

Will he not have opportunity enough to accept the mercy of God before that time? Does he not have opportunity? If any soul appears at last and at the judgment complains that he did not have a fair chance, will that gracious Judge condemn him if his complaint be true? We know he will not. But the facts of the judgment are these: At that time, whenever it is, the souls of men will be passed for their acts in the earthly life, a verdict that will determine their everlasting destiny, and that verdict will be just and it will be merciful. For the crucified one could not do otherwise. But the men who have despised and neglected and disbelieved and confessed shall be separated from him forever, and the men who have confessed and believed and tried to live like him shall be in his presence continually.

"There will be a division of souls. It will not be based on wealth or position or birth or education or genius, but on Christlikeness—on that divine and eternal thing we call character. Everything else shall go away into destruction, into death, into punishment, into banishment from God. And banishment from God will be hell, and it will be a hell not made by God, but by man himself, who had an opportunity—nay, a thousand opportunities—every day of his life to accept the bliss of heaven and of his own selfish choice rejected every one of them and went to his own place.

"But some soul starts up and says: 'You are not preaching the gospel; you are preaching fear, hell, torments. Is this your boasted love of God? Yes; for what am I preaching if not the love of God when I say, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life?' Is there no danger of perishing? Why did Christ come then? Why did he say the things he did? Why did he speak of the condemnation of the wicked and unbelieving if that were not a part of the gospel?"

"The gospel is glad tidings, but what makes it glad tidings? Because of the danger we are in. What is salvation? It is the opposite of being lost. We cannot have one without the other. So I am preaching the gospel here today when I say, 'We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ!' There will be no fear to us then if we believe in him. If we have lived his life here, if the things done in the body are good, and more than that, as long as this earth life continues God's mercy is with us every moment.

"It is possible some soul is here who for years has lived selfishly within his own little toys of pleasure. He looks back on a life of uselessness, of neglect of all that Christ did for him. He this day hears the voice of God. He listens, he repents, he cries out, smiting on his breast, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' Then what will God do? Will he reject him because he is old in sin, because he has wasted beautiful years? When he appears before the judgment seat, will Christ say: 'You repented too late on earth. You cannot be saved now?'"

"No! Even if after 100 years of shame and sin a soul with its outgoing breath in genuine repentance and faith in the Son of God cries out for mercy that cry would be answered, and he would be saved. What less of glory and power such a soul may experience in the realms of glory we may not be able to tell. But he himself will be saved.

"Is not God merciful, then? Let no man depart from this house of God fearful or despairing. The earthly life is full from beginning to close with the love of an Almighty Father. Shall men complain because they cannot have all of this life and all of the other, too, in which to repent and be forgiven? 'Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.' 'Today if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts.'"

time was growing short. He must have the rest of it with the dear ones in the home.

What need to describe the details of the afternoon? Robert Hardy had the joy of knowing that all his children were with him, and at dark James came over and asked if he might join the circle. He did not know all that Mr. Hardy had gone through, but the children had told him enough to make him want to be with the family.

"Why, come right in and join the circle, Jim. You're one of us," cried Mr. Hardy cheerfully. So Jim drew up his chair, and the conversation went on.

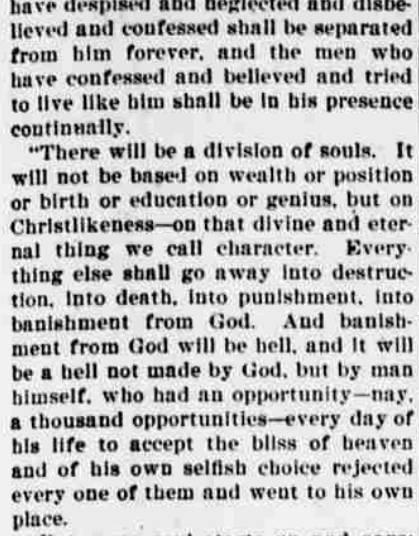
When it grew dark, Alice started to turn on the lights, but her father said, "Let us sit in the firelight." So they drew close together and in awe looked upon him who seemed so sure that God would call him away at midnight. Who shall recount the words that were uttered, the exact sentences spoken, the fears and hopes and petitions and tears of the wife, the commands of the father to his boys to grow up into the perfect manhood in Jesus Christ, the sweet words of love and courage that passed between him and his wife and daughters? These things cannot be described; they can only be imagined.

So the night passed. It was after 11 o'clock, when the conversation had almost ceased and all were sitting hushed in a growing silence, that Clara spoke again, so suddenly and clearly that they were all startled and awed by it:

"Father! Mother! Where have I been? I have had such a dream! Where are you? Where am I?"

Mrs. Hardy arose and, with tears streaming down her face, knelt beside the bed and in a few words recalled Clara to her surroundings. The girl had come out of her strange unconsciousness with all her faculties intact. Gradually she recalled the past, the accident, the dream of her father. She smiled happily on them all, and they for awhile forgot the approach of midnight and its possible meaning to Mr. Hardy—all but himself. He knelt by the bed, at the side of his wife, and thanked God that his dear one was restored.

Suddenly he rose to his feet and spoke aloud, quietly, but clearly:



"Did you not hear some one calling?"

They were sitting in the up stairs room where Clara lay and facing an open fire. The doctor had called in the middle of the afternoon and brought two other skilled surgeons and physicians at Mr. Hardy's request. It was a singular case, and nothing special could be done. This was the unanimous opinion after deep consultation, and after remaining some time the doctors had withdrawn.

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destroy you must fence them out. Thus all the little gardens in which vegetables are grown and which are called "truck gardens" have a fence around them that is certainly "pig tight," for it is often made of ten strands of barbed wire. The wire for a few such plots is worth more than all the pigs in the state, but the hog owner demands it, and it must be done. These owners of cattle and hogs were the first settlers in the state, and they appear to have had their own way in lawmaking ever since. It is a question of the attitude. In the northern states if you own cattle you are held responsible for fencing them in. Here you must keep other people's cattle out if you wish to raise anything.—Cor. Springfield Republican.

Perfume of Russian Leather.
The original Russian leather perfume is difficult to imitate exactly. The dominant flavor of the extract is due to the oil of birch, an essential ingredient. The substance used for this purpose is the empyreumatic oil, sometimes called birch tar, and should not be confounded with the oil of white birch, which is used very largely as a substitute for oil of wintergreen and, in fact, forms the bulk of the so called "natural oil of wintergreen" of the market.

Following is a recent formula for Peau de Russe: Extract of rose, 10 fluid ounces; extract of violet, 10 fluid ounces; extract of jasmine, 10 fluid ounces; extract of musk, one-half ounce; extract oforris, 10 fluid ounces; oil of neroli, 30 mms.; oil of bergamot, 1 dr.; oil of amber, rectified, 1 dr.; oil of birch (oleum rusci), 1 dr.; vanilla, 30 grs.; coumarin, 30 grs.; cinnamon, 1 dr.; oil of bitter orange, 20 mms. Mix.—American Druggist and Pharmaceutical Record.

Eminently Satisfactory.
Mrs. Caller—You have had the same physician a long time, haven't you?
Mrs. Groceries—Ten years.
Mrs. Caller—He must be very satisfactory.
Mrs. Groceries—He is; he always takes his pay in groceries from our store.—Detroit Free Press.

Her Future Outlined.
Fairfax—I think our little Mabel will be a seamstress.
Cole—Why so?
Fairfax—Well, we noticed she was pointing. She said her temper was ruffled because there was a stitch in her side, and she wished to be tucked in her little bed.—Chicago Daily News.

The Philosophy of Worry.
Doctor—I can't understand why your wife should worry about her jewelry. She has more pearls and diamonds than any other woman I know.
Mr. Richman—She's constantly afraid she'll hear of another woman who has as many.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Had Been There Before.
Mrs. Gillian—Now, Mrs. Wyckoff, we really must say good-by. Dear, while you put your overcoat on, I want to tell Mrs. Wyckoff a secret.
Mr. Gillian—All right. I'll just go and get my hair cut and meet you at the corner.—N. Y. Press.

Rodney, Dear.
Doting Mamma—Rodney, dear, tomorrow is your birthday. What would you like best?
Rodney Dear (after a brief season of cogitation)—I think I'd like to see the schoolhouse burn down.—Melbourne Times.

A Pedal Organ.
She plays with her hands the piano, and some say sweet melody flows; I prefer, though, the noiseless music when my baby plays with her toes.—Judge.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.



Jessie—Mamma, can't Roy stop praying so loud? He's shouting so I can't hear myself say "amen," and I don't know whether I'm through or not!—N. Y. World.

His Neglected Education.
The coal man was a schoolboy once, but he wasted his time having fun; which may account for the fact that he thinks seventeen hundred makes a ton.—Chicago Daily News.

Both of the Same Kind.
Loquacious Visitor (who has been describing at some length her bridal trousseau)—You ought to see me in my going-away gown.
Hostess—I wish I could.—Tit-Bits.

Prepared for a Change.
Elderly Friend—Well, have patience, you may not always be a grocer's boy.
The Boy—Maybe not. The crank I work for may take a notion to fire me at any time.—Puck.

Another Matter.
"You told me your heart was mine," said Blower.
"I know," replied his heiress wife, "but I said nothing about my pocket-book."—Philadelphia North American.

Why He Snubbed Him.
Brigley—There's a man I don't speak to on the street.
Trigley—Is it possible? Why not?
Brigley—Because I don't know him.—Baltimore News.

Extravagant.
Uncle William—I read that Gladstone used to go out and cut down a big tree each mornin' before breakfast.
Aunt Mary—Well, I declare! How reckless in usin' stove-wood his family must have been.—Brooklyn Life.

Timely Tip.
"Did they give you a tip?" asked a restaurant proprietor of a new waiter, who had just served his first customers. "Yes, sorr," was the reply; "they told me I had better go carry a hod."—Portland Oregonian.

An Unnecessary Accomplishment.
Instructor—You are wasting your time here. You will never learn to draw.
Art Student—That's all right, I'm going to be a poster artist.—N. Y. Journal.

Where Science Comes In.
"An inventor is a man who discovers something new, isn't he?"
"No; an inventor is a man who gets a patent out ahead of all the other men who have invented the same thing."—Chicago Record.

Great Bravery.
"I see that Mrs. Kruger always cuts Oom Paul's hair."
"Say, you can't expect such a man to be afraid of anything on earth, can you?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Willing to Lose Herself.
"There is one thing that is truly said of Miss Ogler; she is self-possessed."
"True, but I'll bet you she wishes she wasn't."—Boston Courier.

His Opinion.
She—What have you to say of a girl who marries a man to reform him?
He—I think she's spoiling a mighty good wife for some other fellow.—Puck.

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