THE STATE AND ADMINISTRATION OF THE PROPERTY O

ers of the dominant Reform Party, is one of the most dangerous and saddening features of the po-litical difficulties which hamper Canadian pro-

e not protected for the fisherman's sake, or the preserver's sake—it is for the people's sake.—Special
taxes, therefore, on the fisherman's net,
no matter in what quarter they may originate, are
ill advised and have a tendency to crush individual
reports his last, words, cuts the rope, lavs his hand

CONTRIBUTIONS.

(ORIGINAL.) MAUDIE MORELAND ittle Maudie's eyes are tearful, And her cheek is thin and pale For the' still called "little Maudie, She is tired, sad and lonely;

For she thinks of days long vanished, When her heart was glad and light, When her soul was filled with raptur And life's sun shone warm and brig Thinks she of a voice long silent, Thinks she of her hopes and day-dream Of a nobler, happier life;
Thinks she of the doubts and shadows
That have come with pain and strift

Then in accents low and broken, Tell the dreamy twilight hours What her life has been and is not, Thus she murmurs, sad and sadder, Of her grief and sorrow keen, And her lips are white as marble, As she weeps, "it might have been. Listen to poor Maudie Moreland: And the angels gather nea

"You've made your way as a man may do; You've fought in the battle of life; With a soldier's sword and a hero's strength, You have marched through blood and strif "I've sat in the gloom and shadows of night. Weeping as women can weep, and I've prayed for your heart to be happy and glad, "You've worked for the crown of glorious truth You've struggled with error and guilt and crime You have conquered meanness and sin. "I've longed for a better and truer life, I've toiled through the pain and trial of years, Leaving youth and love far behind; "But have not won, and may never win. The crown of enduring peace,
For the way is dark and the moon shines not, And danger and fear in

> "So I sing to myself this sad old song,
> That men must work and women must weep,
> And the sooner it's over the sooner the sleep,
> Tho' the harbor bar be moaning." Hush! 'tis an angel's foot-fall Hush! 'tis an angel's whisper In the stillness by her side. "Patient lives teach noble lesson Loving hearts must weep and wait and there is a bliss in standing Victors march through life's great battle Trampling over sin and sham-victors in the narrow pathway

Gain a new and holy name "Those whose trumpets peal the cleare Are not those who gain the conquest, Are not those who hold the ground. "But the patient and the lowly Meek in mind and pure in heart, Shall inherit earth's best treasure; And from God's love ne'er depart

directly sin. It may be that this twilight of the soul is what you most need. The day is bright with sunlight, the air is sweet with perfume and all nature seems astir with the joy of living and working. We have many tasks to finish before nightfall. Patiently, unceasingly, we toil on till this is completed and that is done; yet still our busy heads and hands work on; more and still more is to be accomplished. In the excitement of the moment we forget all bodily fatigue and would labor on to the injury of our vital energies, were it not that suddenly a shadow falls upon our flushed faces. We glance up in surprise, and behold! the everlasting hills have arisen between us and our sun. Their shadows dark and cool have fallen upon us. The great rush and heat have departed, the world is still, and the rat-a-tat of our mental hammers falls with a harsh, unpleasant sound upon the anvil of dead interests. The fire is out, the metal is cold, our arm drops nerveless by our side, the hard day's work is ended, and we thank God that though all the tasks are not done the shadow has fallan. Hush'!

Tread with a gentle foot-fall, whisper in low and tender accents, for it is "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land," Fredericton, May 25th, 1875.

FOR THE WATCHMAN.

HARD TIMES AND POPULAR FOLLIES. Personal Extravagance and its Consequences It is said on all sides that we are living in "hard times,"—that uneasiness prevails in commercial circles, and many of our best merchants are afflicted with an "anxious looking for" of the future—per-plexed by alternating hopes and fears. We think, at the same time, mercantile business in the city is sound at the core, and that judicious conduct between debtor and creditor, interdependant confi-dence, and a return to the old paths, will, with reasonable assistance from the banks, tide the trouble and restore a better state of things. It is proper to say, however, that there is a growing dis this city to "overdo things" generally. Some of our honestest merchants are "carrying" too much on their shoulders—and at the same time risk tremendone odds. In this way, the slightest stoppage in the arrangement of preconcerted plans, entails untold troubles, if not positive disaster. The prevailing excitement to get rich, -to make money rapidly,to take a short and swift "cut" to afflu of the giant commercial evils or errors of the day. It is quite true that all this may be based (upon paper) upon close calculation, and seem warranted by business sagacity and foresight; but, neverthe-less, it involves enormous risk, and as the slightest disarrangement in the smallest part of the immense engine will destroy its whole worth and usefulness, and as the largest chain is in no respect stronger than its weakest link, so things seemingly trival will overturn the "line" of the most enormous

business and topple it to its ruin. This is a specie of extravagance which should be checked, but it is not the extravagance to which we now propose to There is some excuse, fallacious though it may be, for this kind of extravagance, but none what-ever for the restless and reckless extravagance which is fast settling down upon our homes. The prodiand will prove overwhelming in many directions
It is no uncommon think to know that merchants
are bewildered again and again in their desperate are newlinered again and again in their desperate self-sacrifice to meet maturing paper in the Banks, and at the same time see their families flaunting along the thoroughfares, or rolling or lolling in their superb equipages, carrying on their backs in the shape of silks and jewelery and millinery from

make the many of the control of the