

Only.

Only—a blue-eyed baby,
With hair of purest gold;
A patient, sweet-faced darling,
Almost two years old.

Only—a mother's idol,
A father's pride and joy;
Only—their choicest treasure,
This blue-eyed baby boy.

Only—a pure, white casket,
Our darling "inscribed" thereon;
A short grave on the hillside,
Only—a baby gone.

Only—Rachel weeping
And mourning for her son,
Yet through her tears still seeking
To say, "Thy will be done."

Only—a smiling baby,
So tenderly caressed;
Happy through all ages,
Safe on the dear Lord's breast.

Cease weeping, lonely mother,
Go gladly on your way;
Each moment brings you nearer—
Heaven is not far away.

Only—a home in heaven,
Kind friends, forever true;
A Saviour, loving and tender,
And baby waiting for you.

—Jean Loudon.

What Tony Did.

"Have you seen the Freshman?"
"Which?"
"There is but one you could see."
"Humpty Dumpty? Oh, he per-
vades the place. The trees in the
campus shrink into bushes when he
came into it."

The students who were going up to
chapel in groups were calling to each
other, joking as usual. But there was
but one subject to-day for the jokes.
"Have you seen the Babe?" "Tom
Thumb," "Bulgy"—they had a dozen
nicknames for the unfortunate Fresh-
man, who had arrived the previous
night, and had been seen at the hotel
by some of them.

He was not at chapel, however, so
that the majority of them were disap-
pointed.

I had an errand to Prof. Tyndall's
room that morning, and found there a
very meek, anxious little woman, who
had brought her son up to college.

She was speaking as I entered.

"You understand, professor, he is
my only child. I am a widow. He is
all I have."

"I understand," said the good old
professor, gently, "and all that I can
do to make him a useful man shall be
done, rest assured. But in the end, it
depends on the lad himself."

"Oh, Tony's willing! He does his
best. But we're very poor. It has
been work for years to raise the money
for him to come here, and now I want
him to learn everything right away:
Greek and Latin and mathematics and
arithmetic and history and—"

"Is your son a good arithmetician?
Or has he a talent for languages, or
belles lettres, or what has he an inclina-
tion for?"

"Oh, nothing at all, sir, unless it is
his meals. He's very fond of dinner,
especially when there is pot-pie. But
as for books, he doesn't hanker for any
of them. That's the reason I brought
him here."

"I should like to see the boy," said
the worried professor.

"He's just outside. But you'll be
gentle with him?" she said anxiously
pausing at the door, the knob in her
hand. "He's a mere boy, a perfect
child. Come in, Tony, dear!"

The professor looked away to hide a
smile as the tiny little woman came up,
leading an immensely overgrown youth
as she would a baby.

"This is Tony, sir. That is his pet
name, but Anthony Briggs Brashier is
his full name."

"Take a seat, Mr. Brashier," said
the professor, placing a chair for the
lad. "A few questions, perhaps,
will give me an idea of the best course
for you to choose. Many of our studies
are elective. How far have you gone
in Latin?"

Tony's red face was perfectly round,
and no older in its lines than that of a
boy of six. But there was a great an-
xiety in his eyes, as he said in a husky
whisper, "I never could get beyond
the grammar, sir."

"And in Greek?"

Tony shook his head. The examina-
tion on every subject brought the
same results. The professor frowned.

"You are fit only for the Prepara-
tory School, I fear. As to mathema-
tics?"

Tony's face lightened. "I don't
think I am quite such a dunce in
mathematics as in other things. I like
the study. I have gone through the
geometry and algebra twice."

"Well, well," said the professor,
"we shall see. You will undergo a
regular examination. If you must
enter the Preparatory School, it will
make your course a year longer."

"Oh dear, Tony, do try!" almost
sobbed his mother. "You know all
that depends on your getting through
soon. I want him to be a minister,

sir. His father was a minister. He'd
earn our living that way and serve
God, too. I want him to live for the
glory of God and the good of the
world."

The professor attended her respect-
fully as she went out. Tony lingered,
catching sight of me.

"Are you one of the students?" he
said.

"Yes." I had an odd bewildering
ment as to whether it was a child, or a
grave, eager man who was talking to
me.

"I suppose it's hard work here?"
"Pretty hard even for a bright
fellow," I replied.

"Well, I can't do it. I'm not
bright; I'm a regular dunce. I've
made up my mind to that. Except,"
his queer, dark eyes brightening, "in
one or two little things that they
wouldn't count—here."

There was little doubt that Tony's
estimate of himself was correct. In
spite of his knowledge of mathematics,
he was so deficient in his other studies
that he was put into the Preparatory
school with lads of twelve. There he
remained for two long years.

His mother's resolve that he should
be a minister was inexorable, and it
never occurred to the gentle, good-nat-
ured lad to oppose it. Hence the en-
ergies of his teachers were spent in
trying to drive Greek and Latin into
his dull brain, which utterly refused to
harbor them.

By dint of pushing, he was taken
into the Freshman class.

"I doubt if ever he goes farther,"
said Prof. Tyndall to me (I was now a
tutor in lower school.) There's not a
mean or vulgar trait in that great
body. Under his good humor, there
is a fine, noble nature. But a minister
he will never be. Even if he could
ever speak in public, he never can
stand the training."

The half-yearly examinations were
at hand. Tony broke down again in
Latin and Greek. I went to his room
that evening, and found him sitting
a-straddle of his chair, his chin on the
back, staring steadfastly in the fire.
Tony's round face was as boyish as
ever, but there was an infinite depth
of longing and pain in his dark eyes.

"Hard luck, Brashier," I said.

"You don't know the worst. Here
is a letter from my mother, counting
the time until I shall be a minister;
doing something for the world. How
can I tell her I am thrown back
another year? I ought to be at work
now, supporting her."

"I thought you did that now."

"I work as a farm-hand during the
summer, and earn enough to help us
both; but it is very poorly. Other
men of my age would have a profes-
sion. She is growing old. She ought
to live like a lady."

"Will you persist here?"

"I will stay the four years as I have
promised her."

I could not reach him with any
courage or comfort. Tony was tread-
ing depths of misery where no man
could come nigh to him.

But after that day there was a singu-
lar change in him.

He was regular and attentive in his
classes as he had been before; but out-
side of them he withdrew himself from
all his old companions, gave up his
fishing and his club. He was seldom
seen on the ball or cricket grounds; he
scarcely gave himself time for his
meals.

His door was always locked, but
vague reports crept out that the
"Babe" was surrounded by piles of
new books, sheets of drawing paper,
pencils, and queer utensils. By de-
grees this new order of things became
habitual and ceased to provoke a re-
mark. There was a gravity and earn-
estness in Tony never seen before.

Sometimes he took a holiday, came to
the ball-field, and his wild "hurrahs!"
drowned all the others.

Time passed. Men who began with
Tony were now Seniors. He was only
beginning his Sophomore year.

The college stood in the suburbs of a
large city, and the boys naturally took
a keen interest in all public events.
Among these was the erection of a
large church which was to be the most
stately and beautiful in the city. The
money to build and endow it had been
left by a man of great wealth who re-
quested it should be kept free forever
for the use of the poor.

All the leading architects submitted
plans to the committee. One was
chosen and the work of building was
pushed on with energy. It was near
the college, and the boys were so in-
terested in the matter that the new
church became a place of daily resort,
and as its massive dome and airy spires
rose in the air, each felt that he per-
sonally had a share in it. Tony especially
was in the habit of going daily to
the building, and spent hours in watch-
ing its rapid growth and talking to the
workmen.

At last it was finished. It was to be

consecrated the day before commence-
ment.

Mrs. Brashier came up to the col-
lege that day. Her reports of Tony's
progress had been vague. She came
full of despairing fears, to verify them,
and made her way at once, as before,
to Prof. Tyndall's rooms.

"I have not Tony's confidence any
more," she complained. "He writes
to me that he is trying faithfully to
satisfy my wishes, but that he knows
that it is useless. He does not go into
details."

The professor went into details, end-
ing with, "It is folly to deceive your-
self, madam. You see that the effort
Tony has made to become a minister
is useless, as he says. Are you not
willing even now that he shall take up
some work in life?"

The poor woman sobbed miserably.
"Oh, yes, I'm willing," she gasped
at last. "Anything to earn a living!
But I did hope he would do some
noble work."

"Where is the poor boy now?"
The professor rose quickly, glad to
end the interview. "I have no doubt
he is with all the college at the con-
secration of the new church. I will go
with you there."

The ceremony was partly over when
they arrived. The great marble
building, with its vast aisles and up-
springing arches, stood beautiful as a
visible hymn of praise. The religious
services were over. The building had
been dedicated to the worship of God.
Now the great mass of people stood
outside of the green slope of the hill
surrounding it, while the executor of
the will formally delivered the church
into the charge of the trustees who
held it for the poor of the city. He
told in a few words the story of the
will, the sacred purpose to which the
church was forever devoted, a temple
where the poorest of God's creatures
should come to worship him.

Tony's mother had found him, and
clung to his arm. She was a devout
woman. She forgot for the moment
her own troubles, her eyes filled, her
face shone, as she listened with the
great concourse, all of whom were
moved and touched.

"There is one thing more to be told,"
said the speaker, "which makes this
noble offering still more worthy. Most
of the architects in the City and State
submitted anonymously plans for this
building. The one chosen was the
work of a young man. It is his first
work, but it shows a power and skill
which ensures him fame and fortune.
He refused to accept any reward for it.
He offered this first-fruit of his un-
doubted genius to the service of him
who endowed him with it. This man,
who, more than any of us, dedicates
this church to-day to the glory of God
and the good of men, is your friend
and neighbor, Anthony Brashier."

There was a moment's amazed silence,
and then the air rang with the shouts
of the people.

All the college men crowded around
Tony; his mother hung on his arm,
astonished, proud, as if half frighten-
ed. But he stood looking at the white
temple as if in a dream, repeating the
speaker's last words under his breath,
"To the glory of God and the good of
men."

There are many young people who
cannot become what their parents plan
for them to be in life, but they can be-
come useful in following some special
gift that God has given them.—
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The Mystery Solved.

(No. 17.)

No. 145.—"I am the door."

No. 146.—chase
haven
avoid
seine
ended

No. 147.—1. 2 Chron. 16:8.
2. Exodus 21:25.

No. 148.—Job 38:6.

No. 149.—Tom-a-hawk—Tomahawk.

No. 150.—CARE
ABET
REIT
ETTA

No. 151.—Bar-gain—Bargain.

Mystery—No. 20.

No. 152.—ENIGMA.

(FROM LOTTIE STEEVES, ST. JOHN.)

Fifty set down, it matters not much
which way,
And add a naught to it without delay;
Then five must follow at the naught's
right hand,
Ere you the puzzle can understand.

Then each into four equal parts divide,
And place the first fourth by the
other's side;
The sum, if worked correctly, will dis-
close
The source of half our joys and half
our woes.

No. 153.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
(HETTY E. WANNAMAKE, APOHAQUI.)

I am composed of 6 letters.
In swan, but not in loon;
In sun, but not in moon;
In much, but not in little;
In more, but not in least;
In the, but not in that;
In rat but not in mouse.
My whole is in the future.

No. 154.—ENIGMA.
(FROM "ALLEN," LAKEVIEW.)

You'll find me in the dictionary,
You'll find me in the reader;
And tho' I'm somewhat floral like,
I form a part in leader;
The housewife and the chambermaid
My uses know full well,
And ladies and gentlemen
Of me delight to tell.
You'll find me in your families,
You'll find me in your fields;
In garden, and in orchard,—
I'm sometimes worth five reals:
I'm beautiful, I'm handsome,
Am thought by ladies splendid;
And by many a gentle breeze
My form is often bended.

No. 155.—QUERIES.

(FROM "WALTON," LAKEVIEW.)

1. What is the shortest chapter in the Bible?
2. How many times does the word Jehovah or Lord occur in the Old Testament?
3. What verse in the Bible has all the letters except "j p"?
4. How many words are there in the New Testament?

No. 156.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(FROM EMMA L. EAST PUENICO, N. S.)

1. A letter. 2. A pronoun. 3. An animal. 4. A fish. 5. A letter.

No. 157.—PI PUZZLE (One word.)

HDAREZNECZRAE.

"FLORENCE."

Lakeview, Queens.

No. 158.—ANAGRAMS (Bible Names.)

1. A Bramah. 2. Sal Moab.
3. Gone abed. 4. A. D. Wren.
5. Has neat. 6. Loom, son!
7. Ma shott. 8. Do sum nice.
9. M row H to Abel.
10. Dan, a mad bachelor.

Kings.

No. 159.—PYRAMID PUZZLE.

(FROM "VAN," YORK.)

A consonant; a conjunction; a coast
water of N. S.; a many sided figure;
under the sea; that may be condensed.
Centrals named a noted author.

(The mystery solved in three weeks.)

Our Letter Box.

GRAFTON, C. Co., Apr. 24, 1887.

DEAR UNCLE.—I will again try to
keep my name in the "Y. F. Column;"
with good wishes to our Uncle, who,
I hope, will rule over it longer than
our good Queen Victoria has ruled
over the British Empire.

Yours truly,
"SALVATION ARMY."

[UNCLE begs leave to thank "S. A." for
kind sentiments of letter; and
hopes he may long enjoy the rich
blessings of heaven.]

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"SALVATION," Grafton, C. Co.,
sends correct solutions to Nos. 117,
118, 119 (partly), 120, 121, 122, 123,
124, 125, 126 and 127. Write often.

"FLORENCE," Lakeview, is again
hailed with joy. Thank you kindly for
the nice puzzles sent. Send some an-
swers to "The Mystery" in your next.

"MARIANNE," Greenwich, an old
and much respected contributor is
hailed with gladness. Pleased to hear
such good reports of your earnest en-
deavours in the good work outside of
Puzzledom. Thank you for the excel-
lent batch of puzzles. See "The
Mystic Fountain."

H. E. W., Apohaqui, will be noticed
in due time; also the MS. from L. L.
W., Shag Har., N. S.

"GREELY," Johnston, Queens, has
sent us correct solutions to Nos. 139,
146, 149, 151. Thank you for the ex-
cellent puzzles. We shall publish them
ere long. Let us hear from you often.

DEAR young friends let us have a
good share of your patronage. Don't
fail to write to us one and all. The
many new names which we have re-
ceived of late plainly tells us that the
INTELLIGENCER has many readers. We
trust to hear from more; and, also, to
hear that the INTELLIGENCER'S circu-
lation will be largely increased.

The Mystic Fountain.

"Marianne," adds one to the plural-
ity in Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6 and 8 of the
first 'Voting Contest.'

All matter for the YOUNG FOLKS'
COLUMN should be addressed to C. E.
BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO.,
N. B., add not to the RELIGIOUS INTEL-
LIGENCER, Fredericton, nor its Editor.
Mr. Black has the conduct of said
COLUMN, as will be seen by referring
above.

No. 3 (Anagram) in Prize Competi-
tion (18) should have read two words
instead of "one word."

We recognize in "Allen's" Enigma
an old puzzle, but a good one.
"Walton's" Queries would need
some Bible searching were it not for
some 'means given us other than
counting. As he is a new Mysterylite
we gladly publish them, but prefer
original.

The Enigma by Lottie Steeves is an
old but good one.

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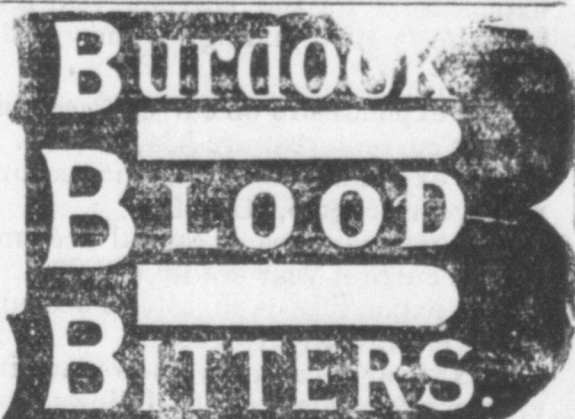
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