RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

KNOWING.

I know the crimson stain of sin, Defiling all without, within ; But now rejoicingly 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 fo feit 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 acquaint 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.

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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.

representation of facts, and how the papers contradict each other in telling of every-day occurrences. Recently now you have only done one naughty est youth will be considered time place. The dreamer then went forth one of our great metropolitan papers thing, and if you tell mamma a wrong well spent. Mothers, let me ask a into the street, and had a similar report told that the dreaded Asiatic cholera had reached the city, and made a great about it." sale that day on account of the sensa-

tional article. Another paper denied told the truth, and believed it was greatest reward, which pays the best? the report entirely. Which told the right for mamma to punish him.

truth? Thirdly. One has great need of I found an uncommonly true advertisement this summer, and it was patience. A quick, impatient word will often lead a child to speak falsely, such a novel thing I cut it out. This was it. "Large sale of gloves, 95 cts. | while quiet persuasion will aid cona pair, actual value 80 cts." I fear | fession.

that the proof-reader and type-setter A mother coming into a room found heard from the editor that day. Then her two children playing with the bird consider the time of political excite- | cage she had left on the table. ment we have lately been in. Men "Who took it down?" she asked. could not, with one or two exceptions, Each one said it was the other. She think or say enough evil of their op. tried quite awhile to make them con-

ponents. Truth counted for nothing fess, but they would not. Finally she if only this or that side might win the said to them very quietly. " Children, victory. Would it be different if wo- God knows which of you is telling men should be allowed to enter the me a story. He knows who took the political field? Are we so much truer | bird-cage from the table ; and now the and more honorable than our fellow one who did, go and ask God to formen that we should be able to purify give you." Instantly the little boy that foul atmosphere that now sur- burst into tears and said, "I will, rounds the polls, and by our votes cast will, mamma, you come too."

the ballot for truth and righteousness? That boy never forgot that lesson, Some think so, and they may be right. | and his mother never needed to doubt Let us look deep into our own hearts his word again. I asked a young boy and see. Are we more sincere than what would most help him to be our brothers? Our lives are not before truthful, and he answered, "To be the public as are theirs, but we each put upon my honor." A good anhave our own circle in which we move swer it seems to me. Trust your and where our influence tells for good children and in nine cases out of ten or evil. A woman's home is her they will prove trustworthy. Never throne, and there she wields the doubt a child's word unless you know sceptre that makes that home what it positively that they are speaking is, a help in the community where it falsely.

is placed, or a hindrance. A little girl playing with a book Then, first of all, if we would have one day was asked by a visitor whom our children true, we must be true she did not like very well, to let her ourselves. Our lives are open to them | take the book. The child put it under at all times, and these little ones see her and began looking around the more than we think. The influence room.

that a mother's life has over her chil-The mother said, "Bessie, give it

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 descentand 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, be lieving 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.

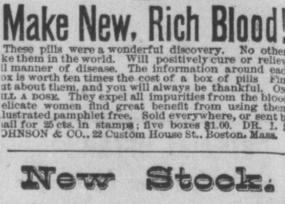
But that was what her son could not do. He had no memories of days older than himself ; and ever since he could remember she had been ill, at times, she had nursed him so tenderly that he began to find out the mother side of her nature, and half-longed to

Wisely, she answers, "Mamma can- | shall rise up and call you blessed, then | volume of the same size but containing/ not tell until she knows, Harry, but the time given to them in their earli- but blank paper had been left in its story about it, then you will have done question. Are you living for time, or from all whom he met. It was curious two, and Jesus will be very sorry eternity, for pleasure or for profit, to observe the different effects of this for self or for souls ? Stop a moment calamity on the various characters "That won the little man, and he and think which course brings the whom he encountered. An interest,

almost universal, was now felt for a book which hath 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 solicitude. "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 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.

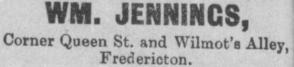


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A Paper for Mothers

BY MRS. J. W. W. J. G. Holland has said tha '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 falschood 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 diffi cult 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 chil dren 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,

It seems a task that is too difficult for our weakness, and indeed it is. Bat 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

dren can hardly be estimated. My at- to the lady." tention was arrested, in looking over

"I don't see it, mamma," said the apaper, by an article headed "Motherlittle one.

made." It proved to be tributes paid "Bessie, come to mamma." She to mothers by men who had attained came leaving the book in plain sight to high places; all honor was given on the floor.

to the mother who had helped them "Now, dear, give it to Miss R., to start aright. All are familiar with said the mother.

the touching tribute paid to his aged " But I don't see it, mamma," in mother by Pres. Garfield on his insisted the little one.

augural day. Her mother feeling that it would not We know that in society many do to let such a thing go, punished the things are understood and are called little child, and the little one said "white lies;" but what of the little sobbing, as she clung to her neck, " one who hears his mother tell the serwant to be good, mamma. Where is vant she is not at home, when an un- the hook, I don't see it." The little welcome visitor is announced. Innoone understood the lady to ask for a cent he asks, "Isn't this home, button-hook she had been playing mamma?" Or what if he hears the with. That was a lesson the moth words, "What did she come for, 1 never forgot, and although never don't want to see her," and then the hasty or severe mother, she was very next moment the same voice says, careful thereafter that there should be "My dear Mrs. S. how glad I am to no misunderstanding between herself see you !" But, you say, we must be and child.

polite; what shall we do? Pansy And lastly, let me speak a word has said, "strive to have a kindly about those children who are left feeling toward all acquaintances, and largely to hired help. Giving over to be glad to see them." That is high irresponsible servants what belongs to ground, but we are put here to climb responsible parents seems very much and not rest satisfied on the lower like flying in the face of providence. plane. Some one has wittily named A good remark was made to me by the mixture of milk and chalk and a young mother, not long ago. She water sold by some city milk-man, a said. "I keep a nurse for my baby, white lie, and the papers are saying so that I may give more time to my that no more of that beverage shall be older children. I feel that as they given to the little ones. Let us see to grow older they need me more than it that while we seek to find for our the baby does." babies pure milk to nourish their

She certainly was right, and if you bodies and make them strong, we also cannot do all, then follow her example, refrain from the white lies that will though a mother loses much of the surely poison the mind and heart and sweetness of life in not having her

hired nurse.

AND THE REAL PROPERTY ALLER I THERE

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 leading men of all classes, it is strong son was away from home. They sent evidence that that remedy has great for him; but when he came it was ton merit and does what is claimed for it. 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, ust as she was going: 'Oh, if Charley of lung troubles, there is still a hope. and a strong hope of perfect cure in and I could only have been like other Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This sons and other mothers !' And then, medicine cures even after all other before I could answer her, she was have failed, and no one suffering from gone. I always knew you didn't un coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, derstand her Charley, but she loved hoarseness, etc., need despair of cure while Norway Pine Syrup is obtainyou all the same. She never had one day of really good health after you

Random Readings.

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Your heart is only a tiny room after In any preparation for the cure of disease viz :- Purity of Material used-Adaption all, and if you cram it full of the world. o relief of disease-Value for the money you relegate your master to the stable invested

والمحال الحالة

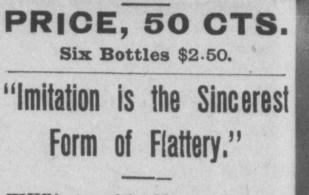
Wiley's Emulsion I believe I have never awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, of Cod Liver Oil by day or night, without my first waking thought being how I might serve

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