

Strength for the Day.

BEFORE.

"The morning breaks in clouds, the rain is falling,
Upon the pillow still I sigh for rest;
But yet I hear so many voices calling
To work by which my burdened soul is pressed.
That I can only pray,
'Strength for the day.'

"Tis not a prayer of faith, but weak re-
pinning,
For with the words, there comes no hope
no light,
In other lives a morning sun is shining,
While mine is but a change from night
to night.
So while I weep I pray,
'Strength for the day.'

"For it is hard to work in constant shadow,
Climbing with weak feet an up-hill road;
And so, while my weak heart dreads each
to-morrow,
And once again I lift my heavy load,
Desponding still I pray,
'Strength for the day.'

AFTER.

"Now, looking back to the long hours
ended,
I wonder why I feared them as they
came;
Each brought the strength on which its
task depended,
And so my prayer was answered just the
same.
Now with new faith I pray,
'Strength for the day.'

"For in one just closed, I've learned how
truly
God's help is equal to our utmost need,
Sufficient for each hour it cometh newly,
If we but follow where its teachings lead.
Believing, as we pray,
'Strength for the day.'

"He who has felt the load which we are
bearing,
Who walked each step along the path
we tread,
Is ever for his weary children caring.
And keeps the promise made us when
he said
He give us all the way
'Strength for the day.'

"It Was The Sight Of The Face
Of Jesus."

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

Jacob Parsons lived and died in a town in Massachusetts. He had a wife and three children. He was a bricklayer by trade. In early life he had been industrious and frugal. By his own savings and by marriage he had come into possession of a handsome property and lived for some years in independent ease and happiness with his family. But for ten years previous to 1824, the central point of the story as here narrated, he had ceased to labor, and spent his whole time wandering from tavern to tavern for ten or twelve miles around his house, in perpetual drinking of rum, smoking and chewing tobacco, profane swearing, and all low pastimes.

He became at last a vulgar, noisy, disagreeable fellow. His conversation was a continued uttering of vulgar and blasphemous expressions. What little mind he once had, seemed to have been nearly blotted out by his idle, drunken, and low habits. Even his physical powers were nearly exhausted. He had almost lost the use of his limbs. His speech was so impaired by enfeeblement under dissipation that he could scarcely articulate words.

In appearance he was a brutal, staring idiot, and all his friends were in daily expectation of his death from simple exhaustion in some drunken revel. He never attended church. He would not listen to any friendly religious conversation. He never read anything.

There were two redeeming traits about him—kindness and generosity. His wife is said to have been a different, shrinking, pious woman, whom he always respected, and treated with deference and some affection, even in his worst moods. He had one daughter and two sons. They were all respectable and well beloved, and he was proud and fond of them. Such were the circumstances and character of Jacob Parsons when he returned from his usual drunken tramp and retired to bed in his home one night in August, 1824.

The next morning he awoke and arose a very different man. To the amazement of his family he met them in the morning with a serious and placid countenance. He neither drank his rum, smoked his pipe, swore, nor started toward his wonted places of debauch. He rather in silence took the Bible, which he had not opened for years, and sat reading.

He kept the state of his mind a secret, but his family and neighbors were all astonished at the change wrought in his conduct, and entirely unable to account for it. One who lived in the same town at the time says, "I will remember meeting him at this time and saying to myself, 'What can be the matter with Jake Parsons? He is not drunk; he is not smoking; he speaks without swear-

ing. Instead of his usual idiotic grimace he has a serious and positively interesting expression.' " The fact was, he was beginning slowly to recover his physical powers. His speech was returning. On Sundays he went to church.

For some months he said nothing to any one, not even to his wife and children, about the state of his mind, but continued to read his Bible and spent much of his time alone. Little by little, however, at last he spoke of his thoughts. Next he began to go around to his old associates in vice, warning them of their guilt and danger, telling them of the Saviour he had found, and affectionately exhorting them to repentance and reformation. But they only laughed and swore in return, for they had no confidence in him. He sought out the poor, sick, and afflicted creatures of his old haunts for ten or twelve miles around, reading the Bible, talking, and praying with them.

Everybody was astonished, but nobody who knew him believed in him. Some said it was a crazy freak and would soon be over, and even the Christian portion of the community made nothing of it. He took their distrust and ridicule patiently, and said, "I do not wonder people feel so about me." They really did not know or believe what the Saviour could do for a poor, lost man.

Painful trials fell to his lot. His wife died; his daughter fell into a lingering epilepsy and died at the age of twenty-three. His youngest son, married by this time, failed, in business and died, and his eldest was soon after instantly killed by an accident while at his work. His property depreciated. He was left at last poor and lone in the world. Through all these changes he maintained his integrity and his reliance upon God, and was at all times cheerful, happy, consistent follower of his chosen Saviour. He mourned the loss of his family and wept in his sorrow and loneliness, but still would say, "Christ is more precious than all."

The members of a certain religious society in town, which strenuously opposed the doctrine of regeneration and ridiculed it, were constrained to say they must believe that Jake Parsons was supernaturally renewed, for nothing but supreme power, they said, could effect so great and so permanent a change in such a man as they had known him to be. He made no parade of his personal experiences and was even reluctant to speak of them, but when his attention became fixed upon the night of his remarkable change, his eyes would fill with tears and his utterance become difficult because of his deep emotion.

After the last of his family had died and his property had vanished, he lived in an humble house, where his friends made him comfortable. He studied the Bible constantly, wearing several copies entirely out. At last his eyesight began to fail, and so continued until he became totally blind. Still his memory retained the words of Scripture, and his sweet spirit, his holy conversation, and his apt use of God's Word made his humble home a resort for those who loved God and His truth. To such visitors he would say:

"I am all alone; my wife is dead, my property is used up, my children are dead, my eyes have gone out; I am all alone and poor and blind; but it makes no odds. Jesus is my Saviour. Christ does not die; Christ is not poor; Christ never leaves me; Christ is always with me. I know Him. I have seen Him. And anybody who has seen Him once will never want anything else."

In explanation of the change that came over him so suddenly in one night, he insisted that during that night Jesus appeared to him in his sleep. His face, as Parsons saw it, seemed so pure, so lovely, and so friendly to him that when he awoke he "forgot" his old vices and so loved his Saviour that he could not displease Him.

When asked what caused the great change in his life, his eyes would fill with tears while he replied, "Why, the sight of the face of Jesus, so pure, so loving, so beautiful! He did not speak; He only looked at me; and His look told me that there was hope for me—that it could be forgiven, I could be purified. I looked at Him and cried like a child. I felt that I was a vile, miserable, wicked wretch, filthier than a dunghill. I cannot tell how I felt. When I looked at Him I was too happy to be afraid, but when I looked at myself I was too afraid to be happy. As soon as I could see in the morning I got my Bible, which I had not opened for years, and read how Christ cleansed the lepers and healed the blind beggar. I forgot all about rum and tobacco, I was thinking so much about Christ, so pure, so lovely,

so beautiful, so friendly. He was all heaven, all grace and beauty."

So he continued reading his Bible and thinking and struggling for eight months. Then Christ revealed Himself the actual Saviour. Parsons said, "I did not see Christ this time, but I felt Him in my spirit. My sins were forgiven, my distress was all gone, and I was happy as Heaven. From that moment to this, twenty years, I have never had a dark hour. It has been all light in the Lord."

One who knew him well says that "for thirty-five years he lived a blameless life, beloved by everybody."

"On a fine summer morning," my friend writes "the glorious, old-new creature would crawl out of doors and, seating himself on the grassy bank in front of his humble home, and turning his sightless face to the sun to feel its warmth, would say, 'The door is open into heaven, just a little crack, and I shall soon see Jesus again! I shall know Him. He will look just so.' " And so he lived until he fell asleep in Jesus.—Dr. Taylor.

Will each Free Baptist Minister make a special effort this month to still further increase the number of intelligencer subscribers in his field? Try it, brethren.

The Commencement Of A Revival.

Every revival of religion has a beginning somewhere, at some time, and with somebody. One of the most powerful movements of this kind that we have ever known began in the following manner:

Some fifty years ago a young physician, who had recently established himself as a practitioner of medicine in one of the villages of this State, was in the evening sitting in his office and reading the village newspaper. Two gentlemen called upon him for merely social purposes; and all three entered into familiar conversation about the current topics of the day. At length the conversation turned upon the state of religion in that village, and they agreed that it was in a most deplorable state, and that something ought to be done to arouse the attention of the people to the subject. The conversation proceeded in this way for about an hour; and just as these gentlemen were about to leave, the young physician said to them:

"Brethren, I am not quite satisfied to let this matter drop here. If it does, nothing will come out of this conversation. It will all end in mere talk. I do not know exactly how or where we should begin, or what we should do, but I am persuaded that we ought to do something. I venture to suggest that we right here on the spot appoint a prayer-meeting, to be held at my house to-morrow evening, and that we spend as much time to-morrow as we can possibly spare in going from house to house through the village, and in inviting persons to attend the meeting. This will be a beginning, and perhaps the Lord will shed light on our path afterward. No harm can come out of such an effort, and it may be that great good will spring therefrom. Let us try the experiment."

Such is the substance of what this young physician said to these brethren. They at once acquiesced in the suggestion, and agreed to spend the next day in the manner proposed, and did so. The result was the attendance of about seventy-five persons at the prayer-meeting in the evening. Those who came hardly knew what to make of it. The meeting, in the manner of being called, was a novelty; and yet before its close it was manifest that the power of God was there. Christians exhorted and prayed with unwonted fervor. Confessions were made and tears were shed. A similar meeting was appointed for the next evening in the same place. The meetings were continued from evening to evening for about a week without any change of place; and, before the week expired, these continuous meetings, conducted wholly by laymen, had become the subject of general talk throughout the entire village. Several conversions had occurred. Christians were aroused to deep and earnest feeling, and began to talk about their religion to the people wherever they met them.

After the lapse of about a week, the meetings were transferred to the large dining-room of a temperance hotel in the village, whose owner and keeper had himself become a convert to Christ, and who recently died at Saratoga Springs at the advanced age of more than ninety years. In this dining-room, and under purely laical management, the meetings were continued for some five or six weeks on every evening; and the result was nearly a hundred conversions from the ranks of the impenitent. At the end of this period one of the churches of the village was open for preaching services every day; and in a short time

thereafter the Rev. Mr. Kirk, of Albany, then a young man, was invited to lend a helping hand to the work by coming and preaching to the people. He came, and preached twice a day about a week. The whole village, under "his powerful appeals," was moved as it never had been before, and never has been since. Hundreds of persons from all classes professed to have found Christ as a Saviour.

The work spread from that village to other adjacent places in the country; and at one time it seemed as if the whole country was wrapped in one general flame of religious excitement. Meetings were held in various places, and souls brought to Christ in great numbers. The churches were strengthened, and a vast good accomplished in a comparatively short time.

We assure our readers that this is no fancy sketch. Every word of it is true. We know it to be true. The writer saw the occurrences with his own eyes. This great and glorious revival began with the practical suggestion of that young physician, promptly and vigorously carried into effect. He still lives, is now an old man, and looks back to that scene as one of the best in his whole life. It was then and there that he decided to abandon the practice of medicine, and devote his life to the preaching of the Gospel.—Exchange.

"A Capital Fellow."

The following quotation is from Prof. Phelps's "Studies of the Old Testament." "Said one man of the world, whose misfortune it was to have a 'gay parson' for his pastor, 'Our pastor is a capital fellow, a born wit, a splendid mimic; he keeps the table in a roar; and in the pulpit he is not afraid to make us laugh.' Said his friend, 'Suppose that you had lost your only child, or that yourself were about to die.' 'Well,' was the reply, 'to tell you the truth, he is the last man that I should want to see then! Still, he is a capital fellow.'"

Alas! There are too many ministers of this sort. "He is jolly," said a friend to me of a certain clergyman, whom she had met at a wedding. "You would not take him for a minister." And this she said of him approvingly, as though it were something in his favor. Alas! both for him, and for her.

We would not, indeed, have ministers put on long faces, and look always "solemn as the grave." We would rather that they should wear a cheerful countenance, and smile on proper occasions, and even audibly. But we would have them always act in character. On no occasion would we have them say or do anything unbecoming a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. We would never have them give occasion for the world to say of them: "He is a capital fellow." "He is jolly." The great Apostle says that "a bishop must be blameless, sober minded, of good behavior, holy."

"Tis not a cause of small import the pastor's care demands; But what might fill an angel's heart, And filled a Saviour's hands. They watch for souls, for which the Lord

Did heavenly bliss forego; For souls which must forever live In happiness or woe."

How can a minister, with such solemn responsibilities resting upon him, be otherwise, for the most part, than grave? How can he habitually so demean himself as to be appropriately characterized as "a capital fellow, a born wit, a splendid mimic, and not afraid to make people laugh in the pulpit?"

The minister that depends on such things for popularity is a minister that has mistaken his calling. He is not such a minister as the Lord Jesus Christ can look upon with approval. He is not such a minister as can hope to give up his account with joy, and not with grief in the great rewarding day.—Senex, in N. Y. Observer.

No Patchwork.

God never repairs. Christ never patches. The gospel is not here to mend people. Regeneration is not a scheme of moral tinkering and ethical cobbling. What God does, he does new; new heavens, new earth, new body, new heart—"Behold, I make all things new." In the gospel thus we move into a new world and under a new scheme. The creative days are back again. We step out of a regime of jails, hospitals and reform shops, to get live effects direct from God.

This is the gospel. The gospel is permanent miracle. God at first hand—that is miracle. The gospel thus does not classify with other schemes of amelioration. They are good, but this is not simply better, but different, distinct, and better because distinct; it works in a new way, and works another work. Compare the worn chains riveted on the demonic, and

the divine word working a new creation in the demonic. It is all there. It is like the difference between the impotent Persian lashing the turbulent sea with chains, and the gracious Lord, saying to the troubled sea, "Peace, be still."—Dr. Parkhurst.

Vowing And Paying.

"Vow and pay unto the Lord thy God." There is no idea more solemnly reiterated in all the Bible than the importance and sacredness of covenant vows. A foolish and pernicious notion has sprung up of late years that it is better not to make any religious promises or pledges lest they should be broken and dishonored. There is just this grain of truth in the notion, that it is better not to make them, than to make them lightly and thoughtlessly; but that does not militate in the slightest degree against the absolute necessity of making a covenant with God. It is better not to do any business than to do it in a careless or dishonest way, but that truth does not remove the necessity for business transactions. Scarcely can the slightest business matter be accomplished without making a covenant, expressed or implied. The seller covenants that the goods are as represented, the buyer that he will pay when the bill is presented. All business would stop to-morrow were men's confidence in covenants and pledges shaken.—The Golden Rule.

WHO ARE THE HAPPY?—"Young gentlemen," said the Professor of Mental Philosophy in—University to his class, one day, "at the next recitation I wish each one to hand in a definition of true happiness, suggested by his personal experience." Among the definitions handed in by these thoughtful young men were the following:

"True happiness is satisfaction with one's own self."
"True happiness is the enjoyment of life with the consciousness that no one is pained by it."

"True happiness is the possession of a sound body, in which is a sound mind, using its powers for the good of mankind."

"Happiness is a state of mind in which there is perfect harmony between one's self and others."

"True happiness does not exist in this world. Relative happiness is the result of having done right."

"Happiness to one man is misery to another. The happiest moment I ever experienced was when I gave my last dollar to a poorer man than myself. I would define it, then, as a feeling of self-approval at having done right."

"Happiness is the joy we feel without any effort made to obtain it."

"The truest happiness springs from conscious rectitude. It is the consciousness of perfect peace with God."

It would be hard to find a better definition than the last one.—Ex.

WHAT AM I TO DO?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unappetite but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A Bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but no solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhoea or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try Green's August Flower, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

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Are constantly exposed to danger from Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, and diseases peculiar to the throat and lungs. For such ailments, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, promptly administered, affords speedy relief and cure.

As a remedy for Whooping Cough, with which many of our children were afflicted, we used, during the past winter, with much satisfaction, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For this affection, we consider this preparation the most efficacious of all the medicines which have come to our knowledge.—Mary Parkhurst, Preceptress, Home for Little Wanderers, Doncaster, Md.

My children have been peculiarly subject to attacks of Croup, and I failed to find any effective remedy until I commenced administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This preparation relieves the difficulty of breathing and invariably cures the complaint.—David G. Starks, Chatham, Columbia Co., N. Y.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for many years, and have found it especially valuable in Whooping Cough. This medicine allays all irritation, prevents inflammation from extending to the lungs, and quickly subdues any tendency to Lung Complaint.—J. B. Wellington, Plainville, Mich.

I find no medicine so effective for Croup and Whooping Cough, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It was the means of saving the life of my little boy, only six months old, carrying him safely through the worst case of Whooping Cough I ever saw.—Jane Malone, Piney Plains, Tenn.

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And Carbuncles result from a debilitated, impoverished, or impure condition of the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla prevents and cures these eruptions and painful tumors, by removing their cause; the only effectual way of treating them.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has prevented the usual course of Boils, which have pained and distressed me every season for several years.—Geo. Scales, Plainville, Mich.

I was badly troubled with Pimples on the face; also, with a discoloration of the skin, which showed itself in ugly dark patches. No external treatment did more than temporary good. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected

A Perfect Cure,
and I have not been troubled since.—T. W. Boddy, River St., Lowell, Mass.

I was troubled with Boils, and my health was much impaired. I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in due time, the eruptions all disappeared, and my health was completely restored.—John R. Ekins, Editor Stanley Observer, Albemarle, N. C.

I was troubled, for a few times, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Blotches. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me. I consider it the best blood purifier in the world.—Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

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