

Sunday Reading.

Two Servants of God.

During the Civil War, the owner of a plantation near Tampa Florida, called his two slaves to him, and said, in substance: 'I am in need of money, and have an opportunity to sell you in Georgia. If I do it, I want you to understand the reason: it is necessity that impels me. Yet even now I would make desperate efforts to keep you, but I am sure that before the war is over you will be free.'

The two slaves loved their master, and cheerfully consented to be sold for his sake, yet looked forward to the time of which he had told them, and which was nearer even than he thought, when they were to be free.

Freedom came, and Abraham, one of the ex-slaves, seeking a surname worthy of a freeman, took, like Booker Washington, 'the best name he could find,' and became Abraham Grant. As Abraham Grant he worked his way through school, preaching the gospel while to his less favored brethren, and as the Rev. Abraham he took his place in the African Methodist church. Steadily he rose in his church and increased in usefulness, becoming a leader in the progressive work of his denomination, not only in American but in Africa, and at length was chosen to episcopate.

A notable conference was to be held in Tampa, and an old man, living back on his plantation, read that Bishop Abraham Grant was to preside. He knew the name and he hitched up his horse, drove to Tampa and sought, at noon hour, the busy bishop who had once been his slave.

It was an affecting meeting; and when the time came for the afternoon session, the two men walked arm in arm to the church, white man and negro, layman and bishop, each forgetting what the world counted distinction or superiority in a Christian fellowship which had had its beginnings on the plantation, in the days when there were masters and slaves.

There were white men who wondered that the old master should be walking arm in arm with a negro; there were members of the conference who wondered what the bishop was saying to the poorly dressed man by his side; but the two were happy together. At the church the bishop introduced his old master, and the white man sat on a front seat, a reverent worshipper among men of dark skins, in a conference presided over by his former slave.

At the close of the meeting, as they bade each other farewell, the white man took the negro's hand and said, 'Abraham, I want you to promise one thing. You live far from here, but when I die, I want you to come and preach my funeral sermon.'

The bishop promised, and the two parted. That funeral, when it occurs, will be worth going far to attend. There have been few like it, and the conditions are past that will make others like it possible in future years. The servant has become God's freeman; the master has become God's servant; the two have become brethren in the spirit of a common love to God.

How Kindness Helps the Convict to Reform.

Maud Ballington Booth, whose charming personality has been so effective a weapon for good, tells, in 'Success' for January, how seventy-five per cent. of the discharged convicts who have come under her careful notice have proved themselves trustworthy. Her words are highly interesting:—

'The drink evil, of course, the primary cause of most crime. Crime follows drink as a tiger does blood, and we find that most convicts' families as a consequence, are left destitute, and we have had to help them along, too. It is they who furnish most of the heart-breaking paths of criminal life. Many sad stories could be told of the family behind the man who goes to prison. But there are also many happy stories of the reformed convict restored to wife and children through Hope Hall.

'We confine our work to no creed or sect, but Protestant, Catholic, Jew, and infidel, are alike welcome to our "homes," the only condition being that they must conform to the rules, and prove sincere in their reformation.

'At first the most difficult part of our work was to procure employment for released convicts. With all our assurances, men would not entrust the man with a criminal record with their business. The reformed convict was looked upon as an impossibility, but these poor fellows had won my confidence and I pleaded with business men to give them some small chance to live. With success the prejudice gradually disappeared; and now, in Chicago, where we receive twelve men per week from the prisons, we have more posi-

tions than we have men. I have some fine letters from business men concerning the trustworthiness and reliability of "my boys."

Life's Best Work.

It is a difficult matter to tell just when and where we do our best work—the work that is the most acceptable to God, and which extends the farthest out into the world. We are apt to think that it is done when we are well and strong and all our mental faculties in keeping with our physical being; and sometimes we believe that the work which is performed with the most exactness and painstaking care is the grandest and most enduring. This may or may not be true, for it is not always painstaking that perfects and makes the work of the most value to the world.

We are slow to learn that the task performed at great disadvantage is of the best and truest work of life. The hand may be feeble, and soul and body wearied, and yet the deed be of infinite value to the world. The low "God bless you" spoken by pallid lips when the pulse is slow and life's lamp flickers faintly in its socket, may be as full of sweetness and inspiration as though falling as a benediction from eloquent voices that ring out with blessing, prayer and praise.

The cup of cold water loses none of its purity and sweetness when pressed to parched lips by a trembling hand, and it may be of more real worth than the princely gift of the philanthropist. Some of the world's best work has been performed in the gloom of poverty and pain, and the sweetest music often comes from broken harpstrings. It is true that sometimes life's best work is done when the pulse is strong and the soul is not burdened by physical hindrances, but oftener it is accomplished when the sun has passed its noonday mark, and the shadows begin to lengthen on the plain.

Whenever and wherever the toiler meets the Master 'face to face' there the best work of life is done, for it is the sacred nearness to Him that makes the effort glorious and crowned with power. Blessed is the one who walks constantly with God, for his life's best work is done all along the way.

On Choosing a Career.

If you are, as we say, nervous, do not become a surgeon, writes Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage in the January issue of 'Success.' If you are cowardly, do not become an engineer. If you are hoping for a large and permanent income, do not seek a governmental position. If you are naturally quick-tempered, do not become a minister of the gospel; for, while anyone is disadvantaged by an ungovernable disposition, there is hardly anyone else who acts such an incongruous part as a mad minister. Can you make a fine sketch of a ship, or rock, or house, or face? Be an artist. Do you find yourself humming cadences, and do the treble clef and the musical bars drop from your pen easily, and can you make a tune that charms those who hear it? Be a musician. Are you born with a fondness for Argument? Be an attorney. Are you a good nurse, and especially interested in the relief of pain? Be a physician. Are you interested in all questions of traffic, and in bargain-making; are you apt to be successful on a large or small scale? Be a merchant. Do you prefer country life, and do you like the show, and do you hear music in the rustle of a harvest field? Be a farmer. Are you fond of machinery, and are turning wheels to you a fascination, and can you follow with absorbing interest a new kind of threshing machine hour after hour? Be a mechanic. If you enjoy analyzing the natural elements, and a laboratory could entertain you all day and all night, be a chemist. If you are inquisitive about other worlds, and interested in all instruments that would bring them nearer for inspection, be an astronomer. If the grass under your feet and the foliage over your head and the flowers which shake their incense on the summer air are to you the belles lettres of the field, be a botanist.

The Humor of Defeat.

John Kendrick Bangs, the witty author and editor, tells, in "Success" for January how he narrowly escaped becoming a second Chauncey M. Depew:—

'That was the greatest blessing that ever happened to me. That defeat was my greatest success. In 1894, I was a candidate for the mayoralty of my native town—Yonkers. I was born there, you know, in May, 1862. Some of my fellow townsmen thought that I could be of some use to them as mayor. I was highly elated. I could see a great future—congress—perhaps the presidency! but I could not go around and lure voters. I stayed at home and made no speeches, and on election day my opponent won by a small majority. In later years, when I saw how I would have been forced to abandon my chosen profession for politics when I learned that

the mayoralty would have taken every moment of my time, I was glad that I had been defeated. I might have developed into a second Chauncey M. Depew if I'd been elected.

Benny's Diary.

Little Ben likes to write, and so he has a diary. It had a red cover, and the date of each day was prettily printed on a separate page.

'You had better keep your diary on the table in your room,' said mamma. 'Then you will always know where to find it.'

'Yes, mamma,' said Benny. 'What shall I write?'

'This is New Year's day,' said mamma, so you might write some good resolutions.'

'What are they?' asked little Ben.

'Why, you might resolve not to lose your mittens and books and toys,' said mamma, smiling.

'Oh, yes!' said Benny. So he wrote something on the first page of his diary, and put it in his pocket. He started to carry it up stairs, but he met Rover in the hall, and he had to stop and wish him a happy New Year. They had a good romp together, and then Bessie saw that it was snowing, so he ran out to find Tom, who had given him a severe snow-balling a few days before and now there was a good chance to pay him back.

The snow kept on falling for three days, and Benny had so much fun that he quite forgot his new diary. But one day when Tom was shoveling a path he saw something red in the snow. What do you think? It was Benny's diary! He had dropped it in a snow-bank when he was turning some errands.

Tom opened it, and this is what he saw in Benny's writing:—

'Jan 1. I am going to make a resolution not to be so careless about losing my things.'

And that was all that Benny had written. How Tom did laugh!

Benny looked sober a minute, and then he began to laugh too.

'Well,' he said, 'I am going to make a new resolution not to lose anything more, never again.'

And mamma says that he is keeping this resolution pretty well for such a little fellow.

Paul's New Year's Gift.

Paul's little visit at grandpa's was at an end, and he had come home. The butler opened the door quietly, and looked down at him with a twinkling eye.

'Happy New Year, Jenkins!' and the small man skipped into the hall.

'Happy New Year, sir!' answered 'the big man.'

Paul tugged away at his rubber boots, but was glad of Jenkin's help. 'See the skates grandpa gave me!' he said, proudly displaying the shining treasure. 'Where's mamma? I want to show 'em to her right away.'

'Your mother says you're to go into the library and wait until nurse comes; then you can go up to see her.'

'But I want to go now!' Paul objected. Nevertheless, he went obediently into the library.

Backing up to his father's easy chair, he was just about to make himself comfortable, when there came a small shriek from the hall and the rustle of garments, and some body seized him by the coat collar.

'Gracious goodness!' nurse panted. 'In another second you would have sat down! You gave me a turn, Master Paul.'

'What's the matter?' asked Paul, rather indignant at this unceremonious treatment of a boy who was old enough to own skates. Nurse laughed softly. 'Turn around and look at the chair,' she said. 'It's another present.'

A large pillow filled the seat of the great chair, and on it lay a soft roll of flannel. Paul backed away. 'What is it?' he asked, sturdily.

Nurse carefully drew down a fold of the flannel, and there was a tiny pink face, with blinking blue eyes, a mouth like a round O, and no hair to speak of.

For an instant Paul stared with wide open eyes; then, with a whoop of delight, he dashed into the hall and up the stairs. 'Mamma, mamma,' he shouted, 'come down quick! The little New Year's in the library!'

Holding Up Christ.

A gentleman was visiting a friend who was an ardent admirer and lover of Mr. Spurgeon, and was continually extolling him as a preacher. 'I have never heard him,' said the visitor, 'but next Sunday I will go and see whether he deserves the praise you so liberally bestow upon him.' So he went to the tabernacle, and on his return from the morning service, his host met him with the eager question: 'Well, what do you think of him?' 'Nothing,' was the reply. Then, seeing the look of astonishment and sorrow on his friend's face, he said again: 'No, nothing.' But

Dr. Chase Makes Friends Of Hosts of Women

By Curing Their Peculiar Ills—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a Surprising Restorative for Pale, Weak, Nervous Women.

As a result of much confinement within doors, and the consequent lack of fresh air and healthful exercise, most women not only lose much in figure and complexion, but also suffer more or less from serious bodily derangements as the result of thin, watery blood and exhausted nervous system.

More than nine tenths of the cases of diseases peculiar to women are directly due to a weakened condition of the nerves, and can be cured thoroughly and permanently by taking mild outdoor exercise, breathing plenty of pure, fresh air, and using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to form new blood and revitalize the depleted nervous system.

It takes time to build up the system anew, to fill the shriveled arteries with new, rich blood, restore the wasted nerve cells, and renew the activities of the bodily organs, but the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will accomplish these results and bring health and happiness to weak, nervous and suffering women.

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Pierceton, Que., writes: 'For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I

would take shaking spells, and a dizzy, swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me, on fall until spring, his medicine did not help me. I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by its treatment.'

Mrs. Margaret I. on, 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. 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 feeble, I do my own housework, and considerable sewing, sitting and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of inestimable value to me.'

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cts a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

his eyes filled with tears of joy as he added: 'All I can think of is the preacher's Savior!' No finer eulogy than this could be passed upon any man's preaching.

Taking Command.

Even when bent on showing appreciation, the manners of a crowd of worshippers may leave something to be desired; but if the hero of the occasion which has brought them together is a man accustomed to being obeyed, the result may be a good deal better than the one below, taken from Lippincott's Magazine.

It was at a Grand Army campment in a Western city, and Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman was the guest of honor. No sooner, however, had he reached the rooms reserved for him in the hotel than there was a crowd at the door.

Some of the old soldiers were admitted, and many who were not old soldiers pushed their way in. The general made the best of things and undertook to shake hands with all. But this was not satisfactory to a few, who wanted to pass the time of day with the veteran, and incidentally to look him over as if he were a prize ox in a stock show.

Finally the crowd in front of him became so dense that it blocked the way of others who were trying to get near him, and the whole "became to a standstill." Several persons tried to straighten the tangle, but without success. Then General Sherman took command. "Salute and fall back!" he said in a tone impossible to disregard, at the same time extending his hand toward the gawling fellow nearest him, who took it rather sheepishly and speedily retired.

"Salute and fall back!" repeated the general. In less than a minute the line was moving again, and the crowd rapidly melted away.

Explicit Directions.

Two bicyclists, reaching a strange Long Island town, decided to take the train home. They stopped, says the New York Sun, to ask a colored woman the way to the railroad station.

'We are strangers,' they said. 'Will you kindly direct us to the station?'

'Certainly, sah,' she replied. 'Keep your right foot on the ground, and when you see the office used ter be den you to yo' left foot you go right to de station.'

As they rode off she beamed with pride, they with amusement; and although they found the station, they have yet to discover the "office" which the colored postoffice used ter be.

Showed Farmer.

The necessity of "lumping" over doubt, gashoppers and other hardships has made Kansas farmer energetic and enterprising; but, says a Western exchange, it remained for John Finch of Saline County to show how to extract the gashoppers and make money at the same time.

The gashoppers were none other than Mr. Finch's neighbors, and did a good deal of damage to the crops. But Mr. Finch had a love of a good young buckeye, and soon discovered that they were much more than a match for the "hoppers." The buckeyes destroyed the hoppers almost as fast as they could light on his premises.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE... 25c. In sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat, and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

and before they had time to work any deal, action.

Presently Mr. Finch's neighbors noticed that his fields continued green and luxuriant while others were barren in spots, and they investigated. When they found out the secret, a few of the enterprising farmers began to negotiate for the use of the flock.

Mr. Finch proceeded on the theory that a hundred turkeys were as valuable as a farm hand, and accordingly fixed a rental of two dollars and fifty cents a day for each one hundred turkeys. The entire flock was soon in demand, and Mr. Finch derived a revenue of twenty-five dollars a day from his investment.

They Counted Honestly.

Some years ago a home missionary had been preaching on an island whose principal product is the clam. One day he received an unexpected compliment as to the thoroughness of his spiritual work.

The good man was working in his shirt sleeves on a new church. A stout sea captain hailed him:

'Are you the minister here?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, I've got ten dollars for you!'

'For the church?'

'No, for yourself. I like your way of doing things here. I've come to this island for clams a good many years, and always found them a thousand or fifteen hundred short when I got home. It will pay me to keep you preaching doctrines which make people count their clams honestly.'

Spine! Paino.

Weak back, pains in the side, number their victims in thousands. Only very powerful and penetrating remedies will reach these distressing complaints. Nerviline is as sure to cure them as anything in the world can be sure. One drop equal in pain subduing power to five drop of any other. Potent, penetrating, persistent in action, these express the qualities of Nerviline. Druggist everywhere sell it.

A Critic With Nerve.

The number of friends who are willing to immortalize themselves by reading one's books is startling, relates the New York Telegram. But they are not all so frank as the friend who wrote this letter to John Luther Long, the author of the story from which David Belasco dramatized 'Madame Butterfly':—

'My Dear Jack:—I hear that you have written a book called 'Miss Canary Blossom.' Two people have told me that it is worth reading. But I can't afford to spend \$1.50 to find out. Send me the thing. If it's really worth reading I'll send you the one fifty. If it ain't I'll return the book—if you care for it. This is no joke. Yours, —'

How to Cure a Corn.

It is one of the easiest things in the world to cure a corn. Do not use acids or other caustic preparations and don't cut a hole in your boot. It is simply to apply Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor and in three days the corn can be removed without pain. Sure, safe, painless. Get only Putnam's Corn Extractor.

His "Boarders" Were Safe.

An earthquake, lately, in Caracas, Venezuela, brought ruin and terror. The city was in a state of chaos for days. The keeper of the jail, which always has inmates confined there for political offences, issued the following notice, which ought to have amused as well as reassured those who read it. 'To the public: I have the satisfaction to inform the families of those who are detained here that this morning's earthquake has happily caused no accident within this establishment.'