

Sunday Reading.

THE FRUITS OF A PRAYER.

A Few Words From a Dying Wife Cured His Unbelief.

A friend, who is mourning the loss of his wife, and to whom in his deep affliction the mercy of a great consolation has been sent, wishes us to place his experience on record, "in the hope that the mercy shown to him may be extended to others who need it."

His wife was a great sufferer, and for twelve months before her death she never left her bedroom. Shortly before the end came, her husband was attacked by a rheumatic seizure, so violent that he had to take to his bed, and for several days he could move neither hand nor foot. This was a great trial to him, for his wife lay dying in the next room, and he could not go to see her. At last, with great pain and difficulty, he managed to get out of bed, and finding that he could walk a little, he naturally wished to see his wife; but his doctor came, and told him he must not go, for her life was hanging on a thread; he would be sure to break down when he saw her, and the agitation would certainly cause her instant death.

This, our friend writes, "was hard to bear—to know that my wife was dying in the next room, and I could not go to her. I went to my knees, and prayed with many words that God would strengthen and support her through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and that He would make the way painless for her, sparing her the dreadful fight and struggle which so often takes place. Soon, however, my prayer resolved itself into just these four words: "Strengthen and support her," and that prayer I continued to offer up almost incessantly for two days and nights. Either vocally or in my heart that prayer was continually going up to God.

"Early on the morning of my dear wife's death she told the nurse she wanted to see me, and I went in at once. She said to me with intense earnestness, "I cannot tell you how I have been strengthened and supported, especially during the last two days. Oh! What should I have done without it? Praise God for all His mercy and His love to me, a poor helpless sinner! Praise—!" That was her last word, and in it God's message to me was delivered by her. The heart stood still, the labored breathing ceased, and with two or three almost imperceptible sighs, without a struggle or a groan, her spirit ascended to the presence of God, and took up there the song of praise begun on earth with her dying breath.

"On the next evening I was walking in the paddock at the back of my house, recalling the two days and nights of my almost incessant prayer—"Strengthen and support her!" And as I thought of my dear wife's words—"I cannot tell you how I have been strengthened and supported, especially the last two days," it seemed as if a voice spoke within me. "Behold the answer to thy prayer, sent from the lips of your dying wife in the very words you prayed, and with your eyes you saw her painless death." Then flashed to my mind the scene when Christ showed Himself to Thomas and in my heart I heard the same loving Jesus say, "Be not faithless, but believing!" As I stood breathless, this word came to me, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock!" and in swift answer I cried, "Lord Jesus, the door of my heart is open. Come in!" "Come in!" In that same moment He came in and took possession. He is there still and I enjoy a peace that His presence alone can give.

"For some years I have been offering up this prayer to God, 'Lord Jesus, reveal Thyself and Thy salvation to my heart as plainly as it stands revealed to my mind.' It now seems to me that my case has been like that of Thomas. He had plenty of evidence to convince him; you know what he said and how Jesus in His abounding mercy met his unbelief. Just like me; I have had oceans of evidence of God's love and mercy, as you know; and yet, though I had almost unbounded faith in my heart, it did not seem to reach my heart; hence my years-long prayer. And just as Christ in His mercy dealt with Thomas, so also He has dealt with me—staying, as it were, the outstretched hand of the Angel of Death long enough for me to receive that message from God by the lips of my dying wife, and giving me that great after-blessing of which I have told you.—Melbourne 'Spectator.'

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

He Walked by Faith Rather Than by Sight.

A blind man, aged, afflicted and poor, was one day standing hesitatingly at a crossing in the city road. Coming up at the time, I guessed what he was waiting for, and the following conversation took place:

"Shall I guide you over this crossing, friend?"

"If you please," was the reply; and then he said, "I am going to St. Luke's workhouse, and I am glad that I have not much farther to go."

"I am going in that direction; and, if you like, I will lead you to the door."

"Thank you sir, for your kindness. It will most likely be the last time I shall need a friendly hand in the street."

"Indeed! How is that?"

"I am going to the workhouse as an inmate; and as I am almost worn out, I shall most likely, end my days there."

"Does this trouble you?"

"No, sir. I might not have chosen it; but as I cannot earn my own livelihood

any longer, I think it a great mercy to have such a place to go to."

"Have you been long blind?"

"Thirty-eight years, sir."

You would be glad to have your sight again?"

"Indeed I should; but as that cannot be, it is of no use to fret about it."

"Well, I hope you have light in your soul?"

"Sir," said he, earnestly, "greatly as I should be pleased once more to look about me, I would not part with the light I have within me for the best eyesight in the world. The 'Sun of Righteousness' shines in upon my soul. I cannot see my way along the path that leads to heaven, for I am following 'the Light of the world,' and so I do 'not walk in darkness, but have the light of life.'"

Shortly after this we arrived at the old man's destination; and, having seen him safely in charge of the porter, I took my leave of him, with a kindly-expressed wish on his part that we might meet in that eternal home of which he had spoken. But he left me something to think about.

Happy old man, I thought. Aged, afflicted, poor, and blind, yet so full of light and peace and hope within that he would not lose them for the sight of his eyes, delighted as he would have been once more to have enjoyed the light of day.

It must indeed be hard to endure the loss of sight, especially where the blessing has been enjoyed for many years; but, oh, how much worse to be spiritually blind! In such cases, there is no counterbalancing comfort. Men may possess and rejoice in health, strength, riches, and all that can gladden the eye and please the senses; yet they are poor indeed as compared with this man if they are not following "the Light of the world." What is life and all its surroundings if the "Son of Righteousness" does not shine upon the soul? What a noble testimony to the power and blessedness of true Christianity was this which was borne by one whom the world would esteem poor indeed!—Exchange.

A THOUGHTFUL ACT.

Lincoln had a Kind Heart for Creatures in Trouble or Distress.

The following incident illustrating the tenderness of heart of Abraham Lincoln is related by Mr. Speed: Lincoln had the tenderest heart for any one in distress, whether man, beast or bird. Many of the gentle and touching sympathies of his nature, which flowered so frequently and beautifully in the humble citizen at home, fruited in the sunlight of the world when he had place and power. He carried from his home on the prairies to Washington the same gentleness of disposition and kindness of heart.

Six gentlemen, Hemgore, Lincoln, Baker, Hardin and two others whose names I do not recall, were riding along a country road. We were strung along the road two and two together. We were passing through a thicket of wild plum and apple trees. A violent wind storm had just occurred. Lincoln and Hardin were behind. There were two young birds by the roadside too young to fly. They had been blown from the nest by the storm. The old bird was fluttering about and wailing as a mother ever does for her babes. Lincoln stopped, hitched his horse, caught the birds, hunted the nest, and placed them in it. The rest of us rode on to a creek, and while our horses were drinking, Hardin rode up.

"Where is Lincoln?" asked one.

"Oh, when I saw him last he had two little birds in his hand hunting for their nest."

In an hour perhaps he came. They laughed at him. He said with emphasis, "Gentlemen, you may laugh, but I could not have slept well to-night if I had not saved those birds. Their cries would have rung in my ears."

Be honest with God.

How about your pastor's salary, asks a contemporary. Is it all paid? When next you greet him, let it be with the consciousness that you have not withheld from him his due. And do what you can to get delinquents to settle their church accounts. The minister has to lay in his winter supplies as well as other people, and cash goes farther than credit in making good bargains. Be honest with God's servant. Do not pay everybody else before you pay your church stipends. Enter God's house with a clear conscience. Pay sanctuary money promptly and without fail.

The one all-dividing line in the universe is the line between truth and falsehood. God is the God of truth. The devil is the father of lies. No matter what gain is offered by the devil as a reward of lying, lying is ever and always wrong; and we ought not to do evil that good may come. There are, it is true, perplexities and perils in the line of right-doing; but God is on that side, and the devil is on the other. We must do right, though the heavens fall; and, indeed, the God of truth can keep the heavens from falling better than the devil can.—'Sunday-School Times.'

Thoughts by the way.

Cheques that are not signed go into the waste basket, and prayers that mean nothing never reach heaven.

The keynote to the religion of Christ is unselfishness.

While the disciples were clamoring for the highest place, not one of them deserved the lowest.

Success that is not deserved cannot be long enjoyed.

God's fire in the heart soon melts all the lead in the feet.

It is the privilege of every Christian to have a mountain-moving faith, but how many spend their lives in experimenting with mole hills.—'Horn's Horn.'

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERFEX AND HIS TALKS OF LITERARY PEOPLE.

The Charming Writings of Mrs. Marcella Greene—Burns and his Life Work—The Author of Tom Brown's School Days—A Splendid Book for Boys.

Exit, the gracious and manly spirit of Thomas Hughes! We knew and loved him long ago, and numbered him among those with whom it is good to live. He had the "spell o'er hearts"—the power to make the reader his friend. The boy who reads 'Tom Brown's School Days,' will never forget the book, nor lose the personality of the author. Here is a man who was once a boy—who never quite left the boy behind,—but who is not less the man therefore. Here is a teacher who never makes you feel the nettle of the pedagogue and here is a gentle physician whose pill is in honey. He knew and loved Thomas Arnold, and that was 'a liberal education' (the only kind well worth having). He painted Rugby School and Rugby School Days, and put one more book on the immortal shelf where moth and mildew are slow to find their way. He is a dull boy who feels no glow of brain or heart, nor quickening in the pulse of manly life, as he broods over these pages; nor can he be entirely corrupt who reads them all sympathetically. The close of the book is wisely beautiful. Over a morning mist of tender grief rises the sun of hope with a new promise, bracing heart and sinew, and out the young knight goes from his chapel vigil, to be a champion of youth, earnest as the Summer, but genial as the Spring, and with golden spurs won in life's glorious battle. Read your 'Robinson Crusoe' and your Arabian Nights, if you will, my boys, but do not neglect 'Tom Brown.'

Far enough was he from the perking conceit of him who must be censor or nothing, and who never ventures an opinion without deserving a rebuke for insolence; who peers out of the puppet-box of his specialism over the "wide wide world," his shut-up spirit has really never travelled, and believes he knows it all. Breadth of view and generosity of conception are best titles to distinction nowadays, when the spirit of rampant criticism is abroad like a flood, and the carper is found standing on every step doing what he can to unsettle the world and breed disgust and dissension. What is one brain among some hundreds of millions, that it should suppose itself the local centre of a universal intelligence." What is one spirit, to deify itself, before any other consenting soul has suggested such an elevation? These questions might have challenged a Bacon or a Dante, and all the seers and sages whose light the envious darkness would have put out. But their sublime self-consciousness is not to be compared with his petty conceit of opinion who presumes upon a moment's notice to judge things; and most promptly of all, the thing he knows least about,—it may be divinity or philosophy. It is now the practice to invite lay opinions on all topics in symposiums and social unions, which are usually given with wondrous alacrity and cock-sureness. It is the lay critic on the medical or the clerical profession, for example, who usually gets it all with frankness and reserve. The members of one profession, delight in a chance at those of the other. In an assembly, at which a goodly array of church dignitaries presented a fair mark to the lay archer, a brisk lawyer of Chicago declared as follows: "If I were a minister and had the power, I would have every theological seminary turned into an orphan asylum. I would do away with all degrees. . . . Your ministers are the most impracticable people in the world!" Ghost of Thomas Hughes! would you not be put to the blush before so wise a spirit? What a pity for the world if this man shall be constrained to remain a lawyer all his lifetime; when, had he entered the ministry the scholar might have been ousted and the orphan installed!

Yet shall one hesitate to render an opinion, for fear he may not express the ultimate wisdom on the topic? The least odium attaches to errors of opinion and of judgment, when accompanied by modesty in him who entertains them and a conscientious desire to arrive at truth. But humility is the living garment of the spirit. The moon, divested of her atmosphere, is a visible emblem of the barrenness of soul which comes with want of that fine sense we term intellectual modesty. It is the atmosphere in which all just and noble things grow. It is the revolt and outbreak just here that we deem the cause of much confusion at the present time.

We came upon 'The Magdalen and Other Poems,' at the home of a friend, and carrying it into the upper chamber, tested it over the midnight oil, when other folk were busy sleeping. Mrs. Clara Marcella Greene is fit to keep us awake for a while; she fits a graphic and a vigorous pen, and shows whether in verse or prose, animation and directness. She manages to tell an interesting story, making a skillful disposition of its scenes and characters. The artlessness and innocence of childhood and maidenhood are especially well expressed by her. Instinctively she inclines to the social side of life, and is not over inclined to meditativness and introspection. She instinctively inclines to see and exhibit

life in its exuberance and intensity of action. Such pieces as "The Curse of Conemaugh," in this volume,—so picturesque and vivid as it is—is evidence of her bent, and quality. Her joy in the multitude of moving things, and gift to depict them appear in some of the stanzas entitled—

"Sweet Bells Jangled out of Tune."
Adown the soft meadow, the green growing meadow,
Where the willows bend over in love with their shadow
And the ripples laugh lightly in diaphanous sheen.

There the brown bee doth hover the red lilies over,
And softly doth settle at last in their deeps;
Above the broad daisies the butterfly rovers
Hesitates, dandles and swings and sleeps.

There the sparrow's nest softly the south winds discover,
And that wonderful sky is the sky of June;
The myrtle with blue blossoms over,
And life and the world are all in tune.
Oh, the dimpling and smiling of that flowing river
And oh, the green meadows so warm in the sun!
The reeds, the lush grasses with joyance a-quiver,
And oh, the sweet sky! one summer begun!

Her dramatic intensity, felt especially in such poems as "The Magdalen," "My Lady, the Sands and I," "Marsh,"—too long for quotation here,—is also in her briefer lyrics, such as—

Question—Answer.
WINTER.
The sun is waning woe and old;
The days are brief and gray and cold;
We shiver in their garment's folds.

A homeless dog, with dismal bark,
Bemoans his twilight chill and dark,
The shrouded hills its white and stark.

Wild sweeps the snows about the cloud,
The stubble shows above the sod;
The skies are blasting. Where is God?

SPRING.
A flood of light, a deep-drawn breath,
That through the being shudderseth,
With rapturous coming back from death.

A flash of song, a glint of wings,
The starting of a thousand springs,
A thousand, rummel murmurs:

Life thrills in the awakened clod,
The swallows breathe,—the crocus' nod,
The stir of nestlings,—Here is God!

(Here is a little lyric, which has been set to music by Rankin.)

Night Unto Night.
Day unto day unceasing speech;
Night unto night
Sheweth new knowledge; the golden reach
Of dawn, succeeding each unto each,
Brings gracious light.
Aye, night unto night new knowledge shows;
At set of sun
Man lies in wonderful repose,
Heart still and labor done!

This also has a musical lilt about it, which might tempt the musician to jot down his score:

The Meadow Brook.
I roam the green meadow, I love the lush grasses,
I hide in the shadow of bank and of fen;
My song is the song of the maiden who passes
A glancing at Steven who mows with the men.

I run from her coming, to greet his scythe swinging
With musical measure, and stroke that is strong;
I murmur to him of the rhyme she is singing,
His cheek turns aye redder at sound of her song
And oh, I know not if this giddy girl-rover
Has a thought more of him than of all other men;
But moving in meadows, with blue skies hung over,
Will ne'er be the same to young Steven again!

Several of the pieces in this book have been included in collections of dramatic readings, and have been used on the public platform. Mrs. Greene's qualities show at fine advantage when her pieces are rendered with skillful elocution, and such selections as "A La Mode," "The Legend of the Bell" and "Hannah Holiday," may be heard more than once with appreciation; but, unlike many poems that have attained this sort of popularity, they are also well adapted to the study and to private reading, because of their genuine and poetic merit.

We do not so readily attempt to exhibit this writer by fragments, as there is unity and comprehensiveness in her pieces, making them appear better in the completeness of all the parts together, than any single one; and yet, here and there, we find single stanzas, or couplets, to mark:

A leaning wall of willow green,
A glimpse of shining river,
A wild rose hedge,—all has been
And will again forever!

The moon is a wraith forevermore,
Crossing the sea with a fiery shoe!
When two have met, and caught in sudden gleams
Life's full completeness measured each in each,
There is no silence evermore; what seems
So, verily is the very gold of speech.

The radiant, glittering splendor
Of the great dome chandeliers
Broke in a thousand leaders,
Like a passion that shook with tears.

Grapes purpling lush green glowing,
And great pomegranates, bowers and dusk.
O God! in Thy creation Thou didst make
Each new day's work some grace of life express;
For gladness, light was fain to overbreak,
For Beauty, there were flowers in plenteousness.

But when for infinite sadness thou wouldst find
Some form which should its whole expression be,
And love and we incarnate there be shined,
Thou stretch'st Thy hand, and lo, the heaving sea,

Mrs. Greene is a daughter of Deacon David Farrar, of Buckfield, Maine, and wife of Waver Greene, of Portland. She is an artist, as well as a poet and story writer, having opened an art studio at Portland in 1870, in which she continued for several years, or until her marriage. Her early writings were published under the nom de plume of "Kate Kendall." Her book, "The Magdalen and Other Poems," appeared in 1890, from the house of Brown Thurston & Co., Portland, Me.

We conclude these few citations and comments with the following nervous lyric, illustrating finely the author's dramatic intensity, the quality in her outshining all others:

Spirits In Prison.
Hedge a lion in his lair,
Bind him fast with leash and thong;
Muscles quiver, eyeballs glare,

TRY

SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

Nerves and thaws wax iron strong:
Mad with fury and despair
He will rage against his wrong.
With his hands and fiery heart,
Spirit, this is what thou art!

Cage an eagle, maim his wings,
Seek to tame his dauntless eye;
Teach him songs the linnets sing,
Tell him to forget the sky;
Tell him fight brings arrow stings;—
He must soar or he will die.
Beating pinion, eye of flame,
Spirit, this is thou the same!

Mark the everlasting sea,
Watch her mighty heart uplift;
O'er her bosom, broad and free,
Fleets may ride, and wrecks may drift;
Storms may rage,—what recketh she?
Boundless freedom is her gift.
"Spirit wait," she murmurs thee,
"Eternity! Eternity!"

The "Week, in an editorial, entitled "Canada First," has one paragraph at least, that deserves the most careful consideration on the part of all Canadian citizens. We believe it is down right truth, and much-needed truth, and truth not applicable to Canadians alone:

"The Dominion can only exist by a steadfast policy of concession. If the Francophones, the Anglophobes, the Orange fanatics, the ultra supporters of Papal supremacy are not soon put in their place they will turn Canada into a Donnybrook fair. Protestant and Papist, French and English Canadians, meet in the drawing room, eat side by side. They must learn to give and take in politics. Any members of the House of Commons who does not act on this line must be driven out. It is on this point that the Equal Rights, locus a non lucendo, come to grief. That is why they will not succeed."

Dr. John D. Ross, of Brooklyn, N. Y. in a recent address commended recent editions of the works of Burns, and modern biographies, which have discarded the stories derogatory to the poet, formerly credited, but which are now believed to rest upon insubstantial or contradictory evidence. He thinks that Burns, equally with I'oe, has been misrepresented that his actual faults and follies have been greatly exaggerated, and that it is time that the theme should be taken up with less of apology and of regret. The hundred years have rolled away, the time has come when the poet himself predicted, when the world should see him in true perspective, and be able to deal justly by him. We are inclined to think there is reasonableness in some of Mr. Ross' observations.

The grand hotels and railroad companies vie with each other in the splendor of their advertising pictures and their richly illustrated guide-books. We have recently had a series, pertaining to the Dominion and the United States, which shows how neither labor nor expense is regarded in the matter of volume and attractiveness. Among the finest of these is "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours, Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad, 1895," which is a substantial book, abounding in colored maps, and engravings, giving glimpses of most bewitching scenery. The crowds who run and read must make such publications profitable, or possible. Next to these are the illustrated Catalogues, issued by the large publishing houses, abounding in portraits and artistic illustration.

The editor of The Epworth Herald has a peppery pen, and does not leave all the points to The Rams Horn, and other journals that sport that sort of thing. We like his opinion on the "War on Large Hats," and quote him as follows:

Hurrah for Denver! Some people in that city are making war on the habit of wearing enormous hats to the theatre, lectures, etc. It has long been a nuisance, not only in Denver, but everywhere else. The campaign against the abomination should be broadened so as to include the big hat at church. How often the minister is utterly hid by the hat worn by the female in the pew just in front! Women of sense will not wear such millinery in church. And women who have no sense should be compelled by public sentiment, by law, or something else, to be sensible."

What a prize is a favorite poet in an early edition, and that with the marks and annotations of another poet;—a Milton, we will suppose, once the property of Gray, and with his name written nine times on the title page; or a Coleridge, once Leigh Hunt's, showing his marks of analysis and appreciation on every page. Such jewels of literature are scarce on our shelves, but Mrs. Fields had many of them, when she wrote the book mentioned in our last number of Notches. Relative to the latter volume, Mrs. Fields writes:

"Charles Lamb says somewhere: 'Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it; or if thy heart overflows to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as S. J. C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations tripling

their value. I have had experience.' In his turn, Coleridge receives in this volume the like tribute of annotation from Leigh Hunt. Line after line is underscored with an emphasis that will not let you turn the page till you have read them. The lovely passages seem to gain at least a double value from his signs of admiration. It is dangerous to gather flowers in such fields! They rise in crowds about us, and we regret a seeming partiality. When we come to 'Kubla Khan,' hardly a line escapes Hunt's index; we seem to read certain things with him for the first time, and are startled by their wondrous beauty. 'Youth and Age,' 'A Day Dream,' 'The Ancient Mariner,' and 'Christabel,' are, of course, specially marked, as if he really could not restrain his wonder and delight."

How can the traditional Spring poet flourish in such a season as this! The editors say he is in the back ground, this year,—trozen out, we may suppose by the wintry dolours of this fourth of April. There is need, however, for him to cry aloud and spare not, against the further prevalence of icy crown and sceptre. There is a lamentable absence of the balmy airs he is supposed to invoke.

PATERFEX.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS THE ROAD.

He drives directly home, even in dark nights, does the man who knows the road. The over-hanging gloom, the deceptive shadows, the uncertain sounds, don't bother him. He can feel the ground under his wagon wheels, and the "lay of the land" is open to him as at clear noonday. It is the stranger in those parts who is confused and bewildered, who knocks people up to ask questions, who finally lodges in the ditch.

Where to go, and how to get there; what to do, and how to do it—why, the man who knows that comes to the front everywhere and always. But the opposite—the waste of time, money, power, health, &c., in blind experiments, how disheartening and disastrous it is! Take an illustration of this sort, and you will see how it fits in a minute.

"In the spring of 1892," says a lady who lives down near the east coast, "I began to feel ill. I had a poor appetite, and after everything I ate, no matter how simple it was, I was seized with great pain across the chest and around the sides. I was frequently sick, vomiting a sour, bitter fluid. I was almost afraid to eat, and my food gave me no strength. In this state I continued, now a bit better, and then worse until December, 1893, when I became very ill. I got so weak I could hardly bear the weight of my body on my feet. I tried this, and I tried that all kinds of medicines I heard of, but none of them gave me any relief."

"In January, 1894, I read in a little book about the cures done by Mother Seigel's Syrup. The book contained letters from people who had been cured, some of whom had suffered like me. I got a bottle from Miss Caroline Foster, grocer and draper, High Street, in this place. After taking it I was much better. I had a new relish for food, and no more distress after eating. I continued taking Mother Seigel's Syrup and was soon free from all pain and sickness and fast gaining strength. Since then I have been in the best of health, and needed no medicine. (Signed) Mrs. Eleanor Clay, Messingham, Brigg, Lines, April 30th, 1895."

"In the early part of 1875" writes another, "my health began to fail me. I felt low and weak, and lost all power and disposition to exert myself. After every meal I had pain in the chest and all over me; I was much troubled with a sickening wind coming up from my stomach; and now and then I belched up a sour fluid that bit my throat and half choked me. Then, too I had attacks of spasms, which gave me intense pain. I got about my work slowly and in much distress, and grew gradually weaker and more despondent in mind. I tried all the various medicines I could hear of, but that might possibly be good for me, but none of them were of any avail."

"After tedious years of sufferings, my daughter, who is in service in London, wrote me of the benefit of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup when troubled such as I was. I replied, and my daughter sent me two bottles of the Syrup, and after having taken it, I felt quite like a new woman. I had no pain after eating, and was in better health than I had been in since I was first taken ill. From that time onwards my health was good and if I feel temporarily, as the best of us will, a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup puts me right. I have told many persons of what this now celebrated remedy did for me, and am willing you should publish my statement if you desire to do so. (Signed) Mrs. Ann Knight, near the Church, Fenny Compton, Leamington, September 27th, 1895."

By looking back to the italicized words in these letters the reader will catch my point on the instant. Both these ladies, not knowing the true remedy for their disease (indigestion and dyspepsia), blindly experimented with anything they could get hold of. Under like circumstances we all do the same. When one doesn't know the road he is almost certain to blunder and stumble; and he can't know until he learns. Now, in all ailments of the digestion, with the local symptoms which proceed from it, Mother Seigel's Syrup is, so to put it, the right road. Follow it faithfully, and you are fairly sure to bring up in the pleasant shelter of good health. Knowing this, direct your neighbours.