

The Golden Year.

We sleep and wake and sleep; but all things move.
The sun flies forward to his brother sun;
The dark earth follows wheeled in her ellipse;
And human things, returning on themselves
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

Ah! though the times when some new thought can bud
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
Yet seas that daily gain upon the shore
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
And slow and sure comes up the golden year.

When wealth no more shall rest in mound-
ed heaps,
But, smit with freer flight, shall slowly
melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker
man
Through all the seasons of the golden year.

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle. Happy days
Roll onward, leading up the golden year.

Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the press;
Fly, happy with the mission of the cross,
Knit land to land, and blowing heavenward,
With silks and fruits and spices free of toll,
Enrich the markets of the golden year.

"But we grow old!" Ah, when shall all
men's good
Be each man's rule? and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year.

—Alfred Tennyson.

If we would have our young people interested in the work of the denomination and in christian work generally, we must put within reach the religious paper. Pastors and parents should see to it that the denominational paper is in all the homes. Now is a good time to make a fresh effort to put it into the homes that are without it.

TALKS TO YOUNG MEN.

The Honorable Young Man.

Words change their meaning as the generations pass away. "Honorable," prefixed to a man's name, used to signify one who had been honored by his fellow-men, and according to habit it is now given to mayors of cities, State senators, and representatives in Congress, but the official title has lost all its character-significance; for while many such men are truly honorable, full as many have no claim to public admiration; and the fact that a man is mayor or senator or representative signifies nothing as to his character and not much as to his ability. When we speak, therefore, of an honorable young man, we refer to those qualities of character which should commend him to the confidence of humanity.

1. The honorable young man is truthful. You can depend upon what he says. You do not have to make allowance for an over vivid imagination. Some persons who would be horrified at a lie are given to misrepresentation—to such a way of saying truthful words that their meaning is turned around and the hearer gets an opposite impression from the truth. A half-truth does more damage than a falsehood. The worst, most mischief-making people in society, are not downright liars but equivocalors, who tell the truth in such a way as to mislead one. The honorable young man does not use words to obscure meaning, nor with a reserved meaning, but speaks upon his honor. His meaning is "so clear, so shining, so evident, that it glimmers through a blind man's eyes."

2. The honorable young man is honest. There are persons who are truthful in their words but dishonest in their dealing. The honorable young man is willing to have the sugar weighed and the cloth measured after him, and is willing to have you turn the apples out of the barrel and see if they are of the same size all the way down. He pays his bills. Shakespeare makes Brutus say:

"There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats, for I am armed so strong in honesty, that they pass by me as the idle wind which I respect not."

"Now, John," said a man to a dry-goods clerk, "your master is out; give me a long measure." The noble youth's answer was: "My master is always in, sir."

A bright slave-boy was upon the block to be sold at auction. A good man pitied him and said: "If I'll buy you, Tom, will you be honest?" "I'll be honest, sir, whether you buy me or not."

An honorable man can be trusted with uncounted money.

3. The honorable young man is true to another's interests as well as his own. Some men are truthful and honest so far as the law goes. They do as they agree, but they are

as unfair as selfishness can be. They cheat honestly. Their boast is that they always do as they agree, but they are very sure to take advantage of everything they did not agree to. The honorable man will not only not cheat another but will not permit another to cheat himself in trade with him. Honorable men never takes advantage of another's ignorance, or poverty, or infirmity. It guards another's honor as though it was his own. It disdains insinuations. It believes no evil report unless compelled to. It spurns slander. It frowns upon gossip. A man of honor never reports ill of but defends another's good name as he would have another defend his. When any one spoke ill of another to Peter the Great, he would say: "Hist, hist! now say some good of him." "It is easy to throw mud at a man but better to help clean his coat."

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, no more; But that filches from me my good name, Robs me of that which not enriches him, And makes me poor indeed."

Even in the excitements of political life, honorable men keep clean from personal abuse. Only the smaller, cheaper, lower order of men stoop to mere slander. Whatever may be one's opinion of the leading defeated candidate in the late contest for the Presidency, this can be said to his honor, that during all the heat of the contest in which he made over two hundred speeches, in not one of them did he utter a word which would be improper in a lady's parlor, or speak a word of unkindness against his bitterest foe. A magnificent example, which it would be well for many little men and all young men to imitate.

4. The honorable young man is polite. By politeness is not meant a slavish observance of the dancing master's rules, for many of the most fastidious in such things are most ungentelemanly in conduct; but rather that thoughtful gentleness of deportment which honors all men. With such a spirit the most awkward lad is polite. Politeness is treating another as you would have him treat you. Honorableness recognizes the commonest person as well as the greatest. Honor is impartial. It is as polite to a working girl as to a rich man's daughter. A gentleman will pick up a poor woman's fan as soon as that of the governor's wife. When Pope Clement XIV. took the chair, the ambassadors of the several States came to congratulate him and bow before him, upon which the Pope bowed in return. The master of ceremonies said: "Your holiness need not do that." "Oh," replied the Pope, "I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners." A learned professor was once asked why he was polite to the young boys of his class. His quick reply was, "I know not how many governors there are among them." Sixty-five years ago people would have said it was foolish to be polite to an ignorant, awkward, ragged boy running round in Kentucky; but those who laughed at him were laughing at Abraham Lincoln. The honorable young man is as polite at home to his own mother as to the mayor's wife, to his own sister as to the sister of anybody else.

An honorable young man honors his own manhood. He who does not respect himself can not expect others to respect him. A man is to honor his own body, his own mind, his own character, his own work. When we are commanded to do unto others as we would have others do unto us, it means also that we are to do unto ourselves as we would have others do unto us. Indeed, self-respect is the essence of honorableness. A man should respect himself too much to sin.

5. The honorable young man is sensitive to higher obligations. To the claims of father and mother, because they are his father and mother. The young man who disrespects his parents has started for ruin. No young man should marry him; he will make an unsafe husband. The honorable mechanic respects his superiors, the honorable soldier the officers above him, the honorable student his instructors, the honorable citizen his rulers, and the honorable man his Maker. Thus the spirit of true honorableness leads the soul to bow in reverence and submission to God, and when that is done all other honor comes as the leaves and buds and blossoms and fruit from the tree which live in the sunshine.

LOVING, HIS ENEMY.

A New-Year's Tale.

BY BENNET GILMORE.

Spencer says, "If a ship have three leaks and two be stopped, the third will sink the ship. If a man has two severe wounds and cures one, the neglected one will kill him."

Old Mr. Hobbs had stopped a number of leaks in his character;

but there was one yet remaining, and it threatened to sink his ship. For a year he had been a professed follower of the Lord Jesus. Old and cross and peculiar, even him the Lord accepted. You remember the ancient warriors would not accept an old man into their army, as being unfit for service; but happily for the old men and women, our Lord will accept the service of even a remnant of a life. Mr. Hobbs had offered his in good faith and yet, though he was ready to do service for the Lord, he was not willing to be perfectly obedient. A man by the name of Dorsheimer had done him a serious injury long years ago. He had never forgiven it; he "never could," he told himself.

It was midway between Christmas and New-Year, when Mrs Hobbs said to her husband, coming home from a drive, "Did you know that old Mr. Dorsheimer is full of trouble?"

"No," growled her husband, "I didn't know it; but I'm glad to hear it. He deserves to be full of trouble. He has brought enough to my door."

"I can't help feeling sorry for him," said Mrs. Hobbs, who was a kindly-disposed woman, and yet felt a deep sympathy for her husband's dislike. "They had injured her husband. He is an old man to have so much trouble roll upon him at once."

"What has come upon him besides his losing his position at Haley's?" with some show of interest.

"His widowed daughter with three small children has come home to live, the oldest child so delicate that the doctor says only the greatest care can possibly save her."

"What else?" in a hard tone.

"Rodney has been up to some wild pranks, and must go to prison unless some one steps to the front."

"A purse of money, you mean. Well, I hope they won't then. Doubtless the fellow deserves to go to prison; he's a chip of the old block!"—crossly.

"I hope somebody'll save the poor boy—such a pretty boy!"

"He's a man grown—twenty-one last January," with a little shiver thinking of some one else who, had he lived, would have been "twenty-three last January."

"Well, he seems like a boy to me," the compassionate voice said gently. "How much he and our little Ray used to look alike; and you remember they were always so fond of each other—Ray and Roy."

But Mr. Hobbs was not to be won over by any such reference to "the little boy who died." He said abruptly, "Any more trouble?"

"Well, I should think that was about enough—no position, a family of four thrust upon him without warning, and an only son about to enter prison. But there are more; the poor man has just had his arm broken. You ought to go and see him, Mr. Hobbs."

Ought to go and see his mortal enemy! Was the woman crazy? No, it seemed not; for she went on, freeing her mind gently, but firmly.

"The Bible says, 'Love your enemies,' and I think one ought to."

"One don't though," snappishly.

"Yes, they do, they are good to them, and that's what's meant by loving them."

"Well, there's no fool like an old fool, and an old woman is the biggest fool of all," he said, disrespectfully.

She might have retorted that there was no fool like an old fool, and an old man who would allow years of hate to eat into his life, was the biggest fool; but she held her peace, only saying quietly, "I couldn't pray if I couldn't forgive. There is the Lord's Prayer, you know, with the petition, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'"

No, he had not thought of the meaning of that petition. He had been cherishing malice instead of "welcoming sweet forgiveness. Had he been asking the Lord to forgive him as he forgave? Well, then, the Lord had not forgiven him for the sins of a misspent life-time. Two more days passed. On the evening of the second, while glancing over a collection of anecdotes, he came across the following: "A soldier, riding over the scene of a battlefield when the fight was done, came, as he picked his steps among the dead, to a body which, stirring, showed some signs of life. The bleeding form wore the dress of the foe. Regardless of that he said to his attendant, 'Give him a draught of wine,' and as the officer stooped down to do so, the wounded soldier, discovering, through the mist that was gathering on his dying eye, in this good Samaritan the general of the troops against whom he had been fighting, raised himself on his elbow, drew a pistol, and with deadly hate fired it at his benefactor's head. Happily the bullet missed its mark, and the general, as soon as he recovered from his surprise, with a forgiveness truly magnanimous, said 'Give it to him all the same!'"

God moves in a mysterious way—The proud heart was moved at last—the "leak in the ship" repaired, and the vessel was safe. He might hope to be forgiven now, for he had forgiven.

New-Year dawned. In the Dorsheimer home there were no preparations for the glad new year. They had no anticipations of gladness, only of infinite sorrow, just like the present. They were living in a small, plain house, very different from the one they had owned in the "square." Mr. Dorsheimer was sitting in a large chair, his bandaged arm resting on a cushion. His wife sits near him, endeavoring to cheer him—a hopeless task. He feels very much as Job did at one time of his life. From the next room comes the sound of children's voices, from overhead the sound of Roy's ceaseless tread. It drives the suffering man nearly distracted.

"What possesses them all?" he complains. "Can't Sarah keep the children quiet? And does Roy suppose he's going to keep himself out of prison by walking, forever walking?"

"Sarah might keep the children quieter if she were with them," Mrs. Dorsheimer said gently; "but you know we have but one servant now, and Sarah is helping her. As for poor dear Roy, I didn't suppose the boy can keep still. O my poor lad! Is there no hope for him, Silas?"

"No hope," in a tone of utter hopelessness.

The bell rang. Some one was ushered into the little first-floor parlor, and Sarah, the widowed daughter, came up-stairs, saying, "An old gentleman wishes to see Roy?"

Roy went down reluctantly to see the old man who would not send up his name; he did not care much about seeing anybody just now. But he came bounding up the stairs a few moments later and fell upon his knees beside his parents.

"There's a chance for me yet. I'm not to go to prison. I'm not altogether lost. Thank Mr. Hobbs for me, mother. Thank him, father; I tried to, but the words failed me."

"What are you raving about? Where is Mr. Hobbs? What has he done?" Mr. Dorsheimer asked, nearly as excited as his boy.

"Oh, I forgot!" With which exclamation Roy ran down stairs again, returning soon with old Mr. Hobbs.

What did it mean? Was he dreaming? Was that his mortal enemy, smiling upon him from the doorway? Approaching him? Taking his hand and pressing it warmly? Mrs. Dorsheimer alone seemed equal to the occasion. She arose and extended her hand, and gave their unexpected guest a seat, saying inquiringly, "We do not understand what has come over our boy, sir; have you offered to help him?"

"Offered to save me, mother to save me," broke in Roy gratefully. "The Lord has blessed me (was that old Mr. Hobbs, talking so humbly?) with wealth, and having it, I couldn't let Roy go to prison. If Ray had lived—"

He could say no more, but the quivering of his aged lips stirred all the other lips.

"I have a good position to offer you, Friend Dorsheimer, as soon as the broken arm heals, a position you will like—head book-keeper in the wholesale department."

No one responded. This pouring down of sunshine after the intense darkness was blinding and silencing. They could not find voices.

"And," continued Mr. Hobbs, looking sympathetically at the widowed daughter who had come into the room, leading her delicate child, "I hope you'll allow my wife and I to help restore that child to health. She needs the fresh air, I am told, and we'll drive over for her often if you will let us. She shall not long for fruit again either, not while we have it in abundance. I must be going now, but I wish you a very happy New-Year."

Mr. Dorsheimer found his voice. "God bless you, God bless you!" he said brokenly.

"We thought you hated us all," Roy said, "and you're the best friend we've got in the world," gratefully. "You'll not be sorry for this, sir, as sure as my name is Roy Dorsheimer."

No, he was not sorry, but infinitely glad. He walked home, feeling ten years younger.

"It was a hard lesson, a very hard lesson for me to learn to love my enemies; but, thank God, I've learned it," he said to himself, "and lo, where are my enemies! They are my friends, and have called down God's blessing upon me."

A mist gathered over his eyes as he plodded on, but somehow his heart was so full of peace and goodwill that the mist did not prevent him seeing a wan, little creature, looking longingly at a beautiful doll in a window. He stopped and bought it, adding the child's look of joy to the other new treasures in his heart.

"Happy New-Year! Happy New-Year!"

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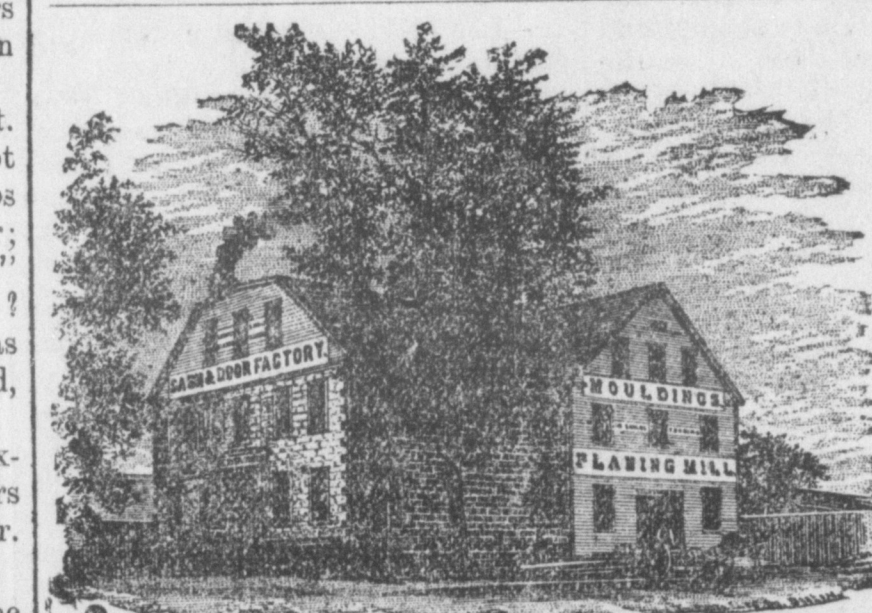
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