

Poetry.

TEACH ME TO LIVE.
Teach me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the realms of glorious day.

Teach me that harder lesson—*how to live*;
To serve Thee in the darkest parts of life;
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigor give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live! thy purpose to fulfill;
Bright for thy glory let my taper shine;
Each day renew, remold this stubborn will;
Closer round thee my heart's affections twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more,
But use the time remaining to me yet;
Not mine own pleasure seeking as I go,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,
But in thy service hand and heart employ;
Prepared to do thy bidding cheerfully;
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live! my daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load.
Only be with me; let me feel thee near;
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live! and find my life in thee,
Looking from earth and earthly things away;
Let me not falter, but intently
Press on and gain new strength and power each day.

Teach me to live! with kindly words for all;
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom;
Waiting with cheerful patience, till thy call
Summons my spirit to thy heavenly home.

—*Dublin Free Press.*

A WORD TO THE AGED.

"Let these eyes look right on me."—Prov. ix, 25.
BY CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

Aged pilgrim, nearing home,
Words like these all whisper, "Come;"
As thine outward man decays
With the length of many days,
Do not grieve or bemoan;
Let these eyes look on, right on.

Let not thoughts that fill thy mind
Linger round the things behind;
Lift them far away from time,
Upward to a brighter clime;
Let them look before thee straight
On to heaven's golden gate.

Then beyond the gate, and see
All that Christ hath done for thee—
How for thee he entered in,
Hearing paid the debt of sin;
Fix thy eyes upon him now;
See the crown upon his brow!

Hark! the courts with triumph ring;
Listen, as the angels sing
"Christ hath conquered; thou art free—
Saved for all eternity!"
Aged pilgrim, hither come;
Jesus bids thee welcome home!

ABOVE EVERY NAME.

Jesus, fountain of my days,
Well-spring of my heart's delight,
Brightness of my morning rays,
Solace of my hours of night!

When I see thee, I arise
To the hope of cloudless skies.

Oh! how weary were the years
Ere thy form to me was known;
Oh! how gloomy were the fears
When I seemed to be alone!

I despaired the season to leave
Till thy footprints touched the wave.

But thy presence on the deep
Calm'd the pulses of the sea,
And the waters came to sleep
In the rest of seeing thee,
And my own rebellions will
Heard the mandate, "Pence, be still!"

Now thy will and mine are one,
Heart in heart, and hand in hand;
All the clouds have touched the sun,
All the ships have reached the land;
For thy love has laid to me,
No more night and no more sea.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

The Fireside.

DILLY.

Dilly was perched on a fence post, her light hair flying about her face, as usual, and her little red hands clasped behind her back. The three or four small toes that peeped out of the ragged shoes were red, as for the autumn day was cold, but Dilly was used to such trifles. Toddlies, the baby, who could not climb the fence, contented himself with looking through. He was huddled up—in a fashion of Dilly's own invention—in an old straw hat. If the round face that peered between the fence rails was roughened by the chill wind, he, like Dilly, had grown accustomed to such discomforts.

It occurred to Freddy Burr, in the next yard, however, that their situation was scarcely agreeable. He looked up from the stick he was trying to cut with the hatchet, and said: "What makes you sit up there on that day as this? Why don't you go into the house and keep warm?"

"Cause I'd rather stay here and watch you, 'taint no fun in the house," said Dilly.

"Well, I wouldn't think it was any fun out here, I tell you, if I didn't have a warm coat and scarf, and these thick boots," remarked Freddy, displaying a pair of red tops that were his pride.

Dilly looked at them, and an old, vague wonder arose as she did so, and grew more and more distinct, until it presently took shape in these words: "Why don't I have such nice things, and something to wear on my head?"

"Cause your father drinks 'em up," promptly answered Freddy, without the slightest hesitation in disclosing the truth.

Dilly pondered a moment and as promptly denied it.

"No he don't either, folks can't drink such things. Where do you get yours?"

"My father buys them for me: and the reason your don't get them for you is 'cause they all go into old Barney's rum barrel, down at the corner. That's the way of it, true as you live, Dilly Keene, and his awful mean, too," declared Freddy, growing indignant as he explained.

Then a voice from the pretty house beyond called Freddy, and he ran in, while Dilly and Toddlies, with their amusement of watching ended, turned away.

Dilly surveyed herself and the baby thoughtfully, then sat down on the log to meditate.

If what Freddy Burr told her was true, something must be done.

And the longer she pondered, the more fully she became convinced that she had heard the truth.

"Cause other folks has things and we don't, and what must be ours goes somewhere else," she reasoned, "they can't be any good to me, either. I'm just sure it will be a nice red one, pretty and warm. Wish I had it now. Wish Toddlies had it."

She stopped as a brilliant plan flashed suddenly through her mind. Would her mother be surprised if she could do that—poor mother, who was out washing, and who would be so tired when she came home to-night?

"Toddlies, let's do it," she said, springing up excitedly.

citedly. "Let's go and see if we can get some of 'em."

"Yah!" said Toddlies, contentedly, and taking his hand she opened the creaking gate, and led the way into the street.

There was a number of men in the store at the corner—a queer store with a curtain across the lower half of the front windows. Dilly saw them when the door opened, but she was a determined little body, when once she had decided on the proper thing to do. So she only clasped Toddlies' hand tighter and walked in and up to the counter, making an extra effort to speak distinctly, because her heart beat so fast.

"Please sir, have you got anything of ours a soak here?"

There was an instant's silence, then a shout of laughter.

"Well, now that's a neat way of putting it. Hey, Keene, these youngsters of yours want to know if Barney has you in a soak here?"

An old slouch hat behind the stove was raised a little, but there was no other sign that the man heard. Dilly shrunk back.

"Oh, I didn't mean him!"

"What do you mean, then?" asked a coarse, red-faced man advancing from behind the bar, and speaking in tones not at all gentle or amiable.

"Shoes and coats, and such things," faltered Dilly.

"Hoods—I'm afraid it's spoiled with whisky, but maybe he could wash it out. Wouldn't you take some out of your barrel, Mr. Barney? We need 'em awfully bad."

"What barrel? who sent you here?" he demanded.

"Your rum barrel," answered Dilly, standing her ground desperately, though with a little catch in her voice, that was ready to break into a sob.

"Me works all the time, and she looks so sorry, and we don't have any nice dimes at our house, like at Freddy Burr's, and no shoes and clothes nor anything. I asked Freddy where our good things went to, 'cause they don't come to our house, and he said he had them down here in your barrels. Please do take some of 'em out, Mr. Barney. I'm sure it can't make anybody's drink better to have a little boy's and girl's new shoes and dresses and everything in the barrel."

"You are right there, Sis, it's nigh about spoiled the taste of mine," said one of the group at the counter, putting down his glass with a queer, perplexed look.

But there was no perplexity in the bar-keeper's look. That was wasteful.

"We've had enough of this nonsense! Now you leave, you young ragamuffins, as fast as your feet will carry you, and never let me catch you inside these walls again."

He stepped toward them as if to drive them out, but the man behind the stove suddenly arose.

"Take care, Barney, you'd better not touch them, you've knocked me out after enough, but you'd best leave them alone."

There was a fire in the eyes under the slouched hat, before which Mr. Barney drew back.

Both children were crying by that time, but the father took a hand of each.

"Come Dilly, come baby," and without a look at his companions, he passed out.

It was a very silent walk.

Toddlies' eyes dried as soon as the stranger, whose loud voice had awakened his infant terror, was out of sight.

But poor little Dilly's heart was sore with disappointment and fear. She had failed in the scheme she had thought promised so fairly. No hood nor shoes at all! her misery in venturing into that dreadful store; and who could tell how mad her father might be.

She stole shy glances up at him from under the old hat, but she only saw a sober, downcast face, and he said nothing, not even when they reached home.

He hunted up some fuel and made a better fire; then he sat down before it, with his head between his hands and left the children to their own devices.

But two weeks later Dilly confidently said to Freddy:

"See here," she said, pushing the toes of a new pair of stout shoes through the fence.

"And see here!" continued Dilly, looking up for an instant to show the head gear that covered her yellow hair, and touching it significantly with her finger.

"Where did you get 'em," repeated Freddy.

"My pa worked and got 'em, and brought 'em home and they didn't get into nobody's barrel," explained Dilly with great pride and little regard for grammar.

Then she pressed her head against the fence for a prolonged interview.

"You see the billicum has come to our house."

"The what?" questioned the bewildered Freddy.

"The billicum," said Dilly complacently, "but it means good times. Anyhow that's what ma calls it, and I guess she knows; it was just this way, Freddy Burr: When you told me Mr. Barney had all our nice things down at his store in a barrel, I just went down there and asked him for 'em—me and Toddlies."

"You didn't!" exclaimed the horrified Freddy.

"Did too," declared Dilly, with an emphatic nod of her head. "Well, he wouldn't give me one of 'em, and was just as cross as anything. So then my papa got up from the stove and walked home with me. He didn't say but just sat down before the fire this time, and thought and thought. At last he put his hand in his pocket, and there was nothing there; then he put it in the other, and found ten cents, and he went and bought some meat for supper. Then when ma came home he talked to her, and they both cried. I don't know what for, unless it was 'cause we couldn't get the things out of the old barrel. And ma hugged and kissed me most to death that night, she did. Well my papa got some work the next day, and brought home some money; and now he has found a place to work every day. He bought all these things, and says his little boy and girl shall have things like other folks. So now you'll know what billicum means, when anybody asks you, and you can tell them Dilly Keene explained it to you."—*Independent.*

MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE.
What's the use of always fretting
Over ill that can't be cured?
What's the use of finding fault with
What we know must be endured?
Does it make our burden lighter
If we grumble 'neath their load?
Does it make life's pathway smoother
If we fret about the road?

Better use our time than fill it
Full of sighs and vain regrets,
Over some imagined blunder—
As does he who always frets.

We cannot expect life's pathway
To be always strewn with flowers;
Nor the time which God has given
To be all made of happy hours.

Storms will follow every sunshine,
Grief be mixed with every joy;
And 'tis best that it should be so—
Gold's too soft without alloy.

Half our trouble's our invention,
We'll blame for half our strife;
Then, if life is what we make it,
Why not make the best of life?

A WORD TO THE BOYS.
I wonder if you know how everybody is expecting of you, Will and Frank.

I never pass you on the street with your books under arm; I never return your polite salutation without thinking that there is a world of work waiting for you, and you will be in the very midst of it in ten or fifteen or twenty years from now.

By the way, how charming it is to see that boys all over are being much more courteous than we were by the same age. Of course the lad's cap whenever he meets mamma or sister or any one of mamma's friends on the highway. His "I beg pardon" is

ready if he is obliged to pass before you or does not hear what you say. And it is very, very seldom that one sees a boy, whether poor or rich, occupying a seat while an old or feeble gentleman or lady is left to stand.

There is certainly an improvement in good manners among our boys.

Boys in these days should be wide awake. There are cunning traps and snares specially set for them, which I wish they could be persuaded to avoid.

One is content with impure companions. No matter how clever, how many looking, or how handsome a certain bad fellow of your acquaintance may be, if you hear him using profane language or speaking sneeringly of his parents, have nothing to do with him. Our comrades help to make us.

Another bit of advice I would give you is this: Avoid silly, sensational stories, particularly those which tell of crimes and half-breath escapes and unlikely happenings generally, and are sold for ten cents or less at the book-stands. The very pictures on these publications are enough to make one shudder.

Besides, there are plenty of good books which are vastly more entertaining than anything these catch-penny dreadfuls have to offer you. If you do not know where to find such, ask your Sunday-school teacher, or pastor, or some older friend who cares for boys and girls to see them happy.

Go to church where you can go. Do not get into the bad habit of roving about from church to church. Even though it may not be insisted upon at your place in the family pew.

Be attentive to your sister, just as attentive as you are to Tom's or Ned's sister. Never let her feel that she has need of an escort or a companion while she has a brother.

Pray every day, and never omit your morning prayers. Some people think that it is quite enough to pray at night. But morning prayer is just as useful and just as important. Pray to be kept from temptation and delivered from evil.

While still a boy, stand up for Jesus. Come out boldly, enter the church and own your Saviour. We want an army of young men to fight the Lord's battles, and we want you to be of their number.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

WHAT A SMILE DID.
Gertrude White, a sweet little girl about nine years old, lived in a little red brick house in our village.

She was a general favorite in Cherryville; but she had one trouble: Will Evans would tease her because she was slightly lame, calling her "Tow-Head" whenever they met. Then she would pout, and go home quite out of temper. One day she ran up to her mother in a state of great excitement.

"Mother, I can't bear this any longer," she said; "Will Evans has called me 'Old Tow-Head' before all the girls."

"Will, please bring me the Bible from the table!" Gertrude silently obeyed.

"Now will my daughter read to me the seventh verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah?"

Slowly and softly the child read how the blessed Saviour was afflicted, oppressed, "yet opened not his mouth."

"Mother," she asked, "do you think they called him names?"

And her eyes filled with tears as the sorrows of the Son of God were brought before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night she asked God to help her to bear with meekness all her injuries and trials. He delights to hear such petitions.

Not many days had passed before Gertrude met Will Evans going to school, and remembering her prayer and the resolution she had formed, she actually smiled at him.

This was such a mystery to Will that he was too much surprised to call after her, if, indeed, he had any inclination; but he watched her till she had turned the corner, and then went to school in a very thoughtful mood.

Before another week passed they met again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's forgiveness for calling her names. Gertrude was ready to forgive, and they soon became friends, Will saying:

"I used to like to see you get cross; but when you smiled I couldn't stand that."

Gertrude told Will of her mother's kind conversation that afternoon, and the effect upon her. Will did not reply; but his misty eyes showed what he felt, and he said he would not call her names again.—*Dr. Newton.*

THE DIFFERENCE.
"Willie, why were you gone so long for water?" asked the teacher of a little boy.

"We spilled it, and had to go back and fill the bucket again," was the prompt reply; "but the noble, noble face was a shade less bright, less noble, than usual, and the eyes dropped beneath the teacher's gaze."

The teacher crossed the room and stood by another, who had just been drinking from a bottle.

"Freddy, were you not gone for the water longer than necessary?"

"For an instant Freddy's eyes were fixed on the floor, and his face wore a troubled look. But it was only for a moment—he looked frankly up into his teacher's face."

"Yes, ma'am," he bravely answered; "we met little Harry Braden, and stopped to play with him, and then we spilled the water, and had to go back."

Little Freddy, what was the difference in the answer of the two boys? Neither of them told anything that was not strictly true. Which of them do you think the teacher trusted more fully after that? And which was the happier of the two?

A LITTLE WAY.—A man passing up State street, one chilly day, saw a bare-footed girl trotting along on the cold pavement.

"Where are your shoes, little girl?" said the gentleman.

"Don't dot any," said she.

"Don't dot any? Why not?" said he.

"My papa dets drunk," said the poor little wail.

That tells the whole story. Bare feet, ragged clothing, hunger, want, poverty, and misery, all come when "papa dets drunk." And tens of thousands are beginning to taste the deadly cup that brings all this misery at the end; and others are dealing out this dreadful deadly poison to poor degraded men.—*The Little Christian.*

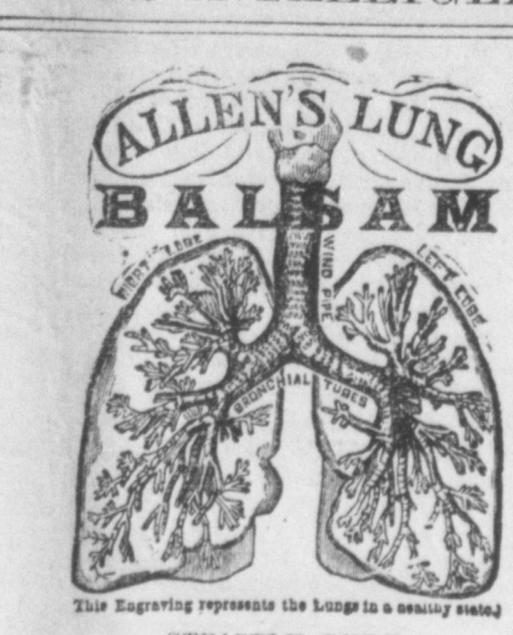
HOME HINTS.
RICE PANCAKES.—One pint of boiled rice, one pint of flour, a teaspoonful of sweet milk, half teaspoonful of oil, one teaspoonful of soda, two eggs, and a piece of butter size of a walnut.

POTATO PIE CRUST.—Boil dry mealy potatoes; sift through a colander; mix them thoroughly with one-half the quantity; add boiling water equal to about one-fourth the bulk of the mixture; roll thin, and bake in a moderate oven.

RICHARD TOWN.—Peel and add the stalks in pieces, put them in a stew pan, add a little water, some stoned dates, and a few English cucumbers well pickled and washed; let them all cook until done, and then pour over the toasted bread.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Chop six apples, pared and cored, to about the size of small pears. Dissolve one teaspoonful of saleratus in one pint of sour milk; beat three eggs and stir, adding to make a batter, not very stiff, and stir in apples thoroughly. Fry in lard as you do doughnuts. Eaten with cream and sugar, better and sugar, or syrup.

ORANGE JELLY.—Grate the peel of five oranges and two lemons into a bowl, and add the juice of squeezing the fruit. Bring one pound of sugar, in a quart of water, to boiling, add two ounces of gelatin; stir until well dissolved and add the juice and grating. Strain through this mullin; let it stand till cold, then pour gently into moulds, which have been wet with cold water. Before turning out put moulds in warm water for a few minutes, and loosen with spoon.



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