

6
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 Children We Keep.

The children kept coming one by one, Till the boys were five and the girls were three, And the big brown house was alive with fun, From the basement floor to the old roof tree.

Like garden flowers the little ones grew, Nurtured and trained with tenderest care; Warned by love's sunshine bathed in dew, They blossomed into beauty rare.

But one of the boys grew weary one day, And leaning his head on his mother's breast, He said, "I'm tired, and cannot play; Let me sit awhile on your knee and rest."

She cradled him close to her fond embrace, She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest song, And rapturous love still lightened his face When his spirit had joined the heavenly throng.

Then the eldest girl, with her thoughtful eyes, Who stood where "the brook and the river meet," Stole softly away into Paradise, Ere "the river" had reached her slender feet.

While the father's eyes on the graves were bent, The mother looked upward beyond the skies: Our treasures," she whispered, "were only lent; Our darlings were angels in earth's disguise."

The years flew by, and the children began With longings to think of the world outside; And as each in turn became a man, The boys proudly went from the father's side.

The girls were women so gentle and fair, That lovers were speedy to woo and to win; And with orange blooms in their braided hair, Their old homes they left, new homes to begin.

So one by one the children have gone— The boys were five and the girls were three; And the big brown house is gloomy and lone,

With but two old folks for its company They talk to each other about the past, As they sit together at eventide, And say, "All the children we keep at last

Are the boy and the girl who in childhood died."

—Mrs. E. V. Wilson

The Two Visits.

It was on a cold night in November that I drew up my comfortable chair before a cheerful blaze in my simply furnished, pleasant library, and with my head resting on the pillow of the chair fell to meditating.

I had just returned home after paying two short visits to dear old friends of my happy school-days, who for ten years had been mistresses of their own homes. I was trying, as I sat there to answer the question why it was that I had enjoyed my visit so much more at Mrs. Van Dyke's than I did at Mrs. Barstow's. Both ladies were bright, cordial, entertaining, intelligent and exceedingly hospitable, and I had looked forward for two years to the pleasure of visiting them in their own homes.

They were living in inland cities about two hundred miles apart. Both of these friends had married lawyers, who were already earning good incomes, and both families had the *entree* to the best society.

The homes of these friends were not only comfortable, but exceedingly tasteful and pleasant, and the children in both homes were bright, handsome and merry, with plastic minds ready to be moulded by their parents.

I recalled many incidents of the two visits, and they convinced me, and more strongly than ever before, that the mother makes the home. Her taste, her methods, her ideas, her example, her influence, her spirit are all impressed upon the household and create its atmosphere.

At Mrs. Van Dyke's not only was all the household machinery so well oiled that its running was noiseless, but there was no friction whatever in the family. The household arose betimes, in the old-fashioned way, and all the children were ready for breakfast when the meal was announced, and they appeared appropriately dressed and each with happy face bidding their parents, each other, and the guests a pleasant good morning. Then after morning prayer, in which the servants participated, each of the older children quietly disappeared from the sitting room to attend to a few practical duties before getting ready for school, appearing ere long, with books in hand, for a good-bye kiss and to hear the last cheery word from mother as they started out.

With perfect composure, and with no apparent trouble, a few friends were asked to dine one evening, and a most delightful visit was enjoyed. The flowers, the glass, the silver, the table-linen were exquisite, and the dinner of only four courses was well-cooked, home-like, and well served, while the feast of reason, the quick repartee, the witty stories, the bits of political, social, and literary talk were not only a pleasure to all the older ones, but a source of education and culture to the children. Several such informal companies were entertained at Mrs. Van Dyke's while I was there.

In every department the household seemed to move along harmoniously and without apparent exertion or undue care on the part of the mother. The home was at all times in perfect order, and yet without stiffness or angularity visibly anywhere.

I remember going into one of the children's rooms to look at a gift of a pretty picture, and as little Mary opened a bureau drawer I noticed how neat and orderly it was, as was also her closet, where the shoes and rubbers even were set back against the base-board with regularity and precision. I asked Mrs. Van Dyke, when we were alone, if Mary, who was nine years old arranged her closet and drawers herself, to which question her mother replied:

"Certainly. I taught all my children before they were two years old to be orderly. Even at that age," she said, "you know they are very imitative, and they love to do little services for their mothers. I showed them just how to put their clothes and shoes away in an orderly manner, and how to lay things in their drawers and keep them neatly. Those early lessons they will never forget. I believe," she added "no matter how many servants one can afford to have, it is well to teach children to be self-reliant, and to do everything promptly and well. Such teaching saves a vast amount of work and of unnecessary friction through life. True it is that some children seem to have naturally more of a bump of order than others, but the orderly habit can be cultivated. If the hanging loop to Mary's coat should give way, so orderly has she become, she would not, for a moment, think of hanging it upon her hook until the loop was mended."

All this I recalled as I sat there and also what my friend said about her husband when I had remarked that I had never seen a gentleman who seemed to make so little trouble about the house.

"He was a surprise to me in that respect," said Mrs. Van Dyke. "I told him soon after we were married that I had been accustomed to see

men leave every-thing about for some one to pick up, and asked him how it happened that he was so neat and orderly. He said that when he was about thirteen years old he noticed that his mother picked up and put away what he had left carelessly about, and when he had tossed up his bureau drawers, his mother, without a word, came and regulated them, and he concluded, one day, that he was somewhat better able to do all his than his mother, and, from that time on, he made her no trouble in such ways. And, of course, Mr. Van Dyke has been a great help to me in the training of our children."

One of the pleasantest memories of the visit was then recalled, that of the children's hour, which Longfellow has immortalized in that sweet poem, beginning:

"Between the dark and the daylight, When the night is beginning to lower, Comes a pause in the days' occupation Which is known as the children's hour."

How beautiful it was to see that mother gather her little flock about her and tell them a good story, or read to them, or recite some pretty poems, and talk with them about their lessons, and after dinner play a few merry games with them. Then when bed-time came she excused herself for half an hour and stayed with her children as they prepared for bed, singing sweet little hymns to them, and with unstudied effort, guiding their thoughts aright, and bidding them happy good-nights. That, she said, was one of her precious half-hours which was seldom interfered with.

I could not but contrast with all these sweet memories my visit at Mrs. Barstow's. While she was as attractive and intelligent, and more witty than Mrs. Van Dyke, she had no repose of manner, no faculty of keeping things in order, no quiet control over her children, and much less enjoyment with them. There was continual friction in her household, and while there was no lack of love and confidence, there was lack of harmony and unity, and consequently, continual conflict.

Two or three children were frequently late to breakfast, morning prayers were often omitted because all the family were late, at school-time books could not be found, and shoe-buttons and mittens were missing, and there was a general scurry and commotion until the children, with hurried, and often reproving words, were started for school. Then Mrs. Barstow had many little things to do which the children should have done, for the entire house was in confusion. This hindered the mother from attending to her own duties at the proper time, and throughout the household this lack of promptness and order was felt, and much which otherwise would have been easily accomplished was made difficult.

To Mrs. Barstow, therefore, it seemed a great undertaking to give a dinner-party. Then, too, she, attempted an elaborate affair with seven or eight courses, with decorated menus, and much expense, a dinner that required most of her time and thought for several days, and the time of her servants, as well as the expense of hiring extra help. All these preparations so exhausted the hostess that she could not enjoy her guests, and it hindered perfect ease and unaffected pleasure.

I meditated, too, on the constant friction which engendered discussions, harsh criticisms, hasty words, and fretted spirits. All this led the children, interesting as they were, to grow disrespectful toward their parents, which did not tend to increase the love and interest of friends.

It was seldom that the evening hour was a happy or restful one, for the mother, worn and weary, with the many perplexities and cares of the day, was too often unable to be merry with or attentive to her children. Their voices and their noise disturbed her, and the mother's fretted spirit was contagious. The little ones were hurried off to bed with an uninterested nurse, and Mrs. Barstow's sigh of relief was significant. While I left one home with reluctance, where the order, the repose, the easy hospitality had cheered and delighted me, I was ready to leave the other, where my own spirit even became fretted, before the day set for my departure.

In the quiet of my own home, and by that cherry blaze in the twilight hour I said aloud; "And all this difference which made one home so delightful to visit, and the other so much less agreeable, can be accounted for by the order, and promptness, and harmony in the one, and the disorder, and dilatoriness, and friction in the other. The good cheer and respect shown to parents in the one, and the lack of it in the other; the ease of entertaining in the one, the burden of it in the other; the time which the parents devoted to their children in the one home, the absence of such devotion in the other; the happy, peaceful spirits in the one, the fretted spirits in the other; the close fellowship between

parents and children in the one, and the lack of such sympathy in the other; all this," I said, "is the result of good early training, or a lack of it, in such habits as must have a powerful influence in every home, which will be felt through life."

"Fair faces beaming round the household hearth, Young joyous tones in melody of mirth, The sire doubly living in his boy, And she the crown of all that wealth or joy;

These make the home like some sweet lyre given To sound on earth the harmonies of heaven."

Always Fruitful.

The olive presents a beautiful emblem of Christian fruitfulness. Rev. Dr. Cuyler says: "Generous old tree, munificent to the lofty and the lowly, yielding thy grateful fruit to prince and peasant! For two hundred years thou shookest down thy ripe mercies. One generation cometh and another goeth, but still the olive berries fall. Thou bearest fruit with all thy might, never stinting thyself, and never robbing thy owner of his score of brimming jars. Even when thou standest on the most barren, desolate stone-bed, thou canst bring oil out of the flinty rock, and pour down fatness on the very spot that is marked with dreariness and desolation. Here is an emblem of Christian fruitfulness worthy of study in these days."

The law of the Christian life is fruitfulness. Every true child of God is planted in a friendly soil, under the genial rays of the Sun of righteousness, and is refreshed by frequent showers from above. Hence large expectations of fruitfulness are indulged by the Lord of the vineyard. "He that abideth in me," says Christ, "and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." Christian discipleship is dependent upon these manifestations of life and fruitfulness.

Of one of the old divines, it is said that he had quite a passion for fruitfulness. His signet ring had for a device a fruit-bearing tree, with the motto from Psalm i: 3; and, when near his end, being asked by his son and pastoral successor for some word of condensed wisdom, to be treasured up as a remembrance and a prompter, he breathed into his ear the word "Fruitful."

How interesting it is to see this fruit-bearing Christianity extending from sire to son, running on even to the third and fourth generation! The examples are numerous and lustrous.

In order to be at our best, we must be thoroughly purified. All that hinders growth and fruitfulness must be eliminated. The life of Jesus must be fully infused, distributing itself through all the avenues of our being. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." Then will the branches be laden with ripe, luscious fruit; and, when the Lord of the vineyard comes to gather in the fruit, he will receive abundantly, even down to old age, according to promise.—*Christian Standard*.

To conquer the world by loving it—to be blest by ceasing the pursuit of happiness and sacrificing life instead of finding it—to make a hard lot easy by submitting to it—this was Christ's divine philosophy.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

HAVE YOU SEEN the new Perfume "Lotus of the Nile"? It is perfectly lovely.

It is no easy thing to dress harsh, coarse hair so as to make it look graceful or becoming. By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, this difficulty is removed, and the hair made to assume a style or arrangement that may be desired. Give the Vigor a trial.

QUINSEY CURED. GENTLEMEN.—I used to be troubled with quinsy, having an attack every winter. About five years ago I tried Hagyard's Yellow Oil, applying it inside my throat with a feather. It quickly cured me and I have not since been troubled. I always keep it in the house.

MRS. J. M. LEWIS, Galley Ave., Toronto, Ont.

THE HORSE—nobles of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Lameness, swelling, of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

ACHING PAINS REMOVED. GENTLEMEN.—I cannot but praise B. B. B. for it has revived me wonderfully. I have completely run down, had aching pains in my shoulders, a tired feeling in my limbs, low spirits, in fact I was in misery. Being recommended to try B. B. B. I did so, and with the use of only one bottle I am to-day strong and healthy. I prize it highly.

MRS. B. TUCKER, Toronto, Ont.

"German Syrup"

Asthma. "I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try this valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario."

Gentle, Refreshing Sleep.

new and well assorted list of Books for Libraries. Furnishings for Baptist Library; speciality; all the newest and cheapest editions of standard Sunday School books, now in stock. Sabbath School Registers, Old Books, Sabbath School Cards and Wall Cards always in stock. Bazaar Leaves, Quarters and notes on the International S. S. Lessons will be ordered at week's notice. All the Baptist and other Hymn Books always in stock and for sale cheap.

The old stand and headquarters for Sunday School and church stores.

Hall's Book Store

186 & 188 Queen St., F. Ton.

BELYEA HOTEL

253, 255 and 257 Prince William St.,

Saint John, N. B.

JAS. L. BELYEA, Proprietor.

ONE MINUTE'S WALK FROM STEAMBOAT LANDING.

Street Cars for and from all Rail Stations and Steamboat Landings pass the Hotel every five minutes.

Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated. Terms reasonable.

OCTOBER 1892.

FALL & WINTER DRY GOODS

TENNANT, DAVIES & Co

Our stock is now complete in every department, the newest and most desirable Fabrics in DRESS GOODS. A big assortment of

JACKET and ULSTER CLOTHS, LADIES' CLOTH, SEALETTE AND ASTRACAN JACKETS, FUR CAPES, COLLARS, MUFFS, CAPS, ETC., ETC.

Tennant, Davies & Co

September 3th.

NEW FALL GOODS

John J. Weddall's

A SPLENDID RANGE OF JACKETS

FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

New Dress Goods

FEATHER BOAS,—so much worn the present season.

FLANNELS, all colors; FLANNELETTES; WHITE BLANKETS extra good value.

Daily openings of New Goods.

JOHN J. WEDDALL

Sun Life Assurance Company

HEAD OFFICE—MONTREAL

The rapid progress made by this Company may be seen from the following Statement:

	INCOME.	ASSETS.	LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE.
1872.....	\$48,210.93.....	\$546,461.95.....	\$1,076,350.....
1874.....	64,072.88.....	621,362.81.....	1,864,302.....
1876.....	102,822.14.....	715,944.84.....	2,214,093.....
1878.....	127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.....
1880.....	141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,478.....
1882.....	254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,889.....
1884.....	278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.....
1885.....	319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.....
1886.....	373,500.31.....	1,573,027.10.....	9,413,388.....
1887.....	495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.....
1888.....	525,273.58.....	1,974,316.21.....	11,831,300.....
1889.....	563,140.52.....	2,223,322.72.....	17,184,383.....
1890.....	889,078.87.....	2,911,014.19.....	20,698,589.....

The SUN issues Absolutely Unconditional Life Policies

R. MACAULAY, PRESIDENT MANAGING DIRECTOR.

J. B. CUNTER, General Agent.

16 Prince William St., St. John, and Queen St. Fredericton, N.

The Great Church LIGHT.

PRINCE'S Patent, Manufacturers give the Most Powerful, the Safest, Cheapest and the Most Light known for Churches, Stores, Show Windows, Factories, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circulars and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and the trade. L. F. FRANK, 661 Front Street, N. Y.