

A Song for New Year's Eve.
Stay yet my friends, a moment stay—
Stay, for the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands and leaves us here.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One little hour, and then away.
The year, whose hopes were high and strong
Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one hour more of jest and song
For his familiar sake.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One mirthful hour, and then away.
The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store,
And shall we turn from where he stands,
Because he gives no more?
Oh stay, oh stay,
One grateful hour, and then away.
Days brightly came and calmly went,
While yet he was our guest;
How cheerfully the work was spent!
How sweet the seventh-day's rest!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One good hour more, and then away.

Dear friends were with us—some who sleep
Beneath the coffin lid;
What pleasant memories we keep
Of all they said and did!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One tender hour, and then away.
Even while we sing he smiles his last
And leaves our sphere behind—
The good old year is with the past,
Oh, be the new as kind!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away.

New Year Resolutions.
There were three little folks, long ago,
Who solemnly sat in a row,
On a December night,
And attempted to write
For the new year a good resolution.
"I will try not to make so much noise,
And be one of the quietest boys,"
Wrote one of the three,
With uproarious glee
Was the cause of no end of confusion.
"I resolve that I never will take
More than two or three pieces of cake,"
Wrote plump little Pete,
Whose taste for the sweet
Was a problem of puzzling solution.
The other, her paper to fill,
Began with, "Resolved, that I will"—
But right there she stopped,
And fast asleep dropped
Her she came to a single conclusion.

New Year's Calls.
"A Happy New Year, boys!"
"Happy New Year!" responded
Tracy Plumb, Tom Fitch and Johnny
Cook, and the last named added:
"Going to make calls to-day, Uncle
Fred!"
"Of course I am, Johnny," responded
that rosy, middle-aged gentleman;
"but where are you and your friends
going?"
"We're going to make calls, too,"
sang out one of the trio.
"Where are you going to call?"
"Everywhere, all around the
block."
"You are? Have you any cards?"
"Yes, sir, we've cards for every-
body."
"Indeed! Let me see them."
Uncle Fred's good-humored face
was all a broad grin as he held out his
hand, for the two smaller boys were
not much more than eight years old,
and his nephew Johnny, their leader,
barely ten.
"I wrote my own cards," said
Johnny, as he proudly drew a handful
of cards from his coat-pocket.
"Tip-top!" exclaimed his uncle,
"only you should always spell your
name the same way. 'J-o-n-n-y' is
not as good as 'J-o-h-n-y,' and this
one is 'J-o-n-e.' But they'll all do,"
said Tom. "Mother gave me some of her
old ones, so did Sister Belle; and
Tracy has some of his father's."
"They are all grand!" said Uncle
Fred. "Now you must always send
your cards in ahead of you, so they'll
know who's coming."
He was getting very red in the face
just then, and, as he hurried away,
the boys did not hear him mutter to
himself:
"Mast'n't let them see me laugh.
Might scare them out of it, and spoil
the fun. But wouldn't I like to be
near when those three come in?"
But with the trio it was decidedly
serious business, and they marched
steadily up street. Their first call was
upon Mrs. Jones, on whose doorknob
was a basket.
"That's to put our cards in," said
Johnny.
The bell was duly rung, but had to
be pulled again before any one came.
"Well, what is it? What do yiz
want?"
"We're calling, Biddy," said Tom.
"Callin' are ye? Didn't ye see the
basket? Mrs. Jones isn't at home to-
day."

"Oh!" said Johnny, "she's making
her own calls. Give Biddy your cards,
boys."
"How'd on, ivery wan iv yiz, till I
show her thim cards."
"You said she wasn't at home,"

"Thru for yiz, but I'd rather lose
me place than not have her luk at
them."
The Jones family were near neigh-
bors, and in a moment more a nice
lady upstairs was reading to herself:
"J-o-n-n-y C-o-o-k-e, Miss Arabella
Fitch, Mr Marmaduke Plumb—"
"Bring them in, Biddy. Call the
children, too, and bring a plate of
cake. I'll come right down to the
parlor."
She was there in time to hear Tracy
say:
"There, Tom, I told you Johnny
knew Mrs. Jones wouldn't let Biddy
tell stories about her."
"Wish you a Happy New Year,
gentlemen. Have a chair, Mr. Cook.
Please be seated, Mr. Plumb and Mr.
Fitch. Our young people will be here
in a minute."
"We're not calling on the children
to-day but you might let them come
in."
And in came a half-dozen little
Joneses, and Biddy with a big plate of
cake.
"Tom," whispered Tracy, "Johnny
said we mustn't eat too much in any
one place."
"I'll put the rest of mine in my
pocket."
And so he did; and after Mrs. Jones
had asked them about their
plans for the day, it was hard
work to keep Ben Jones from going
with them; in fact, after they
had gone, Ben began to howl
over it, so that he had to stay in the
corner till dinner-time.
The next house they called at was
Judge Curtin's; "Which," said
Johnny, "is the biggest house in the
block, and they haven't any children.
They'll have ice-cream, boys, see if
they don't."
The moment the bell was pulled, the
door swung open wide, and a swallow-
tailed coat and white cravat looked
down in wonder on his diminutive
guests, as they handed out their cards.
"Vot is dis? You poys vant some-
ings?"
"New Year calls," explained
Johnny. "Are the ladies at home?"
"So? Valk right in. De madame
will be proud to see you."
Mrs. Curtin and her daughters were
entertaining quite an array of their
gentlemen friends, and all the ladies
bowed very low when the boys said:
"Wish you a Happy New Year."
"I am acquainted with Mr. Cook,"
said Mrs. Curtin, as she held out her
hand to him, "but which of you is Mr.
Marmaduke Plumb?"
"That's my papa, ma'am, and I'm
Tracy."
"Oh, you are making his calls for
him?"
"No, ma'am; he's out, too, but I
use some of his cards."
"Exactly. I see. And this is
Miss Arabella Fitch?"
"Please, ma'am, if you'll give me
back Belle's card, I'll give you one of
mother's," said Tom, doubtfully.
"Oh, this is just as good. But I
must introduce you to the company,
while Pierre is getting some refresh-
ments. Plenty of cream, Pierre, and
some confectionery."
It is remarkable how polite were all
those fine ladies and gentlemen, one
tall man in particular, Mr. Grant, who
said:
"Come, boys, I'll see you through.
I like to associate with fellows of my
own age."
So between Mrs. Curtin, Mr. Grant
and Pierre, the young gentlemen
fared so well that Johnnie was com-
pelled to say to his friend: "We
must stop eating, boys or we can't
be polite in the next house." But
Mr. Grant filled their pockets with
confectionery, and then the whole
company bowed as Pierre showed
them the way to the front door. After
walking awhile, to see if they could
eat any more, the boys next called at
Dr. Micklin's. Mrs. Macklin's first
remark on receiving the cards was:
"Mrs Fitch! And on New Year's
Day! What has happened? And Mr.
Marmaduke Plumb with her! It must
be serious. And Johnny Cook! How
I wish the doctor was here. Show them
in, Julius, and stop giggling."
Julius, the colored waiter, chuckled
his way back to the front door, and
ushered the boys in.
"Happy New Year!" said they.
"Happy New Year, Johnny,"
answered Mrs. Micklin. "But,
Tracy, where's your father? And,
Tom, where's your mother?"
"Why," said Tom, "it's only the
cards. We passed them at Mrs.
Jones' and Judge Curtin's only. I sent
in Belle's instead of mother's."
"You mischievous boys! You
frightened me so! I thought some-
thing dreadful!"
Here other visitors came pouring in,
and Tom whispered to Julius, who
stood grinning at the parlor door.
"Where's the ice-cream?"
But Tom's whisper happened during
a lull in the conversation, as did also

the reply: "Dar aint none!" Tom
then whispered to Johnny, a little too
cudly: "Let's go. There's nothin'
here but medicine."
"Bow to Mrs. Micklin before you
go," said Johnny; but everybody in
the parlor except Mrs. Micklin was
laughing at something or other when
Julius Caesar let the three friends out.
"There's no place so good as Mrs.
Curtin's" remarked Tom.
"Can't go twice to the same place,"
said Tracy. "Can we, Johnny?"
"No, I s'pose not. Who lives in
that white house?"
"I don't know. We can find out
when we get in."
In this house were three young
ladies, who were just then lamenting
that none of their callers thus far had
eaten anything. The boys were ad-
mitted, the cards sent in, and, there
being three on each side, the girls
talked right on, and left their visitors
no chance to correct names. And,
having been helped to several times as
much as any three boys could eat,
Johnny said:
"I think we'd better go. I can't
eat any more."
"Oh, very well, my dear; and
Arabella, too, and Marmaduke."
The girls were in high glee over
their young gentlemen callers, and
when the latter reached the street,
Johnny remarked:
"I'm going home."
"So am I," said Tom.
"And I," said Tracy; "I couldn't
be polite any more."
But when Uncle Fred came home
that evening, Johnny was surprised
at being compelled to give so careful
an account of everything. And he
concluded by saying:
I don't want to eat any supper to-
night, Uncle Fred.—St. Nicholas.

Never Swear.
1. It is mean. A boy of high
moral standing would almost as soon
steal a sheep as to swear.
2. It is vulgar—altogether too low
for a decent boy.
3. It is cowardly—implying a fear of
not being believed or obeyed.
4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentle-
man, according to Webster, is a
gentle man—well bred, refined.
Such a man will no more swear than
go into the street to throw mud with a
chimney-sweep.
5. It is indecent—offensive to deli-
cacy, and extremely unfit for human
ears.
6. It is foolish. "Want of decency
is want of sense."
7. It is abusive—to the mind which
conceives the oath, to the tongue
which utters it, and to the person at
whom it is aimed.
8. It is venomous—showing a boy's
heart to be a nest of vipers; and every
time he swears one of the n sticks out
its head.
9. It is contemptible—forgetting the
respect of all the wise and good.
10. It is wicked—violating the
Divine law, and provoking the displea-
sure of Him who will not hold him
guiltless who takes His name in vain.
—Baltimore Methodist.

Life-Maxims.
1. Affection is at best a deformity.
2. Ask thy purse what thou shouldst
buy.
3. Be slow in choosing a friend, but
slovenly in exchanging him.
4. Before you attempt anything,
consider what you can do.
5. By reading you enrich the mind;
by conversation you polish it.
6. Consideration is due to all things.
7. If you would teach secrecy to
others, begin with yourself.
8. In order to judge of another's
feelings, remember your own.
9. Let your anger set with the sun,
but not rise with it.
10. None have less praise than
those who seek most after it.
11. Pride is as low a beggar as want,
and a great deal more saucy.
12. Rage robs a man of his reason,
and makes him a laughing-stock.
13. Apply the Golden Rule to your
every act and thought.

Young Folks' Column.
Conducted by C. E. BLACK,
CARE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. Y.
PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.
The Mystery Solved.
(No. 49.)
No. 291.—Look (before) you leap.
No. 292.—
I. SCOW DOLT glass
II. CONE OMER lathe
III. ONCE LENA attar
WEED TRAY shave
sered
No. 293.—1. 2 Chron. 4:22.
2. 2 Sam. 14:25.
3. Judges 8:24.
4. Gen. 40:26.
No. 294.—
I. C H
II. T E A C O W
Z E B R A C A L I D
C E B L A C K H O L I D A Y
A R A F T W I D O W
A C T D A W
K Y

The Mystery.—No. 52.
No. 301.—ANAGRAM.
(FROM ED. Y. F. C. TO ALL.)
S. P. R., be near the poor; guard
in happy ways!

No. 302.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.
1. Who "slew a lion" on "a snowy
day?"
2. What king had seventy captive
kings with "their thumbs and their
great toes cut off?"
3. Where is the expression:
"Peace, peace be unto thee, and
peace be unto thine helpers; for thy
God helpeth thee?"
4. Who had "hangings" of "white,
green, and blue, fastened with cords
of fine linen and purple to silver rings
and pillars of marble?"
5. What battle was fought in a
barley-field?
Bella Hopkins.
Barrington, N. S.

No. 303.—BIBLE RIDDLES.
1. Where are "gravel-stones" men-
tioned?
2. Where is it said that "all the
ends of the earth shall see the salva-
tion of God?"
3. Two of a certain kings cham-
berlains were "hanged on a tree." Who
were they?
4. By whom and of whom was it
said: "God is with thee in all that
thou doest?"
5. Where is "adversite" found?
Ed. Y. F. C.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

HAPPY NEW YEAR—GLAD NEW YEAR.
We are about to close the work of
another year. During the past year
our correspondents were not so many
as in past years, yet all have stated
their great pleasure in studying the
COLUMN. Many have been the friend-
ly greeting which we have received in
the past, and much timely help. We
are sorry that we could not offer more
prizes, but circumstances prevented us.
Some such plan as suggested by
"Van" in last issue is an excellent
one. If our connection with the
COLUMN continue, we shall strive to
adopt some such plan. How many are
anxious that the Y. F. C. be continued
another year? Let us hear from you
at once, and what you purpose doing
in the work. We hope to introduce
pleasant features if we continue.
Whether our connection continue or
not we wish you one and all
A happy and prosperous New Year,
and hope that you may continue to
read the INTELLIGENCER, and above
all to study God's Holy Word.
UNCLE NED.

BELLA HOPKINS, Barrington, N. S.,
has our thanks for nice Bible Puzzles.
She correctly solves the Riddles in No.
45; and, also, in No. 46. Write
again.
Those precious "mites" are again
hailed with pleasure. We know all
will read their letter with interest. We
hope to join them soon, i. e., if noth-
ing prevents. Thank you for kind
wishes. We wish we could print those
pictures and a chat about them.—U. N.

Our Letter Box.
{UPPER GAGETOWN,
Dec. 6, 1887.

DEAR UNCLE NED.—Again we
write to tell you of the good times we
are having. We are all so happy over
the dearest letter from Miss Hooper,
our own dear Missionary. It is so, so
very good of her to think of us, and
she so far away. Oh, yes! she sent us
pictures of the idols! It makes us
work harder to think of the little boys
and girls asking the ugly things to
bless them. It makes us shudder. I
wish you could print pictures in the
YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN, we would
send them to you.
Dear, kind Uncle, we love you so
much; we would wish you to be very
happy and will tell you how,—join the
mites, and then you can share Miss
Hooper's letter, and you will feel just
as happy as the rest of us. She writes
that she was "tickled" to read of us
in the INTELLIGENCER. So you would
feel "tickled," for we are all "tickled"
too.
Our little Brother Basideb over in
India is a fine fellow. If we had him
here we would teach him to skate; but
we will see him some time, and
help him work as a Missionary.
We wish you a Merry Xmas and
hope Santa Claus will bring you lots of
good things.
A MITE.
[Please to see letter referred to in
the "INTELLIGENCER."—UNCLE NED.]

Our Literary Circle.
Essay Writing.
(See issue of Dec. 14th for rules.)
3RD. SUBJECT.—Perseverance.

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Accommodation.....	11.20
Express from Sussex.....	16.35
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On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday,
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D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
November 22nd, 1887.

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They had no hope whatever, and advised
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thinking it was no use, as I had been given
up by the doctors; but I thought I would
try your medicines, and consider it is by
their use only that I am living and main-
taining my family by my own work. The
doctors advised me not to take it, because,
they said, when the cough stopped I would
not live 24 hours; but I am alive, thanks
to GATES' MEDICINE, and am doing
better than I have been for a great many
years.

KENNETH MCGILNARY.
The above statement was sworn to as
correct in every particular, by the above
named Kenneth McGilnary, before me, at
Spring Hill, this 4th day of August, 1881.
R. DRUMMOND, J. P.

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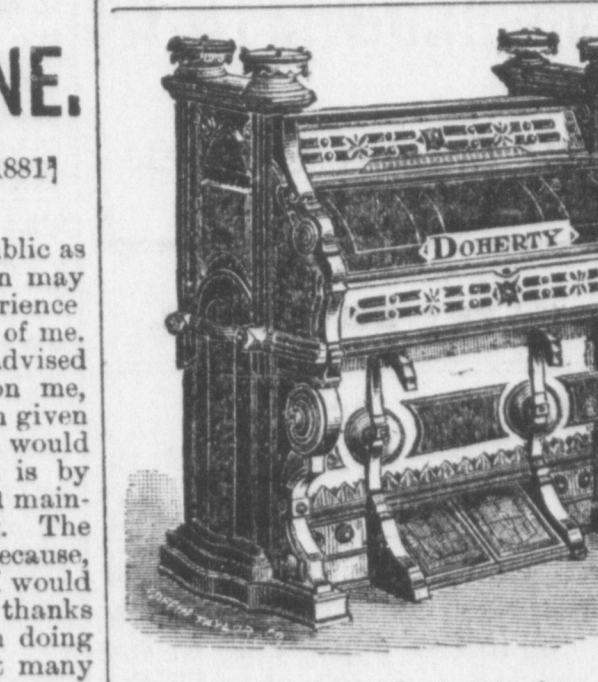
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in saying that they are deserving of the high
reputation they have already attained.
FRANCIS C. D. BRISTOWE,
Organist Christ Church Cathedral, Freder-
icton (late of H. M. Chapels Royal)
London, England.
Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 1887.

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