The Student's Dream BY BENE-NATUS.

I dreamt a dream—oh, a frightful dream!— I dreamt that I was dead, And with a start and a stifled scream I sprang from out my bed. And I shook with fright in the dark, black

night, And I looked around with dread, For I thought I saw on a bed of straw My body stiff and dead. And the tapers six in their candlesticks Threw out their light so dim, And you could trace on my pallid face A ghastly look and grim.

And the tapers white threw out their light Of a dull and murky glare, And through the night a spirit bright Did kneel and watch in prayer.

Did kneel and pray, till nearly day Did dawn on the earth around, And it quaked with fear beside my bier At the slightest stir or sound.

It shook with dread as by my bed It told its beads and prayed, And you could hear it moan in fear, As it begged the Virgin's aid. It bowed its head as its beads it said, My sin-stained soul to save, And by the Blood of the Holy Rood Did mercy for me crave.

And the spirit grouned and sighed moaned.

As it knelt by the lonely dead,
And for pity cried to Him Who died
With a cross for His dying bed.

For, alas! too well could that spirit tell Of the life of sin I'd spent, And well it knew, if I'd get my due, That to hell I should be sent.

And it, too, did know of the awful woe I'd suffer there for aye, And to save my soul from that burning hole Did kneel and watch and pray.

And it knew as well that the dogs of hell Could not take me away, Unless they came my soul to claim Before the break of day.

And hence that night, with all its might,
To the great, high God it prayed—
And the pardon bought by Our Saviour sought, And implored the Virgin's aid. And it did call on the angels all Who with Christ Himself did dwell, And the white saints, too, did it crav

To save my soul from hell. As kneeling there it prayed this prayer
It heard a rumbling sound,
And the room did shake, and the earth did
quake,
And open yawned the ground.

And a brilliant glare did fill the air, And then a bluish flame— And an awful yell as the hounds of hell Leaped forth my soul to claim. And the spirit groaned and prayed

moaned, Till at last, o'ercome by dread, It fled in fright from out my sight, And the fiends danced round my bed. They danced and screamed, and their eye-

balls gleamed
With their horrid, fiendish mirth,
And with howl and roar they cursed and swore. Till they shook the very earth.

And their tails they lashed, and their teeth they gnashed.

And they spat forth floods of flame,
And they cursed the Christ Who paid the

And their horns grew—each one had two On his monstrous, hideous head— And my heart did quali, and my courage fail, As I lay on that icuely bed. And still they screamed, and still blas-

phemed, And danced all round the room, Where on its bed of straw, outspread, My corpse did wait its doom. It was not long till the hateful throng
Of their dreadful sport did tire,
And their breath came short, as with pu
and snort
They breathed forth sheets of fire.

And they drew around, where on the ground My doomed, dead body lay. And they gazed on me and grinned with

As they looked upon their prey.

And the tapers six in their candlesticks, That gave but a sickly light, For an instant flared and brightly glared Then quenched in the gloomy night.

With a dreadful shout and a frightful rout The devils seized me then, And bore me off, with a loud, wild laugh, To their dark and loathsome den. And my heart grew sick and my breath cam

brands,
Did burn my body through,
And made me yell, till the fien
Did yell with terror, too. And their scorehing breath—oh! I feel it yet As they kissed my flaming face. And the ghastly horde did hold me hard In their close and hot embrace.

'Twas then in my dream with scream,
I sprang from out my bed,
And shook with fright in the dark, darl night, And looked around with dread.

Oh' the terrible fret that I then did get In that horrible, dismal place, And the burning grasp of that demon clasp I can ne'er from my mind efface.

And the piercing scream that I then dream dream.
I screamed in the pit below,
Oh! I yet can hearring in mine ear
Like a lost soul's shrick of woe.

TRUE TO TRUST.

THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER XIX. Continued

One evening, when Master Alwin re turned home after a visit to a country friend, he called Catherine, who was as

time he comes to town he will stop at my house, and thou wilt see him."

child herself made him raise his eyes from child herself made him raise his eyes from the ground, on which he had kept them fixed for the last few minutes, there she sat beside Catherine. "Ah," thought the old merchant, "how will they, who are so united, ever bear to be separated?" Such, indeed, was the nature of the news he was loath to impart. Catherine loved her little sister, as she called Barbara, with an affection so deep and true, that Master Alwin, who was a kind-hearted man, did not like to tell her that Father Ralph had said that he knew a Catholic family who were going to France, and would doubtless be willing to take Lady Margaret's daughter to her father, who was living in Normandy.

now accustomed to hold their meetings. To Adeline's anxious inquiries as to the probable success of their plans, he replied that he entertained no doubt as to their favorable result. "But," he added, "we need to be expeditious, and I fear much time is wasted in idle discussion." "Then no decision has been come to yet?" said Lady Adelina.

"Nothing final has been determined on," replied her husband; "but this day my Lord Essex devised a plan which I hold to the best yet thought of, and which, were I in his place, I would at once carry into effect. This is it: that we should proceed in a body to the palace, and take possession of the gate and prin-

the young girl the words of the priest. As he spoke, she ceased working, and listened motionless with interest and surprise. Her expressive countenance betrayed the feelings of her heart, where joy and sorrow feelings of her heart, where joy and sorrow strove for the mastery. Joy, because to find Barbara's father or brother was her most earnest wish; for the welfare of her little charge was dearer to her than her own. Sorrow, deep sorrow, at the prospect of losing the child who, during three years, had been the constant object of her solicitude and love.

When Master Alwin had finished speaking there was a moment's silence, which

when Master Alwin had ninshed speak-ing there was a moment's silence, which none seemed inclined to interrupt; then a little hand clasped Catherine's firmly. "I will not leave thee, sister," whispered Barbara.
Tears, which she vainly tried to restrain,

now flowed down the young girl's face.

"Ah, 'tis a sad thing truly, for thee to part with the little one," said Dame Cicely, who had hitherto sat spinning in "But maybe there will be no means of

"But maybe there will be no means of sending her after all."

"0, I do not wish that!" exclaimed Catherine. "Far from me the desire to keep Lady Margaret's daughter from her parent; that would be ill complying with her dear ladyship's dying wishes, and refusing the favor I have daily asked of God for my darling. I and good Widow O'Reilly promised to take care of the little child until we could restore her to her father or brother, if either escaped. The moment has come to fulfill this part of the promise; and, although I do weep at the idea of losing my little sister,"—as she spoke she drew Barbara closer to her — "yet I am glad that the last injunctions of her departed mother will be obeyed, and that she will be once more with her family, and in that position of life in family, and in that position of life in which she was born."

Master Alwin and his wife expressed

their satisfaction at Catherine's sentiments, and said that her view of the case cer-

and said that her view of the case cer-tainly was the right one.

All anxiously awaited the visit of Father Ralph, who was to explain his plans for Barbara's journey and to an-nounce the time of her departure.

The poor child herself was inconsolable. Father, brother, home, and riches, nothing of all this could reconcile her to leaving her dear Catherine, and when Dame Cicely her dear Catherine, and when Dame Cicely tried to comfort her by mentioning some of these inducements, she would shake her head sorrowfully, and say, "I do not re-member my father nor my brother, but I love Kate better than any one in this world. I am quite happy with her; I do not want to be rich."

not want to be rich."

Catherine understood Barbara's grief, for she felt it herself, and could therefore console her better than Dame Cicely, in spite of the good woman's excellent inten-

ions. She told her, with that affectionate manner which lent force to her simple words, that it was the will of God that she should return to her family, to make her father happy by her presence and good conduct. The child listened with docility, and often the two mingled their tears together.

CHAPTER XX.

From the quiet sphere in which Cather quick.
And I screamed in fear and wee,
Till I struck with fright, on that awful night,
The damned in the depths below.

And their red-hot hands, like burning brands,
Did burn my body through.

Thom the quiet sphere in which catheries ine moved we must now divert the attention of the reader to the string events which occupied the closing year of Elizabeth's reign; for they effected the fortunes of Barbara's relatives and, indirectly, those

destruction of his manor, returned to London. It will be remembered that he London. It will be remembered that he had promised to obtain, if possible, some succors from the queen for the inhabitants of Penzance. On his arrival at the capital he accordingly petitioned in their favor; but received from his sovereign the answer that if he and the men of Penzance had fought as it became brave and level such fought, as it became brave and loyal sub-jects to do, instead of abandoning the jects to do, instead of abandoning the town, they would not now be destitute, and that, having acted otherwise, they need expect no aid from her. To the loss of his manor, which, as he had represented, had been caused by his anxiety to save the town, her Majesty did not even allude.

Cathbert was much aggravated by this answer, in which, far from giving him credit in his endeavors to stimulate the

townspeople, the queen had included him townspeople, the queen had included him among the number of those who had fled. When, a short time after this, the Earl of Essex, abandoning the privacy in which he had lived since his trial, threw open the dear of Fasay layer to graph of the dear of Fasay layer. turned home after a visit to a country friend, he called Catherine, who was as usual busily employed up-stairs; so, taking with her some knitting she was doing, she ran down.

Master Alwin had seated himself in his olf armchair, and was entertaining his wife with an account of all he had seen and heard during his short absence.

"Ah, Catherine," said he, when the young girl entered the room, "I have news for thee. I have seen the priest of whom thou hast so often spoken to us; he was at my friend's house. He told me that he had escaped from the Tower some two years ago, and that he had been living afore that in Cornwall; so I thought to myself, 'This must be Father Ralph'; and having asked him if he knew any one named Catherine Tresize, he said he remembered thee well, and he was much pleased to hear of thee, and to know that he hild the court, were leagued to place the little Lady Barbara was safe. Next time he comes to town he will stop at my the doors of Essex-house to every comer, and summoning his former dependents

now accustomed to hold their meetings. To Adeline's anxious inquiries as to the probable success of their plans, he replied that he entertained no doubt as to their favorable result. "But," he added, "we

who were going to France, and would doubtless be willing to take Lady Margaret's daughter to her father, who was living in Normandy.

After deferring the evil moment as long as he could, the merchant repeated to the young girl the words of the priest. As he spoke, she ceased working, and listened motionless with interest and surprise. Her expressive countenance betrayed the facilities of her heart, where iov and sorrow are in his place, I would at once carry into effect. This is it: that we should proceed in a body to the palace, and take possession of the gate and principal apartments; that then my Lord Essex, with those noblemen most devoted to his cause, should present themselves on their knees, should refuse to rise force the queen, and throwing themselves on their knees, should refuse to rise and take possession of the gate and principal apartments; that then my Lord Essex, with those noblemen most devoted to the carry into effect. This is it: that we should proceed in a body to the palace, should proceed in a body to the palace, and take possession of the gate and principal apartments; that then my Lord Essex, with those noblemen most devoted to the carry into effect. This is it: that we should proceed in a body to the palace, and take possession of the gate and take possession of th agreed to banish from court his enemies, and this demand, surrounded as she would be, she would not dare to refuse. I wish the Earl would not tarry so long in the execution of his projects. But then he waits, 'tis true, an answer from the King of Scots." Cuthbert ceased speaking, and his head resting on his hand, he remained buried in thought. his nead resulting on his nand, he remained buried in thought. Adelina was accus-tomed to see him of late indulge in long fits of musing and as at such times he did not like to be disturbed, she quietly re-

Ten o'clock. The watchman announced it in a loud voice and sang out his quaint ballad, saying:

'Good people all, hang out a light, And see that the horn lamps are bright.'

Cuthbert rose, and paced to and fro Cuthbert rose, and paced to and fro with evident uneasiness. The various plans he had heard proposed during the last three weeks by the adherents of Essex occupied his mind, and, as he passed them in review, the expression of his countenance varied strangely; at one moment it portrayed anxiety and almost terror, as he considered the risk to the undertaking and the ill consequences of a failure; then again a smile of triumph played on his features, as thoughts of success reanimated his hopes. Involuntarily his mind reverted to the answer he had received from the queen on his application in behalf of the inhabitants of Penzance; at the vexation he had then experienced had the vexation he had then experienced had contributed more than he was himself aware of to make him a willing partisan of any scheme which had for its object to oppose Elizabeth's tyrannical sway.
Sympathy for the Earl of Essex, and
friendship for some of those who had
joined his cause, had doubtless influenced
him in his decision to associate himself with them, but these latent reasons of with them, but these latent reasons of which we have spoken were in reality a very strong stimulus. He had walked up and down the apartment several times but suddenly he stopped; he heard knocking at the outer gate. Who was it that sought admittance at that late hour? Was it news from Essex's party? and if so, what tidings brought they? Or was the plot discovered, and were those when what things brought they? Or was the plot discovered, and were those who wished to enter emissaries of the queen come in search of information, and maybe to arrest the inmate? While these conflicting ideas held him in painful suspense the knocking was repeated. The visitor gained admittance, he crossed the court-yard, ascended the stairs, and then a hand pushed aside the heavy arras hanging which guarded the entrance of the room, in the centre of which Cuthbert still stood

uncertain. The visitor was accompanied by one of the servants of the house, who, approaching his master, said :

"This person, sir, comes on urgent business; so methought it right, knowing you had not retired to rest, to conduct him to you at once."

"You did well, and may leave the room now," replied Cuthbert, who had recognized in the man alluded to a messenger from Essex-house. "What news?" he inquired anxiously as soon as they were

"My Lord Essex earnestly demands that all his friends should assemble at his house to-morrow morning as early as pos-sible; he has received secret intelligence of the child herself, as well as her young guardian. orders, and I must needs go immediately, for I have the same message to take many other houses ere daybreak."

"I will attend there without fail," replied Cuthbert. The messenger departed, and Sir Cuth-bert retired to seek that rest which he felt much in need of; but sleep is seldom the companion of an uneasy mind, and he ros companion of an uneasy mind, and he rose early, after having passed a feverish and restless night. Taking with him a small escort he hastened to the rendezvous.

It was Sunday morning; all the shops were closed, and the streets deserted, the usually noisy thoroughfares were silent, and the little party hurried on unseen and unmadested

unmolested.
On reaching Essex-house they found a large number of the Earl's partisans already assembled in the spacious court-yard. In a few moments the nobleman himself appeared. Standing on the steps of his magnificent residence, he looked gravely at the crowd below, and, every eye fixed on him, amid a breathless silence he addressed his faithful adherents. Having

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear

abandoned me; my intentions have been misinterpreted; I have been arraigned before an unconstitutional tribunal, composed of men who were either my personal enemies or my political rivals; my petitions to the queen have remained unnoticed; but this very day do I purpose to recover my former greatness. Accompase to pate he had exhibited great zeal for the last ever met with the success accorded to

noticed; but this very day do I purpose to recover my former greatness. Accompany me, my friends; I will proceed to the queen; I will solicit her protection against the malice of mine enemies.

At ten in the forenoon the lord mayor, aldermen, and companies will, you know, assemble at St. Paul's cross, as is usual on Sundays; at the conclusion of the sermon we will join them, and call on them to follow us to the palace. Does my undertaking seem to you too hazardous? Remember that a few years ago, in a country not far from England, in circumstances not dissimilar to ours, the Duke of Guise, with the aid of the people of Paris, was successful. Are those who now surround me less brave than those whom he led? Am I less popular with the people of London than he was with the inhabitants of Paris? I trust not; but you, yaliant for Paris? I trust not; but you, valiant gentlemen, will decide my fate. Answer me, are you willing to follow me? Are you ready to risk your lives in a good

Shouts of assent, and the manifest enthusiasm which his words had kindled in his adherents, assured Essex that he had not spoken in vain. It still wanted some time to ten, the hour they purposed starting for St. Paul's-cross. The interval was spent in preparations, which, however, were suddenly interrupted by an unexpected arrival. An attendant, in whose countenance alarm was visible, brought to his master the unwelcome intelligence that Egerton, the Lord Keeper, the Earl of Worcester, Knollys, the Comptroller of the Household, and the Lord Chief Jus-tice stood at the gate and were demanding

"Let them enter," said Essex coolly "but see that their attendants, the purse bearer excepted, remain outside."
"What may be the cause of this tumult?"

inquired Egerton, looking round as the crowd collected, in the court.

The Earl of Essex stepped forward, and boldly addressing the speaker, replied:

"A plot is laid against my life; letters "A plot is laid against my life; letters have been counterfeited in my name, and assassins have been appointed to murder me in my bed. We have met, therefore, to defend our lives, and surely in doing so we are fully justified since mine enemies cannot be satisfied unless they suck my

"If such be really the case," interrupted Popham, "let it be proved; we will then relate it fairly, and the queen will do im-

relate it fairly, and the queen will do impartial justice."
"Impartial justice!" impatiently exclaimed the Earl of Southampton, who who was standing near Essex. "What trust can we place in the commands of her Majesty, when they are ineffectual to restrain those on whom she imposes them? Did not Lord Grey, notwithstanding that the queen had enjoined on him to keep the peace towards me, did he not, with many of his followers, attack me on the Strand as I went on horseback, accompanied by one footboy only, who lost his panied by one footboy only, who lost his hand in defending me? After that you come to talk to us of impartial justice!"
"You have nothing to complain of," replied the first speaker. "If her majesty's commands have been violated it has not

commands have been violated it has not been with impunity; the guilty party now suffers imprisonment for the offence." Egerton, who had listened to this de-bate with evident impatience, now turned abruptly to Lord Essex and asked him if he would explain his grievances in pri-vate; but before that nobleman had time

vate; but before that nobleman had time to reply, several voices exclaimed: "They wish to entrap you; you only lose your time in thus discussing with them."

Essex appearing undecided what course to adopt, the cries became more urgent. It was in vain that Egerton, in the queen's name, demanded that every man should lay down his arms. The Earl then looked towards his friends, as if to assure them that what he was about to do would not that what he was about to do would not compromise his cause or theirs, and with-out saying a word, turned and entered the house. The lords were about to follow, when the sinister cries of "Kill them! kill them! Keep them as pledges!" which broke forth from the assembly, made them hesitate on the threshold. But there are moments when, fear being use-less and danger unavoidable, men must of necessity affect indifference, even if they do not feel it. Inside or outside the mansion their lives were equally in peril; they, therefore, continued to follow Essex. He conducted them upstairs, then through two rooms guarded by musketers and at length introduced them into a back chamber, where, having desired them to have patience for half an hour or so, he was preparing to leave them, when Egerton, seeing him move towards the door, detained him, expostulating with some

eagerness:

"My lord, we come hither to obey her
Majesty's commands; our time is therefore not our own, and cannot be thus
wasted. I thought that you were going
wasted. I thought that you were going wasted. I thought that you were going to explain to us your grievances, that we might lay them fairly before the queen; but if such is not your intention, let us depart immediately."

Essex smiled at the impotent anger of those who were now in truth his captives.
"You wish to know my grievances," he said; "well, in a few hours all London shall be acquainted with them, and shall have laid them myself before the

He departed, closing the door carefully, and those inside heard the unwelcome sound of bolts being fastened, and listened with no pleasant feelings to the order which he gave to the musketeers to guard the prisoners and to allow none to have

The Earl, on this, returned to the The Earl, on this, returned to the court, and announced to his friends what he had done, and then drawing his sword he rushed into the street, followed by the Earls of Rutland and Southampton, and the Lords Sandys and Mounteagle, with about eighty knights and gentlemen, foremost among whom was Sir Cuthleys do most among whom was Sir Cuthbert de Courcy, who hoped at length to gain for himself the renown which his ambition

Saint Blaize.

Grace More Powerful than Nature.
—St Blaize was bishop of Sebaste, in Armenia. During the course of his episcopate had exhibited great zeal for the purity of the Faith and the sanctification of his flock. It is asserted, however, that he took to flight during the persecution of Dioclesian, and remained concealed in a cavern situate in the midst of a forest, where he was discovered by hunters. But evidence is wholly wanting to bear out the assertion. However this may be, nature, as it must be owned, has its weaknesses; as it must be owned, has its weaknesses. nor is it given to any one to exceed the measure of his strength; and flight itself is measure of his strength; and flight itself is oftentimes the mark of prudence. At all events, if the bishop of Sebaste faltered on one occasion, God did not judge him too rigorously, seeing that He endowed him with the gift of working miracles. The sick recurred to him with an entire confidence; and, during the subsequent persecution of Licinius, he repaired any former weakness by displaying a courage unequalled. He was cruelly racked with hooks of iron and finally beheaded, in the year 316.

MORAL REFLECTION .- There is no sacri-MORAL REFLECTION.—There is no sacrifice which, by the aid of grace, human nature is not capable of accomplishing. When St. Paul complained to God of the violence of the temptation, God answered: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for power is made perfect in infirmity."—(2. Cor. xii,

Saint Andrew Corsini.

The Triumph of Prayer.—Andrew, belonging to the illustrious family of the Corsini of Florence, was born in the year 1302. He spent his youth in the wildest excesses, but at length, touched by the entreaties and tears of his pious mother, who never ceased praying for his conversion, he secretly betook himself to the church of the Carmelites, and there prostrating himself before one of the altars, made ing himself before one of the altars, made an offering of himself to the Mother of God. an offering of himself to the Mother of God. He thereupon conceived the purpose and took the resolution of joining the religious. He speedily became, by his piety and austerities, an example of edification to the whole community. Having been chosen bishop of Fiesole, he did not in any degree modify his manner of living, save by adding to the bodily chastisements he inflicted on himself austerities still more harsh, and accompanied by more frequent and prolonged prayer. Among his flock he exercised, so to speak, a ministry of conciliation and peace. So high an esteem for his sanctity had he awakened, that one word from his lips sufficed to win over all hearts and to appease all discord. He died at and to appease all discord. He died at Fiesole on the 6th January, 1373.

MORAL REFLECTION-Nothing is beyond MORAL REFLECTION—Nothing is beyond the power of prayer, above all when its object is to procure the conversion of sin-ners, especially when uttered by a mother's lips. Jesus Christ has said: "Whatsoever you ask, praying, believe that you shall receive, and it shall come unto you."— (Mark xi. 24.)

Saint Agatha.

UNYIELDING CONSTANCY. — To the advantages of an illustrious birth, Agatha united the rich dower of great beauty. Quintin, the pagan governor of the town of Catansa, wished to marry her; but the youthful virgin had given herself to Jesus Christ. Unable to alter her resolution, Quintin availed himself of the pretext of her religious belief to deliver her up to the executioners. He caused her to be scourged, tortured, and torn with hooks of iron. Her breasts were lacerated with pincer; her sides scorched with burning Saint Agatha. of iron. Her breasts were lacerated with pincers, her sides scorched with burning blades of metal, and as she outlived all these atrocities, she was afterwards thrown into a dungeon. The apostle St. Peter appeared to her and healed her wounds. Quintin had her brought before him a second time, and finding her still inflexible, gave orders that she should be dragged over hurning coals and then over potsover burning coals and then over pots-herds. At the moment of her torture an earthquake hurled down several buildings, people broke into an open revolt, and the governor, struck with terror, fled from the town. Agatha expired in prison on the following night, in the year 251 of the Christian era.

MORAL REFLECTION .- Little would it avail to begin in a saintly menner, if one were afterwards to desist. The apostle St. Barnabas urged nothing so strongly upon Christians as "With purpose of heart to continue in the Lord."—(Acts xi. 23.)

From Mrs. N. H. Pawling, wife ot one of the largest Fruit Growers in the County of Lincoln, Ont.

LOUTH, April 29th, 1881. J. N. SUTHERLAND, Esq., St. Catharines. Dear Sir, -I am much pleased to be

Dear Sir,—I am much pleased to be able to inform you of the marked improvement in the condition of my wife since she has used "Rheumatine."

For upwards of four years she has been unable to leave her chair without assistance; the greater part of the time her hands, feet and limbs have been much distorted and almost powerless, while her distorted and almost powerless, while her sufferings from pain have been constant

and frequently excruciating.

Four bottles of your preparation have driven away her pain, restored sleep, and by reducing the swelling about her joints, have so much improved the action of her joints that she can now feed herself at the table, and be carried from room to room without suffering pain. The benefit to her has been wonderful; and should it cease now, I should still feel that a great obligation rests upon us for your kindness in bringing this relief within our reach. I hope, however, to find even greater results from the use of the remedy.

Truly yours, N. H. PAWLING. Don't DIE in the house. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

Mr. T. C. Wells, Chemist and Druggist, Port Colborne, Ont., writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure sells well, and gives the best of satisfaction for all diseases of the blood."

It never fails to root out all diseases from Catherine was overjoyed at this news; but old Master Alwin had more to say, and he did not feel quite sure what effect it would have on his young friend. He hesitated, sighed, and then inquired how Barbara was. A merry laugh from the Barbara was. A merry laugh from the Barbara, Was a result of its use, she are prefectly well.

Terrible Sufferings.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:—I purchased a bottle of your "Favorite Prescription." It is perfectly well.

Siv—For many months I was a great sufferer. Physicians could afford me no relief. In my despair I commenced the use of your "Favorite Prescription." It is perfectly well.

J. Bailey, Burdett, N. Y.

Siv—For many months I was a great sufferer. Physicians could afford me no relief. In my despair I commenced the use of your "Favorite Prescription." It is perfectly well.

J. Bailey, Burdett, N. Y.

Mrs. Paul R. Baxter, Iowa City, La.

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Winston, Forsythe Co., N. C., March 15, 1880.

Gents—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with Dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtue of your bitters.

Very respectfully,

REV. H. FEREBEE.

Rochester N. V. March 11, 1880.

REV. H. FERRBEE.

Hop Bitters Co.—Please accept our grateful acknowledgment for the Hop Bitters you were so kind to donate, and which were such a benefit to us. We are so built up with it we feel young again. feel young again. OLD LADIES OF THE HOME OF THE FRIEND-

Deleyan, Wis., Sept. 24, 1880.

Gents—I have taken not quite one bottle of the Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man of 7s when I got it. To-day I am as active and feel as well as I did at 30. I see a great many that need such a medicine.

D. Royce. D. ROYCE.

D. ROYCE.

Monroe, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875.

Sirs-I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of the kidneys and bladder; it has done for me what four doctors falled to do-cured me. The effect of the Bitters seemed like magic.

W. L. CARTER. do—cured hie, The effect of the littless seemed like magic.

If you have a sick friend, whose life is a burden, one bottle of Hop Bitters will restore that friend to perfect health and happiness.

Bradford, Pa., May 8, 1881.

"It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach monthly troubles. &c. I have to seen a sick day since I took Hop Bitters."

MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

MRS. June 24, 1882.

Evansville, Wis., June 24, 1882 Gentlemen—No medicine has had one-hair the sale here and given such universal satis-faction as your Hop Bitters have. We take pleasure in speaking for their welfare, as every one who tries them is well satisfied with their results. Several such remarkable cures have been made with them here that

there are a number of earnest workers in the Hop Bitters cause. One person gained eleven pounds from taking only a few bottles. Bay City, Mich., Feb. 3, 1880.

Hop Bitters Company—I think it my duty to send you a recommend for the beneft of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion; strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them.

them. DE. A. PLATT, Treater of Chronic Diseases. DE. A. PLATT, Treater of Chronic Diseases.

Superior, Wis., Jan., 1880.

I heard in my neighborhood that your Hop Bitters was doing such a great deal of good among the sick and afflicted with most every kind of disease, and as I had been troubled for fifteen years with neuralgia and all kinds of rheumatic complaints and kidney trouble, I took one bottle according to directions. It at once did me a great deal of good, and I used four bottles more. I am an old man, but am now as well as I can wish. There are seven or eight families in our place using Hop Bitters for their family medicine, and are so well satisfied with it they will use no other. One lady here has been bedridden for years, is well and doing her work from the use of three bottles.

LEONARD WHITEBECK.

LEONARD WHITBECK

What it Did for an Oll Lady.
Coshocton Station, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1878.
Gents—A number of people had been using
your Bitters here, and with marked effect.
A lady of over seventy years, had been sick
for the past ten years; she had not been able
to be around. Six months ago she was helpless. Her old remedies, or physicians being
of no avail, I sent forty-five miles, and got a
bottle of Hop Bitters. It had such an effect
on her that she was able to dress herself and
walk about the house. After taking two
bottles more she was able to take care of her
own room and walk out to her neighbor's. What it Did for an Oll Lady. own room and walk out to her neighbors, and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great

benefit from their use.
W. B. HATHAWAY, Agt. U. S. Ex. Co.

Honest Old Tim. Gents-Whoever you are, I don't know; bu Gents—Whoever you are, I don't know but I thank the Lord, and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterard medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight shock of believ more excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on your fellow-men that was ever conferred on mankind.

Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias K

Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias K Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias K
Chambersburg, July 25, 1875.

This is to let the people know that 1, Anna
Maria Krider, wife of Tobias Krider, am now
past seventy-four years of age. My health
has been very bad for many years opast. I
was troubled with weakness, bad cough, dyspepsia, great debility and constipation of the
bowels. I was so miserable I could eat nothing, I heard of Hop-Bitters and was resolved
to try them. I have only used three bottles,
and I feel wonderful good, well and strong
again. My bowels are regular, my appetite
good, and cough gone. I family it my duty to
let the people know how bad I was and what
the medicine has done for me, so they can
cure themselves with it.

My wife was troubled for years with blet-

ure themselves with it.

My wife was troubled for years with bletches, moth patches, freckies and pimples on her face, which nearly annoyed the life out of ht. Be spent many dollars on the thousand infallable (?) cures, with nothing but in urious effects. A lady friend, of Syracuse, N. Y who had had similar experience and had been cured with Hop Bitters, induced her to to, fair and soft as a child's and given her such health that it seems almost a miracle.

A MEMBER OF CANADIAN PARLIAMENT. A Rich Lady's Experience.

A Rich Lady's Experience.

I travelled all over Europe and other foreign countries at a cost of thousards of dollars in search of health and found it not. I

lars in search of health and found it not. I returned discouraged and disheartened, and was restored to real youthful health and apirits with less than two bottles of Hop Bitters. I hope others may profit by my experience and stay at home.

A LADY, Augusta, Me. A LADY, Augusta, Me.

A LADY, Augusta, Me.

I had been sick and miserable so long. causing my husbands on much trouble and expense, no one knowing what ailed me. I was so completely disheartened and discouraged that I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."

THE MOTHER.

My mother says Hop Bitters is the only

My mother says Hop Bitters is the only thing that will keep her from her old and severe attacks of paralysis and headache.—Ed. Oswego Sun.

Luddington, Michael 1880.

I have sold Hop Bitters for four years and there is no medicine that surpasses them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints and many diseases incident to this majerial climate.

APRIL 6, 1883

THE CHARITABLE DO Translated from the French of N-

In a little village, situated in on poorest districts in Ireland, lived poor widow whose husband had l as sole legacy, two children, both g three years old, the other five. W greatest difficulty, and by dint work, she succeeded in dragging of years of her painful and forlorn hood. Unwholesome and insufficiobtained by unremitting toil and la severe for her delicate constitutio told on her enfeebled system; an in pity took her away, after a fe illness, from the cares and anxietie world.

Such was the general state of and wretchedness in the parish, the ing could be done for the relief of orphans. The neighbors, although sessed of good charitable hearts and feelings, were themselves victims famine period, and could hear the their own children calling in ve bread too often to be able to thir of bestowing help on others.

"If the poor creatures could otaken to Kilburn, a village but miles away from here," said one neighbors, on the day the moth buried; "there a brother of hers well to do farmer, who could not h heart to see them die of hunger." "But the times are as bad down

as they are here," said another, fear they'll do no better in a place." "It is not possible that anything should happen them down there, as than here, where they are sure to hunger. By sending them to their

case we have no means of keeping A drayman who was proceeding direction of Kilburn, took up, for sake, the two little girls, and gave

we would be only doing our duty.

seat in his cart. Lizzie was now seven, and Ma years of age. The poor children c themselves close to each other a very quiet, the drayman scarcely n them. Towards noon they reach place, where the road takes a turn t place, where the road takes a turn tourn. The man bid them get dow pointing to the road on the left, told to keep on straight, without ever left the highway, and that in two hour would reach their destination. It them weeping bitterly while the good bye, and as long as they could not take their eyes from it. could not take their eyes from it; odisappeared, however, they gave then

disappeared, however, they gave then up to renewed fits of sobbing and carried was the first to stop crying taking hold of her little sister, we weeping on a little grassy mound, simple cannot afford to stay here any long we mean to reach Kilburn we cannot afford to stay here any long we mean to reach Kilburn we cannot afford to stay here any long we mean to reach Kilburn we cannot afford to stay here any long we mean to reach Kilburn we cannot should be supported by the stay of th am so hungry" sobbed Mary, "we had nothing to eat this whole day." were very weak and hardly able to but they stumbled along hand in At length Lizzie espied a house whi pointed out to her sister, but they full quarter of an hour's walking before they reached it. It was a cottage. They hesitated some time entering the yard, for notwithstandi their poverty they had never begg fore. When within a few paces fro door, they heard the farmer scoldin of his men in loud harsh tones. The hind him with a bang that made the dows rattle, and kept on scolding grumbling for a length of time. The hildren stood trembling with fear the door till the noise Lizzie opened the door, and they went in. The farmer was seated

comfortable armchair near the fire.
"Well! what do you want," he sh to the children, who were in such they could not utter a word, or u the sad tale of their helplessness. you not speak?" he exclaimed in tones. Then Lizzie gathering coura plied very piteously: "Oh sir, i plied very piteously: "Oh sir, if would be so kind as to give us the morsel of bread to eat, or a few pota "Just what I thought," yelled farmer, "I was sure you were be though you appear not to belong t neighborhood. We have enough of kind around here, and we have no to see beggars from a distance come t doors. There is not bread enough le ourselves these hard times; and you' nothing here, so be off with you. two children set up crying in fea two children set up crying in tea terror. "That won't help you any,' sued the farmer; "such tricks are known to me, and have nothing about them. Why don't your fathe about them. Why don't your fathe mother feed you, but they prefer doubt, idling their time away, to ea their bread by honest labor."

"Our father and mother are both d sobbed Lizzie.
"I know" said the farmer, "when dren are sent around begging, their and mother are always dead, the fat least. That's all the excuse they have pegging, so be off now with yourselve

"We have not touched the least n of food this whole day," pleaded I "we are so tired we cannot stir, pler give us a little bread, we're so hu

"Didn't I tell you before, I have ing to give-beggars get nothing in

The farmer rose from his chair, we threatening seowl on his brow, and flashing with anger. Lizzie rushed to door pulling her little sister after the poor children were again in the yard dazed and terrified, not kno what to do, or where to turn. Sud little Mary withdrew her hand from sister's and ran to the lower end of barnyard, where a huge wicked dog attached to a chain; his meal was p before him in a wooden vessel.