

Thanksgiving.

Thank thee, Lord, for mine unanswered prayers, Unanswered save thy quiet, kindly "Nay"; Yet it seemed hard among my heavy cares,— That bitter day

I wanted joy; but thou didst know for me That sorrow was the gift I needed most, And in its mystic depths I learned to see The Holy Ghost.

I wanted health; but thou didst bid me sound The secret treasures of pain, And in the moans and groans my heart oft found Thy Christ again.

I wanted wealth; 'twas not the better part; There is a wealth with poverty oft given; And thou didst teach me of the gold of heart,— Best gift of Heaven.

I thank thee, Lord, for these unanswered prayers, And for thy word, the quiet, kindly "Nay;" 'Twas thy withholding lightened all my cares That blessed day. —Oliver Huckel, in "The Larger Life"

Whisperings Against the Brethren And Sisters.

BY GEORGE R. SCOTT.

My attention has been called to the distressing condition of a little church on account of "whispering against the brethren." My informant says rightly that such conduct is a "too free use of the tongue, together with too little of God's grace in the heart."

Don't whisper aught against a Christian brother or sister behind his or her back. If a brother or sister is over-come in a fault go and talk to him or her about it. You will find in one of the chapters of Matthew the proper mode of procedure in such a case.

Our first duty is to find out and correct our own faults. That will take up so much of the time we have to spare for making improvements that there will not be much time left to pick out flaws that may be found in others.

The Church of Christ was not started for the purpose of being a place in which to gratify the disposition of finding fault. The membership of a church is composed of men and women who have been sinners, but who are supposed to be saved by the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Not perfect individuals; but trying to grow in grace and making some effort to be better on Tuesday than they were on the day before.

Members of a church, like members of a family, have spells when they are not as good as they generally are. It is too bad that such is a fact; but, nevertheless, it is so.

Be kind and gentle to those who stumble. You can do such unfortunates more good by helping to pick them up than you can do by kicking them for falling.

Your brother or sister in Christ who you think is not as good as he or she should be may have to go through deep struggles to be even as good as he or she is.

The man with a naturally bad temper has more to contend with than the man who was born with a disposition as sweet as sugar.

Some people do not deserve much credit for being what the world calls good, as it would be hard work for them to be any other way. They may have had for a foundation a blessed good father and a saint for a mother.

I know a man who is trying to live a circumspect life; and he is very successful considering the father and mother he had. In his parents the fires of Hell were kept burning until he was about fourteen years of age. In the heart of that man there has been a constant struggle between the grace of God and his inherited devilishness.

If some day that man should make a slip, I would feel like going to his brethren and telling them to forgive him freely as soon as he showed the first signs of repentance.

The Church of Christ is the last place on earth where backbiting should be cultivated. What we all should strive to aim for is the spirit that Christ showed forth while on earth. To those who sinned He said, "Sin no more" and he said it kindly.

The Saviour never harmed a single member of the human family; but went about among the people doing them good.

When I was a young man a certain [she was very uncertain] Lady wanted to join the church of which my father was a member. In a conversation with the said Mr. William Scott, I as his son, wanted him not to have any hand in inflicting such a firebrand on the church he loved. That woman had been the means of breeding all kinds of scandals in the churches to which she had formerly belonged. She was a

terror, dressed up in the garb of an angel. She looked like an angel—sometimes. She talked like an angel—sometimes. She prayed like an angel—sometimes. But oftener she looked, talked and prayed like the Devil. The church being somewhat short of members did not take my father's advice to refuse her application to become a member. Some of the good people of that church had an idea that they could be instrumental in reforming her. But inside of a year they were shouting, "What shall we do to be saved" from the slandering tongue of that woman. The only quality she seemed to possess, other than the gift to slander others, was the gift of sticking to that church.

One day I heard my father pray that "she may be taken suddenly from us." But she stuck. As her age increased her tongue wagged more and more. It seemed as if that member of her body was hung in the middle. It was the nearest approach to perpetual motion that I ever came in contact with.

But as there is an end to all things, so there was an end to the wagging of her terrible tongue. One Tuesday night she died and on the following Sunday afternoon a memorial service was held in the little church. What was said about that woman I do not know for father and I went to another church that afternoon. We both had had enough of her. In her lifetime she let us alone, and we were contented to cry "quits."

Before saying aught against a person stop and deliberate about it, put yourself in the place of the person; and then repeat it all over again.

How much better it is to think well of others than to think ill of them!

When you wrong a brother or a sister connected with the church to which you belong you commit a grave offense. In plain English you are a sinner. It is your duty before speaking to find out first, that what you intend to say is the truth, and second, that it is necessary for the good of the organization to say it.

Generally there is more harm done by telling of the faults of others than is done by those who are guilty of the faults complained of. Sometimes little faults are magnified and made to appear so heinous that even the perpetrators of them do not recognize them.

The wise man and woman puts a bridle on his and her tongue. The little pest is kept in subjection, and has its orders to say less, and if possible keep mum.

Let whisperings against the brethren and sisters cease. What you have to say that ought to be said, should be said in "the open" and should always be backed up by facts and liberally sprinkled with charity.

Spend more time finding fault with No. 1, and it may be that No. 2 will pattern after you.—Sunday Reading.

"Cheering By The Hour."

BY MARY D. SCHAFFER

It is the wise advertiser who knows what will first attract the eye of the reader, then hold it sufficiently long for him to tell his story. It was evidently such a one who recently advertised in one of our leading periodicals in a style prophetic of success. "Cheering by the Hour" is the novel headline that attracts the eye, after which we are told that some one desires engagements "by the hour," to cheer the nervous and lonesome, to read for and amuse invalids, elderly people, and children, and, of course, terms and references are added.

What an honorable profession this! What tact and versatility it must require! Not one of the Christian graces can well be spared from the necessary equipment. It has its advantage too! "By the hour" is the true measure of all life, all work; it is only when we take them up by the weeks, months, and years, that the burden grows too heavy, and joyous privileges is lost in heavy responsibility. Then, too, these professional ranks are not yet over crowded. It seems altogether probable that in the century now dawning we shall read, as we pass along the city streets, "Miss Hearts-ease, cheerupidist." Some passer-by may read with a knowing smile, and consult a dictionary in confirmation of superior orthographical ability; but even such will soon understand.

What an opportunity this new professional presents to the thousands of college girls now in training for future service! Be a Cheer-up-i dist! It is a noble profession, in which all the training and culture of college life is none too great for truest success. Mental equipment alone, however, will not be sufficient; heart culture and amateur preparatory work will be invaluable assistants. Never yet was there a school without a nervous, lonesome girl. Undertake the cause. Learn what you have, or lack, of tact. Learn whether you have been exercising the Christian graces sufficiently for their

highest development and your own enriching. Make good references now, and you can make excellent terms in the future.

What an opportunity this for the home girl, whose circumstances do not call her to be a wage-earner, but who wisely proposes to be useful! Cultivate this field. Be a Cheerupidist, even though you never expect to make any announcements to the public. There are nervous and lonesome people; there are invalids, elderly people, and children, in most homes, in every social circle, who need you. Cheer them, amuse them. Be tasteful, exercise mind and heart in their behalf.

This new profession demands, even of an amateur, self-sacrifice, and more of it the farther one gets. But is not that the mark of every worthy profession, of all true living? Unless one is willing for this, she had better not plan to become a Cheerupidist.—S. S. Times.

That Last Commandment.

We as Christians long to help fulfill Christ's last and great commandment, and often are we anxious and troubled because it seems out of our power to obey a command that so entirely takes in all the world that there is nothing of humankind left out of it.

And now, dear friends, do we ever realize that every spiritual seed we sow is in the line of obedience to that commandment? And do we not believe that seed sowing means, in due time seed growing?

Of many parts a whole is made, and if each Christian does his or her part towards fulfilling the great commandment it will be fulfilled.

But we hold back for fear of giving offence, of seeming to harp all on one string, of being deemed altogether too religious, or of spending ourselves uselessly. And then, alas, we are not zealous enough in our Master's cause to do all in our power for Him.

Little words and deeds are often powerful because the God of power has them in hand. A man shoots an arrow; his desire is to hit a certain mark, his aim may be poor, his hand unskillful, even his eye faulty, but if that arrow leaves the string it is bound to strike somewhere. And your weak trembling word for Christ will not be lost, it may not seem to reach the mark you set for it, but it is bound to do some good and part of that good will be to yourself.

Two sisters met in the twilight hour to pray for the elder one's conversion, the younger one being a Christian. They earnestly prayed, and as the room grew darker, all unbeknown to them, their brother, a youth of perhaps eighteen, crept into the doorway and with awe listened. No light came to the anxious listener, but presently the lad in the doorway exclaimed: "The Lord is here!" There the dear boy had indeed found the Lord. Surely the arrow strikes somewhere.

Our now sainted sire became a Christian when just entering into manhood. And he was at once very zealous to work for Christ. At one time he was riding over a lonely road and discovered among the shady trees a little cot that showed evidence of having human inhabitants. Stopping his horse he entered the ruck place expressly that he might speak for his Master. He found in the one room only an old man who seemed like one demented. The young man urged his cause and prayerfully went his way, trusting for results.

Years after he learned from a grandson of the aged stranger that the result of his visit was the old man's conversion.

In this case the seen sown was evidently a seed that grew and bore fruit. This was encouraging. In many cases the seed yields as much, but sometimes the results are hidden from us.

What we should like impressively to say is this, that all such seed sowing is right in the line of obedience to Christ's commandment.

Obedience to that commandment does not mean always going to a far away land to proclaim Christ; to thousands going to a far away land is an impossibility; but shall those Christians whose duties lie close at home do nothing towards fulfilling that commandment? Oh no, every Christian who zealously works for Christ obeys that commandment and reaches even those who are far, far from him. The old man in the mountain cot was in an isolated spot and out of the reach of a church but he was brought to Christ because the young man had a missionary spirit.

The young man who was converted in the doorway went to the furthest bounds of our country and there lived and lived for Christ. And so that sister preached the Gospel to those who lived many thousands of miles from her, and through her instrument that brother reached many Chinese and other heathen people. We may

say of a Christian, if they are zealous and determined in the work that their sound goes out through all the earth and their words into the ends of the world.

Then let us not be over anxious but work with faith and hope, praying always for a blessing and the Lord will help us to fulfil this last and great commandment.—Chris. Intelligencer.

A Pathetic Story.

I was sitting at my breakfast table one morning when I was called to my door by the ringing of the bell. There stood a boy about fourteen years of age poorly clad, but tidied up as best he could.

He was leaning on crutches; one leg off at the knee. In a voice trembling with emotion, and tears coursing down his cheeks, he said: "Mr. Hoagland, I am Freddy Brown. I have come to see if you will go to jail and talk and pray with my father. He is to be hung to-morrow for the murder of my mother. My father was a good man, but whiskey did it. I have three little sisters younger than myself. We are very, very poor and have no friends. We live in a dark and dingy room. I do the best I can to support my sisters by selling papers blacking boots, and odd jobs, but, Mr. Hoagland, we are awfully poor. Will you come and be with us when father's body is brought home? The governor says we may have his body after he is hanged."

I was deeply moved to pity. I promised, and made haste to the jail where I found his father.

He acknowledged that he must have murdered his wife, for the circumstances pointed that way, but he had not the slightest remembrance of the deed. He says he was crazed with drink or he never would have committed the crime. He said: "My wife was a good woman and a faithful mother to my little children. Never did I dream that my hand could be guilty of such a crime." The man could face the penalty of the law bravely for his deed, but he broke down and cried as if his heart would break when he thought of leaving his children in a destitute and friendless condition. I read and prayed with him and left him to his fate.

The next morning I made my way to the miserable quarters of the children. I found three little girls upon a bed of straw in one corner of the room. They were clad in rags. They were beautiful girls had they had the proper care. They were expecting the body of their dead father, and between their sobs they would say, "Papa was good but whiskey did it." In a little time two strong officers came, bearing the body of the dead father in a rude pine box. They set it down on two old rickety stools. The cries of the children were so heart-rending that they could not endure it, and made haste out of the room, leaving me alone with this terrible scene.

In a moment the manly boy nerved himself and said: "Come sisters; kiss papa's face before it is cold." They gathered about his face and smothered it down with kisses, and between their sobs cried out: "Papa was good but whiskey did it." I raised my heart to God and said: "O God, did I fight to save a country that would derive a revenue from a traffic that would make one scene like this possible?" In my heart I said: "In the whole history of this accursed traffic there has not been enough revenue derived to pay for one such scene as this. The wife and mother murdered, the father hanged, the children outraged, a home destroyed."—Selected.

IF YOU CATCH COLD.

Many things may happen when you catch cold, but the thing that usually happens first is a cough. An inflammation starts up in the bronchial tubes or in the throat, and the discharge of mucus from the head constantly poisons this. Then the very contraction of the throat muscles in the act of coughing helps to irritate so the more you cough the more you have to cough. It is, of course, beyond question that in many cases the irritation started in this way results in lung troubles that are called by serious names. It is in this irritated bronchial tube that the germ of consumption finds lodgment and breeds.

Great numbers of people disregard cough at first, and pay the penalty of neglect. Cough never did do any one any good. It should be dispensed with promptly. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is a well known remedy and it is the surest and quickest cough cure known to-day. It does not deceive by drugging the throat. It soothes the irritated parts and heals them, then the cough stops of its own accord. The action of this medicine is so simple that it seems like nature's own provision for curing a cough. Every druggist has it. 25 cents. Be sure to get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinsman & Co. blown in the bottle"

There is nothing that will make you a Christian indeed, but a taste of the sweetness of Christ.—Samuel Rutherford.

The Sermon That Is After A Soul

The sermon that is after a soul is, like the Master, "filled with compassion." It will have in it what was in Christ's eyes when he looked on Peter with the curses and denials scarce off that poor disciple's lips. It will have in it what was in Christ's voice when he stood weeping over Jerusalem, and said, How oft would I have gathered my children together, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not." The severest rebuke will get its chief severity from the deep undertone of divine compassion. And whether it be warning or entreaty command or invitation, the terrors of the law or the forgiveness of the gospel, the pathos of a suffering and beseeching and pursuing love will bathe it all and make it clear that if the sermon does not bring the prodigal home it will be because he preferred to trample on his father's heart and murder mercy.

Brethren of the ministry, what are sermons to "the times," compared with sermons to the eternities? Sermons of instruction are indeed priceless. But the gospel is not simply food for saints. It is a cry of alarm. It is a word of rescue. It is a call to repentance. If sinners are not brought to Christ, how can they be built up in Christ? Let it never be forgotten that souls are before us every Sabbath—sinful, unsaved, perishing, lost souls. Men of God, "throw out the lifeline."—Herrick Johnson.

Religion and Cheerfulness

You seem to apprehend that I believe religion to be inconsistent with cheerfulness, and with a sociable, friendly temper. So far from that I am convinced, as true religion or holiness cannot be without cheerfulness, so steady cheerfulness, on the other hand, cannot be without holiness or true religion. And I am equally convinced that religion has nothing sour, austere, unsociable, unfriendly in it; but, on the contrary, implies the most winning sweetness and amiable softness and gentleness.—John Wesley.

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