

While to Bethlehem we are going.

While to Bethlehem we are going,
Tell me now, to cheer the mangel,
Tell me why this lovely infant
Quitted his divine abode?
"From that world to bring to this,
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Wherefore from His throne exalted
Came He on this earth to dwell;
All His pomp an humble mangel,
All his court a narrow cell?
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Why did He, the Lord Eternal,
Mortal pilgrim deign to be—
He who fashioned for His glory
Soundless immortality?
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Well, then, let us haste to Bethlehem;
Thither let us haste and rest;
For of all heaven's gifts, the sweetest,
Sure, is peace—the sweetest, best.

BENEFIT YOUR NEIGHBOUR.—If you have a neighbor who does not take a religious paper, introduce the INTELLIGENCER to him and solicit his subscription for it. Every family needs a religious paper; the parents need it, and the children need it. You will be conferring a benefit on them by persuading them to subscribe. Make an earnest effort to do them this good. Send a new name with your own renewal, and \$2.50 will pay for both.

Nellie's Gift.

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare."

"Church on Christmas Day?"
I think I hear you ask in surprise.
Yes; there was a union service of
all the churches in Oortown on that
happy day, of which I am going to
tell you, and I have never heard
that any one who attended that service
was sorry to have been there.
For you see there was so much to
pray for in those war days that the
fathers and mothers were glad to
come together even on Christmas
Day, and the brothers and sisters
gladly left their toys and games for
an hour, to pray God for the dear
ones so far from them.

At least so thought Nellie Make-
peace as she took her place beside
her parents and sang "Joy to the
world, the Lord has come," with the
rest. But the sermon was very soon
over.

"We have something to do to-
day," said the minister, as he closed
his Bible after a short talk to his
people. Two hundred refugees from
the South have just arrived. They
are hungry, cold. The "poor" the
"stranger," are in our midst. Inas-
much as ye did it unto one of the
least of these, ye did it unto Me."

"Let us go now, mother," pleaded
Nellie. "Let us go now and do
what we can to help them."

"Home first, dear, to tell grand-
ma and get a little dinner. Then
we can work better."

Nellie would rather have gone at
once to the hall where many of these
refugees were gathered, but mamma's
counsel prevailed. Never before
had a Christmas dinner been so
rapidly disposed of in Mr. Make-
peace's house, and soon with baskets
filled with food and clothes, with
holiday dress changes for working
day clothes, father, mother, and
Nellie hurried away.

Our little maid had never in the
twelve years of her life seen such as
met her eyes when they entered the
great room set apart for the comfort
and relief of these poor people.
Nor have you, dear children, living
in days of peace, ever seen such a
sight.

War is a dreadful thing. It had
driven out from their homes hun-
dreds and thousands of people, who
had gone, no one knew where.
Two hundred of these homeless poor
had been sent to Oortown, that the
kind hearts there might help them
find new homes somewhere in the
North.

They were the "poor whites" of
the South. Al ways poor, generally
shiftless, not fond of work, ill-
clothed, ill-fed, even in their best
days. Now their appearance was
pitiful indeed. Most of the women
and children were clad in their cot-
ton garments, while the men were
little better off for clothes this cold
Christmas Day. They had been
packed into baggage-cars, where
they had huddled together for
warmth in the straw like animals.
Their hair was tangled and matted,
their skin so dirty, one wondered if
cleanliness would ever be possible to
them again, and Nellie's mother
who had come partly prepared for
such a scene of misery, stood mute,
wondering if she could ever school
herself to go among these people
and help them.

But the good work had already
been begun, even while the good
minister was telling his people of the
wants of these refugees. Sup-
plies of clothing and food were pour-
ing in, and while many came to look
on, others went to work, feeding the
hungry, ministering to the aged
and sick, quieting the children.
Some had already been taken away
to be bathed, clothed, fed, and re-
turned to their friends later.
Among these a little girl named
Janie had gone.

Nellie, wandering among the
people with a face full of sympathy
for all the forms of distress which
she saw, found a little boy of three
or four years weeping bitterly. He

was, if possible more dirty and dis-
tressed looking than the rest, and
the little girl stopped at his side.
"What's the matter, little boy?"
Tell me," she begged again and
again.

"Janie, I want my Janie!" was
his cry, when she could at last un-
derstand it.

"Where is Janie?"
But to this question the answer
was not audible, and a woman sit-
ting near with a sick baby replied
that Janie was his sister, who had
gone to be cleaned and dressed.

"She'll come soon. Don't cry,"
said Nellie in her sweetest voice.
"Don't you want some milk or a bis-
cuit?"

"I want Janie my Janie!" was
all the answer he made.

Nellie could stand it no longer.
There was a little brother at home
who loved her just as this poor little
one loved Janie. Gathering him up
in her motherly arms, she caught at
a rocking-chair just vacated, and
soothed and sang to him as though
he were her own little Ned.

Mrs. Makepeace was bending over
one old woman, trying to persuade
her to take a cup of tea, when her
arm was touched, and a startled
look on a face of a friend frightened
her.

"What is it?" she asked quickly.

"Look at your Nellie! Just
look! She's rocking that dirty,
diseased boy, actually singing to
him! I wouldn't have my daughter
do it for the world! Do take him
away from her!"

Mrs. Makepeace left her place, and
stole softly behind Nellie, where
without being seen she could look
at the poor child. Dirty he was be-
yond question, thin and pale with a
ghastly pallor one seldom sees in
our Northern children; but there
were no marks of disease upon him.
He did not seem to be ill, only worn
out with weariness, and almost fam-
ished. As she looked the lids fell
over his eyes, and he slept.

"Isn't he too heavy for you, dear?"
Shall I not lay him down?" she
asked tenderly, coming in front of
Nellie.

"O no, for he may wake up be-
fore Janie comes. She's his sister.
She's gone to be cleaned and dressed.
She'll be here soon. He was
crying so hard, I couldn't help tak-
ing him up. You don't care, do you?
Mrs. Bruce and Miss Towne told
me I might catch the small-pox; but
I couldn't."

The mother hesitated for a mo-
ment, but the words of the Master
rang again in her ear: "Inasmuch as
ye did it unto one of the least of
these, My brethren"—and she an-
swered "You may hold him a little
longer. Janie will come soon, I
think, for Mrs. Church carried her
home. Ah! perhaps this little girl is
she."

Nellie was sure it was Janie; for
the child with nicely brushed hair,
clean skin, and neat, warm clothes,
in spite of her comfortable appear-
ance, looked like the little boy
asleep in her arms. She beckoned
to Janie, who was looking anxiously
around, and her eyes filled with
tears, as the sister drew him into
her own arms and kissed him tend-
erly.

Never mind about the rest. It
is too long a story to tell you how
these people were taken to different
homes in Oortown, fed, clothed, and
set to work in town or the country
about. Nellie never saw Janie or
her little brother again, for they
left town the next day, but her
little feet were very tired after all
the loving labor of the afternoon,
and when she put up her lips for
the good-night kiss, she said, pat-
ting the soft mother cheeks bending
over her, "You dear, good, kind,
faithful mother, this is just the best
Christmas Day I ever knew."

"And do you know why, dear
child? Because you have been giving
to others all day, instead of receiving
gifts as usual. And, Nellie, while
the rest of us there in the hall were
giving, too, I think your gift was a
little more Christ-like than the gift
of any other. We read that He put
His hands on the lepers, and touch-
ed those who were diseased; you
took up into your arms that little
boy so dirty, not another one in the
room would have touched him; you
gave yourself as Jesus did," and then
she repeated the beautiful lines I
have placed at the beginning of my
story:

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare."

Obedying a Wife.

A minister, traveling through the
village of Kettle, in Fife, was called
into an inn to officiate at a mar-
riage, instead of a parish minister,
who, from some accident, was un-
able to attend, and had caused the
company to wait for a considerable
time. While the reverend gentle-
man was pronouncing the admonition,
and just as he had told the bride-
groom to love and honor his wife,
the bridegroom interjected the words
"and obey" which he thought had
been omitted from oversight, though
that is a part of the rule laid down
solely to the wife.

The minister, surprised to find a

husband willing to be henpecked by
anticipation, did not take advantage
of the proposed amendment; on
which the bridegroom again re-
minded him of the omission: "Ay,
and obey, sir—love, honor and obey,
ye ken!" and he seemed very seri-
ously discomposed at finding that
his hint was not taken.

Some years afterward this same
clergyman was riding through this
village again when the same man
came and stopped him, address-
ing him said:

"Dye mind, sir, yon day when
ye married me, and I would insist
upon vowing to obey my wife? weel,
ye may now see that I was in the
right, whether ye was or no. I have
obeyed my wife; and behold, I am
now the only man that has a two-
story house in the hale town!"
—Selected.

"Unlucky Friday."

We have all seen persons who
were afraid to undertake any im-
portant work on Friday, lest "bad
luck" follow them. Those who in-
dulge this ridiculous superstition
will do well to read the following:

It is not an easy matter to dis-
cover at this time how it happened
that Friday was singled out as the
most unlucky day of the week above
all others, though the fact that the
Saviour was crucified on that day
is the most common explanation of
the idea that it is unlucky. But
"lucky" or not, Friday is, perhaps,
the most remarkable day of the seven
in nautical annals. Possibly some
reassurance might be given timid
sailors if they were furnished with
a list of successful enterprises that
were begun on Friday.

It will be enough here to mention
just one most remarkable example,
so conspicuous that it ought to out-
weigh thousands of trivial personal
experiences which sailors may have
noted. It was on Friday that Col-
umbus set sail from Spain on the
grandest undertaking that history
records, and, what is more, it was on
Friday that this wonderful voyage
was brought to a successful termi-
nation by the discovery of a New
World.

Spoiling Children.

The worst injury any parent can
inflict on society is to pet and spoil
their children in such a way that
when they grow up in the world will
regret that they did not die in in-
fancy. A mother allows her boy to
"answer her back" and treat her
rudely. Years after she has gone
to her account another person will
reap the bitter harvest of her weak-
ness. The spoiled son will have
taken to himself a wife, whom he
treats in the same rude manner
that he was permitted to adopt to-
wards his mother. A spoiled boy
may possibly become a worthy, re-
ligious man, but the effect of his
having been spoiled will be seen in
the large amount of dross that will
overlie the gold. He will be ill-
mannered, over-bearing, selfish, and
generally disagreeable. Mothers,
you can prevent this. When a boy
is given to you accept him not as a
plaything merely, but as a most
sacred trust—a talent to be put
to the best account. Train him to be
pure, truthful, independent. Teach
him to hate cruelty, to take the part
of the weak, to recognize the special
gentleness and respectful considera-
tion due to a woman, particularly
his mother and sisters. In this way
you may prevent your pets from
ever becoming pests.—*The Five
Talents of Woman.*

How to Save Boys.

Open your blinds by day and
light bright fires at night. Illumi-
nate your rooms. Hang pictures
upon your walls. Put books and
newspapers upon your tables. Have
music and entertaining games.
Banish demons of dullness and
apathy, and bring in mirth and
good cheer. Invent occupations for
your sons. Stimulate their ambitions
in worthy directions. While you
make home their delight, fill them
with higher purposes than mere
pleasure. Whether they shall pass
boyhood with refined tastes and
noble ambitions depends on you.
With exertion and right means, a
mother may have more control over
the destiny of her boys than any
other influence whatever.—*Apple-
ton's Journal.*

Better than Medicine.

A lady in New Hampshire recent-
ly gave a party on her eightieth
birthday. There was a most elabo-
rate supper, every single article, from
bread to cheese, and butter to pound
cake, having been made with her
own hands. When asked how she
kept herself so vigorous and healthy,
she replied, "By never allowing my-
self to fret over things I can not
help; by taking a nap, and some-
times two, every day of my life; by
never taking my washing, ironing,
and baking to bed with me, and by
oiling all the various wheels of a
busy life with an implicit faith that
there is a brain and a heart to this
great universe, and that I could
trust them both."

A Boy's Religion.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord
Jesus Christ, though he can't lead a
prayer-meeting or be a church officer
or a preacher, he can be a godly boy,
in a boy's way and a boy's place.
He ought not to be too solemn or
too quiet for a boy. He need not
cease to be a boy because he is a
Christian. He ought to run, jump,
play, climb, and yell like a real boy.
But in it all he ought to be free
from vulgarity and profanity. He
ought to eschew tobacco in every
form, and have a horror of intoxi-
cating drinks. He ought to be peace-
able, gentle, merciful, generous. He
ought to take the part of small boys
against large ones. He ought to dis-
courage fighting. He ought to re-
fuse to be a party to mischief, to
persecution, to deceit. And, above
all things, he ought now and then
to show his colors. He need not
always be interrupting a game to
say that he is a Christian; but he
ought not to be ashamed to say that
he refuses to do something because
it is wrong and wicked, or because
he fears God, or is a Christian. He
ought to take no part in the ridicule
of sacred things, but meet the ridic-
ule of others with a bold statement
that for the things of God he feels
the deepest reverence.—*Selected.*

Barefoot Christians.

A correspondent of the *Mid-Con-
tinent* calls the limping and halting
professors of religion who neglect
to take Paul's advice to the disciples
at Ephesus that their feet should be
"shod with the preparation of the
gospel of peace," "barefoot Chris-
tians." And here is one of his illus-
trations of the barefooted Christians.
There is Hiram Hasty. He is,
theoretically a good Christian. He
believes all the doctrines. He prays
in all the prayer-meetings. But he
has no patience with anybody at
home or abroad. He gets up in the
morning and begins to grumble
about something before he says his
prayers. He starts out to his daily
duties without seeking the Spirit of
Christ, and the result is that he
limps every step he takes; the limping
gives him pain, and makes him
cross. And so he goes about, poor,
barefoot Christian, limping and
scolding all the time. Now, if
Hiram would only remember his
Gospel shoes, and put them on as
promptly as he does his boots, he
would be a great deal happier, and
so would the people whom he meets
at home or abroad.

The Use of Adjectives.

Over-exactness in the use of
language is a fault into which young
people seldom fall. Most young
persons could greatly improve their
conversation if they would heed this
sensible advice:

Do not misuse your adjectives.
Do not call a thing that is merely
pleasing to the sight, handsome or
beautiful. Say a thing is "large"
not "huge" or "monstrous," unless
its size is really very unusual. If a
thing is good, let the word "good"
suffice. Do not say that it is
"splendid," "excellent," "incompar-
able." This particular offense you
and all young people habitually
commit. As you grow older, your
enthusiasm cools and we hear fewer
superlatives. It is better, however,
to accustom yourselves to keep
within bounds in youth.

The Well-Bred Girl.

She never accepts a valuable
present from a gentleman acquaint-
ance unless engaged to him.

She never takes supper or re-
freshments at a restaurant with a
gentleman, unless accompanied by a
lady older than herself.

She does not permit gentlemen
to join her on the street, unless they
are intimate acquaintances.

She never accepts a seat from a
gentleman in a street car without
thanking him.

She never snubs other young
ladies less popular or well favored
than herself.

She never wears clothing so
striking as to attract particular at-
tention in public.

She never speaks slightly of her
mother.—*Truth.*

DO YOUR DUTY.—If your station
is a humble one fill it to the best of
your ability, and that is all that
will be required of you. God only
wants now and then a Paul, a
Luther, a Calvin and a Moody, but
he always wants, and the world al-
ways wants, a multitude of men and
women ready to bury their lives in
the tunne's and mines of society,
away from the gaze of those who
seek a less noble and a less enduring
work. To a vast number of such
self-denying, humble workers, like
those "of whom the world was not
worthy," the state, the church and
society are most deeply indebted to-
day; and, though their names are
unknown and their deeds are un-
sung, yet in the world to come they
may have a fuller joy and a more
blessed inheritance than many who
are occupying a more conspicuous
place, and seem to be doing a larger
work in the world.—*Inquirer.*

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1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
1884	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1885	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
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