

## Poetry.

## THE SOUL'S DISQUIETUDE AND REST.

BY J. C. ROWE.

My soul's oppressed with anxious fears,  
My eyes are filled with sorrow's tears;  
They are my meat both night and day;  
Where is my God, O, where is he,  
Will he not now remember me,  
And chase this crushing grief away!

My enemies with all their rage,  
Reproach me, and in vain engage  
To tear my soul, my God, from thee.  
Thou in the past wast always near,  
I could not doubt thee; shall I fear!  
Thou in all troubles shielded me.

My soul, why art thou thus cast down,  
If God on thee dost never frown!  
Hope thou in him, thou shalt find praise,  
He is thy health, he will bestow  
His richest grace, so thou shalt know  
That thou from darkness dost arise.

When foes again my soul molest,  
To slay me, then on God I'll rest,  
I'll hope and trust and with his might  
The alien armies I'll defeat.  
They cannot find a sure retreat,  
While God is near and for me fight.  
Let thunder roar and lightning flash,  
Let tempest rage or billows crash.  
I fear no storm with Christ at hand;  
He is my rest, my refuge, tower;  
He will in my distressing hour  
Be near me, and my feet shall stand.

## TRIUMPHS OF FAITH.

MRS. ALICE GRANT.

Hark! the song of faith triumphant!  
Death, thy gloom I will not fear  
While my Saviour stands beside me,  
And his "rod and staff" are near.  
On his arm I lean securely  
While I pass the chilling flood;  
Knowing that he died to save me,  
Trusting in his precious blood.  
Though I walk amid the valley,  
And its shades be dark as night,  
Even then I'll fear no evil.  
Thou, O Christ, I will be my light.  
Death is robbed of all his terrors,  
All his anguish, all his pain;  
For beyond the dark, cold river,  
I shall live with Christ, and reign.

## The Fireside.

## HOW TOMMY RAN AWAY.

Tommy Bigelow had as good a home and as kind parents as any little boy could possibly wish to have. But although he had received the best of instruction, and knew perfectly well when he was behaving well, and when his conduct was very naughty, there were times when Tommy forgot all about his kind parents, and would try very much.

As he grew older, his mother had hoped Tommy would grow ashamed of these "naughty times," as she called them, but although he had been punished repeatedly for his cross, disagreeable ways, the child grew no better, and his parents saw plainly that some pretty severe measures would be necessary to show Tommy the importance of becoming a better boy. He was eight years old, and it was time he stopped threatening and showing so much temper whenever he was denied anything, or his will was crossed in any way.

For that was the chief trouble. It was all well enough so long as mamma said "Yes" to his requests, but when it was said to say "No," as it so often is to little folks, then out would go the lips in an angry pout, his feet would scuff or stamp, and now and then, it had suddenly become a favorite habit at such times to declare that he would run away, and the most provoking thing of all was mamma never took the least notice of the terrible threat.

"Oh, but she'd find me out," he would say to himself, "to find me some time."

Now Tommy knew, and mamma knew, that only two blocks off from their home in the city, was an institution where children, who were homeless, were allowed in consideration of some small service, to get meals or to stay all night.

At length Tommy's threats grew so frequent, that one day papa Bigelow thought best, for reasons of his own, to call secretly at this "Home" and have a quiet talk with the superintendent.

Not long after, Tommy one day wanted very much to have money with which to buy a top like Willie Lee's. His mother refused, as Tommy had had quite a collection of tops of various kinds.

As usual, Tommy was very angry, and after muttering and fretting, finally declared if he couldn't have the money he'd "run away."

Mrs. Bigelow made no reply except to tell Tommy if he didn't stop muttering immediately, he would sit in his room an hour, so with a very very black face Master Tommy went out of the room.

At supper time, Mrs. Bigelow had seen nothing of her little son since he so angrily left her upon being refused the money he wanted, and he was still absent when his father came home, so she told him that she wouldn't be surprised if Tommy really had run away.

"Oh, very well," said papa, "if he has, he'll soon run back again, that is if he can get back."

Soon after supper the bell rang, and upon going to the door, Mrs. Bigelow found a ragged child who begged for ten cents; just the price of the fancy ball Tommy wanted.

"I never give money to children who beg it," said the prudent lady.

"Well, please give me some supper," begged the child.

"Yes; you go to the kitchen, and I'll give you something; but you must eat it there," she added.

"I'd rather eat it out doors."

"No; you must eat it in the kitchen, if I give you anything."

The little beggar consented with rather a bad grace, said going round to the kitchen, the boy found Mrs. Bigelow there, who told Bridget to give him a doughnut.

It was evident the child was not hungry, for after eating half of it he laid the remainder on the table saying he'd had "nuff."

Just as he reached the door, he turned and said to Mrs. Bigelow:

was very much pleased and relieved to find how willingly Mr. Beal consented to let him stay.

"Let's see, what's your name?" he asked.

"Tommy Bigelow."

"Oh, yes. Have you had any supper, Tommy?"

"No, sir."

"Very well, you and the other little boy can come and get some supper."

So Tommy and the little ragged boy he had picked up went to a great room and were given some bread and water.

"Is this supper?" whispered Tommy, in dismay.

"Yes," said the boy, "we're generally glad to get it, too; but a lady gave us a dinner, and I ain't hungry to-night."

At eight o'clock Tommy was obliged to go to bed; but dear, dear! how different from his bed at home! It felt so hard, and it was in a great hall, where lots of dirty little boys tumbled in, right in the clothes they had on. Tommy was provided with a coarse garment, which, fortunately, was clean.

The only thing that kept him from running home was his desire to punish his mamma, and convince her he had really run away. Of course he didn't know his papa had been to the door of the "Home," seen Mr. Beal, and gone away, saying, "All right, take good care of him," but he had all the same.

Next morning, Tommy was obliged to rise earlier than usual; then he had to eat with all the others; then he was obliged to go and help make up those little beds, as he was told he must do something to pay for his night's lodging and breakfast; and his breakfast had only been a mug of dreadful weak coffee, and some oatmeal and molasses; so different from his nice, rich milk, and biscuit, and oatmeal with syrup, he always had at home.

When he had finished the beds, he ran down stairs to the hall, and began looking for his hat. Mr. Beal was there.

"Where are you going, my boy?" he asked.

"I'm going home," said Tommy, promptly.

"Oh, no; you can't go home to-day," said Mr. Beal.

Tommy's face fell, and he had hard work to keep from crying.

"But I must go home," he said; "my mamma and papa'll be very anxious, if I don't."

"Oh, no, they won't," said Mr. Beal, speaking gently and kindly. "Your parents know where you are, of course; your papa hunted you up last night; but as you chose to come here, you will have to remain at least three days."

"Three days!" screamed Tommy.

"Yes; and you won't go home then, unless you are a very good boy."

"It seemed, for a few moments, as if Tommy would really burst with grief, anger and shame."

He had been secretly disappointed that his father had not rushed madly into the house the night before, after finding him there; and his mother had made him angry by not giving ten cents to find out where he was.

But to think they knew he was in that horrid place, with such coarse food, and such a hard bed, no toys, only a few old, greasy books; and had to work, too!

No wonder poor Tommy was disgusted. But at the end of three days, if you could have seen what a subdued, penitent little boy rushed into his papa's nice house, and his mamma's dear arms, I believe you would have done just as mamma and Tommy did—cried hard!

And Tommy was another boy after that. He sometimes got angry when mamma said "No," but he never staid angry but a moment or two, and he never, oh never, even threatened to run away again!

## A MOTHER'S FACT.

The mother was sewing busily, and Josie, sitting on the carpet beside her, and provided with dull, rounded scissors, and some old magazines, was just as busily cutting out pictures.

"It would litter up the carpet," said aunt Martha, who had come in for a cozy chat.

Mamma knew this, but she knew that a few minutes work would make it all right again, and Josie was happy.

All went well until the little boy found that he had cut off the leg of a horse that he considered a marvel of beauty. It was a real disappointment and grief to the little one.

"Mamma, see!" and half crying he held it up.

"Play he's holding up one foot," the mother said quickly.

"Do not horrow, mamma!"

"Oh, yes, sometimes."

"I will," and sunshine chased away the cloud that another minute would have rained down.

It was a little thing, the mother's answer; but the quick sympathy, the ready tact made all right. The boy's heart was comforted, and he went right on with no jar on nerves or temper, and auntie's call lost none of its pleasantness.

"I am tired cutting pictures, mamma," said Josie, after a while.

"Well, get your horse and wagon and play those bits of paper are wood, and you are going to bring me a load. Draw it over to that corner by the fire and put them into the kindling box; play that's the wood-house."

Pleased and proud the little trembler drew load after load till the paper was all picked up, without his ever thinking he was doing anything but play.

"Well, I declare," said Aunt Martha, "old as I am, I've learned one thing to-day, and I wish I could come in and take lessons, I do."

Mrs. Waldo looked up in surprise.

"What do you mean, my dear aunt?"

"Well, I spent yesterday over there, and things were in a snarl and high-de-low all the time, starting with less than Josie's given you a dozen times since I've been here. I've had a good talk with you, and you've given me pleasant thoughts for a week; so over there we couldn't hear ourselves speak. It was, 'Don't do that,' and 'You naughty child,' and spill and scratch and break and tumble and shout and half the time. Emily means well, she does love her children, and never punishes herself seeing for them, or nursing them when they are sick. She has a world of patience some ways, but she doesn't seem to have any faculty for managing them. Well, well, I'll send her over here, only I won't let on why," and the old lady rolled up her knitting as the bell rang for tea.

A little tact, springing from thoughtful love, how good it is!—*Ladies Home Journal.*

## YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY C. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS COUNTY, N. B.

When the sheep stray away and get lost, he follows them into the wilderness, and seeks until he finds them.

Jesus uses this as a picture of His feeling towards us. He calls Himself the "Good Shepherd," and He tells us that He even lays down His life for the sheep! The care of the Shepherd for His sheep is sometimes wonderful, but far above and beyond all this is the loving care of Jesus for the least of His little ones!

He knows you by name, dear child, and He never sees you straying away from Him, that His heart is not filled with tender pity for you. He gave His life so that you might not be lost in the wilderness, and still He is seeking you. May be you think He doesn't notice a child like you. Never think that again. *He gives His life for you.* Isn't that answer enough?

Dear Shepherd, I will not let thee seek thy lamb in vain, but I will hear thy voice and follow thee wherever thou dost go.

## JUST OBEY.

Do as you are told to do  
By those wiser far than you:  
Do not say,  
"What the use of this may be  
I'm sure I cannot see;  
Just obey!"

Do not sulk and do not grudge,  
Thou' it seem in vain to try:  
Work away!  
All the ends you cannot see:  
Do your duty faithfully—  
Just obey!

When at length you come to know  
Why 'twas ordered thus and so,  
You will say:  
"Glad am I that when to me  
All was dark as dark could be,  
I could trust, and cheerfully,  
Just obey!"

## Contributions from Young Folks.

## THE MYSTERY.

NO. 51.—JEMBLE.

FROM "A. R. MERRY," YORK.  
Ho ro a enerd pigmyt velo  
Ro h et prahing aulos I ese,  
Ho na tearn therea  
Ot klal tveea tva  
No orkw foy yenteer.

NO. 52.—BIBLE QUERIES.

FROM "BRUCE," PORTLAND.

1. Where do we read of a King burning himself to death?  
2. Who was compared to a cake not turned?

NO. 53.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

FROM "MARIANNE," KINGS.

My whole, composed of 28 letters, was a command of the Lord unto Aaron.  
My 23, 26, 14, 2, 9 was the son of Joseph.  
My 18, 12, 24, 4, 15 a city in Palestine.  
My 28, 8, 10, 16, 17, 14 a town in Scotland.  
My 11, 8, 22, 1, 18, 21, 17 a town in Nova Scotia.  
My 20, 14, 27, 5, 14, 25 one who tears or rends.  
My 10, 12, 13, 23 a ruler.

NO. 54.—HIDDEN BIBLICAL SQUARE.

FROM "VAN," YORK.

1. The skillful surgeon amputated his arm.  
2. He purchased one book at the store.  
3. The Arab darted over the plain.  
4. Omas, by or near the Bay of Honduras, is very hot.

NO. 55.—SCRIPTURE PROPER NAMES.

FROM "BLAKE," QUEENS.

1. 1151 and h. 7. 1001 and etc.  
2. 151 and O. 8. 551 and a.  
3. 253 and a. 9. 1001 and r.  
4. 1501 and n. 10. 1500 and sea.  
5. 2001 and E. 11. 551 and ala.  
6. 56 and e. 12. 2007 and e.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

(No. 9.)

No. 37.—Sil-k, as—B.—Silas.  
No. 38.—(1) Jer. xxiii. 17. (Read Ezek. xxiv.)  
No. 39.—L—am—B—  
L—ad—O—  
L—urdo—N—  
L—pho—A—  
L—ebec—D—  
L—hankinvin—G—  
L—ek—E—  
LIBERTY. BONDAGE.  
(See Romans viii. 21.)

CHAT.

BIBLE STUDY.

TOPIC: COME TO JESUS.

WHO IS JESUS?

This is a most important inquiry, because no one can rightly come with the invitation, "Come to Jesus," without a correct knowledge of who He is. Much depends on the answer we give to the question, "What think ye of Christ?"

JESUS IS GOD.

Before He appeared on earth, He had from eternity possessed all the perfections of Deity. As the Father is God, so also Jesus is God. This is a great mystery, but it is a great truth. The Bible clearly declares it. He is called "The Word;" and St. John tells us: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not any thing made that was made. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." Speaking of Himself, Jesus said, "Before Abraham was, I am." He referred to the "glory which He had with the Father before the world began;" and declared, "I and the Father are one." We are told that He is "the brightness of the Father's glory," "the image of the invisible God," "God manifest in the flesh;" that "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" and that "in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

Jesus, therefore, is God! and, therefore, is perfect in power, and wisdom, and goodness. There is nothing He cannot do; and as He never can change, He will never be unfaithful to His promises. Now, poor sinner, this is just such a Saviour as you want! If you needed a protector from some great danger, you would go to some one who was mighty. Who so mighty as Jesus? All that God can do, He can do! There are no difficulties, dangers or foes. He is unable to conquer for you! Whatever your weakness, His strength must be all-sufficient. It is not some frail fellow-man, it is not even an angel you are to trust in. It is one infinitely higher than all created beings—even the great God, mighty to save! We should have cause to fear if any one inferior were our Saviour. But we may feel quite safe when He undertakes to save, who is the Lord of heaven and earth. Who can harm us if He promises to help us? "If God be for us, who can be against us?" His power, wisdom, holiness, and goodness, are all employed on our behalf as soon as we come to Jesus. With such a Saviour we cannot perish.

"He is able to save to the uttermost." See John i. 1-3, 14; viii. 58; x. 30; xvii. 5; Col. ii. 14, 19; i. 9; i. Tim. iii. 16; Heb. i. vii. 23-28; xiii. 8; Rev. i. 5-8; x. 11-14.

OUR LETTER BOX.

A girl of 15 writes thus: Feb. 23d, 1885.  
Dear Sir,—I am very much pleased with your *YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN*, and think it makes the *RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER* very interesting. I do not send any puzzles for some time, but I have not forgotten the *COLUMNS*. "MAY FLOWER."

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We are glad to receive such encouraging words. They cheer us in our work. We trust to make the *COLUMNS* a blessing—to make it interesting and beneficial.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

ELLEN W. SMITH, Carleton, Co., sends correct solutions to Nos. 33, 34 and 36.

ANNIE M. NEWCOMB, St. John, sends a correct solution to No. 34. She also sends a Bible Query. Thanks!

"PEARL," Sunbury, sends a puzzle. Thanks! May your presence be as the sparkling pearl!

NELLIE G. VANWART, Carleton, correctly solves No. 30. Thanks for puzzle!

"MAY FLOWER," Kings, sends two puzzles. Thank you!

"BRUCE," Portland, correctly solves Nos. 27, 28, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34 and 36. Thanks for puzzles.

NOTE.—A. M. NEWCOMB also sends a correct answer to No. 38 (3); and E. W. SMITH, No. 38. The above were received after first writing.

## PRIZE COMPETITION.

We send "MARIANNE" the beautiful chromo entitled "Love's Offerings or Decoration Day," for best list of puzzles received during the month of January. She will please acknowledge receipt.

## HALL'S

Vegetable Sicilian

## HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure disease of the scalp, and the first successful restorative of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty.

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## BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FOR THE

## WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

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Blood Poison, the best remedy, because the most searching and thorough blood purifier.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.  
Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles, \$5.

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Perry's Great Pain-Expeller, should have a place in every family. It is a powerful remedy for all kinds of pain, and is especially useful in cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, and other painful affections.

The (Mystery solved in three weeks.)

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(See Romans viii. 21.)

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