Poetry.

CHRIST' AND HIS MOTHER. John xix, 25-28.

Man's base and wicked triumph was complete He who had left the Father's loving heart To take the ban from mortals, which their sins Had wrung from God's unwilling lips, was stretched Upon the cross of honored Calvary, Pale, suffering and silent ! yielding up His precious life, to place the final seal To that great compact which was made in heaven.

The worst were there ; yet he who meekly bore Their jests and taunts and insults had a shield They could not see, to keep him from their wrath ; A God within that buoyed the man without.

Thus runs the Scripture : Near the cross there stood Mary his mother and the Magdalene, And that disciple whom he loved of all; He saw them in his dying agonies, And glanced upon them with an eye as soft As stars that look upon an infant s clay, And smiled with such a sweet and tender smile That each sad heart was thrilled with happiness-While from his pallid lips there came the words, "Woman, behold thy Son ; Son, lo, thy mother. Then bowing down his sacred head, the man Was lost amid the glories of the God. Who would not wish to be another John And take the Saviour's mother to his heart ?

O, glorious lesson ! in his deepest pains, His dying agony upon his cross, The Saviour thought of her who gave him life, And for the care that ended with his death, Gave her the friendship that he loved so well To southe her grief and bless her with its powers.

Christ loved his mother ; let the precept live In every heart, and shed its sweetness there ; He, in the very sight of heaven, beheld His mother still-and may no meaner thing Than heaven arise between our foolish hearts, And her who gave us being ; let us love And he did give example-best in death.

Son, daughter, love thy mother. It will be A star upon that glorious diadem Which Christ shall clasp upon thy chosen head, When thou shalt pass from earthly cares to dwell With him and John and Mary in the skies.

PATIENT WITH THE LIVING

BY MARGARET SANGSTER. Sweet friends, when thou and I are gone Beyond earth's weary labor, When small shall be our need of grace From comrade or from neighbor, Passed all the strife, the toil, the care, And done with all the sighing, What tender truth shall we have gained Alas, by simply dying ?

Then lips too chary of their praise Will tell our merits over, And eyes too swift our faults to see Shall no defect discover. Then hands that would not lift a stone Where stones were thick to cumber Our steep hill-path, will scatter flowers Above our pillowed slumber.

Would that all the Johnnies who sell papers, and fathers that drink, and mothers that weep over the ruins of once happy homes, take to their wretched dwellings the little book that tells of Jesus and His love ! And not only these, but all the Johnnies in filth and wretchedness-would that they could learn from this little book what a friend they have in Jesus. - Appeal.

NOT ABOVE WORK.

" Man hath his daily work of body and mind

Appointed, which declares his dignity

it must be ennobling. It is the work we do in an for one book the first line of the tablet following unwilling, slavish spirit that degrades us. Toil is was written at the end of the one preceding it. manly, even if it be that of a boot-black. " If I The writing on the tablets was of course done when were a boot-black," said a noble Christian man, the clay was soft, and then it was baked to harden "I would strive to be the best boot-black in the it; then each tablet or book was numbered and world." The lad who, determines to do his best assigned to a place in the library with a correspondeverywhere, in every place, however lowly, where ing number, so that the librarian could readily find

" If little labor, little are our gains : Man's fortunes are according to his pains."

you don't-now ; send it by an expressman." picked up the bundle, and walked off to deliver it -Harper's Young People. himself, leaving his proud clerk dumb with mortification as well as with fear of losing a good posi-

were "above carrying a market basket home." seen and do not annoy with the sense of too much Even when mother is bearing a heavy load for their presence. Do not open the door very slowly for sakes, they think it "degrading" to be seen doing then the attention is strained, speculating as to who such service. They soon get too big to wait on the next comer can possibly be after all this preparathemselves. They grow up to be of less use in the tion and with such cautious approach generally world than butterflies. The following story of one creaking. Low, not clear tones ; quiet but sure of the greatest men of America is worth impressing movements-not tip-toeing-and rapid, rather than

way, and I will take your game home for you."

nquired : "What shall I pay you ?"

Justice of the United States."

where he lived.

to me."

a bystander.

man was swearing violently because he could find the nurse does not seem to be anxious many a pano one to carry home his game. Judge Marshall tient will not be. epped up, gently rebuked him, and asked him

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

BOOKS MADE OF CLAY.

collections of hymns (to the gods), descriptions of as the young folks of to-day in stories of the birds,

slow, are a great relief to any patient who is blessed but not seem to be looking. In convalescence if This frees the faculties from the tension of being

EXPERIENCE. The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother

onstantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSA-PARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality

stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.







Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Deranged Stomach, or irregular action of the Bowels. and a serie and the series of the series and the series of the 1884 and 1885. INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP CO'Y WINTER ARRANGEMENT. TWO TRIPS A WEEK. O^N AND AFTER MONDAY, Nov. 3rd, and until further notice. the Steamers of this Line will make TWO trips a week, leaving St. John every MONDAY AND THURSDAY MORNINGS at So'cluck, for Eastport, Portland and Boston, connect-at Eastport, with steamer "CHARLES HOUGHTON," for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Returning will leave Boston, same days at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 o'clock, P. M. for Eastport and St. John. Through Tickets can be procured at this office, and H. Chubb & Co.'s, to all points of Canada and the United MT No claims for allowance after Goods leave the Freight received Wednesday Saturday only, up to H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent, Reed's Point Wharf. INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1884.

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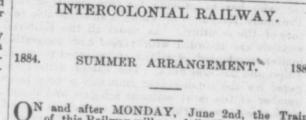
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7.25 А.М.

4.35 P.M.

11.00 A.M.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I, Ere love is past forgiving, Should take the earnest lesson home-Be patient with the living ; To-day's repressed rebuke may save Our blinding tears to-morrow ; Then patience-e'en when keenest edge May whet a nameless sorrow. Tis easy to be gentle when Death's silence shames our clamor, And easy to discern the best Through memory's mystic glamor ; But wise it were for thee and me, Ere love is past forgiving, To take the tonday leaves house

Be patient with the living.

sang out :

ma'am ?"

tory was known.

" You can read !"

was need of haste.

Johnny's hand.

"You will read it, Johnny ?"

" I will, ma'am ; I will."

The fireside.

IT'S ALL THE LITTLE BOOK.

" Paper, sir ? Paper, sir ? Morning paper,

There was nothing new in the words, nothing

new to see a small boy with a package of papers

lowed memories. One look at the large, brown

eyes, the broad forehead, the mass of nut-brown

"What is your name, my boy ?" I asked, as, half

blind with tears, I reached out my hand for a paper.

"O, yes; I've been to school a little," said

"Johnny-;" the last name I did not catch.

Johnny, glancing out of the window, to see if there

I had a little brother once, whose name was

Johnny. He had the same brown hair and tender,

loving eyes ; and perhaps it was on this account !

felt very much disposed to throw my arms around

Johnny's neck, and to kiss him on his thin cheek.

There was something pure about the child, standing

modestly there in his patched clothes and little,

half-worn shoes, his collar coarse, but spotlessly

white, his hands clean and beautifully moulded.

A long, shrill, whistle, however, with another short

and peremptory, and Johnny must be off. There

was nothing to choose ; my little Testament, with

its neat binding and pretty steel clasp was in

There was a moment-we were off. I strained

curls, the pinched and hollow cheeks, and his his-

"Why did he bring home my game ?" "He did it," said the bystander, "I suppose, by way of teaching you not to be above attending to your own business !"-Truth in Life. JUST THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT. " Mother's cross !" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips. Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie : "Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the

night with the poor haby. Something more than a year ago, as the writer Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and was sitting in a railway carriage, a pleasant voice walked off into the garden. But a new idea went

with her. "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was under his arm ; but the voice, so low and musical- sick last year, I was so nervous that if any one spoke its clear, pure tones, mellow as a flute, tender as to me, I could hardly help being cross ; and mother only love and sorrow could make-called up hal- never got angry and out of patience, but was just as gentle with me. I ought to pay it back, and I will.

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful teething baby. Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one. He stopped fretting, and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him ont in his carriage, mother ? It's such a nice morning, she asked. " I should be glad if you would," said her mother. The little hat and sack were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him out as long as he is good," said Maggie, " and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother. The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice tremoled, as she answered ;

"Thank you dearie, it would do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour ; and the air will do him good, too. My head aches badly this morning,"

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as my eyes out of the window after Johnny, but I did she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk

not see him ; and shutting them, I dreamed what there was in store for him-not forgetting His love She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often A month since I made the same journey, and been bestowed upon her. She had made her passed over the same railroad. Halting for a momother happier, and given her time to rest.

ment's respite at one of the many places on the way, what was my surprise to see the same boy, A SWEET VOICE. taller, healthier, with the same calm eyes and pure R drnk shll b wtr, There is no power of love so hard to keep as a "I've thought of you, ma'am," he said ; "I may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing it so much needs as a sweet "The little book has done it all. I carried it voice, to tell what it means and feels, and that is THE MYSTERY SOLVED Lome and father read it. He was out of work then, hard to get and keep in the right tone. One must and mother cried over it. At first I thought it was start in youth, and be on the watch, night and day, a wicked book to make them feel so bad; but the at work and while at play, to get and keep a voice Occtober 17th. No. 219.-Obed-Edom. more they read it the more they cried, and it's all that shall keep at all times the thought of a kind No. 220.-(1). Gen. xxv. 27. [Zachariah viii. been different since. It's all the little book ; we heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is live in a better house now, and father don't drink, most apt to be gotten. You often hear boys and No. 221.-1 Samuel xxviii. 15. No. 222.-Christianity. girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone as Dear little Johnny, he had to talk so fast ; but if it were the snap of a whip. CHAT. If any of them get vexed, you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a the greatest number of correct answers to the puz-"I'm not selling many papers now, and father whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse zles published during the month we will give a that sounds as if it were made up of a shart, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in tone than in words. It is often in mirth that one gets a than in words. It is often in mirth that one gets a Never did 1 so crave a moment of time. But than in words. It is often in mirth that one gets a be sent before they appear in the paper, which is now the train was in motion. Johnny lingered as voice or tone that is sharp, and sticks to him three weeks from the time the puzzles are publish-"It's all in the little book," sounded in my ear; like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. ished during each calendar month, and each comthrough life, and stirs up ifi-will and grief, and falls ed. Each competition will cover the puzzles pub- Genuine Shetland Scotch Lambs Wool Underclothing the little book that told of Jesus and his love for Such as these get a sharp home voice for use and petitor must state that the solution is his or her poor, perishing men. What a change ! A comfor- keep their best voice for those they meet else- own unaided work. The puzzles will all be origintable home, the man no more a slave to strong where, just as they would save the best cakes and al and will give all an equal privilege. Answers drink. Hope was in the hearts of the parents; pies for guests and all their sour food for their own should be addressed C. E. BLACK, Case Settlehealth mantled the checks of the children. No board. I would say to all boys and girls. "Use ment, Kings Connty, N. B., and marked "PRIZE wonder Johnny's words came brekenly ! From the your best voice at home." Watch it by day as a COMPETITION." gloom of despair to a world of light; from being pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you A. M. NEWCOME.-You have correctly solved poor and friendless the little book told them of One in the days to come, than the best pearl hidden in No. 220:1. Thanks for Bible Question. mighty to save, the very Friend they needed, the the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to heart and "Bob."-Your story received. We have not precious Elder Brother, with a heart all love, all home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye. had time to examine. You have correctly solved Nos. 214, 216, 217 hnd 218.

DANIEL & BOYD. Have a Large Assortment of MANTLE DEPARTMENT. FAMILY GROCERIES! BLANK BOOKS No. 238. -- OMITTED VOWELS. Fine Watches, OUR ASSORTMENT of Imported Mantles for this Ll sprklng wth gl; Th gft f r Gd Nd th drnk f th fr. J season is very large and comprises all the NEW FANCY MATERIALS (The Mystery solved in three weeks.) ----IN-----

wanted to tell you it's all the little book.' "What's all the little book, Johnny ?"

and care for the destitute, tender-voiced boy.

and mother says 'twill be all right again." his eyes were bright and sparkling and his brown

face all aglow. says maybe I can go to school this winter."

