

## The Fireside.

## THE CHILD AND THE NEW YEAR.

## CHILD.

How came you here,  
O bright New Year?  
And what have you brought to me?  
Would you like to look  
At my toys and book  
That I found on the Christmas tree?

## NEW YEAR.

Yes, happy child, let the joys-bells chime!  
I came from God on the wings of time;  
I bring you gold,  
And love untold,  
And all things good that your life can hold.

## CHILD.

Are the good things here,  
O bright New Year?  
And please let me have the gold;  
I'll buy a toy  
For the baby-boy,  
Who was born in a manger cold.

## NEW YEAR.

That baby-boy was the Prince of light;  
He owns all things in heaven to-night,  
Yet since his birth,  
Of all the earth,  
A child's pure heart is of greatest worth.

But if, my dear,  
On this New Year,  
You would serve the Christmas King,  
You may find, I'm sure,  
Some one as poor,  
Whose lips you can make to sing.

What you on earth to the poor have given  
I'll store for you in the bank of heaven,  
For angels hold  
Your deeds of gold.  
Till they all increase a thousand-fold.

But if you've naught  
To the manger brought  
To the babe so pure and mild,  
Let us repeat—  
No gift so sweet  
As the heart of a little child.

And the love you get and the love you give  
Will last as long as the soul does live;  
And he will hold,  
In his tender fold,  
That life more precious far than gold.

## CHILD.

O, Jesus fair,  
Make me thy care;  
This is my earnest new year prayer.

## NEW AND OLD YEAR.

Benedicte,  
O Shepherd dear,  
Do thou appear  
The golden gift of all the year.

## THE SILVER PITCHER.

## A New Year's Story.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

A massive silver pitcher, with a conspicuous carving of oak leaves, had come from a long way back in the past to my grandmother. This inherited property was a precious household treasure, and the name of Timothy Gay was engraved upon it in large letters.

I had no parents, but lived with grandmother, and one day the dear old lady said solemnly and sadly, "Alice, you are the last of the Gays. When I am gone, the silver pitcher will belong to you. Whatever comes, do not sell it or part with it—remember."

Before the year was out, grandmother died, and it took all her little property to pay a long-standing debt and the expense of her last illness, and I was left homeless and penniless. I was just thirteen then. My desolation and grief were intense, but in some degree subsided when I received a letter from Mrs. Burr, a widow in another town, telling me she wanted me to come and live with her, as she was sure I would be a comfort and blessing to her.

A week later I went to Rockland. I carried a large, well-packed trunk. Beside my clothes, it contained grandmother's silver pitcher, the family Bible, some spoons, pictures, and other relics of past generations which came to me, the last of the Gays. Oh, what a happy life I had for the following year with good Mrs. Burr! It seemed as if God had taken me by the hand, and led me to a second mother—to a home of plenty and beauty.

Suddenly my fortunes changed. Mrs. Burr died, and I was once more thrown upon the charity of the cold wide world. Mr. and Mrs. Grimshaw offered to receive me, and their house provided me with food and shelter, but I could get no love, no sympathy. They were hard, grasping people, and cared for me only for the work I could do; and how many burdens were laid upon me! It seemed as if I should sink from sheer exhaustion.

Days and weeks went by. My hard lot grew harder, and I became hopeless and despairing. Every night I asked our Heavenly Father to give me a happier home, a brighter life.

On went the months. Thicker and darker the clouds settled over my young heart. It seemed as if God had forgotten me, and left me in desolation and misery. One day the startling news of a destructive fire in a neighboring town was carried from lip to lip. Several hundred people were made homeless, and many were very destitute. The sympathy and generosity of the good people of Rockland were speedily enlisted, and large supplies of food and clothing were promptly sent to relieve the sufferers from the fire.

The young people were especially active in this emergency. They met one evening and energetically discussed what could be done to give them help. It was unanimously decided to get up an exhibition, consisting of charades, tableaux, music, etc. It was to be held in the town hall, and the profits from the admission fee were to go to their destitute

neighboring townspeople. One end of the hall was to be partitioned by long curtains. Here curiosities and antiquities of every description were to be seen for a slight extra charge. A committee was appointed to go around and collect whatever was ancient and worth showing.

I was washing dishes in the kitchen when Miss Mills called at Mrs. Grimshaw's and inquired if they had anything to offer.

"Nothing but a pair of old candlesticks. If they will be of any use, you can have them," said Mrs. Grimshaw.

"We will take anything we can get," replied Miss Mills. "We want to make a good sum out of this show, and we are short of articles."

I listened to their conversation eagerly. The door was open, and I could see Miss Mills' bright face glowing with benevolence in the work of love.

Instantly the remembrance of my beautiful, old-fashioned silver pitcher came to my mind. I had some embroidered pictures, too, in my trunk upstairs. Surely, these must add to the attractions of the coming exhibition, and how happy it would make me to do a little for it—to contribute an offering of help to others in a worse condition than myself.

As Miss Mills took her leave I followed her with my eyes as she went down the walk. Then I dropped the dish towel in my hand, and ran after her, overtaking her at the gate.

"Miss Mills," I ventured timidly, "I've such a pretty old pitcher. It was Grandmother Gay's, and I have some other things, ever so ancient. Will they be of any use?"

"Certainly, my child."

I hurried upstairs and returned with my arms full—the old silver pitcher, some spoons with an odd design, embroidered pictures, engravings, and a small painting in a wide gilt frame. Miss Mills' eyes shone at the sight of them.

"Why, Alice Gay," she exclaimed, "these are precious, beautiful things; nothing equal to them has been presented thus far. They will add much to our show. I will send brother John around this afternoon to gather together all that can be found on this street."

All the rest of the day my heart was light with joy. I had done the little I could for the sufferers of the fire.

Wednesday evening came. The moon and stars grandly illuminated the heavens. I stood at the window watching the people who were wending their way towards the town hall to attend the exhibition. I longed to follow them, but had no money to buy a ticket. All my pleasure must come from the good the money would do others.

Soon a carriage stopped at the gate. Peter Handcell hurried to the door and rang. He lived with grandmother in my childhood, and I was well acquainted with him. When I opened the door, he said: "Alice, I've come with Sister Jane for you to go to the exhibition with us."

I was delighted. I ran upstairs and put on my best clothes, while Peter and Jane waited outside till I was ready.

When we entered the hall there was music and singing in one part of the room, and long rows of seats full of spectators. The charades and tableaux, which were a prominent feature in the entertainment, went off finely, and the actors were loudly praised. One side of the hall, with long curtains for a partition, had the words, "Curious Antiquities," over the entrance-way. Peter, Jane, and I went in there. We were much interested at the variety of odd relics of the past to be seen, and I was pleased to notice my silver pitcher, pictures, old spoons, etc., which I had furnished, were placed in a very conspicuous position and attracted much attention.

Soon a middle-aged gentleman, accompanied by a sweet, smiling lady, came in. They gazed curiously about a short time till his eye fell on my silver pitcher, and then came an exclamation of surprise from his lips. "Elizabeth, look here! This pitcher has 'Timothy Gay' on it. Where could it have come from? I haven't heard a word about it since I was a boy."

"It is beautiful," said the lady, examining it closely.

"Can you inform me who brought this pitcher here?" inquired the gentleman of Miss Mills, who chanced to be near.

"Yes, sir, Alice Gay offered it to help our show. She is here," and turning to me, she added: "This young girl owns the pitcher; she can tell you all about it."

"I am Mr. Sanborn," said he, approaching me, "and you are Miss Gay?"

"Yes, sir."

A rapid conversation followed. Mr. Sanborn inquired eagerly about grandmother and my parents. He said we were distant relatives, and he had wondered what had become of the silver pitcher so highly prized by the Gay family. He was making a visit upon some friends in the

place, and he and his wife had accompanied their host to the exhibition. He was rejoiced to meet me. We sat down on a side seat, and I gave him all the information in my power.

"And now tell me of yourself," he said, smiling. "Are you comfortable and happy?"

"I live with the Grimshaws—I am not happy there," I answered sadly; "but I have no other place to go to, and must stay."

Mr. Sanborn made a few other inquiries, and we separated, but in these few moments it seemed as if my life had struck upon some hidden fountain of joy. To learn of relatives, even distant ones, made my heart less lonely and chilled.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn called to see me at the Grimshaws. I was glad I had on a new gingham dress and white apron, and had just curled my hair. I must confess I did want to make a pleasing impression. They were exceedingly kind and social, and just before they left, Mrs. Sanborn said: "Alice, if our little daughter had lived, she would be about your age. We have a very comfortable home a little out of Cincinnati. We need the influence of young people to keep our hearts fresh and warm. How would you like to go home and live with us?"

"Go home and live with you, did you say?" I exclaimed quickly. "Oh, how happy I should be with you!"

Mrs. Sanborn smiled sweetly. "We shall start to-morrow afternoon. Get ready, and we will ride around for you."

I clapped my hands for joy. I could not help it. A rich fountain of light was flooding my soul, which at first could find no expression in words.

A week later, the first day of the New Year was ushered in. It was a bright glad day for winter, but to no heart did it bring more gratitude for many new blessings than to mine. Most unexpectedly God had provided me with loving friends and a home of beauty and plenty. My silver pitcher had been the means, providentially employed, to lead me out of heavy troubles into a new, happy life.

Many New Year's days have come and gone since then. I still live with Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn, who are like second parents to me, and I give them, I am sure, the loving devotion of a daughter. I strive to help others less favored than myself. All over our land are friendless boys and girls. Everywhere are people living in comfortable houses, who cherish tenderly the memory of precious departed children. Oh, if such would adopt into their homes and hearts, each lonely family, one unfortunate, destitute boy or girl, what a blessed work of love it would be, and their full harvest of joy would only be realized in eternity!—*Selected.*

There is no doing anything with a man who does nothing but think. The lawyers and doctors do not flock into the ancient church. Thought is the cold lightning-rod; feeling, the sparkling point on the top where the air is charged with electricity. All the apostles had blood in them, and a pulse.—*Parkhurst.*

## Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement, Kings Co., N. B.

## SPECIAL NOTICE!

Another New Year has dawned upon us. This year the INTELLIGENCER goes to its many readers in a new form. We would love to see the YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN donning a new appearance. Dear readers it is yours to make both the INTELLIGENCER and its COLUMN for the young more and more attractive. Will you—both young and old—let us know how you like the COLUMN. If you wish it continued, and have a heart's desire to make it more pleasant and attractive, send to the above address Poetry, Stories, Puzzles for, and Solutions to THE MYSTERY. Let us hear from those who have written in the past, and many others. How many have passed away since the COLUMN was first begun! Some, perhaps, of its most admired contributors. Let us strive to warn all to flee from the wrath to come, and to love and serve their Lord and Master. Now that the New Year has opened let us all resolve to lead better and more devoted lives, and to carry out by the help of God—that resolve. I trust that we may hear from many of you in the near future, to the effect that you will aid in the continuance of the YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN. Be in earnest! Strive to do your Master's bidding! Prepare to meet thy God in time! "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation!"

We wish you one and all A Very Happy and Prosperous New Year! Be happy and joyful in the Lord!

\*\*\*\*\*  
HAPPY NEW YEAR!  
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## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

## The Mystery.

No. 1.—DROP VOWEL PUZZLE.  
R—s—, f—r th— d— —s  
p—s—r,  
—nd y—, l— —dr—m—ng  
—n—  
Th— —th—rs h—v— b—ckl—d  
—th—r—rm—r  
—nd f—rth—th—f—ght  
—r—g—n—th—r—nks  
—pl—e—n—th—r—nks  
—ch—n—ts y—s—s—m—  
Th—p—rt—pl—e—  
—p—at—nd th—F—t—r—  
—n—th—ng—f—th—  
—at—n—T—d—  
—D—L—D—PR—CT—R—.

## No. 2.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, consisting of 9 letters, was a noted city of ancient date.  
My 7, 2, 5, 9, 6, 3 is a head-piece.  
My 1, 8, 3, 4, 2, 5 is a place and city named by Jacob.

## No. 3.—RIDDLE.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it?

## No. 4.—BURIED BIBLICAL CITIES.

1. I found a pin in Eve Howard's book.  
2. My pet rabbit ran away from home.  
3. Thomas Philip Pine is a good lad.  
4. George rarely disobeys his parents.

## No. 5.—ENIGMA.

In apple, not in plum;  
In speechless, not in dumb;  
In father, not in child;  
In patient, not in mild;  
In paper, not in rags;  
In valleys, not in crags;  
In new, not in old;  
In heat, not in cold;  
In word, not in deed;  
In yield, not in seed;  
In pen, not in ink;  
In learn, not in think;  
In the earth my last is found,  
And also on the ground.

Dear readers, if you'll study THE MYSTERY,  
Then in this my wish you'll plainly see.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

## The Mystery Solved.

## (No. 50.)

No. 225.—God.  
No. 226.—Evangeline.  
No. 227.—Prov. xx. 11.  
No. 228.—Luke xix. 34.  
No. 229.—

J N  
d e a t e l  
e h b h t e  
d e b o r a h t h u h a s h  
J E H O H A N A N E T H A N E E L  
a b r a h a m l e a n d e r  
a n a s e e  
h a m h e r  
N L  
h a m r o b b  
a t e o r e  
h a t h a t h o m u l a s  
N A T H A N I E L O R U H A M A H  
m e a n d e r b e l a t e d  
t l o u m e  
h e r a d  
L H

## CHAT.

We would be pleased to receive a number of puzzles, etc., from our young friends. The puzzle-drawer is empty. Who will we hear from first? Let each one strive to do more than the other for the furtherance of the COLUMN.

## OUR LETTER BOX.

## The New Year.

DEAR READERS,—No doubt many resolutions for the New Year are now being made. But, dear readers, you must remember it is one thing to make a resolution and another to keep your good resolve. Do not trust in your own strength alone, but go to God and ask His aid in carrying out your good resolutions. He will most assuredly help you; and by His assistance you will be enabled to overcome all evil habits and practices.

Some of the most vile habits, and the most telling upon the constitution, are drinking intoxicating liquors and smoking, or using tobacco in any form. We hope that none of our young readers have ever acquired any of these habits. If you have, give them up at once. They will ruin you, body and soul. No drunkard can enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Resolve on the New Year to refrain from tobacco using, if such you do, and ask God to help you keep that resolution.

But, then, these are not the only evil habits into which boys and girls are often enticed. There are many smaller habits in appearance, yet dreadful in the sight of God. Of these, there are too many for us to enumerate here,—swearing, stealing, lying, disobeying parents, and many others.

Break off these vile habits, and strive to do that which God would have you do. Remember His commandments. Care not if evil companions may laugh at you and call you cowards. Do the right and fear not. Fear not, for God is with you. Shun evil companions.

Now you can look back upon a whole year, every day of which, perhaps, you have said, and thought, and done countless things which you can never, never undo. You cannot alter a single

thing in the past. Much as you and I, looking back on our past, may long to sit down and remedy all its false steps and foolish sayings, we can never do it.

The year's record and work are done, dear readers, and with all its mistakes we must let it pass away from us for ever. But the dear Lord has forgiveness for every fault, and a tender pity for every mistake, as well as an indulgent love for all our efforts at work for Him. We can only put the past year into His hands. We can never undo what is past, but Jesus can forgive it all. Trust Him to do this, and to help you in the coming year to live a less careless life, and to do such thoughtful work for Him that there shall be less longing on your part to be able to go over the past. Jesus can and will give you grace to do better.

Before closing allow me to wish you one and all A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR, and to give you a few points to remember through the year.

1. Never neglect your morning and evening devotions.
2. Always speak kindly to those around you, and be kind to the aged and infirm. Strive to make others happy.
3. Always speak well, and never ill, of absent persons. Always speak the best you can.
4. Strive to attend diligently the worship of God.
5. Never take the name of God in vain nor make light of His Holy Word.

Yours respectfully,

UNCLE NED.

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