

A Happy New Year.

"This year will prove a happy one"
If gladdened by thy smile,
Jesus, my Savior! that no
My heart with bliss can fill
That smile can cheer the sad
And gild the darkest sky,
And with its soul-refreshing power,
Joy e'en midst grief supply.

"This year will prove a happy one"
If quickened by thy grace,
With swifter, firmer steps I run
The arduous heavenly race;
If stumbling, lingering now no more,
"Forgetting things behind"
I press toward thee that are before
With undiverted aim.

"This year will prove a happy one"
Bring with it what it may,
If Lord, thy strength be made my own,
In every trying day;
For thou canst make all grace abound,
Thou canst alone bestow;
And with thy mercy fence me round,
And keep my mind in peace.

"This year will prove a happy one"
If every moment lent,
Each day, each hour, with thee begun,
For thee alone besought;
If, as the wheels revolve, my aim,
My one desire may be,
On earth to glorify thy name,
To live, my God, for thee!

Charlotte Ellett

Where The Fault Lies.

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

That Deacon Gillis was out of humor was evident from the manner in which he slammed the door and kicked the innocent cat that was sleeping harmlessly on the rug before the fire.

His good wife looked up from the heel she was setting, to inquire gently:

"What's gone amiss, father, that you persist in bringin' the storm in with you?"

"Enough's amiss, I should say, when our minister goes to 'disgrace' in the church," he retorted fiercely.

"Surely our parson has not been guilty of damagin' the flock, father?"

"If cettin' in debt and failin' to meet his promises is not a misde-meaner, then I don't know what honor is," interrupted the irate man.

"Perhaps the poor man could not get the money he had counted on, father," suggested Mrs. Gillis, as she finished counting her stitches.

"Then he orten't to have made no such obligations. Goin' and buyin' a house and givin' a mortgage on it, and then havin' it foreclosed over his head, is no way of doing business, particularly when the church is thereby scandalized."

"The church!" echoed Mrs. Gillis.

"Yes, Mary, the church, for didn't that old flint of a Jordan fling in my teeth that the congregation had half starved the poor fellow, and he did not think there was anything strange about him bein' unable to raise the mortgage."

"And what if his words should be true, father?"

"Have you taken leave of your senses, Mary, to take sides with that old bapsembler, against the church?"

"Is his salary all paid up as promised, when we called him here?" she asked, evading the subject that had irritated her husband so deeply.

"Why no," he answered slowly.

"You know we were to give him a thousand dollars, but three years ago, when we fell behind, he agreed to take eight hundred if we would only pay it promptly every quarter."

"And have we been livin' up to this agreement?" Mrs. Gillis urged, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Well, not exactly. We are a trifle behind each year, and this quarter is not quite due yet, but that's not here nor there," answered the deacon gruffly.

"But it ought to be, father. May be this trifle that is behind, is what Mr. King depended upon when he bought his little home."

"Then why don't he keep that great boy out of college and set him to work; and what possesses him to allow Anna to lara to drum on the piano?"

Before his wife had time to reply, there was a stamping of feet outside and presently Elder Bryan walked in.

"You've made short work of it; I've just got home, and I only stopped to speak with Peter Davis a minute," was the deacon's greeting, as he pushed a chair toward the new-comer.

"I tell you, deacon, it took a mighty short time to finish what I had to say when I saw how things were going. See here," he said producing a blank-book and running his fingers over a column of figures.

"In the last three years we have permitted Mr. King's salary to run behind just six hundred dollars and not counting this quarter which will be due next New Year's Day—and this is the day before Christmas."

"How is that?" asked the deacon, bustling up quickly.

"Just wait a moment," Mr. Bryan said, soothingly. "I mean that we are behind two hundred dollars on last year and also the same amount on the year before. And of the eight hundred promised, he has received but four so far, this year. Besides over two hundred each year, has been paid in truck, that he either did not need, or

could have procured for a much smaller amount of money, than that charged by the ones who had it credited to his salary. The whole fault of the disgrace lies at our own doors, and old Jordan, shot near the mark when he said that, the minister's failure was an everlasting disgrace to the church."

"What does he keep his young ones at school for, if he is in such a strait?" urged Gillis, unwilling to give up the point that troubled him.

"I inquired about that and found that the boy pays his own college bills by doing the drudgery about the building, while the little girl earns her music lessons by assisting her teacher whenever and wherever she can make herself useful. Even those two little boys gathered nuts on the shores to buy their winter clothes, and I am sure there is not a family in the congregation that would be content to sit down to a dinner of brown bread and water on Christmas as the minister's family did to day."

It was almost dark when Elder Bryan took his departure; but every minute of the time had been profitably occupied in making arrangements for the work that must be done during the coming week.

Mr. King preached his annual New Year's sermon to a much larger audience than usual, and then left them, as was his custom to arrange for the temporal welfare of the congregation. What passed, he never knew, but before the sun set, sleighs and sleds, laden with all kind of provisions and clothing, began to arrive in such numbers as to tax the ingenuity of the minister and his wife, where to stow away the good measure, heaped up, shaken together and running over, that their parishioners had so generously pressed upon them. In spite of the joy that shone in the eyes of Mr. King, his heart was heavy, for he feared that the gifts of the night were given in lieu of the unpaid salary that in his hours of distress, he so sorely needed.

Imagine his relief when Deacon Gillis stepped up and handed him a check for the salary then due, which amounted to eight hundred dollars, and in addition to this, the mortgage, which, on to-morrow was due.—Selected.

The Undying Years.

It is only by a pleasing application of poetry that we can speak of the birth of a year, especially in our own latitude, when the winter is not yet fairly under way. To be sure, the days have astronomically begun to lengthen; but it will be weeks before the lengthening is perceived by unscientific eyes. It is in the spring, when the grass springs up, the bud unfolds, and the bird pours forth its joyous carol, that the year seems to have its birthday. Nevertheless, for the last week or ten days, the dainty and promiscuous calendars of all sorts that have come into our office have reminded us that 1889 is nearly over. Before another issue of the Register reaches its readers, we shall have taken down the old calendar from the wall and hung a new one in its place.

As it is only by metaphor that we can speak of a year's being born, so it is only metaphorically that we can speak of its death. The years do not die; they live on. Names pass away, but forces abide. That which flits away from us in the passing year is its unused opportunities. These swiftly pass on the flood of time. If not grasped, they are soon beyond our reach; but the year that is appropriated, absorbed into our lives, may have its abiding influence on our character.

So there are undying years in the life of the world. They can never be unravelled from its history. They bear perennial fruit. With pick and spade, the miner digs in the bowels of the earth. He is living in the coal measures. Before the advent of man upon the earth, the vegetation which formed the coal measures bloomed in the primeval years. No human eye saw the sun rise or set. The earth made its journey around the sun then as now. There were no human calendars to mark a change of date, but the life of those years has been ineffaceably recorded in the album of nature. Who shall say that those early years are dead? It is by their aid that we are doing the work of to-day.

In human history there is the same record of undying years. We cannot say on what day, or also lately!—what year, Jesus was born into the world; but we know that that day and that year are forever blessed for mankind.

But let us not suppose that the great events are alone imperishable. Every year is made up of a multitude of hours and minutes, a multitude of little acts and influences. These, in their final results, may be as imperishable as those events which seem to us the monuments of history. What appear to be great epochs are but the accumulation of a multitude of thoughts, resolutions, words, and deeds.

No year dies to us: it is simply translated. There are days and hours that have stamped their impress upon our character, and which will live with us to bless or to chide.—Register.

Sparks From My Anvil.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

A cause of parental solicitude arises from the imperfection of parents themselves. We all somehow want our children to avoid our faults. We hope that if we have any excellencies they will copy them; but the probability is they will copy our faults, and omit our excellencies. Children are very apt to be echoes of the parental life. Some one meets a lad in the back street, finds him smoking and says: "Why, I am astonished at you; what would your father say if he knew this? Where did you get that cigar?" "Oh, I picked it up on the street!" "What would your father say, and your mother say, if they knew this?" "Oh," he replies, "that's nothing; my father smokes." There is not one of us to-day, who would like to have our children copy all our examples. And that is the cause of solicitude on the part of all of us. We have so many faults, we do not want them copied and stereotyped in the lives and characters of those who come after us. Out of twenty parents there may be one parent who understands how thoroughly and skilfully to discipline; perhaps not more than one out of twenty. We, nearly all of us, err on one side or on the other. Here is a father who says: "I am going to bring up my children right; my sons shall know nothing but religion, and hear nothing but religion." They are routed out at six o'clock in the morning to recite the ten commandments. They are awakened up from the sofa on Sunday night to recite the Westminster catechism. Their bedroom walls are covered with religious pictures and quotations of Scripture, and when the boy looks for the day of the month he looks for it in a religious almanac. If a minister comes to the house he is requested to take the boy aside and tell him what a great sinner he is. It is religion morning, noon and night. Time passes on, and the parents are waiting for the return of the son at night. It is 9 o'clock—it is 10 o'clock—it is 11 o'clock—it is 12 o'clock—it is past 12 o'clock. Then they hear a rattling of the night-key, and George comes in and hastens upstairs, lest he be accosted. His father says: "George, where have you been?" He says: "I have been out." Yes, he has been out, and he has been down, and he has started on the broad road to ruin for this life and ruin for the life to come. And the father says to his wife: "Mother, the ten commandments are a failure; no use of Westminster catechism; I have done my very best for that boy; just see how he has turned out." Ah! my friend, you stuffed that boy with religion; you had no sympathy with innocent hilarities; you had no common sense.

A Story For Mother.

The Fullers were an influential, wealthy, cultured family, and among the most prominent members of the church in the town in which they lived. Every Sunday they filled their pew, gave liberally, and the minister was always welcomed at their table.

Mrs. Fuller was a sincere Christian woman. No one acquainted with her daily life, could question her sincerity. But she was peculiarly reserved and sensitive, with an extreme dislike of obtruding on the reserve of other people. Her son was her constant companion as he grew to early manhood—a clever, spirited boy; keen of apprehension, and eager for knowledge. His mother discussed freely with him every subject but that of religion. He had been sent to Sunday-school, and had been taught Jewish history and the life and mission of Christ. But she had never asked him to consider the relation in which he himself stood to God, or urged him to take Christ as the guide and model of his life—his Friend and Master. There had been times when she felt almost driven to do this, but when the lad was at her side, her courage had failed her. He was a handsome, healthy young man, a noted athlete, with a life full of plans and hopes before him; there was plenty of time, she felt, for such counsel.

The boy, however, was stricken down with diphtheria. On the second day the physician told him that he had not an hour to live. While he lay stunned and silent, some one spoke of him as a Saviour.

"Saviour? Why, I never thought about him!" he cried. "He is no Saviour of mine. Mother, why didn't you talk to me of him?"

These were his last words. In a few moments his senses were clouded, and before an hour was over he was dead.

Every mother will understand the

fearful legacy of remorse left by these words. Yet how many mothers although religious in their profession and habits, never break the silence between themselves and their sons on this subject! If a man's mother does not care for his soul, who will?—Christian Commonwealth.

An Infidel Silenced.

The following is a true story: At a hall in London where unbelievers were permitted to state their objections to the Christian faith, a young man who had often spoken there came forward one evening and said:

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen,—I have determined to show you to-night what the Bible really is; and in order to be fair I will not take selected passages but will allow the book to open where it will, and read you the first verse on which my eye lights. You will then see in what kind of a book the Christians believe."

He allowed the Bible to fall upon his hand, and read aloud:

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unstained from the world." James 1:27.

Somewhat abashed, and amid the joy of the Christians, and confusion to his own party, he opened the Bible and read:

"Is not this the fast which I have chosen? To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that you break every yoke?" Isaiah 58:6.

Still more abashed he read again as the book opened:

"Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment; relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." Isaiah 1:16.

He made one last attempt and read:

"He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Micah 6:8.

Disappointed and chagrined, the sceptic left the platform, overwhelmed by the sneers of his companions, and the tumultuous joy of the Christians.

Efficient Preaching.

A clergyman, called unexpectedly to preach in a pulpit not his own, announced as his text, "Will a man rob God?" He left the church in deep depression, with a sense of utter failure. Sixteen years afterward, when on a voyage, a stranger accosted him, and, calling him by name, said: "I am heartily glad to meet you. A sermon you preached was the means of my conversion. I went to church, when I heard you announce as your text, 'Will a man rob God?' I was a young man from a Christian home, just going to commence my life-work. I was meaning sometime 'to be obedient to the heavenly vision,' which, like a quiet twilight, had been shining upon me all through my childhood and youth. That text revealed God to me; it brought me face to face with God."

He saw God. Each of these verses of Scripture were powerful lessons, through which the light of God shone, and the fact to be noted that their efficacy in each case consisted not in revealing something about God, some command of God, or expostulation of God, but God himself. God and the sinner came face to face.

A PASTOR exchanged with the chaplain of the Connecticut State Prison. As he arose in the desk he saw among the prisoners a friend of his youth. Their eyes met, and they recognized each other. At the conclusion of the service he sought the man to learn his history. "We were boys," said the prisoner, "in the same neighborhood; we went to the same school, we sat on the same seat, and my prospects were as bright as yours. At fourteen you embraced religion; I chose the world and sin. You are now an honored minister of the gospel; and I, a wretched outcast from society, lost to hope, have been already in prison ten years, and sentenced for life."

"It Will Do It" is the common phrase of those who neglect little things. "It will do it" has blighted many a character, blasted many a fortune, sunk many a ship, burned down many a house, and irretrievably ruined thousands of hopeful projects of human good. It always means stopping short of the right thing. It is a make-shift. It is a failure and defeat. Not what "will do," but what is the best possible thing to do, is the point to be aimed at. Let a man once adopt the maxim of "It will do," and he is given over to the enemy; he is on the side of incompetency and defeat; and we give him up as a hopeless subject.—Samuel Smiles.

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