THE PRIDE OF MORTALS. The following (said to have been written by William Knox of Scotland), was a favorite poem with most intimate friends :

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud, A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave, He passeth from life to his rest in the grave. The leaves of the oak and willow shall fade. Be scattered around, and together be laid ; And the young and the old and the low and th

Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie. The infant a mother attended and loved, The mother that infant's affection who proved, The husband that mother and infant who blessed, Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest. The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne, The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn, The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave, Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap, The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the

The beggar who wandered in search of his bread, Have faded away like the grass that we tread. So the multitude goes, like the flower or the wee That withers away to let others succeed: So the multitude comes, even those we behold, To repeat every tale that has often been told.

"The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven. The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven, The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just, Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust." For we are the same our fathers have been : We see the same sights our fathers have seen ; We drink the same stream and view the same sun And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think ; From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink ; To the life we are clinging they also would cling ;

But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing. They loved, but the story we can not unfold; They scorned but the heart of the haughty is cold ; They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will

They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is They died-ay! they died; we things that are now, That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,

And make in their dwellings a transient abode, Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, We mingle together in sunshine and rain;

And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge, Still follow each other, like surge upon surge. 'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of

From the blossom of health to the paleness of From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

MARY'S LAMB.

La petite Marie had le june muttong, Zee wool was blanchee as ze snow, Aud everywhere la belle Marie went, La june muttong was sure to go.

Wun gal named Moll had lamb, Fleacee all samee whitee snow, Evly place Moll gal walkee, Ba ba hoppee long too.

Dat Mary haf got ein leedle schaf, Mit hair shust like some wool, Und all der blace dat gal did vent, Dat schaf go like ein fool.

Begorry, Mary had a little shape, And the wool was white entirely. An whenever Mary would stir her sthumps, That young shape would follow her complately.

The fireside.

A NEW-YEAR'S FROLIC. "But we may try, mayn't we?" pleaded Bob and

Archy, and their grandma smiled as she answered " Certainly, you may keep awake if you can, and welcome in the New Year at midnight. Only mina that you don't set the house on fire." "Then we may keep the lamp?"

"For a while," said grandma.

The boys pranced up to bed very merry, and certain that they were wakeful enough to watch the old year out. It had been a trial that grandma would not let them sit up and stay dressed, but she said they would surely take cold, and it could not be allowed. "If we do keep awake we may have first wish, mayn't we?" asked Bob.

'And I know what that will be," added Archy, "Grand new sleds, with steel runners."

"And if I get first wish it is new spectacles to replace those you tied on the cat and she lost in the barn, eh?" said grandpa. The boys hurried away, not caring to reply, for,

as Archy said, "Spectacles cost so much when a fellow's pocket money is only a shilling a week. It was easy at first to keep at work, telling stories and guessing riddles, but presently Archy's voice grew faint, and Bob heard a slight and unmistakable snore, which made him punch Archy vigor

"But you are awfully sleepy," he said, good naturedly. "Take a nap, and then I'll wake you, and you can watch while I have one."

It was not so much fun being the only boy awake. and Bob must have dozed a bit, for suddenly he heard the clock striking and sprang up.

"Happy New-Year, Archy! Wake up old fel "Indians? Where?" said Archy, greatly start.

led by the shout in his ear. "Nowhere. Happy New Year."

Bob tumbled up and went thumping down stairs, shouting his greeting to grandpa, but behold there was the good man still reading the paper in the sitting-room, and pointing, with a smile, at the clock, which plainly said ten. The boys retreated, and though they laughed they felt rather crestfallen. And keeping awake was so hard that dawn had come before Bob opened his eyes

"Must be day-time, for I can see the light," he said, and hurrying into his clothes, he stole down stairs, this time quite certain that the New Year had come. He opened the kitchen door with such a shout that Keziah, who was just lifting the pail of new milk to strain it, let if fall, and she and Bob, who rushed to help save it, both got well wet with the warm white fluid. Bob did not care so much as he would if grandpa had not called from his bedroom that the boys had certainly got ahead

of him this time. So after breakfast, when Bob and Archy devoured an astonishing number of New-Year's cakes, made very large, and very sweet, and fried very sins of theage. Who among us possesses that charity closely shut up and dark in the day time. The brown, the happy boys received the longed-for sleds that thinketh no evil, that will put the best conand set out for Three-mile Hill. This was a grand struction on the conduct or report about a brother? to enter the cellar in the day time will deposit coasting place, and to-day many of the village boys If you hear any evil about a rival, you rejoice at it much of its moisture upon the cold walls, and the were enjoying it. You may be sure Bob and Archy and tell it, and if you hear the report about him cellar is made more damp instead of dryer by the displayed their sleds, and exchanged rides, ran contradicted, you never mention that. You are day ventilation. races, and all the other things that boys with new sorry the worst report is not true. Is not your

The state of the s

"I can, and I'll do it on the other side, too,"

two sides down to the meadow land, and one was the evil or the good you have heard about a very steep. Bob started, sitting on his sled with | brother? Have you any conception of the sacredhis back to the descent. He went protty well for ness of human character? A good name is of more Abraham Lincoln, who often repeated it to his a little, then the sled spun around, shot off to one value than all earthly good, but you deal with it side, and suddenly both it and Bob seemed to dis- as recklessly as if it were trash. Penitentiaries appear and sink into the ground.

"I'm thankful New-Year's day only comes once

in twelve months," said grandma, when she heard Be afraid of that power,—the tongue. So live "I'm not," said Bob and Archy, both at once. -Youth's Companion.

TEMPERANCE.

THE CIDER QUESTION, " Take a drink of it, man; it is just from the press; 'twouldn't hurt a babe." sickness to the soul.

mother was a mother still.

Under the influence of the Washingtonian move- It is well to remember also that you yourself have ment I was picked up. Sober, hopeful, and re- a tongue, and the probabilities are that your tongue solved to stand fast, I went again to my father's is only an average one. "He who offends not in home, drank his cider and fell. I was again an word the same is a perfect man." You are hardly outcast, and again picked up.

some money, got clothed decently, and felt like a heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue." to haunt the grog shop, or to associate with those that lesson I will return for another." He never who did. I married again, and entered anew on returned for twenty years. That lesson is the the battle of life.

ployer's work was hurrying him.

latter part of the night at the mill, I was coming not. Also take no heed unto all words that are Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage home, when I met a friend coming from his cider spoken; lest thou hear thy servants curse thee; for mill, and having in his hand a pail of new cider oftentimes also thine own heart knoweth that thou just from the press. He was a deacon in the thyself likewise hast cursed others." (Ecc. vii. 20church, an exemplary professor, and a worthy 22.) Surely there is nothing worse under the sun. citizen. He loved me, but he came near killing me. He offered me a drink from his pail. I excused myself, for my mouth watered, as I have had it do before when asked to drink at the bar. He was

"Why, Joel," he said, "not drink sweet cider wouldn't drink rum for the world, nor offer it to you; but this is as harmless as water-nothing but apple juice. Take a drink of it, man; it is just from the press; 'twouldn't hurt a babe!"

I was ashamed of my scruples; I was thirsty. but felt the shadow of some great danger. The old demon of appetite was pleading within while the deacon was pleading without. I eagerly reached for the pail as he held it towards me, and drankdrank deeply.

Very likely there was no intoxication in that cider. A barrel of it might not have a drop of alcohol, but this I do know, the taste-the actthe association-all combined to entrap me, and as I took my lips from the pail, the old devil was unchained as effectually as though I had drunk brandy instead of sweet cider. I was transformed in a twinkling; was wildly, exultingly mad. I shouted in my joy, and danced around the deacon, and slapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

He was shocked at my irreverence for the Sabbath, and shot through the gate as if grieved. "I am sorry, Joel, but you have been drinking

True, but not what he supposed. I had drunk his sweet cider merely—"' 'twouldn't hurt a babe!' Let oblivion rest over the six months which folwed that fall. I distinctly remember only the scene at the deacon's gate. About daybreak, after troubled rest on the ground, I awoke, but so weak and so desolate at heart, I wept and prayed to die. I wanted to die, for I felt like a wreck on

The sun was just rising in the east, and smiled sweetly upon me. I shrank as if the eye of God was upon me. And then my dog-little Waglicked my face gently, and looked wistfully in my eyes. I heard the river run by, and then came upon me such a thirst that I never experienced before. I gasped for breath. I was choking for water. Every drop of blood seemed a drop of flame, while the water sang and rippled in mockery. I must drink or die, and at last managed to roll over and down the bank. By hard work I crawled to the water, and, as I reached to drink, feared the great boon would cheat me. It seemed that there were not enough in the river to slake my thirst, and I ordered Wag away, as he begun to lap by my

Bless God! the Giver of water! That drink was a long, cooling draught of bliss to a burning body and soul. I drank again, and again, and wept, and thanked God. I bathed hands, and face, and brow,

and grew stronger. I sat by the river's bank until the bells tolled. Had some kind one taken me by the hand, I would have given life for an hour at the altar, and the prayers of true Christians. But at that moment the deacon who had given me the cider passed by,

"That's Joe !- pity he hadn't drowned for his wife's and mother's sake.' O, how the cruel words stung me! I writhed

n agony. Was there no home again for me? No mother nor wife? No heaven at last? I dared not go home by daylight. In the evenand down before my house, ventured in. A candle

was dimly burning, and my dear mother, worn out the good work is surely the great want of our SILK VELVETS; Black Mantle Velvets; with anxiety, was fast asleep in the sick room chair, and my poor wife was breathing heavily on the bed. How sad-almost heart broken-how weary and worn she looked! I kneeled down beside the bed and ventured to take her hand. She smiled faintly, as if dreaming, and whispered my name.

"God, I thank Thee, he has come back to me! Poor, betrayed, scourged, crucified innocent! I never wept such bitter tears as then, never saw so clearly what desolations I had visited upon others. motto through life, to help a fellow up. Hot, and like rain, the tears fell upon her hand as I would drink no more. She awoke, and throwing or tempted. Give each a hand, and help a fellow her arms around my neck, prayed while she kissed up. my swollen cheek. I have drunk no cider since What would have become of Martin Luther, then. I would as soon peril my soul's salvation when he was a young man singing in the streets for in a glass of rum. I will never offer it to others, his bread, if some one had an eye to observe him and I deem him or her an insidious enemy who and a heart to feel not for him, had put out a hand

HARD SPEECHES.

The unbridled use of the tongue is one of the crying sleds are apt to do. It was Ben Price who "dared" heart deceitful above all things and desperately "Talk is cheap." Is it? Just hire a lawyer RING in Bo wicked? You a Christian, a preacher, and yet re- once. - Syracuse Herald.

joicing in iniquity? Dare you speak as contemptuously of a brother to his face as you do behind his The boys cheered. Three-mile Hill sloped on back! In conversation, do you delight to talk of would have to be multiplied by the hundred if all "Mr. Plummer's old well!" cried Archy, in robbers and thieves had their due.

Satanic power, Origen said, could change the "It's dry, and partly filled up," said Ben, and all magistrate's rods to serpents, but it could not turn the boys ran pell-mell down the hill to rescue their the serpents back to rods again. Your lie may comrade. They drew him up by a line made of turn the fine gold of a good man's character to dross, their sled ropes. He was not much bruised, as the but you cannot turn the dross back to gold again. well was partly filled with snow, and there The Morley lie robbed Garfield of the electoral was no water in it. But the new sled was rather votes of three States of the Union, for "a lie can get around the world while truth is getting his boots

that you can look any man in the face and contradict or defy his lies. The medicine is hard, and often the innocent suffer with the guilty, but the power of the tongue to keep one another straight is beyond all measure. It outweighs all magistrates, police, or standing armies. Their offences become too gross and defiant for the tongue then the pen and the press take up the cudgel. By these rods we are whipped into decency, virtue and I heard this twenty years ago. With life and sobriety. It would be a calamity to the church purpose fortified by long years of devotion to a society, and the world, if people would cease to sacred pledge, and, I trust, the grace of God, I can talk about one another. Better to have mean not recall this sentence without a shudder. After things said about us than to be dropped with silent so long a time it has the sharp, startling serpent's contempt. There is no power equal to the tongue hiss, burning into the very blood, and sending to drive a man into reformation. If that power fails, it is a sign that the man is lost to all sense of By what was then the universal custom of society, decency and public respect. The innocent however, I was made a drunkard before I was twenty-one. need a caution. Be not too sensitive or too easily I was outlawed by the same society that roined me, disturbed by the speech of people. They will talk, and recklessly plunged deeper into dissipation. My and talk about you, and they are just about as young wife died, and I rushed to the bottle to likely to say one thing as another; and the great drown trouble. When all other friends deserted mass of human chit-chat is as idle and meaningless me, and my own father drove me from his door, my as the wind that blows. Fix your course and move on, unheeding either gossip or slander.

that. It is told of a person who went to the preacher The last time I reformed and fell was late one to take lessons from the Bible, the first lesson hapautumn, I had been sober three months, had earned pened to be the 39th Psalm. "I said I will take mr. I had learned one thing to my sorrow-not "That will do," said the learner: "when I master greatest, most difficult, and practical lesson of earth. In late autumn I engaged in a saw-mill at high | Begin to master it, and your life work begins. wages, for I was strong and ready, and my em- and until you can bridle your tongue, have more charity for those who do not. "For there is not Late one Sabbath morning, after sleeping the a just man on earth that doeth good and sinneth

THE BOOK OF THE NEW YEAR. The Book of the New Year is opened,

Its pages are spotless and new : And so, as each leaflet is turning, Dear children, beware what you do ! Let never a thought be cherished,

Keep the tongue from a whisper of guile. And see that your faces are windows, Through which a sweet spirit shall smile. And weave for your souls the fair garment Of honor, and beauty, and truth ;

Which will still with a glory enfold you, When faded the spell of your youth. And now, with the new book, endeavor To write its white pages with care;

Each day is a leaflet, remember, To be written with watching and prayer. And if on a page you discover At evening a blot or a scrawl, Kneel quickly, and ask the dear Saviour

In mercy to cover it all. So, when the strange book shall be finished, And clasped by the angel in light, You may feel, though the work be imperfect, You have tried to please God in the right. And think how the years are the stairway, On which you must climb to the skies;

AFTER MANY DAYS.

And strive that your standing be higher

As each one away from you flies.

A young man called in the office of a Christian nan, not long since, to thank him for the instructions given him fourteen years ago. The gentleman expressed surprise, and said :

"I have not the pleasure of knowing you; pray ell me where I've met you.' "I was a scholar in Olivet Mission Sabbath-

chool, in the western part of the city, and was one of a class of twelve boys, and most of us were rather wild and gave you much trouble.' 'Yes, I remember teaching in that school, and

know we had some rather rude children. Did you really receive benefit from my instructions?" 'Yes, indeed; your kind words I never could orget; they followed me, and I was led to give nyself to Christ, and have come to thank you." Imagine, if you can, the joy of this faithful

eacher. He gathered fruit after many days. Not long since a lady presented herself for mempership in a church. One of the questions asked by the elders was, "What was it that first led you to think of your soul ?"

She replied, "I was a scholar in Olivet Sabbath-school, many years ago. Most of the girls were very wild and thoughtless, but I never could forget the pious, excellent lady who taught us the scriptures. Her life and her instructions I never forgot, and now I trust to live all my days for Jesus who died for me." Toil on, faithful teacher, great

and glorious will be thy reward. The founder of this Mission School and its superintendent for many years, was the late S. S. Fisher, who met an untimely death in the Susquehannah River a few years since. By his effort satisfactory and durable. mainly the brick building was erected on Carr Street, where still are gathered hundreds of children for Bible instruction. Who can estimate the ing I stole into town, and after walking an hour up bath-school? More unreserved consecration to "Work while it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

> HELPING A FELLOW UP .- Tommy is tugging away at another urchin who is pitifully crying or the ground. "What are you doing Tommy?" "O! only

helping a fellow up !" That is right, Tommy. Now, take that as your There is that drunkard who is down through I bowed over it, and called to God to witness that drink, and there is the man that is poor, or sick,

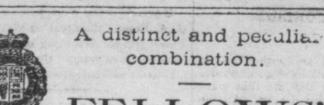
does it. It might not "hurt a babe," but it is a aud helped a fellow up? There are thousands todangerous evil to those who have once trodden the day who never could have stood where they now are if friendly souls had not extended aid and helped a fellow up.

BBLS. Ridge's Food;

1 case Spermageti; 2 cases Cochineal;

2 cases Puty, Cantherides;

Cellars should be ventilated at night and kept





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WASTING DISEASES

Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, General Debility, Brain Exhaustion, Chronic Constipation, Chronic Diarrhoea, Dyspepsia, or Loss of Nervous Power. It is unequalled in the treatment of Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Hands and Limbs, Loss of Appetite, Energy or

Memory.

It acts with vigor, gentleness and subtlety, owing to the exquisite harmony of its ingredients, akin to pure blood itself. Its taste is pleasant, and its effects permanent. Its first apparent effect is to increase the appetite. It assists digestion, and causes the food to assimilate properly—thus the system is nourished. It also, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuations. The rapidity with which patients take on flesh while under the influence of the Syrup, of itself indicates that no other preparation can be better adapted to help and nourish the constitution, and hence be more efficacious in all depression of spirits, shaking or trembling of the hands or body, cough, shortness of breath, or consumptive habit. The nerves and muscles become strengthened, and the blood purified.

READ WHAT THE INVENTOR, MR. FELLOWS, HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS SYRUP OF THE HYPOPHOSPHITES.

In the summer of 1864, I was suddenly effected by a copious expectoration of muco-purulent matter. I had been declining in health for some months, and, being exceedingly nervous, the symptoms caused alarm. As my business was that of a dispensing chemist, the shop was constantly visited by medical men, all of whom tendered their advice. During 1864 and 1865 my chest was examined by ten first class physicians, some of whom pronounced the case Bronchitis; some, not wishing to cause alarm, or unwilling to venture an opinion, gave no decision; some stated unequivocally that I had Tubercular Disease of the Lungs, and located the trouble where the pains were felt. By professional advice, I used, in turn, horse-back exercise, country life, eggs and ale in the morning, tonics, Bourbon whiskey, cod-liver oil, electricity, tar, and various inhalents, but the trouble increased. Expectoration became more profuse and offensive. 'Night-sweats set in. Cold chills, diarrhosa, dyspnæa, cough, blood-streaked expectorations, loss of sleep, loss of appetite, loss of memory, loss of ambition, accompanied by general prostration, showed themselves. Under the microscope the blood was found to contain but a small portion of vitalized corpuscles; the heart's action was feeble; the pulse intermittent; the stomach could not digest properly, so that flatulency and acidity was the result. Finding the symptoms indicated Consumption, I determined to use every effort to stay its progress, and, if possible, to cure it. (I selected the most powerful tonics and moderators, and combined them with the vital constituents of the human body. For months I endeavored to amalgamate them before my efforts were crowned with success. I cannot speak too plainly or too strongly of the effects produced, and the benefits I received from the composition.

my appetite increased; the expectoration became easy, digestion better; the faces became more copious and less frequent; cold chills ceased; night-sweats les ened; I gained in weight; the backing cough left me; refreshing sleep returned; my spi its became buoyant, the mind active and vigorous. I continued taking the S. rup month after month; but owing to the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my 1. overy was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strengt's for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no sympto as left denoting disease. The only notable sign during twelve months was the evp ctoration. Now that has stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, How do you know your difficulty to have proceeded from ulcerated or tuberculated long ? I answer, In the most certain of all modes for ascertaining. In March last I coughed from the right lung a piece of PHOSPHATE OF LIME, half the size of a pas, which could have come from no other place, and which the highest authority in Laug Diseases (Laennec) states is the result of tubercle, which has been cured. A i-i d to this, I had the leaden-colored, purulent, blood - streaked expectoration, and the opinion of one of the best diagnosticians in the country. I believe I have experi meed all the symptoms incident to the two first stages of Consumption, and have an cessfully combatted them, so that I do not despair of any case where there is left sufficient lung tissue to build upon. I can only add that the mere monetary consideraton of increased sales would never induce me to publish this report, but a sincere sympathy for the poor Consumptive, with whose misfortune I believe it villany to trifle.

JAMES I. FELLOWS, Inventor of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphiles,

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. When Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is required, ask for "FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP."

4nd be sure no imitation is foisted or other article thrust upon you. SEND FOR A PAMPHLET PERRY DAVIS & SON & LAWRENCE, Agents for the Dominion of Canada,

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JUST RECEIVED! 3 cases Packer's Tar Soap; 100 cases Empty Bottles;
4 bales Senna Leaves; 3 kegs Pure Strained Honey;
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naking American yarn.

It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each ank being tied up in 7 leas of 120 yards each. This takes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up it it is put up it is also saves a great Those acquainted with weaving will understand the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this COTTON CARPET WARP,

Made of No. 10 Yarn, 4-Ply Twisted. WHITE, RED, BROWN, SLATE, &c. All fast colors. Each 5 lb. bundle contains 10,000 yards in length and will make a length of Carpet in proportion to the number of ends in width. We have put more twist into this warp than it formerly

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All our goods have our name and address upon them. None other are genuine. WM. PARKS & SON. New Brunswick Cotton Mills, St. John, N. B.

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Carefully Corrected to Present Bate. Wholesale and Retail at the Boookstores and at BARNES & CO.'S. Prince William Street. VEGETINE. OLDEN ELIXIR; Euo's Fruit Salt;

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Colored Trimming Satins; Colored Plushes, for Millinery and Dress Trimming; One case Peacock Yarn, all colors; Victoria Knitting Yarn in all colors; Knitting Silks and Filosofti Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves, White and Colored a Dent's make); Ladies' Real Beaver Hats, in Black and Drabs (New Shapes.)



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2,000 Choice Brands of Superior Extrs, Pride of the
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nov. 12

South Market Wharf.

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HARTLAND, N. B.

BARNES & COMPANY,

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