

A Happy New Year.

A happy New Year! A happy New Year! A year overflowing with health and good cheer;

With mercies all crowded, With ills unbelocuded, With life's path never dear, But of sorrow swept clear;

Yes, we wish to you all such a happy New Year! A happy New Year! A happy New Year! Would you have it, my friends? Then be sure you steer clear

A New Year's Change.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Mr. Henry Pemberton was a miser. A beggar or a spendthrift would either of them have been a more worthy member of the community, for a beggar opens other people's hearts and excites their sympathies, and a spendthrift sets money in circulation, even if he does it in foolish ways and unfortunate channels.

They say he has ten thousand dollars in the bank, little Harvey Jenner whispered to his brother Benjamin, as the rheumatic old man shuffled past in his rags and dirt, wheezing and puffing, and holding fast to the fence for fear of falling, for the pavement was icy.

There goes old Miser Pemberton! shouted one of the lads, and the rest in a group on the sidewalk near his house took it up, and vociferated loudly and shrilly.

"O'ld miser! Horrid old miser! Got gold in bags full; see how he goes. Stumbling along on his mean old toes"

This rhyme had been composed by Rex Peabody, and the boys had sung it at the miser many a time under their breath, never till now in his absolute face and hearing. The miser turned, his clear eyes wizzed old face gleaming with furious passion. He raised his stick to menace his tormentors, when, presto! he lost his balance and slipped to the pavement with a broken leg.

And God listened, and granted her prayer. New Year's morning broke. Ring out the old, ring in the new, ring out the false, ring in the true, clashed the bells from many a steeple.

Henry Pemberton stirred on his pillow, looked about him, with a strange wistful gaze. No wonder he did not know the place. The bed was clean. White curtains draped the windows. A whitely covered table was beside his couch, and an easy chair. A fire burned on the hearth, and there was a shaded lamp.

Where am I? said the sick man. You are at home, father, answered a gentle voice.

Are you my little Nancy? Will you stay with me? he pleaded. Yes, father, as long as you want me, I will.

Nancy, I am a miser, I am an old wicked skindint of a miser. That's what I am, Nancy! No, father, not if God has opened your eyes, you won't be that any more; Christ will help you to do better.

Christ will help me to do better, said the old man, like a little child. And Christ will let you stay. Kiss me, my daughter Nancy, please kiss your old daddy, for—love—has—come—back, love—has—come—back!

Mr. Pemberton did not live till spring. But the New Year's change was permanent. It had been a change wrought by hands Divine. Ring out the false, ring in the true. God says this sometimes, and then the soul obeys, and arises new-clothed, and white as Naaman when his leprosy had departed, after he had bathed in the Jordan. Nancy, too, was happier, for she had learned that there is great peace in having a forgiving spirit.

to foot in a dark cloak of some thick fur, with a wollen material as its outer cover, advanced into the light of the candle in the gentleman's hand.

I am Nancy Pemberton, she said. I understand that my father has sent for me. Is it true?

If you are Mr. Pemberton's daughter, it is true that he needs you, and asked me to telegraph for you. He is hurt and ill. The lady stared curiously at the cob-webbed ceilings and dusty rooms. Poor poor father! she murmured; but there were no tears in her eyes, and her face was not tender. She did not at once forget that she had been driven from her father's door with blows and abuse, because she would not surrender to him her mother's small fortune settled on her, in her own right.

She had said in going away fingering a black bruise on her arm: Father, if you ever need me, send for me, and I will come for my poor mother's sake, but I will not give up to your greed, nor let my spirit break under your harshness, as hers broke before she died.

That scene was six years back. In that time not once had Nancy Pemberton seen or heard from her father, nor had he made the least attempt to hold any communication with her. And he was a very old and feeble man, tottering under the burden of almost four-score years.

You are his heir, friends had said. You ought to seek a reconciliation, lest he leave his money away from you.

I do not want a penny of his money, I fear there would be no blessing on it, was always Nancy's proud answer.

But she came swiftly when she was summoned. Her presence in her father's chamber made an immediate change for the better. In twenty-four hours the whole place was transformed.

The pitiful thing was to hear the ravings of the poor old man, sometimes muttering rapidly, sometimes shrieking, sometimes picking at the bed-clothes, always wretched and distraught.

He is terribly run down, said the doctor. Vitality is at a low ebb. Only good nursing, and that by a miracle, can bring him up.

Then, Nancy Pemberton, with womanly compassion, cast away the grudge and the almost bitter hate she had long carried against her father. She sent for a trained nurse to assist her, and together they gave the patient such care as makes a brave battle against death. The revelations of delirium showed Nancy that her father had been remorseful and unhappy. She fell on her knees and prayed with eager insistence that his life might be spared, that he might for a little while taste the joy of conquered self-hood and overcome the barriers that had hemmed him in.

And God listened, and granted her prayer. New Year's morning broke. Ring out the old, ring in the new, ring out the false, ring in the true, clashed the bells from many a steeple. Henry Pemberton stirred on his pillow, looked about him, with a strange wistful gaze. No wonder he did not know the place. The bed was clean. White curtains draped the windows. A whitely covered table was beside his couch, and an easy chair. A fire burned on the hearth, and there was a shaded lamp.

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Jacob's Well.

When the Teacher would go from Judea into Galilee he must needs go through Samaria, which lies between them, stretching from the Jordan to the Mediterranean. And it is on the way of this journey that we find the one spot blessed by the feet that wearied so oft and the love that never tired; the one place in the journeys of the Hea-

ing One where we can pause, and with all human certainty and positive assurance say, Here. For the rest, we know it was somewhere on this hill—or very near here; somewhere on this plain; somewhere on this blue lake; somewhere in this very city; somewhere. But when in the noon of a hot day we leaned over the curb of Jacob's well and felt the cool, refreshing breath of the depths on our faces, one of us said:

Jesus, therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well.

The old Greek monk in charge of the garden lowered a little trinity of candles down to the water that we might see it sparkle and note that the well was deep. Then he drew for us and we drank; sweet, and clear, and cool the water is. While we waited there we read an old sermon. That is, a new one. People do not like old sermons. But they do love to hear a new one preached over and over. A sermon never grows old, unless it was old the first time it was preached, which is the trouble with a great many of them. They never were new. This sermon we read at Jacob's well was preached there two thousand years ago. It had a rather remarkable effect, when we recall that it was delivered without the assistance of a stereopticon or even a cornet solo.

There was only one person in the congregation, and she was a woman of disreputable character, who was not in the habit of attending church, had no use for sermons, and only came to the well at that hour to fill her water jar when she would not meet any other women. The preacher asked her for a draught of water, for he had journeyed far and he was weary and athirst. He offered her, if she would ask for it, living water, springing up into everlasting life. The woman listened to the sermon, forgot what she came after, left her water pot and went back to the city to bring the whole town to church, and the preacher, absorbed in his preaching, forgot that he was weary and thirsty. When his disciples came to him with refreshment he cared nothing for meat or drink.

And yet they have changed the surroundings of Jacob's well. It is in a garden—the property of the Russians—the Greek Church. A garden of pleasant fruits and flowers, enclosed by a high wall. A church was built here over sixteen hundred years ago, which was destroyed four hundred years later. A chapel was erected over the well, and the door of this is kept locked, but the old monk cheerfully admits all visitors. So when you stand by the curb you cannot lift your eyes, as he did to behold the fields white already to harvest; you see only the arched ceiling and walls of the dark vault. The well is seventy-five feet deep, seven and a half feet in diameter, and lined with stone masonry. It used to be much deeper, but before the Greek Church took charge of it every traveler who came along pitched a few stones into the well to see how deep it was, and then went away and bewailed the spirit of iconoclasm which destroyed and defaced so many of the holiest spots and sacred landmarks. No one knows just how old this well is. Jews and Christians, Samaritans and Muslims agree that it is Jacob's well. And that is about the only thing in this country upon which they do unite in harmony of belief. We sat on the ruins of the old church which cover the vault above the well and talked the afternoon away, so the shadows were lengthening as we rode away.—Robert J. Bardette.

How Women May Earn Money. I am acquainted with a young woman who is known among her friends as the stocking-darner. Her work is beautifully done, and numberless mothers are glad to send regularly their stocking baskets of yawning holes to be returned in order.

I have never heard of one, but have often wished that a skillful glove-mender would set up business in my vicinity. Yes, I know they mend gloves in certain city stores for their customers, and do it so skillfully that the mend cannot be detected. But not all people are conveniently near to these city stores. What is to hinder some quick witted girl from learning the art and serving not only her neighbors, but herself, for a consideration?

I heard but this morning of a woman living in a town where gas is not, wishing that she knew of somebody who wanted to come to her house each morning and put lamps in order. She affirmed that she knew half a dozen families who would be glad to pay for having such service done regularly. And I wondered how far from these homes the girl lived who was probably sighing for ways to earn money to meet her pledges. If I were she, I would try to seek light on the subject through the medium of those lamps.

I have in mind a notable house-keeper who knows three secrets in the culinary line. I have been wishing for years that she would have printed in leaflet form minute directions for preparing these toothsome, healthful, and inexpensive dishes, and sell the leaflets in her own Ladies' Aid or in some other way for the benefit of the whom they might concern. I cannot get her to do so; she laughs and says: What an idea! and the next minute sighs because she has so little to give to local benevolence in which she is deeply interested.

There is a certain young woman who besides earning eight cents a day for her miss on box, has become a blessing to a careful mother. It happens that the young woman has to be in a down town office at a given hour each week-day morning, and it happens that she has to pass a great school attended, she observed, by a certain daughter treasured in a home around the corner from her own. This scholar was brought each morning, and was called for at one o'clock, either by a maid or by some member of the family who had to take a trip down town for that purpose. The young woman studied the situation until she was convinced of the wisdom of her plan, then frankly offered her services to the mother in return for her own car fare down and up.

That girl is a real comfort! the mother was heard to say last week. I feel so safe about Mildred when she is in her care.

There are a great many children who go long distances to school, and there are many careful, well-mannered young women who have to pass their way.—Pansy in The Christian Endeavor World.

The Abuse of Adverbs.

A big book might be written on the abuse of language by the cultured. To use language with discrimination and accuracy is a fine art, to which many people never attain, and which many others seem to ignore totally.

One evening a gentleman came home with a budget of news. An acquaintance had failed in business. He spoke of the incident as deliciously sad. He had ridden up town in a car with a noted wit, whom he described as horribly entertaining, and, to cap the climax, he spoke of the butter that had been set before him at a country hotel as divinely rancid.

The young people stared, and the oldest daughter said, Why, papa, I should think that you were out of your head.

Not in the least, my dear, he said pleasantly, I'm merely trying to follow the fashion. I worked out divinely rancid with a good deal of labor. It seems to me rather more effective than awfully sweet. I mean to keep up with the rest of you hereafter. And now, he continued, let me help you to a piece of this exquisitely tough beef.

Adverbs, he says, are not so fashionable as they were in his family.

The essential lung-healing principle of the pine tree has finally been successfully separated and refined into a perfect cough medicine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction. Price 25 cents.

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A liver pill that is small and sure that acts gently, quickly and thoroughly, that does not gripe. Laxa-Liver Pills possess these qualities, and are a sure cure for Liver Complaint, Constipation, Sick Headache, etc.

Teach self-denial in your homes. It is not kind to the child to allow him everything he asks. Teach him that the truest and greatest happiness is to be found in denying himself and helping others.—Selected.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs colds inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favourite with ladies and children.

Great men are often celebrated for their ability to be silent.

If you want a reliable dye that will color an even brown or black, and will please and satisfy you every time, use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

ONE FACT IS BETTER THAN TEN HEARSAYS. Ask Doctor Burgess, Supt. Hospital for Insane, Montreal, where they have used it for years, for his opinion of "The D. & L." Menthol Plaster. Get the genuine made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Taking up the Time.

A minister who was apt to occupy more than his share of the time in the prayer meeting, and then wonder why members of the church did not take part, chanced to be speaking one evening on the ten leper, and of the one who returned to give glory to Christ, and why the nine did not do so, too; to which one of the deacons replied that he thought "it was quite likely the first one took up all the time.

Our happiness in life will always be in proportion to our faculty for seeing good, and our capacity for goodness will also be in proportion to our faculty for seeing good.

What do I learn from the rose? Though its root is in dirt and mud, it yet sends forth grace and perfume.—Ivan Parin.

Choose always the way that seems the best, however it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.—Pythagoras.

"FRUIT OF THE LOOM."

Men and women of taste and judgment go into ecstasies over the wonderful patterns, textures and colors which are "the fruit of the loom." But there is one fruit of the loom they rarely consider, and that is the frail and faded woman, old before her time, because necessity compels her to work under conditions, which send her more favored sister to bed and the doctor's care.



The diseases which weaken and torment women, may in almost all cases be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness.

"I had female trouble for eight years," writes Mrs. L. J. Dennis, of 228 East College Street, Jacksonville, Ills. "Words cannot express what I suffered. I sought relief among the medical profession and found none. Friends urged me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I commenced taking this medicine I weighed ninety-five pounds. Now I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds—more than I ever weighed before. I was so bad I would lie from day to day and long for death to come and relieve my suffering. I had internal inflammation, a disagreeable drain, bearing-down pain, and such distress every month, but now I never have a pain—do all my own work and am a strong and healthy woman."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required.

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JOHN J. WEDDALL.

KIDNEY DISEASE FOR TEN YEARS.

A Glen Miller Man's Terrible Trial.

He Found a Cure at Last in Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mr. P. M. Burk, who is a well-known resident of Glen Miller, Hastings Co., Ont., was afflicted with kidney trouble for ten years.

So pleased is he at having found in Doan's Kidney Pills a cure for his ailments, which he had begun to think were incurable, that he wrote the following statement of his case so that others similarly afflicted may profit by his experience. "I have been afflicted with kidney trouble for about ten years and have tried several remedies but never received any real benefit until I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills. My back used to constantly ache and my urine was high colored and milky looking at times. Since I have finished the third box of Doan's Kidney Pills I am happy to state that I am no longer bothered with backache at all and my urine is clear as crystal. I feel confident that these pills are the best kidney specific in the country."

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