

The Vanishing Year.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

'Tis the milestone of the year!
Where are you in the race?
The New Year's open path is near,
And still we move apace.
On, on, with a song or tear,
While the days, the vanishing days, go by,
And the end of all is near!

And what, O friends, of the hour
With its lesson to thy soul?
Do you gain new faith and power
While the moments onward roll;
And look to the future now,
Yea, go to meet it too,
With the stamp of courage on thy brow,
And a heart both pure and true?

Do you turn with a thoughtful mind
And the ending months review;
Warm gratitude in your bosom find
And memories sweet as dew?
On, on, with a smile or sigh,
On, on, with a song or tear,
While the days, the vanishing days, go by,
And the end of all is near!

Your children need such a paper as the
INTELLIGENCER. Do not deprive them of it.

Hitherto And Henceforth.

BY REV. GEO. S. MOTT D. D.

Search the years gone by—the
Hitherto of your existence. You have
not walked in darkness always. Are
you a widow to day? You were once
the gay and happy bride. Is your
home desolated? Remember when the
cheerful ones gathered about your well-
filled table. Are you thinking of the
names upon the tombstones? Rejoice
that a lifetime they were yours—your
loved ones, whom you knew, whom
you cherished, and who lived you.
Sweetest lonely hours by living over
the companionship of the Hitherto.
A review of the past, which recalls be-
lievements, losses, disaster, the con-
sequences of which now entangle or
distress us, produces sadness. And
this arises because we dwell upon mis-
fortunes and pass over blessings. This
is a misuse of the past. We should
take the Hitherto as a whole, just as
the years made it up. The past was
not all night. A great deal of sunshine
came and stayed. To extract bitter
from all that has gone by does injustice
to God. That is to suck the comb and
leave the honey. "Oh! that I was in
months past, as in the days when God
preserved me; when his candle shined
upon my head." So sighed Job. Now
it would have been better had he let
the rays of that candle, even it were
then a distant star, fall into his dark-
ened home. We should think of past
blessings as stars set in the firmament
of the Hitherto; which, even though
from a night-surrounded sky, do yet
pour down upon us the serene light of
what has been. And so may mercies
we once enjoyed render us more
patient and hopeful amid the trials of
the present.

Here we stand, at this opening of
another year, as though on a narrow
neck of land between two seas. A
year has gone, and a year is coming.
And these are our Hitherto and our
Henceforth. We have had a past.
The future lies before us. The Hither-
to is a matter of record. The Hence-
forth is blank pages. And yet how
rapidly time fills up these pages, and
turns them over from the future into
the past. As we try to look ahead,
do any stand dumb, confused, forlorn,
almost fretful, feeling themselves in
the clamps of uncertainty? Let me
send you on your way with the smile
of faith on your countenance and not
cast down in despair. Hitherto hath
the Lord helped you. And this Hither-
to, like another yesterday, is ever at
our heels. It presses into the hours
of to-day. I base my assertion upon
God's own declaration, that he is the
same "yesterday, to-day and forever."
"I will never leave thee nor forsake
thee." "Cast thy burden on the Lord,
and he shall sustain thee." "Hath he
said, and shall he not do it?" Why,
then, need you tremble at anticipated
trouble? That hand that has borne you
up amid the waters hitherto will not
be withdrawn if the billows roll over
you again. That sacred presence
which cheered you in the dreary hour
will continue near if you enter the
cloud once more. The veterans of a
victorious legion lift up and follow the
flag which has attended them in many
a fierce conflict. It awakens a glow of
confidence as they march into new
strifes. And so let us, soldiers of the
cross, think of our banner, on which
we read, "Hitherto has the Lord help-
ed us." This tells of hopes that were
realized, as well as of fears that turned
into sorrows. Let us, then, walk in
the light of this Hitherto out into the
Henceforth. This is the life of faith.

But, in the weariness of your soul,
you may exclaim: "Must I carry my
burden this year also?" Perhaps so.
Yet the Lord will not keep that burden
on you any longer than he considers
necessary. There was a man who
always had a pack fastened upon the
lower part of his back. Whether
walking or working, he did not take it

off. He was bent over as he carried
it, and apparently the carrying of the
load caused him thus to stoop. One
day he was asked why he did not lay
aside that weight so that he might
walk upright. "Ah," he replied, "if
I put off this load, I could not walk at
all. This weight, fastened by straps
around my shoulders, alone keeps me
from falling forward. For the tendons
of my back will not support my body."
And the great Physician sees that we
must have that trial, disappointment,
care, grief, whatever constitutes the
burden—for we do better with it than
we could without it. He will make a
help out of the hindrance. A young
man had begun to walk in evil ways.
by an accident one of his legs was
broken, and he became a cripple.
This was the means of his conversion,
and he consecrated himself to the min-
istry of the gospel. That lameness,
was a memorial of God's blessing. Our
burden shall keep us steady, firm, and
enable us to walk, where otherwise
we might slip. Often we witness that
when encumbrances are removed, with
which an individual has been contend-
ing, he falls into snares, and is misled.
A loaded horse will not run away.
Hence the lad, who is held fast in the
bondage of struggles for a living, often-
est leads a correct life. He has neither
opportunities nor strength for dissipa-
tion. And so, looking to God
for assistance, our burden may be
made an Ebenezer—a stone of help,
and not a clog.

Among those who read these lines
are some whose Henceforth will be
short. They are looking at the sun,
as it nears the horizon. They can
survey a stretch of the Hitherto ex-
tending over sixty, maybe seventy
years. A life more or less busy, and
more or less prosperous has been
theirs. And yet they may not be free
from anxiety concerning the short
path they are yet to travel. A great
deal can occur, even in one year. But
the promise is "Lo I am with you even
unto the end." He will be constant.
A clergyman was an invalid two years
before he died. In that time he passed
through many trials. He resigned his
charge, although his people made
provision for him. His wife sickened
and died. Toward the end he remark-
ed, "I have lost my health, I have lost
my church, and I have lost my wife,
but I have not lost my Saviour." In
old age sit in the shadow of the Hither-
to. Hitherto hath the Lord helped,
and that is the pledge that he will
never forsake. Also, among those who
read these lines are some whose Hither-
to has been a mere span. But small
though it be, something can be learn-
ed. Already you have seen evil, and
have been tempted by it, and perhaps
have erred. You should have learned
your sinfulness, and weakness. You
have found out places where transgres-
sors congregate. Shun them. Con-
tinue not in any path of evil upon
which you may have entered. The
last year you neglected what should
have been performed. You did not
make the most of privileges. Shall you
Henceforth perpetuate the omissions
and transgressions of the Hitherto?
The Henceforth, under God, is in
your own hands. Hew out of it the
statue of a good name, and of a life
that shall be a benediction.

A good New Year present to your son
or daughter or friend is the INTELLIGENCER.

Growing With the Year.

Away back in the year 1854, two lit-
tle pine-trees were planted at the head
and foot of a grave in a quiet country
burying-ground. They were hardly
taller than the heads of the children
who watched the proceedings with in-
terest and affection. Years passed,
and the children grew up in another
State. When next they stood to-
gether by the peaceful grave, they
found that the little trees had grown
stately and tall, with their branches
interlocked over the silent sleeper,
and spreading their shade in every
direction. Birds nested in the boughs,
and the wind sighed and sung through
the green branches. Through the
score more years, the trees had ever
been growing higher, broader, more
deeply rooted, more beautiful to look
upon.

But the changes were not all in the
churchyard. The years had come and
gone over the village folk, and there
was nothing quite the same as of yore.
The old people had passed away, and
were buried near the moaning pines.
Babies had grown to manhood and
the youth of former days were now
the middle-aged men and women of
today. The years, however, had not
developed all alike. Some had grown
in every direction,—physically, intel-
lectually, spiritually,—to such an ex-
tent that there was no fear of their
ever returning to their former lives.
It would have been as easy to fold leaf
upon leaf of an oak, compress its
sturdy trunk, and crowd it back into
the acorn. Others seemed to have

have shrunk away, to have been
dwarfed and stunted, as the Chinese
dwarf their trees; while others yet
had grown only in physical stature,
the brain, the heart, the soul, having
never enfolded beyond the measure of
childhood. Life, which should mean
growth in every power and faculty,
had been swerved aside into narrow
channels. Nutrients for the physi-
cal man had been provided, but the
heart and soul were starving.

And is not this what we constantly
see going on all the time about us,
people growing in one direction,
standing still, or shrinking in others;
developing, perhaps, the intellect by
mental nourishment, letting the soul
pine away from inanition? The well-
rounded man or woman is rare. But
there was never a time when every
power and faculty of a man's being
could be so well developed as in this
age. If we starve, it is the fault of
our own indolence; for the harvest is
abundant in every field.

We may be unconscious of one-sided
development, as men may become
blind in one eye and not discover it.
We may think that we are growing as
we ought, well-rounded, tall, with fast
roots, till we meet one whom we in-
stinctively recognize as possessing
every grace; and, on comparing our-
selves with him, we first realize how
meagre and unsatisfactory are our own
attainments. Or, if, happily, we have
faithfully tried to cultivate every
faculty, how quick is the response in
our own natures to that which is high-
est and best in those whom we ad-
mire! Genuine friendships rest on
this ability of persons to respond to
one another in that which appeals to
the noblest in us. Friends may be
parted for years; but, if each has been
growing as he was ordained, they find
on reunion that the same sympathies,
the same tastes, that made them con-
genial before, but deepen that sym-
pathy, so that their thoughts may be
interlaced as the branches of the two
pines were interwoven about the lone-
ly grave.

And it is only in proportion as we
learn on every side that we can come
into sympathetic contact with the
workers of the world. We may not
lay aside our own appointed
task to actually share in every
effort for the betterment of humanity;
but sympathy founded on knowledge
is in itself helpful, and those who are
carrying life's burdens find them
lighter if upborne by the intelligent
good will of men and women whose
approval is worth having. The years
are not doing for us what they should,
unless with their passage our lives
grow better, broader, purer.—Guard-
ian.

During the holidays is an excellent time
to seek new subscribers. Try for some.

Setting the Face Toward Christ.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

The new year is a time to make new
departures. Some of my readers may
look back over the year 1888, and feel
like writing under its record "Nothing
but leaves." It was a barren year, bar-
ren in prayer, in work, and in the
fruits of the Spirit. Fold up the un-
profitable record, my friend, and lay
it away; tears will not bring back
again any of its lost opportunities.
"This battle is lost," said Napoleon to
one of his marshals; "but there is time
enough before sundown to fight an-
other." The bugles sounded to a fresh
rally, and the sun went down on the
imperial eagles triumphant.

Begin the new year by setting your
face like a flint towards Jesus Christ.
Backsliding always begins with turn-
ing away the eye from Him; whichever
way the face looks, the footsteps tend.
While Paul was "looking unto Jesus,"
he was not diverted from the straight
road by any side-attraction, and he
held on toward the heavenly prize.
As soon as a professed Christian ceases
to keep his eye on God's Book as his
guide, on Christ's Cross as his only
hope, on Christ's example as his model,
and Christ's service as the chief end
of life, he is a backslider. His coun-
tenance cannot shine when it is turn-
ed away from his Saviour, any more
than when our globe can when it is
turned away from the sun.

Our Lord drew sharp lines and made
clean issues. Whoever was unwilling
to take up his cross daily and follow
Jesus, could not be a disciple. There
was no room in the little band for
"Mr. Two-Tongues" or "Mr. Facing-
both-ways." The man who put his
hand to the plough and looked back,
was not fit, i. e., he "was not well
put for the kingdom of God." All the
most effective characters in the Bible—
Caleb the steadfast, Elijah before
Ahab, Nehemiah who said "Yet not I,"
Daniel in Babylon, and Paul at Nero's
bar—all these were men who stood
straight in their shoes, with their faces
set like a flint. Looking only one way,
they never grew confused, they never
missed their aim or lost the road.

A religion of this fibre is at a pre-
mium in these days. An ungodly
world will be compelled to observe
such Christly living; every one who
reflects Christ, becomes a fixed star
whose light cannot be hid. God him-
self loves to behold those who carry
Jesus in their faces.

Begin this new year, my friend, by
showing yourself where you have been
quite too much a stranger. One Week
of Prayer will not be enough; you
need every week to be where Jesus
gathers His disciples. Go and call on
your pastor, and confess that you have
been a delinquent; give him to under-
stand that this year he may count on
you as his "backer" in every good
work. If you are kept from the house
of God on any Sabbath, find a substi-
tute; invite some church-neglecting
neighbor to go and occupy your seat.
Perhaps he may hear a message that
will save his soul. Follow up every
faithful discourse your pastor preaches
with prayer, and with personal efforts
for the conversion of those you can
reach. Pull with your pastor, never
against him. Strengthen his hands in
the Lord as Jonathan strengthened
David's when he needed encourage-
ment. Your example will kindle
others; and when the whole Church,
or any large portion of it, gets into
line, facing the impenitent to persuade
them to become Christians, and facing
every duty before them—then a re-
vival has begun. What a happy New
Year God will give you!

One new subscriber from each present
one is what we are asking for. Can't you
get one?

An Experiment.

"We must retrench next year,"
said John to Mary, his wife; "busi-
ness is dull, and next year I shall
clear nothing. If we do not eat into
our capital, I shall be glad."

"Very well, John," said Mary;
"let us sit down and figure it out."

Both John and Mary were in the
habit—a very good one, by the way—
of keeping accounts. Mary had a
book in which all her expenditures
were entered under different heads;
so she could, by turning to it, tell the
cost of every article of furniture in the
house and the date of its purchase, the
amount of grocery, fuel, and gas bills
for each year she had kept house, and
a statement of her expenditures of
clothing for herself and children.
John kept an account of his various
disbursements; so he knew where all
his money went. Having these data
before them, it was comparatively
easy to map out the outlays for the
coming year.

They had been accustomed to spend
money freely, for it came in freely;
but they thought they could be just
as happy and spend less, even though
they were not compelled to practice
economy. Of course, the necessities
of life, fuel, food, light, and clothing,
were amply allowed for. Expen-
sive viands and costly desserts were
decided against. Mary thought she
could with taste and contrivance in
remodeling her wardrobe have little
need of adding to it, and she would let
her children wear their clothes a little
closer than they were wont to do. A
certain allowance was made for sick-
ness. A certain sum very much
smaller than usually appropriated was
set aside for travel, recreation, and
amusements. They determined that
they would walk more and ride less;
that before going to a distance for
pleasures they would exhaust those
near at hand, and develop the latent
possibilities of recreation in their own
family and their social circle. After
allowing for every contingency, John
was surprised to find how small a sum
was required to provide all they really
needed to make them comfortable.

The programme was rigidly adhered
to. At the end of the year they
found they had every thing they
needed, and their saving was the re-
sult of spending according to a fixed
programme, rather than buying from
impulse the various seemingly desirable
things which tempted them to spend
their money. This one feature of
their plan John estimated had saved
them \$1,000.

That year was, according to John's
statement, made a few days ago, one
of the very happiest of his married
life, and his wife indorsed his state-
ment with emphasis.

A Word in Season.

A lady was once writing a letter to
a young man in the navy who was al-
most a stranger to her. She desired
at the close to say some word for
Christ and so she wrote, "Here we
have no continuing city," and asked if
he could say, "I seek one to come."
She sent the letter and when the
answer came, it contained these sen-
tences: "Thank you so much for
those kind words. I am an orphan
and no one has spoken to me like that
since my mother died long years ago."
The word spoken in season bore
abundant fruit.

RANDOM READINGS.

Religion is not a dogma, nor an
emotion, but a service.

The heavenly kingdom is one of
honor. Every seat is a throne, and
every subject is a son of the King.

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

A little sin may ruin your whole
life, as a rat may gnaw a hole through
a dike and let the river flood the state.

When the forenoons of life are
wasted, there is not much hope of a
peaceful and fruitful evening.

There is not a single spot between
Christianity and atheism upon which
one can safely or firmly fix his foot.—
Emmons.

Childhood is a delicate thing to
manipulate. It is like handling a
butterfly with satin wings. Its beauty
and delicacy are easily marred.

The one who will be found in trial
capable of great acts of love is ever
the one who is always doing consider-
able small ones.—F. W. Robertson.

The man who sits down and waits
to be appreciated will find himself
among the uncalled for baggage, after
the limited express has gone by.

When we are most filled with
heavenly love, and only then, are we
best fitted to bear with human infir-
mity, to live above it and forget its
burdens.

Theories may be beautiful, they
may contain some truth, but experi-
ence knows all their romance on one
side, and brings them to a test of their
real value.

A state to prosper must be built on
foundations of a moral character; and
this character is the principal element
of its strength and the only guaranty
of its permanence and prosperity.—J.
L. Curry.

Irreverent Use of Scripture.

Some Christians have a pernicious
habit of turning passages of Scripture
into jokes. It is hard to estimate the
injury which results from such irrever-
ence. Often a phrase loses all its
beauty and force because it is associ-
ated in our minds with some shallow
witticism. As Belshazzar brought out
the sacred vessels of the temple to
adorn his banquet-table, so people will
sometimes make use of the sacred
words of Scripture to point a jest and
to lighten festivity. I heard once of
a man whom his friends strove to com-
fort on his death-bed with some pre-
cious promises of God's word, but he
complained that they had no serious
meaning to him, but only brought to
his mind, even at that solemn hour,
the jokes with which they had been as-
sociated in his early days. Such a
practice of jesting with Scripture is as
if a man should cut down, beforehand,
the bridge by which he would after-
ward hope to cross a river.

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

A letter addressed to one of our
preachers has recently fallen into our
hands. It reads thus: "Yesterday,
after you were here, I picked up the
rags and sent them to the store, and
they would fetch 18 cents in cash and
27 cents in trade, so it came into my
mind to take it in sugar, and perhaps
you would take it, and that would
make my missionary fee." The pastor
adds: "Of course I took the sugar." He
tells us that this poor woman washes
and cleans to dress and provide for
her children, and adds: "This spirit
will take the world for Christ."—Se-
lected.

HOLINESS is self-demonstrative. He
whose heart is pure, surrounds him-
self with a spiritual atmosphere
and adorns his life with a constant
succession of godly and benevolent
actions. As a man travelling to a dis-
tant country thinks, reads, and talks
of the land he longs to see, so the holy
man thinks, reads, and speaks of the
city of God whether he is journeying.

Hoping to receive an inheritance in
that dwelling-place of sinless souls,
"he purifieth himself as He is pure." The
strongest desire of his soul is ex-
pressed in those lines of St. Ambrose:

"Meet for Thy realm in heaven,
Make me, O holy King!
That through the ages it be given
To me Thy praise to sing."

How FEW ARE RICH.—It is prob-
able, to say the least, that fully ninety
per cent. of the whole body of the
people spend nearly all that they earn;
of this ninety per cent. a portion may,
by setting aside a moderate part of
their small earnings, become the own-
ers of a house, or become depositors in
a savings bank, or insure their lives in
a moderate way; of the remaining ten
per cent. a part have enough to pro-
tect themselves against want in their
later years, and a very small part may
become rich, and then need not work
unless they choose.—Edward Atkin-
son, in the Forum.

1888 UNIVERSITY 1888

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And all COLLEGES in the Mari-
time Provinces.

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phen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Wood-
stock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Ed-
mundston, and points North.
12.00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St.
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3.15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St.
John, and points East.
ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.
9.25 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction,
St. John, and points East.
2.30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction,
Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Bos-
ton, and points West; St. John, St.
Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and
Woodstock, and points North.
7.15 P. M.—Express from St. John and
intermediate points; St. Stephen,
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