Ohe filmily cirale Tls Come at Last.
Tis omo at last 1 he conficict dread
 Twere well dispensad with long beforo.

 In groans, and \&hricks, and toars, and blood.
Ad groand sand shriess enogh have risen
To rend the earth from strind
 faithful reoord God hath hept,















TME FLIEs.

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| :---: | :---: |
| Reuben Rogers lived a careless life for |  |
| many years, thinking much nnd little about the world to come. He |  |
|  |  |
| about forty years old, when one day he went graveyard. He saw on a tomb the woll-knibwn words which had often met his eyo and ear, "Time Flies." He stopped to |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| his memory recalled the day when he sat as a little boy writing his copy-slip-the time |  |
| he time |  |
| grden, -and that Sabbath when the preach- |  |
| er gipoke so solerexily to the people. As he |  |
|  |  |
| tear from his cheek with the sleeve of his coat, and then willed on'ward with a slow stap. But when he reached home, Tim, the owyer, was waiting for him at the garden |  |
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|  |  |
| gaweer, He had come to invite Reuben to a club feast that was to be held in the next village in a month's time. They soon got into close talk on the matter, when Reuben promised to be at the feast, thoughts of which mind. |  |
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| again of the words, "Time flies." The doctor said that the fever which lay heavily upon lim would be likely to end in death. There, in a small room, the sick man lay for days and weeks, when a pious man who heard of hid state, went to see him, and found him with a Bible lying on his bed, and his finger pointing to the words, "This $I$ say, brethren, ithe time is short." <br> "It is true," siaid the kind visitor to Reu- |  |
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| longer, and the place which knows us now shall know us no more forever. Wo spend |  |
|  |  |
| our years as a tale that is told. Oh, then, let us see if we are ready to go hence. Moof gold. Look to Josus; seek for mercy |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| through, faith in his name and merits, Seekye the loord while he may be found, ceilye |  |
|  |  |
| upon him while he is near. He invites guilty sinners to come to him; and has promised |  |
|  |  |
| that those who draw nigh to him in faith shall not be cast out. Do not delay; your days on earth are but fow. Mime will son have fled, you will haye gitthen is the accepted hour., |  |
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|  |  |
| and they went to his hoart. What would he not now have given for the days of youth to roturn, and the health, which. was forever gone, to be restored to him! Oh, that he lud listened to the warnings that had been gone into folly and sin! |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| Poor Reuben was taken away from thisworld-but, we hope, not before he had been taught the value of time, and to seek for pardon through faith in the Saviour. |  |
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|  |  |
| Young reader, do not forget that " Time flies. $\mathrm{ra}_{\text {a }}$ Nor cain you stop it in its flight - Not the rich man's wealth, nor the mighty man's |  |
|  |  |
| the rich man's wealth, nor the mighty man's power, can avail to bring back one moment |  |
| when it is past. Forget not the short story chse a lesson of wisdom that may do you |  |
|  |  |
| good. While your eyes are bright, and youth and health are given you, think how quickly your days on carth are spent, and seek |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| through faith in Jesus Clirist for the grace of God, that you may be ready to live or die. |  |
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| omen, mothers even, talk zphere. And how, we ask |  |
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| nut of it into another; but when it embraces the noblest influences of a world, how can it |  |
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|  |  |
| le extended? Has not the mother her hiand upon the very springs of being? Has she |  |
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## The Eutopean gRan grop.








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| trust the time is not dstant whentrue over all your vast hrithory, fromLawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. |  |  |
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