

SIGNING AWAY SALVATION.

It was in a country store one evening. A number of young men were sitting together about the stove, telling what they didn't believe and what they were not afraid to do. Finally the leader in the group remarked that, so far as he was concerned, he would be willing at any time to sign away all his interest in Christ for a five-dollar bill.

"What did I understand you to say?" asked an old farmer, who happened to be in the store, and who had overheard the remark.

"I said that for five dollars I would sign away all my interest in Christ, and so I will."

The old farmer, who had learned to know the human heart pretty well, drew out his leathern wallet, took therefrom a ten-dollar bill and put it in the storekeeper's hand. Then calling for ink and paper, he said: "My young friend, if you will just step to the desk now and write as I direct, the money is yours."

The young man took the pen and began:

"In the presence of these witnesses, I, A—— B——, for the sum of ten dollars received, do now, once for all, and forever, sign away all my interest"—

Then he dropped the pen, and with a forced smile said: "I'll take it back; I was only fooling."

The young man did not dare to sign that paper. Why? He had an accusing conscience. He knew that there was a God. He believed in religion. He meant to be a Christian, some time.

And so do you, reader. Notwithstanding your apparent indifference, you would not to-day for ten thousand dollars sign away, if such a thing

were possible, your interest in Jesus Christ.

But what you would not for anything do in one way, you may truly and surely do in another. Remember, I pray you, that to drift on indifferently without a Saviour, day by day and year after year, is as surely to be lost, as if you were to sell your soul to the devil. All that you need to do in order to be damned is to do nothing. How shall we escape if we neglect?

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

ONE evening, long ago, I was crossing some waste ground, when I heard loud cries for help. I ran round a corner and saw a small boy on a plank near the middle of a pool of water. He had launched his raft bravely, but somehow it had got pushed far out, and he found it very shaky and unsafe. The pool was deep, and nasty to fall into, even if he had got out alive. The washings of a new street flowed into it, and the floating bodies of cats and dogs did not add to its charm as a bath.

A working man came up, and between us, after a good deal of trouble, we were able to guide the raft to shore. The boy quickly dried his tears when he felt firm ground under his feet. He looked reproachfully at the stagnant water and the board which so nearly failed him. He never thought of saying "thank you." We joked him a little, and the working man, as he moved away gave him a playful push telling him to mind what sort of a ship he went to sea in another time. The boy turned round fiercely and said, "Don't you do that again." We had a good laugh at the ingratitude of human nature, shown in so absurd