

The Religious Intelligencer

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLeod.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1879.

[EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

WHOLE No. 1301.

NEW FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS

—STOCK OF—

LOGAN'S.

EVERY DEPARTMENT COMPLETE AT LOWEST PRICES.

BLANKETS, FLANNELS, SWANSDOWNS, COTTONS AND SHEETINGS, TICKING AND TABLE LINEN.

New Mantles,

—AND—

MANTLE CLOTHS,

Dress Goods

in New Colors and Materials.

Wool Shawls,

From \$1.00 to \$8.00.

FURS! FURS! FURS! FURS!

Seal, Mink, Ermine, Musk,

MUFFS AND CAPS,

FUR TRIMMING.

From 1/2 to 2 1/2 inches wide.

GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

Wool Goods,

SCOTCH FINGERING AND BERLIN WOOLS.

Peacock and Turkish Yarn.

CARPETINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

PARK'S COTTON WARPS in any color.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, Dec. 23, 1878.

Fail and Winter IMPORTATIONS.

Now in stock and arriving, a very extensive assortment for the various departments. Our customers may rely upon getting

EXTRA GOOD VALUE

THIS SEASON, THE

Cheapest

YET OFFERED.

NEW MILLINERY.

HATS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, VELVETS, SILKS, SATINS, LACES, WINGS, ORNAMENTS, &c.

Dress Goods

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Cashmeres, French Merinos, Repp Cord, and all the latest novelties.

Ulster Cloths

AND ULSTERS.

An immense stock of President, Meltons, Matelassés, Moscovos, Pilots, Oxford, and other cloths.

CANADIAN AND ENGLISH

FLANNELS

AND

Heavy Woollens of every description.

Table Linens, Towellings, Hessians, Damasks, &c.

PAISLEY AND WOOL SHAWLS

WOOL SKIRTS, &c.

A lot of Ladies' Ulsters very cheap. Dress and Mantle Trimmings, &c.

INSPECTION SOLICITED AT WILMOT'S BUILDING, QUEEN STREET.

P. McPEAKE.

Extra superior Black Broad Cloth, Pilots, Beavers and Equestrian, Fancy Coatings, Cashmere and Silk Vestings, West of England and Scotch Tweeds, Superior Black Cashmeres, &c.

The Custom Tailoring and Clothing is still open. Situated at the old stand in Robinson's Building.

Stock of Goods for Furnishing Goods available at hand.

P. McPEAKE.

FREDERICTON, DEC. 23.

The Intelligencer.

NEW YEAR'S QUESTIONS.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

We start together along the way,

We sing together the old sweet songs,

And, waiting here in the new year's day,

Our efforts stand, as in smiling throng,

Shall we keep the things that we love so well

As the things that we have so well?

Or will we change discover us where we dwell,

And find that we have not the things we need?

We start with vigor, and joyous health,

With firm, strong steps, for the hidden way;

We bear within us a mine of wealth;

But all the strength that we trust in stay!

Shall we be untouched by disease and pain?

Shall we travel joyously on again?

Or lie down in the path to die?

There are eyes that smile in our own to-day,

Dear lips that bless us, and hearts that love;

And voices tender and earnest pray

For gifts to come to us from above.

Shall we have them all in the new year's day?

No voice silent, no eye grow dim!

Whoever goes shall we keep the friends

Who were with us in our new year's hymn?

There is good, brave work for our hands to do;

And we love the labor that makes us strong;

Shall we still go on and the tasks pursue

As the months that are coming roll along?

Or will hands more skillful than ours can be

Find the work we have but begun?

And will evening come from the early sea

Telling us sadly our work is done?

What are the answers? Oh, one is wise

To know the changes of all the years;

We lift our eyes to the far-off skies,

And say to Him, through the rising tears,

"We will not ask Thee to show us now

The grief or pleasure, the work or rest,

Only be with us in mercy, Thou

Who givest us always what is best."

Soon we go through the paths of light

Sliding together and fearing not.

The smile of our Father is always bright,

And 'tis he who is choosing His children's lot.

In sunshine and sunshine, in storm and calm,

We will be happy if He be near;

And so with a joyous and trustful psalm

We welcome together the glad new year.

STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Bertha Shelburne was angry because she

could not be indulged in a very foolish and ex-

travagant wish. She had noticed an elegant

necklace exhibited in a jeweler's window, and

had set her mind on possessing it. So when

dead—my poor, darling little brother. He was

so pretty, too. Please, sir, do buy my corn?"

"Keep the corn to eat yourself. God knows

you look finished. Here is fifty cents. Run

now and get something for your supper. God

will provide something for New Year's. What

is your name, child?"

"Bertha (Cameron), sir. We live in Black

Alley. Thank you, sir," and wrapping the

thin shawl around her shivering form, the child

hurried away.

"The same old story," soliloquized Mr. Shel-

burne. "A drunken father, an over-worked

mother, starving children, poverty and misery,

stalking forth hand in hand. O, Alcohol!

Thou destroyer of the innocent! thou slayer

of the strong! thou deserter of all that is

good! when shalt thou cease thy tyrannical

sway! Where is the boasted freedom of our

noble Republic, since we are thus fettered by

this hydra-headed monster? Would God we

were free indeed!"

"Papa," said Bertha Shelburne, a few hours

later, "what makes you so sad?"

"You are setting up old scores with 1878, now that he is

about taking his departure. Or are you re-

peating that you refused giving me that neck-

lace,—eh, Papa? You see I have overcome in

the battle I fought this morning with vanity

and selfishness, and having received mamma's

forgiveness, though I grieved her sorely, I can

afford to be gay and extravagant again. Say,

Papa, what is the matter? You have

scarcely spoken or smiled since you came in."

"I have seen and heard something, Bertha,

that has made me sad. I have seen two Berthas

to-night. But how great the contrast. One is

surrounded by all that makes life pleasant,

with kind friends to love and cherish; while the

other knows nothing but poverty, splendor and

misery. You need to see poor little Bertha

Cameron, and hear her story, to understand how

half the world lives."

"Oh, I am going to see them to-morrow."

"I shall speak to it this morning," she is going

to visit them, and minister to their wants, and

wishes me to accompany her."

"I might have known as much, Bertha. I

defy a poor family to be within reach of your

mother's daily rounds, without her visiting it

and finding out all the misery attached. But I

am glad you are going. You will receive a

lesson, doubtless, that will be of lasting benefit

to you."

"Do you know the family, Arthur? You

seem to be unusually interested," inquired Mrs.

THE OLD YEAR.

Dying—slowly, quietly dying! 1878 is

slowly passing away. It seems but yesterday

when the now dying old year came to us with

yearly steps, hopeful face, and laden with

promises; and now, as an old man, he lies with

folded hands waiting for the last call to summon

him into eternity.

God sent that old year to you—sent all those

messages to you, and now is calling the messen-

ger back into His own home of eternity, to tell

how the blessings were received and used.

What record is the old year to bear away on its

soul? Your life is written there; what has it

been?

Take the glass of memory and look on the

old year of 1878; what have you written there?

Deeds of charity, deeds of love, deeds of self-

denial? Yes, they are there, carved in

the tablet of patient endurance of suffering,

that first standing for the right, that meeting

of the future in the present, that great and

almost daily struggle with your testing sin.

Had you forgotten those? But they are not

lost. The old year has kept a record of them,

and is taking them into eternity. To bury

them? No; but to set them along your path-

way to become immortal pillars to commemo-

rate your life-work and struggles.

You have been making your eternity during

the past year. Did you think that those acts

were lost, their memory to be forgotten? Never!

Our lives are immortal. Immortality begins on

earth. Acts, words, thoughts, never die. They

live somewhere. We will meet them again.

Though we are creatures of a day, yet we are

immortal creators, too, and creators of immortality.

We bring into being deeds and influences

that are as eternal as our souls. We create

them, but we cannot create, cannot kill them.

An act once passed, an influence once begun,

passes on beyond our reach and power.

Thank God, then, Christian, if the old year

bears into eternity acts, influences, worthy of

immortality, with your name on them. But it

is not alone the good of our past lives that 1878

is carrying with it to God. The whole of our

life-work for the past year is there. Nightly

opportunities for doing good, thoughtful acts,

hasty words, giving way to passion; those evil

thoughts; the acts that cost a pang even now

as memory brings them back—all those are now

going to God—now!

See then out of the old year's memory. But

then out, recall those days; improve those

neglected opportunities. Haste! the old year

is dying—slowly, quietly dying! 1878 is

slowly passing away. It seems but yesterday

when the now dying old year came to us with

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