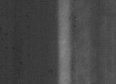

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### The Last Invitation.

BY ADDISON F. BROWNE.

Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—Rev. 22:17.

Oh, Saviour, how sweet is this message,
'Tis the word of affection Divine!
It tells that through blessed Redemption
Whosoever will come may be Thine.
Then come to the fountain, my brother,
To the fountain that floweth so free;
One drink from the waters of glory
Gives the life everlasting to thee.

No virtue, no talent can save you!
And no vileness need keep you away!
For all the great fountain was opened,
Come receive of the waters to-day.
Then come to the fountain, my brother,
To the fountain that floweth so free;
One drink from the waters of glory
Gives the life everlasting to thee.

Oh, why should you wait any longer!
Our Redeemer is faithful and true:
Believe in the Lord's whosoever—
Whosoever, my brother, means you.
Then come to the fountain, my brother,
To the fountain that floweth so free;
One drink from the waters of glory
Gives the life everlasting to thee.

West Jeddore, May 9, '88.

### Uncle Hiram's Girls.

"And girls are no 'count," proceeded Uncle Hiram, despondently.

"Humph!" ejaculated Aunt Susan, with a sudden snap in her voice, which made the worthy man look up and hasten to add, apologetically:

"I mean about that kind of thing, you know, Susan—no 'count about such things; it couldn't be expected of 'em."

Then the kitchen door closed upon all further observations, and Nan and Delphine looked at each other. They had before been looking into the cheery open fire, where so many pictures grew and faded with the changing flame. Two pairs of well-worn boots, dampened by the homeward walk from school, nestled on the old fender, while their owners enjoyed the restful half hour before bedtime. The scrap of conversation was intelligible to them.

"It's about that old mortgage," said Delphine, drearily. "I declare; I'd be glad to be a boy!"

Nan studied the fire again, but her fair pictures had vanished, and that mortgage loomed up in the foreground, as it had an ugly fashion of doing lately. It had been in existence a number of years, while the girls were too young to know much about it, and afterward while they had not heard much about it. But now it was always thrusting its unwelcome presence forward, because, as Uncle Hiram said, the time for foreclosure was uncomfortably near at hand, and 'Squire North one of the kind of men that "won't give an inch he ain't obliged to."

So nearly as Nan understood it, that meant that the dear old farm, their grandfather's before it was Uncle Hiram's, their home from babyhood, every nook of which was familiar and precious, from the sunny old orchard with its tossing blossoms and tempting fruit, to the rich fields and rambling old house, might be snatched away from them for lack of a sum in no wise proportionate to its value. Delphine was still dreamily watching the blaze. Nan studied her face for a moment, and then answered her last remark as if it had not been made a half hour before.

"But we are girls."

Delphine laughed.

"Of course. You needn't have meditated all this time on that point! Didn't you hear Uncle Hiram class us with that 'no 'count' portion of humanity?"

"No account in paying a debt like this, he meant," explained Nan. "But I don't see—"

"Why we shouldn't count for a good deal," interposed Delphine, with a determined nod of her bright head. "Neither do I, and I mean to do it, too. I was just trying to think how, and I have about decided."

Nan looked at her admiringly. Brave, sparkling, pretty Delphine, what could she not do? But even Nan was unprepared for the announcement that followed.

"I believe I shall write a book!"

Nan's brown eyes opened wide in astonishment for a moment, then glowed with sisterly pride. For had not Delphine written verses for all the autograph albums in the school? And were not her compositions universally admired? One of her teachers had said of her "Lines to a Flower," that he had "read worse verses in print—in the obituary columns of the newspapers," and that was more than a year ago, before she wrote as well as she did now. All the girls had cried over her "Story of a Starbeam." Yes, when she came to think of it, Nan was sure that Delphine could write a book if she chose.

Wonderful visions of possible achievements—Delphine's achievements—the fire flashed before Nan's eyes for a few silent minutes, and then she slowly remarked, in a tone mingled with awe:

"Why, Delphine, people sometimes make a great deal from a book—a fortune."

"Yes, I know, and that is just what I want to do," replied Delphine, emphatically. "I want to make enough to pay off all this, and have some left besides. O, Nan, wouldn't it be splendid?"

Her face was eager and flushed, and her eyes shone like stars. Nan drew a long breath that might have been a half-envious sigh but for her loving loyalty. She could never expect to do such wonderful things herself, but surely the pleasure next to that must be to have one's own sister, only a year and a half older, able to do them. They sat and talked so long that the fire died down, the sitting room grew dusky, and at last Joe, the hired man—"one of the fundymentals of the place," as he expressed it—looked in to say that if they really meant to "hold a watch-meeting" he would bring more fuel. That sent them laughing to bed, and even after their heads were on their pillows they talked on.

It was not until the next morning, when she was walking slowly along the quiet country road to school—Delphine had gone earlier, on an errand for Aunt Susan that Nan remembered that they had been too busy with her sister's important project to plan anything for herself. There was nothing uncommon in her forgetting herself for Delphine, but she, too, must help in this work of freeing the dear old home, and she pondered ways and means during all the lonely walk, and in every leisure moment through the day. When evening came, however, she announced the result of her cogitations somewhat timidly.

"You see, Del, I can only think of a good many little things that I can do—knitting scarfs and socks for sale, raising chickens, and work of that sort; but it will all help."

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Delphine, not very enthusiastically. "But, after all, Nan dear," she added a moment later, "it isn't of much use for you to bother about doing them, for if I succeed there will be no need of it, and if I don't, the little you can earn in such ways won't be of much account."

That was a disheartening view of her efforts. Nan soberly studied the matter for several days, but came back to her original conclusion.

Determination and courage came back to the brown eyes once more, and Nan proceeded to carry her plans into execution without, however, saying much about them to Delphine, who had armed herself with quires of paper—Nan furnishing the capital, some way Delphine's pocket money always vanished first—and was deep in her story.

The weeks that followed were busy ones to both girls, and the "watch-meetings" were of such frequent occurrence that Joe no longer remarked upon them. In the evenings Delphine read aloud the chapters of her book as it progressed, and Nan listened, sympathized, and admired, while her fingers flew swiftly in the knitting of scarfs and socks. Whatever might be the verdict of future readers and listeners, for these two the wonderful fortunes and misfortunes of the lovely "Lady Esmerelda" possessed an absorbing interest.

"Do you know, Del, I think that avaricious old uncle of hers is a good deal like—a little like—'Squire North?" hesitated Nan, with a fear of seeming very uncharitable.

"Of course; that is just the one I intended him to be," declared Delphine, complacently. "I hope he'll read it sometime, and feel dreadfully mean and remorseful."

She found great pleasure in planning various romantic encounters between her heroine and this parsimonious old uncle, in which the latter, by some high exploit of heroism wrought in his behalf, should be brought to a sense of his own general worthlessness. But none of them were entirely satisfactory.

School ended, and the vacation, eagerly longed for this year, began. The summer days had never seemed so short to Nan. Her plans grew broader and more clearly defined with the weeks, and, as she said, everything she did seemed to open the door to something else. It was wonderful how many ways there were of earning money when once she began to watch for them. The knitting filled little odds and ends of time, but the eggs and chickens proved far more profitable. She grew greatly interested in that branch of her labor as she gained in knowledge and experience.

"Why, Uncle Hiram, I don't believe our poultry has ever paid us one-tenth of what it ought!" she exclaimed, one day. "With comfortable coops, warm food, and the right care, they would have furnished eggs for sale all winter."

"I suppose they might, Nannie; but with all the farm to look after, I couldn't give 'em anything like the care and fussing you do. I'm glad enough to drop the whole business into your hands," said her uncle.

Then there were the berries. When Nan carried her eggs to the village store one day, she chanced to mention to the proprietor, an old acquaintance of the family, her disappointment of the previous week. She had picked a quantity of nice berries, but a two days' storm had prevented her bringing them to market, and they had been obliged to preserve them at home.

"O, we'd just as soon buy them that way as the other—rather have them so, in fact," answered the storekeeper, promptly. "A city firm asked me, only the other day, if I couldn't send them some good home-made jams and jellies from around here. Said they could find a first-rate market for them."

That was another idea for Nan. Aunt Susan's recipes for picking and preserving were noted, and why should not such things pay? She intended to have discussed this new scheme with her sister, but, upon her return, she found Delphine in no sympathizing mood. That perturbed young lady had arrived at a perplexing point in her story. She had reached the Lady Esmerelda's wedding day, and decided upon her dress of white satin with long train and filmy lace; but she wanted her married in the heart of a great forest, with "only the feathered songsters for a choir," and really the gown seemed rather incongruous. Prudent and practical Nan thought she might safely wear it if she pinned it up, and wore her waterproof and rubbers; but Delphine utterly scouted the idea of introducing such prosaic details. So Nan left her to settle the point in artistic fashion, and, for herself, consulted Aunt Susan on the fruit question.

Thus the summer sped, and at last came an important day when the book was completed, and Joe, bound for that neighboring city, was to be accompanied by Delphine in search of a publisher. Nan fairly trembled with excitement as she watched the light wagon roll away. She was glad the hours were to be filled with work instead of idle waiting. It was a beautiful day, and down in the old meadow, where the berry-bushes grew rank and high, the midsummer stillness was unbroken save by an occasional bird-call, the tapping of a wood-pecker, and the ripple of a shallow stream. Nan liked the silence. Those quiet days, with only the sweet outdoor world around her, had been healthful to both body and soul, and she had found in their isolation her best time for what she called "good hard thinking." To-day her thoughts followed Delphine, but her busy fingers, gathering their treasures of fruit, followed the thick fringe of bushes around the edge of the meadow until she stood where a low, somewhat dilapidated fence marked the utmost boundary of her uncle's land. Then at last her solitude was broken, for in the field beyond appeared the well-known form of 'Squire North—the mortgage embodied. He was working alone, a square, strongly-built figure—strong still, though the hair showing beneath his old hat was gray—wasting neither time nor strength in his steady, well-directed movements. A rude shed or frame, temporarily erected in the sunny field, served the double purpose of drying the hay piled upon it and furnishing a shelter underneath for any workman busied near. Just now the 'squire had still further utilized it by tethering a refractory calf to one of its posts, and the creature fretted and struggled against its restraint or indulged in awkward gambols by turns, while its master steadily plied the grindstone he had established under the shed.

"He knows that it can run just so far and no farther, and that his property is safe, and so he just grinds on. I believe that is the way he does about everything," murmured Nan.

Something in his prompt movements and the way in which everything was turned to account, appealed to practical Nan's admiration, however, and there flitted through her brain a vague thought that if Uncle Hiram had possessed the like traits it might have been better for them all. Then she indignantly checked the suggestion as disloyal, and whispered passionately that "if Uncle Hiram had been the least bit like 'Squire North his little orphan nieces would never have found such welcome, love, and home."

But the 'squire had for once carried his ideas of economy and utility beyond the bounds of prudence. The shed at best, was but slightly constructed for the weight it held, and the calf was strong; so it happened that when the restless animal, determined to be free, gave a more vigorous pull than usual, the corner post to which it was tied suddenly yielded, and the whole structure fell.

For one moment Nan gazed in silent astonishment; the next, she realized that 'Squire North was buried under the ruin, and making her way through the fence, she ran to the spot. She called for help, but there was no one within hearing, no one in sight on the road that bordered a distant field, and the only answer that came to her was a stifled groan from under the hay. There was no one to help, and the strong, little, brown hands did their best, working with an almost frenzied eagerness, moving pieces of board, tossing masses of hay. At last the task was so far accomplished that the 'squire was able to render aid himself, and finally emerged, limping, and battered in limb, and with his face still purple from suffocation. Then both rescued and rescuer sank upon the ground in utter exhaustion.

"That—pesky calf!" gasped the 'squire, loosening his collar with trembling fingers. "It—it would have been all over—with me in a few minutes—if you hadn't come."

"Yes," assented Nan, vigorously fanning herself with her pink sun-bonnet. She was too greatly fatigued to discuss the situation. But presently she beheld a sight that awakened her slumbering energy. That remorseless calf, enjoying his freedom and searching for new worlds to conquer, had discovered her basket of fruit, and was quietly regaling himself therewith.

"O, my berries!" exclaimed Nan, starting up.

But she was too late. The calf's nose had already reached the bottom of the basket, and giving it a little contemptuous toss by way of conclusion, sent it whirling away.

"Berries, eh?" said the 'squire, slowly arriving at a comprehension of the case. "That pesky calf! Picking berries for supper, were you? Well, you can get all that you want up at my place."

"Not for supper—for sale," answered Nan, with a choking in her throat, as she thought of the long hours of work wasted. It seemed to her just then that this man, with his mortgage, his hay, and his calves, would succeed in ruining the family, after all.

"Sale? Well," the 'squire hesitated a minute, "then I'll pay for 'em."

"Not for sale that way. I wanted to make them into jam," began Nannie. It is not probable that she would have said anything more if she had not been so tired, excited, disappointed, and somewhat indignant also; but she was, and, somehow, the whole story was told in a sentence or two—all they feared and were trying to do.

"Sell the place! Why, no, child, he wouldn'd have to do that. Them two south meadow lots would cover the incumbrance any time," said the 'squire, gazing eagerly toward the long coveted stretch of ground. "Still I do s'pose the loss of them two fields would cripple the farm pretty bad—pretty bad," he admitted, reluctantly. "It ain't due till Christmas, and besides—well, I could give your uncle more time, I s'pose," tugging at his collar, as if he still felt a tightening grasp there; and then, suddenly breaking loose from it, he added, vehemently, "Why, of course, I will! If it hadn't been for you, I shouldn't have had any more time in this world for anything. It ain't natural I'd crowd your folks after that! All the time he wants, tell your uncle."

So Nan, walking homeward with empty basket through the long afternoon shadows, carried a wonderful story. At least, it seemed wonderful to the interested group in the old farmhouse, and many were the questions and comments.

"Well, now, it must have been a pretty tight squeeze to crush the meanness out of him to that extent," declared Joe, with a chuckle.

Delphine, who had met with unlooked-for discouragements, which had obliged her to bring Lady Esmerelda back to her old quarters, pondered the subject gravely. In all her imaginary encounters with 'Squire North by the Lady Esmerelda or herself, she had planned nothing at all like this.

"And wasn't it queer that it should have happened to Nan—Nan of all people! And while she was doing nothing but picking berries!"

"No, it isn't at all queer," declared Aunt Susan, positively. "The gates of heaven open to 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' instead of 'Well done, brilliant and extraordinary one;' and it's likely the gates of earth will do the same. Anyway, the good things mostly do happen to folks that go straight ahead in the common ways of duty, instead of to the folks that run around to search for 'em.

The Lady Esmerelda travelled a good deal spent her fortune in postage stamps, and had seen so much of the world before Christmas that Delphine decided to allow her to enter a convent in the shape of an old black trunk in the attic. The 'squire kept his promise in regard to extending the time, and Nan found that her summer's earnings, even without the money Uncle Hiram had saved, were enough to meet the interest. But that was only a small part of what she had really gained. She had learned what could be done, what resources were within her reach, and she, with Delphine and Aunt Susan, resolved to make the most of them. The fruit preserving has grown more extensive and profitable each year since then. They have strawberry beds of their own now, and are cultivating many of the smaller fruits. The poultry has prospered also, and 'Squire North's waiting was fully and comfortably ended a year ago. So they can afford to laugh when Joel says:

"The best thing on earth to make some farms productive is a good tight mortgage."—*Interior.*


WARNER'S SAFE CURE.

HAWKESBURY, Ont., March 27, 1887.—I have been terribly afflicted with chronic Bright's disease. My body swelled so I could scarcely move about, and my eyesight was affected so that I could hardly distinguish objects across the room. I had a distressing cough from the pressure of water on my lungs, and was in danger of suffocation whenever I attempted to lie down. My limbs were so swollen that I could not bend my joints or sit on a chair. The valves of my heart refused their office. At times circulation seemed entirely suspended, so that I was incapable of moving a limb, and at others the increased action of my heart would cause such a pain in my head as words are inadequate to describe. Then again my stomach refused all nourishment and I was growing weaker every day. The physician who attended me said there was no hope; he could do no more for me, and that a few days would see the end. At this stage I resorted to "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Warner's Safe Pills," and with most satisfactory results, although it was some two or three weeks after I commenced their use before much decided improvement was manifested. My recovery then was very rapid. My weight from dropsical swelling was then 132 lbs., and is now reduced to 107, about my normal weight. Analysis showed 90 per cent. albumen with a quantity of tube casts, and is now reduced to 10 per cent. I am so far recovered as to be able to attend my domestic duties, taking moderately long walks and visit friends as formerly. "Warner's Safe Nervine" has so far corrected the action of my heart that the severe pain in my head has entirely left.

Geo. G. E. Harvey

FOR FEMALE ILLS.

TORONTO, Ont., (166 Wilton Ave.) Jan. 31st, 1887.—For ten years I suffered from quinsy and relaxed throat, being confined to my room for weeks at a time. I was at last induced to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and with a most beneficial result. I may say I have not suffered in the slightest from quinsy since.

W. H. Hanson

CURES LAME BACK.

International R. R. Dining Saloon, Amherst Nova Scotia, Jan., 1887.—In October, 1884, I was taken down with bleeding from the kidneys, or some of the arteries leading from them. One day, while lifting, I felt something giving way in the region of my left kidney and immediately after I commenced to pass blood in mattery water. Three doctors could not stop the flow of blood. I got "Warner's Safe Cure," and began taking it unknown to the doctors, and about the 10th of December the bleeding began to get less, and in two or three days the dropsy began to set in my legs and feet. By this time I was reduced to a mere skeleton, suffering from cramps in my legs, feet and hands, also the hiccoughs. My flesh became like a piece of white, unpolished marble cold and no signs of any moisture. I here wish to say that I did not take any of "Warner's Safe Cure" from the 20th of December until March following. They tried all they could to check the dropsy, but had to resort to tapping at last, which was done every thirteen or fourteen days until the 23rd of March. Then I was given up as hopeless, my spiritual director giving me the last rites of the church. I told them, fear not, I would with the help of God and "Warner's Safe Cure," come out all right. I then began taking "Warner's Safe Cure" every three hours night and day, and "Warner's Safe Pills" also, and dieted as directed, and to the surprise of my doctors, my family, friends and the public, I was able to get out by the 1st of May for a short walk or a drive. I still continue to take "Warner's Safe Cure," and now I feel as well in health as I ever did. No more trouble with dropsy, cramps, hiccoughing, or kidneys, and consider myself a sound man again. The catarrh in my head, of which I was badly affected, also disappeared. These are all the facts of my case, as hundreds can tell who know how low I was. As a reference I will mention the name of Mr. J. Rogers, with the firm of Evanson & Mason, of Montreal, who knows my case in full.

J. Hanson Evans

CURES DYSPEPSIA.

TORONTO, Ont., Sept. 19, 1887.—I suffered severely with lame back, at different times, for three years. My physicians said that my kidneys were affected, and treated me for Bright's disease. I obtained no relief, however, until I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure."

L. A. Barth

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WARNER'S SAFE CURE.


### After Death.

The late Dr. A. A. Hodge of Princetown, one of the greatest of scholars and theologians, and a man whose general character gives weight to whatever he said on any subject, expressed his view, in his Popular Lectures, that the fact that human probation closes at death is clearly taught in the Bible. He says:

The first point explicity and emphatically stated in Scripture is that human probation ends with death—that the relation then established between a man and God remains unchanged for all eternity. Everything the Scriptures say on the subject plainly implies this fundamental fact, and there is nothing in the sacred Book which, in its plain interpretation, carries an opposite meaning. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them" [Rev. xiv: 13]. It is the earthly life, "the things done in the body," which are finally to determine character and destiny at the judgment seat of Christ [2 Cor. v: 10]. Our blessed Saviour, in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, declares explicitly two capital facts: (1) that immediately upon death the good man goes to a state of holiness and happiness, and the bad man to a place of torment; and (2) that these states, and the characters they imply, are permanent and irreversible. Abraham evidently voices the divine judgment when he says to the importunate subject of instant perdition, "And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence" [Luke xvi: 19-31]. Christ's commission to his original apostles, which defines the only and the entire ground of authorized hope, reads thus: "Go ye into all the *cosmos* and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned"; "And, lo! I am with you always, even to the consummation of the age"—to the end of the world, period, or dispensation (Mark xvi: 15-17; Matt. xxviii: 20). Thus the commission and the offer of the present age of the gospel on the earth. They who do not believe here and now in this life shall be damned. Paul beseeches the Corinthians that they "receive not the grace of God in vain," because "*now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation" [2 Cor. vi: 1, 2]. The same lesson is enforced by all our Lord's various parables of the kingdom of heaven; as, for instance, the parables of the ten virgins and of the talents.

The Lord comes to each of us at death. His coming is always sudden, and the person who is found without oil in his lamp is excluded from the marriage supper.

—'Mamma,' said the sweet small boy before admiring friends, 'I knew as soon as I came in there was folks visitin' here.' 'Did you, darling?' said the fond mother, trying to wilt him with her eye; 'how did you know?' 'Oh, you had your company voice on.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A darky preacher from Bath recently admonished a Geneva audience against the sin of bribery at election, as follows: 'Dis thing of gittin' $100 for a vote is all wrong. Ten dollars is as much as it is worth.'—*Palmyra Democrat.*

—Miss Thumpit (pausing for breath)—"I fear I weary you."

Mr. Heavyweight—'Not a bit of it; play on. I can't tell one note of music from another.'


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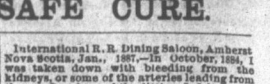

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