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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

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Office in Georgetown, first door south of Baptist church.

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OFFICE:—Matthews' Block, - Acton, up-stairs

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Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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THE undersigned have on hand at their mills at Limehouse about 700,000 feet of pine lumber, and are prepared to supply farmers and others with any quantity of lumber for barns or other buildings at reasonable prices. A stock of pine and cedar shingles is also on hand.
TAYLOR BROTHERS.

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CLARK & CARTER,
DIRECT importers of Granite and Marble Monuments and Headstones of all shades and from the newest designs. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wishing to purchase, will please give us a call and inspect our stock and prices, as we are confident we can compete with any establishment in Ontario.

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J. H. Hamilton's Marble works, Upper Wyndham street, Guelph. Mill's Old Foundry, established 1871. John Hamilton, proprietor, wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombs, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 16 years, the public may rely on getting all superior article at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West.
N. B.—15 per cent. off on a direct orders received for the next 30 days.

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In every Township.
To sell "The Pictorial Cyclopedia of Live Stock and Complete Stock Doctor."
The most complete and comprehensive work ever published. Its authors stand at the head of their profession and have a continental reputation. Worth its weight in gold to any one having Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Swine, Poultry, Dogs or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address
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ACTON.

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GOOD, reliable men can find permanent employment for Maple Grove Nurseries of Waterloo, N. Y. Good Salary and expenses paid weekly. Liberal inducements to beginners. Outfit free. Previous experience not required. Established over 31 years. All goods first-class. Write at once for terms. Address, J. W. McKay, Gen. Manager, St. Thomas Ont. (Mention this Paper.)

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Nassagaweya, P.O.

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AT A LOW PRICE.
THE undersigned has been instructed by Dr. Bolt, Walter to offer for sale his property in Acton, consisting of lot 8 in block 16. On the lot is a good frame dwelling, a stable, hard and soft water and a number of fruit trees. For terms and particulars apply at once to
H. P. MOORE.
FREE PRESS Office, Acton, Ont

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And Ornamental Shrubbery.
REV. R. B. Cook, Acton, has been appointed sole agent for this section for the well known Old Rochester Nursery, S. Morrison, proprietor, and is prepared to take orders for any of the fruit trees, small fruits or shrubs which are shown in the illustrated catalogues of the nursery. The products of the Old Rochester Nursery are known to be generally reliable and correctly named, and I can promise satisfactory results to all who purchase stock from me. Prices reasonable.
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Guelph Business College.
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The Sixth Scholastic Year begins Sept. 2nd. An "Art Department" has been added in which the most noted specialist in the Dominion will give instruction in "Drawing and Wood-carving." Our Shorthand Department has accomplished results that are unique in the history of Shorthand. Our Commercial Department offers the most practical and comprehensive business course obtainable in this country. A large expenditure has been incurred in beautifying our commodious halls and further perfecting our appliances. We had the van in Practical Education. For terms, etc., address
H. MACCORMICK, Principal.
6-1y

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—THE LEADING—
LOCAL NEWSPAPER
Of Halton County.
Is Published every Thursday morning at
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Try it for Three Months for 25 Cents.

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PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS.

A Little Talk About
SHOES
Figures may lie and facts distorted be,
But seeing is believing, come and see.
The Peerless Boot and Shoe store is just now showing a number of new lines of Shoes and Slippers specially adapted for the season. These new goods are being sold at prices as low or lower than those asked for old styles and shopworn goods elsewhere.
Everybody can be suited, for we have all sizes in
Gent's Wear.
Ladies' Wear.
Youth's Wear.
Children's Wear.
Baby's Wear.
Special Lines, Good Goods, Newest Style and Best value for the money at
W. Williams', Acton.
Custom work and repairing given careful attention. Trunks and valises in variety.

—ACTON—
PUMP FACTORY
—AND—
PLANING MILL
THOS. EBBAGE, Man.
I have resumed the management of the pump business in Acton and would respectfully inform all parties in want of pumps that we are now prepared to supply them from
The old Style Wooden Pump to the Best Force Pump made.
Pumps for Wind Mills or Rock Wells supplied on short notice.
Deep Wells a Specialt.
PRICES RIGHT EVERY TIME.

Our Planing Mill
Lumber dressed while you wait. Mouldings &c., made to order. We have also a quantity of Lumber for sale, suitable for building purposes. Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention.
Shop at foot of River Street.
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—ARE NOW READY AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
Fine Illustrated Books, Books suited for Boys and Girls, Books for Children, Sunday Cooks, Teacher's Bibles, Pocket Bibles, Photograph Albums in Silk Plush and Morocco Bindings, Xmas Booklets.
FANCY GOODS
Handsome Decorated China Cups and Saucers,
Fancy Pieces in Bronze, Sewing Caskets, Ink Stands,
Hand Mirrors in Fine English Plate, Toilet Cases,
Portfolios in Calf and Morocco—Fine London goods, Jap. boxes, Tray Card receivers, Work Boxes, Writing Desks, Scrap Albums, Dressing Cases,
Childrens Toy Sets of Tea and Dinner Dishes, Kitchen Sets in Tin Toys,
A B C Boxes, Tool Chests, Building blocks, Games, Noah's Arks, Swords,
Pistols, Drums, Iron Locomotives, Iron Railroad Trains, Iron Horses and Carts, Tops,
Dolls: kid bodies, Talking Dolls, China Dolls, Musical Dolls, Dolls bodies, Dolls heads.
Magic Lanterns, Ten Pins, Pocket Books, Wallets, Card Cases in Fine Leather, Smokers Sets.
PLUSH TOILET SETS.
VIENNA STATUARY.
Drinking Sets in Ruby and other glass, Rose Leaved Jars, Glass Centre pieces, Glass Vases.
Hundreds of Fancy Glass articles for Xmas.
We ask the people to see our fine stock of seasonable goods. We have by far the best variety and assortment, imported direct from London—
—BOUGHT FOR CASH—
We are able to undersell all competitors, and still make a fair profit.
Before parting with your money see the Value at Day's Bookstore.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
—OF THE—
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE, - GUELPH.
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.
F. W. Stone, President. Chas. Davidson, Secretary.
JOHN TAYLOR Agent.

Coal & Wood.
JAMES BROWN
Has on hand a large quantity of excellent coal which he will promptly deliver to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

YES!
WINTER IS HERE,
—BUT—
W. J. LEE, The Tailor,
—OF THE—
East End Clothing Store,
Knows that many of you have not yet secured your winter clothing. Now, in order that all may be well clothed for the cold weather, I have determined to sell my big stock at prices slightly above cost.
You can get good ordered clothing warranted to fit. Good material and honest workmanship at the price of slop made ready-made goods.
Leave your order at once and I will give you big value for cash.
W. J. LEE.

—ACTON—
LIVERY,
—AND—
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a.m. and 8|8 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

Money! Money! Money!
In order to exchange part of our immense stock for
SPOT CASH
we offer the following extraordinary inducements:—
10 per cent. reduction on all purchases from 10 cents to $1.00
15 per cent. from $1.00 to $3.00.
20 per cent. from $3.00 to $5.00.
25 per cent. on all purchases from $5.00 upwards, including
Patent Medicines,
Fancy Goods,
Jewelry, Silverware,
Books, Stationery,
Library Books,
Bibles,
Hymnals, &c
Also a fine assortment of Toilet Articles and other articles too numerous too mention.
M. CARLISLE,
Mrs. Secord's Block. Acton, Ont.

SALESMEN WANTED.
PERMANENT positions guaranteed with salary and expenses paid. Any determined man can succeed with us. Peculiar advantages to beginners. Stock complete, including many fast-selling specialties. Outfit free. Name this paper. Address at once. BROWN BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

Poetry.

THE COMING YEAR.

Before our feet, untrodden, lies
Another year;
And in our hearts grave thoughts arise,
Imbued with fear.

We know not what for us it holds
In coming days;
If we should walk through dreary wolds,
Or pleasant ways.

If we shall waken to dismay,
Or glad surprise;
If o'er us shall be gloom of grey,
Or azure skies;

If we shall, pleased, survey at eve
Our work well done,
Or o'er our bootless task shall grieve
At set of sun;

If we shall mourn o'er quenched resolves—
As in the past;
Or joy to think, to know ourselves
Grown true at last;

If we shall weep o'er Christ denied
By deed or word;
Or find—we walking by His side,
Grow like our Lord.

All this is shrouded from our ken;
Hid are our ways
With Him who openeth not to men
His book of days;

And as we dread this stranger year,
And from it shrink;
Yet, fain would pause reluctant here
Upon the brink.

But hark! across the unknown way
No fool hath trod—
Comes to the fainting soul today
The voice of God!

And courage kindles at the words:
"And dread is fought;
For faith and doubt will "meet re-awards"
At God's "Fear not!"

"For I, the Lord thy God, will hold
E'en thy right hand;"
We shrink no more from brake or wold
Or desert land!

Dear Lord, since 'tis Thy voice divine
That bids us go,
We lay our trembling hand in Thine,
And face each foe;

With Thee into the opening year
We bravely tread;
Our wandering feet shall know no fear—
Divinely led.

—*Selected.*

Select Family Reading.

Facing the New Year.

BY REBECCA H. DAVIS.

Mrs. Ayre woke on New Year's Day with a groan. It was a dark, drizzling morning. She had neuralgia in her right eye. The baby had screamed with colic during nearly half the weary night. Her husband had not given her a word of sympathy or kindness, though she knew he was awake. He had been moody and ill-tempered for days. Jane, the girl of all work, had given warning the night before. Worst of all, Robert, her eldest son, had not come home until midnight. He had fallen in with some idle fellows of late, and it was, she thought, owing to this companionship that his standing at college was so low.

She went down stairs, her soul feebly staggering under this burden of woes, and opened the windows.

"In my affliction I called unto the Lord," she repeated, looking into the murky sky.

Suddenly a gust of sense and courage swept through her like a fresh wind. Afflicted? Why, God was behind all these petty worries, just as the sun was back of this cold, drenching rain. Had she no faith at all? Was she to go with a whine and lamentation to meet the new year? God was in it, also.

She stiffened herself, body and soul. With the tears still on her cheeks, and the choking in her throat, she began to sing a gay little catch of which she was fond, and ran to her room again to put on a fresh collar and a pretty cravat. She had twenty things to do before breakfast, but she sang on while she was about them. It was a foolish little song, yet, out of it, a singular courage and life stole into her heart.

"With prayer and thanksgiving—and *thanksgiving*—make known your requests unto God," she remembered. She passed through the kitchen, stopping to wish Jane a Happy New Year, with a joke. The wish and the song and the joke all fell into Jane's Irish heart like a blazing rocket into a dark place.

She chuckled as she stirred the potatoes. The work at the Ayre's was not so heavy after all, and herself had a pleasant way with her, and there was the prisoner now and then. In two months she would have enough past her to send for her sister, an'—an' it's likely Tim Flaherty would be crossin' about that time.

Jane soon brought in the breakfast with red cheeks and a smile. There was no more talk of warning from her.

Mr. Ayre, lying awake in bed, was tempted to wish the morning would never dawn. He was a close-mouthed, undemonstrative man, who shut his troubles down out of sight. But the weight of them just now was more than he could bear. Things were going wrong at the works; every day he discovered mistakes and petty frauds. He was growing old; he was behind the times. Younger manufacturers were supplanting him in the market. Sharper eyes than his were needed to watch the men and the books. As far as his business was concerned, he was in a most miserable blind alley, from which he saw no exit.

But the hurt which was sorest was no matter of business. Robert was low in his Greek class, and still lower in Latin. He was growing reckless, running with low companions. What he had hoped from that boy! For himself he had no ambition—but for Robert! He was to be a great lawyer like his grandfather. But here he was going to the dogs—at nineteen!

For days Mr. Ayre had borne his misery in grim, ill-humored silence. But now in his stern despair he felt he had been silent too long. He would speak in a way which Robert would remember to his dying day. He got up, resolving, as he pulled on his boots, that the boy should either turn over a new leaf that day, or leave the house.

"If he is set on going to ruin, it shall not be under my roof? I'll not palter with him any longer," he thought, his jaws set and pale. "I'll disown him."

Just then a cheery song sounded through the house. Poor Hetty! She had been sick all night, and worried with that crying child, and there she was facing the new year with a song! "And I have behaved like a brute to her," thought Mr. Ayre.

He was very fond of his wife. As he stood shaving himself he listened to her song, and his lips trembled a little. Hetty used to sing Bob to sleep with that ditty when he was a baby. What a big fellow he was! Big in every way. There never was anything the least mean or sneaking about Bob—a headlong, affectionate, foolish lad.

He listened as he brandished the razor, holding counsel with himself in the glass. There could be no doubt that Hetty had twice his courage to face disaster. It was her faith, perhaps.

As he laid down the razor, he nodded to himself, almost with a smile. "I reckon I was too hard on the boy. I'll give him another chance."

He heard Bob's step on the stairs, and opened the door, waiting.

Bob had wakened with an aching head. Defeat at school, the foul talk of his last night's comrades, his first drink of whiskey, all tore at the poor boy's brain. He rose sullen, and ready to fight. His father and mother would both attack him, no doubt. He was tired of lecturing. He would cut loose, and earn his own bread like a free man.

Just then his mother's voice reached his ears. It was full of tenderness and cheerful hope. It was that old song she used to be always singing. He listened with a forced scowl. But presently his face softened. Things insensibly began to look brighter. It was impossible that life had reached so terrible a crisis. There was the savory smell of breakfast coming up, and the children laughing, and his mother singing gayly. He came down the stairs with a sudden throbbing of his heart.

Could he go back, and begin all over again? He had been an innocent boy a year ago. If father would only hear reason for a minute—

Just here his father looked out of his door.

"Bob, my son," he called pleasantly.

"Yes, dad," the boy answered, stopping eagerly.

"Come in; I want to have a minute's talk with you, you were out rather late last night. You are quite often out late."

Robert looked him straight in the eyes.

"Yes, father, I've been in bad company. I know it. I'm ashamed of myself."

"Your mother does not give you up," said Mr. Ayre irritably. "She has faith in you. I don't see how she can begin the new year with a song. Between you, and the trouble at the works, I feel as if my reason was going."

"What is wrong at the works?" said Bob, anxiously. "Sit down, father! don't give me up. Have a little faith in me. With God's help I'll start afresh. Don't give me up."

Mr. Ayre looked sharply into the boy's face. It was honest; it bore the mark of no bad passion. Perhaps he had not understood Bob; perhaps he had made some mistake in managing him.

"Why do you waste your time and my money, Robert? You are doing no good in your studies—"

"Father," said Bob, boldly, "I'll tell you the truth. I hate books. I never shall be a scholar. Let me go to work. Put me in the factory to learn the business. That is what I have wanted all my life. I don't care how hard the work is."—

Mr. Ayre's countenance changed as if a cloud had vanished and the whole face of the earth had lightened. Here was the answer to the riddle! Of course the boy was meant for business! He was cool, shrewd, honest, wide-awake. Why had he been so blind?

"We must talk it over, Robert. We must talk it over."

His voice fairly trembled with excitement. He shut the door.

Mr. Ayre was called half a dozen times in vain to breakfast. He came at last with Robert. Both had bright, pleasant faces.

"Well, mother!" cried Mr. Ayre, "Bob and I have a grand scheme. He is to be my right hand man in the works. Confidential clerk until he learns the business, and then junior partner. What do you say to that? I declare I feel as if a mountain had been lifted from my back!"

Bob was standing behind his mother. He pulled back her head and kissed her.

She said nothing, but happy tears rained down her cheeks.

"I'm going to begin all over again," he whispered.

"Thank God! I knew it would all come right."

"Breakfast, breakfast!" cried Mr. Ayre, setting to work vigorously, while the children drummed on their platters. But Bob stood by his mother, gently stroking her hand.

"Dear old mammy!" said he, "that was a good song of yours this morning!"

"Yes, Hetty," said her husband. "Your voice is as sweet as ever. But your heart seemed to be singing to-day, and to good purpose."—*Congregationalist.*

PRACTICAL.

Horace Greeley had the reputation of being a practical philanthropist, and his advice was sought by hundreds of strangers whose only excuse for intruding upon him was that they needed counsel, and that he had the brains that could advise them.

One day, while he was writing an important letter in his office, a boy fifteen years old, entered the room, and standing near the door and behind the editor's chair said, "Mr. Greeley, I have come to ask your advice."

"Say on," answered the editor without stopping his pen or even glancing at the boy.

"The only relative I have here 'continued the boy,' is my sister. I have been boarding with her, and she let me have board so cheap that I could earn money enough to pay her and have something left to buy my clothes. Now I have quarrelled with her, and am boarding at another place where they charge all I can earn for my board—not so good as I had at my sister's—and I have nothing left to pay for clothes. What shall I do?"

"Is your sister married?" asked Mr. Greeley, without looking up or stopping his pen.

"Yes, sir."

"Is she a respectable woman?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Go straight to your sister and tell her that you are ashamed of your self, and ask her forgiveness. If she will take you, go back and live with her, and after this remember that if your own sister is not your friend, you will not be likely to find any friend in New York City."

The boy departed without another word, and Mr. Greeley had not even seen him, so engrossed was he in his writing. The poor boy did not personally know Mr. Greeley, but, being in distress, sought him out in a city of several hundred thousand people as the man to give him good advice.

"It was a higher compliment than I had ever before seen conferred upon any one," Writes the Hon. Eli Thayer, who was present at the interview, and reports it in his "History of the Kansas Crusade.—*Youth's Companion.*

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-nine, will at 12 o'clock, precisely next Wednesday night turn over his entire estate to Eighteen Hundred and Ninety, and that instant will be gathered to his fathers. The FREE PRESS kept a faithful record of his life, and now must at once begin to chronicle the daily history of his son, upon whom devolves the entire succession, with all its debts and liabilities together with all its actual wealth and possible profit.

The workmen die; the work goes on, the word is, forward! all along the line. This latest child of time catches the falling mantle on his shoulders, draws his father's sword, and leads us on without one backward glance. There can be no pause for the grand army of humanity till the cold has lost its bitterness, till the phantom of famine has been laid forever, till cruel ambition has forgotten its fascination, and zealous charity has accomplished all its mission. Those are the great impulsive forces of the world. These are the powers that have tamed the wild beasts and plowed the fields, built the cities and sent the ships across the seas like busy flocks of birds, elaborated language and made men brave and eloquent, reared the schoolhouse and the church to teach wisdom and duty, and developed science and art that the world may rejoice in strength and beauty.

Slowly as the coral insects work, through the darkness toward the light, our civilization has been laid in travail upon imperishable foundations. The end crowns the work; but the end is not yet. While the old, elementary necessities of life continue, we find ourselves confronted by special difficulties, peculiar to our time. While this New Year, as every other, must grow and gather its own harvest, and feed, and clothe, and shelter its own multitudes, it is called upon to solve problems that have never before presented themselves. The law is that each advancement calls for a readjustment of industrial and social institutions and methods to meet the altered conditions and requirments of life. But the pains of growth should not be confused with the pangs that presage dissolution. Above all, it is folly to imagine that the world is either too old or too populous. Mankind has not yet lived its life or exhausted its vast estate. Great continents are as yet but sparsely settled, and a thousand islands smile an invitation to enterprise and adventure. Unfavorable distribution rather than excess of population is the secret of distress. The demand of the hour is new homes for the poor, and new markets for capital.

Beyond this question, though affecting it, is that of popular government. Great as has been the advance of our time in mechanical science and the practical arts, more significant still and quite as rapid has been the movement which so recently and in so many countries has asserted the sovereignty of manhood. The people are no longer to be under tutelage, no longer to confide their interests to the superior wisdom and benevolent patronage of privileged orders. Never has this portentous conclusion been of such absorbing interest as at the dawn of this New Year's Day. In Great Britain, whose institutions, law, language and literature obtain in the civilization of a vast portion of the globe—expectation and hope are offset by uncertainty and anxiety. Minds accustomed to regard the ancient machinery of the State as the essential frame of its body politic, have been reduced well nigh to despair. On the other hand, those who regard all the appliances of the past as merely under under the operation of a law of necessary and continuous progress, are convinced that the changes so soon to be consummated involve only the fall of the scaffolding from about the perfected edifice of human liberty. All this has been from the first only a question of time. Society is an organism that grows, and was never destined to remain in a chrysalis condition. The only doubt is whether the development has not been too rapidly forced. One thing is certain: No advance can ever escape the reign of law.

"Not once, or twice, in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory."

sings the English Laureate in his ode to the Iron Duke. England will be safe and happy under the altered conditions of her social compact while Englishmen follow the path of duty, and the lines suggest the rule of peace and honor in France, in Germany, in Italy and Spain, and in all lands where the quickened pulse of the people is ominous of peaceable or violent revolution.

"The past behind as like a fruitful land reposes." We are a part of all that has been, and our present is the germ of all that is to be. The New Year, young as it is, wears in its features the proof of its lineage. Only on the family countenance we find an expression distinctively modern, a hint as of some inherited purpose now for the first time become conscious. It is as though the long inscrutable lineaments of the Sphinx were beginning to assume an intelligible meaning. "Happy New Year," we say, not all in irony. With the responsibilities, labors, troubles, it has inherited, it has also deeper sympathies, wider charities, higher resolves, nobler aims.

"Forward, forward, let it range,
Let the great world forever spin down the ringing grooves of change!"

With these words the FREE PRESS pays its brief New Year's call to all its friends and acquaintances, wishing them three hundred and sixty-five days of unalloyed happiness, and many more.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PEW.

Don't let the children hear you criticise the sermon as too long, too profound, too discursive, too anything. Don't suffer anyone, friend neighbor, comrade, to criticise the pastor unfavorably in your presence. Don't say that the prayers are a weariness, too long, too slow. It is to be remarked that they who carry a devout heart to to church seldom find the prayers too long, and usually discover in the sermon some word of comfort, instruction or help, which was specially meant for themselves.

It is to be feared that we often lose much of the good that we ought to receive in the house of God because we enter it with the pressure of our secular affairs weighing us down, the thoughts of our earthly cares and ambitions following hard after us as we take our places in the pew. Were the pew ever in true love and sympathy with the pulpit, how the latter would be reinforced, how surely to the world-weary, the indifferent, the discouraged, the antagonistic, and the men and women of little faith, how surely to all of these would the blessing come from above.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

LETTER FROM A DYING NOBLEMAN.

DEAR SIR.—Before you receive this, my final state will be determined by the Judge of all the earth. In a few days at most, perhaps in a few hours, the inscrutable sentence will be passed. It is impossible for me to express the present disposition of my soul—the vast uncertainty I am struggling with! No words can paint the force and vivacity of my apprehensions. Every doubt wears the face of horror, and would perfectly overcome me, but for some faint beams of hope which dart across the tremendous gloom! What tongue can utter the anguish of a soul suspended between the extremes of infinite joy and eternal misery. I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important issue. It is not giving up my breath at which I shrink. It is not forever insensible. It is a terrible hereafter—that something beyond the grave at which I recoil. Those great realities which in the hours of mirth and vanity I treated as phantoms—as the idle dreams of superstitious people—these start forth and dare me now in their most terrible demonstrations.

My awakened conscience feels something of that eternal vengeance I have often defied. Oh, to what heights of madness is it possible for human nature to reach! What extravagance to jest at death! laugh at damnation! to sport with eternal misery! Oh, my friend, with what horror do I recall the hours of vanity we have wasted together! But I have a splendid passage to the grave! I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy. I am respectfully attended by my physicians. My dependents sigh, my sisters weep; my father bends beneath a load of years and grief; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward anguish; my friend, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs and leaves me, to hide his secret grief. But oh, which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal? Which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? Who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me? While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may be hearing my just condemnation at a supreme tribunal, where an unerring verdict may sentence me to everlasting infamy! Adieu, my dear friend, till we meet in the world of spirits."

ON A LITTLE CHILD.

Every husband and wife to whom heaven has sent a little child should have full hearts: for their hearts and hands should go together and they will have their hands full from the very first. The emotions of two parents will be greatly varied at first, but they will grow less so as the little child develops. I have known the father of a sleepy pink nonentity to sit for a whole evening with the mother of the same and together they would discuss the babe's whole future career.

I have seen the father and mother only ninety days later stop the clock one minute before eight to keep it from striking. I have seen them sneak about their own house like thieves. I have seen them sit and gaze at each other for an hour uttering but half of one word in all that time—ah! I have seen their mute despair at the sound of a sleight movement over in the corner; and I have heard them discuss, not the little child's whole future career, but how to keep him quiet at the present moment.

I am speaking of a personal matter. I am the man. We are they. The child is ours. Our range of vision is narrow. The horizon is closer than it was three moons ago. Our pink nonentity has become a tremendous reality.

And the only way to keep him quiet is to feed him, in the accomplishment of which, one of us is a greater success than I am. When our son has eaten he will lie back on his mother's arm, smile at the chandelier, gaze at the mirror, the bric-a-brac, oil paintings, me and the other valuable ornaments in the room, and then his eyes will rove about in search of a waiter. He wants to order another church fair milk stew.—*Time.*

CHRISTMAS BILLS.

A cross old bachelor naturally enough growls at Christmas gifts and festivities. Let him growl. It is all the comfort he has at such a time.

"Christmas," says Old Cross Patch, "is a season of ills and chills and bills." We concede a point to him here. It is very unpleasant to be inundated with a lot of bills at Christmas; but good Canadians avoid this ill-timed affliction by paying as they go, and so stand in no fear of a storm of bills at the very season when they desire to forget the burdens and obligations of life.

In those old countries on the other side of the ocean, people who keep liberal households are apt to be a year behindhand with the grocer, the baker and the butcher, and therefore Christmas, which should be to all the most joyous day of the year, is dreaded as the day of judgement.

Bills have an abominable way of being larger than the receiver of the same expected them to be. We forgot in December the extravagant rides we enjoyed in June. The costly dainties we had at our large August picnic seem most reprehensible when we survey the items in a Christmas bill. We commend the system of having no bills to all the world; for it is one of the surest means of being merry not only at Christmas, but at all other times.

THE DYING YEAR.

If we might for a moment personify the dying year in his last days, we should picture him a little shrivelled old man—shrivelled as one of his grandsires winter pippins—piping in the shrill treble of extreme age, and uttering an experience strongly resembling that of human life.

"Listen to me mortals," he might say, with the same emphasis with which the old, wise with experience, say the like to the young, who will never be wise without it: "Listen to me ye mortals, for I also am of the race of the ephemerals. I had my sturdy youth, when it seemed that my life would never end, and I dug and ploughed and planted, and enjoyed my jocund prime and my golden summer, and I decked myself in the garlands of May, and reaped the yellow harvest and gathered the purple vintage of autumn; but scarcely had I obtained the object of my desire, and secured the plenty for which I labored, than I found the shadows lengthening, and the days shortening, and my breath growing short with them, and decrepitude coming upon me, and the days at hand of when I said, 'I have no pleasure in them.' I have laid up riches and know not who shall gather them; have planted trees which shall shade far distant years, and stored the vintage of which other years must drink."

McFLARITY'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

"It's New Year's day,
Sweet Jenny McSha,
Ah' I bring ye a splendid rarity,
A New Year's gift
Ye niver can lift;
It's mesilf—it is Ted McFlarity!"

"Och! Ted, go 'way
Wid yer boyish play;
Ye're rude, an' I don'e could shtay wid ye?
Put the gift on the shilf
An' be off wid yersilf!
Shtop! Yer takin' the gift away wid yr!"

"Ah! Jenny my dear,
The gift is here!
A refusal would shtop the breath of me;
An I'd alway say,
"Till me dyin' day,
That it caused the immediate death of me."

"Och! Teddy, me Ted;
Is it thrue you're dead?
Alone! fer the life's gone out o' me,
Come back to yer life!
Come back to yer wife!
An' ye never shall have any doubt o' me."

"I am speechless: Me Queen
Is it true ye mean
Ye accept o' the gift along wid the giver?"

"Yis, Ted, to be sure,
Any lass would indure.
For the sake of the gift, yer shweet presence forever."

"Ah! Jenny Mesha,
Ye'll bless the day
When yer name it is Mrs. McFlarity;
Wid a cow an' a pig
An' a shet of a rig
We'll all equal the shtyle of O'Garrity.

"Then Jenny, me Jane,
Along the lane
Of life we'll walk so peacefully,
An' when we're dead
We'll weep beside
Each other's graves so gracefully.

"A place I'll dig,"
An' plant a shprig
Of shamrock o'er yours tenderly!
An' over mine
Ye'll plant a vine
Wid branches spreadin' shlinderly!"

"Oh! Teddy, me Ted,
When ye are dead
I'll weep me eyes out o'er ye, Ted,
Arf the grief shope
Of livin' alone
Will kill me long before ye, Ted.

"The blue o' the skies
Is in my eyes
An the tears from shinin' chimmery,
Don't weep, me Ted,
For after I'm dead
I will ever be true to yer memory!"

DOM PEDRO.

A story is told of the ex-emperor of Brazil which well illustrates his character. When, with the empress, he visited the centennial exhibition in Philadelphia and attempted to examine the exhibits, he was wedged in immovable by a gaping, excited, but good natured mob. He bore this in patience for two days. On the third day he resolved to make a bold change.

"I shall see nothing," he said to his secretary; "I must be *incognito*. Procure me some disguise."

The next day a stout farmer, with a coat not of the newest, his wife on his arm in a rather shabby merino gown, shouldered his way through the gates, and spent the day in a close study of the educational systems of the different countries. They thus quietly and unnoticed continued their observations for a week.

One day they met a group of twenty Brazilian civil engineer students from a great polytechnic school. The young men stopped, hesitated in amazement, and then with loud cheers and wild excitement, saluted the farmer and his wife, bowing to the ground and kissing their hands.

"It is the Emperor, one of them explained with tears in his eyes, to a bystander. "He is more than our king; he is the father of his people! Out of his own scanty purse he supports me and nine other orphan boys at our school. In every county he has his orphan boys in colleges and universities that they may bring knowledge of all arts and sciences to Brazil. He has just made a tour of Europe, and he comes here to find new inventions and ideas that may be useful to his people."

The boys gathered closely around Dom Pedro, while he asked each as to his health and success. He knew each of "his boys" personally, and was loved by them with a deep, grateful affection.

A TALKATIVE PARROT IN A CAR.

"Ah, there, baby!" screamed the parrot hid behind a paper which Willie had placed over the cage, in a New York street car.

The old maid looked startled, says the Philadelphia North American, and a grin appeared on the faces of several of the other passengers.

"Oh, mamma!" croaked the bird.

The old maid glared