

"VANITY OF VANITIES."

Rufus Choate, during his career, was the most successful advocate in New England. His legal learning and vigorous logic commanded the respect of judges. His eloquence wrung verdicts from reluctant juries. Senates and mass meetings listened with rapture to the brilliant rhetoric in which he clothed his thoughts.

Friends loved and the community admired him. Clients hurried to retain his services. Political, legal and social honors were laid at his feet. There was no one, save himself, but spoke of him as the successful man.

Save himself—for all through the roar and rush of his busy life sounded the undertone—spoken so low that only intimate friends heard it—"Vanity of vanities! All is vanity!"

"I have cared much more for others than for myself; I have spent my strength for naught," he said to a friend, in alluding to his long and severe legal labors.

The friend reminded him that he had gained a brilliant reputation in his professions and as a scholar, and that this was reward enough to satisfy any man.

"We used to read," answered the great lawyer, "that this kind of fame was but an empty bubble; now I know it is nothing else.

"My light here," he added, smiling that melancholy smile, which often made his friends muse as to whether the man so honored was at heart disappointed, "my light here is soon to be extinguished. I think often of the grave. I am animated by the hope of an immortality to be enjoyed where sin and sorrow and weariness never come.

Mr. Choate was not singular in his estimate of the vanity of human glory. Scores of great men, Romans, Greeks, Europeans and Americans, have wailed a similar monotone, when consciously near the termination of their eventful and honored lives.

He who stood in our Senate's gallery and looked down upon the great lawyers and statesmen on the floor beneath, has been startled by the furrowed lines and sad looks, which told that they, too, were preyed upon by disappointment.

"The world is hollow, and my doll is filled with saw-dust!" sobs the little girl, made miserable by the rent's disclosure. We smile at her childish sorrow, but it is as genuine and as noteworthy—to angels, at least—as the wail of the crushed Wolsey: "Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!" "Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!"

The heart of man craves the permanent and progressive. His earthly attainments pass quickly away, and leave no result adequate to the pains and penalties of the strife.

Great, therefore, as the grandeur may be, with which the world invests man,

it cannot satisfy him. It is, in the pregnant phrase of the Hebrew Scripture, "Vanity of vanities," breath of breaths, which vanishes away and leaves nothing permanent. There was a man chained in a dungeon, whence he expected to be led out by the executioner. He had toiled long, had traversed seas and lands, and suffered many afflictions. Few knew him in the city whose prison held his body, and fewer still sympathized with his ideas. Yet this prisoner, while looking at the glare of the headman's blade, wrote to a friend,—

"I am already being offered, and the time of my departure is come. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness."

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave," sings the poet. But the path in which Paul, the aged Christian sage, walked, led through and beyond the grave.—*Youth's Companion.*

FAST men, like fast rivers are generally shallow.

It is home that maketh glad the heart and lighteth up the countenance.

To place wit before good sense is to place the superfluous before the necessary.

KNOWLEDGE is that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another.—*Addison.*

LET this be thy purpose, O friend! to observe the law of right and to do it. Then the sunshine and the storm, the night and the day, the heat and the cold of life's discipline will foster and mature the grain for garner in the sky.—*N. A. Staples.*

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Burpee Witter.

Wolfville, Aug. 1st. 1884.

JOHN W. WALLACE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC

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For further particulars apply to **J. B. DAVISON** Wolfville, May 30, 1884

W. & A. Railway Time Table

1884—Summer Arrangement—1884. Commencing Monday, 2nd June.

GOING EAST.	Accm.	Accm.	Exp.
	Daily.	T.T.S.	Daily.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Annapolis Leve		5 30	1 45
14 Bridgetown "		6 25	2 23
28 Middleton "		7 25	2 57
42 Aylesford "		8 32	3 30
47 Berwick "		8 55	3 43
50 Waterville "		9 10	3 50
59 Kentville d'pt	5 40	10 40	4 20
64 Port Williams "	6 00	11 00	4 33
66 Wolfville "	6 10	11 10	4 38
69 Grand Pre "	6 25	11 22	4 46
72 Avonport "	6 37	11 35	4 54
77 Hantsport "	6 55	11 55	5 08
84 Windsor "	7 45	12 45	5 30
116 Windsor Jun "	10 00	3 10	6 50
130 Halifax arrive	10 45	3 55	7 25

GOING WEST.	Exp.	Accm.	Accm.
	Daily.	M. W. F.	daily.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Halifax—leave	7 20		2 30
14 Windsor Jun—	8 00	8 30	3 30
46 Windsor "	9 15	11 00	5 35
53 Hantsport "	9 35	11 30	6 03
58 Avonport "	9 48	11 50	6 20
61 Grand Pre "	9 56	12 06	6 33
64 Wolfville "	10 05	12 24	6 46
66 Port Williams "	10 10	12 36	6 55
71 Kentville "	10 40	1 25	7 10
80 Waterville "	10 58	2 02	
83 Berwick "	11 05	2 17	
88 Aylesford "	11 18	2 40	
102 Middleton "	11 48	3 47	
116 Bridgetown "	12 23	4 52	
130 Annapolis Ar've	1 00	5 50	

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis for St. John every Tues Thurs and Sat. p. m. Steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis for Boston every Sat. p. m. Steamer Cleopatra leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Wed. p. m. Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. Innes, General Manager. Wolfville, 30th May 1884

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