

The lady fell seriously ill. The girl was as true and faithful to her as her own daughter could have been.

When the lady recovered, she felt that she owed for the tender service done in the sickroom more than she could ever repay.

There was a missionary training-school in the church to which they went, and the lady sent the girl there. She is now in the foreign field, working faithfully as a missionary.—*Sunday Companion*.

A PASSION FOR CHRIST.

An eminent man of God of our century, whose work for Christ lay chiefly among students, and whose converts now occupy positions of influence in every part of the world, used to say: "I have only one passion, and that is Christ." This is the true passion of the teacher, and lies deeper than either of those already mentioned.

It lies deeper than the passion for souls. Never till human beings were beheld by the eyes of Christ was their infinite worth discerned; and we need to continue looking at them through His eyes to be able to retain this faith. The temper of our age is humanitarian, and some who do not acknowledge Christ as master, yet hold the service of man to be the highest object of human endeavour. It is doubtful, however, if humanity by itself, apart from Christ, is able to supply the fuel of a life-long devotion. Humanity is excessively disappointing; it often rewards those who do most for it with neglect and ingratitude; and when our efforts on its behalf are unappreciated, the temptation is strong to turn to other objects of interest. We require the memory of Christ's estimate of the value of the soul to sustain our own. Certain at all events it is that hitherto those who have been the most self-sacrificing servants of humanity have served it for Christ's sake. While they have loved men much, they have loved Christ more; and it has been by the sense of doing His will that they have been sustained in the crisis of depression and disappointment.—*Rev. James Stalker, D.D., in Preacher's Magazine*.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

By the DEAN OF CANTERBURY in Home World.

Supposing an ungainly, uncouth, uneducated, unattractive boy said he intended to be President of the United States, and supposing he was ragged and shoeless, that at seventeen he drove a canal boat, at nineteen was a rail splitter, at twenty kept a store, and in every one of these more or less failed, if such a one declared his intention of attaining the high position of President we might have laughed at him. Yet Abraham Lincoln, the greatest President of the United States who ever lived, except Washington, was just such a man as I have described. The secret of this is found in the passage, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business. He shall stand before kings. He shall not stand before mean men."

The secret is diligence, not talent, not luck; there is no such thing as luck. The secret is not things turning up. Things would not turn up unless they were turned up. Indomitable perseverance, fixed tenacity of will, is the secret. "Dogged does it," as one writer says. Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the most accomplished persons whom history has produced, is described as a man who "toiled terribly." Abraham Lincoln, who at first failed in all sorts of things, took at last to the law. Buying the only law book he could afford to purchase, he sat under a tree, shifting his seat with the sun. Having mastered that one book, he not only achieved a phenomenal success as a lawyer, but, as I have said, attained an exalted position among the rulers of the earth as President of the United States.

But success is not the highest thing in life; it will not necessarily bring happiness. President Garfield, when asked as a boy what he meant to be, said, "I must make myself a man: if I don't succeed in making myself a man I shall succeed in making myself nothing." Success, however brilliant it may seem, is not success, but a curse, if a man has been false to himself and his highest interests. On the other hand, we may be perfectly sure no man can be a failure who has been true to himself, to God, to his country and to his highest interest.

SHALL HE?

An old man sat on his veranda one autumn evening, with the son of a former schoolmate. The visitor was a flippant young fellow, and talked much of his doubts about religion. The old man did not argue with him.

"It isn't worth while, Robert," he said. "You are only repeating what other men have suggested to you. You have not begun to think or feel for yourself."

Robert was persistent, and finally asserted that the doctrine of a future life was all a dream. "Death is death," he said. "When the breath goes out of the body the soul comes to an end."

His aged host led him into his library, and showed him a portrait on the wall—a noble saintly face.

"Do you see her?" he said. "Can you guess what she was from her face—how high her intellect, how tender her nature, how near to God? I was her only son. She was, and as I have never married she always will be, the only woman in the world to me."

"Well, she is dead. And you say there is nothing left of her in the world—nothing? Why, look here, Bob. Do you see that bush in the yard? A common weed, with coarse leaves and colorless flowers of no special use or beauty. But that weed grows in every country. It grew centuries ago; it grew before the flood. It is the same now as it was then. It has come down through countless ages, seed after seed, the same growth, the same flower, the same thorns, unaltered."

"And if God," he said, rising in his earnestness, "if God has kept that little weed unaltered since the beginning of time, shall He extinguish the soul of my mother—the souls of all mothers—full of His truth and love, made in His likeness, who have done His work in the world? Shall the poor matter, in its meanest types, last, and the soul, which represents His intelligence and His spirit, come to an end?"—*Youth's Companion*.

Heaven is not always angry when it strikes But most chastises those whom most He likes.
—*Pomfret*.