

Sunday Reading.

Tom's Awakening.

In one of the suburbs of Boston lives a boy whom we will call Thomas Stone. He is a lad of about sixteen, quick, intelligent, and an only son. From his earliest childhood he remembers that, whatever happened, nothing was allowed to interfere with the family daily prayers.

His father is a well known merchant, of definite and well fixed religious ideas. Every morning after breakfast the whole family, guests servants and all, assemble in the drawing room. There the head of the family reads a passage from the bible and then offers a simple petition, which invariably concludes with the Lord's prayer; in that the whole family joins.

To the live, impatient boy this sacred family custom was at times a bore. It interfered with so many things that might be done. But his father never allowed him to absent himself except for an imperative reason. So it frequently happened that he fretted and showed more or less impatience when the few minutes devoted to family prayers arrived.

His father tried all sorts of plans,—punishments, rebukes,—but could do nothing to check this spirit of revolt.

Finally, one morning just after prayers, while the family were all present, he said: 'My boy, you are now sixteen,—old enough to take a prominent part in the management of the home,—and I propose that once a week you shall lead our family prayers.'

The boy was taken by surprise and flushed deeply. But he had courage, and so said, with apparent composure, 'All right father.' But his heart beat tumultuously.

The next morning his father handed him the Bible and told him he was to lead the family worship.

'But I can't make a prayer as you do,' whispered the son.

'You can repeat the Lord's Prayer,' said his father, gently.

Tom read the Bible very well. Then they all knelt down and followed him as he led them in the Lord's Prayer. It was noticed that his voice became more unsteady as he went on. Finally, when he came to 'and forgive us our trespasses as we—' he burst into tears, and jumping up, rushed up-stairs to his room and flung himself on the bed, weeping bitterly.

The father knew that something serious was the matter, but did not know what. He gave the lad time to compose himself a little, and then followed him up-stairs. He leaned over and patted his boy upon the head:

'What is the matter, my son? Tell me all about it. I will help you.'

'Father,' sobbed the boy, 'I couldn't lead in prayers! I saw my teacher before me all the time. I told him a lie yesterday. I—I had forgotten all about it, but it came up when I was praying. I don't think I ever realized what that prayer meant before.'

'You had better tell your teacher today, Tom.'

'I will, I promise you!' was the emphatic answer. Then raising himself, he looked his father in the eye and said:

'I don't see how any one can pray aloud before people unless he can wash everything off the slate and know that it is clean.'

Much moved, his father laid his hand upon his shoulder. 'My dear boy,' he said, 'you have stumbled upon the vital truth in prayer. It is not that one cannot go to his Heavenly Father until 'the slate is clean,' as you say, but it is because prayer shows him when it is not clean and helps to make it clean that it draws us nearer to God and makes us better.'

Chinese Fear Of An Eclipse.

In the May 'New' Lippincott, Rev. Frederick Poole, ex-missionary to China, writes of some thrilling adventures which he and his wife experienced there. His quick wit in using an eclipse of the moon to avoid personal violence is here quoted:

'I looked up but the sky was cloudless, and through the clear atmosphere the stars sparkled like diamonds.

'Casting my eyes across the dark blue expanse, my attention was arrested by the fact that the moon had assumed a most peculiar shape, and while all this happened in less time than it takes to tell, yet I distinctly remember the sense of perplexity which this celestial phenomenon produced.

'The sensation was brief, and was succeeded by a positive certainty. It was an

eclipse, thank God! and in this I saw a glimmer of hope.

'I knew with what suspicious dread the Chinese regard a lunar eclipse, and I determined to work upon that well-grounded fear. Stepping forward to the prow of the boat, revolver in hand, I raised my hands to heaven and fired two shots at the moon and with a hysterical laugh I cried—

'Look! look there!

'Involuntarily every face was uplifted. The effect was magical. The shouting ceased, the stones dropped from their hands, and an awesome fear took possession of them. Already the spectacle had been observed by the inhabitants of the town, and the very dogs were responding to their peculiar canine instinct and were furiously barking in harmony with the general consternation. Gongs were being beaten, fire crackers exploded, and drums of every description belabored with the belief that is universal among the Chinese that it is only noise, and plenty of it, that will frighten away the 'dragon that is consuming the moon.' The defening din is kept up until the eclipse has passed, and the natives are jubilant in the conviction that they have succeeded in scaring the rapacious monster away, and under such circumstances who could prove to them that they had not?

'This was the sight that paralyzed our tormentors, and with terrified haste they slunk away to join the anti dragon demonstration in the town, while I still remained motionless with my glistening revolver menacing the moon; and that perfectly natural phenomenon in the heavens, so awe inspiring to the Chinese, is undoubtedly attributed to me and my noisy revolver to this day by the inhabitants of that inhospitable Chinese town.

GRANT AND HIS OLD FRIEND.

How the Former Received a Visitor When He Was President.

Gratitude fills no small place in a fine character. Indeed, it is indispensable to a complete character, and rounds the whole emotional nature. This trait was notably conspicuous in General Grant; and it has seldom been more touchingly illustrated than by a story of him, which the Kansas City Star points.

Prior to the civil war Grant was living near St. Louis, in the most humble circumstances. Although a graduate of West Point, and a soldier by instinct as well as education, he was then daily engaged in selling and delivering cord-wood to whoever would buy. Among his customers was a man of wealth and social standing, Samuel B. Churchill, a native of Kentucky, who often told Grant that when he failed to sell to others he might drive his load to his wood shed, throw it in, and call for his pay the next day.

The two men became well acquainted. Grant always delivered good wood, full measure, and Churchill, extended to his neighbor many hospitalities which were accepted and appreciated.

The war, when it sprang up, divided the two men. Churchill cast in his lot with the South and it is a familiar story how the young wood-seller, loyal to the North, gradually displayed the qualities of a great military leader, and was advanced from grade to grade, from section to section, from Island No. 10 to Donelson, from Donelson to Shiloh, from Shiloh to Vicksburg, from Vicksburg to the Potomac from the Potomac to Richmond, and from Richmond to the presidency.

Some years after the surrender of General Lee, Churchill, whose property had been confiscated and sold, returned home to Kentucky to begin life anew. As he passed through Washington he felt it his duty and pleasure to call upon Grant. He approached the White House with some apprehension, however not knowing how he would be received, if indeed, he were received at all.

He did not fully know his old friend. The reception room was filled with Senators, Congressmen and others all awaiting their time and turn to be called into the President's room; yet as soon as the President read Churchill's card he came to the door himself, and invited him in.

The door was closed between them and the outside crowd, and the President told the servant to notify the others that he could not see them for half an hour. For an instant Churchill did not know what was to become of him; thoughts of prison, expatriation and other punishments for treason rushed through his brain; then he

heard the President speaking cordially; almost affectionately.

'Sam, how are you? Sit down and have a smoke. You used to give me the best Havanas when I could not buy; now I want to return some of your past favors. Do you want anything? Have you any money? Do you want an office? Can I be of service to you in any way? I think more of those who were my friends when I was poor and helpless, with a growing family on my hands, than I do of all such time-servers as stand on the outside waiting to press me for places.'

Churchill was overcome by Grant's generous warmth, but he replied:

'I am a rebel, fresh from the Confederate army, and I have too high an opinion of you as our conqueror, and as my old-time friend, to ask any special favor at your hands. I would accept nothing that would embarrass you with your own party. I have no right to ask anything. I did not come here for that purpose. I only came to see what changes, if any, had come over the spirit of my old friend.'

'I care nothing for that,' replied the President, simply. 'There are obligations stronger than an unfortunate war. Think it over, Sam, till evening. Then come and dine with Mrs Grant and me. If you want Democratic talk she and her father, General Dent, will give you; all that your heart desires. I promise you that I will not break up the treasonable camp!'

Both men are dead, the Southern gentleman and the great soldier. Each was a friend to the other when times were rough, and both have left bright memories of many generosity which sprang from good hearts.

Royal Forgiveness.

From time to time King Edward's position while Prince of Wales compelled him to take a course of action which might not be easy for others to appreciate. The anonymous writer of that new book, 'Private Life of King Edward VII.', tells the following anecdote therein, which exhibits the character of the prince in an unusually pleasant light.

He once invited to his house a number of the most distinguished men in a certain profession. They were all no doubt, a little nervous at first, but the prince's affability soon put each of them at his ease—so much at his ease, indeed, that it is quite possible to understand how one man among so many misunderstood his attitude. In the evening the Prince and his guests adjourned for smoking, and an impromptu entertainment ensued. One of the nicest, and indeed, possibly one of the best bred of the men, took his turn at the piano and commenced to sing a song which was decidedly coarse. Every eye but that of the singer was turned on the Prince of Wales. He made no effort to disguise his feelings. Whatever he may have thought, he felt that he was bound to take notice of this indiscretion. He first turned his chair slightly, but the singer went on singing. A terrible silence filled the room but the singer took it for attention, and continued. The prince coughed and fidgeted a little, but the singer did not hear or see, and nobody took the initiative in warning him. During the next verse the Prince started talking, and talked louder and louder till the singer's voice was drowned, and he stopped, and turned, and looked and when he realized his position wished the ground would open and swallow him. There was no mistake about it, he had been snubbed. There, as far as the prince was concerned, the matter might have ended. A blight had been thrown on the evening, and the poor fellow had to face being cold-shouldered by his fellows, and explaining to his wife, as best he could, how they enjoyed their first experience of being the guest of the Prince of Wales. If there had been any honor among the prince's guests, for their host's sake and for the sake of their profession they would have held their tongues. But they went out into the highways and the byways and cried their comrade's shame and their own indignation. Some told it tragically, some comically; but none of them told it very carefully, and, needless to say, the gossip papers made the most of it. Now, what do you think the good fellow did? When he saw what had happened, he drove straight up to Bond street and purchased a box for the next entertainment at which his indiscreet guest was to appear. He drove back, and he asked the princess to excuse herself from any social obligation which she might have, and the Prince and Princess of Wales made themselves particularly prominent in the front of that box, and effusively applauded the performer, whose indiscretion they deemed had been punished enough without the interference of his fellows. The Prince and Princess of Wales sent for him and his wife, and, letting bygones be bygones, shook hands with them, chatted with them cheerily, and sent them home the happiest man and woman in London, not forgetting

to have the royal visit duly chronicled in all the paper.

ANECDOTES OF DIPLOMATS.

Former Secretary Foster Tells of His Experiences, Especially in Mexico.

In an anecdote he related to Yale students in his university address on the 'Immunities and Privileges of Diplomats,' former Sec. of State John W Foster said that one night while representing the U. S. government at the Mexican court, he played euchre from sunset to sunrise while a change of government was in progress.

It was revolutionary times in Mexico. Leading foreigners at the time rushed to the American legation for protection. It was in '78. Mr. Foster housed them all and concluded that the best way to pass the time was to play cards. No one could sleep.

Mr. Foster spoke about former President Harrison's amusing criticism of the custom of foreign governments in sending notices to this country upon the birth of a prince or princess, and the red tape the United States went through in formally recognizing the advent of such royal personages. Pres. Harrison thought in the first place the blue pencil of condensation should be used on the phraseology of notification. Again, the President believed that the most effective way to discourage such royal notices coming to this country would be for this government to send to all European courts the name of ever younger born in the United States as a possible candidate for the presidency and require recognition of the affair.

While Mr. Foster was in Mexico he was at one time discharging the duties of the French and English representatives to that country and as such was honored by being appointed president of the French society of Mexico. He had to preside at the French ball.

'I was only thankful,' said the speaker, turning to Dean Wayland of the Yale law school, 'that I did not have to lead the cotillon.'

'James G. Blaine was a great statesman,' continued Mr. Foster, 'but he made a mistake in this one instance. A Guatemalan got aboard an American vessel that stopped at one of the ports of Guatemala. The government heard he was aboard and sent officers after him. The man was finally shot and killed during the struggle that followed. Mr. Blaine had the captain of the vessel censured and the American representative to that government recalled because they did not protect the man. I think he was wrong in his view, for the man was a fugitive from justice; he was on Guatemalan territory or in a Guatemalan port and Guatemala had a right to him.'

Once when Minister Foster was in Mexico he had \$2,000,000 in his custody. The bank of England was next door to the American minister's residence. The bank officials had become alarmed over the disturbed condition of the Mexican capital and appealed for protection to the United States minister. A hole was dug from the cellar of the bank to the cellar of the minister's house and the \$2,000,000 was carried into Mr. Foster's home.

'That was once in my lifetime when I had \$2,000,000,' he observed. 'It never happened before and I don't think it will ever happen again.'

Sioux Indian Litled Soap.

And you want your scalp raised to a condition of health and free from dandruff—Dr. White's Electric Comb will do it. Nothing else will. Send for one now, before it is too late. Sold on a written guarantee to give perfect satisfaction in every respect. Price 50c. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

Not the Real Thing.

'No,' said Mr. Medderrass, 'The Consolidated, Combined, Colossal, Megatherium and Mastodontic Monarchs of the Minstrel World didn't do well in our town. They didn't tell a single joke that any of us could remember, an' we didn't get the funny points figured out until two weeks after they had left town, which was, of course, and consequently, too late for applause. Give us a joke that we recognize as such from old acquaintance an' we'll do our parts as an audience; but when any of these new model witticisms, so to speak, is handed out to us we got study over 'em first before indulgin' in the proper amount o' laughter.'

Loath to Change.

Bank Cashier—My dear sir, your bank account is overdrawn so often that we are compelled to ask you to transfer it elsewhere.

'But, good heavens, I don't know any other bank that will trust me.'

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, insertials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box at all dealers or EDWARDS, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

PREACHERS AND THEIR HORSES.

Admiration of Methodist Circuit Riders for Faithful Dumb Friends.

The late Father Dowling of Westchester county, N. Y., was not the only minister who provided for his horse in his will, said one of Washington's preachers. 'For instance, Bishop McKendree, one of the earliest and most esteemed among his people made in his will ample provision for his horse so long as it might live and for a sufficient sum for its decent burial.

'I believe that if the record were hunted up it would be found that more ministers had made testamentary provision for their horses than any other class of people. It is simply natural that we old-time Methodist preachers should feel very kindly toward horses when we remember what good and faithful friends they were to us in the days when we had to ride the circuit.

'Those were trying times for both man and beast, for we went through many hardships. I once heard brother Sam Jones, the Georgia evangelist, say that it was a fact that he owned blooded horses; that he wouldn't own any other kind; that when he got behind a pair of horses he wanted them to burn the wind, and that was the kind he owned. He said that admiration for fine horses was the only redeeming trait of a rum seller, and that a Methodist preacher who didn't love a fine horse a scrub preacher.

'Away back in those good old days there were few better judges of horseflesh than the itinerant preachers. From the very necessities of their calling they were constantly dependent upon their services, and thus naturally became acquainted with all their good and bad qualities. Many of these circuit riders were indifferent as to personal comfort and personal appearance, but they insisted on being well mounted and seemed always ready to run the good race.

'In the simple biography of one of these primitive men who went about preaching the gospel we read that it was the habit in sparsely settled communities when night overtook him in a strange place in the forest to give his horse the rein and take up his lodging in the first house the faithful animal stopped at. He records with faithful simplicity that his quarters thus providentially selected were the best in the neighborhood.

'A circuit rider on a dark and stormy night presented himself at the door of a country home and asked for lodging. He was questioned as to which way he came, and when told the man of house almost fainted away with terror. The faithful horse had walked with safety the stringpiece of a long bridge which spanned the largest river in the community. The stringer was not more than ten inches wide, and a single misstep of the animal would have precipitated both itself and its rider into the water, the rest of the bridge having been swept away by a storm the day before.

'Another circuit rider in South Carolina by the name of Tolliver Robinson, a preacher who at the time of his death had married more couples than all the ministers of that State combined, had a horse which one night discovered that the residence was on fire, broke out of its stall and the barn and tearing down fences reached the house and with neighing and kicking succeeded in alarming the household in time to prevent the entire destruction of the building. Mr Robinson was another preacher who provided for his horse.

Sore Throat and Hoarseness

with their attendant dangers may be speedily averted and remedied by the use of Polson's Nerviline. Excellent to gargle with—ten times better than a mustard plaster, and more convenient for the outside. Nerviline penetrates the tissues, instantly soothes the pain, allays inflammation, and cures sore throat and hoarseness simply because that's what it is made for. The large 25 cent bottle of Nerviline is excellent as a household liniment. It cures everything.

Hard Luck.

Mama.—For goodness sake, Tommy, what are you growling about?

Tommy.—Why that nickel I lost, that's what.

Mama.—But your Uncle John gave you another one for it.

Tommy.—I know; but if I hadn't lost the first one I'd have two now.

PAIN-KILLER IS JUST THE REMEDY needed in every household. For cuts, burns and bruises, strains and sprains dampen a cloth with it, apply to the wound and the pain leaves. A void substitute, 25c. and 50c.

Give and Take.

'George, dear, you and I would get on better if there were a little more give and take between us.'

'Humph! A little more give on my part and a little more take on yours, I suppose.'