

## A New Heart.

'Tis New Year's morn! It matters not  
tho' sky o'erhead  
Be blue as summer sun shines on,  
Or hung with shadows black as midnight's  
storm  
O'er ocean; for in my heart is cloudless  
heaven.  
O, can it be that this bright spot is earth?  
That these are human forms? That I  
Indeed am I?

But yesterday thick darkness like  
A hooded-mantle wrapped me in its tortu-  
ous folds,  
And bowed, in anguish deep, my soul.  
To-day all things seem new created;  
The garment of the dreary past,  
So stained with sin, into its grave has  
fallen.  
And by command divine forever buried,  
O wondrous, wondrous change! so quickly  
wrought  
By act so simple.

These empty hands did naught, but reach  
in faith.  
And take the gift of love divine,  
So sweetly offered.  
No more can life be dark and aimless now,  
Since e'er upon these lips, and in my soul,  
Will dwell the name of him, who, in a  
still small voice,  
Hath called me to his feet, and crowned  
my life  
With endless joy, and rest, and peace.

## A Year of Life.

Purchasers of goods are sometimes  
allowed to take away with them  
little slips of cloth cut from the  
piece or roll where each belongs, as  
evidence of how far is each year of  
the life we are all living in this  
world a sample for each of us of the  
whole life! How far may we thus  
judge of what the whole life will be  
in the retrospect, when finally the  
last year has been lived and the end  
has come!

For one thing, we know very well  
that from year to year, and from in-  
fancy to old age, the personal iden-  
tity is absolutely preserved, so that  
the life in its entirety, when com-  
plete, will be one life. Changes do  
occur; the child grows to the youth,  
the youth to the mature man, the  
mature man to the old man; and  
still, the old saying is true, that "the  
child is father of the man." These  
are not four different persons, each  
belonging to a separate stage of the  
life so lived. They are one and the  
same person. It is even wonderful  
how peculiarities of character seen  
in the child reappear in the old man  
just as in the worn and wrinkled  
face might be traced the features  
even of the school-boy's "shining  
morning face," as he went "creep-  
ing like a snail, unwillingly to  
school." It is one and the same per-  
son, from the cradle to the grave.

Then, a study of what each one  
finds in his own consciousness will  
make it very evident that his life,  
in all that is most significant to him-  
self personally, is one life, with a  
measure of identity which in some  
aspects of it may be almost startling  
to him. What he remembers of  
himself in the years long past, per-  
haps, he finds in himself now changed,  
in some degree, perhaps through  
repression; more active or less ac-  
tive, as the case may be; still be-  
longing to him as a part of his iden-  
tity. And he finds that this to a  
very large extent has made his life  
what it is. Man is not, after all,  
the "creature of circumstance." He  
has made himself, either for better  
or for worse, in the exercise of fac-  
ulties which have always been char-  
acterized, essentially, in the same  
way; and under the action of im-  
pulses which even now, in advanced  
life perhaps, betray him or guard  
him in a way strikingly similar to  
what he can remember of himself in  
boyhood and in youth. The life he  
has lived, all along, has been his life,  
and any one year of it will, with  
more or less accuracy, sample it.

The modification of this thought  
—and it is a very important one—  
is in the fact that, after all, one's  
life is not a roll of cloth or a bale of  
silk. There is in it both fixity and  
the possibility of change. As the  
converted man is the same man even  
after he has become "a new crea-  
ture," and as in some sense the "old  
things" remain even after they have  
"passed away," so this identity in  
ourselves and in our life does not  
forbid improvement, and even to a  
certain extent absolute renewal.  
Thus the sample afforded in a year  
of life may show a great advance up-  
on what was once the fact; as if it  
were possible for the roll of cloth to  
acquire a finer and softer fibre, a  
more pleasing color, or a stronger  
texture; as if the silk which when it  
left the loom seemed faulty and in-  
ferior, were to have in itself, or as  
communicated to it, some faculty of  
self-improvement, so that in the end  
it should be sampled as among the  
richest and costliest of all silks.

We are not speaking, here, of the  
way in which God, "the judge of  
all," may estimate human character,  
or adjust in the end the outcome of  
a human life. We have in mind  
more what our own life may be to  
each one of us. God sees our life as  
a whole, and in the end will, in a  
single glance of his infinite thought,  
compass it from its beginning to its  
close, with not an instant of it left  
out of view. He sees it, also, in its  
relation to what we have gained or

missed of participation in that gra-  
cious provision through which sin is  
forgiven, and even the imperfect  
and unworthy find acceptance. For  
ourselves, among the many ways  
helpful to that end, by such a view  
of each year of life, at its close, as  
will bring it before us in some de-  
gree as the swiftly passing months  
have made it. Something of what  
the whole life is to him who sees it  
all, we may learn from what this one  
year discloses in the review. Hap-  
py for us, if the testimony is of a  
life led along the path that "shineth  
more and more." Happy for us if  
the year now closing has been the  
best of all; with the sure promise in  
its onward and upward course, that  
the year, and the years, to come are  
to be still upward as well as onward.  
—Standard.

## Stand Your Ground.

Young Christians, the Christian  
life is a battle with sin. You are  
raw recruits in Christ's army. One  
thing you must learn to do is to  
stand your ground.

1. You must stand your ground  
when you are tempted. A fool can laugh.  
A weak person is sometimes laugh-  
ed down. To some people ridicule  
is the worst form of attack. Men  
who have braved death on the bat-  
tle-field have trembled at a sneer.

2. You must stand your ground  
when under evil reports. Those who  
do right will be spoken against.  
Jesus says: "Blessed are ye, when  
men shall revile you, and persecute  
you, and shall say all manner of  
evil against you falsely for my sake.  
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for  
great is your reward in heaven: for  
so persecuted they the prophets,  
which were before you." The sun,  
moon, and stars shine when cloud-  
covered. Be like them—shine on  
when under reproach.

3. You must stand your ground  
in the day of trouble. Trouble is  
the common heritage of our race.  
Personal religion does not exempt  
us from trouble in this life.

"The path of sorrow, and that path  
alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is un-  
known.  
No traveler e'er reached that blest  
abode,  
Who found not thorns and briars on  
the road."

Sanctified sorrow exalts the soul  
and it will enhance your eternal re-  
ward. Stand firm. "Glorify God in  
the fire." Build your closet next to  
the furnace. God says, "I will  
bring the third part through the fire  
and will refine them as gold is tried;  
they shall call on my name, and I  
will hear them: I will say it is my  
people; and they shall say, The  
Lord is my God."

1. You must stand your ground  
in the hour of duty. No good can  
be accomplished without effort.  
No man ever became really great  
without pains. While

"The idle fall an easy prey  
To mischief and to sin;  
Those who fill with work their day,  
The prize of life shall win."

Therefore, "work with both hands  
earnestly." Do not be afraid of  
enthusiasm. There is more lack of  
heart than brain. The world is  
not starving for need of education  
half so much as for want, earnest  
interest of spirit for soul. We agree  
with the Indian who, when talked  
to about his laziness, said, "I think  
it is better for the pot to boil over  
than not to boil at all." In churches  
there are two classes—the positive  
and the passive; or the progressive  
and the do-nothings. One aggressive,  
positive worker is worth fifty easy-  
going, don't-care members. If there  
is anything positive in you, show it.  
Put on the whole armor of God and stand  
your ground.

## The Mother's Interest.

"Mother," said a boy of ten, com-  
ing in one day in great excitement,  
"we've got a raft down on the river!  
Edgar and I've fixed it up lovely, an—"

"Mercy, child," cried his mother,  
who knew that the river was shal-  
low, and felt no further interest in  
his work there, "don't bother me  
now. I'm cutting out a sleeve, and  
I can't hear your nonsense. Go  
way!"

This was the mother's habitual  
way of taking her boy's communi-  
cations. She had two, and she  
meant to do right by them, but be-  
fore they were twelve years old they  
had learned that there was no place  
at home for the outpouring of  
their hearts, and they naturally  
sought sympathy elsewhere. The  
heart of a boy, if it be of the right  
stuff, is always full and running  
over. He needs a confidant. His  
"rafts" and "magic tables" are as  
mighty to him as the setting of the  
new minister or the rise and fall of  
stocks may be to his elders, and his  
spirit recoils with the same injured  
sense from the imputation that his  
affairs are "nonsense" as if he were  
a man.

Visitors in a certain family were  
much interested to see a boy of nine  
come in one day and, after a shy  
salutation, pull his mother's sleeve.

It was in the country, and the boy  
was in charge of a flock of hens.

"She's come off!" he began, with  
a face full of sunshine. "Say" glance  
ing at the company, "may I tell you  
about it?"

"Will you excuse Phil if he tells  
me?" said the mother.

The visitors of course assented.  
"Well, my good hen's come off  
her nest!" burst forth Phil. "She  
hasn't lost a chick. There were  
twelve chicks. Aunt Mary says it's  
the best luck could be, and she  
thinks it's because I've tended to  
her so."

"I don't doubt it," said the  
mother kindly. "I knew you would  
get your reward for being so faith-  
ful to your good hen."

"I will surely come out by-and-by,"  
as he whispered to her.

He rushed away, and she proceed-  
ed half apologetically: "I don't  
know but I make too much of my  
children's employments, but I have  
a theory that if I dignify them as  
if they were of importance and  
worth my serious attention it makes  
the boys more manly in their work.  
I take my sewing out nearly every-  
day and sit awhile beside the hen-  
house, which Phil is making. I try  
to teach them that, as Mrs. Brown-  
ing says, it is better to pursue a  
frivolous art by serious means than  
a divine art frivolously; though I  
don't intimate to them, of course,  
that I regard their work as frivolous."

Surely there is no happier home  
than that in which the lad flies to  
his mother the instant he is inside  
the door with the story of his day's  
doings, knowing that the minutest  
detail will interest her, and that he  
is sure of her sympathy and her  
counsel in it all.

"My son," said a mother of a boy  
of thirteen who had just told her  
freely the story of a really disgrace-  
ful act of his, "I'm so glad you  
came right to me with this."

"Why, mother," said the boy with  
honest pathos, "I never thought of  
not telling you. I should die if I  
couldn't tell you everything. It  
makes me feel a great deal better.  
And you can tell me just what I  
ought to do."

The best of us make mistakes,  
and what wonder is it that our boys  
with their high spirits and their  
ignorance of the world, blunder and  
get into scrapes pretty often? But  
it is the cause of rejoicing if either  
father or mother can get a hold on  
a young heart which leads it to open  
its worst recesses to their loving  
eyes.

"I wish I could mind God as my  
little dog does me," said a little boy,  
looking thoughtfully on his shaggy  
friend; "he always looks so pleased  
to mind, and I don't." —KATE UP-  
SON CLARK, in the Home-Maker.

## Keep The House.

Sell everything, suffer everything  
in the way of deprivation, was a dy-  
ing parent's advice to children, but  
keep the house to be together in,  
whatever befall. It was sound ad-  
vice. So long as those children,  
young or old, had a roof, they could  
suffer and be strong together. Their  
wants, their deprivations, were their  
own and not public property. If  
needs must that they starve, they  
should starve in silence and dignity,  
with none but themselves the wiser  
or the worse. All their little shifts  
were not subjects of general discus-  
sion; their work was not on inspec-  
tion; strangers were not able to in-  
terfere among them, or to sow dis-  
sentiments thereby, or to alienate af-  
fections. Close together, in the habi-  
tual contact of daily life, they could  
only be bound the more closely in  
habits of thought, in love, and in  
mutual concern.

And the roof-tree was responsible  
for it all. The roof-tree was the  
bond and the protector; it took the  
place of parent; it was a shield and  
bulwark against the world. No,  
the experience of scattered and ship-  
wrecked families has everywhere  
proved that much discomfort, much  
misery might have been spared them  
had they clung together in one home;  
that those who have a home should  
keep it; that its safety in worldly  
and material comfort. Part with  
hand, part with jewels, part with  
heirlooms, keepsakes, treasures, but  
keep the house so long as the sticks  
and timbers hold together. It is a  
stronghold; it is a castle, however  
poor and old; Warwick Castle itself  
is no better for its purposes. It is  
not merely that "be it ever so hum-  
ble, there's no place like home," but  
that it is home, the single spot  
where one reigns, where one is at  
large liberty; where one exists satis-  
fied with the natural love of kin, if  
other love is denied one, a place to  
retire and withdraw in, to feel safety  
and protection in, to live in, and at  
last to die in. —Harper's Bazar.

## Perseverance.

Demosthenes, the poor stuttering  
son of a butcher, became the most  
famous orator of ancient times.  
Virgil, the son of a baker, was the  
most celebrated of Latin poets.  
Esop, the son of a slave, and al-  
most a slave himself, managed to  
acquire imperishable fame. Thomas

Wolsey, the son of a butcher, be-  
came cardinal of the Church of  
Rome, and next to the king, in his  
day the most powerful person in the  
English dominion. William Shake-  
speare, also the son of a butcher, yet  
one of the most famous poets the  
world has ever beheld. Oliver Crom-  
well rose from a comparatively  
humble station to be Protector of  
the English Commonwealth. Ben-  
jamin Franklin was a printer in his  
early days; he afterwards became  
one of the most celebrated philoso-  
phers and statesmen. William  
Guildford, the editor of the *Quarterly  
Review*, was in youth an  
humble shoemaker apprentice and,  
for want of paper, was obliged to  
work his algebraic problems upon  
leather with an awl. Robert Burns  
a ploughman, of Ayrshire, Scotland,  
was afterwards the greatest of  
Scottish poets. James Cook, for a  
long time a common sailor, but  
afterwards, on voyages of discovery,  
sailed three times around the world.  
Jeremy Taylor was a barber's boy,  
and afterwards a D. D. Thomas  
Telford, the great civil engineer,  
was once a shepherd's boy. Inigo  
Jones was first a journeyman car-  
penter, and afterwards the chief  
architect of his age. Halley, the  
astronomer, was the son of a poor  
soap boiler. Haydn, the composer,  
was the son of a poor wheel-wright.  
Henry the chemist was the son of a  
weaver. Smeaton and Rennie,  
eminent engineers, were both of  
them, at one time, merely makers  
of mathematical instruments. And  
when you have read the lives of all  
these, ask yourself whether perse-  
verance had not as much to do in  
making these men great, as any  
other quality which they possessed.

## "You Stay."

"I remember," said an old clergy-  
man lately, "a careless word spoken  
to me in my boyhood which has in-  
fluenced my character through life.  
Like most sickly, sensitive children,  
I was ready to give up hope before  
every trouble. An attack of illness  
a long storm, a disagreeable visitor  
or servant in the family plunged me  
in despair."

"Fred," said my uncle to me one  
day, "the toothache, or the wet  
weather, or the boys who tease you,  
are bad things enough, but remem-  
ber they go, and you stay."

"It was like a new gospel to me.  
These great evils would pass by,  
and little insignificant me—I stayed!"

"It was a wholesome idea to put  
into a boy's mind. The feeling of  
permanence is rare with children.  
They are to their own feeling like  
anchorless boats on the sea, driven  
here and there. Out of this un-  
certainty come most of their vague  
miseries. It is good for them to  
feel that, no matter how poor, or  
dull, or obscure they are, in com-  
parison with others, each of them  
has a life of his own, abiding and  
sure, which is of importance in God's  
eyes. Many morbid, self-distrust-  
ing boys and girls need just this  
poise and confidence which that  
knowledge would give to them."

"As I grew older, the chance  
words took a wider meaning to me.  
The temptation, however fierce,  
would pass if I stood firm; the  
agony of self-sacrifice would be gone  
some day, and I would remain to  
finish my work, and answer my ac-  
count."

"Life itself would at last vanish,  
as when the heavens and earth dis-  
appear, and yet my soul, this in-  
significant me, would stay, face to  
face with God."

What are these things that we  
think and talk of all day long?  
Our neighbor's gown, or house, or  
bank account, or our own cough, or  
china, or lucky speculation?

These are the things that go.  
The kindness in our hearts, the  
loving word we speak, the little  
gasp of a prayer in our soul, where  
only God sees—these are the things  
that stay, and enter immortal re-  
cords.

Which weigh the heavier with  
us? —Youth's Companion.

THE FAMILIES are few in which  
there are not one or more members  
who, by reason of age, infirmity or  
poverty, occupy the position of de-  
pendent. Too frequently the pres-  
ence of such an one is felt to be a  
burden; service is rendered grudg-  
ingly; unkind remarks are dropped  
in their hearing, and the impatience  
for death, or some change of circum-  
stance, to remove the trial, is poorly  
concealed. The spirit is contrary  
to the gospel, which teaches us to  
"bear one another's burdens, and so  
fulfill the law of Christ." Rightly  
accepted, these dependent ones are a  
real blessing. The develop thought-  
fulness for others' comfort, patience,  
cheerfulness, and other Christian  
graces which add so much to the  
beauty of a household. Even when  
the recipient is disagreeable and un-  
grateful, as is sometimes the case, it  
may open our eyes to the attitude  
which the best of us sometimes take  
toward our heavenly Father. He is  
much more occasion has he to bear  
with us, than we with the most ex-  
acting, fretful or trying among our  
circle of "poor relations."

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1878	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,574,083.14
1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
1884	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1886	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
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