

All Hail The Glorious Morn.

All hail! all hail! the glorious morn,
Swell high the notes of song;
Let earth rejoice, a Saviour born,
Let saints the strains prolong.

Swell high, swell high, your voices raise,
In praises loud proclaim
The advent of the King of kings;
Who came on earth to reign.

Ring out, ring out, from east to west,
The wondrous deed of love;
Now all the world may find a rest,
With heavenly hosts above.

Let trumpet sound, let organs swell,
Let anthems reach the skies;
Let harp and lute the story tell,
Of love that never dies.

'Tis Christmas Day, 'Tis Christmas Day,
The heavenly arches ring;
'Tis Christmas Day, 'Tis Christmas Day,
With happy hearts we sing.

Goodly Pearls.

A GOOD CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—You are thinking, perhaps, of making a Christmas present to your son or daughter who is away from the home roof. That is right. Wouldn't the INTELLIGENCER be a good present? It would tell them home news, religious and secular, all the year, besides furnishing them a great variety of helpful reading. Send it to them.

Jesus Forever.

The world will keep Christmas to the end of time. Its memories will grow more hallowed and sweet with every passing year.

The ages which have swept by since the dawn of the first Christmas morning have deepened the heritage of Christ in the experience and love of mankind. The Star of Bethlehem has been the one light which has shone from the loving heavens on the world's midnight, rising clearer and mightier with the roseate flush of the coming of the eternal morning. Nor shall this Star ever set or ever cease its shining. Age following age, it shall still go before the wise of earth and direct them to far off Bethlehem.

Jesus Christ is the one deathless changeless figure of this world. Whatever it may be to his manifestations to other worlds, and however he may shine there, he is to us the eternal Star of Bethlehem. His light and blessing with every cycle of time penetrates deeper and deeper in human history, and higher and higher in human hope.

Jesus Christ is the perfect embodiment of every virtue known to the mind of earth, and of every excellency of character within the range of the imagination of man. There is not an element of character possible to childhood or manhood, or capable of being presented in any trial or test of life which is pure and noble and divine but has its germ or its expression in the character of Jesus. While he was upon earth he lived under such criticisms as have been applied to no being in the history of the world. The announcement of the angels, and all the events of Bethlehem, with his own confession of the Messiahship, with all his wonderful teachings amid the powerful prejudice of the aristocratic Pharisees of the church, and the autocratic Sadducees of the temple service, placed upon Jesus such a flood of criticism as has been impossible to any other being of the world. All they found in him; all for which they condemned and crucified him, is known to us at this day. To all this have been added the tests of history and the criticism of the ages, the scrutiny of philosophers, and the wisdom of the wise; and the verdict of the whole is, "We find no fault in him." Nay, more, "He is the fairest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." Blot out from the world, in history, in character, in poetry, in literature, in art, and in song, every trace of all that is lovely, and pure, and tender, and amiable, and divine as shown forth in the soul and heart and life of man with one awful sweep of death and darkness, and the whole could be reproduced again from the character and teaching and life of Him who was a babe in Bethlehem.

Jesus Christ is the one character for all ages. He is never obsolete. The great and mighty men of secular and sacred history, who rose on the world's arena thousands of years ago, are now antiquated. Their great, grand noble lives were circumscribed, and soon became rigid facts in the world, while they have taken their places as fossils in the museum of human history. Jesus of Bethlehem is the one living being of the ages. No one can explain it, and none can deny it. He still blooms as the Rose of Sharon, which has lost none of its fragrance, and the Lily of the Valley which is still fairest of all the flowers of earth, and still the Star of Bethlehem that guides the weary way of earth's lonely pilgrim in his search for a nobler life here, and a life of perfection and love and joy unbounded in the sweet hereafter.

Jesus forever! His place of birth was so minutely marked by prophecy that even his vilest enemies, as they searched the sacred books, soon declared to the wise men from the Orient where he was to be born, and sent them under the sidereal appearance to Bethlehem. The types, and figures, and tabernacle and temple services, all with their slain lambs, and offerings of sacrifices and incense, pointed so unerringly to Calvary that all mankind can behold Jesus as the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

Jesus forever! The unfolding of the character of Jesus, and the teachings of Christ in their application to the experiences of men, and to the elevation and comfort and salvation of the human race, through more than eighteen centuries, all send us back with a wondering joy and a sweet song of love and holy thanksgiving to the Babe of Bethlehem.

The Star of all radiance shines on us again from over the hills of Judea. The angels are singing anew in our hearts the song of "Peace on earth and goodwill to men." We are gathering again under the Star of Bethlehem. With the cattle of the stall, with the star of the firmament, with the wise men of the Orient, with tall, shining, singing angels of light, we are kneeling again at the lowly manger where Jesus was born in Bethlehem. Jesus, accept our offering, and make us like thyself, that we may be with thee forever.—*Religious Telescope.*

Stepping the Paper.

Mrs. Jacob Willis sat lost in thought, not very pleasant thought either, judging from the manner in which she knit her brow and tapped an impatient foot. The fact was, Mr. Willis had been complaining that family expenses were increasing instead of decreasing. Something must be done to cut them down—that was evident, and she, Mrs. Willis, must be the one to devise some plan whereby the income must be made commensurate with the outgo of the family funds.

"The very foot with which I am tapping the floor this minute needs a new shoe," she soliloquized, "to say nothing of Jamie and Jennie, who need not only shoes, but rubbers and mittens to keep out the cold, and tomorrow the milk bill will be left. I owe Mrs. Jenks two dollars for making Jamie's pants, and next week two dollars and a half must be forthcoming to pay our subscription to our religious paper for the year—that is, if we continue to take a religious paper. I wonder—here she again became lost in silent thought, but her brow was still knit in perplexity, and the impatient tapping of the shabbily-booted foot went on.

Fretfully she broke out again, but more impetuously than before:—"I believe it will have to be done. Of course, I can't expect Jacob to give up his daily paper; a man wouldn't know where to find himself without his paper, and I'd be ashamed of a man who would be content not to know what is going on in the great world from day to day. It will come hard, awfully hard, but really I begin to think it my duty to deny myself the luxury of my religious paper. With our growing family and increasing expenses I must make the sacrifice, and might as well go about it at once. Shoes we must have, school-books must be bought, food is a necessity, and help in the kitchen I cannot do without: so I see no other way to begin saving but to write and stop the paper."

She was not a weak-minded woman by any means, Mrs. Jacob Willis; but once convinced a certain course was inevitable or the best one to pursue, she set about pursuing it forthwith. So down she set and penned a little note, full of regrets, but said plainly the pressure of unavoidable expenses necessitated the act on her part of stopping the paper. And it was my paper, and I loved it," she said, as she closed the envelope, and brushing away a falling tear she called Jennie and bade her post the letter on her way to school.

When Friday night came, Mr. Willis remarked to his wife that, as he was to take part in the meeting, he should like to run over her paper a moment.

"I've stopped it," she said. "Stopped it!" he ejaculated blankly; why, wife, what made you do that?"

"Because you said we must cut down expenses," she answered, her voice trembling; "and besides," she added gently, "you have said two or three successive years, when the subscription price was due, that it seemed a useless expense."

"Very true, so I have, assented Mr. Willis, "and I believe that we can very well do without it, at least better than we can afford to pay for it year after year."

So Mr. Willis departed for the meeting without the usual hints which the religious paper might have fur-

nished him had he been able to afford it.

On Saturday morning a neighbor ran hastily in, asking Mrs. Willis if she would allow her to see her paper for a moment.

"I heard," she said, "there was another list of those useful receipts such as you allowed me to copy once, and I knew you would spare it a few moments."

"I've stopped my paper," faltered poor Mrs. Willis.

"Stopped it! O, well, never mind," and the neighbor departed rather confused.

"What made you tell her you'd stopped it?" asked Mr. Willis, who was just leaving for his business when the neighbor appeared. "I'm a little ashamed to have it known, we, a Christian family, take no religious paper."

"I'm not half as ashamed as I am regretful," his wife answered gently.

Saturday night found the week's work nicely done, the children had taken the usual bath, and now gathered about their mother, lesson papers in hand.

"Come, mother," said Jamie, "Jennie and I are ready for our Sunday-school lesson. Where's the paper?"

"We have no paper to-night, Jamie," Mrs. Willis answered cheerfully; so we'll try to get along without its help."

"Why, where is it?" persisted Jamie.

"We could not afford it this year, my son," spoke up Mr. Willis. "You can learn your lesson just as well without it."

"O, dear me," piped up Jennie, "what shall we do without it? I don't see what you stopped it for; I say it's real mean."

"You shouldn't say things are real mean which can't be helped," remarked Mr. Willis. "Ma and I know best about such things."

And Jennie was silenced, but by no means convinced. "And there's the story mother always reads to us after the Sunday-school lesson was learned," wailed Jamie. "What shall we do without that?"

"Come, come!" exclaimed Mr. Willis, impatiently, "don't let me hear any more about that paper; make the best of a necessity. We can't afford it, that's enough. I'm surprised it makes such a fuss all around, just one paper."

No more was said that night. The next morning, which was Sunday, just as Mr. and Mrs. Willis were starting for church, a man so lame that he walked laboriously and only crept painfully along, was seen coming up to the door.

"Ah, here comes poor Mr. Edson," said Mr. Willis; "what could he have come all this distance for? Good-morning, Mr. Edson, how is your wife this morning?"

"Better, sir, thank you; considerable better. She is sitting up to-day, and I came over, seeing she was feeling so smart, to see if you'd kindly lend me your paper. Wife said 'twould be good as cordial any day to hear me read one of those nice sermons."

Mr. Willis hastened nervously to forestall his wife's forthcoming declaration.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Edson, very sorry, but our religious paper didn't come this week. I'll find last week's copy for you, and next week I'll send over one of the children with this week's issue, if possible."

Nothing more was said on the subject until the family were seated at their ample dinner; then Jennie asked a little timidly:—

"Pa, are you going to take mamma's paper again?"

"Yes, Jennie, I am; and I'm going to black my own boots hereafter to help pay for it."

The children were very quiet for a moment; then Jennie asked thoughtfully:—

"And wouldn't it help if we didn't have raisins in the pudding? I'd a great deal rather have one nice story and a less-n every week than to have plums in our puddings."

"Yes, Jennie, that would help," replied the mother; "and as Margaret is about to leave, I'll hire a less expensive girl and do more of my own cooking; that will be a great saving in more respects than one. I miss the information and pleasure derived from my paper enough to make the extra effort willingly."

It was surprising how much happier they all felt, and when toward the last of the week the paper came, impulsive Jennie kissed it.

"Why, it looks just like an old friend," she exclaimed.

"Yes, and it is a friend in more ways than we realize, and not only a friend, but a help and a teacher," replied her mother.

Mr. Willis was silent; he saw the

child's enthusiasm and heard the mother's comment, but afterwards, when only his wife and himself were in the room, he said:—

"Wife, I am positively ashamed that I ever could have been so blind and stupid as not to properly appreciate the worth of a good religious paper. Absolutely ashamed that my poorer neighbors and my own children knew more of the worth and teaching of the religious press than I did. We will economize in some other direction than this in the future, do without something not actually indispensable to our comfort and satisfaction; and I promise you have heard the last from me you are ever likely to about not being able to afford one religious paper. We can't afford not to have it."

And that was how Mrs. Willis succeeded in stopping her religious paper.—*Golden Rule.*

Hast Thou No Work To Do.

O believer! art thou resting satisfied with thine own salvation, making no effort for the Lord's glory in the salvation of others? Has thy Master no work for thee? Are there no lost sheep to be followed, and "guided into the way of peace?" no sorrowing saints to be comforted? no children to be "brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?" Is there no "work of faith and labor of love," whereby thou mayest show thy gratitude to Him who has done so much for thee? Remember that the Son of man giveth "to every man his work." There is some special work for thee, which thou alone canst execute. Thou mayest feel thyself but a feeble instrument, and thy work may be a lowly, unostentatious one; but not a less, on that account, to thy Lord's glory, for "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things that are not, to bring to naught things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence." Every saint, whatever be his station, whether he be high or low, learned or unlearned, has a double mission to perform. His Lord sends him, as he did the restored Gadarene, on a mission of mercy to the unconverted around him, to his relations, his friends, his neighbors, all who are still in the darkness and captivity of sin. "Tell them," He says, "how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."

"Go out into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind."

The believer has also a ministry of love among his fellow-Christians. He has his own distinct place and office in the body of Christ; and if his appointed work is neglected, not only will his sloth and carelessness bring guilt and leanness on his own soul, but his fellow-members will suffer. We are told that the "whole body, fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love."—*Wesleyan Tract.*

RANDOM READINGS.

Every duty which is bidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.—*Charles Kingsley.*

Truth is a plant that grasps the soil and seeks the sun. From a firm foundation it rises higher and higher.

To see the hand of God in the present and to trust the future in the hand of God is the secret of peace.

Christian perseverance is like a plant under a stone. If it cannot get to sunlight any other way it will raise the stone and admit its rays.

Truth lies in character. Christ did not simply seek truth; he was truth, truth through and through; for truth is a thing not of words, but of life and being.—*Robertson.*

There is such a difference between coming out of sorrow, merely thankful for relief, and coming out of sorrow full of sympathy with and trust in Him who has released us.—*Phillips Brook.*

The best of life ought to be before and not behind us. Greater attainments, greater strength, greater blessedness. Waste not the days in idle regrets, in vain lamentations of the past, but, forgetting the things that are behind, our follies and failures, press onward and upward.

Heaven will be a world of peace and rest—for the "weary and heavy laden" will be there. "He gives his beloved sleep." They shall rest at last in the beautiful and tranquil world they thirsted for so long, where the spirit shall be always willing and the flesh never weak.—*Greg.*

The Bible, to one who is in the habit of devoutly reading it, begets in the soul a consciousness that excludes all doubt as to its truth. To that consciousness it comes with a

self-evidencing power that is both sufficient and conclusive. That man spontaneously believes, and really has no time, or taste, or place in his soul for doubts.

Bear Ye One Another's Burdens.

Who does not feel the need of a friend to help bear burdens? Nothing seems more pitiful than a soul struggling under the load of life alone—except that sometimes that is the only way we can be brought to know the sympathy of our great Burden-Bearer, then it becomes the sweetest lesson of our life. But Jesus said, "As my Father hath sent Me into the world, even so send I you." His work and mission he commits to His followers, and He teaches us by many blessed passages in the word that we should bear to each other the same relation of helpful sympathy that He bears toward us all, and that the ground of that helpfulness should be in us as in Him, unwearingly unselfish love. Love! no wonder the apostle sung of it in the inspired strains of the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians. What can bear burdens for another as love can bear them? "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." His law is Love.

The Secret of Good Work.

Some years ago I was brought in contact with a colored man. He was nothing but a cobbler. He said himself he was not a decent shoe-maker, and I can testify to that from some experience of his work. But if not elegantly done, it was thoroughly done; and that was the point. He told me that when he became too old and crippled to work in the field and house he took to cobbling. I said to him:

"My friend, after this cobbling on earth is done, how about that other world? Have you any hope for a better world?"

"Ah, master," said he, "I am nothing, as I told you, but a poor cobbler; but I feel, when I sit here and work at my stool, that the good Master is looking at me, and when I take a stitch it is a stitch, and when I put on a heel-tap it is not paper, but good leather."

It is not the work we do upon earth that makes the whole of life, but it is the way in which we do that work—it is the motive. "Thou God seest me."—*Christian at work.*

Conversation at Home.

Few things are more important in a home than is conversation, yet there are few things to which less deliberate thought is given. We take great pains to have our house well furnished. We select our carpets and pictures with the utmost care. We send our children to school that they may become intelligent. We strive to bring into our homes the best condition of happiness. But how often is the speech of our household left untrained and undisciplined!

The good we might do in our homes with our tongues, if we would use them to the limit of their capacity of cheer and helpfulness, it is simply impossible to state. That in most homes the best possible results from the gift of speech are not attained is very evident. Why should so much power for blessing be wasted? Especially, why should we ever pervert the gift and use our tongues to do evil, to give pain, to scatter seeds of bitterness? It is a sad thing when a child is born dumb; but it were better far to be born dumb, and never to have the gift of speech, than, having that gift, to employ it in speaking only sharp, unloving, or angry words.

The Silent Sermon.

It has been truly said that a holy life is a continual sermon. Though it be silent in its speech, yet it speaks with a force that cannot be unheeded, even by the most careless—a force that pulpit oratory never can attain, however eloquently it may be. We may extol the name of Jesus from the pulpit in words of eloquence and elegance, and be listened to with indifference; but let the humblest disciple of Christ manifest holiness in his daily walk and conversation; let him be meek and lowly as our Saviour was; patient under difficulties; bold and fearless in danger; trusting and confident in the darkest hour, and he wields an influence for Christ which all the eloquence and wisdom of this world cannot equal. Best of all sermons is the silent sermon of a holy life; and, indeed, without it all other preaching is useless and vain.—*J. S. Thorpe.*

In one of the daily prayer-meetings in Boston a little tow-headed Norwegian boy stood up. He could hardly speak English so as to be understood. He trembled all over, but with tears choking his voice he said: "If I tell the world about Jesus then will he tell the Father about me!" He took his seat. Those words went straight down in the heart of everybody present. "If I tell the world!" Yes, that is confessing Christ.—*Meedy.*

1888 UNIVERSITY 1888

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