

**ETERNITY!**



**O**N Saturday, the third of August, 1867, there was buried in Dundee, (Scotland) with all the honours of a public funeral, thousands following the body to the grave, one of the poorest of the citizens—Robert Annan.

He was only thirty-six when he died, and of that brief life, only about seven years had been spent in such manner as to call forth the respect of his fellow citizens. Up to the age of twenty-nine he had lived a wild and wicked life. In the army and the navy—In Canada and the United States he kept on his career of sin. But God “who is rich in mercy” led him in 1860 to attend a revival service held in his native city, and there he heard words which led to his conver-

sion. From that day he became a devoted worker among the poor of Dundee. He also became famous for his heroic efforts to rescue the drowning. In the year of his death he had saved at least five lives, and perished himself in endeavouring to save the sixth.

As he left his house, on the day he died, he took a piece of chalk and wrote the word “ETERNITY” on the pavement outside the door. In two hours he was in the eternal world!

A newspaper containing a reference to these facts was read by a young nobleman. That word “Eternity” kept ringing in his ears, and eventually led to his conversion. He requested that the word “ETERNITY” should be carved at his expense on the stone on which Robert Annan had chalked it.

Two days after the request was made the young man stood amid the glories of the eternal world, having been accidentally shot; yet one more proof of the uncertainty of life.

**BOYS! are you prepared for DEATH?**

**WHICH JUG?**

**H**ERE I come, father, *temperance* in one hand, and *intemperance* in the other,” said a little boy as he trudged into the hay-field with a water-jug in one hand and a cider-jug in the other.

“Now who’s for *intemperance*?” he asked.

The words struck home to the father’s heart, and he never again sent cider into the field.