

Words of the Wise.

My faith hath no bed to sleep upon but omnipotency.—*Rutherford.*

THE best school of nobility is the imitation of Christ. *Bishop Huntington.*

If ye were not strangers here, the dogs of the world would not bark at you.—*Rutherford.*

It must be great mercy, or no mercy; for little mercy will never serve my turn.—*Bunyan.*

THE grand in nature is the Almighty's oath, In reason's court, to silence unbelief.

REASON and faith resemble the two sons of the patriarch—reason is the first-born, but faith inherits the blessing.—*Culverwell.*

DEATH does not destroy, but catches, crystallizes, and makes permanent the character of a good man, leaving it a priceless bequest to society. *Bishop Dagget.*

THINK of the day, the humbling, affecting, overwhelming day, when the cup of cold water will reappear as an ingredient in the everlasting glory.—*James Hamilton, D.D.*

We direct the attention of our readers to the Seed Advertisement of J. A. Bruce & Co., Hamilton, in another column.

WE shape ourselves the joy or fear Of which the coming life is made, And fill our future's atmosphere With sunshine or with shade. *Raphael.*

As a king is honoured in his image, so God is loved and hated in man. He cannot hate man who loves God; nor can he who hates God love man. *St. Chrysostom.*

BECAUSE Christ loves us He claims us, and desires to have us wholly yielded to His will, so that the operations of love in and for us may find no hindrance. *F. R. Havergal.*

GOD is a sun. He is the infinite good. Nothing but a living, sensible communion with Him can displace heaviness from the heart and shed happiness over the life.—*T. Pearson.*

You are perfectly free to "ask what you will," but take care not to "hoor what you will," or you will be sorry later. Always leave your father to choose for you. *Agnes Giberne.*

I CONFESS that our diet here is but sparing; we get but tastings of our Lord's comforts; but the cause of that is not because our steward, Jesus, is a niggard, but because our stomachs are weak. *Rutherford.*

SATAN always rocks the cradle when we sleep at our devotions. If we would prevail with God, we must wrestle; and if we would wrestle happily with God, we must wrestle first with our own dullness. *Bishop Hall.*

MASON & HAMLIN Upright Pianos are not as high priced as the most expensive of such instruments. Every one who is in possession of good workmanship and material will see why they cannot be as low priced as the poorest. —*Boston Journal.*

If one only wished to be happy, this could be readily accomplished; but we wish to be happier than other people; and this is almost always difficult, for we believe others to be happier than they are. *Montesquieu.*

THE DECEITFULNESS OF RICHES. How is it that riches deceive? One way is, by making us a false promise of ease of mind. Money can buy so much, that we are tempted into supposing that it can buy everything. —*Bishop Huntington.*

CONSCIENCE is a clock, which in one man strikes aloud and gives warning; in another the hand points silently to the figure, but strikes not. Meantime hours pass away, and death hastens; and after death comes judgment. *Taylor.*

ONE never knows a man till he has refused him something, and studied the effects of his refusal: one never knows himself till he has denied himself. The altar of sacrifice is the touch-stone of character. The cross compels a choice for or against Christ.—*O. P. Gifford.*

A PERFECT BEAUTY. Perfect beauty is only obtained by pure blood and good health. These acquirements give the possessor a pleasant expression, a fair, clear, skin, and the rosy bloom of health. Burdock Blood Bitters purify the blood and tone the entire system to a healthy action.

OUT of hearts ploughed by contrition spring flowers fairer than ever grew on the hard ground of unbroken self-content. There bloom in them Sympathy and Charity for other erring mortals; and Patience under suffering which is acknowledged to be merited; and lastly, sweetest blossom of all, tender Gratitude for earthly and heavenly blessings felt to be free gifts of Divine love.—*Francis Power Cobbe.*

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE!

REMARKABLE STATEMENT OF PERSONAL DANGER AND PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we cannot excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers, even though its length would ordinarily preclude its admission to our limited space.

To the Editor Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat:

SIR, On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain and sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar colour and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My water was filled with tube-casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages!

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation, by means of a remedy, which he urged me to try. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I decided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in

the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity) but has the symptoms of nearly every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy or heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. Certain agony and probable death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequence. J. B. HILTON, M.D., ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30.

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

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