

## FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Another year! another year!  
Has borne its record to the skies  
Another year! another year,  
Untried, unproved before us lies;  
We hail with smiles its dawning ray—  
How shall we meet the final day?

Another year! another year!  
It's squandered hours will ne'er return  
O, many a heart must quail with fear  
O'er memory's blotted page to turn.  
No record from that leaf will fade—  
Not one erasure may be made.

Another year! another year!  
How many a grief has marked its flight!  
Some whom we love no more are here—  
Translated to the realm of light.  
Ah! none can bless the coming year  
Like those no more to greet us here.

Another year! another year!  
O! many a blessing, too, was given  
Our lives to deck, our hearts to cheer,  
And antedate the joys of heaven,  
But they, too, slumber with the past,  
Where joys and griefs must sink at last.

Another year! another year!  
Gaze we no longer on the past,  
Nor let us shrink with faithless fear,  
From the dark shade the future casts.  
The past, the future—what are they  
To those whose lives may end to-day!

Another year! another year!  
Perchance the last of life below;  
Who ere it's close Death's call may hear,  
None but the Lord of life can know.  
O! to be found, whenever that day  
May come, prepared to pass away.

Another year! another year!  
Help us earth's thorny paths to tread;  
So may each moment bring us near  
To thee, ere yet our lives are fled.  
Saviour, we yield ourselves to thee  
For time and for eternity.

## A SERMON FOR PARENTS.

We are sure no father or mother can peruse the following chapter, from the pen of that rare humorist, Bob Burdette, and fail to be helped by its tender teaching:

How quiet the house at midnight! The people who talk and laugh and sing in it every day are asleep, and the people who fell asleep in it long ago come back into it. Every house has these two classes of tenants. Do we love best those with whom we can laugh and talk and sing, or the dear silent ones who come so noiselessly to our side and whisper to us in faint, sweet, far away whispers that have no sound, so that we hear only their very stillness?

I am not tired, but my pen is weary. It falls from my fingers and I raise my head. I start to leave the table and my eyes fall upon a little book lying on the floor. It is a little first reader. He left it there this afternoon. I remember just how I was impatient because he could not read the simple little lesson—such an easy lesson—and I told him it was a waste of my time to teach, and pushed him away from me. I remember now. I see the flash come into the little tired face, the tearful look in his eyes—his mother's brave, patient cheeriness, struggling with his disappointment and pain. I see him lie down on the floor, and the little face bend over the troublesome little lesson, such a simple, easy lesson, any baby might read it. Then, after a little struggle alone, it has to be given up and the baffled little soldier, with one more appealing look toward me for reinforcements, sighs and goes away from the lesson he cannot read to the play that comforts him. And there lies the little book just as he left it. Ah, me! I could kneel down and kiss it now as though it were alive and loving. Why, what was my time worth to me to-day? What was there in the book I wanted to read one-half so precious to me as one cooing word from the prattling lip that quivered when I turned away? I hate the book I read. I will never look at it again. Were it the last book in the world, I think I would burn it. All its gracious words are lies. I say to you, though all men praise the book, and though an hour ago I thought it excellent, I say to you that there is poison in its hateful pages. Why, what can I learn from books that baby lips can not teach me? Do you know I want to go to the door of his room and listen; the house is so still maybe he is not breathing. Why, if between my book and my boy I choose my book, why should not God leave me with my books.

But I was not harsh. I was only a little impatient. Because you see his lesson was so easy, so simple. Ah, me, there were two of us trying to read this afternoon. There were two easy simple lessons. Mine was such a very simple, easy, pleasant loving one to learn. Just a line, just a little throb of patience, of gentleness, of love, that would have made my own heart glow and laugh and sing. The letters were so large and plain, the words so easy, and the sentences so short. And I! Oh, pity me, I missed every word. I did not read one line aright. See, here is my copy now, all blurred and blistered with tears and heartaches, all marred and misspelled and blotted. I am ashamed to show it to the master. And yet I know he will be patient with me. I know how loving and gentle he will be.

Why, how patiently and lovingly all these years he has been teaching me this simple lesson. I failed upon to-day. But when my little pupil stumbled on a single word—it is my time, then, so much more precious than the master's that I can not teach the little lesson more than once.

Ah my friend, we do waste time when we plait scourges for ourselves these hurrying days, these busy, anxious, shrewd, ambitious times of ours, wasted when they take our hearts away from patient gentleness, and give us fame and love and gold for kisses. Some day, then, when our hungry souls will seek for bread, our selfish god will give us a stone. Life is not a deep, profound perplexing problem. It is a simple, easy, lesson, such as any child may read. You can not find its solution in the ponderous tomes or the old fathers, the philosophers, the investigators, the theorists. It is not on your bookshelves. But in the warmest corner of the most unlettered heart it glows in letters that the blind may read; a wee, plain, simple, easy, loving lesson. And when you have learned it brother of mine the world will be better and happier—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## "SOMEBODY IS KNOCKING."

I once knew an interesting family whose happy lives I shall never forget. A quiet happiness reigned over the whole dwelling, and seemed to extend itself even to the dog and the cat.

Besides the father and mother there were three sisters, between the ages of fourteen and twenty.

"Are they never angry?" thought I; "do they never disagree?"

Once I learned their secret. Being in the garden, I saw the three sisters approach, Sarah, the younger, said to the next one in age:

"I do think you might go with me, Lois. This is the second time you have refused. I am sure it is very dis—"

Though near enough to hear these words, I was hid from the sight of the girls by bushes yet through the openings of these I saw the elder sister bend down and whisper something in the ear of the younger.

Sarah was silent a few moments, and then said:

"Never mind, Lois. We won't quarrel about such a little thing."

It was enough. Immediately Lois replied:

"Well, now that I think of it, I may as well go with you to-day as at any other time; though at first I thought I could not. Yes, Sarah, I will go." And then they walked away arm in arm.

What was the secret that wrought this pleasant change so quickly? Something was said which brought the Saviour before them.

The elder sister had whispered to the younger the words, "Somebody is knocking?" and immediately the image of One whom she loved beyond all others, appeared before the child's mind.

These children loved their Saviour, and had agreed together to obey the scriptural rule of "admonishing one another in love."

On the present occasion the elder sister alluded to the figure of Christ standing at the door, saying, "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

Sarah heard the sister's words. It was as the gentle knock of the gracious Redeemer. Immediately she opened the door of her heart to receive him; and I think, in the sweet peace and happiness which filled her heart, she had a fulfilment of his words.

How much better is this than persisting in having one's own way; which so often brings unhappiness to a whole family.

Would it not be well if all of us had some such way to remind one another when ready to fall; "Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us." So high is the standard toward which we are to aim—a love like Christ's, ever ready to set self aside, and to make sacrifices for another's happiness.

## TRUTH AND ERROR.

One of the most mischievous forms of error is its admixture with truth. If presented by itself it would be more easily detected, and perhaps more readily refuted. But, when mixed up with truth, it is not so easily discovered, and is often accepted as true. Many persons lack penetration, and cannot look beneath the surface of things to discern the evil that is concealed under some distorted truth. Here is where errorists often gain their influence.

They confound truth and error and some obvious truth is made to carry with it some specious error.

Because certain things are true, we are not to accept other things which are not necessarily connected with them, or which do not necessarily grow out of them, as true. We should learn to discriminate and separate truth from error, and while we embrace the former, promptly and persistently to reject the latter.

We should beware of those errors that are baited with truth.—Methodist Recorder.

Faith evermore overlooks the difficulties of the way, and bends her eyes only to the end.—Bishop Hall.

## PEACE MAKING.

We know of no better way of celebrating the New Year than by leaving behind us all the quarrels of the old year: 1. Let family feuds be buried. Enter upon the New year in love, forgiving and forgiven. 2. Let quarrels between neighbours be ended in peace and love. Mutual concessions will stop the worst of quarrels. Forgiveness is a most Christlike virtue which all Christians should be ready to exercise. Forget old offences. 3. Let Church quarrels now end. We are to have a "week of prayer;" we expect the blessing of Heaven and the presence of the forgiving SAVIOUR. Let us therefore be ready to forgive. It is hard to exaggerate the evils resulting from Church quarrels. They destroy our peace, turn love to hatred, distract attention from spiritual and eternal verities, give rise to mischievous talk, and tend constantly to aggravate existing difficulties.

But how shall we begin to get over our quarrels? The other side is so desperately in the wrong! Let them apologise! Let them lay down their arms of strife and seek peace! Our side is not to blame. What can we do?

Alas! it is this exacting spirit that stands so much in the way of peace. To quote the words of another:

It is not the party to blame, but the party not to blame, that should take the first step. If you wait for the party to blame to begin, you will probably never begin at all. It is much easier for you who are not to blame to make the advance. Go to the other party and invite them to a pleasant entertainment at your own house. Tell them you may have said harsh and irritating things, and are very sorry for it. Ask them if the old difficulties, if they cannot be explained, cannot, at least, be forgotten. Do not discuss them; ignore them. Ask forgiveness for your own harsh feelings. Promise to try to live in peace. Under all circumstances, and at the risk of as much loss of personal feeling as may be required, make peace. Respect the opinions and judgments of the others. Do not ask them to accept yours. Only forget the past, and shake hands over the future. Let not the New Year's sun go down on your wrath.

## He Remembered His Friend.

An English paper just at hand tells of an amusing incident which occurred at Hythe between three and four o'clock in the morning one of the elephants belonging to a traveling menagerie broke out of the tent and disappeared. He marched straight down market street to a little corner shop, where such things as potatoes, apples, cakes and candies are sold. He found that the shop, was closed, but nothing daunted, he lifted the door from its hinges, thrust his trunk into the room, and helped himself to apples, potatoes, and even to the candies in jars on shelves.

What a burglar! The shop-keeper was not aroused, so silently did the huge creature go about his work of robbery; but upon the elephant's return toward the tent, the keeper came up to him. In the morning it got all over the town that there had been a robbery, but later it was learned that the robber was a four-footed creature—big enough to have carried off the whole shop, if he had wished. As for the shop-keeper, he recalled the fact that twelve years previous he had given a passing elephant a good meal of apples and potatoes. Possibly it was the same elephant. He went to the tent, and there recognized his acquaintance of twelve years before!—Golden Days.

## THIRTEEN GREAT MISTAKES.

To yield to immaterial trifles.  
To look for perfection in our own actions.

To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect to be able to understand everything.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others.

To worry ourselves and others with what can not be remedied.

To consider everything impossible that we can not perform.

Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power.

It is a great mistake to set up your own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly.

## WHAT SHE COULD.

"What she could," not what she could not do, not what she thought might be done, not what she would like to do, not what she would if she had more time, not what somebody else thought she ought to do, but "what she could."—W. A. Shipman.

## TABLE MANNERS.

"Yes, he is a fine fellow, but it is surprising, considering the family he belongs to, that he hasn't better table manners." This frank comment concerning a young friend for whom we had been expressing our admiration, set us to wondering why it is that in so many families of genuine refinement, the table manners of children receive so small a share of attention. Many parents seem to forget that the habits formed at the table are likely to follow one through life. The child that at home is allowed to "sup" his soup audibly, to "bolt" his meat and vegetables like a hungry brute, to take a quarter of a slice of bread at a mouthful, sitting meanwhile perhaps either lolling against the chairback or with his elbow on the table, will inevitably mortify himself and his friends when he comes to "dine out." Sometimes it happens that at breakfast the pressure of business and household cares leads to undue haste on the parents' part, thus giving additional license to the children. The mother's attention is confined to the pouring of coffee, and the father is too impatient to be at his office, to take time to serve the steak and potatoes with the gracious mien that distinguishes him when guests are present; and children are quick to note the difference. Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in a letter to her mother, recalls this reminiscence of her childhood: "At table, what an impression of elegance and spirituality you made upon my mind by never being preoccupied with your own plate and food, so that I used to think mothers lived without eating as well as without sleeping! I saw that you were taken up with supplying others with what they wished for, before they had time to find out themselves. 'What elegant manners!' I used to feel, and so resolved to do so too." Children's minds are like sensitized plates, and those about them little realize the ineffable impressions they are constantly receiving. Happy the child who can find in his own loved home circle pure and lofty ideas exemplified of everyday living!—Good Housekeeping.

## COME OUT, JOACHIM.

One day, when Martin Luther was completely penniless, he was asked for money to aid an important enterprise. He reflected a little, and recollected that he had a beautiful medal of Joachim, Elector of Brandenburg, which he very much prized. He went immediately to a drawer, opened it and said: "What art thou doing there, Joachim? Dost thou not see how idle thou art? Come out, and make thyself useful." Then he took out the medal, and contributed it to the object solicited for. Have not some of our readers idle Joachims which they could send out to do good in missions at home and abroad?—Home and Abroad.

## CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT.

I find in the necessity for constant employment alleviation of the heart-ache that has become a condition of my existence—without which I would not know myself. "Belittling cares!" Agatha calls the domestic duties that devolve upon us. They seem more to me like so many tiny conductors leading off in as many directions, the surcharge of solicitude that would else press too heavily on life and reason. Mamma says of labor, "It is often a brace, not a burden, which God fits to backs already bowed, that they may grow stronger and straighter."—Sunny Bank.

## RANDOM READINGS.

One promise without reserve, and only one, because it includes all and remains—the promise of the Holy Spirit to them who ask it.—Macdonald.

A spiritual mind has something of the nature of the sensitive plant. "I shall smart if I touch this or that." There is a holy shrinking away from evil.

I have been benefited by praying for others; for making an errand to God for them I have got something for myself.—Rutherford.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system.

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1878	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,374,683.43
1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,479.14
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