

Between Two Years.

What wonder that, as I sit alone,
Counting the steps of the departing year,
Waiting the slow and solemn chime to
hear,
That tolls the requiem of the Old Year
gone,
A solemn awe should o'er my spirit
spread—
A strange, still sense of mystery and
dread?

What wonder, when I know that at my
door,
Unseen, unknown, the waiting New
Year stands,
Grasping a sealed scroll with his hands,
With strange, dim characters inscribed o'er
Wherein lies hid, in awful mystery,
All that the coming year shall bring to
me?

Perchance that sealed scroll may hold
withal
Some sad death warrant for the friends
I prize;
Or my own name amongst them haply
lies,
Or sorrows worse than death yet to befall,
Some joy to crown my life with bliss
untold.

I watched the old moon in its slow decline;
So pass, Old Year, beyond life's stormy
sea.
Whate'er the waiting New Year brings
to me,
I know 'tis ordered by a Hand divine,
So, fearless, 'mid the wild bell's mingled
din,
I open the door and let the New Year in!
—Independent.

The Varied Year.

One stands at this season of the
year like one upon a mountain crest.
At least, it seems as though from
this vantage-ground one can better
measure the distance traversed, and
perhaps look into the coming future
a little farther than at other seasons.
At the first glance, it is natural to
say that for the great mass of people
it has been a monotonous road, with
little variety, mostly up-hill work.
But, when we scan individual lives,
we find infinite variety. There is
no one who bears the same relations
to life that he bore a year ago. The
difference may be indefinable, per-
haps scarcely felt; but it is there.
It may be most marked in body, or
it may tell in soul loss or gain; but
the invisible working of life has
made its mark on all.

We look about our own small
worlds, and mark the changes,—the
vacant places left by those who have
finished their task and lain down to
rest, the faces of friends showing a
little more sign of old age coming
on apace, the youth growing up to
manhood and womanhood, almost
within the space of a twelvemonth,
and the boys and girls filling up
their ranks; and, farther down yet,
the cradles that have been filled and
the sunshine that has come into the
homes with these little ones who
have been so short a time in this
new life. We speak of the vast
change that must come to each one
of us as we lay aside this robe of
flesh; but can it be greater than the
change to these babies, were they
conscious of it when thus called in-
to being without knowledge or re-
sponsibility of their own. And how
varied have been the receptions that
the past year has brought to these
little immortals! Some have been
flung into a rough and selfish world,
unwelcomed, unloved. Others have
come to find the gentlest of wel-
comes, to be clothed in fine linen
and served daintily. The great
mass of the army that has been born
since the dawn of 1891 have come
to join the ranks of those who will
never be wrapped in fine linen in
birth or at death. Some have come
to homes of industry, some to homes
of idleness and crime. Passing a
police-station the other day, we saw
one of this last class. It was a pitiful
sight,—a tiny baby not so long
as the forearm of the stalwart police-
man who carried it, wrapped in a
dirty, faded shawl, its pathetic face
exposed to the cold winter wind,
but sleeping in blissful unconscious-
ness of its surroundings. The police
officer handled it gently, and looked
down at it with pitying eyes. A
lady passing at the same time stood
still a minute, and watched the
officer descend from the patrol wag-
on and carry the child within.
Quick tears started to her eyes.
Did it recall some little one of her
own? Or was it only the great pity
in her heart that any mother could
be found so sinful or so desperate
as to have cast her child away?
What misery and temptation the
old year held for such a woman!
What will the new year bring to
such a mother and such a child? A
sight like that makes one almost
ready to believe that the drift of
life is to misery and crime.

But, if we look still further, we
shall see that, if there are wretched-
ness and sin, there are also happi-
ness and virtue about us. Not only
that, but the year has given many
an example of the bright side of life
trying to impart of its brightness
to the gloomy side. There is room
for more of this, however, and at
this halting-spot it is well to con-
sider how more can be done to light-
en dark days and dark homes. The
spirit of Christmas has just been
abroad and stirred the embers of
good will, but it would be better yet
to fan them into a steady flame. A
Boston minister last Sunday, in
touching on this theme, asked, most

pertinently: "Why do we confine
the beautiful experiment of making
other people happy to a few brief
days clustered around the Christmas
time? Why not let it run over in-
to January? Why not let it become
a river of good will that shall flow,
flower-bordered and fruit-lined,
through every month of the year
until it shall sweep round the wide
earth?" Why not, indeed?

The Persian kindles a fire upon
his altar and never allows it to go
out. Night and day, throughout
the year, he keeps it burning, fed
often with costly sandal-wood and
fragrant oil. Such a flame of service
to humanity each one may kindle
in his own heart if he would bright-
en the coming year for himself as
well as others.

As we look back over the past
and see the way by which we have
come, checkered with clouds, some-
times up stony steps and by rugged
paths, as well as by pleasant waters
and through sunny meadows, we
know that so the way ahead will be
for us all. It takes courage to truth-
fully say, "The changes that are
sure to come we do not fear to see";
but it will be easier to meet them if
we stand in close lines, the strong
helping to support the weak.—Chris.
Register.

Suggestive Don'ts

Don't allow others to think of you
rather than of your subject, but do
not let them forget you.

Don't repeat yourself. Avoid
mannerism.

Don't be inquisitive.

Never be ill-tempered.

Never be cranky; ride no hobbies.

Never talk encyclopedias.

Do not exhaust a subject; always
leave something for others to say.

Don't assume to do the thinking
for others.

Do not preach or lecture, and do
not "gush."

Do not think you, your party,
your church or profession, has the
monopoly of the wisdom or science
of the day.

Never refer to your misfortunes
or ailments; but be always well, pro-
sperous, happy.

Do not be sensitive or moody.

Never contradict.

Avoid "Oh!" "Ah!" "Indeed!"

and never say "You know."

Never—no, never!—make a pun;
above all, not on the name of a com-
panion.

Vulgarity is an abomination.

Talk with as much thought as
though you were going to make an
address.

Talk to interest; make it your
aim to be desired as a companion
again.

Never serve up "chestnuts."

Never tell anything that you do
not want to go further—for it will!

Be careful never to be repellent;
be in sympathy with your compan-
ions.

Omit needless details of a story.

Let your conversation be largely
the creature of circumstances.

Give others an opportunity to talk.

If you talk religion be charitable.

If you talk politics, be good-
natured.

If you talk the weather—don't!

Talk steadily, not in jerks; say
everything clearly.

Never say that you know a better
thing, or have seen something larger
than the last speaker.

It is not ability, but availability,
that makes a good conversational
habit; but remember there is a dif-
ference in people. With a man it is
always hard to begin and easy to
leave off. With a woman it is just
the other way.—Cor. Morn. Star.

Her Silence Saved Me.

"I remember," said a young man,
"being in company with several
thoughtless girls. Among them,
however, there was one exception—
a serious, quiet and beautiful wo-
man, whose religious opinions were
well known, and whose pen had for
a time spoken eloquently in the
cause of truth and virtue through
the columns of our village paper.
Suddenly I conceived the thought of
bantering her on religious subjects,
and with the foolhardiness of youth
and recklessness of impiety, I launched
forth with some stale infidel ob-
jections, that none but the fool who
saith in his heart, 'There is no God,'
would venture to reiterate. The
flock of silly goslings about me
laughed and tittered, and I, encour-
aged by their mirth, grew bold, and
repeated my inuendoes, occasion-
ally glancing slyly toward the prin-
cipal butt of my fun. She did not
seem to notice me at all; but she
did not smile, did not look away,
and did not look at me.

"Still I continued my impious
harangue, thinking that she must
refute something, that she would
not surely bear her own faith thus
held up by a beardless boy. The
snickerers around me gradually be-
gan to glance toward her. Her face
was so quiet, so even solemn in its
quiet, that seriousness stole over
them, and I stood alone striving by
my own senseless laughter to buoy
up my fast-sinking courage.

"Still she never spoke, nor smiled,

scarcely moved; immobility grew
awful; I began to stutter, to pause,
to feel cold and strange, I could not
tell how. My courage oozed off; my
heart grew faint; I was con-
quered.

"That night after I went home,
in reflecting over my foolhardy ad-
venture, I could have scourged my-
self. The sweet, angelic counten-
ance of my mute accuser came up
before me in the visions of the
night; I could not sleep. Nor did
I rest till some days after I went to
the home of the lady I had insulted,
and asked her pardon.

Then she spoke to me, how mildly,
how Christianly, how sweetly!
"I was subdued, melted down
and it was not long after that I
became, I trust, a humble Chris-
tian, and looked back to my miser-
able unbelief with horror.

"Her silence saved me. Had she
answered with warmth, with sar-
casm, with a sneer, or with a re-
buke, I should have grown stronger
in my bantering and more deter-
mined with my opposition. But she
was silent, and I felt as if my voice
was striving to make itself heard
against the words of an omnipotent
God! Oh, how often would it be
better if, instead of vain argument
or hot dispute, the Christian would
use the magic of silence!"—Mes-
senger.

The Spare Bed.

A friend recently gave us the
following eulogy, clipped from we
know not where, with the request
that we help to extend its circula-
tion. We comply, not without a
strong feeling of the usefulness of
such effort. It requires more than
ridicule to convert the average
housekeeper from her blind devotion
to the traditions of her fore-mothers
concerning the "spare room."

Who first called them "spare
beds?" Why didn't he name them
"man-killers" instead? I never see
a spare bed without wanting to tack
the following card on the head-board:

NOTICE!

THIS BED WARRANTED

to produce

NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,

Stiff Joints, Backache,

DOCTOR'S BILLS, AND DEATH!

When I go out into the country
to visit my relatives, the spare bed
rises up before my imagination days
before I start, and I shiver as I
remember how cold and grave-like
the sheets are. I put off the visit
as long as possible, solely on account
of the spare bed. I don't like to
tell them that I would rather sleep
on a picket fence than to enter that
spare room and creep into that spare
bed, and so they know nothing of
my sufferings.

The spare bed is always as near
a mile and a half from the rest of
the beds as it can be located. It's
either upstairs at the head of the
hall, or off the parlor. The parlor
curtains haven't been raised for
weeks; everything is as prim as an
old maid's bonnet, and the bed is as
square and true as if it had been
made up to a carpenter's rule. No
matter whether it is summer or
winter, the bed is like ice, and it
sinks down in a way to make one
shiver. The sheets are slippery
clean, the pillow-slips rustle like
shrouds, and one dares not stretch
his leg down for fear of kicking
against a tombstone.

Ugh! shake me down on the
kitchen floor, let me sleep on the
haymow, on a lounge, stand up in a
corner, anywhere but in the spare
bed! One sinks down until he is
lost in the hollow, and foot by foot
the prim bed posts vanish from
sight. He is worn-out and sleepy,
but he knows that the rest of the
family, are so far away that no one
could hear him if he should shout
for an hour, and this makes him
nervous. He wonders if any one
ever died in that room, and straight-
way he sees faces of dead persons,
hears strange noises, and presently
feels a chill galloping up and down
his back.—Sanitary Volunteer.

Improving the Time.

William Bardley was a clerk in a
store in a small country town. He
had a great deal of time on his
hands, for customers were not very
numerous. But he did not waste
his time, or spend it in vain and
gossipy talk with those who lounged
into the store to pass away a vacant
hour. He procured a text book in
short-hand, and applied himself dili-
gently to mastering the system. A
friend of his, who was an expert
stenographer, corrected his exercises
and helped him over hard places for
a time; but William soon found
that the measure of his own applica-
tion was the measure of his success
in the study.

When he got so he could write
quite well, he persuaded some of the
school-boys of his acquaintance to
read to him (and he found the way of
discharging the obligation) evenings
when he was off duty, until he could
write fast enough to take down
most of the minister's discourses of
Sunday, and the lectures of occa-
sional visitors to the town, and con-

versations that might be going on
within his hearing.

In a year's time he had become
expert enough to fill a position in a
lawyer's office in a neighboring city,
and to his ability as stenographer
he soon added that of using the
typewriter. His constant practice
in both these industries made him
in a comparatively short time quite
rapid as a reporter and typewriter.

With his improved facility he was
able to command increased compen-
sation for his work. Thus he went
on until now he is supporting himself
comfortably and laying up money to
go through college.

All this came from his wise im-
provement of odd moments.

His Conscience Triumphed at Last.

A man on an Erie train the other
day picked up from the car seat a
package that the former occupant
of the seat, who had left the train
at the last station, had forgotten.
He looked at the package critically,
and then glanced at the conductor,
who was at the other end of the
train. He evidently thought him-
self unobserved, for, after a couple
of moments of reflection, he put the
package, which was a small one,
into his pocket, and then resumed
the reading of his paper.

But his mind was not at rest.
His conscience troubled him. He
tried a number of times to read,
and each time removed the paper
from his eyes and gazed into
vacancy, lost in meditation. The
conductor passed him, and it made
him uneasy. He moved about nerv-
ously in his seat. Presently he
folded up his paper, put it in his
pocket, leaned his elbow against the
window-sill, and allowed his head to
rest in the palm of his hand. He
was having a hard struggle. It
would have been interesting to know
the drift of his thoughts. Perhaps
the question of the value of the
package entered into them, but it
is to be hoped that it did not. At
any rate, his sense of justice tri-
umphed. He raised his head from his
hand in a determined way, and took
the package from his pocket. It
was easy to see that he was happier
now that his mind was made up.
The next time the conductor passed,
he handed him the package, with
the remark, "Here is something
the lady who left the train at the
last station forgot."

A Word to Conquer By.

"Never" is the only word that
conquers. "Once in-a-while" is the
very watchword of temptation and
defeat. I do believe that "Once-in-
a-while" things have ruined more
bodies and more souls, too, than all
the other things put together.
Moreover, the "never" way is easy
and the "once-in-a-while" way is
hard.

After you have once made up
your mind "never" to do a certain
thing, that is the end of it, if you
are a sensible person. But if you
only say: "This is a bad habit,"
or, "This is a dangerous indulgence,"
I will be a little on my guard, and
not do it too often," you have put
yourself in the most uncomfortable
of all positions; the temptation will
knock at your door twenty times in
a day, and you will have to be fight-
ing the same old battles over and
over again as long as you live.

When you have once laid down
to yourself the laws you mean to
keep, the things you will always do,
and the things you will "never" do,
then your life arranges itself in a
system at once, and you are not in-
terrupted and hindered as the un-
decided people are, by wondering what
is best, or safe, or wholesome, or too
unwholesome, at different times.—
Exchange.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

FOR DELICACY and richness of flavor,
use "Royal Extracts."

EDITORIAL EVIDENCE.

GENTLEMEN,—Your Haggard's Yel-
low Oil is worth its weight in gold for
both internal and external use. During
the late La Grippe epidemic we found
it a most excellent preventive, and for
sprained limbs, etc., there is nothing
to equal it.

WM. PEMBERTON,
Editor Reporter,
Delhi, Ont.

Women with pale, colorless faces,
who feel weak and discouraged, will
receive both mental and bodily vigor
by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are
made for the blood, nerves and com-
plexion.

If afflicted with scalp diseases, hair
falling out, and premature baldness,
do not use grease or alcoholic prepara-
tions, but apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

NEW SARUM NOTES.

DEAR SIRS,—I have used six bottles
of B. B. B. I took it for liver com-
plaint. Before I took it I had head-
ache and felt stupid all the time, but
now I am healthy and entirely well.
In addition I have a good appetite,
which I did not have previously.

LIBBIE POUND, NEW SARUM, Ont.

"German Syrup"

We have selected two or
three lines from letters
freshly received from pa-
rents who have given German Syrup
to their children in the emergencies
of Croup. You will credit these,
because they come from good, sub-
stantial people, happy in finding
what so many families lack—a medi-
cine containing no evil drug, which
mother can administer with con-
fidence to the little ones in their
most critical hours, safe and sure
that it will carry them through.

Ed. L. WILLIAMS, of
Alma, Neb. I give it
to my children when
troubled with Croup
and never saw any
preparation act like
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