A Spurgeon Day.

Dr. Wayland, the editor of the *National Baptist*, gives a most interesting description of a day spent with Mr. Spurgeon at the Orphanage and at Mr. S.'s home. Below we give a part of the day as found in the *National Baptist*:

We found at the Orphanage Rev. Charles Spurgeon, pastor at Greenwich, and Mr. Charlesworth, the Head Master of the Orphanage. Mr. Spurgeon soon greeted us most heartily; and as there was much to see, he did not let the grass grow under our feet. As we went from the office into the grounds, cheer on cheer arose from each boys, as the burly frame of their friend, the father of the Orphanage was recognized.

We next went into one of the girls' cottages, holding forty or fifty. Everything was neat and homelike.

Then to the girls' school-rooms, which occupy the upper story of two or three adjoining cottages. As we entered the room, the girls welcomed Mr. Spurgeon with smiles and by clapping their hands. It made the tears come to my eyes again and again. Mr. Spurgeon spoke to the children, and in each room he invited a laboring man who chanced to be present to say a word. He himself was happy and full of spirtiveness. In one room the girls were at work upon arithmetic. Mr. Spurgeon said: "Now, suppose I should cut Dr. Wayland in two, right down lengthwise, what would that be like in arithmetic?" As there was no reply, he said: "Why, long division; and, suppose I should cut him all up into little bits, what would that be? Would it not be fractions? And suppose I should walk off with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, just them and I alone; what rule with that be like? Rule of three, would not it?"

The entertainments given by the children are very popular. On a *fete* day, as on the birthday of Mr. Spurgeon, when an exhibition is given with a small charge for admission, there will be 13,000 people present. And the boys, by entertainments throughout England, earn as much as $10,000 a year.

Up to Oct. 1, there had been: Boys received, 857; boys left, 617; total, 249. Girls received, 273; girls left, 41; total, 232. Total now in residence, 472. Total children received: Boys, 857; girls, 273; total, 1,130.

One of the most interesting things is the inscriptions on the walls. One of them commemorates an orphan who became a missionary, and died in the service. Five of the boys have become ministers, of whom three went to the mission field.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

Pointing to one inscription, Mr. Spurgeon said: "There is our bank." I read the words "The Lord will provide," and near by the words, "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Mr. Spurgeon said: "This whole Orphanage is an argument for God. I say often to infidels, 'will you take this and carry it on for a month?'"

As we rode, Mr. Spurgeon spoke of the faithfulness and goodness of God. Once, when the Trustees of the Orphanage met, there was £360 on hand, and bills to be paid amounting to £360. He said: "We must look to God; but first, how much are we ourselves willing to do? I have £25 for the orphans; here are six of us; I suppose each will do as much." And at once £150 was made up. Then without leaving his seat Mr. Spurgeon prayed to God for help. Within a very short time, he received £800 for the Orphanage and £1,600 for other objects. It was at this time that a gentleman called and said: "Mr. Spurgeon, you do not know me?" "No, sir." "Will you promise not to make any effort to know my name?" "Certainly." "Well, here is £100 for the College; £100 for you colporteurs, and £500 for the Orphanage."

Such cases are happening all the time. Mr. Spurgeon was riding not far from his home, and he saw a spot where there was need of a chapel. He asked the Lord for help to build. This was on Tuesday. On Thursday, when he came home, his wife said: "There was a gentleman here to see you, and he left some money for you to use just as you choose; and how much do you guess it was?" "Well, say £500." "No; it was £1,000." So Mr. Spurgeon bought a lot for the chapel, for £500, selling off enough to make it cost but £250; and the chapel will be built.

Recently they begged him to come to a village where a poor brother wanted to build a house. He went and preached to them. Then he said: "It will cost £600 to put up a little chapel. How much can you raise among yourselves?" They reckoned up and thought that by hard lifting and great sacrifice, they could raise £20. He said to them: "Now, I want you to promise me that you will all pray about this." A little while after, a gentleman called to see Mr. Spurgeon, and said: "I owe you a great deal. I once had a hand-some property; but I lost it by endorsing; I was much discouraged; but just then I heard you preach; and you gave me much faith and courage, and I began again, and God has blessed me. I want to give you £100 for you to use as you please." Mr. Spurgeon said: "That will be a good start for the little church," and he told the gentleman about it. The latter said: "Please tell the people that I will not only give this £100, but I will give the last £100 of the £600." "And now," added Mr. Spurgeon, "I am looking out for the other £400.

The kindness of the Lord to his servant is quite noticeable in the matter of this house. Early in his ministry, one of the deacons, seeing that Mr. Spurgeon was giving away all his income, and laying up nothing, persuaded him to try and buy a house in Nightingale Lane. This he gradually paid for; in time, the city grew up about what had been an open space; and so it became absolutely needful for his health that he should have the quiet of the country, the place had increased in value enough to buy this large and beautiful place, then, of course, less costly than now. He takes infinite delight in the air, the views, the cows, the dogs, the rabbits, the hens, the horses. He has here and there cut away the trees so as to get views of the country; on a very clear day, he can see Windsor Castle thirty five miles away.

Mr. Spurgeon attributes his improved health largely to the fact that for the past two years he has abstained from the use of meat; he has lived on vegetables, with fish, eggs, etc.

It will interest and gratify all my readers to know that Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon are total abstainers. Rev. W. J. Mayers of Bristol, one of Mr. Spurgeon's students, tells me that, two years ago, he put the blue ribbon on both Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS.

And so we walked, or sat on a rural bench, and talked. It was indescribably delightful to hear from him and Mrs. Spurgeon some of the reminiscences of the early days. You know he was settled as pastor at a very small rural village, when he was sixteen years old. The church could only pay him £50 a year. He paid twelve shillings a week for his room; but his people were very kind, bringing him vegetables and supplies of all kinds, so that he was able to live. But once he was greatly in want of a hat. "So," he said, "I prayed to the Lord, 'O Lord, I need a hat; I must look decently.' Now, there was a man in the village who was a proverb of miserliness. He was so miserly that when he was at the point of death, thirty years later, he came down stairs to die, so that it might not be needful to pay somebody a shilling to carry his body down-stairs; and he ordered that he should be buried in the garden, so as to avoid paying the vicar anything. Just after I had prayed for a hat, on Sunday morning, this man called me out after meeting in the morning to go to one side with him, behind the chapel. Then he said, 'The Lord has told me to give you this (7s. 6d), and I want you to pray for me, that I may be saved from covetousness' So I bought a hat. The next Sunday, the man again called me aside; I could not think what he wanted, unless it was to ask me to give him the 7s. 6d. back again. He said, 'Oh, dear, I want you to pray that I may be saved. The Lord told me to give you ten shillings; and I kept two shillings and six pence of it, and I have not slept a night since."

At the age of nineteen, in 1853, he was invited to go up and preach at New Park Lane chapel, which was an old church very much run down. On Sunday morning there were perhaps 80 persons present. The deacons had made a great effort to get people out so, as to swell the audience. One of the deacons went to a young lady, and said: "Do come on Sunday; there will be a young man from the country, and we do want to make as much of a show as we can." The young lady went and saw the young man from the country, and heard him preach. She told me this herself; she has seen him a good many times since; and, in fact, a couple of years later, she took him for good and all; and what a blessing she has been to him and to the world only eternity can tell.

In the evening there were 300 or 400 at chapel. I presume the young lady made one. The next evening, at the prayer-meeting, there were more than on Sunday; this greatly encouraged the young man, who believed in the prayer-meeting. Within a few weeks the house was crowded. A few months ago, the deacons, in examining the records, found that Mr. Spurgeon has received as new converts (not including those from other churches) 10,809. "And I only wish," said Mr. Spurgeon, "that it was 20,000."

I had not thought of staying beyond the afternoon: but Mr. Spurgeon said: "You are not here very often; now, stay to tea." I was willingly persuaded; we had pears, peaches, plums and honey, all from his own garden. After tea, the family, with the two servants, were called together for family prayers. I was so glad I had stayed. I would not have missed this for anything. He read the part of Luke xxiii. which tells of the young ruler who came to the Lord. As he read, he commented with his wonted freshness, and now and then quaintness. On verse 25, he said: "It is hard for an animal to go through the eye of a needle; but especially hard for a camel because he has his hump; it is hard for any man to be saved; but especially hard for a rich man, because he has his riches." This was, throughout, a sweet, lovely service.

Holiness by Faith the Specific: Discipline of the Preacher.

While the nature of truth and the moral constitution of man remain as they are, holiness only, holiness by faith can be relied upon as the effective discipline of the successful preacher; without this the minister must be considered as without the specific discipline of his profession. Let ministers be rationally, self-forgetfully enthusiastic in the work of salvation; let love to it be, as with Paul and Whitefield, the domineering principle; night and day let the burden of souls rest on them, while they rest calmly upon Christ and he inspires them, then it is absolutely certain that their ministry would be a perpetual ingathering of souls into the kingdom of Christ.

So far as man's agency is concerned, it is this engrossing earnestness, more than any or all things else, that insures success in the ministry; for it implies, nay, it may be almost said to render certain the co-operating energy of the Holy Ghost. This very earnestness is first the work of that Holy Spirit upon the preacher's soul; and then it becomes the telegraphic battery for generating the divine electricity that, is to run along the wires of communication with other minds, and be continually charging them with truth, thrilling with conviction and self-abhorrence; exciting to repentance, faith, love, joy, activity in doing good, and, best of all, insulating them from the world and making them, while in it, to live above it.

Our need then as ministers is, to become more powerful and perfect dissolving batteries, not fitfully getting out of order like an imperfect telegraph, just at the time when heaven's messages are to be transmitted along, and the most powerful impressions are to be made on waiting minds. But our souls must be always immersed and evolving heaven's own galvanism; at once responsive to every breath of the Spirit, every case of providence, every intimation of duty, every exigency and voice of the times; and thus affording a fair vehicle for the messages of God to pass on to men. We want more constant immersion of mind in heavenly pursuits and exercises. We want a more self-forgetting engagedness in the angelic work of winning souls to Christ, both in the pulpit and out.—*Rev. Henry T. Cheever, in Correspondencies of Faith.*

—You may be nearer to Christ than you think. Those men who went stumbling along the road to Emmaus, weeping and mourning that their Christ was gone, poured into his very ear the tale of their bereavement. They told him of their trouble—that they had lost their Christ; and there he was talking with them. In the midst of their deep grief there was their victory, and they did not know it. There is many a man in embarrassment, overwhelmed with care, who does not know what to do. It is the pressure of God's hand upon him for the purpose of betterment. It is God present in affairs; Christ near to him for the sake of winning him to himself.—*Christian Union.*

Not a Matter of Life and Death.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

"Come in!" said a voice, half choking with sobs.

"Why, what has happened, my dear?" said a sweet-toned, gentle woman, as she opened the door of a dainty room opening on one side upon the exciting life of Paris, and on the other toward the restless groves of Fontainebleau in the distance.

"It's hateful here," said the first speaker, a beautiful young woman of perhaps twenty, who lay weeping on the lounge. "I want to go back to America. I wish I'd never been married. We had promised to go this morning to Versailles with a party of friends, and because it looked like rain, Mr. James refused to go. I pleaded and begged, but he has a fearful will, and we both got angry, and he has left the house. I didn't suppose I could get so provoked with a person I have really loved."

"And do love now," said the gentle woman, who took the hand of the excited young wife.

"No, I don't, Mrs. Chester. I wouldn't care if I never saw Wilbur James again. I should think his first desire in life, after taking me from a lovely home, would be to make me happy. He likes his own way, and that is all he cares for, and he simply has the physical power to carry it out, but that begets no love. I'm glad he knows I hate him, for I told him so this morning. What right has he to tell me what I shall do, and what I shall not? If he had been kind and gentle, I would have done anything for him; but when he takes authority upon himself, I hate him."

"But it might be worse," suggested Mrs. Chester. "What if he drank, or was profane, or immoral? Life is never perfect for anybody, and your lot, my dear, is bliss compared to that of many women. But for Mr. James' will, he would probably lose half his force of character."

"I wouldn't care if he weren't smart at all," said the indignant girl, "if he wouldn't use so much control. I never was governed, and I never will be. Not one man in a hundred knows how to be gentle with his wife. He frets at the slightest things, never confides in her, and soon their lives grow apart. Do you think Wilbur would have acted like this before we were married? He would have said, 'I fear it will not be wise to go, but I will consult your pleasure.' And my heart was set upon going to Versailles with those friends, and I had promised."

And the pretty, self-willed wife broke out afresh in her sobbing.

"And why did Mr. James leave you?" said Mrs. Chester.

"I suppose because I told him I hated him, and would go back to America as soon as I could. I suppose he loves me, though he treats me like a child; and I will not be governed, and that's the end of it."

Hetty James was a petted girl, who, naturally amiable, had been indulged in her every wish by very fond parents. She had wedded, as most girls do, expecting to find perfection, and had awakened to the fact that marriage has duties as well as pleasures; that for the most of us, whether men or women, it becomes necessary to adjust our plans or desires to others' needs; to have no will of our own unless stern principle is involved. Love is, in its best sense, a sacrifice, yet one that pays.

No man marries with the plan of giving his whole life to selfish ends, whether it be to pleasure, or even study or philanthropy, and ever makes life a success. That end is attained only by considerate thought for others, little attentions, such as one gives constantly in the formalities of social life, and grateful appreciation. The man who lives for self had better a thousand times remain unmarried than to tie another into bondage. The woman who has only her own personal ambition in view usually proves a curse rather than a blessing. To live for others is the only true life in society, the church, but, most of all, in the home, and failure to do it has been the ruin of tens of thousands.

"You don't think it mended matters to tell Wilbur James you hated him," said Mrs. Chester.

"No," said the young wife, slowly.

"Let me tell you of an incident in my life, Hetty, of which I rarely speak, but which has taught me a lesson, such a one as I pray may not come to many. Ten years ago, when I married Mr. Chester, I was very much like you. Both my husband and myself had strong, ungoverned wills, and were quick in temper. When our baby was two years old, a friend came to visit us, and together we planned for a day's excursion.

"'I wouldn't take the child,' said Mr. Chester, 'the jaunt will be a long, tiresome one, and I would rather you would not go.'

"Words soon passed between us, and then tears came; but the stormy debate ended with the assertion on my part that I would go, and take the baby, too, come what would."

Hetty's eyes opened in astonishment as she looked at the gentle woman before her.

"It was a warm, but windy and disagreeable day, one of those in the late spring, when you are dressed too warmly for summer, and too thinly for the cold, and get tired easily. I had a sense of dissatisfaction when Mr. Chester left the house, half angered at him and half at myself, yet I had said I was going, and I should lose any power I had if I gave up now. That day I shall never forget. The baby grew tired and fretted, and my heart and body both ached. Those long hours when I tried to be cheerful, even jubilant with my friend, I should be glad to efface from my memory. My husband met me kindly at tea; but there was a gulf between us.

"That night, our baby was restless and feverish, and the next day and next he grew worse. My husband was well-nigh delirious with grief. This was our only child, and I imprudently had been the cause of his illness. He failed rapidly. It is agony to live over again those baby-musings, as he looked up into my blanched face, appealing for ease from his pain. With clasped hands, the past forgotten, Mr. Chester and I knelt beside our darling child, saw the eyes close with a long last look for help which we could not give, and then we asked each other's forgiveness and God's.

"That week aged me more than all the years that have come since then; but I learned a valuable lesson at a bitter cost. Other perplexing things have come in life, but I have overlooked them, or, perhaps, yielded some point. 'This is not a matter of life and death,' so it has not paid to have dissensions or be self-willed. I have found that most things come right and best with a little waiting. There are only a few matters in life that are of vast importance, and, in minor things, what does it signify whose will is law? Not that a woman should be always the one to yield. Kind reasoning usually makes one sex as ready to surrender as the other; but where no principle is involved, peace is the better way at almost any cost. Gentleness is as mellowing as sunlight in its influence. Few persons can be driven in this world; almost all can be led. Try the motto I have had graven on my heart, 'This is not a matter of life and death.'"

"I see," said Hetty, "where the mistake lies. But I can never ask Wilbur's forgiveness. I can never humble myself like that. He ought to ask mine."

"O Hetty, Hetty! the world will be a rough one if pride masters you like that. God-by, my child."

And Mrs. Chester, still young, but rich with life's experience, went out of the dainty room and left the young wife alone.

After all, Wilbur James was a noble man, she said to herself; too wilful at times. But who has not faults? She had left father and mother for him, and the moulding of his character was largely in her hands. If she kept his affection, she might develop him about as she chose. Could she really ask his forgiveness?

Just then a slight knock was heard. The door opened, and before she had time to reason with herself, she had said:

"Wilbur, I don't hate you. I'm so sorry;" and this time the tears were of love rather than bitterness.

And Mr. James did what ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have done, folded her to his breast, and said:

"I'll take all the blame, Hetty; I was hasty. We will go to Versailles some sunny day, and invite the friends to go with us."—*Stories From Life.*

Saved in Three Minutes.

Coming out of church not long since at the close of the morning service, a messenger met me, requesting that I would go at once to a neighboring house to see a young man who was considered to be near his end. I hurried to the place accordingly, and being ushered into the room, I sat down by the bed of the dying youth. Knowing the time was short, I came at once to the all important subject, and said:

"My dear friend, I see that you are very ill. Are you prepared for what may be before you?"

"Oh, if I only were," he replied, giving me a look, in which despair and importunity seemed strangely blended, "and if I could be spared two or three weeks I believe I might be prepared; but the doctor tells me I can live only a few hours."

So saying, he caught hold of my hand, and held it as a drowning man might hold to a plank or an overhanging limb.

"Three weeks!" I said, "why do you want three weeks?" And then he went on to give me his idea of conversion. There must first be conviction; and, in order that this should be genuine and thorough-going, time must be had for a careful review of the life, and an accurate weighing of its sins. And then there must be repentance; and the experience of godly sorrow must be long and deep to be acceptable to the Lord; and then faith and the new-birth must come when the heart, by this process had been made ready. All of which he declared would occupy weeks in its accomplishment.

Having given me this detailed account of "the plan of salvation," as it lay in his mind, he sank back exhausted, and with a look that told how hopless he regarded his condition, he looked imploringly into my eyes as though to say, "You see that you can do nothing for me."

"Three weeks in order to be saved!" I exclaimed, "let me tell you how you may be saved in three minutes." So saying, I opened the Word of God and read: "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." "If I give you this gold watch," I asked, "how long would it take you to receive it? Could you not take it at once?" He assented that he could. "The gift of God is eternal life," I said, reading again from the Bible. "What have you to do with a gift? Do you buy it or beg it, or wait a long time to be prepared to accept it? Now, God has given you his Son and eternal life in him, so that the Scripture declares, "He that hath the Son of God hath life." In order to have a gift, you must take it; or in order to have the Son of God, you must take him."

"But how can I take him? Tell me actually the way to do it," he exclaimed. Turning to Romans 10: 9, I said, "Here we have the way told exactly: 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.'"

"Now," I said, "if you want to be saved, just accept Jesus as your Saviour and tell him that you do so." So saying, I knelt by his side and bade him follow me in a simple prayer of acceptance. "Lord Jesus, I come to thee. I am a sinner; thou art the Saviour. I take thee now to be my Saviour. I trust thee; I receive thee. I put my soul in thy hands." That was all. I went away to attend to other duties, confident that saving faith had been exercised; and in the edge of the evening I called again. I was shown into the room where the conversation had taken place, and there lay the young man in the still sleep of death, but with the calm of heaven on his face.

"Oh, if you could have heard him talk after you went away," said the lady of the house; "he called us all in and said, 'Isn't it wonderful? That minister showed me how I could be saved in three minutes, when I thought I must have weeks to prepare to die.' And calling upon the man of the house, who had been for some time a backslidden Christian, he said, 'Oh come and kneel down here and praise God that he has saved me.' And when the man demurred, he pressed him with great earnestness, till he gave in, and the cold Christian was melted in the warmth of the young convert's love.

"Such a triumphant death," said the lady, "I never witnessed before."

"Instantaneous conversion" is a term which is a great stumbling block to many. "As though one could be a sinner one moment and a saint the next!" exclaims the objector.

But without fear of contradiction we do assert that one may be without eternal life at one moment, and possess eternal life at the next. "He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life,"—has it the moment he believes. That is to say, he has it in principle and in germ. As, by taking the acorn in my hand, I have the oak that is to be, because the tree is wrapped up in the seed, so the moment I accept Christ I have eternal life which is in Christ. "And this is the record, that God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life." Instantaneous conversion is no more incredible than instantaneous enlistment. In the British army a recruit is enlisted by accepting an English shilling. The moment the coin touches his palm he is a soldier. He may be a very raw recruit, and many months may be required for his perfecting in the drill and tactics of the army, but instantaneously he becomes a soldier. So sure the moment he receives the Lord Jesus and a disciple he "is passed from death unto life." The perfecting and developing of his Christian life is quite another matter. That may take years, "I am come that they might have life," says Jesus, and "that they may have it more abundantly." "He that believeth on the Son hath life." He that continues in the faith and grows in grace will have life more abundant.

Blessed be God for a gospel that can save us in three minutes—yes, in one minute, when we simply believe on God's Son.

As God's word warns us against proposing what we will do to-morrow. "Whereas thou knowest not what shall be on the morrow," it will not surely offer us a way of salvation which it will take many to-morrows to accomplish. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." And, reader, be assured that now if you accept Christ, "this day is salvation come to thy house."—*Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D*

In Season—Out of Season.

BY REV. A. J. REYNOLDS.

This is an expression of Paul in 2 Tim. iv. 1. An example of working for Christ apparently out of season may be given from the history of a converted Jew, a physician in a city of Holland. He constantly went among the poor Jews of his city preaching Christ from house to house. A rich merchant lived in the city, also a Jew, and of him the converted Jewish doctor thought, and at length, at ten o'clock one night, he stopped at his house to converse with him concerning Christ. To his surprise he found the house lighted, and he was at once admitted. He found a ball was about to commence, and, apologizing for his coming at such a time, asked permission to call again upon an important errand. The rich merchant asked what the subject was upon which he desired to address him. The doctor answered, "I want to talk about the Lord Jesus Christ." To his astonishment, the merchant said that for months he had been anxious about the subject, day and night, and had prayed that some one would come and teach him. So the merchant requested the gay company to cease dancing, or rather, not to begin, so that they might listen to what the doctor would say concerning salvation through Christ. Accordingly, the doctor preached Christ then and there, as the Messiah and Saviour, although it seemed to be out of season. The merchant was converted to Christ, and perhaps others were saved.

Of Rev. Thos. Doolittle, the following is related. In church after prayer and before the sermon he noticed that a certain young man who was present seemed uneasy and was about to leave the house. Mr. D. devised this plan to detain him. He turned to a member of the church sitting in the gallery and asked him aloud:

"Brother, do you repent of coming to Christ?"

The reply was:

"No, sir; I never was happy till I came. I am only sorry that I did not come to him sooner."

Then the minister turned to an aged member in the opposite gallery and put to him the same question. His answer was:

"I have known the Lord from my youth upward."

Then looking at the young man fixedly, he said:

"Young man, are you willing to come to Christ?"

At first he did not answer, and then said:

"Yes, sir."

"But when?"

"Now," was the young man's reply.

The minister said:

"Then stay and hear the word of God from 2 Cor. vi. 2: 'Behold now is the day of salvation.'"

The young man remained and gave himself to Christ. The reason why he had wished to leave the church was because his father had forebade him to hear Mr. Doolittle. The minister afterward wrote to the young man's parents, and they, too, become Christians. Let us also be instant in season and out of season, and we shall win souls to Christ.—*Ex.*

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED, not by any secret remedy, but by proper, healthful exercise and the judicious use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites, containing the healing and strength-giving virtues of these two valuable specifics in their fullest form. Prescribed universally by Physicians. Take no other.

For Kidney trouble use Minard's Liniment freely internally and externally, it will relieve you in one hour and make a permanent cure.

For cramp in the stomach, croup, colic, inflammation of the lungs or bowels, warm Minard's Liniment, rub freely and cover the affected parts with brown paper well saturated with the Liniment and take it internally according to directions. A cure guaranteed.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

will be found to contain a larger percentage of pure Cod Liver Oil than any known compound of the kind, and rendered more pleasant and agreeable to the stomach. Its combination is looked upon by the profession as a valuable one, containing all that could be desired (viz., Cod Liver Oil, Pancreatine Hypophosphites, Lime, Soda, Phosphorous, &c.,) for the treatment of Consumption, Scrofula, Wasting Diseases, Debility, Impoverished Blood and many other diseases in which Cod Liver Oil, &c., are so justly and highly valued. It will also be found cheaper. Each bottle contains eight ounces, and retails at 50 cents per bottle. Dose from half to one tablespoonful.

Be particular and ask for 'Puttner's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, etc.', and physicians in prescribing will state 'Puttner's.' It can be had from all druggists and dealers.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. —1y52

To Sunday-School Workers

ONE of the most valuable Helps for the study of John's Gospel is

"CHRIST IN THE GOSPELS,"

or the Life of Our Lord" in exactly the words of the evangelists, without repetition, and chronologically arranged. With self-interpreting Scriptures and maps of Jesus' travels, by Jas. P. Cadman, A. M. Introduction by F. S. Henson, D. D.

Opinions regarding this new Bible Help:

"This harmony has a completeness not hitherto attained."—*Pres. Record*, Montreal.

"Helpful and Labor-saving."—*Examiner*, (Baptist) N. Y.

"Of exceeding value to all Bible students."—*Baptist Teacher.*

"A rare help to Sunday-chool teachers and pastors."—Rev. T. S. Hoixom, Boston.

"Has gained a prominent place in the literature of Scripture study."—*Standard*, Chicago.

☞ Send for club rates for Sunday-schools and for terms for agents. Price $1.50. Address AMERICAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY of HEBREW, Chicago, Ill.

☞ Please mention this paper when you order the book.

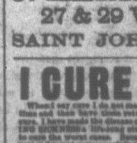
OVER WORKED Women

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a single end of purpose, being a most potent specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee, or sent by express, prepaid, on receipt of $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated, with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a dose, by druggists.



BRISTOL'S PILLS

The Infallible Remedy for all Affections of the Liver and Kidneys.

ST. JOHN BUILDING SOCIETY.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

Incorporated 1861.

DIRECTORS:

HON. C. N. SKINNER, Judge Probates, President
JAMES CHRISTIE, Esq., M.D.... Vice-President
ALEXANDER DUFF, Esq.... Managing Director
GILBERT MUNDOCH, Esq., C. E.
WILLIAM CHRISTIE, Esq., M. D.
DAVID A. SINCLAIR, Esq., M. D.

Office: Odd Fellows' Building, Union St.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Money loaned on Freehold and Leasehold Securities, at reasonable rates.

Mortgages, City and Water Debentures purchased.

Money received on deposit at five per centum per annum. Interest paid or compounded half-yearly.

Debentures issued with Coupons, from one to five years, interest five per centum per annum, payable half-yearly.

Debentures issued with Coupons, from five to ten years. Interest six per centum per annum, payable half-yearly.

FOR SALE, Capital Stock, and four years Stock, dividends on each payable half-yearly. Dividends paid on Capital Stock for half-year ending Dec. 31, 1881, was four per cent., on four-year Stock three per cent.

THOMAS REID,
Secretary-Treasurer.

apl19 tf

CAMPBELL'S

TONIC ELIXIR

This agreeable yet potent preparation is especially adapted for the relief and cure of that class of disorders attendant upon a low or reduced state of the system, and usually accompanied by Pallor, Weakness and Palpitation of the Heart. Prompt results will follow its use in cases of Sudden Exhaustion arising from Loss of Blood, Acute or Chronic Disease, and in the weakness that invariably accompanies the recovery from Wasting Fevers. No remedy will give more speedy relief in Dyspepsia or Indigestion. For Impoverished Blood, Loss of Appetite, Despondency, and in all cases where an APPETIZER and CERTAIN STIMULANT is required, the ELIXIR will be found INVALUABLE.

Price $1 per Bottle or Six Bottles for $5

Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited)
SOLE AGENTS,
MONTREAL, P.Q.

COOKING STOVES,

Ranges, &c.

The subscribers are showing a large assortment of above goods. Being of our

Own Manufacture,

we can offer rare inducements to cash purchasers.

J. HARRIS & Co.,
27 & 29 Water St.,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then they return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases, because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office address. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure in 10 days. A simple remedy. No operation or pain. Sent free by mail. Address, with stamp, DR. C. J. MASON, 78 Adelaide St. E. Toronto, Ont.