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 | ly. 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 to 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 workersit has vigorously advocated the tem; perance 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 INTELLI-GENCER 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 words said of it by those who read it regularly, and the hearty commendation of its course by the recent Conferences are very gratifying.

and the difficulties multiply, the kind words said will be remembered, and after her: 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. BUNGAY. 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 earthshock 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 carets 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

I could do it, don't you?"

sister's ability to do anything.

brations?"

Helen impatiently. "What do you the poem. know about Christmas, anyway?"

"I just came to ask you," said fancied powers. Lill, who had on her cloak and hat, some kind of a Christmas merry- had been intrusted to them. making for those little tots."

think, " said Helen.

"Lill's short little figure seemed see. almost to grow shorter as she shrank beneath her elder sister's look of own manuscript fell from the envedignified rebuke.

very well, Lill, but I have my own conveyed the usual polite declinaopinion on the subject of its being | tion. to interfere with home duties."

"I know it's wrong. Never mind;

going to have it published. "You are!" exclaimed Lill, quite overcome at the thought.

I get for it to your Sunday-school. and ten cent subscriptions. You be sure to want it." shall have it towards your Christmas doings.

and willing as she obeyed the call | the kitchen.

"Bring down my portfolio, Lill." willing, I shall spend the poem away with them. This is the day 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 holly is?" " No. "

"Just run and bring the Encyclopædia. Perhaps I can find it there. Lill's overflowing lapfull 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 room and Helen waited to hear a she forgot all about it in the delight ding-dong summons. But the sound debility in men that yield to the use of of at last seeing the little shirts of piano chords arose, and then finished by her busy fingers and the heavy doors were thrown open and glow which came when she carried the throng of little ones poured in them to where they were needed joyously joining voice to voice in and where no one thought the flannel was not worth making up.

"It's beautiful, perfectly beauti-Lill, looking at her sister with great | ful!" cried Lill, clasping her hands in a transport of admiration when following another, the feet keeping "Yes, a Christmas poem. I think at length Helen read the poem to a regular tread around and among her. "O Helen, you've got it all the tables as the song rose higher "Of course you could," said Lill, there—the blessing of going about and higher, ringing through the hall. 25 and 50c. at druggists. warmly, for she never doubted her following the Master's footsteps in his own way of doing good, and the the music glided into a livelier "'Christmas Bells' I believe I'll holly and evergreen, 'the glory of measure, and to the sound of a call it," went on Helen. "I don't the pine and the box'-how does it march, quicker and quicker, in and Dyspeptic Cure, I suffered from mean a very short poem, but one go?—coming together to beautify which mingled more and more of a complaint very prevalent with our which will take up several subjects the place of his sanctuary, and the merry laughter, the little host was unable to walk any disconnected with Christmas time, to angels' song and the Christmas bells duly marshaled into seats at that tance, or stand on my feet for more singing out in these later times the most delightful of tables. "Cantos?" suggested Lill as Helen story of peace and good-will-why, Helen looked from one face to Helen, there's no telling the good another, varying in the lines of without feeling the least inconveni-"Cantos! How absurd you are, such a poem may do, inspiring others wanness and misery which want and ence. For female complaints it has

were first used in Christmas cele- felt a great deal more than she was brought by an occasion so rare to able to express, rapturously kissed their poverty-stricken little lives, "No, I don't believe I do," said her sister and flew off to do some then at the faces of those who had work which had almost been for- given of their time and labor to "I didn't expect you would," said gotten in the delight of listening to bring about this holiday festival,

n't do for us both to be bright like high instincts of right, waiting to ing kindness and tender mercy. so far barred before her by a self-"No, I suppose not, 'said Helen. | conceited dwelling upon her own

Helen waited as long as she had "if you think you could help a little expected, then as long again, then about the bedroom work and read twice as long, until she felt driven to grandmother this morning. I to the conclusion that Uncle Sam's promised to go to a little meeting almost perfect mail arrangements of the Sunday-school teachers of the | had come to a hitch just at the permission to talk about getting up iod at which her precious missive

"I've got it!" exclaimed Lill, ap-"It's a good way ahead, I should pearing at her door late one dreary November afternoon with a heavy "Yes; but there's the money to society basket, a very bright face, be raised, and there's always so and a letter. "It was a long walk in an age that occasion is offered much else when it's nearer Christ- out of my way, but I felt sure it for a great deed. True greatness mas. I hate to ask you, Helen, but must be come at last, so I went when the meeting was set I really round by the post office. Do hurry forgot about its being ironing day and see how much it is. I could By one shovelful of dirt after and always so much to do at home." hardly keep from tearing it open to

But Helen's color changed as her lope, accompanied by a printed slip "This Sunday-school work is all which in a few stereotyped words

"Returned, returned!" said her "Yes," said Lill, very humbly. sister, unable quite to take it in.

"Do be quiet, Lill, said Helen they can get along very well at the sharply and very unnecessarily, for meeting without me. Of course you | poor Lill had become quiet enough. want to be at your poem. I'll stay." Yes, it's returned, she continued, "When it's finished, Lill, I'm striving to accept the bitterness of the disappointment.

"But see, " said Lill, taking up the slip, It's because they have so "Yes, and I shall give the price much other poetry there, 'owing to an over supply of matter, thanks for out yeast are so much more quickly I don't know what it may be, but the favor of the offer.' It dosen't made than with it that they are prereaders than now. The many kind something better perhaps than what say the poem isn't a good one, you manage to pick up by your five Helen. Some other magazine will teacupfuls flour, one of milk, two

"Thank you, Helen," said Lill, fast time on the morning after pinch of salt. Rub the butter and In days when the work presses hard fervently, as she went to take off Christmas day carrying with a flush- sugar together, add the well-beaten her things. And her feet were quick ed face a heavily-laden basket from eggs, and lastly the flour. Bake

"Oh, I've been making a lot of my little cakes with a bit of frost-"I believe, Helen, said Lill, one ing on the top, just to let the childay a little later, that if you are dren have some little thing to carry for the mission-school dinner, you be more than a stopping-place for

" Yes." "Of coarse," went on Lill, really feeling inclined to apologize for venturing her cakes in place of the grandeur which had been hoped for, "it won't be anything like what might have been if those men had

treated your poem properly, Helen." Helen turned impatiently away. Her poem, having sought recognition in several directions, still re- prehends for the first time it seems mained unpublished. No one had like recalling a memory. been inspired to higher purpose or better endeavor by its glowing words.

around the long tables to make sure that all was right. Her busy hands where had been untiring in their this occasion to which her honest, loving heart had so long looked for-

"It's all ready," she said, bustling up to 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

"Hurry, Lill, where's your bell ?

Lill ran to the other end of the

the triumphant strain, "Glory to God in the highest."

On they came, one bright face

As the ascription of praise ceased

Lill. Do you happen to remember to noble effort and all that, you privation had written (a each, yet no equal."

anything about the time when bells know, eh?" and Lill, who always all just now alike in the brightness 66 among which none glowed with a And Helen leisurely sealed it up sweeter light than that of her sister, "Not very much," said Lill meek- with a daintily written letter to the and her own heart grew heavier editor of a literary paper, feeling with a great load of dissatisfaction "I'm not such a reader or scholar little doubt that others who were with itself. She had had no part as you are, Helen. I only know far better able than her unpretend- in this gladness. Her voice had not about the common things—seeing ing sister to appreciate its werits raised one note in the grand chorus to the Christmas dinner and that would be as strongly stirred by the which rises from faithful hearts the house is in order, and looking lessons it was intended to convey. bearing the glad message of peace after the poor folks a bit. It would- For Helen really possessed very and good will through deeds of lovyou, you know," she added with a be turned in the proper direction, Even her faint intention of adding a mite to this feast had been smothered under vanity and selfsufficiency.

> "O, Lill," she said to herself in real humility of spirit, "if I have done my best, what a poor miser able best it is! How much, how much better your best is!"-Illus trated 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 consists in being great in little things. How are railroads built? 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 reised withferable for warm weather, Three tablespoonfuls butter, two eggs, "What are you doing?" asked three-fourths teacupful sugar, three Helen, meeting her sister at break- teaspoonfuls baking powder, and a like tea biscuits in a quick oven.

> A church ought to be to the mem. bers of a congregation more than simply a worshiping place for the Sabbath, just as the home ought to 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 lits proofs. It enters so naturally into the mind that, when one com-

I wonder why it is we are not all kinder than we are? How much "Doesn't it all look nice?" asked the world needs it! How easily it Lill, moving with a beaming face is done! How infallibly it is remembered! How superabundantly it pays itself back! For there is no and feet here and there and every- debtor in the world so honorable, so superbly honorable, as love. efforts to bring complete success to "Love never faileth." — Prof. Drummond.

> Minard's Liniment is used y Physicians.

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A lady in Syracuse writes: "For about seven years before taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery than a few minutes at a time, without feeling exhausted; but now I am thankful to say, I can walk two miles

August Hall's

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, authors, now in stock. Mo., during the past two years has Sabbath School Registers, Class been affected with Neuralgia of the Books, Sabbath School Cards and Head, Stomach and Womb, and Wall Cards always in stock. writes: "My food did not seem to Berean Leaves, Quarterlies and notes strengthen me at all and my appe- on the International S. S. Lessons will tite was very variable. My face be ordered at week's notice. was yellow, my head dull, and I had Books always in stock and for sale such pains in my left side. In the cheap morning when I got up I would The old stand and headquarters have a flow of mucus in the mouth, for Sunday School and church stock. and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had Hall's Book Store. such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back BELYEA HOTEL 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 Saint John, N. B. turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower ONE MINUTE'S WALK FROM STEAMBOAT! Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during Street Cars for and from all Railway the time I have taken it and is work- Stations and Steamboat Landings pass this ing a complete cure."

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A Dear at when the they won least she sa she tried nd folding h took her

ll pin this b sat befor Watching the shadows Ill silently she land, yo "Nowhere

children upon the never knev looked h the wee foo in size. e only knew

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mes all the into one large drops of quic fly puzzle sc you have sha this big one s all ran togeth that the way ome, Uncle 'If I were wonderful ma reamed abou ninutes and ardly be re eally, there ere, about me wonder nly listen.' 'Do tell us here were no 'Well, to b nagician, as

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pound of s r's store, w Why, gold 'I thought re mistaken