ADDRESS BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON,

At Annual Conference of the Pastors' College.

Mr. Spurgeon, who was loudly applauded, having reciprocated an expression of love from the students, went on to remind them that they wanted to do a work of which they need not be ashamed when they came to lie quietly and look at it on their dying bed, work of which they would not be ashamed when they stood amidst the glories of eternity and looked back on the drifting period of usefulness which they were permitted to spend here below. To use more Scriptural language, they desired not to build with wood, hay, and stubble, which would not endure the fire, but with gold, silver, and precious stones, which in age after age should only become more brilliant, and the preciousness and enduring character is more apparent to intelligent onlookers. Hence he conceived that everything would depend upon the principle upon which they built, and his subject, therefore, that day was "The glory of God our one aim." Out of that simple principle, which was as old as their spiritual life, they began to live and they were living more thoroughly to God to-day than ever. Out of that would grow sufficient guidance for almost every perplexity, to live until they should

"With their bodies and their charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live."

There could be nothing higher than this, that they should live for God, that God should be all in all. It was the great motive of Christ Himself. Christ is all, Christ is in all. But when cometh the consummation, God shall all in all. And it was for this that He came among us, for this that He sent the Gospel and His Spirit. Other aims had something higher than this; they might rise out of them. But this was high as the highest heaven. They could never rise above it; and as for mysterious depths, it would be deeper than the depths of the sea. Here was all philosophy within a sentence—"God is all in all." And if they took that and wrote that upon their standards, and had it written upon their hearts, they would live to purpose—grand lives! Here they seemed to step from mountain top to mountain top, like giants that need Alps for stepping stones, if all be done to the glory of God. He was sure this was the most elevating principle to themselves that could possibly take possession of them. Philanthropy was good, he would not decry it; the second table was joined to the first. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" had been riveted with bolts and diamonds. And "thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength," was still the first, and the second had been nothing if it had not been for the first; and to love man only for his own sake might grow into an idolatory, as he believed it was growing nowadays. To love man for God's sake was to love man in the best sense, and really to love Him most of all. For to love man and to forget God was not to love man, and it was to despise God. Much of the theology of the present age was based on philanthropy, forgetting the love that was due first of all to Him that begat. Thus the Creator was forgotten, and the creature was made to oust the Creator. But it should not be so amongst them. There should be everything in its order. First their love to Him, that "is and was, and is to come"—the Almighty, from whom all creatures have come. This motive was not only exceedingly high in itself and elevating to us in the highest degree, but it would help them to build that which should endure. He that lives only to the glory of God lives such a life as immortalise; he getteth into immortality at once; he is doing that which shall last for ever. One single whisper that glorifies God shall echo through the ages, whilst the loudest blasts of the trumpet, which are only meant to honour men, shall die into the dull silence of obscurity. They had no [illegible] about the glory of God being their motive, because if there was any [illegible] they aspired to above all others, it was to [illegible] of God; and he judged a man of God to be one filled with God, who lived [illegible] entirely; if perpetually it were a [illegible] of free-will with them, and daily choice, they would choose over and over again by God's good grace more and more resolutely to live as their one Master. Their ears were bored to the doorposts—"I bear in my body," said the Apostle, "the marks of the Lord Jesus." The hand of Christ was set upon them. They could not run away. Anywhere and everywhere, living and dying, in time and eternity, God [illegible] them altogether, and God should have it so. "We can do no other, so help us God."

Then the question was, How were they, as men of God, to live to the glory of God that He might be all in all? He answered, first by preaching truth which glorifies God. He did not care what else they were, their first business was to preach the Gospel. Whatever else a minister does, if he does not attend well to his pulpit it is all up with him. That is the Thermopylæ of Christendom—the pulpit. If a man would feel the flock of God well on the Sabbath-day, people would forget a great many weaknesses in other respects; but if there be a failure there, they might go about to do a thousand things well, but they missed the main point. As their preaching, then, was the chief part of their life, and they lived most fully and wholly in the pulpit, it was there they must most fully glorify God, and he might say, Do this by preaching certainties. He was sure that uncertainties could not glorify God. Our God is not Yea and Nay, but He is one eternal Yea. He does not come before us as something which may be this and may be that. If it were so, let us, I should say, go to Athens and bow before an unknown God at once, and preach, therefore, as unknown doctrine, and try to learn an unknown tongue. But we believe that God is true, and we preach in the name of Jesus, the faithful and true witness. Therefore, our ministry must deal with certainties, for if the trumpet should give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle, and who shall prepare for worshipping God, about whom he has only theories, and concerning whom he knows nothing? I saw in Pompeii the shop of a god-maker, and I was much amused with his crystals. There were some of his materials remaining there. He had made gods in this way; they happened to be goddesses that I saw; so far as he could manage them, with the whole of the person—the dress, the arms, the hands, he knew what to do. But then he did not know what the purchaser might require, whether it should be Venus or Minerva, or which of all the multitudinous goddesses might be wanted, so he had adroitly finished all except the front part of the face; and then there were a number of faces ready to be pinned on according to what the purchaser might require. There are many who seem to preach after that fashion; there is a certain part of the dress and the body of their theology which is definite enough, because it does not happen that there has been any dispute about; but the real face, the glory and majesty of the truth, is not put on at all, and they are prepared according to the company in which they are found to put on the face. You shall have your Venus or your Minerva according to your desire. We have not so learned Christ; we do not think that that is a glorifying of God. We believe in the inspiration of God's Word, and that is on the whole, in all its essentials, so clear and so distinct that its meaning is knowable, and more, that its meaning is known to us; and when we rise to that we are condemned at once for dogmatism. But there are some few things we are obliged to dogmatize upon. We know that food nourishes us, that water refreshes us; we know that there is such a thing as heat and cold, for we have felt the same; and we know what it is that saved us, and does save us, what sanctifies us, what brings us into communion with God, and we are not going to use "ifs" and "ands" about things we have tasted or handled of the good Word of God. How he can glorify God who never dares to say "Thus saith the Lord" I cannot tell. It seems to me that as you cannot in praise, praise God without saying what God is, or what God does, for that is all you can say to praise Him, so we cannot praise Him without representing what He has revealed, what he has been pleased to say. We only see God in His own light, and if we won't have that light and try to get some light of our own, we shall soon be in darkness, or if we did get that light, not being the light of God, it would not glorify Him. Glorify Him therefore, by preaching certainties.

And we do not glorify Him by preaching trivialities. It is very easy to make an eloquent sermon on nothing. A learned divine once read "Meditations on a Broomstick." They were very sapient meditations, in which you did not so much admire the theme as the person decanting thereon. It is sometimes convenient, for showing the greatness of a man, to have a little subject, to make so much out of so little. But we dare not do that. Some brethren, I believe, have only become prominent by their absurdities. In a street crowd, as I watch them, there is one man I am sure to see, the man who sells the coloured air balls, for, by their floating in the air above everybody, you can always see where he is. God is not to be placed with nonsense, nor to be glorified with mere amusing themes which trifle away time and leave men triflers when they ought to be in earnest.

Nor do we believe God is to be glorified by thoughts of our own, but by His own thoughts, and as we interpret His own thoughts and words to the people we shall bring honour to His name. When I have thought of some pulpits in England that were once occupied by mighty high-minded Puritans, who preached the Word with power, that are now occupied by men of a very different complexion, I have felt sad enough. I was once in Florence, standing at the foot of the pulpit where Savonarola thundered. What did I hear? I heard a monk dribbling. There he stood in all his filigree, talking nothing. I wondered how God permitted such a thing.

I do not think you know that we are always glorifying God ourselves when perpetually defending His truth against the assaults of error. A number of brave men, I will suppose, have met together with shield, sword, and bludgeon, to protect the lion who is shut up in his cage. Worthy men! they are all ready to die on his behalf. How boldly they confront the foe! But, my dear sirs, might I suggest to you, with all your valour, that you would simply undo that door and let the lion out. He will take care of himself. When we preach the Gospel it is wonderful how everything scampers out of the way. Somebody has been defending Moses; somebody else has proven that the defence is all a make-up, so it is. Consequently he thinks that Moses has been devoured. But Moses is all right; it is that little Trojan who tried to defend Moses by something of his own making up that is quite eaten up, but Moses is there all right. So all eternal truths are still remaining in their places uninjured, notwithstanding their defenders. Men are not afraid of us, but they are afraid of the Gospel of the grace of God. The enemy of all infidelity is this Book, and we may leave this Book alone to speak for itself. To give it, then, a tongue is wise in men.

There are some who, in addition to what is in the Word of God, endeavour to glorify Him. I suppose they do it by preaching what they cannot possibly know to be true. There is "a larger hope," about which I will say nothing, except if any brother is able to indulge it, let him to his heart's content; but having no material weapon wherewith to support the hope, it would be as well if he did not think that he could glorify God by what can only, after all, be the fruit of the imagination. I saw a picture in one of the famous galleries of Europe which gave me much instruction. It was the little Christ, the new-born Jesus, asleep. There He lay, sweetly pictured, and all around him were angels; and what, think you, were they doing as they bent around the manger? They looked at one another, and each one put his finger to his lips, as much as to say, "He sleeps, let us not wake him." Wherever God seems to leave a thing unrevealed, and Jesus seems to be asleep about that, let us not wake Him; let us keep silence. We shall know by-and-bye: "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." There are many imaginations, and much of them beautiful; but the truth is more beautiful still, and it is to that we shall cling, because it is, and the other is only "may be." We will have time, perhaps, if there be any time in eternity, to think about the may be's then.

Let us preach the law as the standard of duty, never lowering it, albeit its precepts do seem hard, harsh, or exacting. We have to deal with sinners whose consciences are hard enough, and they want a good sharp law to rouse them. There is need for a good needle to go right through such hard stuff, to draw behind it the silken thread of the Gospel of the grace of God. Let us glorify God by preaching the unbending law, with a justice at the back of it that will surely avenge every injury to that law, for it is God's glory that "He will, by no means, spare the guilty," but "every transgression shall have its just recompense of reward." Let us glorify God that way, and then let us come in with the grace of God as the method of salvation.

I do not think that form of doctrine glorifies God which makes so much of the will of man, but the will of God is altogether thrown into the background. Whatever the will of man may be, and it has its place, and ought never to be ignored, for God does not ignore it, yet God has a will, and more competent by far than all the wills of man, if rolled into one; and our Gospel is not the will of man, nor of blood, nor of flesh, but according to the grace of God, and our hope for its success lies in the eternal purpose and fore-knowledge of God; and in that force which is going forth in consequence of that eternal and unchanging purpose for the accomplishment of its own decree. There we rest.

Secondly, though this be decried, we shall find that an orderly arrangement of what we have to say is greatly to their help, and if it does not please critics we shall not have any great sorrow on account of that. But we can glorify God by filling our sermons very full of Christ. "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell." Do not let us be pleased to find our fulness somewhere else, for we shall be pleased to be displeased if we do. I will invite you to the consideration of what the apostles used to consider to be the Gospel. One wants to get a good way to what they used to think to be the Gospel. Now Paul says, "He delivered to them the Gospel which also had been delivered unto him;" and it is singular that he does not so much mention any form of doctrine as certain facts about our Lord Jesus Christ. That was the essence of the Gospel, and to go back to absolute certainties and be sure we must dwell much on this. It seems to be wonderfully Scriptural, this Gospel. "According to the Scriptures," it is as much inspired as Shakespeare. Some of our friends go the length of admitting that. "According to the Scriptures;" surely that does not mean a very strong degree of inspiration, and I am of the same mind as that great scholar Bengel, who says: "If the truth be inspired, the words in which it is stated must be inspired too."

Mr. Spurgeon then went on to urge the need of preaching Christ's Incarnation—His humanity, the need that their sermons should be full of Christ as the great Teacher, also Christ's moral teaching, His example. There be some, urged Mr. Spurgeon, who were ready enough to divide Him, to give to some "the way," to others "the life," and to others "the truth." They could not divide these, for she that would divide the child is not its mother. With great depth of earnestness must they preach the death of Christ in its atoning work. Substitution was not a metaphysical theory by which the death of Christ was to be explained. It was no theory, and there were no metaphysics in it; it is the thing, it is the gospel, it is the fact, as they might find by reading Isaiah liii. He protested before God that he saw no meaning in language, but a piece of cruelty in the death of the Son of God, if it were not because there was necessity for it according to the law, and according to the fundamental principles of the truth. But if they preached these they would glorify God, for here His attributes shone out more resplendent than either in creation or Providence. Herein is vengeance, herein is love, most strangely are they joined. We sing—

"Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?"

So they could say, Did anywhere the attributes appear so glorious as they do in that great sacrifice to which they owed all their hopes? They must also preach the Resurrection and the doctrine of justification by faith, as well as the coming of Christ. This was the outline of the Gospel to which they were to adhere, with the greatest tenacity of their object, were to glorify God by preaching Christ. That was a striking incident in the life of St. Jerome. After his conversion, he still pursued with great ardor the study of Cicero, and was noted continually for quoting Cicero in regard to this and that, and, when he preached, he preached a great deal of Cicero, just as many nowadays preach a great deal of Carlyle and somebody else. One night, in his dream, he thought he died and went to the gates of heaven, and, when he came to the gates, he wished to enter. The question asked him was, "What art thou?" He said, "I am a Christian." The porter replied, "No, you are a Ciceronian. There is more Cicero than Christ in your speech, and you must go back, and go where Cicero has gone." He awoke, and beheld it was a dream, and it made so much impression upon him that he began to translate the Scriptures into Latin, producing that wonderful book, "The Latin Vulgate," and henceforth his one theme was Christ, and Christ alone. And (added Mr. Spurgeon) I do not think it is a dream, if I tell you a secret. The next time that, though not in a dream, but in reality, he went to the gates of heaven, they let him in.

If their end and aim was to glorify God, it must be—Mr. Spurgeon went on to urge—by preaching and working in the power of the Holy Ghost. What they wanted to do was consciously, voluntarily, resolutely, and continually to lay all their faculties down before the Holy Spirit, and ask the Holy Spirit distinctly to operate upon understanding and memory, thought and powers of utterance, so that, when it was all done, they might say, "I laboured more abundantly than ye all, yet not I; my power, my strength, my force did not lie in myself, but entirely in God, who took possession of me." To this end we must (he continued) try to be ever conscious of our need. When we began to preach, some of us were pretty conscious of that. Now you are pretty *au fait* at it; you get a sermon written out and commit it to memory, and you do not want the Holy Ghost much. Some would get on better without Him; He is a disturbing element; if He ever came on them, they would be unable to preach a considerable part of that which they prepared, for what they had prepared could not have been the words of God's Spirit, but the words of the orator, or the rhetorician, rather than those which should come from the inspired and guided Christian man. Like glass-blowers, they were, as preachers, dependent on breath and fire.

You have not much time for prayer? What have you time for? You have no time, then, to breathe, for prayer is the very breath of man; and, when a man gets so hard-up for time that he cannot breathe, he will die; and, if a man gets so busy that he cannot pray, then his work will die. It is wonderful how much work is done by men who take much time to wait on God. Communion with God is the very best investment we can make of our hours. To prepare sermons without the spirit of God is a wretched business. Have you not heard good doctrine, but dead? And it does not matter whose bones they are if they are dead bones. There is nothing particularly beautiful about them. I have seen outside monasteries and cloisters, the bones of eminent saints of past ages arranged in a beautiful manner—thigh-bones worked up into an eagle and a lion; knuckle-bones, finger-bones, back-bones, of monks all arranged into cornices round a room, or into beautiful designs. But I must confess that the ghastliness struck me more than the beautiful originality of the architect. So, if you get dead doctrine unquickened by the Spirit of God, you may make a body of divinity of it if you like; it may assume the best possible shape in your sermon, yet what is the good of it? Without the Spirit your sermon will be but ashes to ashes and dust to dust—all funeral, and nothing can come of that.

Then, next, they must, it was pointed out, glorify God by personal consecration; they must be living sermons, belonging to God from the crown of their heads to the soles of their feet, and having that "terrible resolve" which Cæsar ascribed to Brutus, a dogged, nay, an angelic perseverance, an unvarying determination wrought in them by the Spirit of God that they would do this or die, and that they would do it if they did die. Some ministers were very dilletante in their labours, and liked as little as possible for the money. There was a clergyman who used to go out hunting and was met by a Quaker to whom he made a rude remark as to what he would do if he were a hare. The Quaker replied: "If I were a hare I would get to a place where thou would'st never find me." "Where would that be?" "I would get into thy study." A great many hares and rabbits might find shelter in some people's studies—they might have a whole litter of them behind some of those old divines. No wonder the working men did not go to hear some preachers; nine out of ten of their words could not be understood of them, nor had they any energy. If a man leaves part of himself behind him when he goes into the pulpit it is bad, for he is not much when he is all there. I heard of one of whom it was also said, "There is nothing original in him but original sin." A want of original vivacity is often the result of a man's not committing his entire self into the hands of the Spirit of God to be used in his preaching. Often quoted as they are, the words cannot be quoted too often—

"I preach as tho' I ne'er might preach again,
A dying man to dying men."

Give yourselves up to this glorifying of God by your own personal consecration, and, if you are not distinguished for ability, never mind if you are distinguished for godliness.

They must distinctly aim at conversions. A certain nobleman kept a coach simply driving about, with nobody in it but a trumpeter. Mr. Spurgeon characteristically enforced this story upon the point named, remarking his own liking for passengers, for what is going to become of the people who are left behind? The fact of the Gospel being sent is the pronounciation of a blessing to those who were sent; and, if they could rake together the most economical of human beings, and get the opportunity of preaching Christ to them, let them be prepared for expecting venomous, believing in God's power to bring men from the very depths. They should preach and watch for souls just as (Mr. Spurgeon went on to illustrate) they had seen the heron fish; he never let one go by.

Again, they must never forget to glorify God by aiming at the perfecting of the saints, for it was not everything simply to convert men and to bring them to Christ's feet; they are to be planted, watered, rooted, to bring forth fruit, and the fruit is to be garnered. There is a beginning of the ministry, but there is no end to it. Oh! for a church full of faith in the Holy Ghost, and a people fuller of zeal. Behold the wood, the hay, the stubble; but where is the fire? Are there not many Christian people who seem to have no intensity in their piety, no fire? Whose fault is that often? Well, water does not run up-hill. As a rule, the pulpit stands higher than the pew, and the influence runs that way. Can a man be perfectly holy? The best answer to such a question is—"Well, I will try."

Lastly, we must glorify God by our own personal faith. If by faith we are saved, by faith also we draw nigh to God. This life in the ministry is a battle. I saw lately a battle where the combatants threw violets and primroses at one another. I saw no bodies removed from the field, it was a battle of flowers. Some ministers try to make their work such a battle of flowers in prayer, flowers in preaching, flowers in the exordium, flowers in the summing up—nothing but flowers; and who lives on flowers? Ah, but our battle is with noise and smoke and dust, and wounds and death. It is in real earnest, and we shall have need of real faith to bear us through, though there is no doubt about your victory if you are leaning on the eternal arm. You must not doubt. "Oh; but I do doubt," you say. So do I, and let as all be hanged together for it.

But do not sweep the chamber, spread the cloth, and say, "Here is provision for doubt. I have heard of that new book and I will get it at once; I will get more doubt somewhere or other. It is a very expensive book, not much of it, and all in it is bad; but I must read it. Here (the Bible) is my meat, sweet and good, but they tell me there is a wonderful flavour about high meat. I must import a maggot or another into my larder, or I shall not know their taste, so I will have a few maggots." No; we cannot afford it. Let the devil doubt; it belongs to him, but to the saints it belongs to believe in God. Let us cast ourselves on Him as the swimmer on the stream; as the bird leans on the air which he cannot see, but which bears him up to heaven's gate, carolling as he rises; so let us cast ourselves on the Invisible which shall abide for ever. Cast away all fear, all torment, all anxiety, and trust the living God.

When in Mentone I had an extraordinary visit. I had put by my plate a notice that the King of Folly was coming, and that he invited all his subjects to meet him and escort him through the streets, and he intended to call some time that evening. During the time of his residence he begged to notify that nobody was to give himself up to any care, but everybody was to be as happy as possible. That is the notice I had from the King of Folly. He came, and stopped at my window all the night, and I slept under his guardian care. Now I thought to myself, really, if folly does drive dull care away, and if the multitudes of men count it one of the most wonderful things to drive dull care away under his patronage, should not I, if I get under the care of incarnate wisdom, feel that I have the summons to cast all my care on Him who careth for me, and know that, if I live entirely for Him, He will take care of me, and that, somewhere in those twenty thousand chariots, there will be a place for me; that somewhere on the blessed bosom there will be a place for my head to rest; that somewhere in God's eternal purposes there will be a niche of usefulness for me? Let us therefore live as do the ravens, and be as are the lilies, considering them, how they toil not; neither sow to ourselves, and God shall clothe us with a wondrous beauty that shall exceed even that of Solomon in all His glory. God help us to live for Himself alone, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Decide Now.

"I can't decide"—says the raindrop, as it comes down—"whether I will fall on the meadow, or in that garden, among the flowers, or out on the wide ocean. I can't make up my mind." "I can't decide," says the streamlet, as it rushes out of the mountain, "whether I will flow toward the great river yonder, or whether I will go straight down that valley, and into the sea at once."

"There is plenty of time for me," says a young girl, as she comes away from the Bible class on Sunday afternoon." Teacher wants us to decide at once, but surely there is no such hurry—I must think about it some day, I know— I can't decide."

But the raindrop comes on, and so does the streamlet, while they are hesitating they are coming, on—on—somewhere! Presently it is too late to choose. They would not decide in time, and now it is no use deciding; they have gone too far—they can't change their course now.

Take care, young people! Take care, boys and girls, men and women! Your life is just like that falling rainbow—just like that rushing stream. You can't decide which way your life shall go, but all the time it is going on! Don't you know—haven't you decided yet which way it shall go? If you don't choose now, suppose the time should come when you can't choose!

He would be a foolish captain who should start on a voyage without making up his mind where to go. Suppose another vessel meets him: "What, ho! Captain, whither bound?" "Don't know." "Well, but do you know where you are steering for?" "Don't care." "Why, if you don't look out, you will be among the icebergs presently." "Oh, never mind; perhaps I shall change my course!"

"Out on the ocean all boundless we ride,
Borne on the waves of a rough, restless tide."

But whether we are going east or west, north or south, or going to the bottom we can't tell. We have not decided.

I believe that in most of our lives there is a turning point. You have seen a train coming down the line toward the junction; it has to turn off on that branch line. You can't tell, perhaps, which way it is going, but in a minute or two the decisive moment will come, and the train will reach the turning point. If the man has the switch set properly, all will go well; but if he neglects his duty, the train will go down the wrong line, and there will be a smash. Now, perhaps the reading of this little paper may be the turning-point in your life. "Now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation." God says, "Choose ye this day." How can you tell that you will ever have another chance of choosing? It may be that to reject Christ now is to reject him forever.

Oh, choose life!" Come to the right decision. Decide for Christ. Decide now!

Seeing the Queen.

HER MAJESTY AND FAMILY VIEWED BY A LONDON THRONG.

Olive Logan writes: My residence is in South Kensington district, and a young lady friend, dropping in to launch with me on that day, we resolved to go to Hyde Park, there to behold the majesty of Great Britain on her road to Buckingham Palace. *En route* my friend stepped into her bank and drew some money, of which she had need. She put the glittering golden sovereigns into her purse, her purse in her handbag, and we started to the park. The crowd was enormous, and what a lovely sight was that which met our gaze! Certainly there cannot be in all the world a more enchanting public pleasure ground than this Park of Hyde. Even this early in the spring the trees are bursting into leaf, the grass is thick and green, and the air is odorous with the subtle sweetness of nature at her gracious work of renewal. The hand of man constantly supplements this activity, for in Hyde park the roads are as smooth as a dancing floor, not the litter of a handful of leaves is allowed to obstruct the pathways, while Rotten Row is the model for a riding *allee* the world over. Even the statuary which adorns the park is carefully watched and put into repair the moment signs of deterioration begin to show themselves.

Now here comes the Queen! The cry is raised afar off, and at a rapid pace on comes the imposing cavalcade, through the loud buzzing of a multitude of lips. "the Queen! the Queen!" As usual, there is a small military escort, cavalry with pistols in their hands, and still others with drawn swords. Then come the out-riders, jockeys on horseback, riding rapidly and clad in the deepest mourning livery. The Queen's carriage is drawn by four splendid horses, conducted by a postilion, who mounts one of them. Two Highlanders now occupy the seat once held so proudly by John Brown. At sight of the aged sovereign every hat is raised. The great lady shows the traces of years and sorrow. Her hair is white and her face careworn. She is dressed in the very deepest mourning, with heavy crape veil and the widow's cap. Beside her sits the Princess Beatrice clad in what is called half mourning, with a purple velvet bonnet and a mantle enlivered with the same color. On the front seat of the carriage is Prince Henry of Battenburg the Princess Beatrice's affianced husband. He is a fine looking young man, with what I should call an American cast of face that is, features rather square cut. One can well understand that on both sides this may be a love match. To the raising of hats the Queen bows occasionally and is soon out of sight, passing out of the park under the beautiful marble archway, adorned with the incomparable Elgin marbles as a frieze The carriage which follows is filled by ladies-in-waiting, duchesses and other women of rank, and in the third and last carriage are seen the children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who have been staying with their royal grandmamma ever since the departure of their parents for India I have said that the crowd was enormous, and the police force was almost unable to direct the streams of pedestrians and carriages.

A HOME DRUGGIST
TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

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River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

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