

Poetry.

THE EARNEST MINISTER.

Could I but preach as I saw the woe
Which, like a pest, spreads over all below,
As if I heard earth's weeping millions cry,
"Give us the light before we faint and die,"
With eloquence of words and tears I then
Would rouse the church to pity dying men.

Oh, could I preach as if my heart was fired,
By gazing on the cross where Christ expired—
As if it felt the mighty love that lay
By dying pain, proved his own love to be—
How soon would guilty, stubborn souls embrace
The joyful tidings of redeeming grace!

Oh, could I preach as Christ would have me do,
With heaven and hell immediately in view—
With heart inflamed with pure, seraphic love,
Like those that wait and wait above—
How would the thoughtless and the guilty hear,
To honor Christ, my blessed Lord and King!

Oh, could I preach as I will have the day—
Dark day of doom, of sorrow and dismay;
When weeping Mercy shall in tears retire,
And burning Justice in flames appear—
How would the thoughtless and the guilty hear,
To honor Christ, my blessed Lord and King!

Oh, could I preach as I will have the day—
Dark day of doom, of sorrow and dismay;
When weeping Mercy shall in tears retire,
And burning Justice in flames appear—
How would the thoughtless and the guilty hear,
To honor Christ, my blessed Lord and King!

The Fireside.

DOING GOOD.

BY MRS. A. N. SNOW.

"I wonder if there is anything I can do!" and so spoke Miss Duffy looking at the book she was reading and was soon lost in deep thought.

Poor little woman! She had always regarded herself as one of the "flowers of God's little ones," and that she could be of service to any one seemed almost beyond her comprehension.

When she had been a girl at home she had not been regarded as the "flower of the family." There was nothing brilliant about her like her younger sisters, nor was she an adept at fancy-work. Her face wasn't pretty, either, so, instead of being flattered and caressed, she was left alone, as many another plain child has been. No one asked her hand in marriage; at least, no one whom her parents approved, so that, finally, she came to be regarded as rather a noisy, unobtrusive "old maid," who troubled nobody, and was troubled by nobody in return.

Father and mother were both dead now; her two sisters were comfortably settled in homes of their own, and little Miss Duffy managed to keep soul and body together on the limited income that her small property yielded.

"Yes, I wonder if there is anything I can do," and she looked back and forth, humming a bit of a tune that she had heard a little child sing under her window. The refrain was,—

"There's a work for me and a work for you,
Something for each of us now to do."

Presently she rose up in a determined sort of way and, going to a closet, took down her cloak and bonnet.

"Yes," she said aloud, "I'll run right over there now, and see if I can do any use."

Directly opposite lived a poor woman whose husband was dying of consumption. She had several children—fourteen little ones, with a hungry, starved look on their faces.

Miss Duffy's resolution was made. She found it difficult crossing the street—the roads were very muddy—but she got over at length and gave a timid knock at the door of the great tenement house.

After waiting what seemed to her a long time, a man came staggering up and asked her what she wanted.

"I came to see the woman whose husband is sick," she stammered out.

"Well—ho—you go up stairs—live—and on the top floor I guess you'll find him—find him!"

For a moment she was terribly frightened, but her courage soon returned, and she clambered up the rickety stairway till she reached the top floor. Here she knocked, and some one said, "Come in."

On a miserable bed in a very miserable room lay a wasted form, apparently that of a dying man. In a wooden chair by his side a woman sat holding a sleeping child, and weeping.

"I've come over," said Miss Duffy, "to see if I can do anything to help you. I have heard that you were in a great deal of trouble."

"Shure, an' it's meself that's same," replied the poor creature, breaking forth into bitter sobs. "Here's me poor Jim, an' it's hardly alive he is at all, an' me with no money to send for a doctor or get him up with medicine. I've been a prayin' to the Holy Vargen to send me help; but nary a bit has come, an' it's discouraged I am in."

Little Miss Duffy was a Christian, but she was as her wife's end now. How could she talk religion to this Irish woman, this worshipper of the Virgin!

"Can't I hold your baby?" she said. "I had a little sister once, and I tended her very carefully long ago when she was sick with a fever. Is your baby sick?"

"Shure, an' it's hungry she is, I'm afraid, with me havin' hardly a morsel to send since yesterday, an' it's not much better with the other children. It was hard on her, thought, to be the only one in the class who had nothing to give. He looked grumpy around on the old church. What he should be prying in one corner under the seat, but a potato!"

"How in the world did that potato get to church?" he said, nodding his head toward it.

Somebody must have dropped it that day we brought in the potatoes for the poor folks. I say, Stennie, we might give that potato. I suppose it belongs to us as much as to anybody."

Stephen turned and gave a long thoughtful look at the potato.

"That's an idea!" he said eagerly. "Let's do it!"

James expected to see a regular look on his face, but his eyes and mouth said, "I'm in earnest!"

"O, yes, they do. I would rather help you if I can to-day than to be out enjoying myself somewhere else. I was reading this afternoon that we ought to bear one another's burdens, when it occurred to me that I might lighten yours a little; so that's why I came over."

"An' ye've done it, I'm shure, my lady, fur it's almost starvin' we was; and God bless your dear heart forever!"

Miss Duffy proved to be an angel of mercy in this forlorn home. She was not satisfied till she had interested several of her friends in the neglected family; and by her own frequent visits she brought comfort and hope to the lonely woman.

After considerable effort she succeeded in procuring work for the widow—the husband died within a few days of Miss Duffy's first call—and gradually the little room in the attic ceased to be the forlorn place it was but a few months before.

Some plants grew by the window; a bit of carpet hem and there gave a cheery look to the place; and instead of an empty cupboard and hungry children, there was food to eat and happy-faced youngsters playing around the door.

Miss Duffy found that she could do something; and from that time she was known among the poor of the neighborhood as the dear little body that carried comfort wherever she went.

Little follower of Christ, "go thou and do likewise!"

A TRUE HISTORY OF TWO BOYS.

BY REV. E. H. CRAIG.

They attended the same school, sat side by side on the same seats, vied with each other in the same classes, played the same school games together, and were to each other as brothers. They were ambitious, and often spoke of the future "when they would be men of distinction," and even in boyhood began to plan about the best way of obtaining a classical education, which they considered indispensable to success. Their fathers were men of limited means, having to work hard for the support of their children, and never dreamed of giving their boys an education higher than that furnished by the common school. In the village school, however, these boys had an excellent teacher, who taught them more than how to read and write and do sums. He inspired them with the idea of working for themselves, and fostered their ambition to rise in the world without the help of others, by using for that purpose all honorable means with perseverance and industry.

Already each had got hold of a Latin grammar, and they were coming over "penna, penna, penna," to the utter astonishment of their fellow-pupils, while the still more puzzling mystery was declared that the angle A B C is equal to the angle D E F, and that x is equal to anything in this world.

While quite young the boys left school, taking charge of schools of their own as teachers, but still pursuing the path which each seemed to point out the way to the object of their ambition. John had the credit of being just a little brighter than his fellow, but James had the reputation of being a young man of excellent character; and it was a matter of some amusement to his rival to learn that when he became a teacher, wishing to mould the characters of his scholars, he had openly espoused the cause of temperance, and refused to touch, taste or handle that which would hurt the body or the mind of others. John claimed to be as temperate as James, but said he would not run to such foolish extremes by taking pledges, joining Rechabites, and all that sort of nonsense.

And so these two young men struck out in different directions. John taught his school and read his Virgil and Homer, and, when fatigued with close study and late hours, sometimes he refreshed himself with a glass of wine.

"High!" said he to the expectations of his friend James, who had happened to meet him in two or three years' separation. "I never do more than take a glass of wine, I do not think much harm can come to me."

"That may be," said James, "but so many do come to harm that I would not run the risk for all the good it does."

"Nothing refreshes me so much after a hard night's study as a glass of sherry," responded John, with much earnestness; and "I think if you but know the value of it you would try it. Young men like us have so much study to do that we must have something to keep up our strength; and I hope we are not foolish enough to hurt ourselves."

"I think my strength will last as long as yours," said James; "besides, when I do not feel the need I do not care to risk the danger. I can get along well enough without such helps."

Years passed away, and I thought the two young men. I knew where to find one of them, but was not certain about the other. After many inquiries I knocked at the door of an obscure house in an obscure street, and in response there came to the door a man, John, who had the reputation of being a fine scholar, knowing Latin and Greek, Hebrew and Arabic, French and German; but I noticed that he had hard work to stand steadily on his feet for the few moments I spoke to him, and his tongue was evidently too large for distinct communication.

He seemed an utter wreck at thirty-five years of age, and I turned away in sorrow and shame. I sought the lodgings of James. He was a college graduate and was busy preparing to stand a special examination for a high academic degree. He showed me a "call" which he had recently received from an important church, urging him to become its pastor, and he told me that he probably would accept it. He was still a temperate man—a man of alert principle and splendid mind; and he still lives to prove that, to become great, a man must rule his passions, and shun the very appearance of evil.

"But what became of the other young man?" I ask. The question can be answered in a very few words. About six months after I last saw him he died suddenly in a fit of *delirium tremens*, and was laid in a drunkard's grave.

And so the history of these two boys comes out in perfect harmony with the principles of character which each planned for himself. There is little difficulty in predicting results: "For whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."—N. Y. Observer.

THE MISSIONARY POTATO.

It wasn't a very large church, it wasn't nicely furnished. No carpet on the floor, no freezing on the walls; just a plain, square, bare, frame building, away out in Southern Illinois. To this church came James and Stephen Holt every Sunday of their lives.

On this particular Sunday they stood together before the square box-stove, waiting for Sunday-school to commence, and talking about the missionary collection that was to be taken up. It was something new for the poor church; they were used to having collections taken up for them. However, they were coming up in the world, and wanted to begin to give. Not a cent had the Holt boys to give.

"Pennies are scarce at our house as hen's teeth," said Stephen, showing a row of white, even teeth as he spoke. James looked doleful. It was hard on her, thought, to be the only one in the class who had nothing to give. He looked grumpy around on the old church. What he should be prying in one corner under the seat, but a potato!"

"How in the world did that potato get to church?" he said, nodding his head toward it.

Somebody must have dropped it that day we brought in the potatoes for the poor folks. I say, Stennie, we might give that potato. I suppose it belongs to us as much as to anybody."

Stephen turned and gave a long thoughtful look at the potato.

"That's an idea!" he said eagerly. "Let's do it!"

James expected to see a regular look on his face, but his eyes and mouth said, "I'm in earnest!"

"O, yes, they do. I would rather help you if I can to-day than to be out enjoying myself somewhere else. I was reading this afternoon that we ought to bear one another's burdens, when it occurred to me that I might lighten yours a little; so that's why I came over."

"An' ye've done it, I'm shure, my lady, fur it's almost starvin' we was; and God bless your dear heart forever!"

Miss Duffy proved to be an angel of mercy in this forlorn home. She was not satisfied till she had interested several of her friends in the neglected family; and by her own frequent visits she brought comfort and hope to the lonely woman.

After considerable effort she succeeded in procuring work for the widow—the husband died within a few days of Miss Duffy's first call—and gradually the little room in the attic ceased to be the forlorn place it was but a few months before.

Some plants grew by the window; a bit of carpet hem and there gave a cheery look to the place; and instead of an empty cupboard and hungry children, there was food to eat and happy-faced youngsters playing around the door.

Miss Duffy found that she could do something; and from that time she was known among the poor of the neighborhood as the dear little body that carried comfort wherever she went.

Little follower of Christ, "go thou and do likewise!"

and was prospering as she had not before. Now for a big meeting to which speakers from Chicago were coming. James and Stephen had their plans made. They washed the forty-one potatoes carefully; they wrote out in their best hand this sentence forty-one times:

"This is a missionary potato; its price is ten cents; it is from the best stock country. It will be sold only to one who is willing to take a pledge that he will plant it in the spring and give every one of its children to missions. Signed, James and Stephen Holt." Each signing potato had one of these slips smoothly pasted to its plump side.

Didn't those potatoes go off, though! By three o'clock on Thursday afternoon not one was left, though a gentleman from Chicago offered to give a gold dollar for one of them. Just imagine if he can, the pleasure with which James and Stephen Holt put each two dollars and five cents into the collection that afternoon. I'm sure I can't describe it to you. But I can assure you of one thing: They each have a missionary garden, and it thrives.

The Potato.

HAD AN EYE ON HIM.

"That young Brown has become a Christian, has he?" So said one business man to another.

"Yes, I heard so."

"Well, I'll have my eye on him to see if he holds out. I want a trusty young man in my store. They are hard to find. If this is the real thing with him, he will be just the man I want. I've kept my eye on him ever since I heard of it. I'm watching him closely."

So young Brown went in and out the store and up and down the street. He mixed with his old associates, and all the time Mr. Todd had an eye on him. He watched how the young man bore the sneer of being "one of the saints"; if he stood up for his new Master and was not afraid to show his colors. Although Mr. Todd took risks, went to church, or did what he pleased on Sabbath, he was very glad to see that Brown stood on the Lord's day and honored it.

One evening he watched to see if Brown passed the prayer-meeting he watched to see if Brown passed by. Sometimes he said: "Where are you going, Brown?" and always received the prompt answer: "To prayer-meeting." Brown's father and his teacher were both questioned as to how the lad was getting on.

For a year or more Todd's eyes were on Brown. He said to himself: "He'll do. He is a real Christian. I can trust him. I can afford to pay him. He shall have a good place in my store."

Thus, young Christian, others watch to see if you are true; if you will do for places of trust. The world has its cold, calculating eye on you, to see if your religion is real, or if you are just ready to turn back. The Master's loving eye is on you also. He sees not the mistakes alone, but also the earnest wish to please Him. He too, has places of trust. The work is pleasant and the pay good. These places may be few, when, through His strength, you have proved yourself true.

Fix your eye on him and he will keep you in the way.

THE PENITENT PIRATE.

Some few years since an East India trader was attacked, while cruising in the Indian Ocean, by a piratical schooner, and the attack being sudden and unlooked for, the merchantman fell an easy prey into the hands of the pirates. The captain and several of the crew were slain during the conflict, and the rest being gagged and heavily ironed, were laid in the pirates' boat for removal to their own vessel, and immediately valuable cargoes were taken on board. The pirates then proceeded to the work of destruction, and of what treasures they could possess themselves.

As they descended the companion-way, they heard a soft voice, evidently engaged in supplication; and the chief, directing his followers to halt at the entrance, went noiselessly forward to ascertain whence the noise proceeded. Bending low to avoid observation, he peeped into a door that stood ajar, and there he knelt a fair young woman, with a beautiful boy at her side, one arm clasped earnestly around the child, and the other raised in earnest supplication.

"O God of all mercy!" said the beseeching voice, "have the life of my child, if such be thy holy will, but rather let him perish now by the assassin's knife, than fall a living prey into such hands, to be trained up to a life of sin and infamy. Let him die now, if such be thy decree; but let him live to honor thee, and thy cross, and thy name, as he has vowed to do."

The voice ceased, choked with tears of agony; and there stood the pirate, transfixed to the spot by the tumult of his own emotion. In imagination he was again a child; his own pious mother's prayers and instructions, for long years forgotten, rose before him; and God's spirit sent such an arrow of conviction to his heart, that, instead of carrying out his murderous designs, he sank upon his knees and cried out for mercy. After assuring the lady that no harm should be done her, he hastened to the deck, unbound the captive crew, and restoring them to their ship returned with his men to their own vessel. Shortly afterwards he surrendered himself to the East India Government; but so great was the remorse he suffered for his past crimes, that before his trial came on he was attacked with fever that in a few days proved fatal. Before his death he made a full confession of the crimes of his past life, and, resting the deepest penitence in view of his guilt, and he expired happy, trusting in Jesus for mercy and acceptance with him.

His mother's prayers answered at last, and her pious child saved, it is hoped, even at the eleventh hour.

TRY AGAIN.

A gentleman was once standing by a little brook, watching its bounding, gurgling waters. In the midst of his musings he noticed several of little mind making their way up the stream, and in the direction of a small, low, old-fashioned mill, and over which the clear sparkling water fell, and which he had never seen before.

They halted a moment or two as if surveying the surroundings. "What now?" inquired the gentleman; "can these little fellows continue their journey any further?" He soon saw that they wanted to go further up the stream, and they were resting and looking out the best course to pursue in order to continue their journey to the unexplored little lakelet that lay just above the mill.

All the little fellows arranged themselves in the little column of soldiers, and dashed up the foaming little shoal, but the rapid current dashed them back in confusion. A moment's rest and they are again in the spray waters, with like results. For an hour or more they repeated their efforts, each time gaining some little advantage. At last, after scores and scores of trial, they bounded over the shoal into the beautiful lakelet, seemingly the happiest little folks in the world. "Well," said the gentleman, "there is my lesson. I never again give up. I have seen my little fellows, I did not see them trying when I undertake any thing. I did not see how these little people of the brook could possibly scale the shoal—it seemed impossible, but they were determined to cross it. This was their purpose, and they never ceased trying until they were sporting in the waters above it. I shall never give up again."—Kind Words.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

OTSMAL'S SCUMMER DEFENSE.—Oatmeal stirred into cold water is a better diet for men at work out of doors, than any intoxicating beverage ever heard of. A mass of grists to work in a coal place over night in an earthenware vessel, better yet in strong bottles for use during the forenoon, and another fixed in the early morning for the afternoon, so that the strength is fairly extruded every day, affords strength, revives flagging spirits, and prevents excessive thirst.

KNABE
PIANO FORTES.
UNQUALIFIED IN
Tone, Touch, Workmanship, and Durability.
WILLIAM KNABE & CO.
Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore,
No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York
dec 14-3m