

"NOBODY BUT JESUS."

"Nobody knows but Jesus!"
 'Tis only the old refrain
 Of a quaint, pathetic slave song,
 But it comes again and again.

I only heard it quoted,
 And I do not know the rest;
 But the music of the message
 Was wonderfully blessed;

For it fell upon my spirit
 Like sweetest twilight psalm,
 When the breezy sunset waters
 Die into starring calm.

"Nobody knows but Jesus!"
 Is it not better so,
 That no one but Jesus,
 My own dear Lord, should know?

When the sorrow is a secret
 Between the Lord and me,
 I learn the fuller measure
 Of His quick sympathy.

Whether it be so heavy
 That dear ones could not bear
 To know the heavy burden
 They could not come and share;

Whether it be so tiny
 That others could not see
 Why it should be a trouble
 And seem so real to me—

Either, and both, I lay them
 Down at my Master's feet,
 And find them, alone with Jesus,
 Mysteriously sweet.

"Nobody knows but Jesus!",
 My Lord, I bless Thee now
 For the secret gift of sorrow
 That no one knows but Thou.
 —Frances Ridley Havergal.

A WONDERFUL CURE!

Two little sisters used to quarrel most terribly. Fight? yes, they did fight, and the war of words would have shocked you. Now Uncle Charlie was a great doctor, and the little girls went to stay with him. I cannot tell you how grieved he was to see how matters were, and how he longed that his little neices could see their sin and be cured of it. One day he called them into his consulting room and showed them a large glass bottle labeled "Cure for temper," filled with very nice looking sweets.

"My dears," said he, "you are both ill in a curious way—I have been observing your symptoms with alarm—indeed I feel obliged to prescribe a remedy for you, as I fear your disease is developing rapidly.

Helen and Rose coloured deeply, and could not raise their eyes, half afraid at their Uncle's grave manner, and half angry with each other.

"In this bottle are some sweet pills, my dears, and they have cured many such complaints as yours, with God's blessing. I will measure you each out a boxful, and you must keep them in your pockets. Whenever you feel an attack coming on, put a pill in your mouth, and don't speak until you have swallowed it. If one does not calm you, take another, but above all things be careful not to allow a sound to escape your lips before the pills are thoroughly melted and swallowed."

Helen and Rose promised faithfully to try their uncle's remedy;

they were thoroughly ashamed of their bad tempers, and were really desirous to overcome them.

They tried the strange remedy, and as the "pills" were particularly nice and pleasant to the taste, they found no difficulty in obeying their uncle's prescription. People began to wonder at the strange change in the quarrelsome little pair.

Rose's face would grow crimson in the effort to suppress some angry word; out would come her little box, and into her mouth went the "pill," and with the effort at self-control came the mastery, the temper cooled down.

Uncle Charlie did not fail to mark his success, but before their long two month's visit was up, he called them again into the consulting room, and told them how they were beginning to learn self-control, but that the real strength for victory was in the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom they must take their evil hearts and evil tempers, and ask for grace to conquer sin, because He would have them victorious.

I don't think Helen and Rose ever forgot that solemn talk, and their visit to Uncle Charlie. The seed was sown then of an after life of gentleness, self control, and forbearance, for which they thanked first the Lord Jesus Himself, and next to Him the kind and wise old uncle who had spoken to them so faithfully yet lovingly.

HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR ROOM

A look into the chamber of a boy or girl, will give one an idea of what kind of a man or woman he or she will probably become.

A boy who keeps his clothes hung up neatly, or a girl whose whose room is neat always, will be apt to make a successful man or woman. Order and neatness are essential to our comfort as well as that of others about us. A boy who throws down his cap or boots anywhere will never keep his accounts in shape, will do things in a slovenly, careless way and not be long wanted in any position. A girl who does not make her bed until after dinner—and she should always do it herself rather than have a servant do it—and thrown her dress or bonnet down on a chair, will make a poor wife in nine cases out of ten. If the world could see how a girl keeps her dressing-room some unhappy marriages would be saved.

BIRDS RIDING ON CRANES.

Speaking of the great numbers of small birds which inhabit Western Asia, as compared with Europe and North America, Dr. Wan Lennep explains the circumstance by the fact that "Even those of feeblest wing have an easy road from Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia, by the Isthmus of Suez, and over

the narrow Red Sea, to their winter quarters in tropical Africa, while nature has provided them with extraordinary means of conveyance from Asia Minor southward across the Mediterranean. The swallow, and many other birds of similar power of flight, are able to cross over the entire breadth of the Mediterranean, especially taking advantage of a favourable wind. But many birds are incapable of flying over a surface of 850 miles from headland to headland across the Mediterranean without alighting, and would require many days, and even weeks, to perform the trip through Syria and Palestine. Such are the ortolans, darnages, bec-figs, wren, titmouse, smaller thrushes and finches, with a hundred other diminutive specimens of the feathered tribes. . . . and as the severity of the winter would be fatal to them, not only in Asia Minor, but even in Syria and Palestine. He who is ever mindful of the smallest of His creatures has provided them with means of transportation to a more genial clime. Many of them, indeed, find their way downward from Palestine into Arabia and Egypt, but this would be difficult, if not impossible, where lofty mountains and broad seas intervene, and to meet such cases the crane has been provided. Most of these birds are migratory. In the autumn numerous flocks may be seen coming from the north with the first cold blast from that quarter, flying low, and uttering a peculiar cry, as if of alarm, as they circle over the cultivated plains. Little birds of every species may then be seen flying up to the sun, while the twittering songs of those already comfortably settled upon their backs may be distinctly heard. On their return in the spring they fly high, apparently considering that their little passengers can easily find their way down to the earth. As Dr. Van Lennep has "spent almost a life-time in the East," I conclude he has been an eye-witness of the above facts, and, therefore, his testimony is conclusive.—*Nature*.

MORNING VERSES.

I THANK Thee, Lord, for quiet rest,
 And for Thy care of me;
 O Let me through this day be blest,
 And kept from harm by Thee.

Oh take my naughty heart away,
 And make me clean and good;
 Lord Jesus, save my soul, I pray,
 And wash me in Thy Blood.

Oh let me love Thee: kind Thou art
 To children such as I:
 Give me a gentle, holy heart;
 Be Thou my Friend on high.

Help me to please my parents dear,
 And do whatever they tell;
 Blest all my friends, both far and near,
 And keep them safe and well.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

HIS NAME IS PAPA.

A LADY in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly.

The lady took the baby's hand, and asked her where she was going.

"To find my papa," was the sobbing reply.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa."

"But what is his other name? What does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little creature.

The lady then tried to lead her along, saying, "You had better come with me. I think you came this way."

"Yes; but I don't want to go back: I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh, as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just at this time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry, it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.

A Pleasant and Effectual Cough Remedy. If you will go to your nearest druggist and ask for a 25 cent bottle of Haggard's Pectoral Balsam, you will possess the best known cure for Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness and all throat and lung troubles that terminate in Consumption.

Consumption cured by Inhalation. The following interesting letter is one among the many received by Dr. Malcolm, and needs no comment:—

MOSLEY, Sept. 1, 1880.

DEAR SIR,—I feel it to be a duty I owe to you to let you know the benefits I have received from your treatment, by the inhaling system, for the relief and cure of consumption.

In the month of April, 1878, I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and in the following August I was completely prostrated, and was then informed by my family physician that my left lung was very much diseased and quite useless. My breathing was very short, and I could scarcely lie down. I had a very bad cough, and expectorated large quantities. I continued in this low condition for upwards of two months and was under the care of three of the most skilled physicians in the vicinity, who all informed me that my case was hopeless, and that I had only a short time to live.

About this time I first heard of your method of treatment, and grasping yet without hope, applied to you for it. To my joyful surprise I received great benefit from the very first; and now, after a lapse of two years, I have no cough; my breathing is free and easy, and my health completely restored. No one would suppose from my present appearance that I ever had consumption. I am satisfied that my lungs are as well as ever, which great blessing I ascribe to your valuable treatment.

I can only add that you are at liberty to use this in any way that you see fit.

I am yours very truly,

MRS. REUBEN LANE.

To Dr. J. Ralph Malcom.

PRECAUTIONARY.—There have been many precautions against fire published, but let a person become accidentally burned or scalded, and few people know what to do in the absence of a doctor. The very best remedy known is Haggard's Yellow Oil, the great Household Panacea for all painful inflammatory diseases.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL.—Persons contemplating a trip to Euro, or any other part of the globe, either alone or with excursion parties, will find it to their advantage to investigate the numerous facilities offered by THOS. COX & SON, the renowned Excursion Managers, of 251 Broadway, New York.

Full particulars of their arrangements will be mailed free, on application to any one interested.

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When death remedies have failed, JAMES was exposed to herbs of Calcutta preparation of Consumptive this country and He has proved Consumption permanently cured gives this recipe three-cent star. This herbal-oil at the stomach, cold in twenty CRADDOCK & Philadelphia, n

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St. Matthew 1:1

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