

handed it to the man, saying, "When you come before the Great White Throne and God asks you why you have rejected his Son, just hand him that paper," and turning away he left him. Hardly had he reached home when his doorbell rang and there stood the man, with the paper in his hand.

"Well," said the minister, "what can I do for you?"

"I have brought this paper back. I am afraid it would not answer as an excuse to give God.

"You think that God would not accept it, then?"

"I am afraid not."

"We may as well tear it up, then," and, suiting the action to the word, the minister tore it into fragments and threw them away.

"Now have you any other excuse which is better?"

"I do not think of any."

"If you haven't any good reason for not becoming a Christian, had you not better give your heart to God now?"

"Yes, sir, and I will."

Among the "Little Preachers" which I have referred to a few weeks ago is a capital one for the people who are always complaining about the hypocrites in the church. On one side is the question: "Do those hypocrites hinder you?" On the other side is the following:

"Remember—When the church goes through the Pearly Gates, those hypocrites will be left on the outside of the gate, on your side, unless you repent, and you will have to spend all eternity with them. Would it not be better to repent, and live with them a few years in the church than to spend all eternity with them elsewhere? You must spend some time with those hypocrites somewhere. Where shall it be?"

If one will scatter these freely all the excuse-makers in town will close their mouths forever on the subject of hypocrites.—*Union Gospel News.*



STICK TO THE FARM.

The above advice is gratuitous, but we are sure it is good. The city has many attractions for young country people, but it has, as well, many snares and pitfalls for their unwary, inexperienced feet. Hundreds and thousands of the unsuspecting youth who rush from the farms into the cities, with pure intentions, noble ambitions, and high hopes, land in the slums, the dens of infamy, the penitentiary, and go down to premature graves with blasted lives and broken hearts.

This is no fancy picture; it is an awful, deplorable fact! Had they stuck to the farm they would have become prosperous, thrifty citizens, lived pure, happy, healthy lives, and gone down to honored graves. Going to the city was their ruin. Why? A secular paper answers this question graphically, yet truthfully, in the following:

"Thousands of boys and girls and young men and women are coming to the cities. They are attracted first by the commercial idea, the earning of wages and the making of a fortune, all of which are right in themselves. Their intentions, when they arrive are generally laudable. They never think one moment of going wrong or landing behind bars; but on the start they are not guarded enough in forming their associations. They drop into low levels, and are never able to rise above them. Many of them fall into pit-holes at the very beginning, and are not able to extricate themselves. They are trapped by their surroundings and swallowed up by evil companionships. They come from Christian homes but fall into tempting

dives. They are swept from their feet by the first attack of temptations. The boy from the country who arrives in the city to stay must fortify himself with courage as with a coat of mail, if he would withstand the assaults that the vicious will make to win over to them."

But, our young friends, suppose you do leave the farm, go to the city, keep straight socially, morally, and religiously, engage in business and make a very fair average success of it; will you then be happier and have a better, easier time than you would have had, had you remained on the farm?

"It is not all gold that glitters." The residents of the cities have their special advantages, advantages of church, society, literary entertainment, free libraries, and all that; but think of the heart-burdens, the weary brains, the sleepless nights spent in planning how to tide over financial crisis, how to make business a success, how to satisfy the demands of employes, the demands of society and social position, and a thousand and one other perplexing problems of which the farmer knows nothing.

The farmer is a king. He reigns over his farm and his home. He has at his command the resources of subsistence for himself and his. He has his days of recreation, especially during the winter. The merchant, the mechanic, the manufacturer, the professional man are all dependent upon him. He can stay at home or go to town, one day or another, as he pleases. They must attend to business promptly and diligently, day in and day out, or they fail; and this all through the live-long year. The farmer, having sown his seed, then, as the rymester puts it:

"He stamps his foot and claps his hands, And wheels around to view his lands."

When night comes, the farmer, as the result of the day's toil in the open air, and having had plenty of pure, wholesome food to eat, retires at an early hour to enjoy a night's healthy, refreshing sleep. The business man, the clerk, the professional man whose name is famous, the editor, these reach their homes at a late hour, nervous, perplexed, with no appetite for food, and retire not to enjoy a refreshing sleep, but to toss nervously on a restless bed, lay awake striving to solve knotty problems of business, or, tortured with insomnia, spend most of the night in a vain effort to find rest in the embrace of "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Boys, girls, the above is not an imaginary portrayal. To the contrary, it is the picture of things real, drawn from a long life of actual experience and practical, thoughtful observation.—*The Telescope.*



Making the Best of One Another.

We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Every one has his weak points; every one has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon them. But we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive even as we hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others and ask what we should wish to be done to us, and thought of us, were we in their place. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us, love will flow back from them to us, and life will become a pleasure instead of a pain, and earth will become like heaven; and we shall become not unworthy followers of him whose name is Love.—*Dean Stanley.*

AUGUST 20TH.

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Henry Ward Beecher said that when he was a young minister at Indianapolis, he knew a man who spent many a cold night in stealing wood. The man underwent privation and risk, and worked far harder than would have been necessary to earn the wood honestly. So sinners defeat their own ends, cheat themselves more than they do others, and find Satan a bad paymaster.

* * *

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Our feet are God's and may be employed only in walking in good ways, the ways of Divine commandments, whether it be on Sunday or Monday.

"A Graveyard Cough" is the cry of tortured lungs for mercy. Give them mercy in the form of Allen's Lung Balsam, which is used with good effect even in consumption's early stages. Never neglect a cough.

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