

STRETCHING THINGS.

I'm 'most dead! It is as hot as fire, and I've been more than a dozen miles after the colt!"

Andrew threw himself at full length on the lounge, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Where did you go?" inquired the father.

"I went over to Brigg's corner and back by the bridge."

"That is a little less than a mile and a half. Is it so warm, Andy? It seems quite cool here."

"No, not so dreadful, I suppose, if I'd taken it moderate; but I ran like lightning, and got heated up."

"You started about five o'clock, my son; and now it lacks a quarter of six," said his father, consulting his watch. "Yes, sir; just three-quarters of an hour," answered Andrew innocently.

"Does it take lightning forty-five minutes to go a mile and a half?"

"I didn't mean exactly that, father; but I ran all the way, because I expected the whole town would be here tonight to see my new velocipede," explained Andrew, reluctantly.

"Whom do you expect, Andy? I wasn't aware that such a crowd was to be here. What will you do with them all?"

"Jim, Eddy and Tim told me they'd be 'round after school, and I wouldn't wonder if Ike came too. That's all."

"The population of the town is 5,000, and you are expecting three persons. Well, as you are sick, I'm glad no more are coming. You couldn't play with them at all."

"Sick!" cried Andrew, springing to his feet. "Who said I was sick?"

"Why, Andrew, you said you were almost dead. Doesn't that mean very sick?"

"You are so particular, father, about my talking. I don't mean exactly what I say, of course. I wasn't nearly dead, to be sure; but I did some tall running. There were more than fifty dogs after me, and I don't go much on dogs."

"Quite a band of them! Where did they all come from?"

"There was Mr. Wheeler's sheep dog and Rush's store dog and two or three more; and they made for me, and so I ran as fast as I could."

"Five, at the most, are not fifty, Andrew."

"There looked to be fifty, anyway," answered Andrew, somewhat impatiently.

"Carter's ten-acre lot was full of dogs, just making for me; and I guess you'd have thought there were fifty, if it had been you."

"Ten acres of dogs would be a great many thousands. Have you any idea how many?"

Andrew did not like to calculate; for it occurred to him what a small space ten or fifteen thousand sheep would occupy when camping, and ten acres of dogs would be past calculation.

"But," his father continued, "I know of no better way to break you of the foolish habit of exaggeration than to tell the children of the trouble you had going after the colt. You ran like lightning, encountered ten acres of dogs—which would be hundreds of thousands—traveled more than a

dozen miles in a straight line, and expected to find five thousand people here to examine your new velocipede."—Sel.

And all liars.—Rev. 24-8. Do you know any of this type?

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

Ten cents a glass! Does anyone think Ten cents is really the price of a drink?

"Ten cents a glass," I hear some one say, "Why, that isn't very much to pay." Not much, indeed; 'tis a very small sum You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb.

And if that were all you gave away, It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink! Let him decide Who has lost his courage and hope, and pride,

And lies a groveling heap of clay, Not far removed from a beast today.

The price of a drink! Let that one tell Who sleeps tonight in a murderer's cell, And feels within him the fires of hell, Honor and virtue, love and truth, All the glory and pride of youth, Hopes of manhood, respected name, High endeavor and noble aim— These are the treasures thrown away As the price of a drink, from day to day.

Ten cents a glass! How Satan laughed, As over the bar the young man quaffed The beaded liquor; the demon knew The terrible work that drink would do; And ere the morning the victim lay With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away: And that was the price he paid, alas! For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

Ten cents a glass! Oh, if that were all, The price would then indeed be small! But the money's worth is the least amount We pay; and whoever will keep account Will learn the terrible waste and blight That follows the deadly appetite. Ten cents a glass! Does anyone think Ten cents is really the price of a drink?

—Adapted.

WHERE THE PREACHER MAKES PRAYER FIRST.

It means much where the preacher makes prayer of the first importance in his life. It means that he feels his helplessness with all the acquirement of his studies, education and talents. He feels that all these are useless without the divine blessing. He realizes that if God be not in his preaching, with special unction it is but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

Where the preacher makes prayer the first thing in his life he acquires passion for souls, as he can not do otherwise, and that longing for souls is the chief lack of the ministry today. We have heard preachers say that they had rather preach than eat. That may be. They may enjoy preaching. They may be intoxicated with their own brilliancy and the compliment of their hearers, but do they enjoy it for privilege of getting men saved? Had they rather save souls or save their sermons? Are their sermons simply means for an end—the salvation of men—or are they efforts to exalt themselves and prove their talents.

Where the preacher makes prayer the first thing in his life he will have special help from Heaven in winning souls and but little help or success without it. The apostles asked the church to choose seven laymen to administer the finances, that they would have more time to pray and minister the word. They put prayer first and the ministry of the word next. No wonder their word was with power.—Christian Witness.

FAITH—THE FIRST STEP.

"He went out not knowing whither he went."—Heb. 11:6-1.

Abraham began his journey without any knowledge of his ultimate destination. He obeyed a noble impulse without any discernment of its consequences. He took "one step," and he did not "ask to see the distant scene." And that is faith, to do God's will here and now, quietly leaving the results to Him. Faith is not concerned with the entire chain; its devoted attention is fixed upon the immediate link. Faith is not knowledge of a moral process; it is fidelity in a moral act. Faith leaves something to the Lord; it obeys His immediate commandment and leaves to Him direction and destiny.—John Henry Jowett.

THE TOBACCO WAR.

The war against tobacco in all forms is on and it is on to stay until the evil is removed from our land. It belongs to that class of things about which nothing good can possibly be said. It is an unclean, unnatural, expensive habit that debases and destroys and is subversive to the highest interests of mankind. It really is a greater evil than the liquor traffic ever was, for it affects a far greater number of our fellow men and is seriously damaging the boys and young men of our nation physically, to say nothing of its disastrous effects morally. Science and genuine Christianity are against this traffic which has enslaved so many.

HOLDING THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Some say that the only way to hold the young people of the churches is to bring in dancing and theatricals, and all that. They say we must "fight the devil with fire."

The trouble is that the devil has more fire than we have, and he can always beat us at that game. Wherever the church tries to capture the world by "fighting the devil with fire," she herself gets captured and scorched!

Further, every right-minded young man and woman today will resent the implication that they can only be won and held to the Church by pandering to the giddy and fleshy side of their natures.

No! Christianity means heroic self-renunciation or it means nothing at all.

The only way that the Church can really win and hold the young, who are worth the winning, is by the beauty of holiness and the joy of service.—John Roach Straton, Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, New York.

In view of recent revelations, our churches should be very careful about opening their church buildings to traveling preachers. There is a danger of being too charitable.