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A Break In Time.

Good morning, Phil: you're look-
ing as nice as ever, I'm sure. Where
are you going to night? Nowhere
special? All right, meet me at the
usual rendezvous. We'll go for a
walk.

Where to, Morris?
Never mind where, there will be
lots of places to go on a Saturday
night. I will meet you at about
eight o'clock.

They separated: Morris going
down the street, whistling a popular
air and giving every one a cordial
stare. He had such a free and
winning way with him that he
made friends on every hand. Phil
Dewire turned and went into the
office, not altogether glad that he
had made this engagement with his
friend. Why was it that this
young man with his attractive
manner and love of gaiety exerted
such an influence over him? There
was no good reason why they should
be companions. When Phil had
joined the church his sister, ever
anxious about his friends, had
given a sigh of relief, and said that
now she hoped Mr. Bolton and her
brother would no longer be seen
together. But although Phil tried
to shun him, tried to forget him,
plunged into church work with all
his heart, took a class at the
Sabbath school, yet his old chum
bunted him up, gaily took him to
task about his sanctity, mildly and
politely ridiculed his exhortations
in church, expressed the belief that
he was too good for this wicked
world, and finished by observing
that the city was large and it was
quite unnecessary for a good-looking
young fellow like Phil to adjure his
innocent pleasures just because he
had joined a church. He had no
objection to a church member; he
might be one himself some day, per-
haps; but have a good time when
you are young and can appreciate a
good time. Morris could see no sin
in a stroll down the avenue when
the lights were flaring and the
pavements were crowded. Neither
could he discern wrong in a game of
billiards; of course, the bar was in
the same room, and once in a while
the boys would play for the drinks
—but one didn't have to drink.
And what possible harm could
come to a man's soul because he
met some ladies, ladies he knew
very well, and they all went to the
theatre or one other place of re-
spectable amusement. The only
trouble with the church people,
Morris said, was that they were too
strict, that was all. All this with
a merry twinkle in the eye, a jolly,
cheering smile and a hearty hand
shake would send Phil's good reso-
lutions to the winds, and undo the
work of weeks of Bible reading and
Christian thought.

He realized, however, down in his
heart, that this young man was not
a true friend. No one can be a
true friend to us unless he is a
Christian and makes us better by
his association. Phil's conscience
told him that the glitter and
glamour of the street was no place
for a young man; he knew that
when he prayed not to be led into
temptation he forgot his prayer
when he strolled about in the even-
ing with his old chum. This friend,
with all his brightness, his friendly
spirit, his flattery, his generosity,
was not the proper one to excite
noble desires, a wish to be worthy
the name of a Christian and to lead
a pure life. Phil thought about
these facts that afternoon, and de-
cided to have a break with Bolton
that night. If he had not already
given his word he would have
neglected the appointment, but he
must go and have the affair over.
He realized that two opposite forces
cannot be in company unless one of
the forces gives way to the other,
and he knew Bolton too well to
hope that he would give up his
worldly aspirations in favour of a
life of self denial for Christ.

They met at the time agreed
upon, and as Phil suddenly felt a
reluctance to begin the subject,
they walked several blocks, engaged
in animated conversation. Bolton

seemed to comprehend that Phil
was labouring under some kind of a
resolve; he took his arm and
exerted himself to his utmost to
banish the feeling from the other's
mind. When he saw he had him
restored to his usual condition, he
began to unfold the plan for the
evening.

Now, Phil, he said, we have not
been out together for quite a long
time, so let's have a good time. I
have made an engagement with two
ladies, and we are all going to the
play. They are real nice girls, and
you will enjoy their society. It
will only cost you a dollar for the
seats.

Phil at last began to think. He
remembered that one of his scholars
had asked for help the day before;
he knew the family was in great
need and had put his hand down
deep in his pocket and actually
given half a dollar. But now here
he was on the point of spending
twice as much in a rather question-
able way; suppose he met these
people and they started for the
theatre and on the way he should
meet someone who knew him.
Wouldn't they know he was doing
wrong? Wasn't he false to his
religion and Church to thus go out
and be in strange company? Who
could tell but this night would be
the first step down in a career that
meant sorrow and shame? It was
time he gathered his manhood to-
gether, his good resolutions, and
broke away from this dangerous
friend—this one who could charm
and allure in such a seemingly
harmless way. He stopped and
said—

Morris, it is time we understood
each other. We can no longer
associate or be friends unless you
follow me and become a Christian.
I cannot go with you to night; I
cannot spend money that can be
used to such advantage in better
ways: I cannot compromise my
religion and my Master by trying
to be a man of the world and a true
Christian at the same time. I
know you think me foolish—per-
haps you would call me a fool but
I have already given away too
much. To night we separate, un-
less, and how I wish that you
would, you become a Christian, and
we help each other to be true men.
Let us part as friends.

Part as friends! Well, I guess
not. Here I gave engaged company
for you and gone to a lot of trouble,
and this is the way I am treated.
Is that what you call being a Chris-
tian? Then excuse me.

Without a hand-shake or a smile
the usually pleasant young man
turned abruptly away. Phil
watched him as he disappeared;
then he turned and went home,
feeling that at last he had taken a
firm stand for the right, feeling that
though Bolton was offended, yet in
time he might be reclaimed, and
that the knowledge that he had
done right was sweeter than an
evening spent with the gay and
thoughtless. After that it was no
trouble to have a word to say in
prayer meeting, to pray with a
sinner or think of the future. He
understood that as long as he
followed his Master as closely as he
could, the way was clear and his
heart was light. — Philadelphia
Presbyterian.

Turning the Face to God.

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARKE, D. D.

The book of Jeremiah is famous
for its graphic, pungent phrases
that live and breathe. Here is one
of them. Jehovah, peaking through
his prophet of rebellious and idola-
trous Israel, says: They have
turned their back unto me and not
their face. We turn our back on
God when we forget him, going
about our own ways, seeking our
own ends, thinking our own
thoughts. We do nothing with
reference to his glory. We order
our lives solely with reference to
gain and pleasure. Then we turn
our back on God.

We turn our back to God when
we deliberately sin. No man can
commit sin while looking steadfast-
ly into God's eyes. We instinctively
feel that his eyes are too pure to
behold iniquity. As the child will
not go to the forbidden cupboard to
steal the sweets when his mother is
in the room, so God's child will
never eat of the forbidden fruit
when looking in his Father's face.

Futile as man's attempt may be
to get away from the all seeing eye,
he will always turn his back to
God before he commits deliberate
sin. The results of sin, as well,
cause us to turn our back to God.
As a result of sin we are ashamed
to look God in the face. Of the
Israelites of old God said, through
Jeremiah, As the chief is ashamed
when he is found, so is the house of
Israel ashamed.....saying to a
stick, Thou art my father; and to a
stone, thou hast brought me forth
for they have turned their back
unto me and not their face. (Jer.
2, 26-27) So our faces once
turned away by sin, remain averted
from shame, and we seek and hang
our heads perhaps in bitterness and
despair.

Another mistake is made in re-
gard to the conversion of the
young. We expect too much of
them. Wisely has it been said:
Do not let us measure their quali-
fications by our bushel. We ought
not to look for a gravity and deep
appreciation of eternal things such

Fortunately, the very figure of
speech which indicates departure
from God, with all its attendant
woe and shame, suggests, by way of
contrast, the return to God.

To sin is to turn the back, to re-
pent is to turn the face to God. So
simple and yet so radical is the
great truth of salvation. It can be
accomplished in a moment, but it
involves a complete turning about.
Almost in the twinkling of an eye
can the face be turned, but it must
be turned. There is no salvation
while the face is averted by sin,
while the eye is downcast by de-
spair, while the countenance is
hidden in sulky shame. Many
definitions of what it is to become
a Christian have been given: this
is one of the best—turning the face
to God. There is life in a look.

Young man, young woman, do
you long to know your relationship
to God? Here is a test. Can you
look God in the face? Can you
write down your deeds and words
and secret thoughts, and, lo king
up into the face of your Father,
say, Here is my life, O God, let thy
blessing rest upon it? Or, when
you think of your life, or some por-
tions of it, do you avert your face
from the all-seeing One?

Do not think it is a timid, scared
life you would live with God's eye
ever consciously upon you. The
child playing on the nursery floor
is not abashed or made uneasy by its
mother's presence, but in every new
game and fresh childish joy looks
up into her eye for the answering
smile it is sure to find. The joy is
not complete unless the mother sees
and shares it. So the Christian's
chief joy and satisfaction is that
God sees him, and that he can see
God in all the trivial round, the
common task of life. There is
another side to this. God turns his
back to those who persistently turn
their back to him. I will show
them the back and not the face in
the day of their calamity, says
Jehovah through Jeremiah. Oh,
terrible calamity! Oh, awful curse!
Oh, sad condensation of all the woes
of this woeful prophecy! But on
us the curse need never fall, for if
we turn the face to God, even
though we are in the far country,
we shall see him coming out to meet
us with the robe and the ring, and
turning upon us his reconciled face.

Mother's Influence and the
Conversion of the
Young.

No one can estimate the influence
of a mother's care and love and
labors. I shall thank God in life,
and perhaps in eternity, for a
mother who did what she could to
obey that scripture which saith:
And these words which I command
thee this day, shall be in thine
heart: and thou shalt teach them
diligently unto thy children, and
shalt talk of them when thou
sittest in thy house, and when thou
walkest by the way and when thou
liest down and when thou riseth
up. To be sure it required work
and patience, but what is gained
without sacrifice?

And children thus taught in the
home and in the Sunday school
will, as a rule, open their young
hearts to the Saviour, as the shut
rose opens to the smile of the
morning sun.

More and more, I think, the sal-
vation of the young should be
sought and prayed for. If they
come early to Christ it will save
them from many a sin and evil
habit. It is a known maxim, that
it is much more difficult to throw
out than to let in. Every commis-
sion of sin introduces into the soul
a certain degree of hardness, an
aptness to continue in that sin.
Every degree of entrance is a degree
of possession. Sin is like heat—
the second, third and fourth de-
grees are more easily introduced
than the first.

An English officer in explaining
the power of England made this
remark to an American general:
England's policy has been never to
allow an enemy to land. Blessed
and strong is the young soul that
never allows an enemy to land. It
is well known, by many a Christian,
that the awful habit of sin, acquir-
ed before turning to Christ, itself con-
stitutes a danger. How many
mature Christians feel this keenly!
Although they are strong in the
Christian virtues, they bitterly
lament their weakness in resisting
the evil tendencies that the old
habits of sin set in motion. So
true is this, that a wise preacher
has said: That if a man fall away
from Christ it will generally be
through his old besetting sin. The
old life still clings to the Christian.
The ragged ends are still there. It
is well for us to realize, then, that
those who seek the Lord early, will
be saved many bitter and unavailing
regrets.

Another mistake is made in re-
gard to the conversion of the
young. We expect too much of
them. Wisely has it been said:
Do not let us measure their quali-
fications by our bushel. We ought
not to look for a gravity and deep
appreciation of eternal things such

as we find in grown persons. We
have seen old sheep in the pasture
field look anxious and troubled
because the lambs would frisk.
No doubt the children that were
lifted by their mothers in Chris-
tians' arms and got his blessing, five min-
utes after he set them down, were
as full of romp and play as before
they came to him. We ought not
to set the life of young Christian to
the time of the Old Hundred.

It is to'd of an old Scotch minis-
ter, who proposed to keep back
from the Lord's table a young
woman whose knowledge he found
very defective. Rising to go the
girl burst into tears. It's true, sir,
I canna speak for Him, but I think
I could die for Him. The poor girl
knew the Saviour's love just as
well, perhaps, as the under shep-
herd. And there are many children
who can not tell everything about
faith or salvation, but, like the
Scotch lassie, who love him well
enough to die for him.

Spurgeon, not many years before
his death is reported to have said:
I have, during the past year, re-
ceived forty or fifty children into
church membership. Among those
I have had at any time to exclude
from church fellowship, out of a
church of twenty seven hundred
members I have never had to ex-
clude a single one who was
received while yet young.

Any church will show, if a test
is made, that the great majority of
its very best members were brought
to Christ when young. Life has
but one summer, and this wasted
all is gone forever, and let the
young gladly and faithfully then
remember their Creator in the days
of their youth. A word to wise
parents is sufficient.—Chris. Stand-
ard.

A Self-Sacrifice.

Not all the heroes were at Santi-
ago. One of them came forward
recently in Topeka, when the Santa
Fe Railroad found it necessary to
reduce the force employed in the
freight department.

Among those who were to be dis-
charged was a man with a wife and
half a dozen children, and his salary
was the family's only income. Lines
appeared in his face as the expira-
tion of his term of service drew
near, and his eyes told a story of
suffering and despair.

Dean Waters, a fellow employee,
saw all this. It made him sick at
heart, and his folks saw that some-
thing was the matter, but he kept
his thoughts to himself. For a
week he watched the other man
suffer in silence, and at night he
could not sleep for thinking of the
hardship in store for this man's wife
and little ones. Then he made a
resolve. Going to the head of the
department, he said:

If I resign my position, will you
keep Mr. Blank?

Yes, replied the head of the de-
partment.

Accept my resignation, said
Waters, and he left the room with-
out another word.—The Argus.

No Gift Too Great for God.

An only son went as a missionary
to the Congo, and after a short but
faithful service, he died. Who will
break the news to his mother? said
the friends. One undertook the
task, and afterwards asked her.
Had you another son, would you
give him to the mission field?
The lady looked up, her face shining
with heaven-born love, and simply
answered:

"Were the whole realm of nature
mine,
That were an offering far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all."

Don't pray cream and live skim
milk.

Sunday is the golden clasp that
binds the volume of the week.

Conviction, were it ever so ex-
cellent, is worthless till it converts
itself into conduct.—Carlyle.

Manners are the happy ways of
doing things—each one a stroke of
genius or of love, now repeated
and hardened into usage.—R. W.
Emerson.

Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is recog-
nized by mothers as the best remedy
they can give their Children. It is
simple, safe and effective. Price 25c.

Nearly all women have good hair,
though many are gray, and few are
bald. Hall's Hair Renewer restores
the natural color, and thickens the
growth of the hair.

The great demand for a pleasant,
safe and reliable antidote for all af-
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met with in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive
Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable
Compound, and acts promptly and
magically in subduing all coughs,
colds, bronchi, inflammation of the
lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a
child will not refuse it, and is put at
a price that will not exclude the poor
from its benefit.

Giving to the Poor.

A prosperous member of a church
in Scotland was of an besought by
his pastor to give to the work of
evangelizing the poor, but would
always reply, Na, I need it for
myself! One night he dreamt that
he was at the gate of heaven, which
was only a few inches ajar. He
tried to get in, but could not, and
was in agony at his prospect of re-
jection. The minister appeared,
who said, Sandy, why stand ye
glowering there? Why don't ye
gae in? I can't; I am too large,
and my pockets stick out whichever
way I turn. Sandy, think how
mean ye have been to the Lord's
poor, and ye will be small enough
to go through the eye a needle. He
awoke, and began to reduce both
his pockets and his carnality by
giving to Christ's cause.

Idle men tempt the devil to
tempt them.



Many men fool with sickness just
as a bear fools around a trap. A man
doesn't like to own up that he is ill.
He says: "Q, it amounts to nothing. I shall
be all right to-morrow." But he isn't all
right to-morrow; nor the next day. Pretty
soon the trap snaps and he has some
serious disease fastened on him.
The only sensible course is to keep away
from the trap, and not allow sickness to get
any hold on you. It is a frightful mistake
to trifle with indigestion and bilious troubles
in the belief that they will cure them-
selves. On the contrary they drag the whole
system down with them.
When the appetite and digestion are ir-
regular it shows that the machinery of the
body is out of order and is not doing its
proper work; the blood-circulation is poorly
supplied and is being gradually debased
by bilious poisons.

The proper alternative for this condition is
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It
acts directly upon the digestive functions
and the liver; and enables the blood-
making glands to supply an abundance of pure
blood, rich with the nutritious vital
elements which build up healthy flesh and
enduring strength.

In all impoverished and run-down condi-
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malt "extracts" or nauseating "emul-
sions." It creates genuine permanent
strength. It does not make flabby fat but
solid muscle. It is a perfect tonic for cor-
ruptible people.

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velous effects in many so-called "hopeless"
cases, verified by the patients' own sig-
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I felt better from the very first one I took. I had taken them for a
month, and was feeling so much better that I had forgotten about the bad
things I used to have. The doctors called my trouble dyspepsia. I had it for
seven years, and had never in all my life been able to eat rich food or a
hearty meal. I often wondered why I should have so much dyspepsia. I
water that seemed hot would run out of my mouth and the pain was some-
terrible for a minute, or else I would have pains at times in my stomach
would fairly double me up or pains in my shoulders and legs and all over
that I would wish I was dead. I would send for the doctor, and when he
in he would say: "Well what is the matter now?" The best way to de-
how I felt was just to say that everything was the matter with me and I
everywhere. I think everybody who is troubled with their stomach ought to
try Rippan's Tablets and they will soon know how valuable they are. My
fifty-one years.

WANTED—A case of bad health that R-I-P-P-A-N-S will not benefit. Send five cents to Rippan's
No. 10 Spruce Street, New York, for 10 samples and 100 testimonials. R-I-P-P-A-N-S, 10 for 1 cent, or 25
cents, may be had of all druggists who are willing to sell a standard medicine at a moderate price.
Break pain and restore life. One given relief. Note the word R-I-P-P-A-N-S on the packet. Accept no
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ARE USED.

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general debility for a long time. She
suffered a great deal with insomnia, and
found it almost impossible to sleep."

"I went to W. T. Strong's drug store
and got a box of Milburn's Heart and
Nerve Pills, which she took, and derived
so much benefit from them that I bought
another box for her. They have done her
a wonderful lot of good, making her
nervous system much stronger, giving her
restful sleep, and removing many other
symptoms which previously distressed her."

"I can truly say that these pills are a
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