

## Only In Thee.

Fain would I be strong with the heart of the brave,  
All fearless in conflict, all calm in defeat;  
Fain would I be patient, Lord, patience I crave,  
In pain to be silent, submissive, and sweet.  
O where shall I find it, the strength I would win,  
As pilgrim I journey through peril and sin,  
My Master, my Saviour, my help is in Thee,  
In Thee is my help, Lord, 'tis only in Thee.

Fain would I be gentle, whatever betide,  
And meek, unresisting, returning no word  
In haste or in anger to those at my side  
Who may grieve or annoy me. Thy gentleness, Lord  
Bestow on Thy child, that her looks may be fair,  
And mildness distill from her speech, and her care  
Be laid at Thy feet; for whatever it be,  
In Thee is my help, Lord, and only in Thee.

Fain would I be faithful, so daily to prove  
To those whom I meet that my life has a spring  
Abundant in beauty and precious in love,  
And that close to the Vine in my earthly clinging.  
Fain would I be faithful, nor follow afar,  
Fain would I abide where Thy chosen ones are;  
My Master, my Saviour, be gracious to me,  
In Thee is my help, Lord, and only in Thee.  
Fain would I be cheerful, and sing as I go,  
Uplifting Thy praises through darkness and gloom;  
Fain wear a white robe, not the garment of woe,  
And joyously, blithely, and gayly go on,  
O bid me to triumph and smile through my tears,  
O crown me a victor o'er trials and fears.  
My Master, my Master, my joy is in Thee,  
In Thee is my help, Lord, and only in Thee.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

## Fellow Helpers to the Truth.

BY THE REV. LUCIEN CLARK.

Truth is mighty. It will cut and burn its way through the ignorance and prejudice and opposition of men and win the throne of the human mind. The scientific truths published by Galileo and other great philosophers are memorable examples. Hence, the truth of the Gospel is destined to prevail over all the earth. But the Gospel is not merely a truth, or some truth, or truth in general, but it is pre-eminently the truth. It contains the most important truths in the world, and it contains no mixture of error and it contains truth revealed from God out of heaven, and not sought out and discovered by human investigation, and it reveals Him who said of himself, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." This truth is the mightiest of all. It is likened to a hammer breaking in pieces all opposition, and to a sword cutting down all enemies, and to a fire burning up all forms of error, and to the rain and the snow watering the earth and causing it to bud and bring forth grass and grain and fruit. It is mighty to convert the soul and to sanctify the spirit, and to save men, and to reform and renew the face of human society. Nothing else will save the teeming millions of earth's inhabitants. Education is a good thing; but education without the Gospel will not save men. Nay, it is worse for the race than no education. The improvement of the nations in agriculture and commerce and manufacturing, and all other forms of industry is to be diligently sought. But this will not save men. The shops and the stores and the merchant's ships all carry men deeper into sin without the Gospel. Nothing but the truth can save men from sin, and sweep the filth of political and social corruption from the streets of our great cities, and purify the moral atmosphere of modern civilization.

But the truth needs help. Mighty as it is, it is designed to prevail by means of human help. A hammer is a mighty tool, but it needs a strong hand to use it and an intelligent brain behind the hand to guide it. The sword is a mighty weapon, but it needs a skillful hand to wield it and a brave heart behind it to carry it into the thickest of the fray. The rain and the sun and the soil are mighty agents, but before they can give seed to the sower and bread to the eater there must be the hand of man to clear the ground and plant the seed. Scientific truth is mighty, but there must be some one to publish it before it can enlighten the world. The same is true of the Gospel. The truth has helpers. The Holy Spirit is the most efficient helper. But Christians have been granted the honor of being co-workers with God in this great field. There is nothing in this world like the human voice supported by a living, throbbing, glowing spirit to help the truth. It is by means of preaching and Christian testimony that the truth is to fill the world. But we may help the truth

F. D. C. Relieves Distress After Eating.

with our money. To my mind it is a wonderful thing that our earthly substance may be made the means of carrying the light of life to the ends of the earth. Still, our testimony and our contributions must be confirmed and strengthened by holy living. Every Christian knows the power of a life which has been molded and fashioned by the truth. We must be in sympathy with the truth, or our help will be of little value. When the body is in sound health there is perfect harmony between the nerves and the elements which support life. The adjustment of the nerves of the palate to wholesome meat and drink is so perfect that it is solid pleasure to eat and drink. But when the health of the body is broken down this relation is disturbed, and the light is no longer sweet and meat is no more savory. When the soul is in health the truth is sweeter than honey and the honey-comb. When the spirit of truth dwells in the soul every ray of truth that falls upon it makes the heart sing. But when the health of the soul is broken down by sin the truth is painful. Such a one has no taste for it, and cannot enjoy it nor help it on in the world. He hinders the truth. He may be a member of the Church, but on account of the selfishness and pride and love of the world, and other evils which dwell in his heart, he stands in the way of the truth. We to the man who throws himself across the path of the truth! Let the Holy Spirit dwell within thee, and the truth will be written on thy heart, and thou wilt shine with its luster and burn with its heat; then shalt thou be a burning and a shining light.

If we help the truth, the truth will help us; but if we cross the path of the truth, it will fight against us. Yonder is a ship in the open sea. There is on board a makeshift of a compass, but it is not a true compass. There is also a chart, but it has been prepared according to the individual notions of one self-conceited man. There is a captain on board, but he is a mere pretender. He sneers at all naval science, and in his arrogance assumes to sail the ocean according to his own ideas. He is playing with the sea, and his fate is easy to foretell. There is another ship, equipped with all well-approved instruments of navigation, and commanded by a captain who scrupulously stands by the settled principles of nautical science. When wise men travel this is the vessel they will take. For three days a good ship had been plowing the sea toward the Irish coast, through a dense fog, which hid the sun by day and the stars by night. She had been guided in her course all this time by chart, compass, and other means, when one standing beside the captain heard him say: "We ought to see Fastnet Light in just twelve minutes." The traveler held his watch, and in just eleven minutes the gleam of the welcome signal flashed upon them. Through fog and darkness they sailed the sea with almost as perfect accuracy as the planets sail through space. They reckoned by the truth, and stood by the truth, and the truth stood by them, and brought them to their desired haven at the proper moment. We are all sailing a dangerous ocean. It is reckless folly to play with the sea of life. But we have a chart; it is the truth. We have a compass; it is the truth. We have a Captain; and he has said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." If we stand by the truth, we shall see the light on the other shore before we lose sight of this, and we shall land safely in the city of our God.—Pittsburg, Pa.

## Christian Sorrow.

There is a chastened joy for the Christian heart, even in the midst of sorrow, in these blessed days, when life and immortality are brought so gloriously to light in Christ Jesus. The house of mourning, where the comforting presence of Jesus is a conscious reality, is truly better than the house of feasting. Indeed, it becomes the house of feasting, where the soul is fed upon the most comforting and nourishing truth.

Into our home death has come. The voice we have heard since earliest memory is silent. The hands so long busy in ministering are folded peacefully. The face is so placid and sweet we might almost believe sorrow had never touched it. But there are lines upon the brow and around the dear lips which tell of conflicts and hard-won victories. Ah, yes; our beloved is more than a conqueror! This soul, grown strong through trials nobly borne, has not only won in the conflict, but has carried away much spoils. And now as we listen to the wonderful Scriptures concerning the resurrection and the life; the pure river of water of life, clear as crystal proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb;

The worst disease—Dyspepsia The best Cure—F. D. C.

the place where there is no more curse, where God wipes away all tears from all faces; the blessed assurance that our hearts must not be troubled nor afraid because we believe in our Father and in Jesus—how new and personal and real they seem. These are the truths that our beloved one faithfully taught us; through all the years they have been the strength and stay of this life now ended. They are more precious now than ever, since we have seen that they fail not to comfort and strengthen in the hour of sorest need.

We listen to the reminiscences of the years—the loyal service of Christian principle; the trustful spirit; the obedient mind; the loving heart. As these pass in review before us how our hearts are stirred with a desire to be better, truer, more worthy, in our own lives! How insignificant the selfish pursuits of the world appear; how good and grand it seems to live with a purpose to bless humanity and glorify God, and come to the end of life on earth thus honored and beloved! Then, as our friends, who are in full sympathy with our sorrow, sing softly—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
'Come unto Me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast!'  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting place,  
And He hath made me glad."

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
'I am the dark world's Light;  
Look unto Me, thy mourn shall rise,  
And all thy days be bright.'  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk,  
Till all my journey's done."

How full and grateful is the answering "Amen!" in our deepest being! We see strong men, not moved easily to tears or stirred by mere sentiment, wiping the tears from their faces—not tears of grief, but of sacred joy—and we are more than ever persuaded that we have not followed cunningly devised fables when we believed the simple truths of the Gospel. Sorrowing, yet rejoicing, only the Christian understands this paradox:

"It is the lonely road  
That crushes out the life and light of heaven,  
But borne with Him, the soul restored,  
Forgiven,  
Sings out through all the days  
Her joy and God's high praise."

The INTELLIGENCER should go to every Free Baptist home in the country.

## Are You Growing?

My question has reference to the progress of the Christian life in the soul, and, as you observe, is personal. I venture to put it to the serious thought of any minister or member of the Church of Christ to whom these words may come. Its importance gets emphasis from our time, and in any event cannot be, overestimated. Whether for the minister of the Gospel, or for the people whom he serves, all that is vital in Christian life and hope is involved in this question, Are we growing? There is a great danger of a beaten track, of cold, monotonous habit, in the religious life. A man may do many things, year in and year out, that make commendable appearance, and not grow at all. Moral perfection begins and continues in the disposition, in the will, in the heart. It is therefore something of which the growing soul must be blessedly conscious. It has conditions, it produces results, and we may test it. Let us not mistake it. On the one hand, we must not judge it to be one leap out of a low, limited state into a high and untrammelled one; nor, on the other hand, to be an advance so faint as never to be distinct to the enlightened soul. It is a steady progress, but a progress it is, as surely making its onward way as does the rising of the tide upon the beach. Little by little is the law of growth, but, however small the advance growth there must be. Gradually but constantly we are to get on, until the soul rejoices in new heavens and a new earth, and stands above the assault of every foe.

As we grow, our hold of the root becomes firmer, our union with the vine more real, and our fruit more plentiful and beautiful. Think in how many respects a Christian may grow. In moral mastery and spiritual knowledge, in patience, in gentleness, in love, in faith, in holiness, in all the excellent round of Christian virtues and graces. Year by year we should feel that we have a firmer grasp of the Gospel, and that it has a firmer grasp of us; that Christ is more precious because we are more like Him; that heaven is nearer because there is more of it in us; that sin and death have less mastery over us because we have more mastery over them; that the holy duties of the spiritual kingdom, which began as a task, have become the best inspiration and joy of

K. D. C. CURES MIDNIGHT DYSPEPSIA.

the life; that where we were once hampered, mechanical, and cold, now we are free, and to put us back to our old indifferent or indulgent life would be to bind us with the fetters of a slave. Here is a test. It is easily applied. It gives emphasis to my question: "Are you growing?" If you carry about a soul yearning respecting your spiritual life, if there is a hunger and thirst in you for righteousness, it is an unmistakable sign of growth, and God will answer that yearning as sunlight comes to fill waking nature in the morning.—Lathropian Observer.

Every dollar due the INTELLIGENCER is needed to pay the running expenses.

## Genius for Work.

The curse of this country is the geniuses—those men who think themselves Lord Byrons, not because they have any of his talent, but because they have his vices and his big shirt collar. The only kind of genius that is worth anything is the genius for hard, practical, useful work. If God has given you two hands and two feet, and good health, you have magnificent equipment. Those who were born at the top of the ladder do not have much chance; for they are apt to fall to the bottom; but those who are born at the foot of the ladder have the better chance. Michael Faraday, the greatest philosopher of his time, started from a blacksmith's anvil, and Shakespeare held horses at the door of a London theater before he held the attention of all ages. The path of life opened for Robert Burns in a plow-boy's furrow; George Peabody endowed a library in the village where once he had sawed wood. The shoemaker's last would have the most appropriate coat of arms for William Carey the missionary, and Cloudsley Shovel the admiral and famous author. The butcher's stall was a starting place for Kirke White, and Akeniside and Cardinal Wolsey. Herschel played in a brass band before God called him up to listen to the music of the spheres and the orchestra of the morning stars. A barber shop was the starting place for Copernicus the astronomer, and Arkwright the inventor, and Jeremy Taylor the ecclesiast, and Tenterden the lord chief justice of England. A mason's trowel was the weapon with which the learned Ben Johnson and Hugh Miller the geologist began to fight the battle of life. With a weaver's shuttle Columbus the discoverer, and Dr. Livingstone the explorer, and John Foster the essayist, and Wilson the oratorist began to weave their fortunes and their usefulness.

Out of every hard position in this life there are fifty doors which at the rap of the hard knuckle of toil swing wide open. Do not join the great army of able-bodied beggars. When the time comes that you feel like putting your lazy hands on your hips and saying, "The world owes me a living," it owes you a halter.—Christian Herald.

Send the INTELLIGENCER to your son or daughter far from the old home.

## How to put Life and Power in the Prayer Meeting.

The regular midweek prayer meeting in your church could be made a mighty power and filled to overflowing if the following simple rules and suggestions were carried out:

Let some one call together in his home twenty-five people of the parish, who have brains enough to take part to edification.  
Give them a happy, social hour, with a nice luncheon; never mind if it does cost time, trouble, and money.  
After lunch tell them what you want, and pledge them to do it.  
Be present, rain or shine.  
Get there early with cheering faces.  
See that everybody has books to sing from.  
Have the room well lighted.  
Keep the temperature at sixty-five degrees.  
Get the people together and front seats filled.  
The twenty-five should sing strong, clear, and with good time.  
Every one be ready to offer a short, very short, pointed prayer.  
Let the twenty-five demand reverence, mingled with joy, by their very act.  
Have read some good scripture, testimony, or song.  
Permit no one to be lengthy, not even the preacher.  
Never follow the same order; vary the services.  
See that sinners are urged to accept Christ.  
Close the meeting promptly.  
Twenty-five then speak to everybody in the room.  
Ask them to bring some one else next week.—Christian Herald.

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach To Healthy Action.

## What the Theatre Did for Us

It caused all but about a half dozen to break their church pledge.  
It furnished a subject for unprofitable conversation by the people of our town for several days.

It caused the Thursday evening prayer meeting to take a week's "lay off," as the most of the members were at the theatre.

It caused a girl of fifteen years of age to steal money from her parents to go; she had a passion for becoming an actress, and now is determined to "work out" and then become one.

It was the cause of one attending who had just been taken into the church.

And last, but not least, it caused the Sabbath day to be broken by a performance in the evening.

These are a few results more plainly observed by the world.

Dear brethren we would not allow our children to spend time reading a book that did not improve their minds nor contain one moral sentiment, but on the other hand contained stories which were debasing in their nature.

By attending such places of amusement we lose our influence for doing good.

## Random Readings.

I wonder many times that ever a child of God should have a sad heart considering what God is preparing for him.—Samuel Rutherford.

Clouds are blessings in the spiritual as well as the natural world. If there were no clouds, there would be no rainbows, no showers, no harvests.

People who are right with God never have to travel in the dark. "The path of the just is as shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Less talk about what we have done for the Lord and more talk about what the Lord has done for us would wonderfully improve most of our modern general experience meetings.

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## PERFECT SATISFACTION.

GENTLEMEN,—I have found B. B. B. an excellent remedy, both as a blood purifier and general family medicine. I was for a long time troubled with sick headache and heartburn, and tried a bottle, which gave me such perfect satisfaction that I have since then used it as our family medicine.  
E. BAILEY, North Bay, Ont.

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GENTLEMEN,—I have a little boy of 5, whose greatest trouble is the croup, and I find that Hagyard's Yellow Oil gives speedy relief, therefore I take pleasure in recommending it to the public.  
MRS. L. H. BALDWIN, Oakland, Ont.

If you are nervous or dyspeptic try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Dyspepsia makes you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic, either one renders you miserable, and these little pills cure both.

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