation rested the outpourings which rose above the water. The island consisted of two distinct parts. One of them was a hill of gentle slope and wide base, whose height was 153½ feet.

On one side the hill ended abruptly in a cliff, whose base was washed by the sea at high water. The other part of the island was a flat, extending away from the base of the hill in a northerly direction and only ten to twelve feet above the high tide level. The whole bit of land was just a bare brown heap of ashes around which the great rollers broke and swept up the black shores in sheets of foam. The island was entirely destitute of any vegetation save for half a dozen seedling plants that had found lodgement there.

It will not be strange if the island is torn to pieces and again disappears from view within a very few years. Its reappearance now is doubtless due to another volcanic eruption. Volcanic islands seldom endure many years unless they are so large or so well protected against the sea that there is time for them to become covered with dense masses of vegetation before ocean storms have an opportunity to tear them to pieces.

DAN RICE'S LAST NICKEL.

It Was Soon Increased so That He Could Spare \$100 for a Church.

'Circus people, as a rule, are the best travelling class railroads have to deal with,' said George B. Kretzinger of the Kansas City Southern, who had much to do with such combinations. 'They are always found to be close figurers, presenting a million and one contentions, asking as many, if not more courtesies, but in the end the results are generally satisfactory to both parties.'

'It is only within the last few years that railroads began handling circus outfits. The country road and wagon once afforded a cheap method of transportation between small towns where nickles, dimes and quarters rarely ever failed to be taken in by the haul. Those not on country roads were found on the large rivers, shifting their dates to suit the seasons all the way from St. Paul and Cincinnati to Cairo, Ill., and New Orleans. The late Col. Dan Rice, who probably pleased more people as a clown than any other sawdust king, was a striking figure among the performing river craft, and one of the first to put his show on the rails.'

'This was back in '73, when a panic swept over the country and river towns had hit the sky, right and left, for the show business. Rice and his animals were tied up at St. Louis, waiting for times to grow better, when a trading firm offered a good lump sum for his boats. He figured it was go broke in almost a year event, so he sold, and then began to tour eastward with a train of borrowed cars. It was a big undertaking, even for Rice, who was about the richest in the business in those days, but everything went reasonably well until he started to enter Indiana. The last Illinois town was 'rotten.' The show had hardly made 'animal meat,' to say nothing of the money to get to another stand. As a last resort Col. Rice 'soaked' the show to the railroad company to put him into Vincennes, just over the state line, agreeing that the company's agent there should play doorkeeper and hold out what was coming. Vincennes did not look a whit good. The town was dead and the inhabitants wouldn't entuse a bit over the bum band and bright-colored wagons. An hour before the afternoon performance was to begin for Col. Rice pacing in front of the main entrance, figuring with himself for dear life, when a party of ladies approached.

'Col. Rice,' they began, 'we have always heard of you as a very charitable gentleman and, unfortunately our church has been damaged and needs a new roof. We thought you might be willing to subscribe toward it.'

'There was a man who had just stood up a railroad asked to give money away, but he was equal to the occasion when he pulled from his pocket a nickel and poising it on his finger replied:

'Ladies, I am now balancing a cash account. It appears small to you, no doubt, but in truth represents all the money I possess. If this show does any business here I'll not only contribute toward repairing your church, but I'll put a new roof on it.'

'The two performances that day netted the old man \$750, paid for the next jump, and out of it was donated \$100 to the church.'

The D. & L. EMULSION of COD LIVER OIL, will build you up, will make you fat and healthy. Especially beneficial to those who are "all run down." Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

FIGURES AND EYES.

As Indication of Advancing Age That Admits of no Compromise.

'As we grow older,' remarked the man who was doing that at the rate of a week every seven days, 'we begin to observe that we seem to need more light when we read or that the print of the newspaper that we have been reading with ease for ever so many years is not quite as good as it used to be, or that we can distinguish the letters a little better if we hold them farther away than usual, but we are very slow indeed to observe that the real cause of it is that we are growing old, and we rather resent the suggestion of some kindly friend that we need glasses.'

'We resent glasses especially because they are the visible sign of our weakness, and all the world may know by what we fondly think they have not discovered—to wit, that our eyesight is falling. I am that way myself, or was, and I stood the glasses off as long as I could, and really I could get along very well reading any type. Of course, I could get enough to complete the word, and oftentimes I could supply whole words that were indistinct by the sense of what I was reading.'

'But it was the figures that got me down at last. Ah, those figures! There is no context there, and when I saw dates or numerals of any kind the blur of the years shut out all their outlines, and to save me I could not tell what was before me. I made mistakes so often in reading aloud to my wife that she would laugh at me, though she never caught me on the letters, notwithstanding many was the time I guessed at about half I was reading. But figures would not stand any fooling like that, and at last I acknowledged that it wasn't the type or the paper or the light or anything of that sort and got myself a pair of glasses. Now I can tell a figure as well as a letter, and I discover they are printed quite as plainly as ever, though I was sure they were blurred before.'

Shop Talk.

The man stood in the dressmaking shop waiting for a bundle his wife had told him to get.

The telephone bell rang and the dear young person that answered it turned to the manager and said: 'It is Mrs. Jones. She says you didn't cut her little girl's throat right at all, and she wants to know what you are going to do about it.'

WHAT IS

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Is the question on the lips of many who are hearing of the wonderful cures brought about by this great Restorative.

For a comprehensive answer to this question you must ask the scores of thousands of cured ones in Canada and the United States who have tested and proven the merits of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—the famous blood builder and nerve restorer. Ask the pale, weak, nervous, irritable and dependent women who have found new health, new hope and new vitality in its use.

Ask the overworked and worn-out men, sufferers from brain-lag, nervous dyspepsia and nervous headache, who have felt new energy and vigor return to their bodies while using this famous treatment.

Ask the puny, sickly children who have been made healthy and robust by using this prince of restoratives.

Ask people of all ages how they were rescued from nervous prostration, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, epilepsy. They may tell you of doctors failing, of medicines taken in vain, but one and all will point to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as the only hope of persons with thin, watery blood and exhausted nerves.

Mrs. Margaret Iron, Tower Hill, N. B., writes: 'Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the length of the house. My hands trembled so that I could not carry a pint of water. I was too nervous to sleep, and unable to do work of any kind.'

'Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been completely restored. I can walk a mile without any inconvenience. Though 76 years old, and quite fleshy, I do my own housework, and considerable sewing, knitting and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of inestimable value to me.'

In appearance Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is an oval, chocolate coated pill. It is easy to carry and easy to take. In this condensed form it contains all of nature's most strengthening and invigorating tonics and restoratives, and for this reason it is unsurpassed as a blood builder for spring.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures naturally and permanently by the building up process. It used regularly and persistently it cannot fail to make the blood rich and life sustaining, and to reconstruct the tissues of the body wasted by disease, overwork or worry. Fifty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.