

high—and barely a week old, a number of young and middle-aged people were engaged to be married next Christmas. My Christmas. They felt very badly when they parted, not to see each other for a year, but they comforted themselves with the thought that a year was not very long, and they would look for each others letters and —“Absence makes the heart grow fonder,” they quoted. I have found that the old proverb is true, said the old year, but it is of somebody else of whom the absent gets fonder I have noticed. Well, some of those couples were married Christmas, but he married another girl, and she married another man.

“And the sad part of this story,” said the old man, with a mirthless laugh, “is not the broken engagements, but the broken promises after marriage, I have heard every man of them say. “With my heart’s faithful affection, and all my worldly goods I thee endow;” and then before they were married three months those wives who had been endowed with all their husbands “worldly goods,” to say nothing of “heart’s faithful affection” when they wanted hats, dresses, or ribbons, were scolded and scowled at until they wished that they had never been “endowed” at all.

Oh, it is not the obey in the marriage service that wants amending, it is only a metaphor or figure of speech any way,” said the old gentleman, “and is never taken seriously, but it is the endowment part of the service that needs an act of Parliament to make it mean what it says, or stop its talking.”

“But this is a digression, as the preachers say,” said the old year. “But the worries and the disappointments I have had is enough to make me wander.

I suppose every young year has its disillusion. So many to promise what they will do in work and self-denial, and then forget all about their promises before we are three months old.

“I have learned,” said the old year, with a sigh, “that people who are going to repent next year never do. New Year’s resolutions are never—well hardly ever—resolute enough to withstand the second temptation. Genuine repentance does not watch the calendar and arrange a ‘date.’”

“And that reminds me,” said 1903, looking around the room, “Two, yes, three 1904 calendars hung up all ready, and I will likely live ten days yet.” “Do you think that is good taste?” asked the old man reproachfully, “to let the young fellow (1904) move into my roms before I — M-o-v-e out?”

You are shouting (or your calendars do) “Long live the King” before you shout the “King is dead.” I had nothing to say, and the old year rambled on. I have lost many friends, and I have buried eleven children and the last one is dying he will not survive me. I have had (or will have) three hundred and sixty-five grand-children, the most of them are dead.

January was a strong, healthy child, cold and stern, he only lived thirty days.

February, the second, was not so strong, and he only lived twenty-nine days.

March was a restless, crying child, but his cry was worse than his bite, he died aged thirty-one days.

April was a moody child, laughing one day, crying the next. I don’t know whether he died laughing or crying, he lived only thirty days.

May was a child who had been anxiously looked for. We were glad to see her, but she worried us, for she was scarcely the same child for two consecutive days, sunny and bright one day, moody and unhappy the next; but what beautiful flowers she brought us.

June was the brightest and most beautiful child we had. How we loved her and how loving she was, especially to brides. She gathered the brightest, sweetest blossoms for them, and when she died when only thirty days old, she had more mourners than any of my children. Many young maidens were disappointed and wept when she died, for she did not live long enough to take them the flowers they loved the best.

July was a beautiful child, but as he grew older his temper began to sour. I think he was jealous of his sister June, for he was continually hearing of her grace and beauty.

August was the most passionate of my children. She was never a favorite and when she died, aged thirty-one days, she had not made many friends, and there were few who regretted her demise.

September had many friends, for he was generous and gave liberally, for he was one of the richest of my children. He was a wealthy horticulturist, I think he was a little vain because his name is the one first mentioned in one of the classics, better known, and more widely read than Homer’s famous Iliad. “Thirty days hath September,” etc.

October was a beautiful child. An artist by profession, there must have been a strain of Oriental blood in her veins, for she was fond of bright, vivid colors. She loved the maple, and she would color it so beautifully that artists and lovers of the beautiful never tired of her work. She knew more of colors than Raphael, and she had more admirers than that great artist had. Her best work was done when she was young. She lost the secret of her rich coloring during her last days, or she must have loved the sombre, for her work was almost colorless during the last days of her life.

November was the least loved of all my children. I never heard any one say a kind word about her. There must have been Romanery blood in her veins for she would spend days, sometimes weeks with the Indians or Gypsies, and people said this is “Indian Summer,” and then they made much of her and were glad. But when she died she had few mourners.

December is of a chilly cold temperament. He is the last and youngest of my children and he will die when I pass away. He is a great favorite with the children, but it is one of his children (my grandson) who is the favorite. I don’t think he would have a friend if it were not for my grandson, December twenty-five, who answers to the name Christmas, and he is king. Kings bow down before him, he is known and loved all over the world. But when December’s son dies all interest and love for

December dies. My son, my last, the son of my old age, passes away the same hour that I pass away.

We have had our sorrows, we have had our joys. If bells have tolled for the dead, there have been marriage bells. If there has been the cypress and the yew, there has been June roses and orange blossoms. Good-bye 1903.

THADDEUS.

News of the Churches.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Prosser, of Hartland, C. Co., wish through the INTELLIGENCER to express thanks to the friends in the congregation for their kind remembrance in the way of a donation on Friday evening last. The sum of \$25 was presented in goods and cash. Among the many appreciable gifts was a beautiful hanging lamp donated by Arnold McFarland, W. H. Christie, Rob and Frank Aiton, which merits special mention.

GRAND MANAN.—It has been almost six months since I came to this parsonate. They have been six months of hard work, getting acquainted with the congregations in their homes, preaching three times every Sunday, and driving twenty-two miles, attending four and five social services each week. Though hard, the work is very pleasant; the people are kind and good; a more loyal people I never worked with. I think there ought to be two pastors at Grand Manan, as there is work enough for two men, and the people are able to support them well. The church at Grand Harbor is a strong one in every way. The North Head church is also a strong cause, and doing grand work. I never have met such a staff of young people for work. The outlook for this church is very bright. The congregations are twice as large as they were six months ago. The Seal Cove church is, also, a live church, and located in the most prosperous part of the island. One might safely say that this church may soon become the strongest one of the three. I purpose having special meetings in each church this winter, and I believe much good will be done, as revival signs are quite evident. The parsonage, which is located at Grand Harbor, has been completed, and is now very comfortable.

A. M. McNINTCH.

FROM REV. J. A. ROBERTSON.—Permit me, through the INTELLIGENCER, to express my sincere thanks to the good people of Brown’s Flat church and congregation for a beautiful fur cap, presented to me by Bro. George Worden on their behalf. I have always found these people very kind, and hope and pray that the blessings of our Heavenly Father may rest upon all the givers.

I also wish to say that I regretted very much that I could not be present with the young people on Tuesday, 22nd, at their concert and Christmas tree; sickness was the cause of my absence. I learned that they had a very enjoyable time. Much care was taken in getting up the concert for the children of the Sabbath school. Hoping to hear from a goodly number of the brethren through the paper this year.

JOHN A. ROBERTSON.

ARTHURETTE, V. Co. — Probably a word from the Tobique field would be in order, as no doubt many of our friends are anxious to know how we are getting along. Regular appointments are being sustained throughout

the entire field, and the meetings are well attended, considering that many of the men are in the woods. In the spring I purpose holding special meetings with the churches in the upper part of the field. The winter has brought its usual cold weather; but this seems only to warm the hearts of the people. On Tuesday evening, 15th inst., a goodly number, representing the churches at Rowena and Arthurette, assembled at our home to greet us with happy hearts and smiling faces. During the course of the evening, Rev. L. A. Fenwick, on behalf of those present, presented me with a valuable fur coat, and Mrs. Bell with a handsome quilt; the children also were remembered with valuable presents in the way of wearing apparel, which called forth, frantic ejaculation that “Santa Claus had come,” much to the enjoyment of those present. After ample justice was done to a sumptuous repast provided by the ladies, and much pleasant conversation indulged in, the party returned to their homes carrying with them the heartfelt thanks of their pastor and his family, and a prayer that these enjoyable meetings may only be a reminder of the great gathering when we shall meet with Him who has commanded us to “love one another.” After we were left alone, we found that our larder had been replenished with cash and many valuable articles too numerous to mention, for which we give thanks to God, who is the giver of every good and perfect gift.

T. D. BELL.

December 22nd, 1903.

MARYSVILLE.—Another Christmas has come and gone. Among them all, I do not remember of any more joyfully spent than the last. Perhaps it is because as I grow older and know more of the love of God towards me, I appreciate more fully what Christmas day meant to a sin-burdened world and the good news of “peace to the earth, good will to men.” And while the greatest of our giving seems so small compared with the gift of God’s love, we are glad, so many who have accepted that gift, and are willing in return to give something for him. It has been a great encouragement to me, since coming to this church, to meet with so many willing workers and givers in the cause of their blessed Master. If every pastor were surrounded by as many sympathetic, cheerful, willing workers as I am, I feel confident they would do more and better work for Christ than they are doing. The pastor who lacks the sympathy and co-operation of his people is one who is facing great odds. I do pray that during the present year every pastor and congregation may be so united in their efforts for good that as this year closes we may look upon it as one of the best in the history of our denomination.

On Christmas evening our church was crowded with an attentive audience to listen to the singing, recitations, etc., of the Sabbath school, and also get a glimpse of Santa Claus, who, after the first part of the programme had been exhausted, issued from a neat, little log home on the platform of the church and began to distribute presents to the children from a large tree, whose branches drooped under the burden of presents. The scholars, from the oldest to youngest, did credit to their teachers and themselves in the rendering of their respective parts. And, by the expression of each face, we believe they felt amply repaid for all their labor, when Santa Claus had completed his distribution of gifts, and the tree stood as nature formed it. Not only was the school remembered as a whole, but many of the teachers were remembered by their class, and classes by their teachers. The

Continued on page 12.