

Poetry.

THE PRIDE OF MORTALS.

The following is to have been written by William Knox of Scotland, was a favorite poem with Abraham Lincoln, who often repeated it to his most intimate friends.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and willow shall fade,
The flowers of the meadow and the grass shall decay,
And the young and the old and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eyes of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

"The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust."

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we can not unfold;
They scorned but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay! they died: we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrim road.

Yes! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

MARY'S LAMB.

La petite Marie had in June autumns,
Zee wool was blancher as snow,
And everywhere la belle Marie went,
La June mittens was sure to go.

Wun gal named Moll had lamb,
Pleasant all summer white snow,
Evly place Moll gal walkee,
La ba hoppe long too.

Dat Mary had got ein leinle schaf,
Mit hair shair like some wool,
Und all der black dat gal did want,
Dat schaf go like ein fisch.

Regory, Mary had a little sheep,
And the wool was white entirely,
An whenever Mary would stir her stumps,
That young sheep would follow her completely.

The Fireside.

A NEW-YEAR'S PROLOG.

"But we may try, mayn't we?" pleaded Bob and Archy, and their grandmothers smiled at the answer: "Certainly, you may keep awake if you can, and welcome in the New Year at midnight. Only mind that you don't set the house on fire."

"Then we may keep the lamp!"
"For a while," said grandma.

The boys pranced up to bed very merry, and certain that they were wakened enough to watch the old year out. It had been a trial that grandma would not let them sit up and stay dressed, but she said they would surely take cold, and it could not be allowed.

"If we do keep awake we may have first wish, mayn't we?" asked Bob.

"And I know what that will be," added Archy. "Grand new sleds, with steel runners."

"And if I get first wish it is new spectacles to replace those you tied on the cat and she lost in the barn, eh?" said grandma.

The boys hurried away, not caring to reply, for, as Archy said, "Spectacles cost so much when a fellow's pocket money is only a shilling a week."

It was easy at first to keep at work, telling stories and guessing riddles, but presently Archy's voice grew faint, and Bob heard a slight and unmistakable snore, which made him punch Archy vigorously.

"But you are awfully sleepy," he said, good-naturedly. "Take a nap, and then I'll wake you, and you can watch while I have one."

It was not so much fun being the only boy awake, and Bob must have dozed in a few minutes, for he heard the clock striking and spring up.

"Happy New Year, Archy! Wake up old fellow!"

"Indians! Where?" said Archy, greatly startled by the shout in his ear.

"Nowhere. Happy New Year."

Bob tumbled up and went thumping down stairs, shouting his greeting to grandma, but behold! there was the good man still reading the paper in the sitting-room, and pointing, with a smile, at the clock, which plainly said ten. The boys retreated, and though they laughed they felt rather crestfallen. And keeping awake was so hard that dawn had come before Bob opened his eyes again.

"Must be day-time, for I can see the light," he said, and hurrying into his clothes, he stole down stairs, this time quite certain that the New Year had come. He opened the kitchen door with such a shout that Kestrel, who was just lifting the pall of new milk to strain it, let it fall, and she and Bob, who rushed to help save it, both got well with the warm white fluid. Bob did not care so much as he would if grandma had not called from his bedroom that the boys had certainly got ahead of him this time.

So after breakfast, when Bob and Archy devoured an astonishing number of New-Year's cakes, made very large, and very sweet, and fried very brown, the happy boys received the longed-for sleds and set out for Three-mile Hill. This was a grand coasting place, and to-day many of the village boys were enjoying it. They were sure Bob and Archy displayed their sleds, and exchanged rides, ran races, and all the other things that boys with new sleds are apt to do. It was Ben Price who "dared" Bob to slide down hill backwards.

"I can, and I'll do it on the other side, too," said Bob.

The boys cheered. Three-mile Hill sloped on two sides down to the meadow land, and one was very steep. Bob started, sitting on his sled with his back to the descent. He went pretty well for a little, then the sled spun around, slid off to one side, and suddenly both it and Bob seemed to disappear and sink into the ground.

"Mr. Plummer's old well!" cried Archy, in horror.

"It's dry, and partly filled up," said Ben, and all the boys ran pell-mell down the hill to rescue their comrade. They drew him up by a line made of their sled ropes. He was not much bruised, as the well was partly filled with snow, and there was no water in it. But the new sled was rather battered.

"I'm thankful New-Year's day only comes once in twelve months," said grandma, when she heard the tale.

"I'm not," said Bob and Archy, both at once.—*YOUTH'S COMPANION.*

TEMPERANCE.

THE CIDER QUESTION.

"Take a drink of it, man; it is just from the press; 't wouldn't hurt a babe."

I heard this twenty years ago. With life and purpose fortified by long years of devotion to a sacred duty, and I trust, the grace of God, I can not recall this sentence without a shudder.

So long a time it has the sharp, stinging perfume, his, burning into the very blood, and sending sickness to the soul.

By what was then the universal custom of society, I was made a drunkard before I was twenty-one. I was outlawed by the same society that ruined me, and recklessly plunged deeper into dissipation. My young wife died, and I rushed to the bottle to drown trouble. When all other friends deserted me, and my own father drove me from his door, my mother was a mother still.

Under the influence of the Washingtonian movement I was picked up. Sober, hopeful, and resolved to stand fast, I went again to my father's home, drank his cider and fell. I was again an outcast, and again picked up.

The last time I reformed and fell was late one autumn, I had been sober three months, had earned some money, got clothed decently, and felt like a new man. I had learned one thing to my sorrow—no to haunt the grog shop, or to associate with those who did. I married again, and entered anew on the battle of life.

In late autumn I engaged in a saw-mill at high wages, for I was strong and ready, and my employer's work was hurrying him.

Late one Sabbath morning, after sleeping the latter part of the night at the mill, I was coming home, when I met a friend coming from his cider home, and having in his hand a pail of new cider just from the press. He was a deacon in my church, an exemplary professor, and a worthy citizen. He loved me, but he came near killing me. He offered me a drink from his pail. I excused myself, for my mouth watered, as I have had it do before when asked to drink at the bar. He was surprised.

"Why, Joel," he said, "not drink sweet cider? I wouldn't drink rum for the world, nor offer it to you; but this is as harmless as water—nothing but apple juice. Take a drink of it, man; it is just from the press; 't wouldn't hurt a babe!"

I was ashamed of my surly; I was thirsty, but felt the shadow of some great danger. The old demon of appetite was pleading within while the deacon was pleading without. I eagerly reached for the pail as he held it towards me, and drank—drank deeply.

Very likely there was no intoxication in that cider, a barrel of it might not have a drop of alcohol, but this I do know, the taste—the act—the association—all combined to entrap me, and as I took my lips from the pail, the old devil was chained as effectually as though I had drunk brandy instead of sweet cider. I was transformed in a twinkling; was wildly, excitedly mad. I shouted in my joy, and danced around the deacon, and slapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

He was shocked at my irreverence for the Sabbath, and shot through the gate as if grieved.

"I am sorry, Joel, but you have been drinking cider."

True, but not what he supposed. I had drunk his sweet cider merely—"t wouldn't hurt a babe!"

Let oblivion rest over the six months which followed that fall. I distinctly remember only the scene at the deacon's gate. About daybreak, after a troubled rest on the ground, I awoke, but so weak and so desolate at heart, I wept and prayed to die. I wanted to die, for I felt like a wreck on the strand.

The sun was just rising in the east, and smiled sweetly upon me. I shrank as if the eye of God was upon me. And then my dog—little Wag—licked my face gently, and looked wistfully in my eyes. I heard the river run by, and then came upon me such a thirst that I never experienced before. I gasped for breath! I was choking for water. Every drop of blood seemed a drop of fire, while the water ran and rippled in mockery. I must drink, die, and at last managed to crawl over and down the bank. By half past one I crawled to the water, and, as I reached to drink, fear of the great boon would cheat me. It seemed that there were not enough in the river to slake my thirst, and I ordered Wag away, as he began to lap by my side.

Bless God! the Giver of water! That drink was a long, cooling draught of bliss to a burning body and soul. I drank again, and again, and wept, and thanked God. I bathed hands, and face, and brow, and grew stronger.

I sat by the river's bank until the bells tolled. Had some kind one taken me by the hand, I would have given life for an hour at the altar, and the prayers of true Christians. But at that moment the deacon who had given me the cider passed by, remarking:

"That's Joe!—pity he hadn't drowned for his wife's and mother's sake."

O how the cruel words stung me! I wretched in agony. Was this to be my New Year? No mother or wife! No home at night! No peace of mind! I dared not go home by daylight. In the evening I stole into town, and after walking an hour up and down before my house, venturing in a candle was dimly burning, and my dear mother, worn out with anxiety, was fast asleep in the sick-room chair, and my poor wife was breathing heavily on the bed.

How sad—almost heart-broken—how weary and worn she looked! I knelt down beside the bed and ventured to take her hand. She smiled faintly, as if dreaming, and whispered my name.

"God, I thank Thee, he has come back to me!" Poor, betrayed, scourged, crucified innocent! I never felt such bitter tears as then, never saw so clearly what desolations I had visited upon others. Hot, and like rain, the tears fell upon her hand as I bowed over it, and called to God to witness that I would drink no more. She awoke, and throwing my swollen cheek, I saw that my eyes were closed in a glass of rum. I will never offer it to others, and I deem him or her an insidious enemy who does it. It might not "hurt a babe," but it is a dangerous evil to those who have once trodden the quicksands of appetite.

HARD SPEECHES.

The unbridled tongue is one of the crying sins of the age. Who among us possesses that charity that thinketh no evil, that will put the best construction on the conduct or report about a brother?

If you hear any evil about a rival, you rejoice at it, and if you hear the report about him contradicted, you never mention that. You are sorry the worst report is not true. Is not your heart deceitful above all things and desperately wicked? You a Christian, a preacher, and yet reproaching a brother?

Cells should be ventilated at night and kept close shut early in the day, and the day itself should be kept open and bright, if possible, to enter the cellar in the day time will deposit much of its moisture upon the cold walls, and the cellar is made more damp instead of dry by the day ventilation.

"Talk is cheap." Is it? Just hire a lawyer once.—*Syracuse Herald.*

Joining in inquiry? Dare you speak as contemptuously of a brother to his face as you do behind his back?

In conversation, do you delight to talk of the evil of a good man? Have you any conception of the sacredness of human character? A good name is of more value than all earthly goods, but you deal with it as recklessly as if it were trash. Penitentiaries would have to be multiplied by the hundred if all robbers and thieves had their due.

Statin power, Origin said, could change the magistrates' rods to serpents, but it could not turn the serpents back to rods again. Your lie may change a man into a good man's character to dross, but you cannot turn the dross back to gold again. The Morley lie robbed Garfield of the electoral votes of three States of the Union, for "a lie can get around the world while truth is getting its boots on."

Be afraid of that power—the tongue. So live that you can look any man in the face and contradict or defy his lies. The medicine is hard, and often the innocent suffer with the guilty, but the power of the tongue to keep one another straight is beyond all measure. It outweighs all magistrates, police, or standing armies. Their offices become too gross and defiant for the tongue than the pen and the press take up the end. By these rods we are whipped into decency, virtue and sobriety. It would be a calamity to the church, society, and the world, if people would cease to talk about one another. Better to have mean things said about us than to be dropped with silent to drive a man into reformation. If that power fails, it is a sign that the man is at all sense of decency and public respect. The innocent however, need a caution. Be not too sensitive or too easily disturbed by the speech of people. They will talk, and talk about you, and they are just about as likely to say one thing as another; and the great mass of human chit-chat is as idle and meaningless as the wind that blows. Fix your course and move on, unheeding other gossip or slander.

It is well to remember also that you yourself have a tongue, and the probabilities are that your tongue is not an average one. "He who offends not in word the same is a perfect man." You are hardly that. It is told of a person who went to the preacher to take lessons from the Bible, the first lesson happened to be the 39th Psalm. "I said I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue."

"That will do," said the learner: "when I master that lesson I will return for another." He never returned.

The greatest, most difficult, and practical lesson of earth. Begin to master it, and your life work begins, and until you can bridge your tongue, have more charity for those who do not. "For there is not a just man on earth that doeth good and sinneth not. Also take heed unto all words that thou thyself likewise hast uttered others." (Eccl. vii. 22.) Surely there is nothing worse under the sun.

THE BOOK OF THE NEW YEAR.

The Book of the New Year is opened, Its pages are spotted and new; And so, as each leaflet is turning,

Dear children, beware what you do! Let never a thought be cherished, Keep the tongue from a whisper of guile, And see that your faces are windows,

Through which your sweet spirit shall shine, And weave for your souls the fair garment Of honor, and beauty, and truth. Which will still with a glory enfold you,

When faded the spell of your youth. And now, with the new book, endeavor To write its white pages with care; Each day is a leaflet, remember,

To be written with watching and prayer. And if on a page you discover At evening a blot or a scrawl, Kneel quickly, and ask the dear Saviour

In mercy to cover it all. So, when the strange look shall be finished, And clasped by the angel in light, You may feel, though the work be imperfect,

You have tried to please God in the right. And think how the years are the stairway, On which you must climb to the skies; And strive that your standing be higher As each one away from you flies.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

A young man called in the office of a Christian man, not long since, to thank him for the instructions given him fourteen years ago. The gentleman expressed surprise, and said:

"I have not the pleasure of knowing you; pray tell me where I've met you."

"I was a scholar in Olivet Mission Sabbath-school, in the western part of the city, and was one of a class of twelve boys, and most of us were rather wild and gave you much trouble."

"Yes, I remember teaching in that school, and know we had some rather rude rulers. Did you really receive benefit from my instructions?"

"Yes, indeed; your kind words I never could forget; they followed me, and have come to give myself to Christ, and have come to thank you."

Imagine, if you can, the joy of this faithful teacher. He gathered fruit after many days. Not long since a lady presented herself for membership in a church. One of the questions asked by the elders was, "What was it that first led you to think of your soul?"

She replied, "I was a scholar in Olivet Sabbath-school, many years ago. Most of the girls were very wild and thoughtless, and we were taught the pious, excellent lady, and she taught us the scriptures. Her life and her instructions I never forgot, and now I trust to live all my days for Jesus who died for me." To all faithful teachers, great and glorious will be thy reward.

The founder of this Mission School and its superintendent for many years, was the late S. S. Fisher, who met an untimely death in the Susquehanna River a few years since. By his effort mainly the brick building was erected on Carr Street, where still are gathered hundreds of children for Bible instruction. Who can estimate the streams of blessing which flow from a single Sabbath-school? More unserved consecration to the good work is surely the great want of our times. "Work while it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

HELPING A FELLOW UP.—Tommy is tugging away at another urchin who is pitifully crying on the ground.

"What are you doing Tommy?" "O! only helping a fellow up!"

That is right, Tommy. Now, take that as your motto through life, to help a fellow up.

There is that drunkard who is down through drink, and there is the man that is down through temptation. Give each a hand, and help a fellow up.

What would have become of Martin Luther, when he was a young man singing in the streets for his bread, if some one had an eye to observe him and a heart to feel not for him, but put out a hand and helped a fellow up? There are thousands to-day who never could have stood where they now are if friendly souls had not extended aid and helped a fellow up.

Cells should be ventilated at night and kept close shut early in the day, and the day itself should be kept open and bright, if possible, to enter the cellar in the day time will deposit much of its moisture upon the cold walls, and the cellar is made more damp instead of dry by the day ventilation.

"Talk is cheap." Is it? Just hire a lawyer once.—*Syracuse Herald.*

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES

FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF ALL WASTING DISEASES, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, General Debility, Brain Exhaustion, Chronic Constipation, Chronic Diarrhoea, Dyspepsia, or Loss of Nervous Power. It is unequalled in the treatment of Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Hands and Limbs, Loss of Appetite, Energy or Memory.

It acts with vigor, gentleness and subtlety, owing to the exquisite harmony of its ingredients, akin to pure blood itself. Its taste is pleasant, and its effects permanent. Its first apparent effect is to increase the appetite. It assists digestion, and causes the food to assimilate properly—thus the system is nourished. It also, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuations. The rapidity with which patients take on flesh while under the influence of the Syrup, of itself indicates that no other preparation can be better adapted to help and nourish the constitution, and hence be more efficacious in all depression of spirits, shaking or trembling of the hands or body, cough, shortness of breath, or consumptive habit. The nerves and muscles become strengthened, and the blood purified.

READ WHAT THE INVENTOR, MR. FELLOWS, HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS SYRUP OF THE HYPOPHOSPHITES.

In the summer of 1864, I was suddenly affected by a copious expectoration of mucous-purulent matter. I had been declining in health for some months, and, being exceedingly nervous, the symptoms caused alarm. As my business was that of a dispensing chemist, the shop was constantly visited by medical men, all of whom tendered their advice. During 1864 and 1865, my chest was examined by ten different class physicians, some of whom pronounced the case Bronchitis; some, not wishing to cause alarm, or unwilling to venture an opinion, gave no decision; some stated unequivocally that I had Tubercular Disease of the Lungs, and located the trouble where the pains were felt. By professional advice, I used, in turn, horse-radish extract, country life, eggs and ale in the morning, tonic, Bourbon whiskey, cod-liver oil, electricity, tar, and various inhalants, but the trouble increased. Expectoration became more profuse and offensive. "Night-sweats" set in. Cold, croup, diarrhoea, dyspepsia, cough, blood-streaked expectorations, loss of sleep, loss of appetite, loss of memory, loss of ambition, accompanied by general prostration, showed themselves. Under the microscope the blood was found to contain but a small portion of vitalized corpuscles; the heart's action was feeble; the pulse intermittent; the stomach could not digest properly, so that flatulency and acidity was the result. Finding the symptoms indicated Consumption, I determined to use every effort to stay its progress, and, if possible, to cure it. I selected the most powerful tonic and moderators, and combined them with the vital constituents of the human body. For months I endeavored to amalgamate them before my efforts were crowned with success. I cannot speak too plainly or too strongly of the effects produced, and the benefits I received from the composition.

My appetite increased; the expectoration became easy, digestion better; the liver became more copious and less frequent; cold chills ceased; night-sweats lessened; I gained in weight, the lacking cough left me; refreshing sleep returned; my spirits became buoyant, but owing to the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms of Consumption, the only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that I have stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty has been cured? I continued taking the Syrup month after month, but with the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe