

A Happy New Year.

This year will prove a happy one,
If gladdened by thy smile.
Jesus, my Saviour, that alone
My heart with bliss can fill;
That smile can cheer the saddest hour,
And gild the darkest sky,
And, with its soul-renewing power,
Joy's sea amidst grief supply.

This year will prove a happy one,
If, quickened by thy grace,
With swifter, firmer steps I run
The arduous, heavenly race;
If, stumbling, lingering now no more,
"Forgetting things behind,"
I press toward those that are before
With undiverted mind.

This year will prove a happy one,
Bring with it what it may,
If, Lord, thy strength be made my own
In every trying day;
For thou canst make all grace abound,
Thou canst my grace increase,
And with thy mercy fence me round,
And keep my mind in peace.

This year will prove a happy one,
If every mement lent,
Each day, each hour, with these begun,
For thee alone be spent;
If, as the weeks revolve, my aim,
My one desire may be,
On earth to glorify thy name,
To live, my God, for thee!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Hattie Barker's New Year's Resolve.

It was her idea from beginning to end, and no one thought of opposing Hattie's plans, for she was one of those good workers who must have her own way, or none at all. There must be an entertainment New Year's eve to raise the ten dollars the society had promised for the new carpet, for the minister had said all socials must be given up for the first six weeks of the new year. Besides, there was to be a large party, to dance the new year in, at the home of one of the leading members of another church, and Hattie determined to keep as many of her young people away as possible. First, she wisely secured the large parlors and library of one of the most commodious homes in the church, so there could be a merry time without any question as to its being appropriate to the place. Then without consulting the other members, she arranged the program and distributed the parts. By New Year's eve she was so tired and nervous over the strain, that her brother Fred declared, "It was at the risk of being blown into the middle of next year to go near Hattie."

"A Festival of Months," was what Hattie called her entertainment, which was original with her. Each month was to be represented by a tableau or pantomime, after which an appropriate poem was to be recited. Hattie would not have them come in order, that the audience might have the opportunity of deciding which month was represented.

Of course the first one was guessed in a moment for when the folding doors were swung back, an old man, hour-glass and scythe in hand, was retreating in the back-ground, while a stripling, whose short cloak was covered with snow-flakes, came to the front. In his hand he held a large book with the words, "Good Resolutions," in large letters on the corner. He did not need to turn over a new leaf for the company to declare him the first of January. While preparing for the next scene, "Ring Out, Wild Bells," was recited in front of the closed doors.

The next was a pretty maiden with flowing hair and soft draperies. Her apron was full of flowers and fruit. Around her feet were piled palm-leaf fans and mosquito netting, while a cooler marked "ice-water" stood near.

"July," all said, until there came a smothered bark from under the draperies at her feet, and out bounced old Sport, his mouth well muzzled. "Dog days! August!" cried the audience.

The next was a short, blustering fellow, wrapped in a snow-covered cloak. "March or February," was the decision. At that moment he set down a picture of George Washington and scattered a bag of Valentines, which settled his identity.

The next one was laden with pumpkins and corn, and his beard and hair were turning gray, while on his garments was a light fall of snow. The roasted turkey he carried spoke so plainly of Thanksgiving, that November was not to be mistaken.

The next scene was a pretty young girl scattering dandelions and violets. One moment she smiled and then tried to weep, though truth compels me to say her tears were not very successful. A small boy followed her, executing all kinds of pranks. "There is no mistaking an April fool," said some one.

June was recognized by her roses, and May by her pretty May-pole.

July was represented by a young fellow decorated in flags and shooting off fire crackers, while the Goddess of Liberty stood by immovable except when the last cracker fell on her dignified skirt. Then she forgot her dignity and screamed, "There,

Jack; I knew you'd burn me up with those awful crackers." The doors closed as Fourth of July was trying to appease the angry Goddess, and the audience laughed so they could hardly hear the stirring recitation that followed.

September was laden with grapes and leaves beginning to turn, but most characteristic part of the picture was children starting to school.

October scattered crimson leaves and nuts.

March was a blustering fellow who knocked everything over, but dropped hyacinths and snowdrops before he left.

December was easily recognized by the Christmas tree and well-filled stockings he bore, and by the sweet carol sung somewhere out of sight.

Then came a beautiful tableau of the four seasons, made radiant with a calcium light that did not make every one choke, and the programme was declared finished. Every one was so delighted, that the hat that was then passed around was liberally patronized. One gentleman actually put in a dollar, and the happy treasurer counted nearly fifteen dollars as the result. Cake, sandwiches and coffee were then served—a treat from the young ladies and their generous hostess—and the older people prepared to go, while the younger ones made merry, as young people should.

All but poor Hattie. She was busy getting ready the last tableau when she heard this scrap of conversation outside the closet door where some of the girls were dressing.

"Yes, Madge, it is all splendid, if your sister wasn't so cross. I know we owe her everything for the way she works, but she hasn't given any of us a civil word to-night, and we've all worked our best and furnished our own things and everything. She's like bluster, blowing, March, but you're like the sweet sunny May you represented. I'd rather have folks love me as they do you, than think I was as smart as Hattie."

"I can't deny what you say, if she is my sister," was the answer that pierced poor Hattie's heart. "In confidence, I believe I would try and be a Christian if it did more for Hattie; but she's no better than I am, for she's always cross about something, so it's a positive rest when she's off on a visit, even if I have to do the share of the work."

Hattie went through the rest of the evening like one in a dream, and did not notice how those appointed to wait on the company left many of them without spoons or napkins. She was thinking bitterly how the society had dragged until she became president, and how it had prospered under her hard work; but, after all, here efforts were not appreciated, even though the prayer-meetings showed a religious interest never before known. And harder than that, was the thought that she was a stumbling-block to her gay young sister, for whom she often prayed with tears of earnestness.

By eleven o'clock most of the guests had gone except those belonging to the Young People's Society (that was before it adopted the new name). The last hour of the year was to be a "watch-meeting," and as the minister rose to lead it, a solemn hush fell on the noisy crowd. After singing and several short prayers, their pastor gave them a talk about "God's part and our part in the higher Christian life." "Did he mean it for her?" Hattie wondered with burning cheeks and misty eyes. Were her pride and ambition and nervous temperament hindering God's part in her life?

Before he finished speaking, she seemed to have a revelation of her own heart, so earnest and anxious to help God's cause, yet without the rest and peace He had promised to His workers.

"Let this be a heart-searching time, yet one of hope and not of despair," the minister said. "Remember, even after the children of Israel had entered Canaan, they had their hardest battles to fight. God was always ready to make them victorious, but only when they went out against the Amorites and Canaanites. I brought some slips of paper, and recommend we each write on one of them the special foe we hope to conquer this year with God's help. We can take for our staff, 'I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.' I will seal them all up in this large envelope, and next New Year's eve we can open them and see if the Lord has been true to His promises and helped us drive the enemy from the land."

Hattie wrote on her folded slip: "God helping me, I will be pleasant, and not fret and worry." In the time of silent prayer that followed, during the last few moments of the year, she felt, as she gave herself anew to Christ, a rest her soul had never known before.

The next morning she fortified herself with some Bible promises and more earnest prayer than usual before she began the duties of the day. Madge had taken her sister's

hair-pins in her thoughtless way. The usual reproving words came to Hattie's lips, but she remembered her resolution, and quietly got some more out of her box, which did Madge more good than a dozen scoldings, and both went to breakfast in good humor. Bridget has forgotten the soda in the buckwheat cakes but Hattie remembered that scolding would not sweeten them.

There was a large family dinner that day which had been Hattie's special dread, for much of the extra work fell on her, and it was embarrassing to receive what callers she might happen to have, in an already crowded parlor. Then Jennie, the eldest sister, had no control over her children, who considered 'Grandma's' the place for having a big time. There were two little cousins coming who were a great trial to ordering Hattie, so the day would not be an easy one. Still, it passed more smoothly than such times generally did, and after dinner Hattie entertained the children by joining their plays and telling them an amusing story. She felt rebuked as well as rewarded when her little niece gave her a good hug and kiss, and said, "Aunt Hattie, you're so pretty and sweet to day."

I don't mean to say Hattie's victory was an easy one, for sometimes she forgot wherein lay her strength, but I am glad I can say her restless, nervous, domineering nature was completely changed by the union of divine grace and her own efforts.

"Hattie, it's your life the last month or two, more than anything else, that decided me to be a Christian," Madge said, after she had given her heart to Jesus almost the last of the special services.

"Our daughter Hattie has grown to be the peace-maker of the family," Mr. Barker said once.

"I agree with you, father," spoke up Fred. "I don't want her to inherit all your earth, but I'm going to hunt up a woman as near like Hattie some day as I can find. Oh but you used to be a fussy, sis! What made you sweeter and better than other girls, after all?"

"Trusting God to help me overcome my ugly disposition," was the honest reply, that her brother thought much about.

Better than all the appreciation of friends, which does not always come, were the rest and peace that abode in Hattie's heart through storm and sunshine.

When the sealed envelope is open this New Year's meeting, I am sure Hattie can testify that the Lord has been true to His promises, and any foe can be driven out "through Christ who strengthens us."

Pastors' Salaries.

The following from *The Central Baptist* is reproduced here because we believe every word of it: "An exchange, in speaking of a pastor who unexpectedly changed his field to the surprise of his people, states that at length the secret leaked out that he was so crushed with debt that the change had become a necessity; and then asks, 'When will preachers learn to keep out of debt?'"

Just as soon as the churches learn to pay their pastors living salaries promptly. Many a pastor, depending upon the solemn promise of his church to pay him a certain salary, is compelled to contract bills in order to live. The bills become due and the salary is unpaid, and immediately we hear a fearful arraignment of the preachers because of their improvidence and lack of business capacity and extravagance, etc. We believe that preachers, as a class are the most economical and the best business men, all things considered, on the face of the globe. There is not one pastor in a hundred who gets his salary promptly, who can be accused of running recklessly in debt, and if we are mistaken we are willing to be corrected. Furthermore, we have noticed that the people who complain mostly of the extravagance of the pastor are those who pay least, as a general rule, to ward his support; and on this point we are also willing to be corrected if we are in error."

Keeping the Sabbath.

A Chicago lady recently ascribed her conversion to the following incident:—

"She was traveling through New Mexico, three years ago, and was side-tracked at Santa Fe one Sunday. She and a lady friend had some handkerchiefs they wanted washed, and spring a Chinese camp, a short way off, went to it, and she asked a Chinaman if he would wash the handkerchiefs. He replied, 'No, no washee to-day.' The lady's friend, thinking, of course, that John was lazy, recommended her to display her cash, and renew the request. So she held up a dollar bill, together with the handkerchiefs and asked him again to wash them. At this John grew solemn, and reaching up to a shelf, took down a book, which the lady was surprised to see was a Bible, and holding it in one hand pointed to it with the other, looked into her face, while a tear stood in his eye, and said: 'Me

Chinaman and you Melican lady; and I lovee that book. You no good lady.' There were no handkerchiefs washed that day. A profound impression was made on the ladies and their party, ending in the conversion of the speaker." — *Sailor's Magazine*.

It Makes all Wrong.

"Please, father, is it wrong to go pleasuring on the Lord's Day? My teacher says it is."

"Why, child, perhaps it is not exactly right."

"Then it is wrong, isn't it, father?"

"Oh, I don't know that—if it is once in a while."

"Father, you know how fond I am of sums?"

"Yes, John, I am glad you are; I want you to do them well, and be quick and clever at figures. But why do you talk of sums just now?"

"Because, father, if there is one little figure put wrong in the sum it makes all wrong, however large the amount is."

"To be sure, child, it does."

"Then, please, father, don't you think that if God's day is put wrong now and then, it makes all wrong?"

"Put wrong, child; how?"

"I mean, father, put to a wrong use."

"That brings it very close," said the father, as if speaking to himself, and then added: "John, it is wrong to break God's holy Sabbath; your teacher was quite right."

"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy."

WELL DRESSED—I once heard a mother who had been criticised for her personal vanity by a somewhat gossiping neighbor, say that she made it a duty and a pleasure to keep well dressed, for she was likely at any hour to be called upon to entertain friends whose good opinion was of such consequence that she could not afford to run the risk of having them find her in any but neat and presentable attire. The friends were her husband and children, and she was fully compensated for her care in this direction by their approval and appreciation. To be "well dressed" was not to her mind an admission of extravagance. Good taste and good planning often stand in place of dollars and cents, and the lady in question was able to dress well on half the cost of her neighbor's wardrobe.—*Selected*.

THERE ARE PERSONS who are unhappy because they fail to use the blessings within their reach. They resemble a widow. A gentleman called, and she told him, "I am poor, though I should not be so. I have a son in Australia who is well off, but he only sends me a letter once a month with a picture in it." When they were produced, the gentleman saw that they were drafts for fifty dollars. He said to her, "You are rich, not poor, as you think. Put your name on the back of these pictures, present them at the bank, and you will get money." She was living in abject misery, complaining to all whom she met of her son's neglect, notwithstanding he had been very liberal to her.

Sin has brought many a believer into suffering, and suffering has been the instrument that has kept a believer out of sin.

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DYSPEPSIA.

This disease may be traced to a variety of causes, such as constipation, liver troubles, improper food, etc. There is one cure—Burdock Blood Bitters—which may be thoroughly relied on to effect a permanent cure. It has cured obstinate cases of 25 years' standing.

If the hair is falling out and turning gray, the glands of the skin need stimulating and color-feeding, and the best remedy and stimulant is Hall's Hair Renewer.

"August Flower" Lawn Tennis!

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations with beneficial results, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDERICK, Saugerties, New York.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.

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1876	102,829.14	715,944.64	2,214,093.43
1878	127,506.87	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
1887	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
1888	525,273.58	1,974,316.21	11,931,300.6
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