

I go on principle. Will the Lord say to me in the last day, 'Josiah Allen's wife, how is it with the soul of Tirzah Ann, as for Thomas Jefferson's soul, he being a boy, it hain't of no account? No, I shall have to give an account to him for my dealin's with both of these souls, male and female. And I should feel guilty if I brought him up to think that what was impure for a woman was pure for a man. If a man has a greater desire to do wrong, which I don't dispute," says I, looking keenly onto Josiah, "he has greater strength to resist temptation. And so," says I, in mild accents, but firm as old Plymouth Rock, "if Thomas Jefferson hangs, Tirzah Ann shall hang, too."

I have brought Thomas Jefferson up to think that it was just as bad for him to listen to a bad story or song as for a girl, or worse, for he had more strength to run away, and that it was a disgrace to him to talk or listen to any stuff that he would be ashamed to have Tirzah Ann or me to hear. I have brought him up to think that manliness didn't consist in having a cigar in his mouth, and his hat on one side, and swearing, and slang phrases, and a knowledge of questionable amusements, but in layin' holt of every duty that comes to him, with a brave heart and a cheerful face; in helpin' to right the wrong, and protect the weak, and makin' the most and the best of the mind and the soul God has given him. In short, I have brought him up to think that purity and virtue are both feminine and masculine, and that God's angels are not necessarily all she ones.—*Samantha Allen.*

**PULL TOGETHER.**

Husband and wife should always pull together in the matrimonial harness, for by so doing the welfare of each will be promoted.

Pull together, good husbands and wives, for the sake of your children. If you are determined to have a little circus, let it be after your children have retired to bed and are fast asleep. Children should never be allowed to see a quarrel between their parents. Settle all your difficulties somewhere where even the dog or the cat does not see you. Parents should show only their best manners to their children. The parent who does not feel that his or her child should be protected from an exhibition of folly is not much of a parent.

Home is no place for a prize-fight or anything like it. "Home, sweet home," is not the kind of a home in which father and mother act like those who fight in a ring to show how brutal they are.

Some parents have a habit of pulling together during sickness or in times of great trouble; but the proper thing to do is not only to pull together some of the time, but all the time.

How careful husband and wife should be not to offend each other or do those things that bring about partial separation; for after such acts pulling together is almost out of the question.

The noted John Wesley could have preached a strange sermon on the ill effects of husband and wife not pulling together. How strange it was that the other-wise wise John Wesley did not have the good judgment to select some other woman for his wife than the one he did. Let us hope that they have made up and are living happily in the world in which they now reside. Both made a sad mistake. Perhaps it was a case of too much brains and too little common sense.—*Weekly Witness.*

**LIKE A MIRACLE.**

**THE WONDERFUL RECOVERY OF A NIPISSING MAN.**

**Stricken with Partial Paralysis he was Unable to Use either right arm or right leg.**

Mr. John Craig, a well-known farmer living near Kells, Nipissing district, Ont., is another of the many paralytics, who owes his present good health and ability to go about—if not life itself—to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Craig gives his experience as follows:—"But for the blessing of God and the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I do not believe that I would be alive today. I was stricken with that terrible affliction, partial paralysis, I had absolutely no power in my right arm or leg. I was not able to sit up—in fact if I tried to do so I would fall over. I had to be lifted like a child, and my family and friends believed death was very near. The doctor told me that he could do nothing for me, and that I was liable at any moment to have a second stroke which would carry me off. I was in this deplorable condition when I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for three boxes and before they were all used I could move the fingers on my hand which had hitherto been absolutely numb and powerless. You can scarcely imagine my joy at this convincing proof that the pills were helping me. From this on I kept getting stronger and the control of my paralyzed limbs gradually came back until I was again able to walk about and eventually to work. To my neighbors my cure seems like a miracle, as not one of them ever expected to see me out of bed again. I gladly give permission to publish the story of my cure with the wish that it may bring life and hope and activity to some other sufferer."

The cure of Mr. Craig gives additional evidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not an ordinary medicine, and that their power to cure in all troubles of the blood or nerves places them beyond all other medicines. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box.

**A Brave Man Speaks to the Point.**

An addition was made some years ago to the jail in Paterson, N. J., at a cost of \$30,000. When it was completed the county officers and contractor celebrated the event by a banquet in the building. There were liquors in great abundance. After a number of toasts had been drunk, the gentleman presiding, a judge, proposed "the temperance cause." It was probably done because they were getting pretty drunk. Mr. Bantram, a temperance man, was called on to respond, and did so in the following stinging speech, which some of them perhaps will never forget. He said:

"I thank you for this invitation, and I recognize its fitness. You have assembled to celebrate the enlargement of this jail, rendered necessary by the use of strong drink, in which you are so freely indulging this day. Down-stairs the cells and corridors are crowded with criminals who have but changed

places. A few years ago they were respected citizens, some of them occupying as responsible positions as those now occupied by yourselves, but they commenced as you have commenced, and they continued as many of you are continuing, and today they are reaping the harvest in a career of crime, and paying the penalty with a period of punishment."

At this moment another bottle was opened, and Mr. Bantram said:

"I hear the popping of corks. I listen to the merry voices, and the praises you are singing to the infernal spirit of wine; but there comes to me the refrain, from the prisoner's cell, who is shedding penitential tears over his folly, and accompanied by the still sadder wail of anguish uttered by the broken-hearted wife, worse than widowed through the traffic of strong drink, which, as a judge in your courts said, 'is the great promoter of crime,' a traffic licensed by your votes, and sustained by the patronage you are this day giving it. It is with inexpressible sadness that I discover that there can be found in this county so many men with hearts so hardened, feelings so calloused, sensibilities so blunted, that in a place like this, under circumstances like these, they dare raise to their lips that which depraves the citizen, and endangers the State. Thanking you, gentlemen, for this unexpected privilege, I take my seat, fully conscious that you will never again call on me under similar circumstances."

**CONVINCED BY HIS OWN WORDS**

Dr. Washington Gladden was once discussing Christian evidence with a number of students.

The students, as is sometimes the way with young men, manifested a lack of faith. They were not ashamed of this lack either; they seemed, on the contrary to be proud of it.

"I," said a lad of eighteen years, a freshman—"I am an agnostic." He spoke pompously, his hands in his pockets. He regarded narrowly the effect on Dr. Gladden of his bold words.

"You are an agnostic?" said the clergyman.

"I am an agnostic."  
"What is an agnostic?" Dr. Gladden asked. "Tell me, won't you, just what meaning you attribute to that word?"

The lad swaggered about the room. He still kept his hands in his pockets. "An agnostic," he said, frowning—"why an agnostic is—ah—a fellow—a fellow who isn't sure of anything."

"How does it happen, then," asked the clergyman, "that you're sure you are an agnostic?"

**HARD FOR THE MINISTER.**

Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, the well-known preacher of New York, has a kindly, earnest countenance, though his most devoted admirers would scarcely call him handsome.

On one occasion, while he was calling on one of his parishioners, the five-year-old daughter of the house entered the room. She was a golden-haired, blue-eyed little maid, a picture of what a pretty girl of her years should be. And she was far from underrating her own attractions. Dr. Parkhurst took her on his knee, and in the course of his conversation referred to the omnipotence of God, who made the earth and all upon it. The little girl glanced at Dr. Parkhurst's face.

"Did God make you?" she inquired, earnestly.

"He did," answered the minister.



"And did He make me, too?"  
"Yes, my dear."

At one side of the room was a full-length mirror. The little maid looked at her own pretty reflection with much satisfaction.

"God does a great deal better work now than He used to do, doesn't He?" was her naive and complacent comment.

**A RECEIPT FOR SIMPLE LIVING.**

The following excellent morsels of advice, whose author calls them "four rules of sincerity," are well worth committing to memory. We can all mark, read, and inwardly digest them with profit. The rules in brief are these:

We should never buy things that we do not want.

We should never willingly, or through mere indifference buy things that are not genuine.

We should never try to do things that we know we cannot do, or have not time to do.

And we should never do things that we do not want to do, just because other people do them and ask us to do them.

If we all observed these four rules of sincerity, we should discover that simplicity of life is, after all, an attainable ideal.—*C. E. World.*

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