The Nearness of God.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

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

When man disobeyed his God he died spiritually, and that death consisted in the separation of his soul from God. From that moment man began to think that God was far away, and this has since been his religion in all ages. But the living God is not far from anyone of us; for, "In him we live, and move, and have our being."

That God is near by his omnipresence and by his gracious dealings with men, is the clear teaching of the inspired volume. To the enlightened mind God is evidently seen to be near in the works of nature. So also is the Lord very near in providence. Albeit that this godless age seeks to banish God, yet he is present in the transactions of every day. All things come of him, both the little and the great. He ordains, and rules, and overrules. Pestilence and famine, earthquake and hurricane, are his heavier trends; and the days and nights, harvests and springtides, are his gentler footsteps. The events of history, whether on a large or small scale, betray an evident design and arrangement. All things work together with singular accuracy and punctuality, to accomplish a lofty purpose. It is the fashion nowadays to say that these are coincidences. It is a pretty word for boys to play with. Some of us observe God's providence and we are never without a providence to observe. We see the hand of God in daily life, and we are glad to do so, though we are laughed at as poor fools. Those who can see may well be content to hear the jeers of the blind.

God is so near to us that he hears the prayers of his people, and orders events in correspondence to those prayers. Do you doubt this? Do you tell me that the many answers to prayer which we joyfully narrate, are mere coincidences? I have patience to answer you. Yet let me tell you of some strange incidents which happened to me yesterday. In the morning, when I came into my study, I needed to break my fast. I had scarcely wished it before my breakfast was on the table. During the day I wished for a glass of water. In a few minutes it stood by my side. I required some one to take a telegram to the post-office for me. Heigh! Presto! A suitable messenger appeared. Was this magic? The evening came on, and I desired to have the lamps lighted and the curtains down. In a few seconds my desire was accomplished. Were these matters "mere coincidences?" "No," cries one, "you rang the bell." Now I come to think of it, some one did pull at a handle; but I saw no bell. Yet you assure me that the ringing of a bell accounts for it all. I will not argue the point with you. Only when I yield to you I want you also to yield to me when I tell you that we pray to the Lord our God, and that we receive answers to our prayers.

Our daily experience is that prayer is answered by the Lord our God, for he is near to fulfil his promises, and to grant the petitions of them that put their trust in him. You believe in the power of the bell, and we believe in the power of prayer. Our speaking to the living God is as much a fact and a reality to us as the ringing of a bell to you; why, then, do you heap scorn upon us? Why do you snuff us out with your big talk about coincidences? Snuff away! We shall not pray any the less so long as in our experience we find the Lord so swift to hear, so bountiful to bless.

First, I am going to address myself for a little to those who only feel after him, but as yet have not perceived him; and then I shall speak to those who have found him, and who know by experience how near he is to his chosen.

I. To those of you who are feeling after God, I speak in deep earnestness. Like blind men who grope for the wall, you stretch out your hands to feel after him. Rejoice, for he is not far from you! What then? How impious is sin when seen in this light!

You have, perhaps seen those hives which permit you, through a glass, to see all that the bees are doing. You have watched them busy in their 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 sinned as you have done if you had realized the Divine presence? Would you have dared to go to 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 wilt go to God's house that will avail thee, though thou goest 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 thou thought that to make a religious profession will be enough? and that God will be so duped as to think thee his servant and his child, if thou takest upon thee the names which belong to such relationship? Dost thou think that he can be deceived when he is near thee, around thee, within thee? Beware, I beseech you, of having any dealings with God but those which are downright honesty. We must be true to the core before the All-seeing One. A lie to our fellow-men is measurable, 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.

But, hark! this shows us how vain is all hope of escape from God! What if a man says there is no God? God *is* all the same. What if a man forgets God, and therefore ceases to tremble? There is as much cause for trembling as ever, and somewhat more.

How perceptible must repentance be! If God be near you, he see 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 knows; that restlessness he sees. He heard thee, and he pitied thee when yesterday in thy chamber thou wept in an agony of shame and fear. He sees thee at this moment in thy loneliness and dire distress. A fugitive and a vagabond thou mayst be, and yet the Lord is near. Since the Lord is near to us, how quick will he be to perceive 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 that 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 thou 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 for 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 those few lines of sovereign grace. Friends, I remember well when I was in that 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.

II. The time is too short, therefore I must turn at once to God's people and speak to those who have found the Lord. Brothers, you need not that I seek out choice words when I speak to you. You are soldiers, and you only want short sentences, such as captains give to the ranks. I say to you, redeemed by precious blood, and made sensitive to the all-surrounding God, note how strictly God observes us! Let us walk in his sight, let us live in his presence. I charge you, remember that the Lord your God is a jealous God. Under such weighty obligations to him, and bound to him by such marvellous ties of love, live—live obediently, live intensely, live with concentration of heart and mind and strength; live wholly unto him. Being ever in his sight, let him always before you. Be your life such as life should be in the light that beats about the throne of Deity.

If God be not far from us, let us see how readily he hears our prayers! I am sometimes startled at the power of a feeble prayer to win a speedy answer. "Startled," you will say: why am I startled? for it is written: "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Yes, it is so written, but we do not always apprehend the fact. When the promise comes speedily to pass, have you never felt your flesh creep with a solemn awe in the presence of God, who has so remarkably drawn near at the voice of prayer? The presence of incessant occupation racks your mind, but it would be less if you felt that God is there to help.

If the Lord be thus near us, how speedily he can renew our graces! Alas! our souls too often need restoring; but blessed be his name, he is at hand to renew our life. I confess with shame that I have felt dull and dead and heavy, and I thought it was the weather, or my bodily weakness, or some other matter; but whatever was the cause, I have found only one cure. In a moment, quicker than the twinkling of an eye, I have been lifted into life and love and light and energy; I have awakened in the night with all the bells of my soul ringing out peals of praise. Plato used to say that by thought the soul could get out of the body. I am not philosopher enough to know whether this is true or not; indeed, I never tried to quit my body, for I am afraid I might not find my way back again; but this I know, that by the spiritual life the spirit can rise above the body. Some grievous ache, some bitter pain, has made you feel as if you did not care to live, and yet a flash of sacred joy has gone through you, and you have laughed at the pain, and have even been quickened by it. If God be near us, brothers, infinite resources are near us. We need not be unbelieving, we need not be sorrowful, we need not be afraid. We need not be the captives of sin; we are able to overcome it by the Divine help. We can master ourselves, for God is near to give us the victory.

I read in the life of John Wesley a story of Methodists 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 the Saviour. The door was not opened to the mob after all; for he who intended to do so was converted.

This presence of God, which cheers in 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.

To a Christian Matured.

It is an error to suppose that a large part of one's life must pass before a ripened religious character is made possible. It is, indeed, true that ordinarily the graces of the Spirit are matured through the trying experiences and steady growth of the years. But it is not always so; time is not an absolutely essential factor in this glorious transformation. Like the buds and blossoms of spring time, the divine grace of humility, charity and faith may burst forth as in an hour. Long before reaching the utmost of intellectual capacity, the soul may find its rest of faith; may come into such blissful union with Christ; may possess such sweetness of holy tempers, such breadth of charity, and such submission to God's will, as that the redemption of the cross will be wonderfully magnified thereby.

A young friend, of generous culture and flattering earthly prospects, was suddenly stricken down by disease. All human skill was baffled. Whatever offered the slightest promise of restored health was at his command; travel at home and abroad; assiduous care on the part of admiring friends; all that love could suggest or do. To save his life nothing was omitted within the limits of possibility. Yet all was in vain. The passing months witnessed only the slow advances of a disease that overshadowed the fatal end. One day, near the very close, as his anxious father bent near his bedside, a gentle word told the whole story of a sanctified heart. "This," he said, "is only the marching orders of my heavenly Father. It is all right."

His feet had already passed into the "most holy" place. There, beneath the outstretched wings of protecting love, he rested. There his own choice was completely lost in the divine purpose. There, in the realm of full sunshine, where shadows of regret are nevermore known, he listened with delight to the "marching orders" of his infallible Guide and Friend. The tedious years of heart struggle were not necessary. The "cleansing blood"—all that may be regarded strictly necessary for any soul—was his portion. Through this, and this alone, he became "complete." The spiritual sense of what he was yet to be came into his soul. He comprehended the measureless possibilities of that higher sphere; that this new sphere would demand the perfect enlistment of perfected spiritual energies.

"Marching orders." Yes, indeed! Spiritual advancement enjoyed and perfected amid new relations, and all beneath the eye of his glorious Captain and divine King, he saw in that closing earthly hour.

Let Christian youth everywhere press toward the mark for the prize of their high calling. Salvation is free and full for every one. Let them early seek and find. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

A Long-Remembered Sermon.

One week-day afternoon in the Autumn of 1619, a congregation gathered at a chapel in the village of Dedham, near Cambridge, to listen to a sermon by John Rogers, an aged Puritan preacher, one of those children of John Rogers the martyr who stood with their mother and witnessed their father's death at the stake.

The place was crowded, and the assembly hung upon the lips of the man of God, and listened with careful attention to his words. His theme was the study of the Scriptures, and he most solemnly reproved the people for their neglect of the Word of God, and in his reproof he personated the Divine Being, and on His behalf spoke as follows.

"Well, I have trusted you so long with my Bible; you have slighted it. It lies in your houses, all covered with dust, and cobwebs. You care not to look into it. Do you use my Bible so? Well, you shall have my Bible no longer." And then, taking it up, he turned as if to carry it away. Then, turning back again, he personated the people of God, and falling on his knees commenced to plead most earnestly:

"Lord whatsoever thou dost to us, take not thy Bible from us. Kill our children, burn our houses, destroy our goods, only spare us thy Bible: take not away thy Bible."

Then again personating the heavenly Father, he continued,

"Say you so? Well, I will try you a little while longer. Here is my Bible for you. I will see how you will use it, whether you love it more, whether you will value it more, whether you will practice it more, and live more according to it."

The effect of such a plea upon the crowded congregation can hardly be imagined. The people were melted into tears, and carried from that place impressions never to be effaced. Sixty years after, the eminent Thomas Goodwin told the learned John Howe the story of that day, when he, a college boy of sineteen, listened to those words of power and pathos, and, after the congregation was dismissed, went out to the grove and assayed to mount his horse and return to Cambridge, but found himself to deeply effected and too weak to do it, but bowed his head upon his saddle and wept for a quarter of an hour. And there was awakened in his heart that day a love of God's Word which never died out, and there was kindled in his soul a flame which burned to life's latest hour. Would that the repetition of this story might prove to some souls like the touch of the bones of Elisha the prophet to the dead body that was cast into his sepulcher, and might quicken them to a new life and a new love for that Word which liveth and abideth forever.

A Pastor's Word to those Recently Converted.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—You are just beginning a Christian life. It is of the highest moment that you should have right and clear ideas as to what that life is, and how to carry it on. Let me suggest a few things that will help in this.

1. Remember that you are now God's children. You have been born into his family; you are therefore, no longer to seek to do your will but his will; you are not your own, but have been bought with a price, even with the precious blood of Christ; you are, hence, consciously and earnestly and always to seek to do what will honor God. Your one supreme rule of life is, whatsoever you do, to do all to the glory of God. If you settle this at the outset, as a first principle of Christian life, you will avoid many stumbling-blocks and difficulties further on. Remember, that religion, following Christ, obeying God, is in no sense a matter which depends on your feeling. Make it a point to do your duty, whatever it is, whether you feel like it or not. Never neglect reading your Bible, or praying, or going to church or prayer-meeting, because you do not feel like it; say rather I am to do my duty, feeling or no feeling. Right-doing brings right-feeling.

2. Be steadfast and not periodical Christians. Do not allow yourselves to think that you cannot live consistently all the time. The true branch abides in the vine. The Spirit of Christ dwells always in the true believer, and is ready every moment moment to impart wisdom, courage, patience and ensure victory over every besetting sin within, and every foe without. Keeping ever close to Christ will make your life like his—a life without paroxysms, or eclipses, or breaks.

3. Put honor upon God's word. Let there be no day without the reading of the Bible and prayer. Better give up one meal a day than miss the feeding of your soul on God's manna. Better part with any other treasure than the "still hour." There is nothing like starting the day with an interview with God.

4. Honor the Lord's day. The keeping of no commandment goes more to the heart of all Christian life then this. To make little of it, by allowing habits of travel, or visiting, or pleasure-seeking, or reading of Sunday papers, is to bring certain leanness upon the soul—is to weaken, if not destroy, one's testimony. The world rates Christians as they rate God's commands.

5. Be faithful in little things. There is a great temptation to be careless here, and dismiss as trivial many omissions of duty or failures to hold to a high Christian standard. Remember that we are to present our bodies a living sacrifice unto God—are to seek to be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. Faithfulness is the great test of true discipleship. The balance that goes wrong in ounces, or quarter ounces goes wrong in pounds. One mistake in a column of figures spoils a balance sheet. He that is faithful in that which is least, and only he, will be faithful also in much.

6. See that no man take your crown. Forget the things behind, and reach forth unto those before, pressing toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Having received the gift of eternal life, live worthy of the gift, holding in high regard the rewards promised of God, as did Moses, who esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt, because he had respect unto the recompense of the reward. It is one thing to have sin forgiven—another thing to render such service as insures abundant and rich reward. The wages of sin is death, the gift of God eternal life; and the wages of God surpass in value all that has entered into the heart of man to conceive! Lay hold upon that for which God laid hold upon you, and let not the rewards reserved for you be passed over to others more faithful. Let no man take thy crown.—*Dr. Goodwin, Chicago.*

Hiding in the Rock.

'Craigie, have you seen little Jean to-day?' asked Davy. Craigie was an old sailor, and a funny-looking man.

'Have you seen little Jean?' Davy repeated.

'Yes,' said Craigie.

'Please, where?'

'I had just run my boat into the cove there, when I saw little Jean coming along the sands. I thought it was rather risky, knowing the tide would soon turn; but I thought of the 'stairs' yonder, and concluded it would be all right.'

'The stairs!' involuntarily exclaimed Davy.

The stairs were constructed in the side of the cliff, partly of wood, but in places the ascent was helped by the outline of the rock. It was at the worst part of the beach, though, that one took the 'stairs' into which the waves came foaming, and rushing like wild animals all let loose at once. Davy ran with all his might for the stairs and looked down. Did he see her?

Where was little Jean this rough October day?

Little Jean had been in the red school-house at the corner of the roads that afternoon.

'And shall I tie the strings of my little Jean's hat?' said the school-mistress; 'and shall I pin your shawl, dearie? it is time now to go.

'If you please, teacher.'

'And which way will you go home to night, over the pasture or across the sands?'

'Across the sands. It is much the shorter way.'

'But won't the tide turn?'

'Oh, I think not. I can run quick to the 'stairs.' Mother is very sick, and she will need me to help Davy.'

'You help Davy? You are a smart little girl. Let me give you a kiss, dear.'

Little Jean followed the path winding through a ravine down to the sea, and then trotted along the sands.

'How high the rocks are!' she said, watching the seabirds flying about the cliffs. 'And the sea—how ugly it is!'

But what makes the little figure in the red shawl hurry faster along the narrow sands between the sea and the cliffs?

'I believe the tide has turned.' She looked anxiously out to sea.

She saw the water frothing about Wrecker's Ledge, and well understood what the sign meant. The tide had turned and was angrily foaming about the first obstacle.

Now, little one, hurry! hurry! hurry! The tide is coming!

'Where are the 'stairs'?'

Little Jean looked and saw their well worn lines mounting the cliff. If she could only reach them!

The water rolled within six feet of her—four—three! Quick, quick, little one!

It seemed as if the water knew that a little girl was on the sands, and strove hard to overtake her.

Two feet! One foot! And now, as she stood on the lowest step of the 'stairs,' one bold wave washed the fringe of her red shawl. She mounted the second step, and the third also; but the waves were pressing hard after her. A huge wave came rushing and wrathful. It almost touched her. There was a broad shelf of rock above her, and there the cliff receded, making a sheltering hollow. Could she reach it? She would try. Up, up, up, she climbed and gained the place of safety. No wave could reach her there. She threw herself down on the large step, and crept into the hollow; safe, safe, at last! She would rest awhile, she said. And in the care of the tired child the noise of the sea became a monotonous music, hushing her to drowsiness, then to sleep.

She fancied that an angel came to her.

Then the angel seemed to change, and onto his locks went a sailor's cap. He seemed to loose his wings, and put on a fisherman's rough jacket. Then he spoke with Davy's voice, and called to her: 'Little Jean! Little Jean! Darling, what are you doing here?

'O Davy, is this you? I was only hiding; hiding in the rock.'

Then this good human angel took her in his arms, and carried her up the stairs, across the pasture, and so home.

'My little girl had a narrow escape. I wouldn't go across the sands again,' said the mother, stroking Jean's soft hair.

'But I wanted to help you the sooner. I won't go again. I am sorry to worry you, mother.'

'And Davie said that you were hiding in the rock, dear. The Saviour is the precious refuge to his children—a Rock of Safety. Always trust him. Always be found hiding in the rock.'

Little Jean did not forget it.

Through life and when death's dark wave came rolling towards her, she was found hiding, hiding in the rock.—*The Life Boat.*

Vincent Lundberg, of Stockholm, Physician-in-chief to the King of Sweden, recommends Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer for the scalp and hair.

God's Plans.

Many men wreck their lives by determinedly carrying out their own plans without reference to the plans of God. In an army every part, every brigade and regiment, must wait the commander's orders. If any battalion moves independently, though ever so heroically, it not only confuses the whole plan of battle, but brings disaster to itself as well in the end. So each individual must always wait for God's command to move. Keep your eye on the pillar of cloud and fire that leads. Rest when the pillar rests, move when it moves. Never lag behind, but be sure you never run ahead. You can make the clock strike before the hour by putting your own hands to it, but it will strike wrong. You can hurry the unfolding of God's providence, but you will only mar the divine plan unless you wait for him.

You can tear the rose-bud open before the time when it would naturally open, but you destroy the beauty of the rose. So we spoil many a gift or blessing which God is preparing for us by our own eager haste. He would weave all our lives into patterns of loveliness. He has a perfect plan for each. It is only when we refuse to work according to his plan that we mar the web. Stop meddling with threads of your life as they come from the Lord's hands. Every time you interfere you make a flaw. Keep your hands off and let God weave as he pleases. Do you think you know better than he does what your life ought to be?—*The Presbyterian.*

The Pith of the Matter.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

Mrs. Kingsley sighed and placed her hand on her side as though to ease some pain she felt there, then she languidly sank into an easy chair. Mr. Kingsley had just asked her if she had not better go to the evening prayer-meeting, and, repressing the thought that men never knew how tired women get through spring-cleaning time, she said:

"Oh, John, I am so very tired."

"Don't you think it might rest you to sit for an hour in the quiet vestry?" he asked.

She answered the question by asking another:

"Do you think, John, that after a particularly toilsome day at the office it would rest you to go out to the prayer-meeting?"

"It often has," Mr. Kingsley replied.

There followed a few moments' silence, then the tired lady said gently:

"I think I'll try and see if it will rest me too."

It was very restful; better still, it was very helpful, for the subject for the evening was burden-bearing, and the minister emphasized the fact to begin with that we are all burden bearers in this world. This, he went on to say, was not a new truth to any grown person, but the question was how best to fit one's self to bear the weight of care and responsibility encountered in daily life. He argued that could men and women only learn to take duties one by one, it would be a great advance toward settling matters more comfortably, and then, they could practically rely on promised aid as to the strength and the day, much worry could be avoided, and that, he concluded by saying, involved the pith of the matter. In business and in household cares there was often but small realization that not only in times of bereavement or great loss or sore calamity was divine assistance necessary, but in the small details of common, every-day requirements, in the office, the shop, the nursery and the kitchen; a free, vital grip on promises of divine aid was necessary to cheerful, hopeful existence from day to day.

All the next day the pastor's words lingered in Mrs. Kingsley's memory, and in fact, they never were forgotten. "It is true," she said to her husband the next evening, "that it helps amazingly to think of things one by one. When the cleaning first looms up before me I think of all the closets, all the bureau drawers, all the packing chests that must be gone through, I seem to see the carpets all coming up at once with discouraging chaos all around, and it seems a distracting labor even to superintend, to say nothing of all the mistress must do with her own hands. But if I could learn to live only day by day, and that with a realizing sense of the divine presence and assistance so lavishly promised throughout the Scriptures, more than half the battle would be fought at once, and this bugbear of household care might become only simple, easy duty, or if not exactly easy it would lose half its burdens. Our pastor was right; the very pith of the matter is, we fail to realize that help is for those who need it, at any time and under all circumstances; the trouble is we fail to apply some of the promises when most needed."—*Occident.*

The Monkey and the Sugar.

A gentleman in India once gave a tame monkey a lump of sugar inside a corked bottle. The monkey was of an inquiring mind, and it nearly killed it. Sometimes in an impulse of disgust it would throw the bottle away, out of its own reach, and it would be distracted until it was given back to it.

At others it would sit with a countenance of the most intense dejection, contemplating the bottled sugar, and then, as if pulling itself together for another effort at solution, would slowly take up the problem afresh and go into it. It would tilt it up one way and try to drink the sugar out of the neck, and then, suddenly reversing it try to catch it as it fell out at the bottom.

Under the impression that it could capture it by a surprise, it kept raping its teeth against the glass in futile bites, and warming to the pursuit of the revolving lump used to tie itself into regular knots around the bottle. Fits of the most ludicrous melancholy would alternate with spasms of delight as a new idea seemed to suggest itself, followed by a fresh series of experiments.

Nothing availed, however, until one day a light was shed upon the problem by a jar of olives falling from the table with a crash, and the fruit rolling about in all directions. His monkeyship contemplated the catastrophe and reasoned upon it with the intelligence of a Humboldt. Lifting the bottle high in his claws, he brought it down upon the floor with a tremendous noise, smashing the glass into fragments, after which he calmly transferred the sugar to his mouth, and munched it with much satisfaction.

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For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried various remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured. —M. C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, without relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured. —Susan L. Cook, 204 Albany st., Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach. —Millie Jane Peirce, S. Bradford, Mass.

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