

## DO IT NOW.

On the desk of a humble clerk in one of our offices this little card can be seen, "Do it now." The owner of that desk found that she was in the habit of deferring things and losing sight of them afterwards, and then getting into confusion and sometimes disaster, and so she wisely put that reminder there, and she says it has saved her infinite trouble. Oh, let us do it now, and this very hour, upon our knees settle forever the great decision which the Holy Spirit is pressing upon our hearts, even as we read these lines.

## AN INCIDENT.

Sitting back of me in a train the other day were a mother and promising boy. The conductor had punched the mother's ticket; and, as a ticket had not been provided for the lad, the conductor looking at the boy, politely said, "Is your boy under five, madam?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply. The conductor moved on, and then I heard the youngster say, "Why, mamma, I am past six."

Instantly, with frowning face and a countenance blazing with wrath, the mother said: "Don't ever contradict me again. I know what I am saying. If the conductor had heard you say that, he would have made me pay half-fare for you. Don't ever say again on the train that you are past six. If you do, I'll whip you when we get home!"

The boy was still for a moment. Then I heard him say, "But, mamma, I am past six." A slap followed; the child cried; the mother looked like a tempest; and I fairly boiled with indignation.

It is just an incident on a railroad train, yet possibly one that will be harmful to a boy morally than an ordinary railroad accident might have been to him physically. One such experience in a boy's life may mar his whole career. Then think of the mother's personal sin. She lied to the conductor; she lied to her own boy; she cheated the railroad; she abused the child. And all that to save one dollar and twenty-five cents, the price of a half-fare ticket from New York to Philadelphia. May God pity the boy and forgive the mother.—C. E. World.

## OUR LORD'S EXALTATION.

I think I hear the song, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the king of glory shall come in." The bars of massy light are all unloosed; the pearly gates are all wide open flung; and as he passes through, mark you, the highest joy which swells his soul is that he has opened those gates, not for himself—for they were never shut on him—but that he has opened them for sinners. It was for this, indeed, he died; and it is for this that he ascends on high, that he may, "open the kingdom of heaven for all believers." See him as he rides through heaven's streets! "Thou hast ascended up on high; Thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts from men." Ah! but hear the refrain—for this is the sweetest note of all the hymn—"Yea, for the rebellious also—yea, for the rebellious, also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." The scattered gifts of his coronation, the lavish bounties of ascension, are still for sinners. He is exalted on high—for what? To give repentance and remission of sins. He still wears upon his breastplate the names of sinners; upon his hands and upon his heart does he still bear the remembrance of those sinners; and every day for the sinner's sake he doth not hold his peace, and for the sinner's sake he doth not rest, but cried unto God until every sinner shall be brought safely home.—Charles H. Spurgeon.

Too long a period of fair weather in the low Italian valleys creates such a superabundance of dust that the traveler sighs for a shower. He is smothered, clothes are white, his eyes smart, the grit even grates between his teeth and finds its way down his throat; welcome are the rain clouds, as they promise to abate the nuisance. Prosperity long continued breeds a plague of dust even more injurious, for it almost blinds the spirit and insinuates itself into the soul; a shower or two of grief proves a mighty blessing, for it deprives the things

of earth of somewhat of their smothering power. A Christian making money fast is just a man in a cloud of dust; it will fill his eyes if he be not careful. A Christian full of worldly care is in the same condition and had need look to it lest he be choked with earth.—Ex.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S DYING CONFIDENCE.

Dr. McAll, of Manchester, eminent in piety as well as talents, rested on the same truth, and expressed himself in almost the same words as the Highland lad. Shortly before his death, he was asked by Mr. Fletcher, of Manchester, if the gospel he had preached to others now occupied his thoughts, and was dear to his heart. "Yes," he said with a smile, "its very core; I cannot now trouble myself with its envelopments." On another occasion he addressed, with much delicacy, his medical men, and said "Gentlemen, I am no fanatic; rather I have been too much of a speculatist; and I wish to say this—I am a great sinner; but my trust is in Jesus Christ, and what he has done and suffered for sinners. Upon this, as the foundation of my hope, I can confidently rely, now that I am sinking into eternity."

## OUR JERICHO.

There are times when I get work to do the good of which I cannot see. Sometimes, before the walls of Jericho, there is put into my hands a trumpet when I think it should be a sword. Sometimes I am sent a long, circuitous march when I expect to be retained for the assault. These moments are very hard to me. It is not the work that is hard; it is the want of vision. It is easy enough to blow a trumpet; it is a light thing to walk round the city. The hard thing is to see the good of it.

Help me at such moments, O Lord, to say, "One step enough for me!" . . . Let me not ask how the sound of the trumpet can aid the fall of Jericho. Let me not ask why I am to go round about when there is a short and easy way. Let me be led blindfolded by thee. When I see not the Promised Land, let me feel the Promised Hand. When I view not thy glory, let me have thy guidance. When I have lost sight of thy coming, let me strain the ear for thy command. I shall not weep if only I can say: "One step enough for me."—George Matheson.

## SORRY HE SPOKE.

Old Mr. Gardiner had a difference with the local grocer, and he openly avowed never to patronize the shop again. Therefore the grocer in question was agreeably surprised when one afternoon his late customer entered and ordered several pounds of sugar with complete nonchalance.

Prudence would have dictated silence, but human nature is weak, and as he tied the string the grocer could not help saying:

"I thought you declared only the other day that you should never darken my doors again Mr. Gardiner?"

"That is true, and I should not have done so," was the retort, but I've just received a fine lot of bulbs, and I have no san for potting them."—Sel.

## MY GREAT TASK.

If I have faltered more or less  
In my great task of happiness;  
If I have moved among my race  
And shown no glorious morning face;  
If beams from happy human eyes  
Have moved me not; if morning skies,  
Books and my food, and summer rain  
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—  
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take  
And stab my spirit broad awake;  
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,  
Choose Thou before that spirit die  
A piercing pain—  
And to my dead heart run them in.

—R. L. Stevenson.

Prayer is a breath of fresh air—much else of course, but certainly this. It is inspiration on a hill-top for new toiling on the plain.—M. D. Babcock, D. D.

"Didn't you think I made some rather cutting remarks in my speech at the club banquet last night?"

"You did, old fellow. I noticed them. You split infinitives right along."—Chicago Tribune.

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