

## The Last Day of the Year.

This year is just going away,  
The moments are finishing fast;  
My heart, have you nothing to say  
Concerning the things that are past?  
Now, while in my chamber alone,  
Where God will be present to hear,  
I'll try to remember and own  
The faults I've committed this year.

O Lord, I'm ashamed to confess  
How often I've broken Thy day;  
Perhaps I have thought of my dress,  
Or wasted the moments in play;  
And when the good minister tried  
To make little children attend,  
I was thinking of something beside,  
Or wishing the sermon would end.

How often I rose from my bed  
And did not remember my prayer,  
Or if a few words I have said,  
My thoughts have been going elsewhere.  
Ill-temper, and passion, and pride,  
Have grieved my dear parents and Thee,  
And seldom I really tried  
Obedient and gentle to be.

But, Lord, thou already hast known  
Much more of my folly than I,  
There is not a fault I can own  
Too little for God to descry;  
Yet hear me and help me to feel  
How wicked and weak I must be,  
And let me not try to conceal  
The largest or smallest from Thee.

The year is just going away,  
The moments are finishing fast;  
Look down in Thy mercy, I pray,  
To pardon the sin that is past;  
And as soon as another begins,  
So help me to walk in Thy fear  
That I may not with follies and sins,  
So foolishly waste a new year.

If you think you must lessen expenses,  
Drop something else rather than your  
gayer.

## TIM'S CHRISTMAS.

BY LIZZIE MAY SHERWOOD.

Tim was Farmer Worden's chore boy. Poor Tim, there never had been much sunshine in his life of ten years. His mother died before he could remember, his father was a miser, and he had no brothers or sisters. His life at the "Poor Farm" was mostly kicks and cuffs, course fare and little of it, and the continual fear and dread of a rude, overgrown boy, with whom he was compelled to sleep, who was always relating some horrible story or playing cruel tricks upon him.

At ten, Tim was considered old enough to earn his own living, and he was "bound out" to Farmer Worden. His life was little if any brighter, for the farmer was a stern old miser, as cross as a bear, always scowling, and grumbling, and finding fault, and his wife was an inveterate scold. She never had had any children of her own, and had no love or patience with them. Indeed the only bit of sunshine which had thus far brightened little Tim's rough pathway, was Josie West, the farmer's adopted daughter. Being an orphan herself she knew something of Tim's trials, and whenever an opportunity offered, never failed to give him pleasure. Tim, in return, lavished upon her all the love of his youthful heart. It was so new, and strange, and pleasant to love and be loved.

We wish we might say Tim was a pretty child. His hair was red, his face freckled, his eyes a faded blue, and his nose had a decided turn upward; but he was a bright scholar, apt to learn, and really studious for one so young.

One thing which was certainly commendable in Farmer Worden respecting Tim was that he kept him regularly at school, and Tim was making the best of his privileges.

Mr. Simms, Tim's teacher, called one evening upon the farmer to speak of Tim's rapid progress, and begged him to give him every advantage, as he felt sure he should yet make his mark in the world.

The children of Judge Perry, Ray, a boy of twelve and Mabel, a sweet-faced girl of ten, were among Tim's school-mates. They had heard his history from Josie West, and were much interested in him. Ray acted as his body-guard, when the thoughtless boys were inclined to annoy him, as they often did.

The only real Thanksgiving that Tim had ever enjoyed had come and gone, and now as the holidays drew on apace, three heads were often seen together doing some serious thinking and planning for Tim.

Ray Perry rushed into the house one afternoon, boy fashion, shouting, "Mamma, mamma, where are you?" Not finding her below, he ran up stairs, two steps at a time.

"Josie West, and Mabel, and I have such a jolly surprise for Tim Smith. Would you believe he never had a Christmas present in his life, nor ever saw a tree. If we can get old Worden to consent, we will make him open his eyes, I tell you."

"Not 'old Worden' my dear, but Mr. Worden," corrected his mother.

"Pardon me, mamma, but that is what everybody calls him any way.

He is so ugly. Why, I stopped just a moment to-night on my way from school, to talk with Tim about the spelling match next week. Mr. Worden came along and saw us, and you should have heard him order Tim to do his chores. He gave him a scowl and a kick, and told me I had better be in better business than keeping boys from their work. I don't see how he stands it. I believe I'd run away."

"No, dear, it is so much more brave to suffer wrong than to do wrong. It is severe discipline, I know for poor Tim, but if he is a 'diamond in the rough,' as Mr. Simms thinks, all this rough treatment will give him greater lustre by and by. I am real glad you and Mabel will share your Christmas cheer with him. Perhaps I can help you in your plans. What are they?"

"Of course you can, mamma. That is just why I am here this minute. We have thought of a hundred things we might do, but cannot settle on anything. I told Josie you'd know just what we wanted. We won't have a tree, because if you and Mr. Worden agree, we'll have him here to ours. We can, can't we, mamma? But what we do want is some good surprise to put in his room. Something that will make him stare. You know Uncle Ned gave me five dollars, and I was to make five boys' hearts glad Christmas morning, and I intend poor Tim's shall be the happiest of all."

"That is good, my son. Now, run down to the office with these letters for me, and while you are gone, I will put on my thinking cap, and see what can be done."

Christmas Eve came at last. Mr. Worden, strange to say, had consented to allow Josie and Tim the evening at the Judge's.

All rightly guessed it was through Mabel's influence. If the farmer had a tender spot in his heart, she evidently had found it, for his stern features always relaxed whenever she appeared, and though his smiles were usually grim enough, she was sure to receive one. Mabel was somewhat astonished herself when she asked him for a mammoth pumpkin he had carried to the fair, to find her request granted. She could hardly believe her own ears when he said, "Why, yes, child, take it and welcome, but a smaller one would be better for pies."

How she laughed and clapped her hands as she replied, "Oh, Mr. Worden, I don't want it for pies. We want it for a Christmas Box for Tim."

The farmer looked mystified, nevertheless he produced the overgrown vegetable and presented it to her. She thanked him heartily, said Bob, their hired man, would call for it presently, and then with one of her sweetest smiles bade her good by.

Mr. Worden stood leaning upon his pitchfork, looking after the little white hood and grey cloak, saying half aloud to himself, "That bit of a gal is the most like a sunbeam of anything I ever see. She aint long for this world, I reckon. I never—" but all at once the white hood and grey cloak stopped, turned and back they came.

Two very rosy cheeks and a pair of eager eyes looked up into his face. Two blue mittens grasped his bony hand, and a pleading voice said: "Please, Mr. Worden, couldn't you—oh, if you only would! Please won't you buy Tim a sled? He hasn't any you know, and never can have any fun. Please do!" The bony hand was pressed tighter in the blue mittens, and tears were glistening now in the anxious eyes.

The old man never knew just what reply he made, he only remembered feeling two arms about his neck, and a warm cheek pressed to his rough one, and the first kiss he had received for years.

Yes, Christmas had come. At an early hour Josie and Tim were in the Judge's hospitable sitting room. Tim was given a fine book of engravings and told to amuse himself, as Josie Ray and Mabel had business to attend to, and must be excused.

Farmer Worden would hardly have recognized his pumpkin in the decorated, gaily-lined, bow-decked article upon the Judge's kitchen table.

Nevertheless it was none other. It had been carefully cut in the middle, scooped out and each half lined with bright cambric. With his pen knife Ray had carved on the yellow rind the words, "Hurrah for Tim" and "Merry Christmas." Inside were packed Tim's various presents, a jack-knife, a pair of skates, a box of dominoes, a box of water colors, and the "Arabian Nights" from Ray. Sliced birds and animals from Mabel, which she had manufactured herself by pasting the pictures on pasteboard and cutting them in every conceivable shape; an overcoat, scarf and cap from Mrs. Perry; mittens and a harmonica from Josie.

Even disagreeable Mrs. Worden had caught the spirit and had donated a set of warm under flannels.

When the pumpkin was filled to overflowing, the other half placed on as a cover, and a flag inserted in a hole in the top, the whole arrangement was placed upon Tim's sled. Mabel's kiss had won the sled from the farmer, and the hired man carried Tim's present to Mr. Worden's.

When Tim awoke Christmas morning the first thing he saw was a very gay pumpkin, upon a very gay sled and he will probably never forget that happiest Christmas of his life.

The INTELLIGENCER regards every reader its friend, and interested in the work it seeks to do. This is why it asks them to endeavour to enlarge its circulation.

## Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK.  
CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. Y.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

227. "Attempt the end, never stand in doubt  
Nothing's so hard, but search'll find it out."

## ERE

the "Young Folks' Column" again reaches its readers, another New Year will have ushered upon us. We, therefore, take this opportunity of wishing you all  
A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

## The Mystery Solved.

(No. 49.)

No. 206.—1. Carnation. 2. Holly hock. 3. Job's tears. 4. Sweet William. 5. Snap Dragon. 6. Primrose.

No. 207.—1. David. 2. Saul. 3. Mark.

No. 208.—Tortoise.

No. 209.—1. Melbourne. 2. Hong Kong. 3. Bangkok. 4. Batavia. No. 210.—Ichthyophthalmite.

No. 211.—Saul.

No. 212.—1. Za-noah. 2. B-ethel.

No. 213.—1. Cat. James, Tea. II. Set, Celia, Tin.

No. 214.—1. Salvation. 2. Punishment. 3. Reformatory.

## The Mystery—No. 52.

No. 231.—OUR WISH.

(BY ED. Y. F. C., KINGS.)

Ywoapewhpnynuaeshwyrea.

N. B.—A handsome souvenir for first correct solution to the above.

No. 232.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY ETHEL J. KEER, WILLIAMSBURG.)  
Dseleab rea eth marapekes ofr ethy lahl eb ledal eth idnchrier fo ogd.

No. 233.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY JOANNA GILMORE, WILLIAMSBURG.)  
1. Where are the following found in the Bible, viz.: "Theatre" and "terrestrial?"

2. Where are "dog" and "home" first mentioned in the Bible?

3. Where is, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin?"

No. 234.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY MARY CLARKSON, WILLIAMSBURG.)

1. Where are the words, "the wings of a dove" found?

2. Where are the words, "weeping endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning?"

No. 235.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY MABEL GILMORE, WILLIAMSBURG.)

My whole, composed of 10 letters, names a poet.

My 1, 2, 4 is a piece of timber.

My 3, 6, 7, 8 is a girl's nickname.

My 10, 9, 7, 5 is a wild animal.

No. 236.—TANGLES. (Phonetic.)

BY MABEL A. GULLISON, WILLIAMSBURG.

1. Jayayeeemes. 2. Deceyeyeyedu

3. Jayohhen. 4. Weyeeleleyee.

No. 237.—CURTAILMENTS.

(BY B. E. B., SUSSEX.)

Curtail a bird and leave a brave man; again, and leave a pronoun; again, and leave a pronoun.

No. 238.—DIAMOND.

(BY "PHILOMATH," QUEENS.)

o A letter.

o o o A useful tool.

o o o o A man's name.

o o o Never gets old.

o A letter.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

## The Mystical Circle.

A the "Prize Competition" in No. 45 did not call out the amount of correspondence we had anticipated, we have decided not to give any prize. The only one who responded received a prize a few days previous to that announcement and we knew that he has the interest of the "Young Folks' Column" to heart, and will allow us to use the prize for a future occasion.

ERRATUM.—No. 215 in No. 50, by Jessie, should have read "what numeral," etc., not "what mineral."

R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Williamsburg, Stanley, has our thanks for the nice Bible Questions. We shall use them soon. She correctly solves Nos. 202, 203, and 205 (partly.) Thank you. A Happy New Year to you, and all!

## AN ACT OF KINDNESS.

WINTERGREEN, Belleisle Bay, sends us four excellent puzzles, and also solutions to Nos. 200 (2); 201; 203, and 205 (partly). Thank you. But what more does "Wintergreen" do? Why enclosed is found the sum of Two Dollars and a note reading thus: "Enclosed please find Two Dollars (\$2) to help teach the little children off in India." Signed, "From a Young Friend." We should say indeed, "A young friend!" At this season of present giving and exchanging of merry greetings, what better present and more pleasant act of kindness could be bestowed by the young readers of the INTELLIGENCER's "Young Folks' Column!" One who is thus stirred must indeed have a generous and christian heart. What a noble lesson for many of us to learn! How many of our young friends, yea, and older friends too, are thus mindful of the poor heathen children? Can we not do more to make them enjoy the light and liberty of the Gospel? Can we not cast in our mite to educate and bring to Christ these heathen children? Let those who read this do as "Wintergreen" has done. It will not only make the heathen children more happy, but you yourselves will enjoy that happiness of heart in the thought of doing good to others. We have no doubt but "Wintergreen's" Christmas and New Year will be happy indeed. We wish you much happiness throughout your life, and trust you may ever strive to do acts of kindness to those at home and abroad. God will surely abundantly reward you for your efforts to extend his cause on earth!

We shall forward your Two Dollars either directly to Miss Hooper, or Mrs. Boyer, or to the Treas. F. M. Society here. We would like to have had more particulars about the matter. Nevertheless, we shall do as you request, trusting to hear from you again. May your life be a prosperous one here, and eternal joy and felicity in the world beyond!

The Editor of the "Young Folks' Column" will gladly receive and forward any other donations for Mission work, and to this end would heartily open

A MISSION BAND for work and contributions for the heathen.

## Our Letter Box.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR. Having so many other duties to attend to at this busy season of the year the puzzle Editor cannot do much else than extend a cordial greeting to all, and trust you may all appreciate his efforts and aid in the work.—UNCLE NED.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—It is with gratitude that I send you the Bible Questions also Solutions to Nos. 202, 203, and 204 (partly.) As I saw in the INTELLIGENCER, that you wanted to know who was anxious to have the "Young Folks' Column" continued, I would be glad to have it continued for it is pleasant to answer a few puzzle or make some. I don't go to school now but I would like to go very well. I remain,

Your niece,  
R. LIZZIE GALLAGHER.

## BAND OF KINDNESS.

The poem for "Our Band Reciter" is quite appropriate for the opening of the New Year. We trust all our young friends will read it. Let all help to make the Column attractive and interesting. Write as often as you can!

## TRUST.

FOR BAND RECITER. (NOT ORIGINAL.) (FROM "PHILOMATH," QUEENS.)

Let hearts and tongues unite  
And loud thanksgivings raise;  
'Tis duty, mingled with delight,  
To sing the Saviour's praise.

To Him we owe our breath,  
He took us from the womb,  
Which else had shut us up in death,  
And proved an early tomb.

When on the breast we hung,  
Our help was in the Lord;  
'Twas He first taught our infant  
tongues  
To form the lisping word.

When in our blood we lay,  
He would not let us die,  
Because his love had fixed a day  
To bring salvation nigh.

In childhood and in youth,  
His eye was on us still;  
Though strangers to his love and truth  
And prone to cross his will.

And since his name we know,  
How gracious has He been!  
What dangers has He led us through,  
What mercies have we seen.

Now through another year,  
Supported by his care,  
We raise our Ebenezer here,  
"The Lord" has helped thus far."

Our lot in future years,  
Unable to foresee,  
He kindly, to prevent our fears,  
Says, "Leave it all to me."

Yea, Lord, we wish to cast  
Our cares upon thy breast;  
Help us to praise Thee for the past  
And trust Thee for the rest.

Every Free Baptist home should have the denominational paper. We are doing all we can to get it to them. Please help in a work so important.

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Gents Calf Elastic Side Boots.  
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Yours very truly  
JOHN J. TAYLOR.

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