

The Dwight Star.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1869.

C. L. PALMER, EDITOR.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A week ago last Thursday, at midnight the hands of the great clock of time pointing upward, as if to ask Gods blessing on the act, met, kissed, and parted, sundering the old year from the new one and dropped it tenderly into the waste basket of time, and another noble year has gone down the stream of the mystic river freighted with its millions of sacred memories, good resolutions, and badly kept promises. The new year comes to us like a young bride, beautiful and full of promise, and we trust will prove a happy one, not only to the readers of the STAR but to all others who have a claim upon our sympathy. To the lonely of heart—to the wrecked voyager on lifes terrible ocean—to the fallen and forsaken—to the betrayed and the wronged—to the poor laborer whose hand is hard but whose heart is true and warm—to those who mourn for loved ones lost—to those whose hearts are sad and whose joys are as moist as the dew of morning—to the poor and lonely who are always floating by upon the mystic river on whose banks we all stand. To all, do we wish from an earnest heart a **HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

OUR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS.

In this our first issue of the NEW YEAR, we would like to say a few earnest words to our young men and boys who are throwing away the best hours of their lives in careless, aimless idleness, losing many golden opportunities for self-improvement, which in after

years, when called upon to fight life's great battle, they will wish from their souls they had not lost. Life runs to trouble, as clouds do to storm, or gardens to weeds, if not carefully looked after in youth; and all that is not done in the forenoon of life must of necessity be done in the afternoon, when time presses—if we fill the mission given us by the GREAT ALMIGHTY. Life is all too short for great accomplishments, from the cradle to the grave is but a span, looking back from one upon the other, and time lost in the early part of life is lost for ever. These facts perhaps cannot be realized now, but as life marches on a pace, few will fail to see wherein they have missed their opportunities. Many a young man of our town to-day, will, twenty years hence, turn back in the retrospect and see just where the shoal was, on which his bark of happiness was wrecked, and wonder why he did not use his eyes and the experience of ancient mariners to avoid it. Twenty years hence they will realize that a rowdy boy stands the best chance for making a loafer, an idle boy, a first class blackguard a careless and indifferent boy, a poor worthless old man and a slave. It is a fact potent to every boy and man with the sense of an idiot, that fortune does not tease men to shake her hand and as we grow older in life we realize that this thing called luck, is nothing more than effort well directed, and that nothing comes by chance. In every youth now walking our streets there are elements of so called greatness, which if cultivated and properly directed, would make them eminent in some calling or pursuit; This is as much a truth, as is the fact, that a statue lies hidden in every block of Parian marble yet quarried and that it

only requires the magic chipping of the Artist to call it into being. We can all be nearly what we have a mind to make ourselves. Life often ends in disappointment but it can end in comparative happiness, if we will it so, in youth. How many men do we see to-day in the village of Dwight poor; poverty stricken though not beggars, who by slight effort on their part, while youth was yet theirs, could have made comfortable provisions for their now old age if they had so willed it. Do you young men, think they do not regret that past, as worse than uselessly spent over the shuffling of an insensible pack of cards and the wassail bowl? Yes, they do look back with bleeding hearts down, down, that dark lane of life so triflingly and we might almost say criminally frittered away. Wrecks of hopes, long since dead, that once made their young blood leap wildly through its channels; Wrecks of promises badly broken; Wrecks of intentions and noble resolutions gone, gone forever. Hard words, quarrels, betrayals, and bitter, bitter disappointment; all strewn that dark lane with the ruins of a mis-spent life, with but here and there the fragrant flower of a good act to gladden the debris. Poor old mariners of life wrecked upon the rocks and shoals of their own actions years since, and now fast going to pieces by the hand of time without a helping hand to save or soften the little which is left them of life. It takes but little time to lose a reputation but it takes years to acquire one, you have therefore no time to lose. You can never hide your antecedents no matter how much you try, therefore never do a mean act for it will at some time come up in judgment against you.

THE
J
Execu
asonab

ever do
ou are
ay time
wyer v
ith his
oons, B
egin ea
en am
onor, s
or frien
life no
steps or
as don
at you
urney
ad on
ater t
or if y
access
orny,
ere c
iose
ough
anes p
lse, be
ake; d
eward
till an
annot
reake
dissi
endit
with n
onest
ess a
our l
and ap
or yo
with t
with i
being
enjoy
shoul
New

DIS

Gov
Man
CONTI
are