

The Old and the New.

By MARGARET HOLMES EATES.

Let us part friends, Old Year, while yet
there lingers
Within your breast a spark of fluttering
life;

I clasp in peace your unresponsive fingers,
And in this hour, forgetting all of strife.

I thank you for the promises you tendered
When first we met,—how fair, how
white the day!

And if the service you have hourly
rendered
Scarcely falls short, still fervently I
say.

I thank you. As I read your dimming dial
I see how all is fitting and complete.
Some prayers are answered best by their
denial,
And blessing come in strange and alien
feet.

Go to your rest, with all the years that
slumber
Within the endless sepulcher of time.
Go to your rest; you may no longer
cumber
The world of men. The bells begin to
chime.

That spends the failing breath, the soul
that's shrunken.
And children's voices in the temple's ring,
Farewell, Old Year, for ever as you're
forgiven—
The King is dead! Oh, joy! long live
the King!

The Last Day.

The last day of a year is by some
invested with peculiar solemnity, and
why should it not be so? It marks
the conclusion of a long period, by
which many of the most important
events of life are calendared. The
day of one's birth falls in a year, and
at the close of the last of a prescribed
series of years he attains his majority.
The average duration of human life is
computed in years; the term of service
in greatest responsibilities and both
the progress and the epochs of history
are estimated in years. Plans of re-
construction made by individuals are
usually related to years: the dissatisfied
look forward to the next year as the
period in which they will reform,
economize, achieve, or receive the
fulfillment of the hope so long deferred
that the heart has been made sick.

When the last day of a year arrives,
who can refrain from recognizing the
number of such last days already past
and gone? Who that pauses in the
hurry of life to reflect and reflect
can avoid being startled as he perceives
how little has been done of the much
that was intended? The resolutions
made for the year, where are they?
Were they good and wise? Then it
was wrong not to keep them. The
year has made the youth a man, and
the man of middle life to be numbered
among the aged. To how many has
the year brought unknown temptations;
and how few, who judge by any stand-
ard which commands the respect of
reason and the approbation of con-
science, can approve in the plane of
practical wisdom and consistency the
major part of their own conduct.

And yet the year, like squandered
money which had the potency of many
needful things and beneficent deeds,
has been in large part lost in sloth, or
trifles, or blind progress in grooves
which dwarf the soul and harden the
heart. A spirit in the eternal state
may conclude that one day is not more
important than another, for there the
movements of the heavenly bodies
mark no changes; but relatively the
last day of a year is important in its
influence upon a finite mind capable
of change for better or for worse.

The last day of a year does not un-
naturally suggest the last day of one's
life; for life is made of years and days.
None except the wretched being who
takes his own life, or the man who in
some awful catastrophe for an instant
foresees his doom, or the criminal who
feels the noose tightening about his
neck, or he who after a weary or a
painful decline is conscious of the fore-
tokens of death, can be reasonably
sure that he has come to the last day
of his life. Nor are these absolutely
certain, for sometimes the would be
self-murderer returns to consciousness
in the world he sought to leave; in the
most destructive calamity there are
strange, almost miraculous, escapes;
and the signs of a coming swoon or
trance often simulate death.

But that there is a last day to every
life all are sure, and not less so that
neither youth, vigor, nor care can
guarantee that any day not yet passed
may not be the last. The King of
Terrors may arrive on lightning's flash
or by the sluggard's pace, but he may
releat from the trembling victim
leaving him a poor, broken vessel, full
of pain and conscious only of useless-
ness, to totter until even he shall come
to count on many years, and with even
more alarm than the first shock brought
he may receive the fatal arrow in the
seat of life; while the sluggard's pace
may at once be changed into the tiger's
spring, and the confident expecter of
many days be borne to the dust.

Wise, therefore, was the saying of the
Jewish sage, "A man should prepare
to meet his God one day before he
dies; but since he cannot know that
this is not that day, he should prepare
to day."

There is another last day beyond
which there shall be no last day of
year or life, the true and only day of
days.

It is not the fashion to speak of it
except with bated breath, and even
many deny that doomsday will ever
come, or, shrinking from that extreme
of reckless speech, affirm that none
can know whether there will be such a
day or not. But Jesus four times
affirmed it, saying, "And this is the
will of Him that sent Me, that every-
one which seeth the Son, and believeth
on Him, may have everlasting life; and
I will raise him up at the last day." Paul also on Mars Hill declared
to the philosophers of Athens, "God
now commandeth all men everywhere
to repent; because He hath appointed a
day, in the which He will judge the
world in righteousness by that man
whom He hath ordained, whereof He
hath given assurance unto all men in
that He hath raised Him from the
dead."

It is a "day of wrath." For him
who, after his hardness and impenitent
heart, treasures up unto himself
"wrath against the day of wrath and
revelation of the righteous judgment
of God; who will render to every man
according to his deeds; to them who
by patient continuance in well-doing
seek for glory and honor and immor-
tality, eternal life; but unto them that
are contentious, and do not obey the
truth, but obey unrighteousness, indig-
nation and wrath."

But it is also a day of perfect salva-
tion; wherefore "grieve not the Holy
Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed
unto the day of redemption."

Without such a day Christianity has
no voice concerning the future, no
vindication of God's justice, no explana-
tion of the limitation of human life
by death, no adequate motive to rouse
sinners to repentance, no justification
of Christ's sufferings and death.

Because the unwelcome truth slips
out of the minds of men, iniquity of
all kinds abounds, culminating in
suicides, which increase in Christian
lands almost as rapidly as in the days
when the legislators of pagan Rome
were compelled for the salvation of the
state to consider gravely how they
could be checked. Also Christ is
undervalued and the seriousness of
life diminishes, until the service of the
Church itself is in danger of becoming
but a form of entertainment, or even
of amusement, and its edifice a pillar
of individual and collective pride.

Still the voice re-echoes, "I: is ap-
pointed unto men once to die, but
after this the judgment." Still the
last day is declared "to assert eternal
justice and vindicate the ways of God
to man." Its function is to alarm the
sinner that by repentance he may
escape the doom, to prevent self-con-
fidence in the righteous, to deliver them
from perplexity by teaching them to
await the solution of mysterious provi-
dences "until that day," and to comfort
them by the thought that it is the
Father's will that of all which He hath
given Christ He should "lose nothing,
but should raise it up again at the last
day."

It is the last day of the dispensation
of redemption that gives human life
its immortal significance.

Is there any way to regard the last
day of the year, the last day of life,
and the last day with calm joy? There
is. A woman of culture saw the hus-
band of her youth rise to ever increas-
ing honor, and growing faint in life's
dusty path lie down and die; knew the
pangs of bereavement when the deep
sea rolled for thousands of miles be-
tween her dying child and the bosom
where from infancy until she bloomed
into womanhood she had often found
solace; has known the all-penetrating
grief, the forsaking of the domestic
temple, and the distribution of its
treasures, and through this and more
her intellectual brightness and spiritual
cheerfulness have been the wonder of
those who beheld her. One day in
intimate converse with a young friend
she revealed her secret. It is this:
each night as after introspection and
prayer for loving pardon she lies down
to slumber, her last thoughts are,

"At peace with all the world, dear
Lord and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith
can shake;
All's well! whichever side the grave
for me
The morning light may break!"
Chris. Advocate.

We should aim to be better than
our best friends think we are. The
Pharisees aimed to make people
believe they were better than they
really were, but real genuine Chris-
tians aim to be better than people
think they are. Their great concern
is to be holy in the sight of God, and
not to make others believe they are
holy.

Christianity and Infidelity
Contrasted.

Christianity was founded by Christ.
His love and teachings are its founda-
tion. Love moved him to come to
the help of fallen humanity.

That he might do this effectually he
had to become flesh and dwell among
men as a man. Only in this way
could he adapt his teachings to the
comprehension of men. Only in this
way could he so demonstrate the love
of the Father as to draw men, through
himself, to the Father.

Christ founded Christianity to be an
institution for seeking and saving lost
men. "The Son of man is come to
seek and to save that which was lost." Through it as an organized working
force he goes through the world night
and day, year in and year out, seeking
and saving men and women. This is
the high and holy mission of Chris-
tianity.

An able young lawyer, Howard
Russell, a week ago, in Association
Hall, this city, gave a lecture on "A
Lawyer's Reasons for the Christian
Faith." After a comprehensive and
critical comparison of Christianity and
infidelity, he deduced four conclusions,
each one of which is substantial by
both reason and observation. They
are as follows:

1. Christianity is an institution.
Infidelity is a destitution.
2. Christianity in its history has
been constructive. Infidelity has been
destructive.
3. Christianity conforms noble
character. Infidelity deforms it.
4. Christianity is eternal. Infidelity
is ephemeral.

The above assertions are so clearly
true as to be almost self-evident. As
an institution Christianity is an es-
tablished polity, existing as an im-
portant element in the very best and
highest civilization—a system of laws
which makes for peace, righteousness,
and prosperity among men. Infidelity
is well known to be the direct opposite
of this. It unbridles lust, dishonesty,
selfishness, and all the baser passions
of the human soul, and brings its
votaries down to the grave in the
blackness of despair, destitute of all
hope for the future.

Christianity, pure and simple, from
the day of the crucifixion of its founder
to the present, has contributed more
to the building up of happy homes,
noble characters, prosperous states and
nations, and the establishing of peace
and righteousness, in the world than
all other influences and agencies com-
bined. It alone has proved itself able
to tame the destructive tiger there is
in the unregenerated heart. Infidelity
has been, and still is, essentially de-
structive. In proof of this we need
but point to its work during the Reign
of Terror in France. Infidelity was
on the throne there only three and a
half years, and the whole kingdom
was drenched in blood, and the civil
institution essential to social peace
and prosperity almost annihilated.

That Christianity conforms noble
character is evidenced by the great
roll of eminent Christians from Paul
the apostle down to our Gladstone
and Moody of to-day. Add to this
roll of distinguished Christians the
millions of common men, women, and
children living to-day whose characters
are lustrous because of the adornment
given them by the Christian religion.
On the other hand, that infidelity
deforms character is evident from the
fact that the hosts of vile men and
women are all infidel. They discard
the teachings of Christianity. They
do not believe in a hell; they even
try not to believe there is a God, and
many of them seem to succeed.

Christianity is eternal. The longer
a man holds on to it the more strongly
does his faith cling to its teachings;
least of all does he cast it aside when
he stands face to face with death.
And of all other times, it is to
him most precious. Who ever heard
of a Christian abandoning his religion
on his deathbed or regretting that he
was a believer in and follower of
Christ?

On the other hand, who ever heard
of an infidel on his deathbed rejoicing
in and boasting of his confidence in
infidelity. While it is a universally
recognized fact that all Christians die
well, it is a fact as equally and
universally notorious that all infidels
die hard. The foundations of their
unbelief slip from under them and
they are without consolation in death.

Thank the Lord for Christians! y—
for so loving the world as to give his
only begotten Son that whosoever
believeth in him might not perish, but
have everlasting life.—The Telescope.

It is always a choice of masters to
which Christ is urging men. It is not
by striking off all allegiance, but by
finding your true Lord and serving
him with a complete submission, that
you can escape from slavery. Then
give yourself to him completely. Let
him mark you a his by whatever
marks he will.—Phillips Brooks.

Filled With The Spirit.

With the baptism of the Holy
Spirit at Pentecost came a new faith,
a new life, and a new and wonderful
power. For example, the Peter who
performs his splendid and heroic
achievements in the "Book of the
Acts" is as different from the Peter
who figures in the narrative of the
four evangelists as a full-grown man
is from a stumbling child. He had
actually "risen with Christ," been
baptized with a wonderful endowment
of Christ's Spirit, and climbed up into
a higher, purer and more heavenly
atmosphere. The other ten of the
original disciples probably received
the same mighty uplift, although their
peculiar experiences are not described
to us as are the experiences of Peter
and John.

A somewhat similar experience—in
kind but not to the same degree—has
happened to great numbers of Christ's
followers since the apostolic days.
They have had a spiritual resurrection.
They have risen into a new view of
Jesus Christ, a new fellowship with
him, and a new and wonderful pour-
ing of his Spirit. New zeal has been
kindled in their souls, new joys have
been tasted, and the love of Jesus has
poured in and been shed abroad in
their hearts. They have risen into a
new life, and found "the things that
are above." Many of my readers are
familiar with the remarkable experi-
ence of John Wesley (then thirty-five
years old) at that little prayer-meeting
in a court just off of Aldersgate street,
London. He tells us that on that
evening at a quarter before nine
o'clock he became strangely warned
in spirit, and an assurance was given
him that Jesus Christ had taken away
his sins, and saved him from the law
of sin and death. I once visited that
little room and I felt that Methodism
had there its birthplace.

President Jonathan Edwards gives
a very thrilling account of what hap-
pened to him after reading the first
chapter of Paul's first epistle to
Timothy. He says that he had an
inlet of spiritual light and joy that was
like a revelation of the "things that
are above." "From that time I began
to have a new idea of Christ, and the
work of redemption, and the glorious
work of salvation by him. I had a
view that was extraordinary of the
glory of the Son of God, his pure and
precious grace and gentle condescen-
sion. This grace that appeared so
sweet appeared also great above the
heavens. The person of Jesus Christ
became ineffably excellent with an
excellency great enough to swallow up
all conception. This view continued
about an hour, and kept me in a flood
of tears, and weeping a'out."

Dr. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford,
was the most brilliant genius that the
American pulpit has seen during this
century, and his hard common sense
kept him from being a mystic. During
the fifteenth year of his ministry he
had a marvellous revelation, enabling
him to spiritually discern spiritual
things. "On an early morning of
February (1848) his wife awoke to
hear that the light they had waited
for had risen indeed. She asked,
'What have you seen?' He replied,
'The Gospel!' It had come to him,
not as something reasoned out, but as
an inspiration—a revelation from the
mind of God himself." This new and
glorious conception of Jesus Christ
lifted Bushnell into a higher life, gave
him new insight and power, and
shaped all the remaining years of his
quickening and extraordinary ministry.
His voice, like the lark's sang at
heaven's gate.

What these three spiritual giants
experienced in a very intense degree,
is possible to us humbler mortals in a
humbler fashion. Everyone who is
now dragging out a feeble, meager
half life may rise into a full life. And
this is attained by a clearer view of
Jesus Christ, a more strong grasp on
Christ and a more complete yielding
up of the whole heart to Christ.
When he lives in us more perfectly,
we live higher and that is the only
legitimate "higher life."—Dr. Cuyler.

A Preacher's Pulpit Program.

Rev. Dr. W. Gunsauls, after an
illness of nearly two years, is again
able for work. At the call of Plymouth
Church, Chicago, he has agreed to
preach from that pulpit every Sunday
morning for one year. In entering
upon the work, he makes a declaration
as to the kind of message he will
deliver. Believing it will be helpful
to preachers, we produce it as follows:

1. I have fifty-two precious Sunday
mornings before me. I can waste not.
I can idle not.
2. I do not know enough of politics,
sociology, art, literature, music or
science to justify your coming to hear
me speak on these topics.
3. I know here but one thing. My
theme has the breadth of God's love,
and the many-sidedness of his abun-

ant goodness. It is perennially fresh
and beautiful.

4. I will not attempt to vie with
your other sources of intellectual and
spiritual vitality in furnishing you
delightful information or high enter-
tainment. If they are valuable to
you it is because each to whom you
give your attention is a specialist.

5. So also am I a specialist. No
one else has been traveling my path
with Christ. No one else has met him
where I have met him. No man has
had my soul and its vision of Christ.

6. I will preach only what I believe
—the time is short.

7. I will preach only what I know
is supremely important to the thought
of Jesus—the time is short.

8. I will preach only what I have
fallen down upon and found safe and
able to bear me up—the time is short.

9. I will preach only what I found
true when lately I went up to the gate
of Otherwhere—the time is short.

10. I will preach these things with
absolute conviction that God
will bless us, and I will look for the
fruit of this ministry here, where the
time is short, and there, also, where
time shall vanish in the morning glow
of Eternity.

Depend on Christ.

Reckon on Christ to do His part
perfectly. Directly you give, He
takes. Directly you will open the
door, He enters. Directly you will
open the floodgates, He pours in a
glorious tide of fullness—fullness of
wealth, of power, of joy. The clay
has only to be plastic to the hand of a
Palissy; the marble has only to be
pliant to the chisel of a Michael
Angelo; the organ has only to be
responsive to the slightest touch of a
Handel; the student has only to
follow the least hint of a Faraday or a
Whewell—and there will be no failure
in results. O, to be equally suscep-
tible to the molding influences of
Christ! We shall not fail in realizing
the highest ideal of which we are
capable if only we will let Him do
His work unhindered. —The Rev. F.
B. Meyer.

Sorrow is apt to be selfish. The
soul occupied with its own griefs, and
refusing to be comforted, becomes
presently a Dead Sea, full of brine
and salt, over which the birds do not
fly, and beside which no green thing
grows. And thus we miss the very
lesson that God would teach us. His
constant war is against the self-life,
and every pain He inflicts is to lessen
its hold upon us. But we may thwart
His purpose and extract poison from
His gifts, as men get opium and
alcohol from innocent plants.

A man may be clad in purple and
fine linen, and fare sumptuously every
day, and yet be a very poor creature
at heart.

What She Believes.

"I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla is a
good medicine, because I have seen its
good effects in the case of my mother.
She has taken it when she was weak
and her health was poor and she says
she knows of nothing better to build
her up and make her feel strong."
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night. I had as my feet were badly
swollen I could not wear my boots for
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cured. We tried everything we could get,
but it kept getting larger all the time, till
both nostrils, the upper lip, a part of the lower
lip, and up one side to the eye, were a solid sore.
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of the heart, together with pains or
spasms in various parts of my body.
"Sometimes I felt so weak that I was
unable to look after my domestic duties.
However, I had to endure this worry and
trouble, because all the remedies I tried
failed to give me relief, until happily I
heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.
I had only been taking them a short time
when I felt greatly benefited. This en-
couraged me to continue their use until
a complete cure was effected.
"I have not been troubled with a head-
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creased my appetite, invigorated my en-
tire system, and gave me back my old
time strength and vigor."

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