## God's Nearness.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Though he be not far from every one of us."—Ac. 17. 27.

You have, perhaps, seen those livers which people use, through a glass, to see all that the fleas are doing. You have watched them busy in the cells. All the world is but a hive of this sort to the mind of God. You could not read the designs and intents of the bees, but the Lord has read your thoughts and imaginations. Would some of you have acted as you do now if you had realized the Divine presence? Would you have dared to go such lengths as you have gone, if you had seen him as he has seen you? 'Hush,' they say, when they are speaking evil of any person, 'here he comes.' Why did you not hush, since God was there? Servants who have wasted their master's time will hurry up when they see that he is near: how is it that you have not only loitered, but done mischief while your Master has been looking over your shoulder?

HOW IMPIOUS IS THAT SIN

which is done in spite of the presence of God! Furthermore, if God be so near, this shows the evident impossibility of deceiving him. God is not mocked. Thinkest thou that if thou will go to God's house that will avail thee, thou guest not to God? Dost thou imagine that to repeat certain gracious words will suffice, though thy heart be wandering on the mountains of vanity? Hast thought that to make a religious profession will be enough and that God will be so duped, as to think that he can be deceived when he is near thee, around thee, and within thee? Beware, I beseech you, of having any dealings with God but those which are in downright honesty. We must be true to the core before the All-seeing One. A lie to our fellow men is meanness, but a lie to God is madness. That God is so near to us as we are to ourselves should make us greatly ashamed if, in any way, we seem to be what in the depths of our being we are not.

There is a bright side to this great truth of the Divine nearness. If God is not far from each one of us, then

HOW HOPEFUL IS OUR SEEKING

of him! If I seek God, and he is not far from me, I shall surely find him. How perceptible must repentance be! If God be near you, he sees that tear which just now scalded your cheek. He marks that sigh; he sees that heaving of the breast; that trouble of the soul he also knows; that restlessness he sees. He heard thee, and he pitied thee when yesterday in thy chamber thou wast in an agony of shame and fear. He is there at this moment in thy loneliness and dire distress. A fugitive and a vagabond thou mayest be, but yet the Lord is near. Since the Lord is near to us, how quick will he be to observe our faith! If you, this morning, glance an eye to the cross, the Lord will see your eye looking that way. He sees the feeble as well as the strong; if thou hast but a grain of mustard seed of faith, he will at once discern it.

If God be so near thee, poor soul, how readily he can reveal himself to thee! I know how sadly you are urged to despair, and yet, ere the clock hath finished the half hour, your despair may vanish. There is nothing between thee and thy Saviour but thine unbelief. Let unbelief go and then shalt see Jesus, to thy heart's joy. A prisoner was taken out to die, and as he rode

IN THE DEATH CART

his heart was heavy at the thought of death, and none could cheer him of all the throng. The gallows tree was in sight, and this blotted out the sun from him. But lo, his prince came riding up in hot haste bearing a free pardon. Then the man opened his eyes, and as though he had risen from the dead, he returned to happy consciousness. The sight of his prince had chased all gloom away. He declared that he had never seen a fairer countenance in all his days; and when he read his pardon he vowed that no poetry should ever be dearer to his heart than the few lines of sovereign grace. Friends, I remember well when I was in the death cart, and Jesus came to me with pardon. Death and hell were before me; but I rejoiced exceedingly when I saw the nail-prints in his hands and feet, and the wound in his side. When he said, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee," I thought I never saw such loveliness before, and never heard such music in all my days. Nay, it was not mere thought; I am sure my judgment was right.

I read in the life of John Wesley, a story of Methodist meeting in a barn, and how certain of the villagers, who were afraid to break through the door, resolved to place one inside who would open the door to them during the service, that they might disturb the congregation. This person went in before the service began, and concealed himself in a sack in a corner of the barn. When the Methodists began to sing, he liked the tune so well that he would not get out of the sack till he heard it through. Then followed a prayer, and during the prayer, God worked on

THE MAN IN THE SACK

so that he began to cry for mercy. The good people looked around, and were astonished to find a sinner in a sack seeking a Saviour. The door was not opened to the mob after all; for he who intended to do so was converted. It does not matter why the people come to hear the gospel: God can bless them in any case. If Christ is preached, men will be saved, even if they come to disturb. 'Sir,' said one to me, 'I had been to bargain about a pair of ducks on Sunday morning, and I passed by the door, and I thought I would just look in. There and then the Lord met with me, and those ducks were forgotten, for I found a Saviour.' He is not far from any; and, in answer to believing prayer, he can deal with men and turn their hearts to himself. Wherefore work on! Go round with your tracts this afternoon. God is not far away from those houses. Stand on the street-corner and preach; God is not far away from those who pass by. Go to your Sunday school class, for God is not far from any one of the children. Work with hope for the Lord is near you.

The presence of God, which cheers is life, also sustains in death. He is not far from any one of us, when all the world flies far away. Go your way and make no bargain as to whether you live or die; only plead that promise, 'Certainly, I will be with thee.' God is with us now, and soon we shall be with him. Until the day break and the shadows flee away, abide with us, O Lord! Amen and Amen.

## Where Mr. Spurgeon Stands.

The November number of the *Sword and Trowel*, it is announced, will contain a full statement of Mr. Spurgeon's position, and of his reasons for withdrawal from the Baptist Union. In the meantime, the report of the sermon delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on the Sunday previous to his announcement of his withdrawal will show that he has not changed his position in the slightest degree. His ground is, indeed, that the Baptist Union has changed, in tolerating among its members those who no longer believe and teach the doctrines of grace. The London *Baptist* thus reports the sermon in question, which had as its text John 1:29, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world":

After pointing out that John was the morning star heralding the rising Sun, and that he could only be accounted for by knowing Jesus, urging incidentally that each hearer might be able to apply this truth to himself, Mr. Spurgeon went on to note the special character under which John was to bear witness of Christ. He did not know as much about Christ as we did, under the revelation of the Spirit, but enough to understand him as an example. Yet the one main thing that struck John was that he had come into the world to be a sacrifice for sin. He did not say "Behold the great exemplar," nor "Behold the king and leader of the new dispensation," but the first point he harped upon was "Behold him as come to be the great propitiation." This, therefore, must be a very practical truth. The sum and substance of John's teaching was "Repent, bring forth works meet for repentance." There must, therefore, be something about this truth of vicarious sacrifice which had to do with the reformation of manners and the setting up of a kingdom of righteousness throughout the world. Mr. Spurgeon wished everybody would see this—how intimate was the connection between the very creation and result of repentance and the sin-bearing of Christ. The more preachers had to do with penitent sinners, the more success in bringing men as penitents before their God, the more would they need to say again and again and again, until this message absorbs all others, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." There was a special opportunity for John to proclaim the example of Christ because he had just seen him come out of the wilderness after his forty days' and forty nights' triumph over the powers of darkness, which was really an epitome of his entire life. John might have spoken by the spirit of inspiration and said, "Behold the great conqueror of sin, the great exemplar who stands firm under every temptation. Him you are exhorted to copy and imitate." But, lo! his eye rested not on that; the blood wounds were before him, the sacrificial character of this wonderful being, who now stood in the midst of the throng, was enwrapping his whole soul. "Brethren," continued Mr. Spurgeon with vehement utterance, "as for me, I desire to have my thoughts of Christ concentrated on this one point henceforth forevermore. The times remaining (and here Mr. Spurgeon spoke with considerable emotion) in which I make speak to you may be few. There are so many others dealing with other aspects of the truth that I may leave them to do their very best or worst. It shall be mine to give my whole soul to this, to set before you the Lamb of God.

"Notice, then," said Mr. Spurgeon, "that John set forth Christ as a sacrifice with evident personal perception that he was that one sacrifice. When a man says 'Behold!' he sees something himself very strongly, and he desires you to see it. Therefore he cries, 'Behold! behold!'" Some of his brethren (Mr. Spurgeon went on to urge) would tell men anything they thought, anything they excogitated out of their wonderful brains, but a servant of God had no business to do anything of the kind. Until he got a message straight from his Master, he had no authority to speak at all. He could truly say that he preached not this doctrine as an alternative, having something else that he might preach. He preached this or nothing. He knew "nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and him crucified," who made an end of sin and brought in everlasting righteousness. This was a gospel worth believing, worth living for, and worth dying for. Let all else be scourged that came in its way. It was the grandest fact in all the history of the ages. Mr. Spurgeon said he did not know what happened before this world was made, and he did not care. He did not know what was going to happen when the sun, moon, and stars should all disappear like sparks from the anvil; but it was impossible any fact could equal this—that the Son of God was made human nature, and in that nature bore sin and bore it away. A great leader in religion had just said we did not understand what the Atonement meant, and that nobody could give a definition of it. Where had the man lived? Where is he? What would he do when he came to die? Mr. Spurgeon thanked God he had this definition: "He, his own self, bare our sins in his body on the tree." He could live and die on that. And as to questions about it, nooh! he could not endure them. Might God keep them steadfast in the faith! The apostle, in crying "Behold the Lamb!" did not do so on purpose to be side by side with other people. John was not a man cut out of brown paper after the shape of two or three dozen of the same kind; and when men came to preach the gospel earnestly, it was not because they wanted other men to back them up. He thanked God that what he himself believed he should believe if he were the last man left. Saved men could not help telling to others their own experience of salvation. If there were fifty other gospels, he would charge men to leave them all for this one of substitution by sacrifice, as alone affording satisfaction to the human conscience.

## One of the Lord's Poor.

Deacon Thomas and his good wife sat alone by the wide, open fireplace, in the "best room" of the old gray farmhouse, which had sheltered three generations of the Thomas family, and was good enough, the deacon often declared, for three generations more.

Ah, that was it. That was one reason why the worthy couple used the "best room" as common, to the envious wonder of all the neighbors, though to be sure, good Betsey Thomas thought more of health and comfort than of fading her parlor carpet.

What disturbed them most was the fact that no children had blessed their union of over forty years, and the homestead must pass into other hands when they were done with it.

"Not that 'twill make much odds to us when we're dead," said the old man, with a sigh, "but I'd like to know that it was kinder in the family. What d'ye say to taking a child, Betsey, one of the Lord's poor, to kinder be a son to us, and have the old farm when we are gone?"

"If we could be sure we'd find the right kind, Abram. Some of 'em is ungrateful, I've heard, and I—"

The sentence was interrupted by a timid knock at the front door.

"Who can it be at this time of the night?" ejaculated the good woman, as she hastily opened it.

There, in the rain and cold of the spring thaw, stood a thinly-clad boy, who seemed not more than ten years, although his pinched face had an older look.

"What do you want, my boy?" asked the deacon kindly.

"Nothing, please, sir, only to get warm. I saw the light—I've been travelling all day. I was cold and hungry, and——"

"Hungry, I shouldn't wonder. Bless my soul, you shan't say that long," and the clatter of dishes in the kitchen told of Aunt Betsey's hospitable haste, while her more cautious husband went on with his questions, looking kindly at the lad, who shivered as he stretched his thin hands to the cheerful warmth.

"A-ah! Where'd you come from?"

"From Brownville. I've been working in the factory there."

"What's your name?"

"Frank Neddo."

"How old are you?"

"Thirteen."

"Humph, thought you were about ten."

"I'm little, but I was thirteen last August."

"U'um! Where's your home?"

"I ain't got no home. Seems if there wasn't no room for me anywhere," and the thin lips quivered as he gazed into the glowing bed of coals under the great forge log, and bravely winked back the tears that filled his great solemn eyes.

"No room! Abram, we have room, and nobody to fill it. Perhaps the good Lord sent him to us," whispered Aunt Betsey, as she paused a moment by her husband's chair. Then she added aloud,

"Come, now, and eat a bite. Here, there's nothing so warming as good ginger tea. Eat all you want. My, Abram! Don't it do you good to see him? Poor thing!"

But Deacon Thomas was in a brown study, from which he did not arouse himself until the boy returned to the fireside.

"A-hem!" he began deliberately, eyeing him keenly over his glasses. "How would you like to live here, Frank?"

"Here! with you?" asked the boy, with incredulous eyes.

"Yes, here. Want a boy to look after the cattle, and the hens, and—and me, eh, wife?"

"There's lots left of that homespun to make him a suit," said Aunt Betsey, softly, mentally taking his measure and talking to herself.

"I do—I'd like to stay," breathed the boy, as if such a fortune were not for him.

"Stay it is, then. I see wife has already settled it. You shall have a home here as long——as long as you deserve it. Now you'd better go to bed and rest."

Aunt Betsey's nimble fingers soon furnished him a warm suit of clothes, and it was really wonderful what a change good victuals and plenty of them made in his pinched, old-looking face. He grew rosy and plump, a merry look brightened his solemn eyes, but they were always filled with a loving glance for Aunt Betsey and Uncle Abram, as he learned to call the worthy couple, who grew to love him as a son.

"The Lord heard us," Aunt Betsey would say solemnly, whenever the subject was mentioned. "He knew we warn't fit to choose for ourselves, and he sent us a blessing in his own way. And you wouldn't think it was the same boy now, would you?"

A year passed, and the deacon was called to a distant State by the illness of a brother.

Aunt Betsey was in despair.

"Not that I don't want you to go, Abram," she said earnestly, "but I most know something'll happen. I drempt of snakes last night. They was big ones twisted around the cats, and you looking out of the car windows."

"Pho, wife! I thought you had more sense, Betsey. Dreams never mean nothing," said the deacon, with more impatience than he often showed. "So did I dream last night.—I drempt I was dead."

"There!"

"Well, you are a fool—ish woman, Betsey. You're nervous, I suppose. I won't be gone more than a week, and there's Frank to do the chores, you know."

"Y-e-s." But it was evident enough that Aunt Betsey's comfort went with him.

The next day it began to rain—a dismal, chilly down-pour, as spring rains are apt to be. The brown earth appeared in patches on the hillsides, the river overflowed its fetters, then the weather gradually changed, until the rain-soaked earth glittered with frozen ice drops.

"It'll be nice skating if it freezes hard enough," said Frank, who had been to the bank to test the ice for the twentieth time, and he looked longingly at the pair of bright new skates.

"Don't try it till you're sure 'his safe," cautioned Aunt Betsey. "It appears as if it really wasn't done raining yet. We may have another wet spell. Do the chores as nice as you can, for, if nothing happens, your Uncle Abram will come in the midnight train."

The boy did his work with a light heart, and made everything neat and tidy for the deacon's inspection. Then he layed down upon his bed with his clothes on, to be ready to welcome him when he came, and was soon asleep.

Aunt Betsey, too, slept soundly, in spite of her anxiety.

Suddenly Frank started up. His room was filled with a red flickering light, and the little window towards the river glowed strangely. Just then the great clock down stairs struck eleven heavy, measured strokes. He sprang from the bed and hastened to the window; then he recoiled, with a low cry of horror.

The railroad bridge was on fire, and Deacon Thomas was to come on the midnight train.

There was not time to go to the lower bridge, two miles further down the river, and in a moment his plan was made. He stole softly down-stairs, snatched his skates from the nail behind the kitchen stove, and crept out at the back door. He didn't awaken Aunt Betsey. Maybe she would not know until all was safe. Her room was on the other side of the house, away from the fire.

Swiftly he ran along the road to the village, a quarter of a mile away.

The villagers were gathered upon the shore in excited groups. The women were weeping silently, and the men talking in eager low tones.

"It can't be done. The ice ain't much thicker than window glass, and the under ice is worse than none at all; it is so rotten and full of air-holes. God help them, for we can't! The train is almost due now. Deacon Thomas is on board, too, they say."

"And so is my son." It was Squire Davis, the richest man in the village, that spoke. "Are you men to let them die before your eyes? There must be some way. I'll give a thousand dollars to the one that stops that train. Go! Are you all cowards? There they come now!"

"Not cowards, squire, but it's certain death to cross that ice, and we can't go 'round by the lower bridge," answered a voice firmly, as the red, glowing headlight of the coming train rounded a curve two miles away.

"They won't see the fire in season to stop the train after they pass the last curve," groaned the squire, as he sank down upon his knees and covered his face.

"See! See!"

"Who is it?"

"He can't do it!"

"Yes, he will, it's a boy!"

Squire Davis staggered to his feet and looked eagerly towards the river, directed by many pointing fingers.

A slender form was darting from the shore, across the thin ice, that bent under his flying feet. A brave, boyish face looked resolutely forward in the light of the burning bridge.

"It's the deacon's boy!" Only that one cry, and the crowd waited with bated breath, and the squire uttered a silent prayer for his success.

The rumbling of the train could be heard above the crackling of the flames on the further shore. Once his skates broke through the thin ice; he stumbled, nearly fell, recovered himself, and sped on with redoubled speed; then the groan on the shore was succeeded by a faint cheer, hushed almost before begun.

He reached the opposite shore in safety, snatched off his skates, climbed the slippery bank, and ran along the track towards the bend, swinging his cap above his head.

Would they heed his signal?

There was a short, sharp whistle of danger, a confusion of voices, a hurried eagerness to "down the brakes," and the puffing engine moved slower and slower, and at last stopped within a few feet of the burning bridge.

The passengers rushed out excitedly, and shuddered at their narrow escape. And there was no happier one among them all than Deacon Thomas, who stood proudly by Frank's side as he modestly told his story.

"It would have been awful," he concluded, with a glance at the groups of passengers, and a shuddering look at the river, fifty feet below, "but I didn't think of any one but you, Uncle Abram. I felt as if I must stop the train and save you."

The train went back to the station it had just left, and the passengers were taken to the village by the teams which came to them by the lower bridge.

When Frank and the deacon reached the house, Aunt Betsey was still sleeping, and knew nothing of the death which had threatened her husband, and had been averted by the brave, prompt action of the boy to whom they had given the only real home-love he had ever known.

"And now, wife, I don't suppose it will do any good to laugh at you about those dreams. You'll believe them more than ever," he said, when the story was told.

"I really shall, Abram," she replied, with tears in her eyes, and then she placed a hand on Frank's head in a silent blessing.

"Well, well, no matter. But I think there is no danger, now, that our boy will ever prove ungrateful. To-morrow we will take him down to Squire Davis and give him legal right to our name, and to inherit this old homestead when we are done with it.

"Oh, Uncle Abram—" began Frank.

"Not a word, my boy. We shall always bless the cold, rainy night that brought you to our door. You shall be our son, and—and—if you could call us father and mother—"

He finished the sentence, it is true, but the words were not audible, for Frank's arms were around his neck, and Aunt Betsey's arms were around them both.

Deacon Thomas and his wife are old now, very old, but they have a safe haven of rest in the protecting love of their "son," the friendless lad who came to their door, only one among the many unhappy souls of the "Lord's poor."

"And the deacon takes no truer pleasure than in talking of his boy, and telling this story to the little ones that cluster around his knee, and give him the name of "Grandpa."—*The American.*

## How Fast Fritz Grew.

"Grandpa!" shouted a little boy, bounding into a sunshiny porch, where an old white haired man sat reading his paper, "grandpa, I'm seven years old to day, and I've got on trowsers, and I'm going to begin to go to school."

"Why, why!" said the old gentleman, laying down his paper, "how many things are happening all together?"

Grandpa was about as far from the end of his life as Fritz was from the beginning, and there seemed a wide difference between the bent form, white hair and feeble gait of the one, and the shinning bright curls that shook and nodded at the bounding steps of the other. Yet grandpa and Fritz were great chums, and loved and understood each other perfectly.

"And now, grandpa, measure me up against your wall," continued our schoolboy, "so that I can tell just how much I have grown by the beginning of another term."

So grandpa took out his pencil, and while Fritz stood with his back to the wall, very stiff, and still and straight, grandpa put his spectacle case on the boy's head, to get his exact level, and marked him off on the clean, white paint, writing his name and age, and the day of the month and year.

"But, stop, Fritz," said grandpa, "I've only measured one-third of you."

Fritz looked puzzled.

"Is your body all of you?" asked grandpa.

"No, sir; I s'pect I've got a mind, too," answered Fritz; but he spoke doubtfully.

"Yes, a mind to do your same with, and a heart to love God and his creatures with. Don't you see I've only measured one-third of you? Come and I'll measure your mind. How much arithmetic do you know? As far as multiplication? Good. And you are in the second reader? Very well. Now write your name down here in my note book, and put these facts down, that I may take the measure of your reading, writing and arithmetic."

Fritz, highly amused, took the pencil, and wrote in a very clumsy hand: "Frederick Jones, multiplication and second reader."

"And what about my heart?" the little boy asked presently.

Grandpa looked very grave, and was silent for a moment. Then he said, "Did you please your mother by getting down in time for prayers this morning?"

"No, sir."

"Did you look for little Sister Lucy's doll that she lost yesterday?"

"No, sir."

"Did you carry Mrs. Parsons the honey she told you to ask your mother for, to help her cough?"

"Why, grandpa, I forgot all about it."

The old man did not say a word, but began to write in his note book; and Fritz, looking over his shoulder, managed to spell out these words: "He that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

A year passed away and again we find Fritz on his grandpa's knee. Grandpa's step is slower and his voice weaker, and his eyesight somewhat dimmer. Fritz is somewhat changed, too. His curls are shorter and his trowsers longer, his shoulders broader, and when he backs up to the wall, behold he is away above last year's mark. He reads in a fourth reader now, and knows something about fractions; and when he writes his name, the letters do not sprawl around as they did last year.

"And how about that other measure?" asks grandpa.

Fritz is silent; but the old man puts his arm around him and says, tenderly, "I heard mamma say yesterday that Fritz was her greatest comfort. Lucy cried when she found Fritz's holiday was over and old Dame Parsons said she would be lost without that boy's helping hand."

Again grandpa wrote in his little book; and though the writing was shaky, Fritz could read it plainly this time: "If ye fulfill the royal law, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' ye do well."

"Now, Fritz, boy," he said, "that's the best growing you've done this year."—*Elizabeth P. Allen.*

## What Chris Liked.

Chris had bright red hair and bright blue eyes. When he came into the street-car, the March wind had blown a rosy color into his cheeks so that he looked like a very bright boy. He went to the front end of the car to put his fare into the box, and when he came back, a young lady was entering the door. Chris sat down opposite to her, and waited until she had drawn from her purse the little black which was the ticket used on the line. Before she had time to even raise her eyes, she saw a red mitten held out before her, and dropped the ticket into it with a pleased "Thank you."

But before Chris could get back again, his seat was taken. Three or four passengers had come in, and the car was quite full. The pretty young lady had for a neighbor an old woman with a brown veil tied around her head, and who wore a shiny alpaca dress, with coarse black lace sewed in the sleeves. She had placed on the floor a thick, brown paper bundle, fully two feet long, and of course, with such a thing at her feet, she could not get up very easily. So Chris offered to carry her fare for her, and she thanked him with a grateful smile; she had a very pleasant face. It took her some time to find her pocket, and while Chris was waiting he collected tickets and five cent pieces, quite like a young conductor. The old lady finally handed him a quarter, and, as he had to get change from the driver, he was away so long that the car had stopped again before he returned. This time it was to let some of the passengers out; and the young lady looked up at Chris, and motioned for him to take the vacant place at her side.

'I am very glad that have a seat at last,' she said, 'for you lost yours by your kindness to me; and you have been kept busy ever since.'

'O!' said Chris, 'I like to put my money in the box.'

'I think you like to be obliging, don't you?' asked the young lady.

At this, the red color in the boy's cheeks, which had grown a little paler since he was sheltered from the wind, became bright again. He did not know what to say, but was sure he ought to make some reply.

"I guess so,' he answered, and then tried to let the young lady see that he was looking very earnestly at the store window in front of which they were stopping. But for all that, he saw a thin faced gentleman come slowly in, and was instantly on his feet again, saying eagerly 'Here is a seat, sir.'

The gentleman looked very tired and pale, and Chris thought he must be just recovered from a sickness. Of course there was now another fare to be paid, and he did it with a business like air, as if one accustomed to his work.

'Have I taken your seat?' asked the gentleman. It was very kind in you to give it up to an old man.'

Now Chris had not thought him old, though he looked feeble; and he was all at once afraid that in his haste he might have forgotten to be polite. For without knowing how to put it into words, he knew that we are seldom really kind when we act as if we think ourselves so.

'I like to stand and hold on to a strap.'

Then, his eye happening to fall on the old woman's big bundle, he began to wonder whether it were heavy and she had far to carry it, she would not let him take it a little way. All at once he became aware that they were crossing the street in which he lived, and that it was already supper-time. He gave the bell rope a quick jerk, and the car stopped. Three faces looked up as he passed, and gave him three bright smiles. One was the gift of the pale gentleman, one was from the pleasant faced old woman, and one from the pretty young lady. Although it was six o'clock in the evening, he had a feeling as if the sun were shining on him, and he had always liked to be in the sunshine.—*Catharine Holmes.*

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PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

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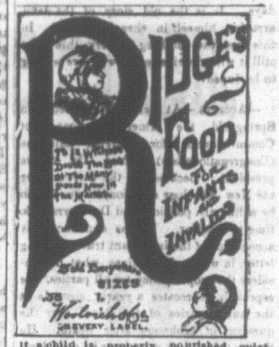


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**1887.—APRIL.—1887.**

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