

ADVANTAGES OF FORESIGHT OF LIFE'S END.

These three advantages accrue from the purpose to make ready for the end of life. First it puts man upon his mettle, stimulates his activities, nourishes and freshens them. Nothing spurs a man to his task like the consciousness of the brevity of the time appointed. The contractor suffers an injury who is told to take his own time. Contrariwise, the time limit for the expiration of his work, keeps him up to his best. Unfortunately many men feel that they do not know when their life is to end, and therefore assume that they have a score of years, or thirty years to complete their task. If every man had a chart placed in his hands, so that he knew just how much time had been allotted him to work out his purposes, how would he use the time, ministering upon the altar of duty, and a second stint in the next month.

We know that when Agur crossed the Jordan, he kept his little handbag always packed, so that he could close them upon a Samaritan's notice, and start at once with his disciples for home. Every prudent man ought to lay out his life upon that basis, and with reference to thoroughness, accuracy, and faithfulness to his work and his Master, he reads, for the messenger whose coming is unexpected, like the coming of a thief, in the night. But this foresight of life's end is also a bulwark against temptation, and safeguard against evil. What student is not made more accurate for the reflection that the examiner may come at any hour? What soldier is not the better prepared for remembering that any moment the trumpet may call the charge.

In their last days of the battle before Richmond, General Grant sent word along the line that the next would be the last charge. The knowledge that the end was approaching, and that they must round out their career as soldiers, was such a tonic unto men, that they completed with each other for the most dangerous tasks, and the most difficult places. When Paul realized that the time of his departure was at hand, he served himself for one more letter, for one more heroic deed, for one more act of supreme self-sacrifice, and he hurried for the most difficult place of service and suffering, as some brave youth, desirous with exceeding great desire, to prove his affection to his beloved one. For all these reasons, therefore, Christ tried to induce men to be ready for the end of the life career.—A. D. Hillis, D. D.

THE GLORIES OF AN INWARD HEAVEN.

And why should we not take pains to magnify the absolutely certain inward heaven offered to the heathen peoples in the Lord? After all, a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. His folded arms may keep the gateway of a palace or a prison. By what he is, and not by what he has, is a man's true happiness defined. Consider, then how Christianity enriches inward life. It lifts the shadows from man's concepts of the universe, and changes Saturn from a fickle foe into a constant friend. It gives the Bible world to the humblest of believers, and compared with all other mental worlds are small and poor and cold. And through the Bible it conducts the spirit of the faithful into fellowship with saints and angels, and the author of his life, which make the darkest night alive with stars. Think how miserable your inward life would be if nature were aught else to you than God's far minister! Think how cold and poor and small your inward life would be if all that scripture has conferred on you were blotted out! Then think how how utterly empty your inward life would be if you had never fellowship with Christ or any of the Christian throng! And then, comparing these, you will be able to compare your careers of the peerless blisses which the Gospel can bestow at once on heathen men.—J. Moffat Logan.

HOLDING FATHER'S HAND.

A recent writer tells this story: The patter of little feet on my office floor and a glad voice exclaiming, "Father I've come to 'visit you home'" made known to me the presence of my six year old darling, who often came at that hour "to take me home," as she said.

Soon we were going hand-in-hand on the homeward way.

"Now father, let's play I am a poor little

blind girl, and you must let me hold your hand tight, and you lead me along and tell me where to step and how to go."

So the merry blue eyes were shut tight, and we began.

"Now step up, now down, till we safely arrived, and the darling was nestling in my arms saying gleefully.

"Wasn't it nice, father, I never peeped once."

"But," said mother, "didn't you feel afraid you'd fall, dear?"

With a look of trusting love, came the answer.

"Oh, no, mother, I had a tight hold of father's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places."

Have we a tight hold on our heavenly Father's hand, and a firm trust in His love?

NOT AFRAID TO LIE.

Bishop Butler, the author of the 'Analogy,' was assailed by doubts and fears during his last illness. His temperament was naturally melancholy, and disease had increased this tendency.

One day he appeared unusually depressed. His chaplain inquired into the reason. The bishop said:

"Although I have endeavored to avoid sin and to please God to the utmost of my power, yet the consciousness of perpetual infirmities, I am still afraid to die."

"My lord," said Dr. Foster, "you have forgotten that Jesus Christ is a Saviour."

"True," was the reply, "but how shall I know that He is a Saviour for me?"

"My lord," rejoined the chaplain, "it is written 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"True," said the bishop, "although I have read that Scripture a thousand times, I have never felt its value to this moment; and now I die happy.—Ex.

JESUS SHINES IN.

A poor, lame girl was kept all the time in her room. It was a poor, dark room, where the sun never shone in.

A visitor once said: "You never have any sun here, do you?"

"Oh," she said, "My Sun comes in at every window, and even through the cracks."

The visitor looked surprised. Then the lame girl added, "I mean the Sun of Righteousness. He shines here and makes every thing shine so bright."

Does Jesus shine in your heart and home? If He does, I am sure there are love and peace there.—Olive Plants.

THE HOME-MADE BALL.

Two grown-up boys of sixty were standing in front of a window in which were displayed all sorts of games and sporting goods. There were several boxes full of baseballs which ranged in price from ten cents to a dollar and a half.

"Our young fellows have too much of their fun ready made for them," said one. "Look at those baseballs, which my young gentleman of ten or fifteen, with his allowance of several thousand dollars—the other grinned—more or less, buys by the dozen, throws around and loses. I doubt if he has as good a time as I had. Ever make a baseball?"

"Hundreds of 'em. Hundreds of 'em. Do you remember how we used to watch for old rubber boots so we could use the heels?"

"Yes, indeed! Real rubber, they were then, too. Made a fine core. If you didn't start with a good core, the other fellow's ball would bounce higher. A fellow was pretty poor stuff that couldn't bounce his ball over the shed."

"And mother used to give us the yarn. That never seemed extra-vagant to her, although may be she objected if we spent a nickel for candy."

"I used to get enough yarn to make a ball from my old Aunt Emma, as pay for holding five skeins."

"Did you put hard twine on the outside before you put on the cover?"

"Yes. Fine, hard twine or small fish line. That was a little more expensive, but well I made a great many balls."

"So did I. My brother taught me how to cut the cover from old boot tops. Quarters, you know—pieces shaped like pieces of orange peel."

"Yes, I've made 'em that way, too, but sometimes we cut the leather in two, dumb, bell shaped pieces, like those in the window there. Then we sewed 'em with waxed thread."

"Say, I'm going to teach that boy of mine to make a baseball. There are some things absolutely necessary to a liberal education. Good-by."

"Good-by. I suppose I shall see you at the Director's meeting at four?"—Youth's Camdanion.



Mrs. Anderson, Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, who witnessed her signature to the following letter, praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any I ever knew and thoroughly reliable."

"I have seen many cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit, who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."

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On and after SUNDAY, Oct. 11, 1903 trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.	
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2—Exp. for Halifax, the Sydneys and Campbellton	7.00
4—Express for Point du Chene, 13.15	
26—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou, 12.15	
8—Express for Sussex, 17.10	
14—Express for Quebec and Montreal, 18.00	
10—Express for Halifax and Sydney, 23.25	

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.	
9—Express from Halifax and Sydney, 6.20	
7—Express from Sussex, 9.00	
33—Express from Montreal and Quebec, 13.50	
5—Mixed from Moncton, 15.20	
3—Express from Point du Chene, 16.50	
25—Express from Halifax Pictou and Campbellton, 17.40	
1—Express from Halifax, 18.40	
8—Express from Moncton (Sunday only), 24.35	

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D. POTTINGER, ager.

General Man.

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 9, 1903.
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