

## KNOWING.

I know the crimson stain of sin,  
Defiling all without, within;  
But now rejoicing I know  
That he has washed me white as snow;  
I praise him for the cleansing tide,  
Because I know that Jesus died.

I know the helpless, hopeless plaint,  
"The whole head sick, the whole heart  
faint;"

But now I trust his touch of grace,  
That meets so perfectly my case,  
So tenderly, so truly deals:  
Because I know that Jesus heals.

I know the pang of foiled breath,  
When life in sin was life in death;  
But now I know his life is mine,  
And nothing shall that cord untwine,  
Rejoicing in the life he gives,  
Because I know that Jesus lives.

I know how anxious thought can press,  
I know the weight of carefulness;  
But now I know the sweet reward  
Of casting all upon my Lord,  
No longer bearing what he bears,  
Because I know that Jesus cares.

I know the sorrow that is known  
To the tear-burdened heart alone;  
But now I know its full relief  
Through him who was acquainted with  
grief,  
And peace through every trial flows,  
Because I know that Jesus knows.

I know the gloom amid the mirth,  
The longing for the love of earth;  
But now I know the love that fills,  
That gladdens, blesses, crowns and stills,  
That nothing mars and nothing moves,  
I know, I know that Jesus loves.

I know the shrinking and the fear,  
When all seems wrong, and nothing clear,  
But now I gaze upon his throne,  
And faith sees all his foes o'erthrown,  
And I can wait till he explains,  
Because I know that Jesus reigns.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

## TRUTHFULNESS IN THE HOME.

## A Paper for Mothers.

BY MRS. J. W. W.

J. G. Holland has said that "The men are comparatively few who are in the habit of telling the truth." He does not mean that all are intentionally untruthful, but many are unable to grasp an idea clearly enough to express it exactly to others, and this gives occasion for the little evening game of telling the exact truth for a stated time. Have you tried it? Others are so set in their own way, that they cannot see any truth that is opposed to that way. Of course there are many who do not hesitate to utter falsehood after falsehood; of these we will not speak. It is said that "the greatness of Daniel Webster showed more clearly in his power to state a fact, to present a truth, than in any other way. He believed implicitly in the power of truth to take care of itself when it had been fairly presented."

If this be the case, if it is so difficult to be truthful, then we must be doubly vigilant over ourselves, and strive in every way to belong to the class whose simple word is assurance enough of a fact. For we believe that there are such people in this world, in spite of Mr. Holland's discouraging words, and notwithstanding King David's hasty utterance, "All men are liars." But we admit that there is great need of more honest, upright citizens, and we feel deeply that upon us, the mothers of this generation, falls in large part the duty of developing them. We must teach our children to be true in every sense of the word, if we would have our nation become a truthful one. France is not such. The whole social atmosphere of Paris is false, insincere. We do not wish America thus.

How can we secure what we wish? It seems a task that is too difficult for our weakness, and indeed it is. But we are told "When I am weak, then I am strong." When we realize our own inability to accomplish such a task and turn to Almighty God for help then we need not fear and tremble longer, but go forth in the strength of the Lord.

Let us consider for a few moments the things we must fight against. The tendency of the age seems to be towards inexactness. As an illustration, two gentlemen were walking in a Southern city on a cold, drizzling day and they heard an old colored man calling out "Hot mutton pies, hot mutton pies." Thinking anything hot would be good that morning they bought some, but upon tasting them found them cold and soggy like the day. "See here, uncle," one of them cried, "what do you mean by saying these things were hot mutton pies?" "Didn't say they was hot mutton pies, sah, dats just de name of 'em."

Surely all things are not what they seem in this day, and even the names of things are no indication of what they are.

Think of the advertisements one reads every day, such startling mis-

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

representation of facts, and how the papers contradict each other in telling of every-day occurrences. Recently one of our great metropolitan papers told that the dreaded Asiatic cholera had reached the city, and made a great sale that day on account of the sensational article. Another paper denied the report entirely. Which told the truth?

I found an uncommonly true advertisement this summer, and it was such a novel thing I cut it out. This was it. "Large sale of gloves, 95 cts. a pair, actual value 80 cts." I fear that the proof-reader and type-setter heard from the editor that day. Then consider the time of political excitement we have lately been in. Men could not, with one or two exceptions, think or say enough evil of their opponents. Truth counted for nothing if only this or that side might win the victory. Would it be different if women should be allowed to enter the political field? Are we so much truer and more honorable than our fellow-men that we should be able to purify that foul atmosphere that now surrounds the polls, and by our votes cast the ballot for truth and righteousness? Some think so, and they may be right. Let us look deep into our own hearts and see. Are we more sincere than our brothers? Our lives are not before the public as are theirs, but we each have our own circle in which we move and where our influence tells for good or evil. A woman's home is her throne, and there she yields the sceptre that makes that home what it is, a help in the community where it is placed, or a hindrance.

Then, first of all, if we would have our children true, we must be true ourselves. Our lives are open to them at all times, and these little ones see more than we think. The influence that a mother's life has over her children can hardly be estimated. My attention was arrested, in looking over a paper, by an article headed "Mother-made." It proved to be tributes paid to mothers by men who had attained to high places; all honor was given to the mother who had helped them to start aright. All are familiar with the touching tribute paid to his aged mother by Pres. Garfield on his inaugural day.

We know that in society many things are understood and are called "white lies," but what of the little one who hears his mother tell the servant she is not at home, when an unwelcome visitor is announced. Innocent he asks, "Isn't this home, mamma?" Or what if he hears the words, "What did she come for, I don't want to see her," and then the next moment the same voice says, "My dear Mrs. S. how glad I am to see you!" But, you say, we must be polite; what shall we do? Pansy has said, "strive to have a kindly feeling toward all acquaintances, and be glad to see them." That is high ground, but we are put here to climb and not rest satisfied on the lower plane. Some one has wittily named the mixture of milk and chalk and water sold by some city milk-man, a white lie, and the papers are saying that no more of that beverage shall be given to the little ones. Let us see to it that while we seek to find for our babies pure milk to nourish their bodies and make them strong, we also refrain from the white lies that will surely poison the mind and heart and make them unsound.

Secondly a mother should watch herself closely and never make a promise that she does not keep.

Two little girls were talking one day. "Mamma," said one, "promised to take me to ride to-day, but she won't, she always forgets."

"Mamma, mamma, what will you bring me when you come home?" said little four-year old.

"A golden nothing, and a silver wait-awhile," thoughtlessly assured the mother, "if you are a good girl."

So all day the girl waited happily for her beautiful presents, only understanding the gold and silver. When mamma returns empty-handed, the blue eyes filled with tears as she says, "I was a good girl, mamma," and all that mother's explanations cannot take away the hurt the little sensitive feelings have received.

We are told that it is more natural for a child to do wrong than right, and it often seems so, but to me, it seems more natural for a child to tell the truth than a falsehood. Why should they misrepresent things unless taught to by the injudiciousness of parents.

A little boy who had been in mischief came to his mother. "Now Harry, tell me just what you have been doing," she asks gently.

Straightening up his little body and looking her steadily in the eye he said, "What will you do to me if I tell?"

Sure enough, what will she do? That is the critical moment.

F. D. C. Relieves Distress After Eating.

Wisely, she answers, "Mamma cannot tell until she knows, Harry, but now you have only done one naughty thing, and if you tell mamma a wrong story about it, then you will have done two, and Jesus will be very sorry about it."

"That won't the little man, and he told the truth, and believed it was right for mamma to punish him."

Thirdly. One has great need of patience. A quick, impatient word will often lead a child to speak falsely, while quiet persuasion will aid confession.

A mother coming into a room found her two children playing with the bird cage she had left on the table.

"Who took it down?" she asked. Each one said it was the other. She tried quite awhile to make them confess, but they would not. Finally she said to them very quietly, "Children, God knows which of you is telling me a story. He knows who took the bird-cage from the table; and now the one who did, go and ask God to forgive you." Instantly the little boy burst into tears and said, "I will, I will, mamma, you come too."

That boy never forgot that lesson, and his mother never needed to doubt his word again. I asked a young boy what would most help him to be truthful, and he answered, "To be put upon my honor." A good answer it seems to me. Trust your children and in nine cases out of ten they will prove trustworthy. Never doubt a child's word unless you know positively that they are speaking falsely.

A little girl playing with a book one day was asked by a visitor whom she did not like very well, to let her take the book. The child put it under her and began looking around the room.

The mother said, "Bessie, give it to the lady."

"I don't see it, mamma," said the little one.

"Bessie, come to mamma." She came leaving the book in plain sight on the floor.

"Now, dear, give it to Miss R.," said the mother.

"But I don't see it, mamma," insisted the little one.

Her mother feeling that it would not do to let such a thing go, punished the little child, and the little one said sobbing, as she clung to her neck, "I want to be good, mamma. Where is the book, I don't see it." The little one understood the lady to ask for a button-hook she had been playing with. That was a lesson the mother never forgot, and although never a hasty or severe mother, she was very careful thereafter that there should be no misunderstanding between herself and child.

And lastly, let me speak a word about those children who are left largely to hired help. Giving over to irresponsible servants what belongs to responsible parents seems very much like flying in the face of providence.

A good remark was made to me by a young mother, not long ago. She said, "I keep a nurse for my baby, so that I may give more time to my older children. I feel that as they grow older they need me more than the baby does."

She certainly was right, and if you cannot do all, then follow her example, though a mother loses much of the sweetness of life in not having her baby to care for. But when a child is old enough to understand and reason, then, surely, the mother should be the companion to guide the little feet into right ways. A nurse is obliged to resort to means and ways to secure the desired end, when the mother's word is enough. Many children learn their first lessons in deceit and wrong-doing by the bribes and falsehoods and broken promises of the hired nurse.

But, you say, that would take too much time. We should have to give up much of our present occupations and recreations, if we care for the children ourselves. We will grant that, but would you not gain more than you lose? What if you attend a few less parties or receptions; belong to fewer afternoon clubs or reading circles; deny yourself one or two extra dresses, and save the time wasted at the dress-maker's—are these great losses? Are not your children more dear than these? Or have a few less cares, do a little less of extra work for the sake of the club, and make fewer engagements. Take time for the little ones, they deserve it.

"These are my jewels," said the Roman matron, pointing to her noble boys. In future years when the lad, grown to manhood and the lassie to womanhood, shall still appeal to "Mother" for advice, comfort, and help, when in your declining years the most honored seat in the homes of your boys and girls shall be reserved for "mother," when your children

K. D. C. CURES MIDNIGHT DYSPESIA.

shall rise up and call you blessed, then the time given to them in their earliest youth will be considered time well spent. Mothers, let me ask a question. Are you living for time, or eternity, for pleasure or for profit, for self or for souls? Stop a moment and think which course brings the greatest reward, which pays the best?

## When He Saw Her Lying Dead.

She had certainly been a trying mother. While there are trying people in the world, it follows naturally that some of them will be mothers, and Deacon Hanson's wife was one of them. The Deacon was of German descent—and perhaps some of the composure of his nature came from that. He was a stolid sort of a man, some people said; but that was just what Deacon Hanson was not.

He was simply a patient man, believing that God ruled the world, and that it was an ill thing to pull against Providence. Moreover, he had in him a wonderful capacity for unselfish and long enduring love.

He had married Jane Grey because he loved her, and he loved her still, when she was fifty years old, a wiry, fretful woman, in whose worn and worried aspect no suggestion of her sweet youth was left for any other eyes than his. He looked at her through the mist of vanished years, and saw with some second-sight of the heart the roses of long ago on her cheeks and the light of other days in her eyes.

But that was what her son could not do. He had no memories of days older than himself; and ever since he could remember she had been ill, at times, she had nursed him so tenderly that he began to find out the mother side of her nature, and half-longed to be ill over again, when he got well and all this unwonted softness vanished.

He used to envy boys who could go to their mothers with all their little troubles and joys—their failures and their successes. His mother desired, indeed, to be informed of his; but she seemed to him in the first place to claim his confidence as a right, and then to use it as a text for fault-finding. So, instead of trying to thaw her out with the sunshine of his love, he shut his heart away from her, and never spent a moment with her that he could possibly avoid. Thus there grew up between them a sort of wall, over which she looked at him sometimes, as he then thought sullenly. He knows now, too late, that it was with dumb longing in her eyes.

For suddenly she was taken ill, and her illness was sharp and short. Her son was away from home. They sent for him; but when he came it was too late for her to turn back from the gate of the other world to speak some last word for this. He went into the house, into the well-known room, and there he saw her lying dead.

"Did she leave any last message for me?" he asked his father, who sat beside the bed, gray with his unspoken sorrow.

"Not exactly. She only cried out, just as she was going: 'Oh, if Charley and I could only have been like other sons and other mothers!' And then, before I could answer her, she was gone. I always knew you didn't understand her Charley, but she loved you all the same. She never had one day of really good health after you were born, and she suffered so she couldn't be gay and chipper and easy-going. But she did love you, Charley."

And there she lay, dead—and the boy felt that if he had but drawn nearer to her, and warmed her with his love, he might have found out her suffering and cheered her with his tenderness, and tasted the sweetness of being "like other sons with other mothers." And so knowing, over his heart there fell the shadow of a sorrow and a self condemnation which will not leave him while life shall last.

Ah! let us be tender and pitiful to our own, now, to-day, and not wait until we see them lying dead.—*Youth's Companion.*

## The Blank Bible.

In that remarkable book, "The Eclipse of Faith," there is a chapter entitled "The Blank Bible," in which the author describes a dream, wherein he fancied that, on taking up his Greek Testament one morning to read the accustomed chapter, the old familiar volume seemed to be a total blank. Supposing that some book like it had, by accident, got into its place, he did not stop to hunt it up, but took down a large copy of the Bible; and this, to his amazement, proved also to be a blank from beginning to end. While musing on this unaccountable phenomenon, his servant came in and said that thieves must have been in the house during the night, since her Bible had been carried off, and another

The worst disease—Dyspepsia The Best Cure—K. D. C.

volume of the same size but containing but blank paper had been left in its place. The dreamer then went forth into the street, and had a similar report from all whom he met. It was curious to observe the different effects of this calamity on the various characters whom he encountered. An interest, almost universal, was now felt for a book which had hitherto been sadly undervalued. Some to whom their Bible had been a "blank" book for twenty years, and who would never have known whether it was full or empty, but for the lamentations of their neighbors, were among the loudest in their expression of sorrow.

In marked contrast with those was the sincere regret of an aged woman, long kept a prisoner in her narrow chamber by sickness, and to whom the Bible had been, as to so many thousands more, her faithful companion in solitude. "I found her gazing intently on the blank Bible," says our author, "which had been so recently bright to her with the lustre of immortal hopes. She burst into tears as she saw me. 'And has your faith left you too, my gentle friend?' said I. 'No,' she answered, 'and I trust it never will. He who has taken away the Bible has not taken away my memory, and I now recall all that is most precious in that Book, which has so long been my meditation. It is a heavy judgment upon the land, and surely I at least cannot complain, for I have not prized as I ought that Book, which yet, of late years, I think I can say, I loved more than any other possession on earth.'"

Here was a dream which was not all a dream. Surely, even a Christian congregation may feel self-condemned at the remembrance of past neglect of one of God's most precious gifts—his revealed Word.

## Random Readings.

Your heart is only a tiny room after all, and if you cram it full of the world, you relegate your master to the stable outside.—*Maclaren.*

I believe I have never awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or night, without my first waking thought being how I might serve the Lord.

Feeling is of as much use in religion as steam is in an engine—if it drives the engine it is good; but if it does not, it is not good for anything but to fizzle and hiss.

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