

"JOE"

A good many years ago a cheap travelling show came to the town of Scranton, Pennsylvania. Among the performers was a drunken negro named Joe, whose business it was to dance on broken glass and burning coals, singing, howling, and turning handsprings. No lower type of man apparently could be found.

But one stormy night, when the attendance at the show was small, somebody took him, drunk as he was, to a quiet room, and there talked to him, and one or two other outcasts, of their wasted lives, and of Christ, who could help them.

Joe was sobered and awed. He listened in silence, and the next morning gave up his place in the show. Coming back to the little mission house, he begged humbly for a chance to lead a different life.

It was given to him. His friend set him to work. He proved to be a quick-witted fellow, earnest, affectionate and always merry. He could read and write, and so anxious was he to do work for Christ that he was sent to Mr. Moody's training school in Chicago.

His grandfather had come from the Congo, and Joe had learned the tongue of his people in his childhood. He asked to be sent to the country of his ancestors to work for God. He has been in the heart of Africa for many years, sent by the Southern Presbyterian church, to help civilize and Christianize the natives.

Another worker in the same field, a man distinguished for his learning and eloquence, says of him: "He is remarkable for his business ability, and in tropical agriculture is a past master. No one is more successful in teaching habits of civilized life to the natives. He has wonderful self-control. I never have seen him lose his temper. His faith is the simplest and sincerest I have ever known."

What if, on that stormy night in Scranton, that nameless somebody who saw the poor drunken black clown had turned away with the thought that he was not worth saving.

LITTLE THINGS TELL.

A curious experiment was witnessed in a gun factory. A great bar of steel, weighing five hundred pounds and eight feet in length, was suspended vertically by a very delicate chain. Near at hand was also suspended a common bottle-cork by a silk thread. The purpose was to show that the cork could set the steel bar in motion. It seemed impossible. The cork was swung gently against the steel bar and the steel bar remained motionless. But it was done again and again for ten minutes, and lo! at the end of that time the bar gave evidence of feeling uncomfortable; a sort of nervous chill ran over it. Ten minutes later, and the chill was followed by vibrations. At the end of half-an-hour the great bar was swinging like a pendulum of a clock.

No man is mighty enough in his own energy of will to feel secure, if he is exposed to a constantly repeated influence for evil. The constant beating of a rain drop has often worn a hole in a stone, and the constant hearing of low views of honesty, of virtue, or spirituality, though at first offensive and opposed, has in the end taken away many a man's vigor and sapped the strength of many a Christian.

There are few vices worse than vinegary virtues.

GREAT SHAMS.

If you are ever tempted to purchase a very large pear, decline the investment or reckon on a disappointment. You will probably find it woolly, almost tasteless, and more like a turnip than a pear. We know, for we have made the experiment in the land where the gigantic pears are grown. Overgrown fruits never seem to us to have the delicate sweetness which may be found in those of the usual dimensions. What is gained in quantity is more than lost in quality.

In the same manner great wealth, great honor, and great rank generally turn out to be great shams. Besides the counteracting influences of great care and great temptation, there is the inevitable satiety in too much of anything which renders it tasteless. For sweetness prefer competence to enormous fortune, the esteem of a few to the homage of a multitude, and a quiet condition to a position of eminence and splendor. There is more flavor in enough than in too much. Solomon's proverb bids us prefer the dinner of herbs eaten in peace to the stalled ox consumed amid contention; and the remark is the more practical when we consider how often the fat ox seems of necessity to involve contention, while the herbs are not thought to be worth fighting over. He chose wisely who said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." He took the smaller and the sweeter pear.—*Spurgeon.*

IF

If you want to be interesting, don't talk much about yourself.

If we had more good hearers, we would have more good sermons.

If you are in the wrong place, your right place is empty.

If you want to be strong in trial, don't forget to pray when you are prosperous.

If there is some man you hate, begin to pray for him, and you will get ashamed of yourself and try to help him.

If you can't be rich, you can become better off by being contented.

If you want to be a thinker, ask yourself a good many questions.

If you can't do the work you like to do, try to like the work you have to do.

If you are a Christian, the devil will never get in front of you unless you turn round.

If the earth were covered with flowers all the year round, the bees would get lazy.

BE OF GOOD COURAGE.

He is cowardly who is habitually fearful and complaining. The soul that has once tasted of life and love should never despair, for life and love are the enduring things, and will abide forever. Pessimism is not a sign of piety, though some folks seem to imagine they are never so religious as when they look about them and beyond them, and are sad, and distressed, hopeless and fearful. Despair is no more a sign of holiness than is poverty an indication of piety; and yet there are not a few who so confound things. "He shall not fail nor be discouraged," is the prophetic word, pointing surely to him who brought the abiding hope to a heart-weary world. There is no room for despair or hopelessness—to the soul who on Jesus has leaned both for repose and inspiration. The skies are dark these days, and some folks talk as though God had left the world to its own wickedness and destruction. I cannot conceive of God so failing in his great business of world-building, or soul-

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saving. He who has the true vision may see the hosts of God gathered on every mountain and in every valley. If he shall not fail nor be discouraged, why shouldest thou—soul of mine?—*Baptist Union.*

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Rev. G. F. Oliver, in *Soul-Winners' Secrets*, says: "Many a League or church has degenerated from testimony into cold talk, from fervor into frost, because they took a vacation from soul-winning. He who abandons the soul-saving habit will certainly backslide in heart."

Dr. Theodore Cuyler once said concerning the 3,000 souls he had received into the church during his ministry: "I have handled every stone."

A skin that burns with eczema, and is covered with eruptions that discharge a thin fluid, may be made smooth and slightly with Weaver's Cerate. But this external remedy should be used in conjunction with Weaver's Syrup.

On what ground does the worldly man hope to be happy hereafter? He takes no pleasure in holiness here; how will he take pleasure in a holy city, a holy people and a holy God? He finds no pleasure in the Bible here; how will he find pleasure in the atmosphere of that land to which the Bible leads? He finds the Sabbath irksome here; how will he enjoy that land where the Sabbath never ends? The world fills his mind and heart here; how will he be content in that country where the world and the fashion thereof have no place?

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