

Christmas Eve

God bless the little stockings
All over the land to-night,
Hung in the choicest corners,
In the glow of crimson light!
The tiny scarlet stocking,
With a hole in heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journeys
The darlings have to go.

And Heaven pity the children,
Wherever their home may be,
Who wake at the first gray dawning,
An empty stocking to see,
Left, in the faith of childhood,
Hanging against the wall,
Just where the dazzling glory
Of Santa's light will fall.

A Christmas Gift For Jesus.

A Christmas gift for Jesus,
And what shall such gift be?
An offering of knowledge
To send across the sea,

Where many little children
Ne'er heard the Christmas story
Of Jesus' loving kindness,
His suffering and glory;

Where many little children
Ne'er heard of Christmas joys,
Or trees with presents laden
For happy girls and boys;

Nor read the Bible story,
How wise men came by night,
And saw amid the darkness
A wondrous star of light,

Which guided them to Bethlehem,
Across Judea's plain,
Where shepherds watched their flock by
night,
And heard the glad refrain

Of "Peace on earth, good will to men,
Behold, the Christ is born!"
And thus they heard the tidings
That blessed Christmas morn.

Shall we not tell to others
How Jesus from above,
Brought e'en to little children
The blessing of his love?

'Twill be a gift to Jesus,
That we send across the sea;
He saith of all we do for these,
"Ye did it unto Me."

'Twill be a gift for Jesus
If we help the poor and old
To comfort, warmth and shelter
From Winter's piercing cold.

If we cheer the weary-hearted
By kindly word or phrase,
Twill help to bless and brighten
This glad some day of days.

Oh, not alone for pleasure
Has this glad day been given;
'Tis a mile-stone on life's pathway
To guide us nearer heaven.

'Twill be a gift for Jesus
If we strive to do our part
In building up His Kingdom
With true and thankful heart.

Let us bring a gift to Jesus
The coming Christmas tide,
Of earnest effort for the right,
And in His love abide.

The Christmas Spirit.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

One chilly December morning,
A little group of Emery Street school-
boys were talking about Christmas, as
they stood in a sunny angle of the
wall that enclosed the playground,
waiting for the bell to ring.

"I don't care anything about Christ-
mas," said Rob Welsh, "we never
pay any attention to it at our house.
My mother says she sees no sense in
making presents on that day; that
Christmas has never done anything for
us."

"Christ has done just as much for
you as he has for the rest of the
world," spoke up Tom Lee, "and if
you have not accepted his offering it is
your own fault. If I offer you a
pencil, and you refuse it, and go with-
out a pencil, and so make a failure in
everything, and waste your time, and
do not pass examination, and miss of
getting into the high school, I am not
to blame."

"What are you talking about,"
said Rob impatiently. "No one has
offered me anything. I am not one of
the lucky kind."

"Why Rob!" went on Tom. "You
know Christ gives us the hope of
heaven, and there is no other way for
any one to get there only by believing
on him. And Christ is himself a gift
from God to the whole world. If we
always think of that when we think of
Christmas, and every time we make or
accept a gift thank God in our hearts
for his gift to us, Christmas will help
us to make our lives better and
sweeter; that is what my mother has
always taught us about Christmas."

"I like that," said Bert Willis, who
was a little larger and a great deal
better dressed than the two boys with
whom he had struck up a sudden
friendship on his promotion to this
new school. "Of course I know
what Christmas meant, but I never
understood how to put so much of
Christmas into gifts."

"My mother calls it the spirit of
Christmas, and she is always telling

us we must have it all the year. The
'peace on earth, good will to men'
spirit, you know."

"Yes, I know, and I heard my
grandpa saying only last night that it
was strange there could be so many
differences among people when Jesus
gave his life for them all; one just as
much as another."

"You make Christmas all give!
give I give!" said Rob. "I will tell
mother about it, or I would, only she
will say, 'Oh, stop bothering about
Christmas.'"

"He is a real jolly sort of a boy,"
said Bert that night as he was enter-
taining the family circle in the twi-
light with his school adventures, "but
he has never been to Sunday-school,
and his folks don't go to any church,
and I really don't believe he ever had
been told what Christmas meant; but
he found out. You just ought to have
heard that little Tom Lee. He must
be poor, for his clothes are patched
and patched, but they are clean, and I
think he has the nicest face of any boy
in school. He always has good les-
sons and is so quiet that the teacher
said to-day he gave her no trouble at
all. And he says such nice things, any
one really would think he was as wise
as grandpa. Don't you think it is nice,
mamma, when you have a gift to think
Jesus was a gift and that he gave him-
self?"

"It is very beautiful," said mamma,
and grandpa added: "I am glad you
have made such a pleasant friend. I
fancy you will learn nothing bad of
him."

"I should think not, and I wish I
could do something to help him. You
see, we talk a good deal when we are
out at recess, and he said today he
wished he could earn some money
during vacation, and before and after
school, and that he might get a place
as errand boy during the holiday rush
if he were better dressed, but that was
impossible, and it set me thinking
about my outgrown clothes. I know
its fun to keep them to look at,
mamma, and to see just how I have
grown from a little, wee baby, but I
would rather see Tom Lee wearing
some of them, and then papa might
hire him in his store if he was dressed
all right, couldn't you, papa?"

"We will let grandpa take a look at
him before we go any further," replied
papa, "and we will trust to his judg-
ment entirely."

So the next morning the fine old
gentleman and his little grandson stood
in front of one of the plate-glass win-
dows of Mr. Willis' large variety store,
watching the passers-by.

"There he comes exclaimed Tom,
"the boy with his hands in his
pockets. See how he holds up his
head, and don't he walk like a gentle-
man?"

"Yes, yes," said grandpa, "I see.
You stand quiet, now, right here,"
and catching up three or four bundles
he hurried out. "Here! here!" he
cried, as if he was hailing some one,
and rushing across the street dropped
one of the parcels right in front of
Tom Lee, and was lost in the crowd.

Presently, a cheery voice at his
elbow said: "Oh, sir! I beg pardon,
sir. Here is your bundle."

"My bundle!" cried the old man,
"what gives you that idea?"

"I saw you drop it, right in front
of Willis's."

"They sell fine things at Willis's;
why didn't you put it in your pocket?"

"It would have been stealing," and
Tom's eyes flashed. "I must hurry
to school. Good morning, sir."

"Oh, here, here, let me pay you—"
"You owe me nothing, sir."

"Then take these parcels up to
Pearl street, and let me owe you
something."

"I should like to do it very much,
but I cannot be tardy at school. I am
sorry."

Mr. Willis turned round and looked
after the child as he sped up the
street, and fancied he dashed away
the tears as he ran.

"Poor little fellow!" said grandpa
Willis, "I will make the price of that
last job up to him. See if I don't!"

The next morning Tom Lee went to
school in new clothes, and in answer
to Rob Welsh's questions, said:

"I don't know where they came
from. They were left at our door last
night, directed to me, and there were
ever so many nice things for mother
and the little ones. It said on a card,
'He who honors God, God will honor.'
I should have thought they came from
an old gentleman whose bundle I
picked up on the street yesterday,
only he didn't know my name."

"I think my father would give you
a place as errand boy now," said Bert,
and they went together into the mer-
chant's office that afternoon, finding
the father and grandfather both
present.

"Hey day!" cried the old gentle-
man, "if my young friend who took
pity on me and picked up my bundle

yesterday has not turned up here with
my grandson! It is all coming out
like a fairy story. I fancy my son and
I shall have to take you into our busi-
ness."

He was engaged as errand boy at
once, and so won upon their hearts by
his gentlemanly ways that they looked
up his mother, and Mrs. Willis found
plenty of employment for her.

"I have hoped the time would come
when my children would be a help to
me, but I did not look for it so soon,"
she said. "What can I do for the Lord
to show him my gratitude?"

"Look after the Welsh family
whom our boys have so much to say
about. I will do anything in my
power to help you put the Christmas
spirit into their daily lives."

Mrs. Lee invited Rob to eat his
Christmas dinner with Tom, and
having made friends with him she one
day accompanied him to his home to
call upon his mother.

Her welcome at first was not very
cordial, but persistent kindness at
length brought its reward, and Mrs.
Welsh confessed:

"Of course Rob is like other
children; he tells at home what he
hears the boys talking about at school,
and those things your boy said about
Christ being a gift from God to the
world, and his then giving himself for
our sins warmed my hard heart some-
how. The holidays never brought us
so many gifts as they have this year,
and where they came from we have no
idea, for we have very few friends
who are able to make presents, but as
every bundle, box, basket or package
was opened, Rob would say, kind of
solemn:

"Don't you think we ought to be
thankful in just the way Tom Lee tells
about?" and he talked so much about
it, that at length I got the Bible and
read the whole story of that first
Christmas aloud. Perhaps you will
hardly believe it, but it is the first
time I ever read the Bible to my
children in my life."

"It is wonderful proof of the living,
growing, reaching and drawing power
of God's truth," said Mrs. Lee. "Let
us pray that this is really the beginning
of a new life for you and yours. A
life controlled by the Spirit of Christ,
so that through you and your family
the light and love and joy of the
Christmas spirit may send its cheering
rays into sad, weary and clouded lives,
for it has ever been the Divine plan
that knowledge of the truth should be
kindled from heart to heart."

Tommy's Christmas Stocking.
(BY A LITTLE GIRL.)

"We'll have to get Tommy some-
thing," said Miss Brown as she came
in the small room that she and her
sister, Mrs. McNally, called their
home. Tommy was Mrs. McNally's
son. Mr. McNally had died in the
war. "Yes," continued Miss Brown,
"the poor boy will be so disappointed
if he can't have something." This
conversation took place Monday and
Christmas was Friday.

"By the way, Ethel," exclaimed
Mrs. McNally, "where were you all
morning?" Mrs. McNally was a stout
woman. Their home was in the upper
story of a tenement house, on Yonge
street, in Montreal.

"Oh just in the toy shop looking at
some things for Johnny," replied
Ethel. Ethel was fair complected and
very pretty. She had taken two or
three painting lessons. Mr. Creed a
senior at McGill college, wanted some
painting done. The picture was a
church where a widow's son used often
to be. He was Mr. Creed's cousin.

The picture was to be taken at
moonlight and was for the widow. Mr.
Creed wanted Miss Brown to do it.
She said she would do it Wednesday.

"I'll come for you at 8 o'clock,"
Mr. Creed said. Ethel was ready in
time and Mr. Creed took her to his
place which was near the church.

Ethel got acquainted with Mr. Creed's
sister, Miss Creed, that evening.

Before she went home, she and her
sister and Tommy had been invited to
spend Christmas eve and Christmas
day with them.

Mrs. McNally consented and in the
afternoon of Thursday they went to
Mr. Creed's. That night Tommy
hung up his stocking and what do you
suppose he got? A drum, an orange,
a whistle, a lot of candy and nuts and
a pair of moccasins and skates.

Tommy was surprised to find so many
things and he was sorry to go home
that night.

Young
Peoples' Column.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, St. John, N. B.

Devoted to Puzzles, Letters, Solutions,
Stories, etc.

OUR MOTTO: Onward! Upward.

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 46.]

No. 272.—1. P 2. A
LET AND
PETER ANNIE
TEA D I D
R E

No. 273.—"No man ever offended
his own conscience, but first or last it
was avenged upon him for it."

No. 274.—
"The evil that me do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their
bones."

No. 275.—John 7:34.

No. 276.—"A wise son heareth his
father's instructions, but a scorner
beareth not rebuke."

No. 277.—"The fear of the Lord is
the beginning of knowledge."

No. 278.—"Cast thy bread upon the
waters and thou shalt find it after
many days."

[The Mystery.—No. 50.]

No. 296.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.
(BY C. L. CURRIER, Upper Gagetown.)

1. How many times is Heaven
mentioned in the Old Testament?

2. How many times is Heaven men-
tioned before the word hell?

3. Where is the longest word in the
Old Testament found, and how many
letters are in it?

No. 297.—ENIGMA.
(BY G. A. GRASS.)

In cold, not in warm;
In short, not in long;
In bird, not in dove;
In first, not in last;
In sun, not in moon;
In salt, not in sugar;
In man, not in boy;
In bread, not in butter;
In sister, not in brother.
My whole is something looked for by
all.

No. 298.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In cap, not in hat;
In hall, not in room;
In map, not in globe;
In rap, not in tap;
In lap, not in knee;
In pet, not in nap;
In sugar, not in tea.
Whole is a boy's name.

No. 299.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter, a verb, vapour, part of the
body, a letter.

Uncle Trusts You All
Enjoyed
A Happy Christmas
And Wishes You
A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

C. L. CURRIER, Upper Gagetown,
has thanks for questions, etc.

R. A. WITHERLY, Arthurville, is
welcomed to our midst. Come again!
279 and 281 correct. Send puzzles.

OUR LETTER BOX.

ARTHURETTE, Dec. 20th, 1891

DEAR UNCLE NED,—I am ten years
old. I go to school and read in the
fifth book. I always read the INTEL-
LIGENCER and I like it very much. I
have often thought I would like to
write to you as I have not seen any
letter in the paper from this place. I
have solved 279 and 281 and if correct
will solve some more and perhaps send
some. From your niece,
RUBY WITHERLY.

I have quite a large Bible printed in
1850 by Luther Roley, Concord, N.
H. It has the tower of Babel in the
front and I find 15 mis-spelled words
in it.

C. L. CURRIER.

Minard's Liniment is used
by Physicians.

USE "MAUD'S" CONDITION POWDER
for Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and
Poultry.

NEW SARUM NOTES.

DEAR SIRS,—I have used six bottles
of B. B. I. took it for liver com-
plaint. Before I took it I had head-
ache and felt stupid all the time, but
now I am healthy and entirely well.
In addition I have a good appetite,
which I did not have previously.

LIBBIE POUND, New Sarum, Ont.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

GENTS.—We consider MINARD'S
LINIMENT the best in the market
and cheerfully recommend its use.

J. H. HARRIS, M. D.,
Bellevue Hospital,
F. U. ANDERSON, M. D.,
L. R. C. S., Edinburgh,
H. D. WILSON, M. D.,
Uni. of Penn.

With many clergymen, public
speakers, singers, and actors, Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral is the favorite remedy
for hoarseness and all affections of
the vocal organs, throat and lungs. Its
anodyne and expectorant effects are
promptly realized.

The Horse—nobles of the brute
creation—when suffering from a cut,
abrasion, or sore, derives as much
benefit as his master in a like predic-
ament, from the healing, soothing action
of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Lame-
ness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of
the joints, throat and lungs, are re-
lieved by it.

If you are tired taking the large old-
fashioned gripping pills, try Carter's
Little Pills and take some comfort. A
man can't stand everything. One pill
a dose. Try them.

YOUR COUGH NEW GOODS

Has not yielded to the various reme-
dies you have been taking. It
troubles you day and night, breaks
your rest and reduces your strength.
Now try **Ayer's Cherry Pec-
toral**, before the bronchial tubes be-
come enlarged or the delicate tissues
of the lungs sustain fatal injury. As
an anodyne and expectorant, this pre-
paration has no equal. It soothes the
irritated membrane, promotes expec-
toration, and induces repose. The
worst cough

Can Be Cured

by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Dr.
J. G. Gordon, Carroll Co., N. Y., writes: "I
use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice,
and pronounce it to be unequalled as a re-
medy for colds and coughs."

"After the gripe—cough. This was my
experience—a hacking, dry cough, with an
incessant tickling in the throat, keeping me
awake nights, and disturbing the household.
I tried a great number of 'cough-cures,' but
they gave me only temporary relief. At last
I concluded to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
and before I had used half a bottle, I had
my first all-night sleep. I continued to im-
prove, and now consider myself cured."—
A. A. Sherman, Coeymans, N. Y.

By Using

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, many have been
saved from fatal illness.

E. D. Estabrooks, Canterbury, N. B.,
says: "In the winter of 1890 I was a surveyor
of lumber in Sacramento, Cal. Being con-
siderably exposed, I took a bad cold accom-
panied with a terrible cough. I tried several
remedies, but they failed to cure me, and it
was thought I was going into a decline. On
the advice of a friend, I began to use Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral, and less than half a bottle
completely cured me."

Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price, \$1; 6 bottles, \$5.

Professional Cards.

G. H. COBURN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon

143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK
FREDERICTON, - - - N. B.

D. M'LEOD VINCE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW

NOTARY PUBLIC, etc
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

J. A. & W. VANWART
BARRISTERS, &c.

Offices—Opposite City Hall,
Fredericton, N. B.

G. C. VANWART, M. D.,
LATE OF

MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL,
London, Eng., and
ROTUNDA HOSPITAL,
Dublin, Ireland.

Office and Residence—Queen
St., Opposite City Hall.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

CURE

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
are equally valuable in Constipation, cur-
ing and preventing this annoying complaint, while
they also correct all disorders of the stomach
stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels.
Even if they only cure

HEAD

ACHE

is the name of so many lives that here is where
we make our great boast. Our pills cure
while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very
easy and very safe to take. One or two pills make
a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do
not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action
please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents
each. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail
for \$1. CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small 50. Small Dose. Small

CROSS CUT SAWS, AXES, etc.

Just received from the Manufacturers—
1 DOZ. Drag Saws.
3 dozen Cross Cut Saws.
2 doz. Narrow American Drag Tooth Saws
1 doz. Buck Saws Framed.
6 doz. Buck Saw Blades.
12 doz. Buck Saw Frames.
50 doz. Yankee Blade Axes.
25 doz. Blackhorn & Son's Axes.
65 doz. Fowler's Axes.

For sale wholesale and retail, at
NEILL'S Hardware Store.

ACME CLUB SKATES.

250 PAIRS Acme Club Skates,
24 gr Skate Straps, at
NEILL'S Hardware Store

NEW GOODS

JAMES R. HOWIE,

PRACTICAL TAILOR.

I BEG to inform my numerous patrons
that I have just opened out a very
large and well-selected stock of NEW
SPRING CLOTHS, consisting of English
Scotch and Canadian Tweed Suitings, Fine
Corkscrew and Diagonal Suitings, Light
and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all
latest designs and patterns in Fancy
Trouserings from which I am prepared to
make up in FIRST CLASS STYLE, according
to the latest New York Spring and Sum-
mer Fashions, and guarantee to give entire
satisfaction.

PRICES MODERATE.

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

My stock of Mens' Furnishing Goods
cannot be excelled. It consists of Hard
and Soft Hats of English and American
make, in all the novelties and Staple Styles
for Spring Wear. White and Regatta
hirts, Linen Collars, Silk Handkerchiefs
Braces, Merino Underwear, Hosiery and
well selected assortment of Fancy Ties and
Scarfs, in all the latest patterns of English
and American designs.

Rubber Clothing a specialty

Jas R Howie.

192 Queen St., Fredericton.
June 29.

Just Received!

5 Gross Scott's Emulsion.

5 "Diamond Dyes.

—AT—

John M. Wiley's,

Opposite Normal School.

JUST STORED.

Canvassed Ham,

CANVASSSED BACON,

SPICES, COFFEES,

etc., etc.

We are offering very low prices
to dealers on Pure Spices.

TIMOTHY & CLOVER SEED
at lowest rates. Good quality.

A.F. Randolph & Son

DO YOU WANT A WEDDING
PRESENT?—Toronto Silver Plate
Co. make most reliable goods. A fine
stock cheap at

J. G. McNALLY'S.

LOWER PRICES—700 Oak and Caim
Seat Chairs, Kattan Rockers, Oak and
Walnut Chamber Suites, Sideboards and
Secretaries just received. Greatly reduced
prices, at

J. G. McNALLY'S.

GOOD BARGAINS NOW!—We will
cut prices on all kinds of Carpets for
remainder of season to close out spring in-
portation.

J. G. McNALLY.

June 24 '91.

MOSHANE BELL FOUNDRY.
Finest Grade of Bells,
Chimes & Pals for Churches,
Colleges, Tower Clocks, etc.
Fully warranted satisfaction
guaranteed. Send for