The Secret of Joy.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"Suppose that a person should invite you to his house, and on your arrival you should find the window-shutters closed, and the house looking as if prepared for a funeral. You would hardly regard yourself as a welcome guest, or that your coming gave your host any pleasure. If on the other hand you were greeted with open doors and lighted apartments, a hospitable feast and smiling faces, you would feel yourself instantly at home. Now in every sincere, healthy Christian, Jesus Christ lives. "Not I," said the sunny-hearted old Paul, "but Christ liveth in me." That was the secret of his happiness. Outwardly the homeless, persecuted Apostle had a hard lot; but a more joyous man did not tread the globe. Never a whimper, never a whine of complaint escapes his lips. "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice." Such was the jubilant message which he sent from Nero's guard-house with a chain clanking from his wrist.

Ought every Christian to be happy? Yes; and may be so always, provided that he seeks in the right quarter for his joys. Paul was too wise to command us to rejoice in money, for wealth is a shifting sand-bank; or in health, for it is a variable possession; or in the society of house'hold and children, who may be snatched away at any time. Our joy, to be solid, must rest on something immovable. There is but one such permanent, unchangeable possession, and that is a loving Saviour dwelling perpetually in our souls—a Saviour served every day.

A healthy and a holy joy is not an exalted rapture. Mind nor body could not stand the strain of a continual ecstasy. I have observed that those people who live on mood and frames, who are shouting to-day, are very liable to be groaning or scolding to-morrow. A strung bow soon loses its tension. Even spiritual exhilarations are apt to be followed by reactions of depression. Just as soon as we hang our happiness, even our religious satisfaction, on circumstances or surroundings, we go up, or we go down with the tide. The thermometer of our joy is at the mercy of outside atmospheres. But if an indwelling, strengthening, comforting, gladdening Saviour be always in the core of the heart, then we can expect to "rejoice evermore."

"Do you expect me to rejoice when either a reverse or a rogue sweeps away my property?" Yes; because poverty, though it may strip us of a thousand comforts, does not strip away Christ. "Am I to rejoice when the coffin is borne away from my door with some darling of my heart in it?" Yes; the all-wise Holy Spirit considered even such severe throes of anguish when he commands us to "rejoice always." And simply because death does not carry Christ away. Nay; we may have a more full and soul-filling sweetness of His presence when we are threading the valleys of the "death-shade." "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing"—that was the Apostle's experience. It was when the fig-tree had no blossoms, and the vines no fruit, and the stall no herds, that the olden prophet exclaimed "I will rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation."

Good friends, you may be sure of this, that God never sent a trial so bitter that a genuine, Christ-filled Christian could not suck some honey out of it. God does not expect us to be callous under trial, or ask us to make merry at a funeral. But away down deep under the tempest of trial, He offers to implant in us a calm, sober satisfaction—a serene sense that whatever He does is right; a sweet sense also of Christ's presence, and a delight in the smile of His countenance. This joy underlies the griefs of life and the disappointments, just as there is a profound peace in the depths of the Atlantic, while hurricanes are tossing its surface into foam.

Our happiness arises, from *what* we are, not *where* we are. If we take Christ at His word when he says "I am with you *always*," then we can rejoice in Him always. That kind of joy is more than a privilege; it is a duty. Our Master commands us to rejoice evermore; to be wretched is a sin. It dishonors our Lord, as every act of disobedience does. Spiritual joy is a sign of heart-health. Spiritual depression is an evidence of disease. When a baby moans and frets and cries, the mother says "Something is wrong, this child is not well." Must not our loving Master, who is wiser and gentler than all mothers, regard us as disordered and out of harmony with Him, when we become sulky or morose, complaining and wretched? We all expect to be happy when we reach heaven. Why not now? Why parse heaven in the future tense so perversely? It is a state, a condition of soul as well as a locality. The possession of Christ is the beginning of heaven, and the more we have of Him here, the more shall we have of him up yonder. Those who open every door and window of the heart to Him, will find the same light and joy streaming in which shall constitute the bliss of the New Jerusalem. Wherefore, "again I say rejoice!"

A Conference Of Devils:

OR, THE CHURCH OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AS VIEWED FROM PANDEMONIUM.

BY REV. LEVI PALMER, TAUNTON.

The place is Pandemonium. The time—if in hell duration be measured by time—is the last quarter of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. The occasion is the delivery of the report of a Satanic Commission which was appointed to experiment on the christian church, and devise the best means for its conversion to the devil. Punctual to a moment each spirit reached the rendezvous of darkness, and, as Beelzebub ascended his iron throne, the whole commission was waiting to report the success of their work.

Mammon was the first that gained the right of speech. He commenced: "Right loyally have I served thee, O Beelzebub! Though known in hell by the name of Mammon, I have assumed on earth the name of Farethought; and in this disguise I have waved over the church the wand of gold, and have thrown around it the spell of gain. The result is glorious. At this moment the chief part of the world's wealth is in the hands of professors of religion, and yet Immanuel's temples are burdened with debt; His gospel missions are at a standstill for want of funds; in His own church the question is no longer asked how much can I give, but how little; and gold, instead of piety, has become the chief qualification for a seat in the diaconate. All hail Beelzebub! Immanuel is defeated. He ransomed slaves!"

Tyrant was the next that rose to report. He said, "On earth I have traded by the name of Concession, and glorious are the results that I have to record. I have persuaded professors that to advance they must recede, to stand firm they must bend, to retain they must give up, and in order to learn they must forget. I have thus convinced them that it is cant to talk religion, bigotry to practise it, folly to support it, but virtue to profess it; that the church is the world, prayer is a form, and praise is a science. I have therefore turned many of their schools into ballrooms, chapels into theatres, and churches into music halls. Their God is seldom mentioned in society, their Bible is a dummy, their prayers are mechanical, and Immanuel's praises have been transferred from immortal souls to metallic organ-pipes. Hail, Beelzebub! Never shall thy praises cease!"

Despair then rose to address his sovereign. "On earth," he said, "I have transformed myself into what the world calls Diversion, and have thus taken splendid revenge on Immanuel and his church. Inside the gates of his kingdom I have formed a Saint Andrew's drinking saloon, a Saint Joseph's Pantomimic Society, a Saint Saviour's Billiard Club, and a Holy Trinity Theatrical Company. The result is that professers will now go to the ballroom with the world, go to the theatre with the world, marry with the world, and I most surely believe that bye-and-bye they will come to hell with the world:—

The head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with sorrow now,
No royal diadem adorns
Their would-be victor's brow."

Pain next rose and said: "On earth I am known by the name of Indulgence. My sphere is the flesh, my harvest time is the Christian Sabbath, and my ambition is to stamp out sacrifices from the church. I have, therefore, asserted the right of the body to rule the soul, and convinced profs ors that the Sabbath is made for rest, and that rest is inactivity. When my disciples honor Immanuel with their presence in the sanctuary I demand that they shall have cushioned seats with easy backs; that the service shall be short and soothing; and that their maximum of worship shall be two services a month and three communions in a year. My chronicle of success is that fifty per cent. of Immanuel's saints spend the best part of their Lord's day in bed, seventy-five per cent. neglect week-night worship, and about half of these modern martyrs are generally too weary to conduct family prayer. Hail to Hell's anointed. For—

Shall these be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas (?)"

Pride next rose from his lofty seat and spake in tones contemptuous. He said: "As among men I have a threefold power, I have therefore assumed on earth a threefold character. Among some I am known as Prestige; among others as Ambition; and again among others as Self-respect. My compeers have sought to divide men from God, but I have sought to divide man from man. I have striven to build again the middle wall of partition which Immanuel threw down. O, Beelzebub! I have now the proud privilege of reporting that in this mission I have triumphed gloriously. My trophies sparkle in diamonds, rustle in silks, and walk with measured footsteps even to the sanctuary. We have no longer to fear the aggressions of that spirit that made Paul call a slave his brother. To-day the Bible of thousands of professors is called Etiquette, and their prayer-book is Propriety. Saints no longer call each other brother and sister, but address each other as Sir and Madam. The simplicity of the primitive church has now given place to a rigid caste little inferior to that of Brahminism. I have thus frozen the life current of Immanuel's church, and have converted it from the garden of the Lord to a palace of ice; from a home of saints to a court of miniature sovereigns."

At this point the conference was interrupted. Beelzebub rose, and, as if in pain, so shook his hideous form, that hell itself began to tremble. "Principalities, Powers, and Rulers of Darkness," said he, "your loyalty is unrivalled, your zeal is exemplary, your subtlety does honor even to hell—but your victories are questionable. As yet you have only carried the outworks; the foundations of Zion shall stand sure. Your reports show that up to now you have only put sheepskins on goats; the sheep have not heard you. You have only sown tares among the wheat; the harvest ripens in spite of you; the hypocrite you have made twofold more the child of hell—but God's elect still defy you.

"Principalities and Powers! There is one fortress that must be captured. Unless this is carried, Zion will be forever lost. That bulwark is—the blood of the everlasting covenant. It is the blood that maketh atonement for the soul! Immanuel's foot seems to crush my head wherever this is preached. It is this that baffles the powers of hell. Fifteen hundred years ago, Arius became my agent, and Arianism my weapon; for a time the Church staggered, and hell grew strong, but our foes soon found salvation in the preaching of the Cross. Three hundred years ago I renewed the attack, and, like a flood, Socinianism threatened to destroy the Church; but the standard of the Cross was again uplifted, and my brave vassals again retreated. Revenge once more burns within my breast. The fields now look ripe unto harvest. Hell and sin must once more join in furious conflict. This stronghold must be seized, or the captives will be ransomed, and we shall be for ever fallen."

Antichrist then rose and said: "O, Beelzebub! never in the world's history was there a more favourable moment for such an attack than now. As an angel of light I have entered the Church and mixed error with truth. The leaven is working. Men of brilliant talent and world-wide fame now despise the blood, and in its stead preach philosophy and science. These have thousands of imitators. That I might report progress to this conference I have listened to thousands of preachers and have noted accurately their religious belief. It is as follows: Sin is but a stage in the upward progress of the world; redemption by blood is a barbarous doctrine, fit only for a barbarous age; the idea of hell is an exploded theory; the Bible is fallible; total depravity is a libel on humanity; the Holy Ghost is a power, and not a person; and the man Christ Jesus is the flower of the human race."

Hell than echoed with infernal laughter, and at one signal from Beelzebub ten thousand legions of other spirits came trooping. For their benefit Antichrist again repeated his report, and Beelzebub then rose:—"From these facts," he said, "I can weave a plan that may yet seat me on the throne of God. The Atonement is denied—that stabs at the Divinity of the Son; inspiration is denied—that stabs at the Divinity of the Spirit; the existence of hell is denied—that drowns God's justice in His mercy. O, my liege lords, we must again lay siege to Zion. Our plan of campaign is clear. We must henceforth transform ourselves into angels of light, and from pulpits, press and person, gracefully, eloquently and persistently teach this creed of lies. As it effectually annihilates the Son and the Spirit, and leaves but a mutilated character for the Father, fools who believe that will be sure to say in their hearts, 'there is no God,' and then Beelzebub shall be a god of gods, and you, his vassals, shall be kings of kings and lords of lords."—*Baptist.*

Baptism.

In connection with the recent Lessons on "John the Baptist," and "The Baptism of Jesus," our readers will be interested in seeing what is said by Dr. Lyman Abbott, one of the ripest and broadest scholars in the Congregational denomination, in the *Christian Union*: "It was a rabbinical law that any heathen who desired to become Jew must signify his change of faith by a complete ablution. He must be entirely submerged in water as a sign that he washed away all his old faiths and practices. John adopted this ceremonial, but gave it a new significance. . . . . His adoption of the Jewish rite of ablution with a wider signification has obtained for him the designation of John the Baptizer."

We also add a few extracts from Dr. Geikie's "Life of Christ" (chapters on the "Baptism of John" and "The Baptism of Jesus.")

Ablution in the East is, indeed, of itself, almost a religious duty. The dust and heat weigh upon the spirits and heart like a load; its removal is refreshment and happiness. It was, hence, impossible to see a convert go down into a stream, travel-worn, and soiled with dust, and, after disappearing for a moment, emerge pure and fresh, without feeling that the symbol suited and interpreted a strong craving of the human heart. It was no formal right with John.

Bathing in Jordan had been a sacred symbol, at least, since the days of Namaan; but immersion by one like John, with strict and humbling confession of sin, sacred vows of amendment, and hope of forgiveness, if they proved lasting, and all this in preparation for the Messiah, was something wholly new in Israel.

The sorrows and hopes of Israel seemed to shine out from his eyes,—bright with the inspiration of his soul, but sad with the greatness of his work,—as he summoned the crowds to repentance, alarmed them by words of terror, or led them, in groups to the Jordan, and immersed each singly in the waters, after earnest and full confession of their sins.

Weeks passed, and it must now have been the late summer, for, before long, John had to leave the Jordan, as too shallow, at its accessible parts for baptism and go to another place, Enon, near Salem—an unknown locality, where pools more suitable were yet to be had.

The hesitation of the Baptist, however, was not allowed to prevail, for Jesus still repeated his desire to be baptized. "Suffer it now," said he, "for thus it becomes us to fulfil all righteousness. From whatever God has required of Israel as a duty I cannot withhold myself." Baptism was an ordinance of God, required by His prophet as the introduction of the new dispensation. It was a part of "righteousness," that is, it was a part of God's commandments, which Jesus came into the world to show us the example of fulfilling, both in the letter and the spirit.

In this connection, we also quote a testimony as to the facilities for immersing in Jerusalem. In the *Sunday School Times* for 1883, Pres. Woolsey, who was then conducting with his wonted ability the "Critical Notes" upon the Lessons, which were just then in Acts, said, in allusion to the baptism of the Three Thousand on the day of Pentecost, "The great rapidity with which baptism must have been performed and the want of conveniences, if not of water, must have rendered immersion of the whole body impossible." It is the practice of the Editor of the *Sunday School Times* to allow each commentator to speak his mind freely, even when points of denominational difference are involved. He feels that it is impossible for any writer to do himself justice if he writes in fetters, forbidden to touch this or that point. But the Editor, in justice to the evangelical undenominational character of his paper, and to the wide variation of belief among his great army of readers, accompanies these expressions of belief on the part of the writers, with a statement of the opposing belief put in the strongest light.

In connection with Pres. Woolsey's Notes, just referred to, the Editor wrote:

The Editor of the *Sunday School Times* (who is not a Baptist) wishes to give his opinion, as over against Dr. Woolsey's concerning the probable conveniences for such a rite—including the abundance of water—in Jerusalem, in the days of the Apostles. That ancient Jerusalem was supplied with water to a remarkable degree is evident from a study of its history. Eusebius, writing in the fourth century, quotes a writer earlier than himself as saying: "The whole city flowed with water, so that even the gardens were irrigated of those flowing waters out of the city." Tacitus refers to Jerusalem as "a fountain of perennial water, mountains hollowed out underneath; also fish pools and cisterns; rain water being preserved." Canon Williams, a Church of England clergyman, long a resident and a careful student of the Holy City, says: "There is a singular agreement among all authors, sacred and profane, on this fact, that the Holy City had an abundance of water within its circuit, while the neighborhood was scantily supplied, or rather altogether arid;" and he proceeds to consider how this was possible. Dr. Trall, another Church of England clergyman, and an editor of the works of Josephus, declares of Jerusalem, that, "perhaps upon no city of the ancient world had greater cost been bestowed, or more skill shown in securing for it an unfailing supply of water." And the modern researches of Dr. Barclay and of Captain Wilson and others, have shown the ruins of cisterns and pool and aqueducts in and about Jerusalem which justify the claims of its wonderful water supply in the days of old. That the Orientals are in the habit of bathing in and drinking from the same pools and streams every traveler in the East can testify; and it is evident from the inspired text itself, that persons were in the habit of stepping or being carried into the pool of Bethesda, and of washing in the pool of Siloam, in Jerusalem, in the days of our Lord. Indeed, it would seem that if there was one place on the face of the earth about which there need be no question concerning the supply of water and conveniences of its use, for immersion in the apostolic age, that place was Jerusalem.—*National Baptist.*

The Golden Rule.

"Oh Ted, just see what you have done," and Nannie looked ruefully at the scattered contents of the work-basket which her brother had carelessly upset, while he was pushing pass to take the window seat that he might have light enough to finish the book he was reading.

"Oh! well, I didn't see," and without offering to repair his mischief, Ted was soon absorbed again in the pages of his book.

"Ted, will you show me just a little about this sum?" asked his youngest brother. "I've been trying all the after-noon and can't get it right, and I do want to finish it by tea time."

"Oh, don't bother me now," answered Ted, without raising his eyes from his story.

"How I wish I had another spool of silk," said his mother, a little later. "I could finish your dress to-night, Sadie, if I had."

"Can't I go to the store and get it, mother?" asked the little girl.

"No, dear, it would be too dark for you to come back alone," answered her mother, "and, besides, I want you to take care of the baby while Nannie helps me get supper."

"Oh, Ted, won't you go?" pleaded the child. "I do so want my new dress to wear to school to-morrow. Mother says she could finish it if she only had another spool of silk. Please get it, won't you? You can read your book after supper."

But Ted pushed the little pleader away. "Do you suppose a fellow likes to be interrupted in the middle of a story to get a spool of silk?" he said, crossly. "No, I won't get it so there's no use of teasing me."

Uncle Charlie looked up from the paper he was reading in the next room. The door was open and he had heard every thing that had passed, and he was not pleased that his eldest nephew, towards whom he had been much attached during his short visit in his sister's family, should display such a selfish spirit.

"Here, Sadie, give me a sample of that silk and I will go down to the store, and get it for you. It would be too bad to have you disappointed when you are so anxious for your dress to-morrow."

Ted looked up from his book in surprise. Was his uncle really willing to leave his paper and take a cold walk just to gratify a child's wish? He felt rebuked for his own refusal, and springing to his feet, cried:

"Here, Uncle Charlie, I'll go,"

"No—no, my boy," said his uncle, kindly but firmly. "You can't be interrupted this way in your story. Go on with your reading and I will do this errand."

Ted went back to his book with an uneasy feeling as Uncle Charlie started out. His uncle's tones had been kind, but somehow the boy felt that there was a suggestion of reproof in his words, and he was sorry that he had displeased this new uncle whom he admired so much.

That evening when Ted was on his way to bed, he stopped in his uncle's room to say good night, and that gentleman laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Ted, my boy, I had reason to be a little disappointed in you this afternoon," he said, kindly, and the boy's face flushed at the gentle reproof which he knew he deserved.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Charlie," he said. "I suppose you mean because I wouldn't go to the store for Sadie?'

"No, not that alone, but several other things of the same kind gave me the impression that you are apt to seek your own comfort first and forget the pleasure and convenience of others. You are forming your character now while you are young, Ted, and it is because I want to see you grow up into a noble, unselfish man that I speak of this."

"I don't mean to be selfish, but I forget," pleaded Ted.

"I quite believe that," answered his uncle, "but you must cultivate forgetfulness of self in the place of others. You must be on your guard continually against selfishness, for it is very easy to drift into it. I will bring you a rule to-morrow by which you can measure every action, and then you will know when you are doing right."

"A rule?" queried Ted in surprise. "What kind of a rule, uncle? Do you mean one that I can measure my actions by, just as father measures things by his foot-rule?"

"Yes," answered Uncle Charlie, smiling. "I will not tell you what it is like, but I will give it to you to-morrow."

The next day, when Ted came home from school, he ran eagerly up into Uncle Charlie's room. His uncle handed him a long, flat package, and Ted hastily opened it, anxious to see this rule which had aroused his curiosity. He found an illuminated text, beautifully framed, with these words:

"Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

Ted looked up in amazement.

"This isn't a rule to measure by, uncle."

"Yes, my boy, it is the Golden Rule. Try all your actions by this rule, and you will never be selfish or self-seeking. Hang this in your room, but let the words be engraved on your heart, and it will guide your conduct, and make you generous and unselfish."

I wish all boys would measure their actions by this Golden Rule.—*The Christian at Work.*

Mrs. Grey's Sacrifice.

Mrs. Grey drew a little breath of pure content as she stood by the grate fire in her cosy little library. She had just finished her morning's work of putting the parlors to rights.

"I believe," she said softly to herself, "that I am just as near being perfectly happy as it is possible for anyone to be. I ought to be content, certainly, with such a dear, good husband and pleasant home."

Then, having assured herself that everything was in order for the day, she ran upstairs to her own room and took up her Bible for her morning chapter. It was in Malachi. She wished, as she opened to her place, that it was one of the Gospels or Epistles. Those were written for everybody as long as the world should last, but she never thought of finding any special work for her own life in the Old Testament. She read it because it was a part of the Bible, and she thought that she must.

So now this morning, as she read, her thoughts were not on her reading, but down stairs, wondering what kind of a spread would be prettiest for the little stand in the back parlor, and if the new statuette would not look better between the two front windows.

Suddenly she stopped. What was that she had just read?

"And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? Offer it now unto thy governor, will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of hosts."

Her Bible slipped from her hands as she sat gazing into the fire.

What kind of sacrifices and offerings had she brought to God? Gifts to her had been rich and plentiful; what had she offered unto him?

"The more John does for me the more I want to do for him," she thought with crimsoning cheeks. "I just try to think of things to please him and to do for him, but I am afraid it isn't so about God. I don't see as I've given anything but old clothes that we could spare as well as not, and the regular contributions, but then I spend twice as much for things I do not really need.

"I gave myself to God, of course, a long time ago, but I am afraid that has been anything but a perfect offering. And I do believe," she exclaimed in her earnestness, "that, imperfect as I am, instead of giving the best of myself to God I have given it to John, to society, and to my own pleasures.

"I never would have gone into any evening company as tired and worn out as I went to last Thursday evening's meeting.

"O, dear! if the Lord was displeased with his people in those days, what must he be with me?"

It was with a very penitent, humble heart that Mrs. Grey knelt to plead for the future.

She had an errand down town that morning. On her way home she met Dr. Rogers. She knew him slightly; he was a member of the church they attended, but she was not prepared for his bright smile of greeting and outstretched hand.

"I believe the Lord sent you to me," he said. "I was just asking him to show me some one for a teacher in the Foundry Mission school. Won't you and your husband each take a class? I was almost in despair, for we are so short of workers just now; but I could not make up my mind to give up the field, for the harvest is plenteous."

Mrs. Grey was on the point of refusing, decidedly, when suddenly her morning's reading flashed into her mind.

Here was a chance for a genuine sacrifice, for the mission school held its session Sabbath afternoon, the only afternoon when John was home, and they did enjoy it so! To be sure, it would not take all the afternoon, but it would spoil it.

"It wasn't," she pleaded with herself, "as though they spent the time as some did, riding, paying or receiving visits. To think of giving up these nice long talks and hours of Bible study together for teaching those rough foundry boys and girls! No, she covld not," she decided, as she hurried along. She wanted to get as far away from that troublesome doctor as possible.

And yet should she always offer unto the Lord that which cost her nothing, that which was cast off—like her last winter's cloak that she gave to a poor woman last week, that which was left over from everything else?

A sudden sense of bitter shame at her own ingratitude swept over Mrs. Gray. He, the Lord of hosts, had redeemed her, he had filled her cup of blessings full and running over. Could she refuse anything?

The hot tears sprang to her eyes, and, turning, she rapidly retraced her steps to Dr. Roger's office, to say: "We will take the classes if you are willing? I can promise for my husband without waiting to ask him. He is always ready to do his duty, and I hope I shall be in the future."—*Intelligencer.*

"Give, Give!"

"It is give, give, give all the time." "What beggars these ministers are!" "Somebody is always wanting something." These and kindred expressions of impatience are constantly greeting eye and ear. But why should we be impatient at these solicitations? Why should we not give, give? Is not just what the dear Father is doing for us all the time? Suppose that he should for one moment cease his giving—what should become of us? And what he has so freely bestowed has he not a right to expect that we in our turn will give to others? And pray tell us what is loving but giving—a going out of something from ourselves toward some other person or thing? And can we be happy if we do not love? We must, therefore, by very necessity of our nature, both love and give constantly. We must give sympathy, interest, affection and money, when that is needed and we have it to give. We are told "God is love," and the very highest expression of that love to us is found in the fact that he has so made us that we cannot be happy without loving and giving. Do not then, grieve your good pastor by reluctant giving, but esteem him your best friend when he shows you how and where to give.—*The Pacific.*

GAMBLING.—In short, said Oliver Goldsmith, if a man designs to lay out his fortune in quest of pleasure, the gambling table is, of all other places, where he can have least for his money. The company are superficial, extravagant and unentertaining; the conversation flat, debauched, and absurd; the hour unnatural and fatiguing; the anxiety of losing is greater than the pleasure of winning; friendship must be banished from that society the members of which are intent only on ruining each other; every other improvement, either in knowledge or virtue, can scarce find room in that breast which is possessed by the spirit of play; the spirit become vapid, the constitution is enfeebled, the complexion grows pale, till, in the end, the mind, body, friends, fortune, and the hope of futurity sink together! Happy, if Nature terminates the scene, and neither justice nor suicide are called in to accelerate her tardy approach.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is unequaled for restoring gray hair to its natural color, promoting growth, and producing new hair on bald heads. 2

AYER'S Sugar-Coated Cathartic PILLS.

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Ealing, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

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