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PURIFY THE BLOOD.  
A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR

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1 Prize worth 15,000	\$15,000 00
1 " " 5,000	5,000 00
1 " " 2,500	2,500 00
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25 " " 50	1,250 00
100 " " 25	2,500 00
200 " " 15	3,000 00
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100 " " 25	2,500 00
100 " " 15	1,500 00
100 " " 10	1,000 00
500 " " 5	4,935 00
500 " " 5	4,935 00

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740  
S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,  
61 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

COWPER.\*

Softly! No more may waking cares encumber  
His rest,—no sigh can mar the poet's slumber; asleep!  
Lo! here the weary minstrel lies  
Henceforth, no weeping hours his weal shall number,  
Nor o'er his soul shall gloomy shadow creep:  
Calmly-beauteous, now,  
That song anointed brow,  
Closed the lids on those prophetic eyes;  
And mark,—as if there still did linger  
The thrilling touch of some celestial finger,—  
On the pale features of the silent singer  
The touch of heaven's surprise!

"Stay! the ground is hallow'd where he lieth,"  
Saith a gentle spirit; and replieth  
Her bright sister: "Whence that brooding sound!  
Can it be the evening zephyr sigheth  
Through the trees that cluster round?"  
Love yieldeth her balm,  
Earth giveth her calm,  
Time takes her cup of bitterness away:  
Now, joy, the anguished soul, despair was wringing,  
Hath dropt the pain from out its song, while winging  
Its lark-like flight beyond our shadow, singing,  
It met the breaking day!

—PASTOR FELIX.

\* Perhaps no more beautiful sentence was ever written of him than the testimony of one who saw him after death, that with "the composure and calmness of the face there mingled, as it were, a holy surprise."—*Cowper's Biography*.

† Earth surely now may give her calm  
To whom she gave her anguish.

—Mrs. Brownlee, *Cowper's Grave*.

# AN OLD LOVE STORY.

The Night wears gems in her long dark hair,  
Her breath is the breath of the open rose;  
The waves are a-tremble, a-tremble to hear  
The silvery steps of the dance she goes.  
For she dances as one whose heart is glad,  
To a winsome music, swift and bright,  
Till the ripples laugh and the winds go mad  
In the flying hair of the wanton Night.

'Night loved me once,' the white Day cries—  
'Night with the stars that strew her hair  
And now, at my coming she turns and flies;  
I break my heart, and she will not care!  
Yet just when the sunset lights the main,  
And he passes in golden death away,  
Shyly the Night creeps back again  
To kiss the eyes of the dying Day.

—Barry Pain, in *London Illustrated News*.

# WALKING.

There is no evidence to show that the inhabitants of any planet beside this understand the use of vehicles. It is more than probable that they all get about on foot, and in no other way. Legs were given to man to walk with: at any rate, no better use has yet been found for them. And if we of this earth are the only members of the human race who employ locomotive machines, reasonable modesty requires that we regard the practice as an eccentricity, and inquire whether it be a defensible one.

The length of our legs bears a strict relation to the circumference of our globe. This fact is nature's hint against the expediency of all kinds of seven-league boots. Four miles an hour—five if the weather and roads are favorable, and six in extreme cases—is the limit of man's convenient rate of progression; and whatsoever is more than this is vanity, and leads to vexation of spirit. The world was made just our size, so to speak: and every mile that we add to the speed of railway-trains and steam-boats lessens its dimensions, and makes us too big for it. We really gain nothing by going a mile in one minute instead of in fifteen; if only one of us had the secret, he might turn it to his individual profit; but since there is no secret in the matter, we are, relatively to one another, just where we were at the start, with the addition of an incalculable amount of nervous wear and tear and physical exhaustion. Of the telegraph I do not speak: with all respect to Professor Morse, that invention is a diabolical one; weigh the real good it has done against the unmistakable evil, and the former emphatically kicks the beam.

The evil is of comparatively modern introduction, too. Adam and Eve knew nothing of it, though perhaps the eating of the apple, by making them discontented with themselves and their environment, may have directly led the way to it. Noah cannot be held responsible; he built the Ark, it is true; but no sails were spread upon that venerable structure; and to wish to keep afloat, when walking was temporarily impracticable, was after all but natural. The patriarchs and prophets were stay-at-home folk: the nomadic ages moved, but they moved slowly. Wars, through the medium of chariots and calvary, were the beginning of the trouble: couriers and stage-coaches followed after an interval: but it is only within the last century or so that steam and electricity have got in their lice work, and injured our digestion and peace of mind.

It is in no vainglorious spirit that I say I have been one of the sensible nucleus from my beginning. I walked because I liked it; and even now I never let anything else carry me when my legs will do it. Thackeray once remarked, apropos of the topic now under discussion: "Nowadays we don't travel: we arrive." I must say that the arrival at a given point is less agreeable to me than the approach thereto. Philosophers have always maintained that true pleasure is found, not in realization, but in anticipation. The truth holds good in walking as well as in love. And, to a refined conscience, there is something illegitimate in being in a place to which we have not travelled on foot. What account can we give of the interyen-