

NEARER HOME

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer to my home to-day
Than I have been before

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night
Is the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abyss,
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chasm.

O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink
If it be I am near to home,
Even to-day, than I think.

Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.

The First of the Season.

It was the first snow-fall of the season, and as the editor sat in his elegantly-cushioned *fauteuil* wearily trying to figure out the winter-stock-of coal problem, there came a gentle tap at the office door and in response to his melancholy "come in," the door opened and a pretty little figure came tripping into the sanctum.

Wild visions of a fairy godmother, come purposely to clear away all his difficulties, floated through the weary brain of the chief, and for a moment he was speechless.

Then, as one of his underlings rose to greet the fair damsel, his senses quickly rebounded, and, with a connoisseur's eye, he scanned the trim

figure of his visitor, as he handed her to a seat on the divan near the silent fountain, and inquired how he could best serve her.

With a melting glance from the heavenly-blue eyes, and with a practiced twitch of her bewitching dimples, in an exquisitely modulated voice, she timidly requested to be shown the literary editor.

The chief groaned inwardly, and barely concealing his emotion, identified himself as the personage she sought, utterly ignoring the presence of the pale young man with the poetic forehead, who had partially risen from his seat as she proffered her request.

The north wind played a requiem in the chimney behind her, and the snowflakes dashed violently against the window pane, as if in sympathy with the crushed spirit of the editor, as the maiden slowly and tenderly drew a small roll of papyrus from her bosom, and, transfixing the chief with her liquid eyes, said:

"I have a little poem here, commemorating the escape of the sleigh bells. They are supposed to cry out with joy at their release from the dark recesses of the barn, where they have been stored all summer and fall, and now hail with gladness the approach of the frolicsome snow."

Before her victim could enter his feeble protest, and utterly oblivious of his raised hand, she began in low, tremulous notes to read her

SONG OF THE BELLS.

All hail to snow! where'er we go
Its coming sets us free;
And bids our throats swell out the notes
We sing so merrily.

When you draw near, we reappear
To view once more the light;
And sing with glee our praise to thee
So glorious is our sight.

On rusty hooks, in dusty nooks
We've hung, for many a day;
And heaped your tracks thro' yawning cracks
With loud and joyous lay.

A gay life lead on dashing steed
For jockeys hold us we
Our joys prolonging with merry song
Of jangling melody.

She ceased. The poetic youth in the corner

was nervously endeavoring to find a rhyme to "silver," in order to round up a beautiful verse, and was gazing fixedly ahead at an ink-splash on the frescoed wall for inspiration, while the chief's head had fallen forward on his breast—fast asleep.

As she looked up for approval a low melodious snore greeted her. A cold thrill pervaded her frame at this insult, and gulping down her indignation she cast a withering look at the inspired idiot in the corner, hastily replaced her precious manuscript, gathered up her skirts and vanished.

Then the editor awoke!—*Chicago Rambler.*

An Echo from Greece.

"Prythee, good Dionysius," said Cleon of Sparta, as he met the former in the streets of Athens, "tell me, by Zeus, I charge thee, tell me wherefore is thy Thanksgiving turkey like to young Aristotle?"

"Tush, go thy ways! I know not," replied Dionysius. "But stay; Aristotle is a pupil of wise Socrates, is he not?"

"He is, in good sooth," answered Dionysius, with an expectant smile.

"Then," rejoined Cleon, "he can only be like my Thanksgiving turkey because he is stuffed with sage."

"Great is Diana of Ephesus!" exclaimed Dionysius. "Let us go and get two Vermouth cocktails."

First Gent: Let's return. Miss Oltherage has begun to sing.

Second Gent: Thanks; rawther be excused.

First Gent: What! refuse homage to the belle of the ball.

Second Gent: Not at all; it's the bawl of the belle I have no homage for.

Jones (a gambler): Well, I see that Smith (another gambler) is dead.

Brown: Yes; and he was a strikingly remarkable character. His was a checkered life.

Jones: Chequered life! I should say it was a curd life.

They've thrown me overboard—that's rough!

The politician cried;

Perhaps I still have strength enough

To swim to the other side!

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