

## WEARY, YET WORKING.

So tired; yet I would work  
For Thee, Lord, hast Thou work  
Even for me?  
Small things, which others, hurrying on  
In Thy blest service, swift and strong,  
Might never see.

So tired; yet I might reach  
A flower to cheer and teach  
Some sadder heart;  
Or for parched lips perhaps might bring  
One cup of water from the spring,  
Ere I depart.

## THE CHURCH'S GREAT WANT.

Each one would describe the great want of the Church to be the particular thing which from his special standpoint impressed him most. But that which is now and always most needed is the more general experience of spiritual religion—vital godliness. We care little about the name by which it may be called; but what we mean is that kind of personal religion which gives rich experiences of the saving grace of God, power over sin, and full consecration to God's service. No doubt it is easy to point out particular defects, and to name things that at the present day are needed to give greater power and efficiency to the Church in her work. But these deficiencies can only be supplied by increasing the fervor of religious life. We know that with regard to bodily health, a feeble condition of body, with low vitality, is the cause of special forms of disease and sickness. Many diseases which are local in their symptoms, are the results and signs of want of vital energy. It is the same way in the religious life, the particular acts of wrong-doing, or the neglect of duty, are not faults apart from the general character, but an indication of the moral and spiritual condition of the nature. Hence, the evils we complain of are caused by spiritual feebleness at the heart, and can only be remedied by the reception of a larger measure of religious life.

It is a common complaint that there is at the present day a prevailing tendency to conformity to the world, enfeebling the energies of the Church. The only true cure for this is richer experiences of salvation—a higher tide of spiritual life in the hearts of Christian people. As long as people have a name to live and are dead—as long as Christians have only a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof—as long as they have a kind of religion that yields no true peace, no holy joy, there will be a dangerous temptation to fill the aching void of the hungry and restless soul with the shallow delights of worldly enjoyment. But let the soul be filled with the joy of God's salvation—let the yearning heart know the blessedness of spiritual communion with God, and the glad hope of eternal life—and the power of earthly amusements to allure and enslave is broken. We can make little headway against the prevalent worldliness merely by preaching against and denouncing it. People will seek enjoyment in something. What is needed is to lead the children of pleasure from the shallow streams of earthly delight to the living fountain, from which they who drink shall thirst no more.

The intense desire to gain wealth which has led so many men to act dishonestly, and probably led a still larger number to act with a selfish disregard to the claims of the Church and the world, is another of the popular evils of the times. Unhappily in the Church, as well as out of it, there is an undue estimate of the value of riches, not only as a means of procuring the desirable comforts of life, but for the respect and honor given to wealthy persons, whatever their character may be. There can be no question that this is a serious evil, and that many who name the name of Christ are under the power of this influence. No mere moral lecture about the vanity of riches can break the slavery of the love of money and arrest this wide-spread evil. Merely formal religion cannot turn back the tide of a covetous nature. Nothing can give victory over the dominion of covetousness but the expulsive power of the new affection of supreme love to Christ. If the whole man is consecrated to Christ and his service, and he realizes fully the superior worth of the true riches and God's claims upon him, then and only then will he be delivered from the greedy desire for sordid gain, and hold himself as a steward of all that he possesses. It is not the active industry that gains wealth, nor even the possession of wealth, that is the evil to be deplored. It is the false estimate of the value of wealth, and the selfish greed of gain that withers and shrivels the nobler instincts of a man's nature. A man may continue to gain wealth, but if he regards it as a means of doing good, for which he is accountable to God, it will not injure him. The nominal Christian who is evidently under the power of the love of money needs more religion. He needs stronger faith to make eternal things real, a large sense of his indebtedness to the love of Christ, and a fuller surrender of

all that he has and is to the service of the Redeemer. Nothing short of a real spiritual transformation can reach the root of the trouble, and free from "covetousness which is idolatry."

The want of greater zeal and activity in Christian work is another evil that needs some remedy. Religious indolence is widely prevalent. There is a great deal of latent power in the church, that if fully brought out might accomplish great results. In every church the work is done by a few. The majority are drones in the hive. What is the cause of this state of things? and how can it be remedied? The cause is undoubtedly the want of deeper and truer religious experience, the littleness of faith and the feebleness of spiritual life.

There is a terrible inconsistency in the conduct of persons who profess to be redeemed and saved by the love of Christ, who are avowedly God's witnesses in the world, surrounded by thousands of sinful and unsaved beings, and yet who are putting forth no effort to lead these perishing ones to the Lamb of God who taking away the sin of the world. In every such case there is something radically wrong. St. James says: "If any man among you seem to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his heart, that man's religion is vain." If the failure to bridle the tongue shows a man's seeming religion to be vain, certainly the failure of any one to use the gifts and powers which he possesses in God's service proves such a man's religion to be a vain thing. No man can grow in grace and holiness, while living in the wilful neglect of duties which God has commanded. One great object of the religion of Christ is to call men away from the service of sin, and lead them to consecrate themselves to Christ's service. There is no remedy for this spiritual lethargy, but the reception of quickening and sanctifying grace. It is not so much teaching about Christian work that is needed, as repentance from dead works, and the sanctification of the heart and life to God. Spiritual idleness is the sign of spiritual death. They that are not concerned about the souls of others have good cause to be concerned about their own religious state. Those who have not self-denial enough to work for the salvation of others have not religion enough to save themselves.

We might go on to show, in the same way, that everything in the state of the church in our day which is an evil and a weakness is the result of a want of more earnest religious life. When the pulses of love and faith beat feebly and the life blood is sluggish, the chilly atmosphere of earth has a power not felt in the warm glow of vigorous health. So when the religious life is low all outward and hostile influences prevail against the soul. All changes in methods of work and ecclesiastical machinery, however expedient or desirable, are as nothing compared with such renewed spiritual life as shall prompt to full dedication to Christ. Where this exists it will make everything else come right. It will clothe itself in some form of active usefulness, and find its appropriate methods of work. This larger measure of religious life and sanctifying love is the church's great want. We want a nobler type of Christian manhood and womanhood in the church—a more unfaltering faith in the promises of God—deeper and fuller experiences of saving, sanctifying grace—more consistent examples of Christian charity and integrity—and more complete consecration to the service of Christ our Saviour.—Guardian.

With your own renewal try to send at least one new name.

## "O THIS BLIND FAITH."

BY REV. R. H. CRAIG.

A honey bee flew out of his hive one bright May morning, and after a flight of nearly a mile began to sip the sweet nectar from the newly opening flowers. Many flowers were quickly visited with little result. Even an apple tree with a few opening blossoms supplied not half the load of honey and pollen. Just then the smell of a distant orchard was wafted across the path by a southern breeze. Attracted by the fragrance, the bee, once more rising on the wing followed the perfume which became stronger and stronger as it drew nearer, till in a short time it was in the midst of a large orchard perfectly white with apple blossoms. In its eagerness the bee had never noticed in what direction it went, nor how far it had gone from home, but sipped away at the sweet honey as it passed from blossom to blossom and from tree to tree, till at last its burden was completed and it could carry no more. Then rising on its wings, it made several revolutions, saying audibly in its own dialect, "I must find the way home with my load—buzz—Now I have it!" and it shot away

in a straight line towards the hive, now more than two miles off. Just as it started on its homeward journey, a toad, who had raised his head half-way out of his hole under an apple tree, was heard to croak, "That little creature can never reach its home by this self-deluding instinct." Then, drawing himself back into his cool, damp den, he muttered with some degree of contempt, "O this blind instinct!" But unheeding the discouraging sneer, the bee pressed on. Sometimes a house or even a tall tree came in its way, but it never varied from its course; it just rose a little higher towards heaven in its flight, and was soon at home in its well-stored hive.

A beautiful carrier pigeon was caught in its nest, and with other captives was placed in a large hamper and hurried away to the cars, where day and night they dashed along, rarely stopping till the train reached a far distant city one thousand and one hundred and fifty miles from home. Then the hamper was placed on the platform of the depot, the cover was removed and the little prisoners set free. The frightened dove rose in a flutter, and in a moment saw that it was in a strange country which it had never visited before. It heart beat hard, for it thought of its two dear children away at home; how far it was from them the poor dove knew not. In great doubt and perplexity it rose high in the air, making long circuits to take its "reckonings," and find the way back. A vulture, who sat on the highest branch of a tall tree, with a putrid rabbit in its talons, eyed the dove with some degree of curiosity for a moment, and then contemptuously turning away to eat his savory meal was heard to say, "That deluded bird expects to find the way home by its own unaided impulse—O this blind instinct!—I may dine upon its delicate carcass some day before long." The next moment the dove sped away in a straight line, and in a few moments was lost to sight in the distant horizon. On it pressed with unabated energy for many days. Weary and hungry it sometimes descended to the earth to rest and gather grains of wheat from the fields; at night it found shelter in some quiet wood. But every day it journeyed many miles, till at last on the twenty-eighth day the well-known spires of its native city appeared in the distance, and in a few moments more it sat cooing in the dove-cote beside its young ones; weary it is true, but at home by the guidance of its unerring instinct.

A young Christian bowed reverently in the house of God. He had been baptized in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. He declared publicly that he believed in the atonement made for his sins by the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that he looked for eternal life through the precious blood shed. A sceptic who had entered the church door with no desire to learn the way of salvation, sat and looked on with a sneer on his lips till the solemn service closed, and then turning to a friend who sat beside him said, in a subdued but distinct voice: "Oh this blind faith!"

Years passed away, and both the sceptic and the Christian drew near to the end of life. "It is all up with me now," said the former, as he lay upon his dying bed. "Life is ebbing fast out. How dark the future is! It chills my soul to close my eyes on all things here, and open them on what? Nothing! Eternity! Perhaps the judgment seat, and the Christian's God! I have no faith to bear me up; no Almighty arm to lean upon in my dying struggle. My physical strength is going. My eyes are dim. My head reels. I fear there may be a God. It is all dark as midnight; there is not a single ray of hope. In youth and health I never realized that such a moment as this could come. Oh, if I had only the Christian's faith, if nothing more, it would make death easy to me. If religion be true, I have an awful eternity to spend. Oh, that I could be blotted out forever, or that I had never been born!"

The Christian is in conflict also with the same last enemy. Let us listen reverently to his dying words, and learn by his experience, for he possesses that peace of God which passes all understanding. Instead of fear, he is in an ecstasy of joy: "How precious is the love of Christ to me now," he says. "He never leaves nor forsakes. His love is better than life." Doubts and fears have all vanished, and he cries in transport of holy confidence, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." When asked about the future, he exclaims, "O how bright it is with heavenly glory. I can almost see the golden city, and the pearly gate. In earlier days I often thought that death must be a time of great agony and overwhelming dread; to me it has come as the happiest hour of all my life. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." And after a pause,

in which he seemed to be almost gone, he revives and whispers: "I was nearly over, but I came to tell you that all is well. Welcome life, eternal life through the blood of Christ!"

If such be the experience of those who possess "this blind faith," then let me possess it, and "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his," for evidently "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—Observer.

"We"—you and the INTELLIGENCER—"are workers together." Let us help each other.

## GAMBLING.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Foreign journals inform us that during the last season there were eighty-one suicides at Monaco, the notorious headquarters of the gamblers on the shores of the Mediterranean! The number of tragedies perpetrated as the result of the insane infatuation of the gaming-table are legion. Many of the mysterious suicides which fill the records of the morgues, or haunt the dark depths of the rivers around our cities, would reveal the same story. Gambling is practiced to an extent which quiet people never dream of. It is practiced, for small stakes, by thousands of young men in all our large towns—practiced in the privacy of their rooms at their lodgings, as well as in houses for "professional" play. In the smaller towns of the West, it is said to be fearfully prevalent. Employers little suspect—alas! fathers and mothers as little suspect—what devilish mischief is going on under the cover of secrecy. Many of the larcenies committed in stores, counting-rooms and banks (some of which are "hushed up" to save from open disgrace and punishment), are committed in order to cover up the losses at the card-table or in lottery-offices and pool-rooms. The heroic Anthony Comstock has from time to time published some of these harrowing statistics.

This perilous practice, which so often becomes fatal to character and to the immortal soul, begins just as drunkenness begins, by playing with fire. At the bottom of the first glass of wine that the tippler tampered with, lay an adder. Underneath the first dime that is ever thrown down in a game of chance, is concealed a serpent. When a young man makes his first bet, or puts up his first wager at a match or a race, or risks his initial penny at a card-table, he puts a coal of fire into his bosom which is not easily extinguished; it may kindle into a conflagration which will "burn unto the lowest hell." The step that costs is the first step. Gambling for a dime is as essentially a sin as gambling for a thousand dollars. No sin is a trifle. My dear youth! the moment that your conscience excuses the slightest departure from absolute Right as a "mere trifle," that moment you have let the enemy slip in his little finger. It will not be long before you are in his fatal grasp. When you lay down your first stake, even if it is only "in fun," you are actually gambling. Remember that there is always a first inch at the top of every precipice. Stop before you begin!

I do not make the absurd affirmation that every one who under any circumstances plays a game at cards is a gambler, any more than every one who drinks a glass of wine is a toper. But it is equally true that he who never touches an intoxicant, cannot possibly become a drunkard, and he who never plays a game of hazard, cannot possibly become a gambler. My own personal practice at boarding-school and college was one of entire abstinence from cards as well as from wine-cups. I have never witnessed a play in a theatre, or seen a horse-race, nor do I consider that I have lost anything by keeping all such coils of fire out of my garments. All games of chance have a dangerous fascination. Archdeacon Farrar has truly said: "There is a gambling element in human nature." It must be guarded against just as carefully as any sensual appetite. With the excitement of a game of hazard comes the strong temptation to risk a stake on the game; as soon as the first stake is laid down, conscience goes with it, and the devil wins the game. So strong is the fascination of this sorcery, that in the public "Conversation-hall" of Baden-Baden, I have seen well-dressed ladies watch the roulette-table until they became so bewitched with the play that they would furtively toss a gold Napoleon over on the table from behind the crowd. The "gambling element" in them had taken fire. No small amount of betting is indulged in by ladies at the Saratoga races. Just here lies the peril with you, my friend. The excitement of a game of hazard sets you in a flame; then comes a small stake; then a larger. If you win, you play to win more, and if you lose, you play on to make up your losses. Before

you know it, the hot coals you took into your bosom have set you on fire, and burned your conscience to a cisp.

This whole topic is one for pulpits to discuss and for Christians to think about. Not merely is raffling at church fairs an outrage against civil law that ought to be scourged out of the sanctuary, but God's people should beware how they tamper with all and every seductive device for getting something for nothing. Every dollar got by any other means than by inheritance, or by honest industry, or honorable exchange, leaves you the poorer. What concord hath Christ with Belial? He alone who walketh uprightly, walketh surely.—Evangelist.

## LOVE SEVERE.

We dishonor Christ when we conceive him as possessing only mild and gentle qualities and as unable to be stern and just, and to inflict pain and punishment when it is best that he should do so. The same lips that spoke words of immitable tenderness uttered terrible words on hypocritical Pharisees. Christ is called a Lamb, and the Lamb is the emblem of all meekness and gentleness; but we must remember that it is the "wrath of the Lamb" that is to make all the terrors of the judgment day.

There are many applications of this truth about Christ, but only two can be here named. One is that it is not true, as we sometimes hear it said, that Christ is too loving to punish sin, and that, therefore, all men will be saved. Then we have here also the key to many of the mysteries of the providence of Christ. He is not afraid to have his people suffer, even to cause them suffering and pain. He does not, therefore, answer every cry for the lifting away of trial, but sometimes seems deaf and cold to their intensest entreaties. One comfort, however, is that it is love that prompts even these severities.—Presbyterian.

## THE TOUCH OF FAITH.

She only touched with the touch of faith; the multitude pressing and thronging round, though as near or nearer in body, yet lacked that faith which is the connecting link between Christ's power and our need; and thus they crowded upon Christ, but did not touch him in any way he should take note of. And thus it is ever in the church; many press upon Christ, his in name, near to him and to his sacraments outwardly; yet not touching him, because not drawing near in faith, not looking for, and therefore not obtaining life and healing from him, through these.—Archbishop Trench.

Do what you can for the INTELLIGENCER.

## THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

A young man, away from home, slept in the same room with another young man, a stranger. Before retiring for the night, he knelt down, as was his wont, and silently prayed. His companion had long resisted the grace of God; but this noble example aroused him, and was the means of his awakening. In old age he testified, after a life of rare usefulness, "Nearly half a century has rolled away, with all its multitudinous events, since then; but that little chamber, that humble couch, that silent, praying youth, are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten amid the splendors of heaven and through the ages of eternity." It was but a simple act of common faithfulness, unostentatious, and without thought or purpose of doing good, save as the prayer would bless his own soul; yet there went out from it an unconscious influence, which gave to the world a ministry of rare power and value.—Silent Times.

I believe I have never awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or night, without my first waking thought being how I might serve the Lord.—Elizabeth Fry.

If a crooked stick is before you, you need not explain how crooked it is. Lay a straight one by the side of it and the work is well done. Preach the truth and error will stand abashed in its presence.—Spurgeon.

A word of caution to all God's children: A friend recently repeated in my hearing a conversation he had had the week before with a young man who is engaged in a mission enterprise in a needy portion of one of our large cities. While talking of the work, the one who had undertaken it looked up into the face of his friend and said, "E—", it may be you will not feel that you can give me much encouragement in this undertaking, but I want to ask of you one favor: don't say anything to discourage me."

Keep the thoughts out of the mists, and be careful about creating mists that may hinder others engaged in the Lord's work. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—III. Christian Weekly.

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