

THE BEGINNING OF A REVIVAL.

DEAR BROTHERS, The pastor at Goshen Corners had preached a close, practical sermon on the sins that do not easily beset us, Uncle Peter Twitchell and Deacon Holden came out of the meeting-house and started on their homeward way together...

"Well, I'm glad to say I haven't found them backward to day. Just look there, now," pointing to a laboriously scrawled line which crossed the page...

"But father, his wife Sunday ventured, 'you said last Monday pickles made your teeth ache, so I got cider apples to-day.'"

"I thought we had first-rate slugs," he said. "I did say so, that's no reason why I shouldn't have picked on the table, that cider apples ain't bolted down half enough."

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of God sent home the truth like a searchlight upon his conscience, bringing out his sins and words in their true colors...

"The deacon was in his accustomed seat at the next prayer meeting, but evidently not in his usual state of mind. Through prayers and singing he sat silent, with his head bent, evidently unconscious of the wondering glances turned towards him."

"Brethren and friends," he said, "I've been led to see myself a sinner before God and man. It is awful thing to know that what I've been all these years, ad now, my besetting sin has found me out."

"The deacon's manner no less than his words made a deep impression. The light in which he saw himself so clearly seemed to be reflected in every heart, bringing into view a multitude of besetting sins, unsuspected hitherto."

"Walking homeward in the darkness of a clouded night, the deacon could not help overhearing a conversation going on in front of him. It was Uncle Peter's voice that was saying: 'You've got a good place, this year, 'Shah, a fust rate good place; you'd orter git a good deal o' spiritual good, whistler you're under the rule.'"

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What She Could. A poor woman in China who had been converted, but who seemed unwilling to be baptized, was asked why she hesitated.

"Why," she replied with the tears running down her cheeks, "you know that Jesus said to His disciples, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' Now I am an old woman nearly seventy years of age and almost blind. I can tell my husband about Jesus Christ, and I can tell my neighbors, and my wife when he has one; I am willing to speak to my neighbors, and perhaps I can go to one or two villages, but I can never go to all the world. Now, do you think he will let me call myself a disciple, if I can do no better than that?"

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THE LINNET'S SONG. One day a sorrow opened wide my door, And while its shadow lengthened on the floor, Its sad habitation of sombre gray Drove all the ray of hope away.

When she heard that the Lord asked only for the best of each of his followers, and does not require from any one more than he can do, she said, gladly: "O, then I am ready to be baptized whenever you think best."

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Help

Is needed by poor, tired mothers, overworked and burdened with care, debilitated and run down because of poor, thin and impoverished blood. Help is needed by the nervous sufferer, the men and women tortured with rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, scrofula, catarrh. Help!

Comes Quickly When Hood's Sarsaparilla begins to enrich, purify and vitalize the blood, and sends it in a healing, nourishing, invigorating stream to the nerves, muscles and organs of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the weak and broken down system, and cures all blood diseases, because

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MORE WATER OF COLONY, Ont. C. has produced in me a wonderful change. I am cured of my Rheumatism and my Liver Disorder. I was cured of Rheumatism and my Liver Disorder. I was cured of Rheumatism and my Liver Disorder.

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