

Motto for 1889.

BY REV. GEORGE TOMPKINS.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"
—Acts ix, 6.
Something, Lord, something every day,
It may not be very much;
Pray something for lips to say,
Or something for hands to touch;
I fain would show that my love is true,
Give me Lord, something for these to do,

But how shall I know thy will?
How, how shall I do it best?
So that I spoil not, nor shrink,
Nor weary before the rest.
Thyself be my teacher, Lord, that I
May learn, and copy, and satisfy.

So that without, or within,
I may do something for thee;
Denying both self and sin,
For the love that died for me;
Earnestly asking should doubts arise,
Thy will what to do, or service.

Oh! quicken my ears to hear,
Lord open my eyes to see;
Every day in this new year
Let me do something for thee;
With thee beginning a Sabbath sweet,
And lay the year crowded with work at
thy feet.

Free Baptists cannot know much about
their own ministers and churches and the
work they are doing, unless they read the
INTELLIGENCER.

Facing The New Year.

Mrs. Ayre woke on New Year's Day with a groan. It was a dark, drizzling morning. She had neuralgia in her right eye. Baby had screamed with colic half the night. Her husband had not given her a word of sympathy or kindness, though she knew he was awake. He had been moody and ill tempered for days. Jane, the girl of all work, had given warning the night before. Worst of all, Robert, her eldest son, had not come home until midnight. He had fallen in with some idle fellows of late, and it was, she thought, owing to this companionship that his standing at college was so low. She went down stairs, her soul feebly staggering under this burden of woes, and opened the windows.

"In my affliction I called unto the Lord," she repeated, looking into the murky sky. Suddenly a gust of sense and courage swept through her like a fresh wind. Afflicted? Why, God was behind all these petty worries, just as the sun was back of this drenching rain. Had she no faith at all? Was she to go with a whine and lamentation to meet the new year? God was in it, also.

She stiffened herself, body and soul. With the tears still on her cheeks, and the choking in her throat, she began to sing a gay little catch of which she was fond, and ran to her room again to put on a fresh collar and a pretty cravat. She had twenty things to do before breakfast, but she sang on while she was about them. It was a foolish little song, yet, out of it, a singular courage and life stole into her heart.

"With prayer and thanksgiving—and thanksgiving—make known your requests unto God," she remembered. She passed through the kitchen, stopping to wish Jane a Happy New Year, with a joke. The Irish and the song and joke fell into Jane's Irish heart like a blazing rocket into a dark place.

She chuckled as she stirred the potatoes. The work at the Ayre's wasn't so heavy after all, and herself had a pleasant way with her, and there was the prizes now and then. In two months she would have enough past her to send for her sister, an—it's likely Tim Flaherty would be crossin' about that time. Jane brought in the breakfast with red cheeks and a broad smile. There was no more talk of warning from her.

Mr. Ayre, lying awake in bed, was tempted to wish the morning would never dawn. He was a close mouthed, undemonstrative man, who shut his troubles down out of sight. But the weight of them just now was more than he could bear. Things were going wrong at the works; every day he discovered mistakes and petty frauds. He was growing old; he was behind the times. Younger manufacturers were supplanting him in the market. Sharper eyes than his was needed to watch the men and the books. As far as his business was concerned, he was in a miserable blind alley, from which he saw no exit.

But the hurt which was sorest was no matter of business. Robert was low in his Greek class, and still lower in Latin. He was growing reckless, running with low companions. What he had hoped from that boy! For himself he had no ambition—but for Robert! He was to be a great lawyer like his grandfather. But he was going to the dogs—at nineteen!

For days Mr. Ayre had borne his misery in grim, ill-humored silence. But now in his stern despair he felt he had been silent too long. He would speak in a way which Robert would remember to his dying day. He got up, resolving, as he pulled on his boots, that the boy should either turn over a

new leaf that day, or leave the house.

"If he is set on going to ruin, it shall not be under my roof! I'll not palter with him!" he thought, his jaws set and pale. "I'll disown him."

Just then a cheery song rang through the house. It was the very spirit of good sense and courage. Poor Hetty! She had been sick all night, and worried with that crying child, and there she was facing the new year with a song! "And I behaved like a brute to her," thought Mr. Ayre.

He was very fond of his wife. As he stood shivering himself he listened to her song, and his lips trembled a little. Hetty used to sing Rob to sleep with that ditty when he was a baby. What a big fellow he was! Big in every way. There never was anything mean or sneaking about Rob—a headlong, affectionate, foolish lad.

He listened as he brandished the razor, holding counsel with himself in the glass. There could be no doubt that Hetty had twice his courage to face disaster. It was her faith, perhaps. As he laid down the razor, he nodded to himself, almost with a smile. "I reckon I was too hard on the boy. I'll give him another chance."

He heard Rob's step on the stairs, and opened the door, waiting.

Rob had awakened with an aching head. Defeat at school, the foul talk of his last night's comrades, his first drink of whiskey, all tore at the poor boy's brain. He rose sullen, and ready for fight. His father and mother would both attack him, no doubt. He was tired of lecturing. He would cut loose, and earn his own bread like a free man.

Just then his mother's voice reached his ears. It was full of tenderness and cheerful hope. It was that old song she used to be always singing. He listened with a forced smile. But presently his face softened. Things insensibly began to look brighter. It was impossible that life had reached so terrible a crisis. There was the savory smell of breakfast coming up, and the children laughing, and his mother singing gaily. He came down the stairs with a sudden throbbing at his heart.

Could he go back, and begin all over again? He had been an innocent boy a year ago. If father would only hear reason for a minute—

His father looked out of his door. "Rob, my son," he called pleasantly.

"Yes, dad," the boy answered, stopping eagerly. "Come in; I want to have a minute's talk with you. You were out late last night. You are often out late."

Robert looked him straight in the eyes.

"Yes, father, I've been in bad company. I know it. I'm ashamed of myself."

"Your mother does not give you up," said Mr. Ayre irritably. "She has great faith in you. I don't see how she can begin the new year with a song. Between you and the trouble at the works, I feel as if my reason was going."

"What is wrong at the works?" said Rob, anxiously. "Sit down, father! Don't give me up. Have a little faith in me. With God's help I'll start afresh. Don't give me up."

Mr. Ayre looked sharply into the boy's face. It was honest; it bore the mark of no bad passion. Perhaps he had not understood Rob—perhaps he had made some mistake in managing him.

"Why do you waste your time, and my money Robert? You are doing no good in your studies!"

"Father," said Rob, boldly, "I'll tell you the truth. I hate books. I never shall be a scholar. Let me go to work. Put me in the factory to learn the business. That is what I have wanted all my life. I don't care how hard the work is!"

Mr. Ayre's countenance changed as if a cloud had vanished and the whole face of the earth had lightened. Here was the answer to the riddle! Of course the boy was meant for business! Cool, shrewd, honest, wide-awake. Why had he been so blind?

"We must talk it over, Robert. We must talk it over."

His voice fairly trembled with excitement. He shut the door.

Mr. Ayre was called half a dozen times in vain to breakfast. He came at last with Robert. The two men had bright, pleased faces.

"Well, mother!" cried Mr. Ayre, "Rob and I have a grand scheme. He is to be my right-hand man in the works. Confidential clerk until he learns the business, and then junior partner. What do you say to that? I declare I feel as if a mountain had been lifted from my back!"

Rob was standing behind his mother. He pulled back her head and kissed her. She said nothing, but the happy tears rained down her cheeks.

"I'm going to begin all over again," he whispered.

"Thank God! I knew it would all come right."

"Breakfast, breakfast!" cried Mr. Ayre, setting to work vigorously, while the children drummed on their platters. But Rob stood by his mother, gently stroking her hand.

"Dear old mammy!" he said, "that was a good song of yours this morning!"

"Yes, Hetty," said her husband. "Your voice is as sweet as ever. But your heart seemed to be singing to day, and to good purpose." —*Congregationalist.*

The circulation of Christian periodicals is one of the best ways of advancing the Redeemer's Kingdom.

A Bright Home.

Nursery and play-rooms should have plenty of sunshine. The ancient Athenians attributed much of their beauty and health to sunbaths, which were taken regularly. In some hospitals there is a uniform system of "sun-cure," where the patient is subjected to direct rays of the sun for different lengths of time. Little children should have plenty of sunshine. It is just as necessary in order to make them strong and healthy, as to insure the growth and strength of a plant.

We live too much in the dark. It is fashionable to have the shades drawn down, and so we draw them down, regardless of the fact that we are shutting out health and freshness and sweetness, and inviting mustiness and gloom and disease to our homes.

Have the walls of the nursery painted or kalsomined; never paper them, for paper often contains poisonous coloring matter. An instance of its effect was recently shown in the little child of a friend. Mischievous, as all babies are, he secured the washrag in his mother's absence and industriously washed the wall-paper (which was of a brown and gold color) sucking the rag at intervals. Though the mother was away but a few minutes, the child had taken enough poison into its system to throw it into convulsions and seriously endanger its life.

See that your house is furnished so that every part can be used, and so that the children will feel at home and at liberty to play and enjoy themselves.

The happiest home I know is one that is comfortably and tastefully but not luxuriously furnished, where the boys have their corner and plenty of places to put things, and where they can invite their friends. A part of their bed-room is fitted up in winter as a shop, where they can enjoy themselves without the fear of spoiling or breaking things. They are the envy and their mother is the admiration of their boy friends, all of whom say they like to visit here better than any place else. The home is not as showy as many another, but from its door will be nobler, gentler, better men, for the kindly interest and thoughtfulness of the mother's love that could make "a place for the boys." —*G. E. Symonds, in Woman.*

Every home needs a religious paper.

Wise Words to Parents.

"We must learn and practice ourselves what we want our children to learn and practice," says the author of "How to be Happy Though Married," in his new book, "The Five Talents of Woman," just published by the Scribners. "Some of us may have smiled sadly at the account of the poor young mother who wondered why her baby should be such a starveling, 'when we give it a little of whatever we take ourselves, some red herring, a bit of cheese, a sup of beer,—but too many of us administer mental and moral diet quite as inappropriate. The number of babies born annually into the world is about 43,000,000; daily, 117,808; per minute, 80. It is sad to reflect how many of these helpless ones, who never asked to be born, are dragged up, anyhow, rather than brought up as immortal beings should be. Above all we should be truthful with our children. The popular practice of teaching them to seem, instead of to be, and of cultivating 'company manners,' destroys the frankness and transparent candor which constitute the great charm of childhood. Never promise your child anything, either a bun or a beating, without giving it. It is also very wrong for a mother to put all the disagreeable duty of correcting children upon the father, and reserve all the petting to herself. If she act the part of a guardian angel, to whom the children can run when reprimanded by their father, this selfishness does those whom she professes to love great injury. The children come to regard their father as a family bugbear, whereas what he does contrary to the wishes of the child may be for its permanent good, and show far more real love than the weak indulgence of its mother."

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The Power of Grace.

As to the power which the gospel exerts over such barbarians as have embraced it in lively faith, we have a fine example from the South Seas, of the most recent date. Shortly before his visit to England the missionary, Mr. Taylor, assembled the New Zealanders who had become believers through his means. The religious farewell service, held in the closely packed church, closed with the communion of the Lord's Supper. When the first row were kneeling in a semicircle round the table of the Lord, a man suddenly rose and went back the whole length of the church to his seat. After some time he returned and partook of the bread and the wine. After the close of the service, the missionary questioned the islander respecting his singular behaviour, and received the following answer: "When I approached the table, I did not know by whom I should have to kneel. Then I suddenly saw that I was beside the man who, some years ago, slew my father and drank his blood, whom I then swore I would kill the first time that I should see him. Now, think what I felt when I suddenly knelt beside him! It came upon me with terrible power, and I could not prevent it, and so I went back to my seat. Arrived there, I saw in the spirit the upper sanctuary, and seemed to hear a voice: 'Thereby shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.' That made a deep impression upon me, and at the same time I thought that I saw another sight—a cross and a Man nailed thereon—and I heard him say: 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' Then I went back to the table."

Try to get at least one new name to send with your own.

Resolutions For The New Year.

1. That I enter upon it with a clean heart, a loving spirit, and a Bible conscience.
2. That I enter upon it with "malice toward none and charity for all."
3. That I will attend every public service unless detained by a reason which I can ask God to accept.
4. That I will attend the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting.
5. That I will erect a family altar.
6. That I will read the Bible more than last year.
7. That I will "contribute of my earthly substance, according to my ability, to the support of the gospel and the various benevolent enterprises of the church," as I solemnly promised before God and my brethren I would do when I united with the church.
8. That I will not speak evil, "particularly of magistrates and ministers," because it is wrong, and because I also said that I would be cheerfully governed by the rules of the Church.
9. That I will have an eye single to the glory of God and the interests of his church on earth in all I say and do.
10. That I will do my best to make this the best year in my religious experience and in the history of the church to which I belong.
11. That I will be a manly man, a womanly woman—a true Israelite.
12. That I will daily and hourly live prepared to change worlds.
13. That I will by the blessing of God endeavor to make the world better by being in it.

How To Use The Sword.

A master at arms was once asked by a pupil whom he was teaching how to use the rapier, "Why don't you teach me the parries?" I have learned all the lunges," "My friend," said the tutor, "Let the Spaniard you are to fight do the parrying."

A good many Christian writers might get a valuable hint from this swordsman. They have stood on the defensive too long, and have learned too many parries;—let them learn the lunges now, and let the other men do the parrying. Let them not wait for infidels and scoffers to assail them, but take the offensive, and carry the war into Africa, and by voice and pen and press put the gainsayers to silence.

There is little trouble about meeting infidelity when God's servants gird on the whole armor, and take the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God, and go at it. But if men don't know how to use their own weapons, how can they expect to fight? If people do not understand their Bibles, do not study them, and dare not preach them squarely and boldly, how can they meet the adversaries, or put to flight the armies of the aliens?

It is an awful condemnation for a man to be brought by God's providence face to face with a great possibility of service and of blessing; and then to show himself such that God has to put him aside, and look for other instruments.—*Dr. Mc-Laren.*

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1878.	127,505.87.	773,895.71.	3,374,683.14
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
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