

To the New Year

I do not know what thou wilt bring,
What gift, what changes, from the King,
With thee, New Year,
As from His presence thou shalt fly,
There from the palace in the sky,
To me, down here.

I do not know how it shall be,
But whatever comes to me,
Full sure I am,
That he whose hand the Master holds
May watch the year as it unfolds
With perfect calm.

Content in this sure faith to rest,
That all for him is truly best,
The King supplies,
If tears are sent, or other ill,
He knows they come as blessings still,
Though in disguise.

I welcome thee, then, from above,
For, freighted down, I know, with love,
Are all thy days,
And as they pass, be this my care,
That back to Him each one shall bear
My grateful praises.

Getting at the Bottom of It.

Now and then rumors pass from lip to lip that touch, and tarnish with their touch, the character of some one we know. How, or where they originated no one seems to know. They are given a certain amount of credence, the amount being graduated by the degree of friendship existing between the one who hears the rumor, and the person whose character is touched by it. If it concerns a stranger little notice is taken of it. With a smile of unconcern it is dismissed, but if that stranger is ever afterwards introduced, the name is at once associated with the unpleasant rumor, that may be but dimly recalled. You do not give the stranger the cordial reception that was expected because of that all but forgotten rumor.

How few take the trouble to get at the bottom of the rumor about another. It is none of our business, there must be some foundation for what we have heard. So we reason and act accordingly. Were we to take the trouble to investigate a little way, it may be that we should find as little ground for the rumor as there is for another statement about ourselves, which we know to be absolutely false. We traced that back to its source. It concerned us, and we made it our business to search it out. It was a curious compound when we analyzed it. A little jealousy, a little devilment, a little love of scandal, a little ill-will, a little vanity and so on. A curious mixture, and strangely mingled. Like Macbeth's witches, each one that passed it along dropped in a portion, and the compound is the resultant.

If we love our neighbor as we love ourselves we shall be willing to do a little analyzing on his account as well as on our own. But the one who undertakes to trace a rumor back to its source, whether it concerns himself or another, must have a cool head, and the self-control of a party leader. It is a business where there are fuses laid at every step, and no man has right to wander round there with a lighted match. We have seen the biologist at work dissecting his subject. He worked quite dispassionately, cutting, removing, laying aside, and arranging. We wanted to exclaim every minute, but emotion was entirely repressed with the operator. And that was right. So it is right when we come to operate upon the moral deformity of a badly twisted lie, whose several strands we want to unravel.

We have changed our figure, and the old is better, so we get back to it again. In pursuing this work of getting at the bottom of the rumor by analyzing the compound of which it is made up, it will surprise you to find what has been contributed by the different parties. The last element was applied by an intimate friend, perhaps the one who repeated the rumor to you. It was utterly unworthy of your friend, whom you did not think capable of bearing ill-will and venting it in this way. If you can keep your head it will pay you to let the original compound alone for a time, and give some time to the analysis of this last portion of it. Why does your friend bear this man ill-will? The investigation of this is risky, especially if you value the friendship, but it is often worth the risk. Each new element in the whole, will in turn give you some useful information.

From how small a matter does the most damaging statement sometimes originate. A overheard B making a disparaging remark to C. At that moment A's mind was dwelling upon some incident in D's life and unconsciously he associated B's disparaging remark with D. A repeated the remark, or what he supposed was the remark, to E, who promptly passed it on. It changed slightly when A repeated it, for it must fit into his conception of what B said. E also changed it a little, adding his portion to the whole. So the rumor went on.

The outline is too real and too tragic to pass over with a smile, and a disparaging remark of "Far-fetched!" The scandal that sent your minister from his work with you had no more serious beginning than this. The rumor that blackened the character of your neighbor had no more to rest upon than this. The cloud that has come between you and your comrade or neighbor began in some such way. The coldness that froze into ice, and that effectually separates husband and wife, lover and beloved, began in some such foolish way as this. It is worth while tracing back one or two of the rumors that reach you. It will shake your faith in human nature while you are about it, but the final result will be reassuring. Your own life will be sweeter, and your outlook upon life will be saner.—Dom. Presbyterian.

Christ's Teaching About the Old Testament.

It is difficult for us to remember that the only Bible which the disciples had in the lifetime of our Lord, and for a long time afterward, was the Old Testament. It was this which our Lord Himself had so thoroughly by heart and to which He so constantly appealed. The home life in Nazareth was shaped by its teachings. The suggestions of the tempter were repelled by words quoted from its books. In the recurring differences with scribes and Pharisees He, not less than they, referred the question at issue to a right interpretation of its commandments. Yet we read and ourselves feel, after all these centuries, that His handling is different from theirs, and that "he spake as one having authority and not as the scribes."

He found a deeper meaning than they found. To the Sadducees, who called in question the resurrection, He showed that the name of God—the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob—was not a mere string of historic reminiscences, but the key to an enduring relation. He explained the law of divorce as an accommodation to the hardness of the ancient people's hearts. He spiritualized the moral law with an addition of, "But I say unto you," that sets before us an inner holiness undreamed of before.

Our Lord appealed to the Scriptures of the Old Testament for their testimony to Himself. "These are they which bear witness of me." They were prophecy of Him and His work in record of events, in aspirations of saints, in words of foretelling. Their meaning is made clear by His earthly life and death and by the Holy Spirit's work. With this clue we shall find the traces of His presence everywhere, and all along the way signposts that lead to His appearing.

Every man is bound to read these records of God's revelation through humanity in the brightest light which God has given him. If we bring this illumination of the Holy Spirit's teaching to the study of the Old Testament, we shall find in it a true guide to the nobler Christian life. The letter of many of its enactments is done away; the spirit of reverence, love and service that informed it can never perish.

We shall find the path along which God led humanity until the time was ripe for Christ's appearing. We shall find the witness of God's purpose for the race and for ourselves. We shall come in penitence with David to feel the need of Christ; in sorrowing perplexity with Jeremiah to look for His dominion; in glad anticipation with Isaiah to understand the burdens He must bear and the glory that shall follow.

In this light of fulfillment and attainment, by the goodness of God's Spirit down to the present, which reveals the depth of revelation. We need the various helpfulness of that human experience with God which the Old Testament records. It is less and more to us than to the contemporaries of Jesus. Less, because we have, over and above it, the brighter light of fulfillment in Jesus and the church. More, because this very fulfillment is as full of illumination, brightening every corner and giving meaning to every mystery which its books contain. The Old Testament without Christ is the Interpreter's House, where many things are written of those who went before for our instruction and delight.—The Congregationalist.

Not until you make men self-reliant, intelligent and fond of struggle—fonder of struggle than of help—not until then have you relieved poverty.

Use what talents you possess. The work of the world is done mostly by ordinary ability while geniuses are waiting for splendid opportunities.

The Prospect.

Individuals and churches are entering upon a new year of experiences and endeavor, and where there is the kind of consciousness that should prevail, there is, as a consequence of the untrodden paths before us, more or less anxiety and concern. And the anxiety and concern are not without cause. To those who have considered the results of the past year there must be a quick sense of failure in many things. The old year may have been begun in hope and great expectation, and though much has been realized that was then anticipated, it is safe to say that the unattained and the unaccomplished things are sufficient to weigh the spirit down with a good deal of disappointment. It would be untrue to ourselves and untrue to our Father to say that there has been nothing but shortcoming and failure. We know better. Something has been attained, and perhaps much has been done, the fruit of which both time and eternity will surely see. But there has been left unfinished and unattained so much that we begin another year with a great feeling of failure possessing the heart and life. What shall we do? Shall we permit the fact and sense of failure of past days to so control our thought and efforts at the beginning of the new year, as to clog the wheels of life and endeavor? Shall we allow our humble sense of shortcoming in life and work to limit our hope and courage just when opportunities of better life and avenues of greater usefulness are being born? Never. With the prospect before us such as is furnished in God's good providence, we shall reap benefit for the sense of failure, and in humility and in hope begin another year.

At times we say happy the men and churches who have the assurance of work finished of ideas reached, of goals attained, of hopes realized. Our language sometimes should be, happy the men and churches who have the sense of work unfinished, of unreachd ideas, of goals unattained, and of hopes unrealized. In this world of imperfections and disappointments, men and churches are to be pitied who have not felt, and felt, it may be, with burdened hearts, that failure has attended both desires and efforts. Even the sense of failure has a good ministry to fulfil.

Another source of anxiety and concern is the feeling of uncertainty that accompanies the prospect of untrodden ways. The past we know, but the future has untrodden paths.

Doubtless we may hope to have repeated some of those experiences of the year gone, but for the most part we are convinced that our journey lies through an unknown country. Under such circumstances it is but natural that anxious thoughts should in a measure occupy the mind and emotions of concern to the heart. The possibility and the probability that the untrodden ways may furnish strange experiences disturb our rest. There are individuals and churches whose past may have been comparatively free from the clouds and trials that others have passed through. Changes await us, perchance, that may for the time being be viewed as adverse or otherwise. What has been usual may be displaced by the unusual. We need not, aye, we should not borrow trouble, but we cannot but have thoughts of this kind. Indeed we do well to face life as it is, that we may be able to meet in the right way the new things that lie before us in the uncertain future. May we not go further and say that it is a part of heavenly wisdom that veils in kindness and love much of the way through which we shall walk? A life of trust is most pleasing to our Heavenly Father, and He had made such a life requisite. From such a life of trust our Saviour himself was not exempted. He was called upon to pass through ways where faith laid hold of God with unmoved confidence. And it is not strange that His disciples individually and collectively should be called upon to commit their ways, their untrodden ways of future months, into the hands of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

A further anxiety may arise from the prospect of the difficult and great work committed to us. Individuals may be constrained to say with Paul, "Who is sufficient for these things?" And churches, too, may feel the greatness of the task the Master has set. What man is there who has comprehended to any extent that he is God's laborer, that does not realize the importance of the work given him to do? What man is there who understands the nature of the spiritual service expected from him, that does not feel anxious because of the magnitude and the importance of the work that is its obligation and its privilege?

The prospect brought vividly before our mind by entering upon a new year, however, is one of brightness if

we are assured of God's presence and help. Said David, "I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait on the Lord, and be of good courage and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord."—Can. Baptist.

An Every-Day Hero.

Reuben was a boy who dreamed of the heroic, but unheroically allowed his mother to worry herself out over matters where he might have given the helping hand. One day he took up a pamphlet that was lying on the schoolmaster's table. In it he saw a story called "The Hero." "Halloo!" he cried. "What is this about? I want to be a hero."

The story was something like this: A few years ago the traveller might have seen a charming little village, now, alas! no longer in existence. A fire broke out one day, in a few hours the quaint little frame houses were destroyed. The poor peasants ran around, wringing their hands and weeping over their lost homes and their burned cattle. One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbors even. True, his home and the cows were gone; but so also was his only son, a bright boy of six or seven years old. He wept and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighboring villages. Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and, looking up, he saw his favorite cow, leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little son.

"O my son! my son!" he cried, "are you really alive?"
"Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."
"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed.

"But the boy said: 'Oh, no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, I knew it was the right thing to do.'"
"Ah!" cried the father, he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero."

Reuben read the story two or three times, and then he gave a long, low whistle, which meant that he was seriously considering something. I wonder now if that is true," he thought. "A hero is one who does the right thing at the right time." There are plenty of chances for me to be that kind of a hero.—Our Boys and Girls.

The Old and the New Year.

The year which came to us twelve months ago, all fresh and young, is old and weary. A new year will come to crowd him from his place. On such a day it is not more habit, it is a natural and healthy instinct, which makes us stand between the New Year and the Old, between the living and dead, and listen to them as they speak to one another. The Old Year says to the New Year: "Take this man and show him greater things than I have been able to show him. You must be for him a fuller, richer day of the Lord than I could be." The New Year says to the Old: "I will take him and do for him the best that I can do. But all that I can do for him will be possible only in virtue of the preparation which you have made, only because of what you have done for him already."—Phillip Brooks.

When bad men combine the good must associate, else they will fall one by one an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.—Edmund Burke.

Coughing All Night.

It's this night coughing that breaks us down, keeping us awake most of the time, and annoying everybody in the house. Lots of people don't begin to cough until they go to bed. It gets to be so that retiring for the night is an empty form, for they cannot rest.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam makes life worth living to such people by its soothing effect on the throat. The "tickling sensation" promptly disappears when the use of the Balsam is begun, and the irritation goes with it. This medicine for cough hasn't a disagreeable thing about it, and it does efficient service in breaking up coughs of long standing. It is prepared from barks and roots and gums of trees, and is a true specific for throat troubles.

Handling coughs is a science that every one should learn. Not knowing how to treat them has cost many fortunes and many lives. In Adamson's Balsam there are the elements which protect the inflamed parts from further irritation. The result of this is that the tendency to cough does not manifest itself, and you are surprised at it. Afterward you would not be without Adamson's Balsam at hand. This remedy can be tested. 25c at any druggists.

HEREDITY.—A woman once visited an institution where homeless and friendless children found a home. Among the little inmates, she came to one to whom her heart went out, and said: "This child I want for my own." "He is not for adoption," said the person in charge. The woman looked around, but saw no other child who attracted as this little one had, and she went away sorrowful. In a few days she came again to visit the child. One day she came with tears in her eyes, and said, "Why cannot I have the child I want?" They told her then the story of the baby, and the utter depravity of its parents. There was bad blood in the child, and it would be a terrible risk to take it. If you think he will be more likely to be a good boy and man with my mother-love and brought up in a Christian home, give him to me God will take care of the rest." Her love prevailed. They gave the ill born waif into her hands; she took him into her heart.

Years have passed since then. Love has prevailed and conquered, and the little helpless waif has grown up to a faithful, honored, Christian manhood.

There is a mighty power in love; the love of man can subdue and sway and rule a life; the love of a woman can ennoble and uplift a soul; and greater than these is the love of Christ.

Cheery Dr. Cuyler exclaims: "Ours is a sunny religion, born of divine love; and one of the fruits of the Holy Spirit is joy. A joyless Christian is a rebel on his profession. We ought to walk so close to Jesus as to be always in his sunshine, and make so little of earthly ills and vexations and losses as never to let them envelop us in an atmosphere of Arctic midnight. Paul made a dungeon ring with holy melodies. Every follower of Christ should strive to make his daily life a song as well as a Gospel sermon."

All things that love the sun are out of doors.—Wordsworth.

THOUSANDS LIKE HER.—Tena McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Thomas's Electric Oil for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter. In order to give a quiet to a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. Thomas's Electric Oil three or four times a day, or often if the cough spells render it necessary."

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pp Normal School