

## WATCH.

Watch, brethren, watch!  
The year is dying;  
Watch, brethren, watch!  
Old time is flying.  
Watch as men watch the parting breath,  
Watch as men watch for life or death.  
Eternity is drawing nigh,  
Eternity, eternity!

Pray, brethren, pray!  
The sands are falling;  
Pray, brethren, pray!  
God's voice is calling  
Yon turret strikes the dying chime,  
We kneel upon the edge of time,  
Eternity is drawing nigh,  
Eternity, eternity!

Praise, brethren, praise!  
The skies are rending;  
Praise, brethren, praise!  
The light is ending.  
Behold, the glory draweth near,  
The King himself will soon be here,  
Eternity is drawing nigh,  
Eternity, eternity!

Look, brethren, look!  
The day is breaking;  
Hark, brethren, hark!  
The dead are waking.  
With girded loins we ready stand,  
Behold, the bridegroom is at hand!  
Eternity is drawing nigh,  
Eternity, eternity!

—Horatius Bonar.

## The Old Year And The New.

We have reached another landmark in our progress to eternity. Another stage of our life's pilgrimage is accomplished. The planet has whirled us round the central sun once more. It has rushed noiselessly along its orbit-path, and its circuit through the vast space of the sky is now completed. Twelve moons have waxed and waned. Another spring has breathed its genial inspirations. Another summer has poured its quickening, fructifying sunshine. Another autumn has waved its golden harvests, and spread its teeming plenty at our feet. And now another winter lays its icy hand on the face of nature, and clouds the heavens, and chills the earth. Another year, with its weal or woe, and with its indelible record of good and evil, has gone forever. Another year is numbered with the cycles of the past—the ages before the flood. A well-known psalmist describing the situation of the sinner with the irrevocable past behind him, and the measureless, changeless future before him, employs a bold figure which may not unfitly be applied to the position that we now occupy, when in the same moment we receive the farewell of the old year and the first greeting of the new one when we stand, with distinct apprehension, on the

CONFLUX OF TWO ETERNITIES, with currents issuing from the remotest past, or flowing onward into the remotest future:

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,"  
Behind us lie the grand ages that have rolled over the world, which no arithmetic can sum up, and no imagination can grasp;—then, six thousand years of human effort, human suffering, human conquest;—then the days of our own past life, with indelible features of loveliness or deformity; with lines that sketch our character, and foreshadow our doom, traced upon the successive pages; with victories or defeats, failures or achievements. Before us stretches the future with its golden opportunities, its utmost possibilities to be made or to be marred, to be blighted or to be blessed;—the life that is to come, with its secrets soon to be revealed, its judgments never to be set aside, and its destiny never to come to an end;—a limitless, shoreless, fathomless eternity, with all the splendors of its glory, or with all the terrors of its wrath. If ever there is a season to be grave and thoughtful, to watch and pray, to be humbled for our sins or thankful for our mercies, to clothe ourselves with a deeper abasement, or with a warmer welcome and a livelier faith to grasp the cross—surely it is the one now passing quickly by.

At such a season

## MEMORIES AND ANTICIPATIONS

find their meeting-place. It seems involuntarily to throw us backward on the scenes that have been, and forward to the scenes that are to be. The departed year—with its unnumbered blessings, its accumulated sins, its ineffable memories of mispent days, and broken vows, and slighted mercies, and neglected privileges—starts like a mighty apparition from the gloom, and sweeps before our eyes. And, on the other hand, the future comes upon us, bearing in its awful bosom many a scroll of lamentation and woe, many a vial of judgment, and doubtless, many a cup of blessing, many a purpose of love; but the issues none can forecast, and the darkness none can penetrate.

Let us then give a glance back, and a glance forward. Let us improve and sanctify this transition period by

a chastened, thankful and penitential review of the year that has been, and by a holier preparation for the year that now is.

Let us muse upon the past. Let us recall its lights and shadows. Let us commune with its bygone hours, and re-peruse its lessons. Let us turn over its leaves, and see what has been written there. Let us re-travel the checkered journey, and mourn again over the grave of departed joys, and kindle again at the thought of vanished sorrows and mark the memorials of help, deliverance and victory—the pillars of gratitude and consecration which have been set up here and there along our onward path; ay, and mark, too, the oft-recurring monuments of our defeat, and abasement and shame. Let us spy out the verdureless, flowerless patches; and those bright and beautiful spots on which the eye delights to linger. Let us listen to the clear sounding voices of rebuke and warning, or of commendation and encouragement that issue thence.

## WHAT HAS THE YEAR DONE FOR US?

It may be our hopes have been blasted with disappointment, and our endeavors smitten with failure. Perhaps the fair provisions of honorable distinction and proud success that flattered around our brow have been dissipated and well-planned enterprises have crumbled into dust. The hand of Providence has touched our health, and we have been laid aside from our worldly calling, from our post of usefulness in the Church, from many of the activities of life, and from most of its enjoyments. Or, death has crossed our threshold, and the links that united mind to mind, and heart to heart, have been snapped asunder. The places of some know them no more. "The old arm chair" is vacant. The sweet laugh is heard no more in the house; the cradle hymn is hushed—the babe listens to a sweeter song. That noble youth, the pride of our heart, the light and life of our household, has been snatched away. That lovely daughter, so gentle and amiable, admired and beloved by all, has drooped and faded like a flower chilled by the frost, or wasted by the blight. He to whom we looked for guidance and protection, or she on whom we leaned for sympathy and love, has been taken hence. The grave has closed darkly around their precious forms. Life has been stripped of its best and goodliest treasure—of that which enriched, gladdened and beautified. Many a flourishing roof tree has been shaken, many a heart made for ever desolate. The departed year is strewn with the drift of many a tempest. What has been the result of this sharp and searching discipline? Have the vicissitudes of fortune and the shocks of adversity taught us to seek that "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God"—that health which never sickens, that honor which never fades, that wealth which never perishes? Has the will been disciplined to unquestioning obedience? Has the heart been humbled to un murmuring submission? Have we learnt that "here we have no continuing city?" Have we been taught to hold the world with a loose hand, "to set our affections on things above," to seek our help and happiness in God, and to live under the ascendancy of that realizing faith which makes the invisible felt and nigh?

What has the world done with us? Have we been crowned with the

## GLADNESS OF SUCCESS?

Have we bettered our rank and standing in the world? Have we reached the goal of our ambition? Have our "barns" been "filled with plenty?" Have our corn, and oil and wine increased? Have our silver and gold been multiplied? Has our cup of blessing run over? And has the wing of Divine protection been overspread around us? Has our roof been sheltered from the shafts of death? Has no flower been plucked from our garden, no lamb removed from our fold? Is the family circle unbroken? Are there none absent, none missing?

What then has been the effect of all this indulgence? Have we served and glorified God in His gifts? Have there been requitals of service, devout and practical acknowledgements, and the prompt payment of vows? Has there been sincere and earnest self-questioning—"What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?" Have we been wise and faithful servants, "good stewards of the manifold grace of God?" Has

## CONSECRATION

been written on all our powers and gifts? Has our substance been ennobled and sanctified by the highest appropriations? Has it gladdened the dwelling of poverty, and stanch the wounds of sorrow, and given wings to the Gospel, and risen toward heaven "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God?" Health and strength have been pre-

served; what use have we made of them? Children have been spared to us; how have we instructed and trained them? Influence, reputation, opportunity, wealth, have been our portion; what has been our stewardship? Have we laid up "treasure in heaven?" Are we wiser, holier, happier, fitter for a higher place and a brighter crown in the life to come?

WHAT HAS THE YEAR DONE FOR US? Its days are registered and judged as certainly as they will be when we stand at the bar of God. Its story is written in

## THE BOOKS

which will then be "opened." None can cancel the history or obliterate the record; it lies there in heaven's sanctuary, in the archives of eternity. What a solemn thought that the past is irrevocable! Every moment the present is turned into the past. Life does not close once merely; it is a series of finishings. There is a close every day, every hour, every minute. Each moment as it comes and goes, each action as it happens—"inevitably" photographs itself in every conceivable aspect, and in all dimensions. The infinite galleries of the past await but one brief process, and their pictures will be called out and fixed for ever.

"Time has no grave, nor has eternity, for any deed that is done." "What is done, is done; has already blended itself with the boundless, ever-living, ever-working universe; and will also continue there to work, secretly or openly, for good or for evil, through all time." The practical experiment cannot be made a second time. We cannot go back in the journey of life, and undo this, or blot out that. The word to which we gave utterance—the deed to which we gave vitality—the fugitive moment on which we struck an impression—each waits in changeless reality to confront us in the day of final account. What characters have been written upon the past year? What colour, what complexion, have we given to it? In what shape does it speak to us—in whispers of peace, or in thunders of condemnation?

WHAT HAVE WE DONE WITH THE YEAR? Have we darkened it by sin, or hallowed it by prayer and adorned it with holiness? Have we traced upon it a story fair and beautiful, fit for the eyes of angels to scan—a story that will be read with applause when all worlds are present to listen to the recital? Or does the year tell a tale that we would gladly consign to the abyss of oblivion? Equally solemn is the inquiry, What has the year done for us?

Our years do not come and go "As the snow falls on the river, A moment white, then gone forever;" or like shadows, flickering on the grass, which leaves no image, no impression behind. Time corrodes our epitaphs, and buries our very tombstones; but there is one thing on which the rush of ages can inflict no mark or decay; it cannot rub out the lines of human history.—Rev. John Bather.

## Is It Wrong To Dance?

I remember some years ago, in the city of New York, during a gracious revival of religion, there came among the other seekers of religion a young lady to the altar. She came night after night; she seemed deeply penitent; we talked with her and prayed for her; we endeavored to remove the difficulties out of the way and point her to Christ, yet she found no peace. At last, one night, after, I think, she had been coming to the altar for six weeks, she said to me in an intense agony of feeling, "Sir, do you think it is wrong to dance?"

I found she had been passionately fond of that amusement, and her mind had been hesitating over it, questioning whether it could be contrary to religion in its spiritual character. Every other worldly pleasure she had long since given up. I gave her such instructions as a Methodist minister ought to give. She made up her mind that even this indulgence, to which she had so long clung, should be given up. That moment God came down, and a more glorious translation I have never looked upon. Almost the first words she uttered were, "Sir I have no desire to dance now."

I tell you brethren, when Divine grace renovates the heart, these thirstings for worldly indulgences are quenched under the influence of the Spirit of God. And now let me say to you, fathers and mothers in the Church, whenever you come to look with apologetic feelings upon these sinful amusements which are sweeping away tens of thousands of our young converts from the love of Christ—when you come to look lightly upon these indulgences, and cease to restrain your children from them—I charge you before God that you are already losing the tenderness and spirituality of soul you once possessed. I warn you that He whom you profess to love demands that you teach self-

denial to your children as well as practise it yourselves. Ye indulgent fathers and mothers, I warn you that you are treasuring up sorrow for coming years—planting thorns for the dying pillow.—Bishop Clark.

## The Birthday of Jesus.

A little girl was separated from her mother several thousand miles. When her mother's birthday came, she said: "If my mamma were at home I should make a nice present and give it to her; but she is far away and I can not give anything. I have thought of something that will be better than a present. I will do everything I can think of to please my mamma all day to-day."

This was her resolve before she rose in the morning. So she dressed herself neatly and came to the table promptly. She attended to her morning duties, kneeling in her room and asking God's help, and went to school, all the time thinking to herself, "Will this please mamma?"

When she was tempted to speak unkindly, or to be selfish with her school mates, or to neglect her studies, the good angel in her heart would whisper to her the better thought. And so she went through the day, often asking herself the same question, and holding herself to the purpose of doing everything in a way that would please her mamma. At night she wrote her mother a letter, telling her how she had celebrated her birthday. The letter reached her mother and made her very happy; and she wrote her little girl that it was the best birthday present she ever received.

Our Saviour has gone from us into heaven, but he told his disciples he was coming again. He is not here, so we can not bring him presents as the wise men did when he was on earth. How can we do better than to do as the little girl did for her mamma—try to do everything to please him that day, and so make him happy? In the first place, love Jesus; then obey him. Think out what he has done for us, how he has died to save us, and thank him, then try to make others happy.

Many children make a mistake in thinking only of having a good time themselves on Christmas, and forget that it is Christ's birthday and that he is the one to be made happy. But to strive to please him is the surest way to be happy ourselves.

If Jesus were really going to spend his birthday in one of our homes, how we should try to think what we could give him and do for him. But he has told us that what we do for others in his name, he will accept the same as if done for him. So it is in the power of us all to make Christ happy on Christmas-day. Do the things that would please him.—Mrs. C. L. Goodell.

## "Coming! Coming!"

There was an old turnpike man on a quiet country road, whose habit was to shut his gate at night, and take his nap. One dark, wet midnight, I knocked at his door, calling "Gate! gate!"

"Coming," said the voice of the old man.

Then I knocked again, and once more the voice replied, "Coming." This went on for some time, till at length I grew quite angry, and jumping off my horse, opened the door and demanded why he cried "Coming" for twenty minutes, but never came.

"Who's there?" said the old man in a quiet, sleepy voice, rubbing his eyes. "What d'ye want, sir?" Then awakening, "Bless yer, sir, and yer pardon; I was asleep. I got so used to hearing 'em knock that I answer 'coming' in my sleep, and takes no more notice about it."

So it is with too many hearers of the gospel, who hear by habit and answer God by habit, and at length die with their souls asleep. Awake, O sleeper; for God "hath appointed a day, in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom he hath ordained;" and then your idle answers will all be brought to light.—Sel.

## He Pays For Me.

A lady, who had been recently saved, sought the salvation of her husband, but he stumbled at the great stumbling stone and rock of offence, the atoning sacrifice of the cross. One day, a Christian neighbor entered into conversation with him about the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God. Coming to a suspension bridge, the Christian handed twopence to the toll-keeper, saying:

"Is that enough for us both?"

"It is," was the tollman's reply.

"Do you think," said the believer to his companion, "that it is fair for the tollman to take the fare of us both from me?"

"Perfectly fair," was the answer.

"Do you think," said the other, "that it would be just in the tollman to demand the fare from you, when another has paid it for you?"

"It would be unjust to do so," was the reply, "for that would be the same as demanding payment twice."

"Well, now, rejoined his friend, 'don't you see the meaning and value of the work of Jesus, the Divine Substitute, who died, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us unto God? Lay hold on that sin-bearer as he is set forth for your acceptance in the gospel, and you will never come into condemnation. Reject him, and you perish.'"

This simple illustration was the means, it would appear, of leading that unbeliever to the cross. He had not gone far on the other side of the bridge when he saw the way of life in the death of the great Substitute, and, embracing Jesus, could say, "Christ pays for me; I cross the river free. Justice will not meet me at the other side to demand from me what is no longer due; since the Substitute has so gloriously satisfied every claim."

"Jesus paid it all,  
All to him I owe;  
Sin hath left a crimson stain,  
He washed it white as snow."

## Heroism in Young Christians.

There is a great deal more heroism in the average young Christian than the world gives him credit for. For the most part, he (and particularly she) is considered rather giddy and frivolous, with a decided partiality for pinnies and "Russian teas" and "donkey sociables," rather than for earnest aggressive Christian work. We do not think this expression is borne out by the facts. Our own experience is directly the reverse: The efforts of the young Christians are frequently confined to such pious frivolities as those above enumerated, because by pastor and deacon his devotion is underestimated. The young Christian is not usually very tentative. He is not apt at devising methods of work, nor is it to be expected that he will be. The natural modesty of a beginner would prevent him from blazing his own path. But he is always ready to be set at work, if his heart has been fired with the Christlike flame. He is willing to do hard things. He wishes to be sent on long errands and over rough roads for Christ's dear sake.

The Spirit of Stephen and Paul and of the "Forty Martyrs" and of all the confessors lives in every true young Christian. It may lie dormant, but it is there, and can be appealed to and called forth. His heroism is insulted when he is expected to expend all his energies on ice cream and strawberries and oyster stews. Think of Paul going in to Damascus after his vision on the high way, and buying himself in getting up a "pink teas" in aid of the persecuted disciples! "Pink teas" are not enough to satisfy the newly converted soul that always asks, with something of the heroic fervor of his great predecessor, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—The Golden Rule.

## WHAT AM I TO DO?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unhappy but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A Bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but no solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhea or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try Green's August Flower, it cost but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

## "It Saved My Life"

Is a common expression, often heard from those who have realized, by personal use, the curative powers of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died from lung troubles."—E. Bragdon, Palestine, Tex.

About six months ago I had a severe Hemorrhage of the Lungs, brought on by a distressing Cough, which deprived me of sleep and rest. I had used various cough balms and expectorants, without obtaining relief. A friend advised me to try

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and am happy to say that it helped me at once. By continued use this medicine cured my cough, and I am satisfied, saved my life.—Mrs. E. Coburn, 18 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for over a year, and sincerely believe I should have been in my grave, had it not been for this medicine. It has cured me of a dangerous affection of the lungs, finding a remedy.—D. A. McMullen, Windsor, Province of Ontario.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. Two years ago I took a very severe cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted physicians, and took the remedies they prescribed, but failed to obtain relief until I began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Two bottles of this medicine completely restored my health.—Lizzie M. Allen, West Lancaster, Ohio.

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After much suffering from Liver and Stomach troubles, I have finally been cured by taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I always find them prompt and thorough in their action, and their occasional use keeps me in a perfectly healthy condition.—Ralph Weeman, Annapolis, Md.

Twenty-five years ago I suffered from a torpid liver, which was restored to healthy action by taking Ayer's Pills. Since that time I have never been without them. They regulate the bowels, assist digestion, and increase the appetite, more surely than any other medicine.—Paul Churchill, Haverhill, Mass.

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Ayer's Pills are a superior family medicine. They strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency resulting from Liver Complaint. I have used these Pills, in my family, for years, and they never fail to give entire satisfaction.—Otto Montgomery, Oshkosh, Wis.

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9.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction and for St. John and all points East.

11.35 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction and from St. John and all points East.

3.35 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and points North.

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