

THE JUDGMENT.

LOOK AT THE PICTURE OF THE TWO ASSEMBLAGES WHICH WILL MEET IN ETERNITY TO HEAR THE RECORD OF THEIR LIVES READ OUT.

Choose now which line shall be yours. Let us walk along both lines. Upon the left are all unbelievers, drunkards, robbers, adulterers, blasphemers, liars, slanderers, misers, worldly minded hypocrites, luke warm professors, apostates and ministers who worked too little, neglected to feed the sheep and preach themselves. Let us walk along the line again. Here are kings, heroes, statesmen, scholars, parents and their children. Here are women, the seraphs of our households who entwined the sweet fibres of their love around our hearts, torn away, each fibre snipping, and cast among the vile. Every heart in this throng, massed and crowded upon each other, is breaking with sorrow, every face is coursed by tears, every countenance is pale with horror—the die is cast, and cast forever. They gazed upon each other—the ruined mother upon her ruined son, the wretched daughter gazing upon the affrighted face and quivering lip of a father doubly wretched because his daughter is so-gazing, they shudder with anguish and terror. They cast a despairing look at the other side. In unalterable misery they groan from front to rear, from centre to circumference, till the terrified stars weep over their heads, and hell grows beneath them the thunder of their woe, pealing amid all of its empty caves soon to be crowded with shrieking millions.

But let us walk along the other line. Upon the right are widows and orphans escaped from their widowhood and orphanage, for God is their husband and father, persecuted maidens wearing in their tresses flowers plucked by an angel from the garden of God, the Lord's poor now are rich in treasures unperishable, ministers with stars in their crowns, old men and matrons no longer gray, patriarchs and prophets, martyrs and reformers—all Christians, for Jesus has well kept His promise "Whoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in Heaven." The names of the redeemed, written in the blood of Jesus, will be announced. As each name is heard, a face brightens, till when the list is complete, the book closed, and all the elect placed on the right hand of the throne, the aggregated light of countenances, whose numbers trampled upon all enumeration, will form a sea of waving light. It will seem as if Aurora had forgotten her Elysium bowers and flew away to the Judgment upon wings of coruscant silver, and flung out her flaunting banners of dawning light.—Exchange.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. May 25 ly

THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

A well-dressed young man was pacing to and fro in front of one of the big dry-good stores with ever an anxious, eager glance in the direction of the entrance, apparently waiting for some one who had gone inside. In the doorway a bevy of pretty girls met by accident and stood chatting, when all at once they noticed the clouds, which had been lowering and threatening all day, collapsed and the rain came down. Of course there was a grand stampede for the shelter of the doorway. The young man and his best girl, who at that moment joined him, alone remained standing in front of the show-window. "Dear me, what a great stupid he is," said one of the girls. "They will get drenched. Why doesn't he open his big green umbrella?"

The poor fellow was struggling—evidently something was the matter—his face growing scarlet and more scarlet as he became conscious of the amused audience in the doorway.

"I'll wager a pound-box of the best candy and ice-cream sodas thrown in—if they aren't—"

"Oh, girls—do look at the rice. And they were.—Boston Globe.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. All dealers keep it. 25 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

MISTAKEN FOR A SUICIDE.

EXPERIENCE OF A HOTEL GUEST WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

"The most singular thing that ever happened to me," said the traveling member of the club to a Detroit Free Press reporter, "was this: I was stopping over night at a large hotel in Chicago and retiring late I left word to be called in the morning. I intended getting up in time for a late breakfast.

"I was awakened by a knocking at the door of the room next to mine, mysterious whisperings and orders given in a suppressed voice. I lay still, wondering what time it was and whether I should get up or not, when there came a loud racket against my door and a sound of the transom moving. I sat up—my bed being close by the door—in time to see a small boy backing in over the transom. Hanging full length, he held by his hands and then dropped to the floor. As he gained his feet he turned towards the bed, and seeing me sitting up and looking at him, he gave a yell that made my blood thrill.

"Open the door," commanded a man's voice on the outside.

"He's a-l-i-v-e," yelled the boy, sprawling on the floor in abject terror.

"I thought everybody was crazy as I heard the noise outside, and unlocking my door, I asked what was the matter. The hall was full of chamber maids, bell boys, and porters, all of whom took to their heels as soon as they saw me and ran as if possessed with demons.

"The landlord and one of the clerks came up to explain matters, which they did quite smilingly. It was a slight mistake—that was all. They had mistaken my room for the one next door, where a man had killed himself the previous night. They had looked in at his transom and seen that he was dead, but when the boy came up with a step-ladder to climb in and unlock the door they had helped him into my room by mistake. That was all. It was time I was up—12 by the meridian—and I was a little shaky as I hurried into my clothes and got past the door of that other room where my grewsome neighbor had dispatched himself while I was soundly sleeping."

HELP HOME.

Every man, no matter what his station in life may be, whether he fills a humble or exalted station, can and should be a factor for the accomplishment of good in some direction.

In building up the place in which he lives, everyone can do something.

There is always plenty of work for willing hands to do. As has been truthfully said, "If you want a field of labor you can find it anywhere."

There has been some talk of erecting a cotton seed oil mill here and some work in the direction of accomplishing this has been done, and we trust the good citizens of the town will carry the scheme on to perfection. Our town needs this mill. And there is room for many other good paying industries here. But these can not be secured without some earnest effort. Manufacturing enterprises do not spring up by chance, but through the medium of well directed labor.

The same amount of energy that builds up and makes a cotton mill a paying institution, and giving employment to hundreds of men who are thus enabled to supply their families with home, food and clothing, will produce like results.

Some say if I only had the money I would make a genuine boom in town. I would much toward improving it by erecting the necessary buildings and putting in machinery to start a number of industries. Let us remember one thing where there is sufficiency of the right kind of energy and enterprise there is always a way to utilize it. If one man can not raise enough money to build a cotton factory, perhaps ten or a dozen can. Then form a company, combine your capital put energetic hands and brains together and "make a long pull and a strong pull" in this direction and you can hardly fail to realize satisfactory results.—Franklin Weekl.

August A Klages, 810 St. Charles street, Baltimore, Md., writes: "From my youth I suffered from a poisonous taint in my blood. My face and body was continually affected with eruptions and sores. I am now 42 years of age and had been treated both in Germany and America, but no remedy overcame the trouble until I used Botanic Blood Balm. I have used about twenty bottles and now my skin is clear, smooth and healthy, and I consider the poison permanently driven from my blood. I endorse it as the best blood remedy."

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