### Tychicus, the Letter-Bearer.

BY REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D. D.

"All my affairs shall Tychicus make known unto you, the beloved brother and faithful minister and fellow-servant in the Lord; whom I have sent unto you for this very purpose, that ye may know our estate, and that he may comfort your hearts.—Col. iv. 7–9 (R. V.).

Tychicus was no orator, no organizer, no thinker, but simply an honest, loving soul who did not shrink from rough outward work, if only he might help the cause. We do not read that he was teacher or preacher, or miracle worker. His gift was ministry, and he gave himself to his ministry. His business was to run Paul's errands, and, like a true man, he ran them "faithfully."

So then, he is fairly taken as representing the greatness and sacredness of small and secular service for Christ. For the apostle goes on to add something to his eulogium, as a "faithful minister" when he calls him "a fellow-servant," or slave "in the Lord." As if he had said, Do not suppose that because I write this letter, and Tychicus carries it, there is much difference between us. We are both slaves of the same Lord, who has set each of us his tasks; and though the tasks be different, the obedience is the same, and the doers stand on one level. I am not Tychicus' master, though he be my minister. We have both, as I have been reminding you that all of you have, an owner in heaven. The delicacy of the turn thus given to the condescension is a beautiful indication of Paul's generous chivalrous nature. No wonder that such a soul bound men like Tychicus to him!

But there is more than merely a revelation of a beautiful character in the words; there are great truths in them. We may draw them out in two or three thoughts.

Small things done for Christ are great. Trifles that contribute and are indispensable to a great result are great; or perhaps, more properly, both words are out of place. In some powerful engine there is a little screw, and if it drop out, the great piston can not move nor the huge crank turn. What has big and little to do with things that are equally indispensable? There is a great rudder that steers an ironclad. It moves on a "pintle" a few inches long. If that bit of iron were gone, what would become of the rudder, and what would be the use of the ship with all her guns? There is an old jingling rhyme about losing a shoe for want of a nail, and a horse for want of a shoe, and man for want of a horse, and a battle for want of a man, and a kingdom for loss of a battle. The intervening links may be left out—and the nail and the kingdom brought together. In a similar spirit we may say that the trifles done for Christ which help the great things are as important as these. What is the use of writing letters, if you cannot get them delivered? It takes both Paul and Tychicus to get the letter into the hands of the people at Colosse.

Another thought suggested by the figure of Paul's minister, who was also his fellow slave, is the sacredness of secular work done for Christ. When Tychicus is caring for Paul's comfort, and looking after common things for him, he is serving Christ, and his work is "in the Lord." That is equivalent to saying that the distinction between secular, religious and non-religious, like that of great and small, disappears from work done for and in Jesus. Whenever there is organization, there must be much work concerned with purely material things, and the most spiritual forces must have some organization. There must be men for "the outward business of the house of God" as well as the white-robed priests at the altar, and the rapt gazer in the secret place of the Most High. There are a hundred matters of detail and of purely outward and mechanical nature which must be seen to by somebody. The alternative is to do them in a purely mechanical and secular manner, and so to make the work utterly dreary and contemptible, or in a devout and earnest manner and so to hallow them all, and make worship of them all. The difference between two lives is not in the material on which, but in the motive from which, and in the end for which they are respectively lived. All work done in obedience to the same Lord is the same in essence, for it is all obedience; and all work done for the same Lord is the same in essence, for it is all obedience, and all work done for the same God with same intention, for it is all worship. The distinction between secular and sacred ought never to have found its way into Christian morals, and ought forever to be expelled from Christian life.

Another thought may be suggested. The fleeting things done for Christ are eternal. How astonished Tychicus would have been if anybody had told him on that day when he set out from Rome, with the two precious letters in his satchel, that these bits of parchment would outlast all the ostentatious pomp of the city, and that his name, because written in them, would be known to the end of time all over the world! The eternal things are the things done for Christ. They are eternal in their memory who has said, "I will never forget any of their works," however they may fall from man's remembrance. They are perpetual in their consequences. It is true that no man's contribution to the mighty sum of things "that make for righteousness" can very long be traced as far from the others any more than the raindrop that refreshed the harebell on the moor can be traced in burn, and river, and sea. But it is there. So our influence for good blends with a thousand others, and may not be traceable beyond a certain distance, but still it is there; and no true work for Christ, abortive as it may seem, but goes to swell the great aggregate of forces which are working on through the ages to bring into existence the perfect Order.

The Colossian church seems a failure. Where is it now? Gone. Where are its sister churches of Asia? Gone. Paul's work and Tychicus' seem to have vanished from the earth, and Mohammedanism to have taken its place. Yes! and here are we to-day in England, and Christian men all over the world in lands that were mere slaughter-houses of savagery then, learning our best lessons from Paul's words, and owing something for our knowledge of them to Tychicus' humble care. Paul meant to teach a handful of obscure believers—he has edified the world. Tychicus thought to carry the precious letter safely over the sea—he was helping to send it across the centuries and to put it into our hands. So little do we know where our work will terminate. Our only concern is where it begins. Let us look after this end, the motive; and leave God to take care of the other, the consequences.

Such work will be perpetual in its consequences on ourselves. "Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious." Whether our service for Christ does others any good or no, it will bless ourselves by strengthening the motive from which it springs, by enlarging our own knowledge and enriching our own characters, and by a hundred other gracious influences which his work exerts upon the devout worker, and which become indissoluble parts of himself, and abide with him for ever, over and above the crown of glory that fadeth not away.

And, as the reward is given not to the outward deed, but to the motive which settles its value, all work done from the same motive is alike in reward, howsoever different in form. It was a law in Israel that the division of the spoils of victory gave an equal share to him "that goeth down to the battle," and to him "that tarrieth by the stuff"—for all had contributed to the victory, and the fighters in the front had no braver hearts than the rear guard that looked after the base of operations, and kept open the line of communications. Paul in the front and Tychicus obscure in the rear, the great teachers and path-openers whom Christ through the ages raises up to help and sympathize—shall share alike at last, if the spirit that moved them has been the same, and in different administrations they have served the same Lord. "He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet"—though no prophecy come from his lips—"shall receive a prophet's reward."

### "Lacked Ye Any Thing?"—A Retrospect.

BY THE REV. JOHN HARTLEY.

When the Lord Jesus sent forth the Twelve on their mission to proclaim the coming of the kingdom, they were implicitly to trust God's everwatchful providence for the supply of all their needs. They must take no purse for money, no scrip for provisions, no superfluous clothing. "The workman," said he, "is worthy of his meat." And now, when he is about to be taken in bodily presence from them, he makes to them the appeal, the challenge, "Lacked ye any thing?" They had gratefully to answer, "Nothing."

We have just passed another landmark of our earthly pilgrimage. As we look back on the way in which our God hath lead us, and recount the experiences of the past year, of our past lives, have we not to make a similiar acknowledgment? We reverently and thankfully own that we have lacked no good thing.

We entered on the last year, staying ourselves on the exceeding great and precious promises. They met our every condition. They were adapted to all our varied exigences. They guaranteed to us whatever of guidance, strength, succor, consolation, we might need. Shining out from the firmament of Scripture on our devious path, they often directed our faltering steps and cheered our hearts. Did we lack any thing which we were thus led to expect? Were we ever forsaken when we had been bidden to believe that our almighty Helper would be at our side? Have we been put to shame in having indulged a vain confidence? Nay, rather, we know in all our hearts and in all our souls that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord our God spake concerning us.

How cheerfully, then, may we go forward to all that awaits us in this new year! We need not, even if we could, provide beforehand for the journey, the toil, the warfare. Our heavenly Father knoweth our every want, and he assures us that all shall be supplied. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," are the words he speaks to us; and they are the key-note of a hundred others similarly helpful. There can be no need which this one celestial fountain will not yield. There is no blessing which is not inscribed in the covenant that is ordered in all things and sure, no help but is pledged to us there. And will not our gracious God remember unto us the word on which he has caused us to hope. Can he who is love fail us? Will not he who cannot lie keep his word?

"Lacked ye any thing?" Were there not always seasonable and suitable supplies? Bread for our strengthening, living water to refresh, robes of righteousness for our adorning, the panoply divine when the fight has thickened round us? When our feet had well nigh slipped, God in mercy held us up. He was our sun in the dark and cloudy day, our shield against the fiery darts. He was for a spirit of judgment when we were called to sit in judgment, for strength when we had to turn the battle to the gate. Just as we were sinking in the waves, his strong and loving hand was stretched out to us. When our heart was almost overwhelmed within us we were led to the rock higher than ourselves. For every heart sickness there was a solace, a sovereign balm for every wound, a present help in trouble. Because of his perfect knowledge of us, and the infinity of his resources, he has imparted to us at the proper juncture the blessing most adapted to our state.

If, therefore, there should in future arise especial and hitherto unknown emergencies, may we not assure ourselves that timely aid will be given? "He knoweth the way that I take;" and if it lie over mountains of difficulty, vigor to mount and pass them will be given; if it go through the valley of terror and gloom, the fiery pillar shall ever be before and above me; if it bring me into the waterfloods, not the margin shall be touched but Jesus will be at my side to cheer my heart and sustain my step.

"Lacked ye any thing," even in seasons of sorest need, in unforeseen exigencies, in greatest danger and utter helplessness? God sometimes wisely allows us to be brought into seemingly inextricable embarrassment and difficulty before he interposes for our relief and deliverance. Thus our proneness to look no higher than second causes is corrected, our tendencies to lean on an arm of flesh is cured. We are made to say, "This is God!" When the crooked things are made straight and the rough places plain, we own his working. When the prison doors are thrown open and our chains fall off, we awaken to the conviction, God has sent his angel. When the storm suddenly subsides, we are sure that Jesus has spoken. It is worth while to suffer much in order that these lessons may be engraven on our hearts. In the darkness light has arisen. Deliverance has been sent through a channel, the very existence of which was unknown. From the flinty rock water has gushed forth.

"His arm has safely brought us
A way no more expected,
That when his sheep
Passed through the deep,
By crystal walls protected."

If, therefore, we enter on another year in utter perplexity, envelopel in darkness, borne completely down by life's burdens, we need not, must not, give up our trust that our almighty Friend will bring us through and set us in a large room. It is when by the removal of all other support we are forced on the naked arm of our God, we discover how strong it is. And often does he wait for our extremity that he may effectually intervene. "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst," then, not till then, "the Lord will hear them, the God of Israel will not forsake them." If the darkness has become of the deepest, and you vainly strain your eyes to catch the first ray of light, yet doubt not that the day is about to dawn.—*The King's Highway.*

### Faith.

How shall I, in the simplest, briefest way, tell a soul just what it is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ so as to be saved? To get at the very heart of this subject, let us suppose that you are at the bedside of a dying sinner, whose only hope of salvation lies in your being able to tell him at once, in the simplest words, how to perform the saving act of faith. Many a person is told to believe who is not conscious of *not* believing, and who has no appreciation of the difference between belief and faith. How may the matter be so put before an inquiring soul as to help to the immediate appropriation of saving grace? Time may not be left for the study of the word of God or for anything but the briefest prayer. How shall this last moment be improved to the saving of a soul?

Faith differs from belief, because it is an act of trusting. Belief is the assent of the mind, to a fact or truth put before us in the form of a proposition or statement; as though I should say, "Christ died for sinners." Faith is the consent of the whole mind, heart, conscience, and will to the fact or truth of the Christian religion, as represented in the person of Christ. Hence we read, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." That little word *on* carries the idea that such a way of believing brings me near the person of Jesus, and makes me not only accept what He says, but *lean on Him*; resting not only on His words, but on his work for me. Here is not only believing, but *trusting*.

Faith differs from belief, because it is an act of taking. God not only puts before me a truth to be believed, but a personal Saviour to be taken to myself. Faith is that by which I apprehend, and then appropriate—first perceive and then receive, Him. I see Christ to be my possible Saviour, and take Him to be my actual Saviour. How do I take Him? By giving myself, the only way in which one person can take another. So a lone orphan takes one who offers to be a faither; so a wife takes a husband; so a soldier takes a general, or a subject a king; by giving ourselves away to another, we take another to ourselves. No act can be simpler; and, in fact, it is its simplicity at which we stumble.

Faith thus differs from belief, because, in this trusting and taking Jesus, it becomes a tie of union. It makes me one with Jesus, and Him one with me forever. I lose my life in Him, my will in His will. I look at this world and the world to come through His eyes, and become part of His body, a member obeying Him as my head.

To guide a soul to Christ we must first, then, get clearly in mind that the central thing about faith is this act of *trusting, taking, trying*, to Christ. A child in years or in mind can understand this. Let every dying sinner lay his hand in mine, as Christ's messenger to him, and say, "Lord Jesus, I *trust thee* I *take* thee as my Saviour and Lord: I give myself wholly to thee, forever.—*Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D.*

### Fishers of Men.

BY KATE S. GATES.

Everybody admired Margaret Ashton; how could they help it? she was so beautiful and talented; but, for all that, there were very few who really loved her.

"She can be perfectly lovely when she chooses," Nettie Grant said, in speaking of her; "but, unfortunately, she doesn't choose only once or twice in an age; the rest of the time she's 'faultily faultless, icily cold.' She never exerts herself to be agreeable to any one unless she happens to take a fancy to them; but when she does, I tell you she is agreeable, and no mistaking it. I never saw any one in my life could be more charming than she can. But then,

If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

And the others, being much of the same opinion, it came to pass that in the little world in which she moved Margaret, with her rare powers and capabilities, stood apart by herself; instead of being, as she might, in their midst, a living, active power for good.

And yet, Margaret was a sincere Christian, and thoroughly conscientious. She had consecrated her heart, her means and her life as a whole; but that the Lord wanted her real self never once entered her mind.

Aunt Margaret, who had taken a mother's place to her for years, watched her anxiously.

"I wonder," she said often to herself, "I wonder if that girl has any idea what a power she could be if she only would!"

"Margaret," she said, one evening, as they sat together working, "who is that young lady who sat next to you in Sabbath-school yesterday?"

"I hardly know, Aunty. Her name is Nora Vaile, and that is the extent of my knowledge concerning her."

"But she has been here several weeks; she looks to me as though she needed help of some sort," said Aunt Margaret, glancing furtively at her niece as she spoke.

"Does she?" said Margaret, indifferently. Really, I had not noticed her enough to know. My first impression was that she was rather frivolous; and I have not paid any particular attention to her since."

And, to all appearances, Margaret considered the subject dropped now, but not so her aunt.

"Do you suppose, Margaret, that anything happens by chance in this world?" she asked, quietly.

"Why no, Aunty, surely not," replied Margaret, looking up in surprise.

"Then you believe there was a purpose in that girl's being placed in your vicinity, and, may I ask, how you in any way endeavored to discover what it is and to fulfil it?"

"I—why Aunt Margaret, there couldn't be any purpose—"

"But you said that you did not believe in chance."

"I do not; but this is different. It isn't possible that there could be any reason for her simply being in the same Bible-class with me. It has happened so, that is all, and I do not particularly fancy her anyway."

"That makes no special difference, and, Margaret, you're wrong; *nothing* happens, it is all planned, and there is a reason for everything. When you have gotten to be as old as I am, you will see, in looking back, that many of the most apparently trivial acts of your life have really been of the greatest importance. That girl may have been put in your way that you might influence her whole life for good. Suppose you don't particularly fancy her; I don't remember that the Lord said anything about likes and dislikes when he told Andrew and Simon that he would make them fishers of men; and I don't believe, Margaret, that anything of that sort will excuse us from doing our duty now. It always seems to me that we ought to influence every one with whom we come in contact; that we are brought side by side from so many different directions, and in such curious ways sometimes just that we might lend our bit of help. If that is so, then we must answer for it to the Lord for the manner in which we use our opportunity. It don't seem to me that you are making very good use of yours, child. I think that you have need to learn Paul's lesson of being all things to all men that thereby he might win souls."

"I do not understand you; I am sure I am willing to do all in my power to influence any one to come to Christ; but I fail to see why my not putting myself out for some one whom I do not fancy can do any harm."

Margaret spoke rather coldly. She was not fond of being criticised.

"But it does harm, Margaret; you lose power by doing so; and we must treasure every bit of power we have. You have a great deal in your hands; the Lord has given you the talent of being very winning and attractive; but how much use do you make of it for him? Think of the influence you might gain over those about you if you exerted yourself; aren't you accountable to God for it. This little Nora Vaile, for instance, she watched you as closely as could be, I watched her and I know you fascinated her in some way, and if you would but exert yourself you could gain a great deal of influence over her, I am sure. And she is only one. You are not very popular amongst your associates, Margaret, you know it as well as I do, and rather pride yourself upon it, strange to say; but you oughtn't. You ought to feel it a duty to use the power intrusted to you. I tell you, Margaret, we are not put here in this world just to take pleasure and comfort; but we are put here to do the Lord's work, and we ought to put our whole hearts into it. He has given us ourselves, and we must make of our one talent two if we can. We must do our very best with ourselves, and use them in his service."

Some one called just then, so Margaret was left to herself. Putting her work down, she went up to her own room to think it over. It was true, as her aunt said, she had rather prided herself upon a slight exclusiveness; she had told herself that *she* could not be otherwise. There was Gussie Winter, always cheery and social to every one, and loved by everybody. Margaret had always felt herself superior to Gussie, though she could not resist her winning ways.

"All things to all men." Must she strive to be that? And was she accountable for the use of every power of attraction intrusted to her? She had not once thought of it; but was it not so? Oh, how foolish and wicked she had been all her life; how much, perhaps, she might have done that she had not. How many lives had touched hers that would never again in this world; would they meet her as accusing spirits in the next?

Fishers of men, He had promised to make those disciples of old; would He teach her, also, to become one, now?

"I never saw any one change in my life as Margaret Ashton has lately," said Nettie Grant, not long after.

"It is just wonderful; and it is grand to see how much influence she has; everybody admires and loves her, and wants to be like her now."—*National Baptist.*

### Crooked Sticks.

[The following is from a correspondence in the Richmond *Herald*, one of the pithiest of our Baptist papers. Many of our pastors will sympathize with the writer.]

I have just abandoned another. Another Crooked Stick. I tried for years to straighten him, but I found him too old and tough and seasoned for that. Then I tried to make him fit in the pile somehow by twisting other more pliable sticks to suit his convenience. But it will not work. He is sure to stick his head out in the wrong place. Or to stick his foot out very uncomfortably. From top to toe he is crooked. Put him anywhere in the pile and he is sure to rattle it down. To-day I abandon him for good—for the good of his brethren at least. To-day I wash my hands of him. To-day I register a vow that I will waste no more time and no more energy in trying to make something of a poor old, hard-headed hard-hearted Crooked Hickory Stick—at least not until the Lord makes me a better man.

Mr. Editor, I write for advice. Am I all wrong? It is hard to bring one's self to such a decision, and harder still to put the thing in cold type. But, Mr. Editor, in a former pastorate, I also had a Crooked Stick. I was younger then and more sanguine. I thought I could make something of him. I tried. I tried everything. I tried homœopathy, and allopathy, and hydropathy, and eclecticism, and electricity, and sun baths. I spent more time on him and his family than on any other family in the church. I said as many sweet things about the children as my conscience would possibly allow me to say. When the Crooked Stick's mother-in-law died I sympathized with him in his sorrow, but soon finding I was on the wrong track, I tried to rejoice with him in his joy. I felt like a great inventor who is confident of final success; and like him I sat up nights to work out some new principle which should prove to be the road to victory. But after four years of utterly fruitless endeavor, I gave it up. I abandoned the Crooked Stick. I made up my mind that life was too short to be wasted on hopeless cases, when there was so much profitable work to be done in a wretched world like this.

It may seem from the above description that I left out of the account the chief source of help. But I did not. I simply reached the conclusion at last that I would let the Lord answer my prayer in his own time, and that he did not need my services to help him.

### The Banker's Experience and the Sermon.

It is very delightful to hear testimonies from actual life confirming the witness which the preacher bears from the pulpit. We have just received one which is well worthy of being preserved in this magazine of facts.

In our sermon published for November occurs the following passage:

"If it be true that you are willing thus to follow Christ, reckon upon deliverance. Nebuchadnezzar may put you into the fire, but he cannot keep you there, nor can he make the fire burn you. The enemy casts you in bound, but the fire will loosen your bonds, and you will walk at liberty amid the glowing coals. You shall gain by your losses, you shall rise by your down-castings. Many prosperous men owe their present position to the fact that they were faithful when they were in humble employments. They were honest, and for the moment they displeased their employers, and in the end earned their esteem. When Adam Clarke was put out apprentice, and his master showed him how to stretch the cloth when it was a little short, Adam could not find in his heart to do it. Such a fool of a boy must be sent home to his mother; and his godly mother was glad that her boy was such a fool that he could not stoop to a dishonest trick. You know what he became. He might have missed his way in life if he had not been true to his principles in his youth. Your first loss may be a life-long gain. Dear young fellow, you may be turned out of your situation, but the Lord will turn the curse into a blessing! If all should go softly with you, you might decline in character, and by doing a little wrong learn to do yet more and more, and so lose your integrity, and with it all hope of ever lifting your nose from the grindstone. Do right for Christ's sake, without considering consequences, and the consequences will be right enough. If you take care of God's cause, God will take care of you. Rest assured that uprightness will be your preservation, and not your destruction. It will be your highest wisdom to let all things go that you may hold fast your integrity, and honor the name of the Lord."

Immediately after the issue of the sermon, we received the following letter from a gentleman who has been our friend and helper all along:

"DEAR FRIEND: I have just read your sermon, 'Is it true?' No. 1,930. Referring to the latter portion of page 635, I wish to send you the following statement of facts: Just forty-six years ago I was in a situation, and I was called upon to do that which I believed to be wrong. I was compelled in conscience to decline, and ultimately I received three months' notice to leave. I had a wife and one child, but no property. My father asked me if I was bereft of my reason for acting as I did, and I had no idea what I should do or where I should go. I mentioned my case to a dear Baptist minister, and his reply was, 'My young friend, 'stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.'' The result was that, in a most marvelous way (I will not weary you with details), before the three months expired, the Lord gave me a new appointment, at exactly double the salary I lost: and that double has since been trebled: and here I am to this day! All praise and glory be to his great name! He is true and faithful! If you think well, you can make what use you like of this statement."

We have not given the writer's name, but it is one which is deservedly honored. The writer is a man who could not misstate or exaggerate; what he records is the bare, unvarnished fact. How it ought to encourage every young Christian to "dare to be a Daniel!" The Lord has delivered, does deliver, and will yet deliver. A man may lose *for* Christ, but in the long run he shall not lose *by* Christ. The tempted servant of the Lord should make a note of the incident here recorded, remembering that the Lord is the same to all who put their trust in him.—*C. H. Spurgeon in Sword and Trowel.*

JUST THREE THINGS.—"I once met a thoughtful scholar," says Bishop Whipple, "who told me that for years he had read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things:

"First. I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the guide and leave me stone-blind.

"Second. I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen Arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on the breast of its mother. I know that was not a dream.

"Third. I have three motherless daughters (and he said it with tears in his eyes). They have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world if you blot out from it all the teachings of the Gospel."—*Selected.*

WORTH OF MISSIONS.—Half a century ago the Karens were the wildest, rudest, most cowardly, and least civilized portion of the population. During the last few months they have shown themselves far ahead of any of the other indigenous races, in a combination of courage and readiness to fight when necessary, with an admirable self-restraint and submission to constituted authority, even when fighting against their hereditary enemies; which combination of qualities is one of the most essential elements of true civilization. The spectacle of such a change having been wrought in so short a time is enough to make the greatest scoffer at missionary work speak more respectfully of it in future.—*The Rangoon Gazette.*


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Debentures issued with Coupons, from five to ten years. Interest six per centum per annum, payable half-yearly.

FOR SALE: Capital Stock, and four years Stock, dividends on each payable half yearly. Dividends paid on Capital Stock for half-year ending Dec. 31, 1881, was four per cent., on four-year Stock three per cent.

THOMAS REED,
ap119 tf Secretary-Treasurer.

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TAKEN INTERNALLY MIXED WITH A WINE GLASS OF HOT MILK AND SUGAR, IT WILL BE FOUND A NEVER FAILING CURE FOR
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