

The Religious Intelligencer For 1893.

Nearing the end of the year a few words about the INTELLIGENCER for next year are in order.

With next month it will complete forty years of life. During all these years it has kept steadily about the work, and rejoices to believe that it has not lived and laboured in vain.

It has sought to be a faithful witness for the truth; it has, from week to week, carried news of the progress of the work of the Lord to the people; it has advocated and defended the doctrines and usages of the denomination of which it is the representative; it has presented the claims of the several departments of our work and has urged their generous support; it has furnished a vast amount of sound teaching concerning right living, for old and young; it has been the helper of pastors and Sabbath school workers; it has vigorously advocated the temperance reform, and given support to every moral and christian enterprise.

That these things have been done perfectly is not claimed, but that there has been a fixed purpose, undeterred by any influence or consideration, to do these things, we are sure, and for the degree in which they have been done, and the success which has attended the work, we are profoundly thankful to God.

For the favour shown the INTELLIGENCER by the people we are grateful. It has the support of a large circle of warm friends, and the number has, we are glad to be able to say steadily increased. There is reason to believe that it never stood better with its readers than now. The many kind words said of it by those who read it regularly, and the hearty commendation of its course by the recent Conferences are very gratifying.

In days when the work presses hard and the difficulties multiply, the kind words said will be remembered, and will give cheer and stimulus. And our readers may feel assured that no effort will be spared to make it all that they can desire.

The Independent Citizen.

BY GEORGE W. HUNYAY.

Here each true man a king may be,
Enthroned among his peers, and free
To work and win renown;
And hold his manhood with the best,
Where plots will not disturb his rest,
Nor stain his laurel crown.

The patent of nobility
Nature bestows, without the fee
That comes of golden gains.
'Tis a white charter, plainly writ,
For the wise man, whose mother wit
Outweighs a crown with brains.

He fears no train of dynamite,
No powder plots, that oft affright
Princes and emperors.
His cottage is his palace, there
He reigns a king, his elbow-chair
The throne no earthquake stirs.

Give honor to the man of worth,
Not to the accidents of birth;
They come not from above.
The cradle unadorned may hold
Full carrels of the purest gold—
A human heart of love.

The true man's king among his peers,
No rivals rise to wake his fears
And take away his crown.
His title wears no mould of years.
No stains of human strife and tears,
They come from Adam down.

His crown is honor without stain,
His realm is home, where he may reign;
He's temperate, true, and just,
He is the king, his wife is queen,
His sceptre love, his laurel green,
In Heaven he puts his trust.

Christmas Chimes.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"Lill," said Helen, "I'm going to write a poem."
"Dear me, a poem!" exclaimed Lill, looking at her sister with great respect.

"Yes, a Christmas poem. I think I could do it, don't you?"
"Of course you could," said Lill, warmly, for she never doubted her sister's ability to do anything.

"Christmas Bells! I believe I'll call it," went on Helen. "I don't mean a very short poem, but one which will take up several subjects connected with Christmas time, to be divided into—"

"Cantos!" suggested Lill as Helen hesitated.
"Cantos! How absurd you are, Lill. Do you happen to remember

anything about the time when bells were first used in Christmas celebrations?"

"No, I don't believe I do," said Lill.
"I didn't expect you would," said Helen impatiently. "What do you know about Christmas, anyway?"

"Not very much," said Lill meekly.
"I'm not such a reader or scholar as you are, Helen. I only know about the common things—seeing to the Christmas dinner and that the house is in order, and looking after the poor folks a bit. It wouldn't do for us both to be bright like you, you know," she added with a laugh.

"No, I suppose not," said Helen.
"I just came to ask you," said Lill, who had on her cloak and hat, "if you think you could help a little about the bedroom work and read to grandmother this morning. I promised to go to a little meeting of the Sunday-school teachers of the mission to talk about getting up some kind of a Christmas merry-making for those little tots."

"It's a good way ahead, I should think," said Helen.

"Yes; but there's the money to be raised, and there's always so much else when it's nearer Christmas. I hate to ask you, Helen, but when the meeting was set I really forgot about its being ironing day and always so much to do at home."

"Lill's short little figure seemed almost to grow shorter as she shrank beneath her elder sister's look of dignified rebuke."

"This Sunday-school work is all very well, Lill, but I have my own opinion on the subject of its being to interfere with home duties."

"Yes," said Lill, very humbly. "I know it's wrong. Never mind; they can get along very well at the meeting without me. Of course you want to be at your poem. I'll stay."

"When it's finished, Lill, I'm going to have it published."

"You are!" exclaimed Lill, quite overcome at the thought.

"Yes, and I shall give the price I get for it to your Sunday-school. I don't know what it may be, but something better perhaps than what you manage to pick up by your five and ten cent subscriptions. You shall have it towards your Christmas doings."

"Thank you, Helen," said Lill, fervently, as she went to take off her things. And her feet were quick and willing as she obeyed the call after her.

"Bring down my portfolio, Lill."

"I believe, Helen, said Lill, one day a little later, that if you are willing, I shall spend the poem money on picture cards for the school. Will that suit you, Helen?"

"Anything you like," said Helen who sat near with her portfolio, appearing so busy that Lill did not dare to ask her to baste up some tiny garments she had cut out of a set of old flannels she had begged from her mother. It would have been a great help, and as the cold weather was settling down they were needed by the baby in the poor family of one of her scholars. But she cut, basted and stitched away on one as fast as she could.

"That really isn't worth putting together," remarked Helen, looking disdainfully at the flannel, which was in truth rather poor.

"I know it," said Lill, always ready to agree with her sister, and so much in the habit of hearing her own doings criticised and made little of that she expected nothing else. "But it isn't much to do, and I didn't know where to get anything else for that poor baby."

"A waste of time though, I think," Helen looked complacently at her own work, line after line written upon delicate paper.

"Lill, do you know what the language of the holy is?"

"No."

"Just run and bring the Encyclopedia. Perhaps I can find it there."

Lill's overflowing lapful of bits of old flannel went to the floor, and she ran upstairs for the book, thinking within her innocent heart what a grand thing it is to be able to write poetry, and that next to being able to do it one's self it was grand to have a sister who could. But she forgot all about it in the delight of at last seeing the little shirts finished by her busy fingers and the glow which came when she carried them to where they were needed and where no one thought the flannel was not worth making up.

"It's beautiful, perfectly beautiful!" cried Lill, clapping her hands in a transport of admiration when at length Helen read the poem to her. "O Helen, you've got it all there—the blessing of going about following the Master's footsteps in his own way of doing good, and the holy and evergreen, 'the glory of the pine and the box'—how does it go!—coming together to beautify the place of his sanctuary, and the angels' song and the Christmas bells singing out in these later times the story of peace and good-will—why, Helen, there's no telling the good such a poem may do, inspiring others to noble effort and all that, you know, eh?" and Lill, who always felt a great deal more than she was able to express, rapturously kissed her sister and flew off to do some work which had almost been forgotten in the delight of listening to the poem.

And Helen leisurely sealed it up with a daintily written letter to the editor of a literary paper, feeling little doubt that others who were far better able than her unpretending sister to appreciate its merits would be as strongly stirred by the lessons it was intended to convey. For Helen really possessed very high instincts of right, waiting to be turned in the proper direction, so far barred before her by a self-conceited dwelling upon her own fancied powers.

Helen waited as long as she had expected, then as long again, then twice as long, until she felt driven to the conclusion that Uncle Sam's almost perfect mail arrangements had come to a hitch just at the period at which her precious missive had been intrusted to them.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Lill, appearing at her door late one dreary November afternoon with a heavy society basket, a very bright face, and a letter. "It was a long walk out of my way, but I felt sure it must be come at last, so I went round by the post office. Do hurry and see how much it is. I could hardly keep from tearing it open to see."

But Helen's color changed as her own manuscript fell from the envelope, accompanied by a printed slip which in a few stereotyped words conveyed the usual polite declination.

"Returned, returned!" said her sister, unable quite to take it in.

"Do be quiet, Lill, said Helen sharply and very unnecessarily, for poor Lill had become quiet enough. Yes, it's returned, she continued, striving to accept the bitterness of the disappointment.

"But see," said Lill, taking up the slip, "because they have so much other poetry there, 'owing to an over supply of matter,' thanks for the favor of the offer." It doesn't say the poem isn't a good one, Helen. Some other magazine will be sure to want it."

"What are you doing?" asked Helen, meeting her sister at breakfast time on the morning after Christmas day carrying with a flushed face a heavily-laden basket from the kitchen.

"Oh, I've been making a lot of my little cakes with a bit of frosting on the top, just to let the children have some little thing to carry away with them. This is the day for the mission-school dinner, you know."

"Yes," Helen, who with a number of others had come to see. They're to come in now. And I'm to ring the dinner-bell; they said I might. That's the only kind of Christmas bell I'm equal to, she added with a laugh, in the overflow of her spirits. Then whispering, at a look she detected on Helen's face, "Don't you be disappointed, dear. It isn't your fault that you haven't helped about this; you tried your very best, I'm sure."

"All ready!" called a voice.
"Hurry, Lill, where's your bell?" said Helen.

Lill ran to the other end of the room and Helen waited to hear a ding-dong summons. But the sound of piano chords arose, and then heavy doors were thrown open and the throng of little ones poured in joyously joining voice to voice in the triumphant strain,

"Glory to God in the highest."

On they came, one bright face following another, the feet keeping a regular tread around and among the tables as the song rose higher and higher, ringing through the hall.

As the ascription of praise ceased the music glided into a livelier measure, and to the sound of a march, quicker and quicker, in which mingled more and more of merry laughter, the little host was duly marshaled into seats at that most delightful of tables.

Helen looked from one face to another, varying in the lines of wanness and misery which want and privation had written on each, yet

all just now alike in the brightness brought by an occasion so rare to their poverty-stricken little lives, then at the faces of those who had given of their time and labor to bring about this holiday festival, among which none glowed with a sweeter light than that of her sister, and her own heart grew heavier with a great load of dissatisfaction with itself. She had had no part in this gladness. Her voice had not raised one note in the grand chorus which rises from faithful hearts bearing the glad message of peace and good will through deeds of loving kindness and tender mercy. Even her faint intention of adding a mite to this feast had been smothered under vanity and self-sufficiency.

"O, Lill," she said to herself in real humility of spirit, "if I have done my best, what a poor miserable beat it is! How much, how much better your best is!"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Do GOOD NOW.—Dr. Johnson wisely said: "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything." Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things. How are railroads built? By one shovelful of dirt after another; one shovelful at a time. Thus drops make the ocean. Hence, we should be willing to do a little good at a time, and never "wait to do a great deal of good at once."

If we would do much good in the world, we must be willing to do good in little things, little acts, one after another; speaking a word here, giving a tract there, and setting a good example at all times; we must do the first good thing we can, and then the next, and so keep on doing. This is the way to accomplish anything. Thus only shall we do all the good in our power.

TEA RUSKS.—Rusks raised without yeast are so much more quickly made than with it that they are preferable for warm weather. Three teacupfuls flour, one of milk, two tablespoonfuls butter, two eggs, three-fourths teacupful sugar, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Rub the butter and sugar together, add the well-beaten eggs, and lastly the flour. Bake like tea biscuits in a quick oven.

A church ought to be to the members of a congregation more than simply a worshiping place for the Sabbath, just as the home ought to be more than a stopping-place for the night.

Thou art by faith to make up all thy happiness in him, and in him only; and he himself being thine, let him give thee or take away what he will besides, thou hast enough.

It is only truth which persuades without the need of presenting all its proofs. It enters so naturally into the mind that, when one comprehends for the first time it seems like recalling a memory.

I wonder why it is we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs it! How easily it is done! How infallibly it is remembered! How superabundantly it pays itself back! For there is no debtor in the world so honorable, so superbly honorable, as love. "Love never faileth."—*Prof. Drummond.*

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

FOR IMPROVING and preserving the health of your Horses and Cattle, use "Maud S." Condition Powders.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of Headache. Paralee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fails to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Paralee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

There are many forms of nervous debility in men that yield to the use of Carter's Iron Pills. Those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, etc., should try them.

FOR YOUNG OR OLD. Children and adults are equally benefited by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, the new and successful cough remedy. It stops coughs in one night and may be relied on as an effectual remedy for colds, asthma, bronchitis and similar troubles. Price 25 and 50c. at druggists.

A lady in Syracuse writes: "For about seven years before taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I suffered from a complaint very prevalent with our sex. I was unable to walk any distance, or stand on my feet for more than a few minutes at a time, without feeling exhausted; but now I am thankful to say, I can walk two miles without feeling the least inconvenience. For female complaints it has no equal."

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. I had yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

ONE MINUTE'S WALK FROM STEAMBOAT LANDING.

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