Personal Effort.

BY E. W. MINER, D. D.

"He that winneth souls is wise."

How vast is the scope of that little word *wise*. With us the man of the midnight lamp—the man of fame—the knowing man—the successful man in anything—he who cares for himself and so manages that, in the end, himself shall be cared for, is wise by all confessed. But in no such narrow sense, rather in a sense which comprehends all this, does Solomon predict the wisdom of him who labors to win souls to Christ. He does not say he is shrewd, is successful, is learned, is famous, but it means all of this and more.

During the progress of one of the great revivals shared by the First Baptist church, during my pastorate, one of my deacons called at my study, very much agitated in mind, and burdened in the Lord, and said to me, "Brother Miner, I have not slept a wink all night. I am distressed with the thought that, though I have been connected with the church for many years, and performed the office of senior deacon, yet I do not know that I have been the means of saving a single soul. The thought distresses me so I cannot keep it out of my mind, and it has kept me awake all night, and I have come to you, as my pastor, to ask you if you can tell me how I can win one soul to Christ before this revival closes. I do not want to leave the world without being instrumental of saving one soul." With deep feeling and with his eyes full of tears he inquired again with much earnestness, "Can you tell me how I can do it?" I laid aside my pen, as I was writing a sermon, and I said, "Yes, deacon, I can tell you how you can do it, and if you will follow my direction, with the state of mind you are now in, and give yourself up to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the thing you so much desire will be accomplished." I said to him, "I am acquainted with your life here in Springfield before you were converted. You told me the story of your former wickedness, to what lengths you wandered in sin, how you gambled, and was profane, and intemperate, and did many wicked things; how very poor you were up to the time the Lord converted you. I understand all of that from your own confession. No one doubts but that you are a 'new man.' You are now a rich man, and very much prospered in business, and I have heard you say many times that you owed everything to the religion of Jesus. Now I wish to inquire if there is any individual in the city who was a companion with you in wickedness, who is now living in his sins?" He thought a moment, and then said, "Yes, there is a man in Springfield who was my boon companion in the wicked life I then led. He is about my age, and is a well informed man. He was at one time Mayor of the city, a member of the Legislature also, and was one of the members who were called the Long Nine. Their names were Abraham Lincoln, Dan Stone, Nimian W. Edwards, William F. Elkin, R. L. Wilson, Andrew McCormick. Their average height was over six feet, and their aggregate altitude was said to have been fifty-five feet."

I said to the deacon: "Mr. McCormick is the man you should endeavor, first of all, to lead to Christ. Go to him before you go home and when you have found him tell Him that you have come to ask his forgiveness for having neglected him all these years, since you have been a Christian, without telling him of the pearl of great price you have found, and asking him to seek for the same everlasting good." He went out from my study in search of his friend. He found him at his home. He lived in the outskirts of the city. He was a lover of his home, and had a family of twelve children. The deacon was in earnest, and at once introduced his business. He told Mr. McCormick that he had come to ask his forgiveness for neglecting his soul so long. Mr. McCormick was deeply moved by the earnest words of his friend, and was affected to weeping. The deacon tenderly urged him to seek the Saviour, and invited him to come to the meeting that night. We were holding meetings every evening. He consented to do so. And then he turned to conversing with his wife and the other members of the family, and obtained a promise from the wife and several of the grown-up daughters to come to the meeting that night with their parents, and then prayed with them and exhorted them to come to the Saviour without delay, and then he went to his place of business. Before the meeting that night he reported to his pastor the result of his visit to the McCormicks, and that six of the family had promised to come to the meeting. At the appointed time for the meeting they were present, listened to the sermon, and when the invitation was given for all who wanted to be saved to come forward for prayers Mr. McCormick and his wife together with his daughters came, with many others, thus signifying their desire and determination to take a stand for Christ. I called on the deacon to come and pray for the friend whom he had brought to the meeting. He did so, and I never heard him pray before as he did that night. His prayer was answered. Mr. McCormick was converted. He confessed Christ at once, and being a man of intelligence, and accustomed to address assemblies, his speech was thrilling, especially the recital of the visit of the deacon to his home, and his earnest invitation to come to the meeting. Mr. McCormick entered into the work with all of his heart, soul, mind and strength. As he was well-known in the city, and known as an honorable, though an irreligious person, the news of his conversion brought a class of persons to the meetings who were not accustomed to go to church, and many of them were converted. Mrs. McCormick was soon rejoicing in hope, and then the children came one after another in quick succession, and I baptized the whole family. And this was not all. The deacon had a large circle of relatives, many of whom were not Christians. Having done his duty to the McCormick family so faithfully and with such remarkable success, he was bold in the work and faithful to the members of his children's families, and many of his grandchildren were brought to the Saviour and united with the church.

Mr. McCormick lived less than a year after he united with the church. But he was a faithful seavant of Christ. Punctual in his attendance at church, and in the prayer and conference meetings he almost always took a part. His prayers and his talks were very interesting, profitable and inspiring. He died very happy. He sent for the pastor and the deacon to come and see him. We were with him when he breathed his last. When he could not speak, he pointed to me and then to the deacon, and then raised his hand toward heaven, as much as to say to me, that it was his friend who was the means of his salvation; and then with a smile he passed away to the Better Land. The deacon lovingly closed his eyes, and when we walked home together I said, "In the day of final reckoning it will be told that you are the honored instrument of saving not only your friend, but his family." Christian brother, "Go and do thou likewise."

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—*Christian Secretary.*

The Hour of Forgiveness.

BY HADDIE WISE ANDRESS.

"I've never asked any one's forgiveness and I never will," said Marjorie, with a defiant toss of her head, as she and her pet school-mate were slowly walking home from school one afternoon in early fall.

"You may see the day when you'll be glad of a chance to ask some one's forgiveness," replied her friend soberly. "I hate to hear you speak that way," she added, as Marjorie made no reply but a slight toss of her head; and then the conversation which had been brought about by an allusion to a school-mate in disgrace was dropped, and by the time the girls parted at Mae's gate, was entirely forgotten.

"Mamma," said Marjorie that evening, coming into the sitting-room with a perplexed expression on her usually smiling face, "have you seen my piece of lines that I was doing that outline work on? I left it in the work-basket in the sewing-room this morning and now I can't find it?"

"Oh, I say, Marjorie! exclaimed her twin brother Theodore, before her mother could reply, "was that old bit of white cloth your's? If it was I'm no end sorry, but 'spose that's no good now."

"Why, what do you mean?" cried his sister impatiently, as Theodore turned slowly around on the piano stool upon which he was sitting, and began to play and sing "Dreffle sorry Clementine," while he looked roguishly over his shoulder at her disturbed face.

"*Please*, Ted, don't be provoking! Tell me, where it is?" she continued as he kept on singing.

"Can't say, for sure, Marjie, but 'spose its in the ash-pan of the coal-stove by this time," and Theodore rattled off a lively jig with a flourish while Marjorie, speechless with anger, stared at the calm face before her; then as she recovered the use of her tongue, said in a voice that fairly froze her brother's senses:

"Theodore Blake, you're the *meanest* boy that ever lived, and I'll never forgive you—*never!*" and with a savage little sob she marched out of the room.

Now Theodore, being Marjorie's own twin brother, had his share of temper and pride also; but having a much more forgiving nature was always the first to make up when they quarreled, as brothers and sisters, and even twins frequently do. This time, however, he felt that Marjorie got angry entirely too suddenly and with no provocation whatever; for being a boy, how could he appreciate the preciousness of a girl's first piece of embroidery?

So he gave a long, low whistle after his sister's sudden exist from the room; then, with an inward vow to "let Marjie come around herself, this time," went on with his music; while his mother, knowing by experience that it was the best plan, left the young people to fight out their own battle.

This all happened on Monday; and for four days Marjorie and Theodore had nothing to do with each other. Theodore vouchsafed no explanation, nor asked forgiveness, while Marjorie invited no explanations nor offered forgiveness.

Marjorie, of course, confided her wrongs to Mae, who sympathized most heartly, but advised a reconciliation, even at the sacrifice of pride. But Marjorie shook her head and said, "You don't know anything about it. "You haven't a brother, so don't know what horrid, mean creature they are."

Theodore, on the other hand, kept his trouble to himself, not even telling Will Young, his chum, and Marjorie's most ardent admirer. But he missed his sister's company. The house was very dismal with no Marjorie to tease and to talk to. Several times he was at the point of explaining and begging pardon. Then he would call up his pride, and muttering, "Confound it all—she'd no business to be so cranky!" catch up his cap and seek consolation elsewhere.

Saturday morning, as Marjorie stood combing her hair, she discovered a tiny note peeping from under her dainty pincushion. Pulling it out she found it addressed to "Miss Marjorie Blake," in Theodore's most careful hand writing. Wondering what it could mean, she hastily opened it and read, while a small, round drop, very much like a tear, ran down her cheek and on to the boyish writing:

"DEAR MARJIE: I can't stand this any longer. It's too much for a feller. Let's call it even and cry quits. I'm *awfully* sorry about that business of yours, I forget what you call it. I used it to clean my gun. I'd never touched it if I'd known what it was, and if I knew where they keep it I'd get you some more just like it. Please forgive me when I come home tonight, sister. Will and I are going hunting. Will be gone when you read this. Your naughty, but loving Bro., FRED."

Somehow the day seemed very long to Marjorie. Her thoughts would leave her music, her reading and everything else, to dwell on the time when Theodore would come home and she could forgive and be forgiven; for truly as Mae had said, she was waiting anxiously for the glad opportunity of asking some one's forgiveness.

In the afternoon, tired of waiting and watching the clock, she went over to Mae's to read her the note, and have her agree with her in declaring her brother the best boy in the world.

She was starting home again when she was met by a neighbor who told her to make haste, her brother had just been brought home seriously hurt, and might not live but a short time.

Oh how long the way seemed to poor Marjorie! But when she was met at the door by her mother with a smile on her face, though there were traces of tears in her eyes, she threw herself in her outstretched arms with a cry of relief, and wept away her anxiety and fright on her motherly shoulder. Her brother, her mother told her, was accidentally shot while climbing a fence with his loaded gun in his hand. The wound at first seemed serious, but after dressing it the doctor pronounced it very slight, and Theodore, worn out with pain, had since fallen asleep.

"Poor boy," she added, as Marjorie sobbed at the thought of her twin's suffering, the first person he asked for when they got him home was 'Marjorie,' and he seemed sadly disappointed when we told him you were not here."

"Can I see him now?" whispered Marjorie, feeling that she could not possibly wait any longer.

"Yes, dear you may go up and sit with him until he wakes, but don't disturb him so long as he can sleep."

So Marjorie crept quietly up-stairs and along the hall to her brother's room. It was so dark within that she had to stand for several moments before she could distinguish anything. When little by little she saw the still, white face, the closed eyes and lines of pain in the forehead, and around the firmly set lips, she gave a low cry, and falling on her knees by the bed, pressed kiss after kiss upon the rough, boyish hand lying so quietly on the cover. Then, fearing the temptation to wake him would be too strong to resist if she stayed so near, she threw herself in the large easy-chair by the window, and with a smile on her face pictured to herself the happy reconciliation when he waked from his deep sleep to find her by his side.

"Why does he sleep so?" she murmured impatiently." Dear old Ted! How glad he'll be to see me when he opens his eyes. I never knew before how much I loved him. What if the gun had killed him! Oh, I can't think of it!" And with a shudder she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes.

Ten minutes later the sound of a child's voice came up through the closed blinds. Marjorie sat up with a start and rubbed her eyes. The sun had set and the room was dark and cold. She shivered as she groped about for a light. Striking a match she lighted the gas, and turning looked at the bed.

Theodore lay with arms outstretched to the chair where she had been sitting, his wide-open eyes filled with pleading, and his lips unclosed as if speaking.

"Teddy, dear Teddy! what is it?" cried Marjorie in a voice of anguish, throwing herself on the floor by the side of the bed.

But the eyes gave back no sign of recognition; the pale lips did not move; the hand when she clasped in both of hers was cold. The hour of forgiveness was past, and Marjorie, like Mae, had no brother to tease and annoy her; to be naughty and yet to love her.—632 *W. Jackson St., Chicago.*

Giving Christ the Heart.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

When Jesus Christ says to any one "Give me thy heart," he means give me thyself. Character is determined by what we love best and labor for most zealously. The heart of such a man as Munkacsy is intent upon pictures; of Parnell upon the wrongs and rights of Ireland; of Dwight L. Moody upon leading sinners to Christ. The hearts of certain men in Wall street are full of stocks and railway bonds. We judge of the unseen interior of men by the outcome, just as we judge that there is a bee's nest in a hollow tree, if we see the bees passing in and out of the crevice in the trunk. Out of some hearts swarm stinging hornets of malice and censoriousness and envy; out of others we gather the honey-comb of loving kindness. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. God does not estimate us by actions, so much as by the heart that gives birth to them.

When Jesus asks for the gift of my heart, he asks of me three things; first, that I should get acquainted with him, then that I should love him, and then that I should obey him. We cannot love an utter stranger of whom we know nothing, nor would we be willing to trust our property to such an one. The sinner must first be made to understand just who Jesus Christ is, what he has done for him, and what he can do. This is the chief purpose of all effective preaching, and of all Sunday school teaching: to present Christ's character, and to press Christ's claims. The first counsel to an inquirer after salvation is to give his heart to Jesus—just as we would say to the man whose leg is broken, take it to a surgeon. If the watch is out of order I carry it straightway to the watchmaker. The worse your heart is, my friend, the more need of going directly to that divine Saviour who can cleanse it, heal its fractures, and renew a right spirit within you. The gist of Christ's invitation, "Come unto me," is to bring to him your whole heart.

This is the vital step towards becoming a Christian, for if you surrender to Jesus your heart, you give him the control of your whole life. You consent to let him own you and rule you. This is vastly more thorough than the attempt to abandon a single bad habit, or lop off a single sinful practice. That may prove to be only the casting out of one devil, with no certainty as to what other devil may come to fill the vacancy. Conversion is vastly more than the abandonment of your old sins: it is the turning around to Christ, and obeying his Commandments. The only remedy for falsehood, is to speak the truth; the only remedy for covetousness, is generous giving at the call of a new Master of the heart; the only cure for drunkenness is sobriety; the only cure for scepticism, is to take the Lord at his word and trust him. This is wretchedly poor preaching which deals out thunder against particular sins, and yet points to no remedy. It irritates; it drives to desperation; it saves nobody. Even if such thunder and lightning could induce men to "cease to do evil," that would be only a negative gain. What the man needs is a new Power in the control of his heart, an omnipotent Christ to teach him how "to do well," and give him the help to do it. "Walk in the Spirit, and ye will not fulfil the lusts of the flesh."

The only way to get sin out of our lives, is to get sin out of the fountain-head of the heart; to do that is impossible, except by admitting Jesus there as the Purifier and the new possessor. When Leyden was besieged the gallant efforts of the Dutchmen within the walls would only have ended in starvation and death. They could keep the Spaniards out, but hunger was devouring their own lives. As soon as Admiral Boisot floated his fleet inside the walls, and flung his barrels of bread and bacon on shore, Leyden was saved. My friend, you may fight sin "on your own hook" until you die, and your life will be a melancholy failure. Invite the Lord Jesus into your heart, give him the helm, and he will afford so much employment for your inward thoughts, affections and purposes, that you will have no time or taste for your old sins. The house will have a new owner. Christ will cleanse the house for you. Give him the keys of every room. You must have a new owner before you can have peace in your soul, sweetness in its atmosphere, the voice of praise in its chambers, an I a light that will burn there until the morning of heaven breaks. Your heart will become one of Christ's homes. And the very first sincere prayer you offer him, will bring him; the first act you perform to please him, will open the latch.

"Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
Admit him, and you want expel,
For where he comes, he comes to dwell."

A Hero of Duty.

In the north of Holland, over an extent of three leagues, the country is not protected from the incursions of the sea by any natural barrier. Some two hundred years ago, the Dutch undertook the gigantic task of erecting enormous dykes of granite blocks and clay, to resist the force of their terrible invader. Behind this shelter numerous villages arose, which flourish to the present day. Alkmond, in particular, which numbers ten thousand inhabitants, is built a little below the dyke, which is kept in constant repair by two hundred workmen under the direction of an engineer.

One afternoon in November, about a century ago, a furious wind was blowing from the northwest, increasing every moment. The engineer in charge was a young man engaged to be married, whose friends and family lived in Amsterdam. He was to go to Amsterdam that very evening to join a great festival, long looked forward to and eagerly desired. His preparations were all made and he was in high spirits, ready to set out. Suddenly the sound of the rising wind struck upon his ear; and he remembered with a pang of anxiety that it was the time of the high tides. He thought of his dyke and all that depended on it. It would be a dreadful disappointment not to go. But the dyke! His friends would all be expecting him, watching for him. What would they think? But the dyke! There was a conflict between inclination and duty.

It is six o'clock. The sea is rising. But at seven he must set out for Amsterdam. Shall he go? His heart says, Yes; duty says, No. Again he looks at the sea, watches the rising storm, and decides to remain at his post.

He then runs to the dyke. It is a scene of the utmost confusion. His two hundred men are aghast, bewildered. The storm has become a hurricane. The supply of tow and mortar is exhausted. They are at their wits' end to know how to repair the breaches—how to defend the place against the terrible enemy which is every moment gaining upon them. But as soon as the young engineer appears, a joyous cry bursts from every breast. "Here is the master! God be praised! Now all will be well!"

The master places each workman at his post and a desperate battle begins between man and the furious ocean. About half past eleven there is a cry from the centre—

"Help, help!"

"What is the matter?"

"Four stones carried away at a blow!"

"Where is that?"

"Here to the left."

The master does not lose a moment. He fastens a rope around his body, four workmen do the same and forty arms seize the ropes, while the five brave fellows throw themselves into the waves to repair the damage. The mad waves struggle with the men, dash them about, blind. No matter: they do their duty, and then they are hauled on shore again.

But the cry, "Help! help!" soon rises from all parts:

"Stones!" cries one.

"There are no more."

"Mortar!"

"There is no more."

"Take off your clothes!" cries the master, tearing off his own. "Stop the holes with them!"

"What will men not do for a noble leader in a great cause? Cheerfully, without a murmur, straining every nerve, the gallant two hundred toil on, half naked, exposed to all the fury of a November tempest.

Meanwhile, the people of Alkmond ate and drank, sang and danced, little thinking that there were but a few inches of masonwork between them and death. Thousands of lives had been saved because one man had done his duty.—*British Messenger.*

The Model Ministry.

In closing his address before the Baptist Union, the president, Rev. Dr. Culross said: "Equally evident is it what manner of men our ministers must be. Not bishop-made 'priests,' standing separate from their brethern, and thereby denying the universal priesthood of believers; nor men who know how to subscribe with a good conscience what they do not believe; nor hucksters of the Word, who have entered sacred office for a piece of bread, or with an eye to a golden stall, or as a profession in which they may distinguish themselves. In God's name, not men like these—but men who have seen Christ, and in whom the very Christ himself is seen. Such men are not to be hired for money, nor ordered, from any of our colleges—they are the gifts of Christ. You may purchase graceless talent as you may purchase a fleet horse or a fine organ; but you cannot purchase the Holy Ghost. Take a man who has seen Christ, and in whom Christ is seen, you will find him grandly free from byends and self-seeking; with devout patience and fervent love he will be able to speak, not in mere vehement iteration of stereotyped phrases forged by other men, but in tones of his own; he will be able to tell, not what other men have seen, but what he has seen and experienced himself; and, as God's orator, he will gain listeners who might otherwise have turned away. Personality counts; it is the message plus the man, yet minus the man's thought of himself. With such churches and such ministers the most golden and victorious days of old would be surpassed. I remember, and rejoice to remember, that success comes from God. But do not let us limit Him by our un-faith, veiling it under a profession of doing honor to His Sovereignty saying, "The wind bloweth where it listeth," when the real truth may be, "He could not do many of His mighty works there because of their unbelief." Let us do him the simple justice of confiding in Him, and of working in His service because we trust in His power.

I foresee for our churches and for our rising ministry a period of fierce conflict, the battle gathering more and more round the person of our Saviour. But I foresee in that very conflict a glorious opportunity for the brave and true. He who believes on the Son of God shall conquer. We are not on the losing side, or (at best) retiring in good order. We are going on to victory, for it is written: "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."

Bearing the Cross.

We never know what God may call upon us to bear. He may have some work waiting for us that we do not expect; if we shrink from it, then it is a cross to us; if we do not, then we bear that cross. We may think we have finished our work and be looking forward to a period of less toil, when suddenly the call may come to us for greater toil, and fiercer strife, and heavier responsibilities, as it came to Elijah—"Go show thyself unto Ahab," and that meant, go into the lion's den. And he went; and because he went, the prophets of Baal were defeated on Carmel, and the people cried amid the descending fire and consuming sacrifice, "The Lord he is God." Surely it was bearing the cross to go there! Why leave the quiet place where God had been sustaining him with the barrel of meal that wasted not and the cruise of oil that did not fail? Why go among the lions? It is better to be in the sheep-fold where God feeds his children, than to be where David was when he said, "My soul is among lions." But Elijah went and conquered; for to the cross-bearer triumph comes, as it came to Jesus. Even if it be after long heaviness and bitter pain, yet triumph closes the conflict, and victory comes at the last.

Sometimes the call to bear the cross comes to us when we think we can bear no more crosses, and we long for the crown that closes the conflict, and the rest that comes after the toil. That call came to Elijah in the wilderness, where all was still and peaceful, as the still, small voice that came after the driving storm. "What doest thou here, Elijah? Go and anoint another to be king over Israel." Surely that is going farther into the lion's den than before, to displace one man, and set up another, to take the crown from one and give it to another. But God's servants know no will but their Master's and that will involves them in pain and conflict, so much the worse for them; yet so much the more must that will be done. For to the one that does the will of God no harm can come. It came not to Elijah; the only thing that came was the chariot of fire and the horses thereof, for the safe conduct of Elijah to that place where the weary are at rest. What a change that was from what he thought would be! He thought that amid the lonely steeps of Horeb and the rocky wastes of the wilderness he should die; with no one near but the angel that touched him and roused him from his sleep. But God had a chariot of fire waiting, and the horses thereof, and the horsemen that Elisha saw. So, instead of dying in the wilderness and entering into Paradise alone, he passed in triumph and victory, with horses and chariot of fire, into the presence of the king, because he bore the cross again, though it meant exposure to death and torture. But God can always keep his own. So it was with Jesus. His cross-bearing led to the triumph of his resurrection, and the glory of his ascension from Olivet, and the victory that crowned his entrance in the heavens.—*India Baptist.*

The Blessing in Work.

To forget ourselves, our cares, our anxieties, in our daily work is one of the best receipts for happiness. Many who are constantly repining at their lot, need more than anything else to get loss of self in hard work. The most unhappy are those who have nothing to do; next to them are those who have little to do. The hard toilers find no time to complain or to lament; no time to be unhappy. The keenest unhappiness is a self torture which the idle inflict upon themselves. Nothing to do means nothing to enjoy. God means that we shall find our joy in work; in hard work, in that kind of work which seizes and possesses us. The idle soul is thrown back on itself; having no external occupation, it must work inward. If a man has nothing else to thresh, he will yield the flail on his own heart. An ox can be idle without inward sorrow; a man cannot—his mind must wrestle with something.

The dissatisfied man who can find nothing fit for him to do, and therefore has nothing to do, is the author of his own unhappiness. If he had done what he had found to do in the first place, better work would have come.

Many a man kills his opportunity because it is not a large opportunity. It is so hard for us to learn that we have to learn how to do things, and to find things to do, by doing what first comes to our hands.

To work is our blessing of blessings, and we cannot expect to find another as sweet as this. It is our Lethe—oblivion of care and trouble. While we work we can forget. As soon as the task is dropped, trouble comes in to play the unhappy game. Satan wishes always run toward idleness. To have nothing to do is the veritable fool's paradise. "What would you do if you were rich?" was asked of two workmen. One said, "I would never lift a hammer again." The other said, "I would build me a neat shop, and work every day at my trade." Perhaps neither was right, but the latter had nearer an honest man's idea of happiness. No; you do not want to be released from work. You do want to fall in love with your work—to find in it the joy of it, and to forget in it all the hardships of it and all other hardships of life. No other device for forgetfulness of trouble can match the old invention called work. Above all other benefits of work rises its usefulness in repressing vain and foolish thoughts and desires—the vanities and egotisms of idle souls. To find a better and happier self, most men need to be carried away from their old selves; and no vehicle will carry them so far and so safely as hard work and plenty of it. Let the unhappy try work as a remedy for their disorder. If they already have work let them try more work until their heads and hearts get full of it.—*D. H. Wheeler, D D*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

GIVES SATISFACTION.

Dr. S. Nichols, Bellows Falls, Vt., says: "I have used it and it gives satisfaction."

TO FARMERS AND HORSEMEN.—MINARD'S LINIMENT, the great horse and cattle remedy, cures bruises, sprains, soreness, lameness, stiffness, swellings, scratches, colic, cramps, stoppage of the bowels or urinary organs; and relieves all painful ailments to live stock as require internal and external remedies.

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A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

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