

New Year's Hymn.

Choose thou my lot for me,
My Father, God, and King!
May I be still, and rest in Thee,
Nor ask what time shall bring;
Nor what the new-born year may show
Of grief or gladness, joy or woe.

Choose Thou, I am weak;
Do Thou with me abide;
I need each hour Thy grace to seek,
To keep me by Thy side;
That leaning upon Thee alone
I may to heaven journey on.

Choose Thou for me, O Lord!
So great Thy love has been,
So freely have Thy gifts been poured,
I well on Thee may lean!
And trust Thy love to choose for me
What here on earth my lot may be.

Choose Thou my lot, my God,
And choose me in Thy love,
That through the Saviour's precious blood
My hope may be above.
Be Thou the portion of my lot!
The world must change—Thou change not.

Choose Thou for me and mine;
Whate'er this year may show,
O may our faith more brightly shine,
Our love more warmly glow,
Till passing on from strength to strength,
We all to Zion come at length.

Consequences.

'If I could only live that year over again, how differently I would conduct myself.'

So said an almost broken-spirited mother as she was discussing with a friend the best way of governing and training her daughter Alice. This daughter was 'a hard case'—self-willed, selfish, unmanageable at times, unloving, yet of remarkable beauty, and of some very winning ways.

'It was this way,' the mother went on. 'My husband was hardly started in his profession, our income was very narrow, my boy was still a mere baby, and the prospect of additional care and expense was unendurable. I was at war with my surroundings, with myself, with God. I dared not literally break the sixth commandment, but in my heart I broke it every day. Alice is the incarnation of my state of mind at that time. And the worst thing about it is that when she is in one of her unhappy moods she induces the same condition in me, and I am so occupied with controlling myself that I am in no case to do the best thing by her. I keep saying to myself: 'If you had only submitted cheerfully to the will of God, everything would have been different. Alice might have been a lovely child, and as much a comfort to you as she is now a trial. Now you must submit to these consequences of your own folly, and turn them, if possible, into the nutriment of virtue.'

'Then I am so sorry for Alice, and study over the problem continually how to turn the baleful influences that went into her making into means of growth in her of goodness and usefulness. I cultivate the best traits in her character, and never stir up the evil ones if I can help it. She has immense energy, and I keep her occupied with what she likes to do, and make her like to do for rewards to follow what she otherwise might be averse to doing. Since she experienced religion in our revival last winter she is quite manageable, but at times she has hard battles with herself and with everything and every body that come in her way.'

'If I could live that year over again! I wish every young mother could have the benefit of my experience, and I am sure she would take pains to cultivate such a spirit and such traits of character and disposition as she would wish to live with herself during life, and see reproduced in her children.'

Why the Home was Pleasant.

What a pleasant home! Visitors invariably spoke of a certain house held this way. In what consisted the pleasantness? Was the house handsome and cosy? No. It was a little one-story dwelling. The furniture was of the simplest. Perfect neatness was the only aestheticism displayed. The sun shone in upon rag carpets and pine tables. But it shone in. That was one element in the pleasantness. But the spirit that governed the home was its main source of happiness.

'We aren't always picking and picking at each other,' said the plain-spoken, eldest daughter. 'Mother won't allow it. She says we shall treat each other as kindly and considerately as we would treat a visitor.' A very simple, natural regulation, one would say. Afterwards, in speaking to the mother on this subject, she said:

'That was my rule for the children from babyhood. I insisted that they should be polite to each other.'

To insure such a state of things a mother must first be polite to her children. Then, if course, she must not storm at them or sneer at them, or punish them when she is angry, and let their fruits go unnoticed when she is good-natured. The mother in question tried to treat her

children with justice, which is one of the roots of politeness. Justice was exacted all around. Room was made for individuality.

One could display toes without having them stepped upon. The merest trifles often destroy happiness. Disputes are kept up day after day about the most unimportant subjects. The stronger and coarser nature is allowed to play the tyrant. Rudeness that would not be tolerated for a moment in ordinary good society is rampant in the home. Ill nature is vented upon one's nearest and dearest; boorishness is permitted; selfishness allowed to go unchecked. It is as necessary to work the home as to work the garden. If the same care were taken in the one as in the other, we should soon see the good effects.

We all know what happens when weeds are allowed to go to seed. They multiply with far greater rapidity than the useful and beautiful things. It is exactly so in the home. The evil crop grows fast.

Children's hearts are soft. Lessons of forbearance and justice and politeness take quick root. On the other hand they soon get habits that are inimical to a pleasant home life.

To live with others pleasantly and happily is an art. But each member of the group must practice the art, otherwise there are martyrs and tyrants in the same home, and joy and love are driven out. In the successful home I have referred to, the coarser natures were taught to know their value and their limitations. The bass drums, to use a musical simile, were not despised because they were not violins; neither were they allowed to drown the finer music with their incessant noise. In many a family circle the finer, purer elements are put down by the coarser and stronger. In the long run the tyrant suffers most, for he needs just what the oppressed one could give him. The fine nature waits in mute patience till he can escape to a place of liberty and appreciation. The perfect music might have been realized in the home if each had taken his proper place. Instead, there is a discord and consequent unhappiness.

For a happy home great talents are not needed. Even beauty can be dispensed with, and money to a great degree. But the same self-restraint, consideration, kindness and politeness that we yield to our sides are imperatively necessary there.

A Prevalent Offense.

It is probably no exaggeration to say that two-thirds of all the talk floating about in society regarding persons and families is absolutely without foundation. Over every community one may observe at times this mist of misrepresentation and misunderstanding, sufficiently tangible to blur the outline and harmony of things, but never tangible enough to be traced back to its origin so that responsibility can be fastened. Not long ago, in a Church in another section of the country, it was suddenly reported from mouth to mouth that there was serious dissatisfaction with the minister in charge; a man of the greatest sincerity, integrity and fidelity, respect and beloved. There was instantly great anguish of mind on the part of many worthy people, who resented the injustice, and who detested the sort of spirit which manifests itself in Church divisions. Presently it occurred to a few sceptical spirits to ascertain the dimensions of the dissatisfaction. They went to all the persons whose names were mentioned in connection with the movement, and from each they received not only a positive disclaimer, but a protestation of absolute ignorance; and both the protestation and the disclaimer were true. The whole dissatisfaction existed in the mind of one well-meaning but exceedingly irresponsible woman, who had excited herself to such a degree and talked with such volubility that she had persuaded herself and almost convinced a congregation that there was a serious disturbance at hand. This woman meant no evil, but she caused a great deal of suffering, and she might have been the occasion of a great piece of injustice. There is no way of punishing such an offender as this, although it is an offence which society ought to be able in some way to bring home to the offender. The absolute lack of responsibility which a good many well-meaning people show in the matter of talking would be incredible if one were not constantly coming upon illustrations of its extent. Men and women give forth impressions and repeat, without qualification or condemnation, statements regarding others which have absolutely no foundation in fact, and to ascertain the truth or falsity of which not the slightest effort has been made. These people would shrink from the idea of burning down a man's house or taking a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket; but they do not hesitate to smirch his character or destroy his peace of mind, calamities much more difficult to bear than the results of arson or

theft. Society stands in great need of sound education regarding personal responsibility for talk which affects the character and standing of others.—*Christian Union*.

Good Advice for a Young Man.

The New York Herald having been asked by a young man from the country how to win wealth and fame in the great city, begins by recommending its correspondent to get rid of all excelsior nonsense, stay down below and let the glaciers and the mountain peaks take care of themselves.

2. Do your work well, no matter what it is. Study your business. Make yourself master of it by putting your head and heart into it. If it is book-keeping, then keep books in such fashion that the angel Gabriel will want to lend you his crown as a token of approval. If you are a mechanic, or artisan, or farmer, be proud of yourself and the rest of the world will soon come to be proud of you. Nothing is needed so much in this generation as a man with skilled fingers. You may have a long pull, but the clock will strike an unexpected hour and the opportunity—which comes to everybody in turn, but which most people miss—will present itself. Study the bulldog, and when you get your teeth into a big thing let them stay there.

3. Save money. The coward runs in debt, the brave man has a five-dollar surplus in his pocket. The world may laugh at you because you can't have a four in hand necktie. All right, let it laugh. You are your own world, and the people who sneer are simply outside barbarians. When they see that five dollar bill growing bigger they will all want to shake hands with you and send you to Congress. Keep well within your income and you will save yourself from skulking round the corner like a kicked dog when the dun is on your track. The hardest thing on the planet is the penny laid up for a rainy day.

Now, young sir, get rid of the nonsense that you are a genius, settle down to the conclusion that you are just an average North American boy and then start in. Keep yourself alert, look after your digestive apparatus, don't smoke cigarettes, get to bed early, be square to all your dealings, and we will wager a cookie that at sixty you will have to look backward for those who began the race when you did.

Are you ready? Then, Go!

But before you go, in addition to the Herald's sage advice take this one other precept with you: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

What Every Home Needs.

I am reminded of a woman who said to me, when I marvelled at the smoothness with which her domestic machinery ran:—

'I'll tell you the secret. There is nothing in this world will carry you through like good old home religion. Don't try to keep house without it; you'll be a failure if you do, and instead of growing old gracefully, you will go down to the dust a veritable shrew.'

I laughed unconsciously. She had never seemed a praying woman to me, and in delicate terms I stated as much.

'Well,' she answered, 'I'm not a Pharisee; I don't stand on the street corners, and pray. Neither do I always methodically read a chapter in the Bible, and then get down on my knees and pray; but I work and pray, silently, earnestly, continually. Now, a loaf of bread may seem a trivial thing to pray about, but often the tranquility of the atmosphere depends upon whether or not it is well baked. I don't think the Lord is so busy annihilating old worlds and creating new ones that He hasn't time to listen to my swift, involuntary impromptu prayers for help in culinary or housekeeping affairs; and if He has willed that my work is such a given thing, He is ready to listen to my prayers as to how it may best be done. And then those times when everything goes wrong—the washer-woman fails to come, or the cook takes French leave, and you are left to struggle alone with two or three babies—what would you do without religion to preserve you? Then is the time to pray—pray that you may get things straight, and not lose your temper. Above all things, don't get angry. It's such a disagreeable feeling. And remember, the complexion of the home depends upon the wife and mother. The reflection of her mood is thrown over all, and how necessary it is that she should be a bright and shining star, scintillating with light and love and cheerfulness, dispersing all around her the radiant reflection of her personality. I've delivered you quite a homily, and trust you will profit by it.'

And I certainly have; and numberless are the times that it has tided me over the inevitable jars which occur within the inner sanctuary.—*Ladies Home Journal*.

Girls Who Make Poor Wives.

I never see a petted, pampered girl who is yielded to in every whim by servants and parents, that I do not sigh for pity for the man who may some day be her husband. It is the worshipped daughter, who has been taught, not her whims and wishes are supreme in a household, who makes marriage a failure all her life. She has had her way in things great and small; and when she desired dresses, pleasure or journeys which were beyond the family purse, she carried the day with tears or sulks, or posing as a martyr. The parents sacrificed and suffered for her sake, hoping finally to see her well married. They carefully hid her faults from suitors who seek her hand, and she is ever ready with smiles and allurements to win the hearts of men, and the average man is as blind to the faults of a pretty girl as a newly-hatched bird is blind to the worms upon the trees about him. He thinks her little pettish ways are mere girlish moods; but when she becomes his wife and reveals her selfish nature he is grieved and hurt to think fate has been so unkind to him.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Ladies Home Journal*.

A Prayer.

The most beautiful and efficient feature of the order of the King's Daughters is "The Prayer of Consecration," which each King's Daughter offers every morning upon rising. It is this:

Each morning I seek to give myself to my heavenly Father for the day, saying:

Take me Lord, and use me to-day as thou wilt.

Whatever work thou hast for me to do, give it unto my hands.

If there are those thou wouldst have me to help in any way, send them to me.

Take my time and use it as thou wilt.

Let me be a vessel close to thy hand, and meet for thy service, to be employed only for thee and for ministry to others in his name.

A PRAYER.—A teacher in one of the colored schools at the South was about to go away. An old negro poured out for her the following fervent petitions: 'Go afore her as a leadin' light, an' behind her as a protectin' angel. Rough-shod her feet wid de preparation ob de gospel of peace. Nail her ear to de gospel pole. Gib her de eye ob de eagle, dat she spy out sin far off. Wax her hand to de gospel plow. Tie her tongue to de line ob truf. Keep her feet in de narrer way, an' her soul in de channel ob faith. Bow her head low beneath her knees, an' her knees 'way down in some lonesome valley, where prayer and supplication is much wanted to be made. Hedge an' ditch 'bout her, good Lord, an' keep her in de strait an' narrer way dat leads to heafen.'

TO GIRLS.—Be cheerful, but not gigglers; serious, but not dull; be communicative, but not forward; be kind but not servile. Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not. Remember God's eye is in every company. Beware of levity and familiarity with young men. A modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path. Court and encourage conversation with those who are truly serious and conversable; do not go into valuable company without endeavoring to improve by the intercourse permitted to you. Nothing is more unbecoming when one part of a company is engaged in profitable conversation, than that another part should be trifling, giggling, and talking comparative nonsense to each other.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Premature gray whiskers should be colored to prevent the appearance of age, and Buckingham's Dye is by far the best preparation to do it.

INCOME AND OUTLET.

The three important outlets of disease are the skin, bowels and kidneys. See that they perform their functions properly and use Burdock's Blood Bitters to insure this proper action.

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John Hays, Credit P. O., says:—'His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months have elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since.'

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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
1886	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1888	373,500.31	1,573,027.10	9,413,358.07
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