The Four Lepers of Samaria.*

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

How came they to make this discovery of the scattering of the army of Syria? These four lepers, how did they come to find out the flight of Syria? First, I suppose, they made the discovery rather, then anybody else because the famine was sorest with them. You see they were lepers out side the gate. In good times they received a daily portion from the town; but you may be pretty sure that the townsmen did not dress themselves on their account. If anybody has to go short, it will probably be those who are spend-at-upon charity. Nobody in the East is excessively eager to feed lepers in times of famine. Probably the Syrians also thought, and even said, "They are best dead; they are no good to anybody; they are suffering; they cannot earn anything, let them die." Besides, when the supplies within the city were exhausted, you could hardly blame the citizens if they sent nothing to the lepers; for those who were themselves without food had nothing to give. Yet the people within the walls could do something or other to palliate their own hunger, they could even resort to horrible cannibalism; but these four lepers were cut off from such desperate resources, they had nobody to kill and eat, and they must therefore die. Then it was that they woke up. Truly, necessity is the mother of invention; and the mother of that blessed invention which finds the Lord Jesus Christ and has finished salvation is the awful necessity of a perishing soul. Let but some men feel the burden of sin, and they will never rest till they come to Jesus. John Bunyan says that he once thought hardly of Christ, but at last he came to such a pitch of misery that he felt he must come to Jesus anyhow; and he says that he verily believed that, if the Lord Jesus had stood before him with a drawn sword in his hand, he would have rushed upon the point of his sword rather than stay away from him. I understand that right well. I would to God that some of you were reduced to so great a necessity that you were driven to the only one who can succor you. Oh, that you were utterly bankrupt! Not a kind wish, say you. Yes, it is. Our complete emptiness constrains us to seek the divine fulness. Look at the prodigal son; so long as he had anything left he did not go home to his father; but when he had spent all his substance, and had become so hungry that he envied the very hogs he fed, then he said, "I will arise and go to my father." Spiritual necessity is that which nerves the soul with courage to cast itself upon sovereign grace in Jesus Christ.

These lepers were driven to go to make the discovery because they felt that they could not be any worse than they were. They said, "If we sit here we shall die; and if the Syrians kill us we shall but die. That feeling has often driven souls to Christ.

"I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

They could but die, and they were sure to die if they sat where they were. Poor soul! are you within reach of my voice? Is your case desperate? Well, then, try faith. You cannot be any worse and you may be better. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. If he should reject you, you cannot be any worse, but then he cannot reject you; for he says, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." I would pray for mercy if I were you. Suppose you are not heard; you cannot be the worse for praying. I would cast myself on Jesus if I were you; you could not be the worse for doing so. Every day I say to myself—

"What though my eye of faith be dim,
I'll hold on Jesus, sink or swim."

I cannot be blamed for trusting to one who has saved so many. O my hearer, there is no risk in the matter; you must be infinitely better for coming to the appointed Saviour! Come and try him. Come at this moment.

Again, these people saw that there was no reason why they should not go, for they said one to the other—"Why sit we here until we die?" They could not find a justification for inaction. They could not say, "We sit here because the king commands us to stop where we are." You cannot say, my dear hearer, that you remain ungodly and unbelieving, because the Lord bids you do so. Far from it. He bids you forsake your ways and your thoughts, and turn unto him and live. His promises [illegible] and their fore be [illegible] "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" These lepers could see that they could have [illegible] because they were chased, or asked to, and so they were compelled to starve in their hole. They could move to the Syrian camp, and the worst they could do was to die there. You also are compelled to be as you are. Is there any reason why you should not go to? Is there any barrier to your trusting the Lord except those in your own heart? You do not compel to remain ungodly, thoughtless, graceless, faithless. You are compelled to be lost; there is no compulsion put upon you to force you away from Jesus and eternal life. Oh, that you would pluck up heart and say, "Why should we sit here until we die?" I hope there is no deadly despair upon you yet; certainly there should not be. These men did not feel that it was certain that they would die if they went to the Syrian camp; they had a little hope, and on that hope they acted, like sensible men. You remember how the people of Nineveh humbled themselves before God with nothing to encourage them, but "Who can tell?" Jonah said, "Forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown;" and they could get no more comfort than the question, "Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not?" Oh, poor troubled heart, who can tell? There may be mercy for you, and not a little mercy, either. The full, rich, eternal mercy of the Lord may be enjoyed by you before the sun goes down. That head of yours may yet wear the starry crown; about your naked loins there shall yet be girt the fair linen of Christ's righteousness. Do not believe the devil if he says you must die. You need not die. Have confidence and venture now to Christ, and you shall find relief. I speak what I know, and know what I speak.

*Read 2 Kings 7: 1-3.

—I desire those of my congregation would make their funeral sermons while they be living, by their virtuous life and conversation.—*Thos. Fuller.*

Out of Place Associationally.

There are various places of resort for the accomplishment of worthy objects, concerning which it may be proper to inquire whether they are not liable to encroach upon the claims of the church of Christ, which ought to be, above all else, as the Christian's home, and his chief medium for doing and getting good—the last place to be neglected for any cause, or in any sense. Of this he may be sure, that in attending to the appropriate duties of the church, and enjoying its privileges, he will hear no inquiry like that addressed to the recreant prophet, Elijah, "What doest thou here?" It is here, especially, that he has an opportunity for doing that which pertains to the glory of God, and the highest welfare of man. This is so, if the church is what it should be, and what it should be made to be, by those who say that it comes short, more or less, of this superlative standard.

Undoubtedly, if all that church members are now doing in works of benevolence outside of the church, were done inside of that Divinely originated body, it would be found all that is needful as a benevolent organization. Unhesitatingly may it be maintained that the mission entrusted to the church is ample enough to enlist all the sympathies and philanthropic exertions of all the members, rendering it unnecessary to look elsewhere for agencies of usefulness; and it is for the serious consideration of all who would be called Christians, whether, if they permit any organization whatever to come at all in competition with the church, they may not be regarded as going into the wilderness like Elijah, and as, like him, exposed to the interrogation, "What doest thou here?"

At the present day, many are attempting to do a great deal out of the church by means of the numerous existing associations which in themselves may be unobjectionable, but which may prove disadvantageous to those connected with them, if they are thereby diverted from doing what they might do *in the church*, and if, on this account, the church is made secondary, or even less than that. Let the church be first in the minds, yea, the hearts, of all who belong thereto; and let all be done inside thereof that can be done there. Not that every member of the church should stand wholly aloof from all that may be done outside of that body; but that they should attend more faithfully to what ought to be done within the most sacred of all associations, than which, none can have superior, or even equal, claims upon interest, time and effort.

By due attention to the proper demands of the church, much that is embraced in the aims of other organizations may be accomplished quite as well, to say the least, as in any other associational connection of whatever name or profession. Nowhere is there such a wide scope for philanthropic endeavor as in the church, as readily appears in considering that in case the distinguishing work of the church is effectually done, then a great deal other work is also done,—as, for instance, when a man is truly converted so as to become a real Christian, he is thoroughly reformed; and in proportion as men are soundly converted, there is a lessened demand for reformatory and benevolent exertions, such as enter into the plans and purposes of numerous associations aside from the church. If a whole community should become radically Christianized, there would soon be very little of intemperance or immorality of any kind, to call for associations designed to hinder pauperism and crime, or to relieve the victims of these evils.

In the multiplication of societies of various names, at the present day, there can hardly fail to be found much that is seriously detrimental to the church, the members of which are, on this account, liable to be diverted from their appropriate work, by becoming workers elsewhere, and hindered from the due observance of regular appointments which are in accordance with their covenant obligations, not to speak of special calls upon their time and effort to which no fitting response is given because of these outside demands. Interest that ought to be enlisted in church work, and church affairs, is taken up in engagements and concerns pertaining to what prove to be rival organizations. Hours that ought to be sacredly devoted to the church, are appropriated to one or more of the numerous associations which virtually outrank the church. This being the case, those thus out of place may hear the ancient inquiry, "What doest thou here?"—*Watchman.*

Waiting—For What?

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

In almost every congregation we ministers confront a certain number of regular hearers who have become as familiar to us as the pews they occupy. They are still unconverted although if any message from heaven should announce to them that they must be converted it would startle them like a explosion of dynamite. They are waiting, not upon God, but after the fashion of the impotent crowd by the Pool of Bethesda, they are waiting for something to turn up. Let me address a few frank loving words to some such, who are in danger of lingering until the highest purpose of life is lost, and the gate of heaven is closed against them.

One of you, perhaps, is waiting for more conviction of sin. How much do you require in order to accept the new life which Jesus offers? What did that cripple at Bethesda require to know and feel except that he was diseased, helpless, and friendless? If your reason admits that you are a sinner, and that unless Jesus saves you you will perish, this is conviction enough to start with. The Bible furnishes no feeling-ometer to determine how badly a guilty soul shall feel before that soul strives to obey God. To tell God that you will never serve Him until He pierces you through with an intense anguish for sin, is an insult; it increases your guilt. No "angel" is going to trouble the stagnant pool of your heart with quickening power while you are disobeying God and insulting the compassionate Saviour. For pungent conviction, or a sudden startling conversion, you need not wait; if you do, you are cheating your soul with a delusion of the devil.

Your immediate duty is condensed into that pithy sentence which Christ uttered to the cripple in the Bethesdan porch, "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk!" You are on a bed of sinful procrastination now, put there by yourself. For all these past years, which have been worse than wasted, you have kept yourself there. Conscience confirms what I say. Every sinner is a sinner because he chooses to be one, and you are no exception. Jesus commands you to forsake your sins (which are diseasing you now, and will damn you hereafter) and follow Him. The instant that you are ready to obey, He gives you strength to obey. He commanded the wretched cripple who had been "in that case" for over thirty years, to stand up! What, on those weak and withered limbs? Certainly; for he could have no others to stand on. And the moment that the man is ready to obey, and makes the honest effort, a new power shoots through the palsied muscles. Christ did not lift him; the man rose up himself on his own limbs; but Christ *gave him the power*. His part in that healing transaction was *faith*; Christ's part was restoring *grace*. Put the two together and you have the history of every true conversion that ever took place, or that is ever likely to occur.

Waiting will not bring conviction, but only increase of guilt. You are under a spell, just where Satan wants to keep you; the first act you honestly perform to please Jesus Christ, breaks the spell. The first sincere prayer you offer for pardon and for divine help, the first sin you refuse because Jesus bids you do so, puts you on your feet. These steps are your steps. A gentleman who had sat under forty years of faithful preaching, came into my study one day and said to me, "I have determined to day to settle the salvation of my soul,"—he did so by giving his heart to God. Many years of happy usefulness have followed that decisive day. But you say "O the Holy Ghost was working upon that man"; so He was, and so has He striven with you a thousand times, and is doing so still. Waiting for the Spirit is only another form of the same delusion. The loving Spirit has waited on you and waited for you to repent and accept Christ, and may not wait much longer. My dear friend, you are fooling with your soul's salvation. When that gentleman of whom I just spoke, quit the mattress of sinful sloth and delay and decided to obey the voice of Christ, his "feet and ankle-bones received strength." He took up his bed and walked—has been walking nobly ever since.

Another person may be waiting for a powerful revival when the waters will be greatly agitated, and then you will be cured of your sins and made whole. A genuine revival signifies the work of the divine Spirit on many hearts at the same time. But Christ nowhere bids you wait for other people to move or be moved. The same truths, the same divine power that moved a whole congregation or community are within your reach at this moment. The question of your soul's salvation is to be settled between you and your Saviour. He led a man *out* of the crowd once when He was about conferring a blessing upon him. The "inquiry-meeting" you need most is an honest hour with Jesus. Christ is as close to you now, and as thoroughly within your reach as He would be if an hundred sinners around you were all praying for mercy, or a whole assembly were melted under the preaching of a Moody or a Mills. Waiting for a revival is only an excuse for hardening the heart. To revive is to live again; what you need is *life* from the death of sin in its first experience. You will get it as soon as you obey Christ's command to "rise, take up your bed, and walk."

It is of no matter to any of you who are lying on the mattress of delay, that some other people have been led to Christ by a "powerful sermon," or a "special providence," or by any particular agency. No one else is a model, and nobody's particular experience is a mould for you to shape your conversion in. The lesson of that scene at Bethesda, yes, and of every true conversion that ever happened, is to *obey Jesus*. Waiting is disobedience. Waiting increases the difficulty and decreases the probability of your spiritual cure. Death is moving towards you, and will not wait for you one minute to do what Jesus bids you do at once. No pastor, no friend, no revival, no sermon, no inquiry-meeting can save you. Jesus can. Whatever He directs you to do as He speaks to your conscience, do it. *Now* is the accepted time; take up pour bed, and walk.—*Evangelist.*

Lena Brown's Mistake.

"Indeed, Mrs. Ellerton, I cannot go with you. I wish that I could, for I know that you wish to help me, and to do me good. But I know it would be of no use, and I should be acting the part of a hypocrite; and that I will never be."

These words were spoken with much earnestness by Lena Brown, to a friend who called one day to ask her to go with her to an inquiry meeting, which was to be held that afternoon in the lecture-room of the church.

An unusual degree of interest in religion had been manifested during nearly two weeks in the congregation, and several had been led to trust in the Saviour. Lena, though a constant attendant at all the services of the church, and a member of Mrs. Ellerton's Bible-class, had remained apparently unconcerned. In a conversation, a few days before, her teacher had learned from her that some years previously she had been deeply concerned about her eternal interests, and had thought herself almost a Christian. But while she was in that state of mind she heard a sermon on the sin against the Holy Ghost, and it had convinced her that she had committed the unpardonable sin. She said sadly that now it only remained for her to lead as correct a life as she could, so as not to hinder others; but as for herself, she knew that there was no hope for her in this life, or in the world that is to come.

"Every one who knows you," said Mrs. Ellerton, in reply to Lena's earnest words, "knows well that you could never be a hypocrite. I cannot imagine why you should say that so simple a thing as accompanying me to the inquiry meeting this afternoon would be acting the part of a hypocrite."

"Don't you see? don't you understand?" replied Lena, eagerly; then in her usual sad, despondent tone, she continued: "I know that for me the gates of mercy are closed. I have told you that I am convinced that I have committed the unpardonable sin. I have resisted the Holy Spirit, and he has departed from me. For me to pretend to be an inquirer for the way of salvation, would be mere hypocrisy. If I cannot be saved, I will not be a hypocrite."

Lena was silent. Her friend looked at her with deep sorrow. Intelligent, earnest, and conscientious as she knew Lena to be, must she, by this mistaken idea, be shut out from the presence of Christ; must she lose the joys of his salvation, and the privilege of confessing his name and working in his vineyard?

At length, after a pause, during which she lifted up her heart to God in earnest prayer for his guidance and blessing, Mrs. Ellerton said:

"I am much disappointed, Lena, I came on purpose that you might go with me. Must I go alone? Will you not go for my sake—just to please me?"

Lena hesitated. She loved her friend, and she saw the look of pain and disappointment which had come over her face. After an inward struggle of a few moments, she said:

"Well, just to please you, and because you have come here on purpose for me, I will go. But will you promise me that you will tell Mr. Smith, and Dr. Grantham, if they notice that I am there, that I have come only *to please you?* I don't want any one to speak to me."

Mrs. Ellerton promised. Lena soon put on her bonnet, and in silence they walked to the church.

On entering the lecture-room, they found about twenty or thirty persons there. Lena recognized a number of them, and she whispered to Mrs. Ellerton:

"Oh, Mary (Marvin is here. I am so glad! But I did not know she was feeling at all interested."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Ellerton; "she was among those in the back seats of the church who rose for prayer last evening."

At this moment, Dr. Grantham approached. He shook hands with both the ladies, saying to Lena:

"I am very glad to see you here."

Lena glanced at Mrs. Ellerton, who at once said:

"Lena has come only to please me. She does not wish any one to converse specially with her."

"Ah," replied the doctor; "still I am glad to see her."

He began at once to speak to the two friends on general subjects. Soon, however, the deep interest which each of the three felt in the present state of the church and congregation caused the conversation to turn into that channel; and Dr. Grantham spoke of one and another who, as he had good reason to believe, were rejoicing in the consciousness of sins forgiven and peace with God. Lena's eyes showed the interest that she felt, and when he mentioned Mary Marvin among those who were rejoicing in hope, she could not refrain from exclaiming:

"Oh, how glad I am!"

"You, Miss Lena! are you glad of this? I thought you took no interest in these things," said Dr. Grantham.

"You are mistaken," replied Lena; "though I am not a Christian myself, I am truly glad when I hear of others who have become Christians."

"Yes, I see," said Dr. Grantham; and presently he added: "But I suppose you never read the Bible."

"Indeed I do, every day. I course, I cannot find in it the joys that Christians find; but it is a book which no one can read without the deepest interest. I know that I cannot," replied Lena.

"Do you ever pray?" asked Dr. Grantham, quietly.

"How can you ask such a thing?" exclaimed Lena, somewhat excited. "If I am not a Christian, I am not quite a heathen. If I cannot pray for my own salvation, I can pray for the salvation of others; and I assure you I do."

"I feel sure that you do, Miss Lena," said Dr. Grantham. "May I ask if you like to be in the company of Christian people?"

"I never feel at home among people of the world, Doctor; but I do enjoy being with Christians; one always hears something that does one good."

There was a long pause after this. It was broken by Dr. Grantham's suddenly turning towards the young lady with the exclamation:

"Well, Miss Lena, you are certainly the most self-conceited person I ever met with!"

"Sir! Doctor! What do you mean?"

"Listen, my dear young lady," continued Dr. Grantham, quietly. "You know you have told me that the Holy Spirit has utterly forsaken you and no longer strives in your heart. Yet, during the the last five minutes you have assured me—that you rejoice in the conversion of sinners—that you will pray for their salvation—that you love to read the Bible—that you enjoy the society of God's people. All these fruits of the Spirit—which Christians possess and which they delight in ascribing to his grace—you own that you possess, but of course entirely independent of the Holy Spirit's gracious influences; since you say that he has utterly forsaken you. You see it must be that you think it is your own unaided goodness which has acquired all this."

"Oh, Dr. Grantham, you cannot really think that I am so conceited as you say!" exclaimed Lena. "Do you mean really and truly that these are evidences of the Spirit's power? Do you—may I—think that the Spirit has not quite forsaken me?"

"Let us pray," said Dr. Grantham, in a low tone, laying his hand kindly on her shoulder.

They knelt down, and after a few moments of earnest prayer, during which Lena's sobs could hardly be repressed, they rose and she said:

"It is true; it is true! I do believe that God in his mercy has been striving with me, and I have not given him the glory; I have not thanked him! Will he forgive such ingratitude?"

"'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' The apostle said this, and so may you, my dear young friend," said Dr. Grantham. "Remember the promise of the Saviour, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

Mrs. Ellerton felt instinctively that her young friend longed for the privacy of her own room. With a warm pressure of the hand, they took leave of Dr. Grantham.

The walk back to Lena's Brown's home was as silent as had been their walk to the lecture-room; but what different feelings filled their hearts! Thanksgiving and praise had replaced anxiety and despondency. Mrs. Ellerton left her young friend at the door with an earnest "God bless you!" and hastened home.

The following day, a glance at Lena's countenance sufficed to show that darkness and gloom had disappeared, and that she was rejoicing in God her Saviour.

A friend told Mrs. Ellerton that half an hour after her return home Lena had gone to visit an invalid neighbor, and had read and prayed with her. She had hitherto declined even to go and read the Scriptures to her, fearing that "it would seem like hypocrisy."

Now, her tongue was unloosed and she endeavored earnestly to win souls to Christ. A blessing rested on her efforts; and when, two weeks later, the ordinance of baptism was administered, more than one of the candidates who, with Lena, then made a public confession of their faith, felt that her clear explanations and earnest prayers had aided them mightily in obtaining peace and joy.—*American Baptist Publication Society.*

The Tenter-Hooks.*

In a Yorkshire village I knew one Thomas Walsh. It was a favorite opinion of Walsh's that the Bible was "all made up." He could never believe it was written where it professed to be, and by the men said to have written it.

Walsh owned a considerable part of a factory, and one year he set his heart on making a very large and fine piece of cloth. He took great pains with the carding, spinning, dyeing, weaving and finishing of it. In the process of manufacture it was one day stretched on the tenter-hooks to dry. It made a fine show, and he felt very proud of it. The next morning he rose early to work at it, when to his amazement it was gone! It had been stolen during the night. After weeks of anxiety and expense, a piece of cloth answering to the description was stopped at Manchester, awaiting the owner and proof. Away to Manchester went Thomas as fast as the express train could carry him. There he found many rolls of cloth which had been stolen. They were very much alike. He selectedone which he claimed as his.

But he could not prove it. In doubt and perplexity he called on his neighbor Stetson.

"Friend Stetson, I have found a piece of cloth which I am sure is the one stolen from me. But to prove it is the question. Can you tell me how?"

"You don't want it unless it is really yours?"

"Certainly not."

"And you want proof that is simple, plain—such as will satisfy yourself and everybody?"

"Precisely so."

"Well, take Bible proof."

"Bible proof! Pray what is that?"

"Take your cloth to the tenter-hooks on which it was stretched; and if it is yours every hook will just come to the hole through which it passed before being taken down. There will be scores of such hooks, and if the hooks and holes just come together right, no other proof that the cloth is yours will be wanted."

"True. Why didn't I think of this before?"

Away he hastened, and sure enough every hook came to its little hole; the cloth was proved to be his, and the thief was convicted, all on the evidence of the tenter-hooks. Some days after this Thomas again hailed his friend.

"I say, Stetson, what did you mean by calling tenter-hooks the other day, Bible proof? I am sure if I had the good evidence for the Bible that I had for my cloth, I would never doubt it again."

"You have the same, only much better for the Bible."

"How so?"

"Put it on the tenter-hooks. Take the Bible and travel with it; go to the place where it was made. There you find the Red Sea, the Jordon, the Lake of Galilee, Mount Lebanon, Hermon, Carmel, Tabor, and Gerizim; there you find the cities of Damascus, Hebron, Tyre, Sidon, Jerusalem. Every mountain, every river, every sheet of water mentioned in the Bible is there, just in the place where it is located. Sinai and the desert and the Dead Sea are there; so that the best guide-book through the country is the Bible. It must have been written there on the spot, just as your cloth must have been made and stretched on your tenter hooks. The land is the mould in which the Bible was cast, and when brought together we see that they fit together. You might just as well doubt that the cloth fitted to your hooks."

"Well, well, I confess I never thought of that; I'll think it over again. If you are right, then I'm wrong—that's all."—*British Workman.*

"Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley."

This unspeakably delightful verse has been sung on many a death-bed, and has helped to make the dark valley bright times out of the mind. Every word in it has a wealth of meaning. "Yea, though I walk", as if the believer did not quicken his pace when he came to die, but still calmly walked with God. To walk indicates the steady advance of a soul which knows its road, knows its end, resolves to follow the path, feels quite safe, and is, therefore, perfectly calm and composed. The dying saint is not in a flurry, he does not run as though he were alarmed, nor stand still as though he would go no further, he is not confounded nor ashamed, and therefore keeps to his old pace.

Observe that it is not walking in the valley, but through the valley. We go through the dark tunnel of death and emerge into the light of immortality. We do not die, we do but sleep to wake in glory. Death is not the house but the porch, not the goal but the passage to it. The dying article is called a valley. The storm breaks on the mountain, but the valley is the place of quietude, and thus full often the last days of the Christian are the most peaceful in his whole career; the mountain is bleak and bare, but the valley is rich with golden sheaves, and many a saint has reaped more joy and knowledge when he came to die than he ever knew while he lived; and then it is not "the valley of death" but "the valley of the shadow of death," for death in its substance has been removed, and only the shadow of it remains. Some one has said that when there is a shadow there must be light somewhere, and so there is. Death stands by the side of the highway in which we have to travel, and the light of heaven shining upon him throws a shadow across our path; let us then rejoice that there is light beyond. Nobody is afraid of a shadow, for a shadow cannot stop a man's pathway even for a moment. The shadow of a dog cannot bite; the shadow of a sword cannot kill; the shadow of death cannot destroy us. Let us not, therefore, be afraid.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

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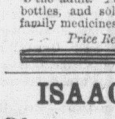
THOMAS REED,
Secretary-Treasurer.

apl9 tf

CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND



is effective in small doses, acts without griping, does not occasion nausea, and will not create irritation and congestion as do many of the usual cathartics administered in the form of Pills, &c.

Ladies and Children having the most sensitive stomachs take this medicine without trouble or complaint.

CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND is especially adapted for the cure of

LIVER COMPLAINTS AND BILIOUS DISORDERS.
FOR ACID STOMACH AND LOSS OF APPETITE.
FOR SICK HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA.
FOR CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.
FOR ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM A DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH.

This medicine being in liquid form, the dose can be easily regulated to meet the requirements of different persons, thus making it equally well adapted to the use of the little child as to the adult. Put up in three ounce bottles, and sold by all dealers in family medicines.

Price Retail, 25 Cents.

ISAAC ERB'S

Photograph Rooms,

13 CHARLOTTE STREET,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PANELS .....$5.00 per dozen.
CABINET ..... 4.00 " "
CARDS $1.00 & 2.00 " "

FINEST IN THE CITY!

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COOKING STOVES

Ranges, &c.

The subscribers are showing a large assortment of above goods. Being of our

Own Manufacture,

we can offer rare inducements to cash purchasers.

J. HARRIS & Co.,
27 & 29 Water St.,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

LONDON HOUSE

Wholesale

DRY GOODS.

All orders by our Travellers, or by Letter, will have, as usual, prompt and careful attention.

DANIEL & BOYD.

St. John Business College.

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES

will resume work after

XMAS HOLIDAYS

—ON—

MONDAY, JAN. 3rd.

S. KERR, Principal.

Odd Fellow's Hall.