

NOT FINISHED YET.

"I wonder why God ever made me!" cries one of George Macdonald's characters, bitterly. "I'm sure I don't know what was the use of making me." "He hasn't made you," another character replies. "He hasn't done with you yet. He is making you now."

Here is a wonderfully suggestive recognition of two great facts—first, that character is never determined until it is completed, and second, that the logical time to stop hoping and trying is when the hour of death puts an end to this present probationary stage of life. We are none of us finished, in a spiritual sense, so long as there is a single day, or even a single hour, of life left, with its vast possibilities and opportunities. There was the thief on the cross—thank God for that bright gleam on the darkest page of history!—whose whole character and destiny were changed, revolutionized, in almost the last moment of his earthly life. God can do just that for any one of us. He has done it once, he can do it a million times more, if the souls of men are in the right condition for it. None of us is destined until he has finally and irrevocably determined his own destiny, and no character is fixed until its formative period is closed. God is making us, and will be making us so long as we live; and none of us encounters any judgment day until the day of life is done.—Selected.

CHEERFULNESS.

"Be of good cheer."—John 16:33. As a little girl was eating her dinner, the golden rays of the sun happened to fall upon her spoon. Putting the spoon to her mouth, she exclaimed: "O mamma, I have swallowed a whole spoonful of sunshine!" We believe it would be an excellent thing, doing more good than food or medicine, if a lot of us professed Christians could swallow not one but many spoonfuls of sunshine. "A merry heart," the wise Solomon says, "doeth good like a medicine," and we believe that a little "sunshine in our souls" would not alone do us good, but would be the means of good to thousands of others who might be made better and happier through our cheerfulness.—Sel.

A MINISTRY WITHOUT WORDS.

If Christian service were all talking and praying in meetings and visiting the sick, it would be discouraging to some talentless people. But are our tongues the only faculties we can use for Christ? There are ways in which even silent people can do service for God and be a blessing in the world. A star does not talk, but its calm, steady beam shines down continually out of the sky, and is a benediction to many. A flower cannot sing bird songs, but its sweet beauty and gentle fragrance make a blessing wherever it is seen. Be like a star in your peaceful shining, and many will thank God for your life. Be like a flower in your pure beauty and in the influence of your unselfish spirit, and you may do more to bless the world than many who talk incessantly. The living sacrifice does not always mean active work. It may mean the patient endurance of a wrong, the quiet bearing of a pain, cheerful acquiescence in a disappointment.

"Noble deeds are held in honor;
But the wide world sadly needs
Hearts of patience to unravel
The worth of common deeds."

—J. R. Miller.

AUTUMN.

There are no shams in nature; every flower is real, each blade of grass is replete with life, and each song of the woodland is a tallman of sincerity. It is related that when Phidias was laboring upon the statue of Diana, he was advised to give less care to that portion of the work that would be least seen. The story is that he was chiseling carefully the folds of hair on the rear of the head, when a workman of the vulgar class, who never did anything thoroughly, said to him: "Do you know that the statue is to be placed more than a hundred feet above the eye of man and is to stand with the back to the marble wall, and who will ever know the work you put there?" "The gods will know," the artist replied. The name of the vulgar workman has perished from the earth, while the name of him who did the good work because it

was his pleasure has become immortal. We think the song of the workman is lost in the confusion of wheels and clatter of machinery, but not so; he who sings at his work writes the joyfulness of the song upon the face of the task. Nature not only works carefully and thoroughly, but in perfect time and order as well. The frosts of autumn and the snows of winter are useful in their season, but what have they would do in late spring or summer! Man ought to learn to take hold of the issues of life with timeliness and in season. The work that should be done in the spring time if neglected until January will be entirely useless.—G. H. Simmons.

LESSON HELPS.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

"Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

"I don't decry the 'lesson helps.' God bless the teachers who have devised these helps for the busy men and women, the busy housekeeper, the busy merchant, the tradesman and the mechanic, the salesgirl and the seamstress, the wage-earners who teach in the Sunday-schools with such scant time for study, and that time taken from their rest and sleep and hours of recreation. We must have these helps. Blessed be the restaurant and the cannery. Use all the helps you can get. But don't set the canned things on the table uncooked. And don't open the cans in the class. Get them ready for the table, as the women do the nice things they buy in the marketplace. Serve them in the daintiest china, in the clearest crystal. Do as the women folks do, even in the preparation of a dish they have prepared a thousand times; they ask other women if they know of any new way of cooking it. Exchange recipes with your neighbors; that's what Sunday-school conventions are for,—to learn new ways of serving old dishes."—Commonwealth.

CREEDS MELT AT ZERO.

Up in Hardwick, Vermont, one Thursday morning, at half past four, I went to the station. By some mistake I found the station nearer than I expected, and as the train did not come until 5, I had about twenty or twenty-five minutes to wait. The station was shut and dark, and the wind whistled. The thermometer was more than thirty degrees below zero, and as I was walking around the station I thought I would freeze. I was hesitating whether to go back to the hotel, which I saw shut and barred when I left. I knew the keeper had gone to bed. What to do in the darkness and cold of that night I did not know. It was a very serious question for the time. But a man, with some milk-cans, which were for the same train, drove up about five minutes after I had walked the platform. He looked over at me, and with a good old-fashioned Irish heartiness, said, "It will freeze your soul if you stay there." Well, I asked him if there was not a house I could go into, or if the keeper of the station resided anywhere near. He said he did not know, but said, "I will do the best I can for you." He went down into his wagon under his seat, and pulled out a great coonskin overcoat, such as they wear in that country. No one goes without furs up there, and he brought this immense overcoat and put me into it, tied me up in it with the greatest care, and said, "Now you are all right, if you walk fast enough." He went off and left the overcoat with me, telling me to leave it with the agent, and he would get it when he came back. Now I do not know what church he belonged to, but I want to unite with him. I do not know whether he belongs to one creed or another, but I want to go to his church. We were one. No question of creed between us when we were both likely to freeze. He did not ask me if I were a Baptist, and he did not care. I did not ask him if he were a Catholic and I did not care. We were too near together on that freezing night.—Conwell.

MESSRS C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

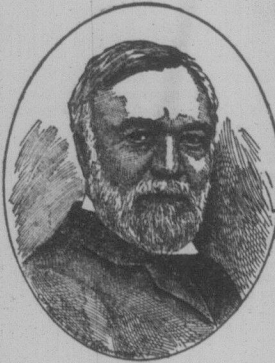
Yours Truly,

J. B. LEVESQUE.

St. Joseph, P. Q., Aug. 18, 1900.

INTERVIEW WITH
MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE

PITTSBURG GAZETTE, JULY 17, 1902



"IF YOU WERE A YOUNG MAN, and had your start to make in the world, would you take up the manufacture of steel?" was asked of Andrew Carnegie by a gentleman who met him on the train to New York after his last visit to Pittsburgh.

The philanthropist hesitated a moment, then shook his head. "No," he said, "the best opening for a young man to-day is in rubber. Rubber will, in a few years, make a greater fortune under present conditions than

steel, or, in fact, any other branch of manufacture. The great value and manifold uses of rubber are just beginning to be properly appreciated, and the profits in its production are greater than almost anything about which I am informed."

Mr. Carnegie then launched forth in a long discussion on the growth of the rubber tree, the best product and the hundreds of uses to which it has been put, and even suggested a number of improvements that showed deep study of the subject.

"Watch the men engaged in the manufacture of rubber," he concluded, "and as the years go by you will see them amassing splendid fortunes. The opportunities for young men are as great to-day as ever in the history of the world, and I firmly believe that rubber furnishes the greatest."

The apparently startling statements of Mr. Carnegie, startling only to those who have not investigated, have aroused the greatest interest and everyone wants to at once know all about this wonderful new industry. Of course time is required to grow rubber trees as well as any other trees and those who wished to take the matter up now would be in a bad way were it not for the fact that energetic and farseeing men had already started plantations. Early in 1901 the Obispo Rubber Plantation Company acquired a tract of rich land in the true rubber belt of Mexico, consisting of fourteen square miles or nine thousand acres, over fifteen hundred acres of which have already been cleared and planted to rubber. There are over seven hundred thousand one year old rubber trees in the nurseries, besides from 500 to 1,000 acres planted in corn and other crops. The plantation force is fully organized, labor abundant and transportation facilities perfect, a railroad being on one side of the plantation and a river on the other. The best and quickest way for you to benefit by Mr. Carnegie's prophetic utterances is by sending to the Obispo people for full particulars of their proposition. What is thought of them by their neighbors in Mexico is shown by the letter from the largest American Bank in Mexico from which we quote as follows: "Knowing the personality of the Company and the advantageous situation of the Ranch 'El Obispo,' we feel safe in saying that their success is assured."

(Signed) THE UNITED STATES BANKING CO.,
GEORGE L. HAM, Manager

To JOHN A. BARNES, Treasurer

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