A Sad Anniversary.

BY THE EDITOR.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! greets us on every side; from those who use it as a customary salutation on the ushering in of a new year, but attach little or no meaning to it, and do not care a straw whether the present year will be productive of happiness to us or not; and again from true friends, who from their hearts wish us health and happiness, who patronize us if in business or in other ways prove that the salutation is not mere empty words. We thank them sincerely; too deeply for words. But for them it were a hard, cold world for us indeed, and situated as we are, unable to carve our livelihood out of the forest in winter or in the fields or on the river during the summer, it would be impossible without their patronage for us to keep up the struggle, and equally as impossible to find in any other place the patronage and encouragement that we receive in Fredericton.

But New Year's Day can never be a happy day again for us, bringing to our mind as it does so vividly the loss of all we held dearest on earth. Two years ago, Jan. 1st, there passed away from us the truest and warmest heart that ever beat for us—as noble, self-sacrificing kind-hearted a woman, though in the humble walks of life, as any whoever sat upon a throne or had the homage of a world poured out before her. She was poor and almost friendless except for our unworthy self when she came here, but the friends she made and the kindness extended to her by all classes in our good city proved her sterling worth. She worshipped at the throne of God, before which she is now, and her kingdom was the hearts of her children and her friends. Earthly crowns and rulers dwindle into insignificance before one who has worn the crown of unsullied womanhood for 77 years, trod ever in the path of duty and kept her faith to God and the world. If we only felt prepared to meet her in an eternal existence of happiness we should only be too glad to fling aside the world and what it contains for us to be again a child at our mother's knee as in the dear old days of long ago.

To My Mother.

Since thou didst pass, beloved, to thy rest,
Two years ago, one constant hope has filled
My longing heart—its first wild anguish stilled—
That we shall walk again in regions blest
With all the old sweet human love unchilled
By time or absence; but today oppressed
With fear I shrink; from dreams like this, I see
Friends reunited here too of't awake,
Each life so altered to a different key,
That only harsh and bitter discords break
From voices once attuned to harmony;
What if it should be so with thee and me?
Ah no! ah no! the tender smile that made
The sunshine of my happy youth appears
Across the mist of intervening years,
And comforts me—I am no more afraid!
What though my voice is hoarse and choked with tears—
What though my wayward footsteps may have strayed—
Heaven has not changed thee. Thou will find it sweet,
Again to teach the faltering lips to say
"Our Father;" and to guide the trembling feet,
With gentle hand, along the shining way,
Till thou can'st cry with joy, "Behold, O Lord,
The child Thou gavest me, to thee restored!"

—*Overland Monthly.*

Yes, 'twould be a happy exchange, as we are tired of the weary struggle for a mere livelihood which brings more of trouble, worry and discouragement as the years go by. As we sow so shall we reap. We started wrong at first and it is now too late to make amends for past mistakes. Our dreams of education, position and competence, our hopes of fame have all vanished as the morning dew. We are weary and fain would rest beside her under the warm blanket of snow in winter or the grassy carpet in summer with the birds to sing to us from the overhanging branches—the river murmur its lullaby at our feet and our young friends on their return from the swimming pool to call in and drop the wild flowers on our grave.

I'm Lonely Since My Mother Died.

I'm lonely since my mother died,
Though friends and kindred gather near,
I cannot check the rising sigh,
Or stay the silent heartfelt tear.
Of earthly friends she was the best,
My erring youthful steps to guide;
O, do not smile because I weep—
I'm lonely since my mother died.

CHORUS.

I'm lonely since my mother died,
Though friends and kindred gather near,
I cannot check the rising sigh,
Or stay the heartfelt silent tear.

You may not deem it brave or strong
To let these tears so often flow,
But those who've lost a mother's love,
Can tell the pain of my sad woe,
Could I but call her back again,
And kneel once more down by her side,
I'd love her better than before—
I'm lonely since my mother died.

O, you who have a mother dear,
Let not a word or act give pain,
But cherish, love her with you life,
You ne'er can have her like again.
Then, when she's called from you away,
Across death's dark and troubled tide,
In pain with me you need not say—
I'm lonely since my mother died.

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