

SUMMER WILL COME.
Oh, I wish the winter would go,
And I wish the summer would come.
Then the big brown farmer will hoe,
The little brown bee will hum.
Ho, hum!
Then the robin his fife will trill,
And the woodpecker beat his drum,
And out of their tents in the bill.
The little green troop will come.
Ho, hum!
Now the blossoms are sick in bed,
And the dear little birds are dumb,
The brook has a cold in her head,
Oh, summer takes long to come.
Ho, hum!
When in bonny blue fields of sky,
And in bonny green fields below,
The cloud-flocks fly and the lamb-flocks lie,
Then summer will come, I know.
Ho, ho!
Then around and over the trees,
With a flutter and flit will go
A rollicking, frolicking breeze
And away with a whisk, ho, ho,
Ho, ho!
Oh, the blossoms take long to come,
And the icicles long to go;
But the summer will come, and the bees will hum.
And the bright little brook will flow,
I know. Ho, ho!

Temperance.
Moral suasion for the man who drinks.
Mental suasion for the man who thinks;
Legal suasion for the drunkard maker;
Prison suasion for the statute breaker.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT TOBACCO.
BY P. S. HENSON, D. D.

And what I don't know is not worth knowing, and what I do know is not worth knowing, if the knowledge is to be paid for at the rates I give.
It is said that "experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other." The fact is, however, that fools will not learn even there, for "though shouldst bray a fool in a mortar, among wheat, with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." The writer has been brayed, — mark, I do not say has brayed, but been brayed,—and how much of the folly has been pounded out the sequel will sufficiently show.
I was brought up on a tobacco plantation, and accordingly, in the language of an English king when on trial for his life, I beg leave to remind my severely puritanical readers that I had "the disadvantage of a very bad education." The atmosphere, at least, of my early life, was none of the purest, for it was never free from tobacco smoke. After the usual initiation, with its nauseous revulsion, in which nature alters her indignant protest against the offense put upon her, I became, at a comparatively tender age, a consumer of tobacco.
When only twelve years old, sent away from home to school, and thrown in with boys ambitious to be men, and I no less ambitious than they, the indulgence at first was limited to extraordinary occasions—high days, holidays—days of grand carousal—when we gave ourselves up to wassail, but without the wine, the tobacco serving as a substitute.
We proudly fancied we were holding "Bacchanalian orgies," and enveloped in the "clouds" we "blew," we were frequently as veritably drunk as Bacchanalians ever were. I need not dwell upon the doubtful associations into which the habit brought me, nor the perilous tendencies in other directions, of which I was frequently painfully conscious. To these I look back tremblingly, thankful for the mercy that rescued me, and frequently praying that my boys may never be subjected to like dangerous exposure.
Little by little the appetite grew, and what at first was only occasional and exceptional became at last, common and habitual, until by the time I had reached my majority, instead of being a free man, I found myself bound in fetters of brass,—the most abject and inveterate of slaves. I say the most abject, because I hugged my fetters, nor cherished a single aspiration to be free, for it did not occur to me that I was enslaved—at least it did not for many a year. I make this qualification, for by and by the consciousness did come with exceeding vividness and overmastering force.
Possibly a change of latitude may have had something to do with it, for I left the tobacco plantation more than twenty years ago—possibly I am growing wiser as well as older—possibly, and still more probably, the grace of God has helped me to clearer views, and a better life. Humbly believing this, I desire gratefully to acknowledge it. I am a convert of only one year's standing, and mindful of the fact that fresh converts are supposed to be fanatical, I mean to be modest, and also cautious, lest, in case anything should happen, which I sincerely hope will not, "I should be ashamed of this same confident boasting."
It has occurred to me, however, that my "experience" might be helpful to some earnest, struggling souls, and on this account I publish it—or, rather, write it, on the perhaps too confident presumption that it will be published.
For a long time I had been in trouble on account of my tobacco. It was not domestic, because blessed with the most patient of wives. Nor was it physical, because blessed with a body of extraordinary toughness of fibre. But I had trouble of conscience, which for a Christian is of all

trouble the very worst. First of all there was a sense of personal defilement of which I could not quite divest myself. It is nowhere said in the Scriptures, as many suppose, that "cleanliness is next to godliness," but it is said, "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord;" and the consciousness of carrying about with me, and the prospect of leaving behind me, other fragrance than that of simple piety, was not a particularly savory reflection. I had noticed, too, that, in this regard, tobacco users, as a rule, did not improve as age drew on; and the possibility of coming to such a pass of palpable filthiness as some old fellows; the thought that, if I should die in extreme old age, the undertaker's assistant would have much ado to scrub out "the busy wrinkles round the chin" before he could make a decent Christian corpse out of me,—this did sometimes disquiet me. And along with this came the conviction that tobacco using was against nature, and seeing that God is the God of nature as well as grace, I could not help feeling that in running against nature I was running against not it but Him; and this, I was persuaded, was not a thing to be safely done, for however slowly God's mills do grind, "they grind exceeding small" and sooner or later, as sure as we live, they will grind exactly all. As a consequence, there were texts in the Bible, and not a few of them, which, while not difficult in themselves, perhaps, were very difficult for me, and so I dared not preach from them, lest I should convict myself, and stand convicted in the presence of my people. I could not urge them to "lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness" if the traces of such superfluity were discoverable in my breath and on my body. I could not insist that they should "keep the body under," if my body kept me under. I could not ring out the cry of conscious Christian freedom, if I myself was a slave to a fleshly lust that was warring against the soul.

That I was such a slave was a thing beyond all question. More and more inveterate grew the habit, more and more imperious the demands of an appetite, that finally became impatient of almost any intermission in its accustomed gratification. Again and again, when bowed before the Lord, and striving after greater nearness of access and a higher measure of consecration, I would ask myself, "Is there anything on earth to which I am still sinfully clinging?" and there would come a whisper, "How is it about tobacco?" and I would be ready to wish that I had never raised the question. But having been raised, it was a Banquo's ghost, that would not "down."

I endeavored to persuade myself that the Lord did not concern himself about such a trivial matter, and said to myself, "Is it not a little one, and my soul shall live?" But I had preached from that text too often, and to too many just such sinners as myself, to extract much comfort out of it. I remembered that Scripture, "He that eateth is damned if he doubt," and I more than doubted, and so was not only involved in doubt, but danger. I deliberately, solemnly, prayerfully determined, God helping me, to have done with tobacco at once and forever. And so I quit,—not for a time, to see if I should feel better,—then I should have felt immeasurably worse—but for all time.

My whole system having so long been accustomed to the use of a narcotic, my body having so long been saturated with it through and through, my brain having so long been dependent upon its artificial stimulation, it was just a question and one of exceeding gravity, it seemed to me, as to the possible consequences of so sudden and complete a revolution in the whole habits of my life. But having first solemnly decided that it was the Christian thing at least for me to do, then there was nothing left but to do it, trusting Him, for whose sake I did it, to take care of all the consequences. And he did, in the most surprising and beautiful way.

From the supreme moment of final decision, the spell of the appetite was utterly broken. And yet I suffered—not with any insatiable craving for the old gratification, but with a dazed, demented, bewildered feeling—a collapse, a consciousness of ineffectuality over which I could have wept—a sort of "chimera bombinans in vacuo," and devouring neither "secundas intentiones," nor anything else—a sort of Samson shorn of his locks, only I never was otherwise like Samson before or since. I could no more have made a sermon than I could have built a locomotive, and my only resource was to turn up the barrel, and fish out some of the old "Siliarians."

And this continued for five whole weeks, in the which I was wrapped in "an horror of great darkness," and the very hair of my flesh stood up. I would have run away from myself, and did run away from my friends, fleeing to the far West, and skirmishing about in the hope of recovering my lost equilibrium.
Returning home, and seating myself in my well-worn arm-chair, my sanctum, with trembling solicitude I settled myself for work, but fearing I should never be myself again, when, to my joy, my mind, long eclipsed, came out like the moon when it has swept past the shadow, and "Richard was himself again;" yea, more himself than ever, for, for the first time, there was the clear swing and sweep of natural faculty unobscured by narcotics. This week concludes the twelfth month—not of an experiment—for I am not experimenting—but of an experience, which to me has been a new life, full of joy and blessing. Like the three young Hebrews, I am "fairer and fatter in flesh;" and my whole life work is not being better done

and upon a higher plane, as I hope it is, I have a "comfort in my conscience," which is to me of incalculable value.
I know it is likely to be suggested by some doubting Thomas that the writer of this confession is not yet dead, and so, in spite of these brave words, may some day relapse into his old depravity. Possibly—for even better men have done worse things; but "having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day," and if any of "the brethren, waxing bold" through the "breaking of my bonds," should be stimulated to strive after like liberty, I shall mightily rejoice, and be abundantly repaid.—S. S. Times.

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"Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood" and heal, as its acting power is wonderful. "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. feb2 ly

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others! Mothers! Mothers!
Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it, there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth, who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold every where at 25 cents a bottle. feb2 ly

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Would announce to his Customers and the Public that he has opened a
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Consisting of ENGLISH and SCOTCH TWEED, FINE DIAGONALS, SPRING OVERCOATINGS and a Large Variety of PANTALON GOODS, which have been selected with care, bought close and on the most favorable terms.
Cash Customers would find it to their advantage to call and examine.
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The Subscriber takes pleasure in informing his patrons and the public that on January 1st he associated with him his two sons, C. W. BURNHAM and S. L. T. BURNHAM, under the firm name of C. E. BURNHAM & SONS.
St. John, Feb. 8, 1881. feb8

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The Oriental Tea Store,
Being determined to close out our present stock before 1st May, next. We have reduced our price of Teas, defying competition, either for good quality or low prices.
Parties in need of fine flavoured Teas will do well to give us a call.
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I remain, yours respectfully,
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Two regular M. D.'s prescribed for the very troublesome Affection of my eyes—a watery inflammatory action, painful and aggravating—without satisfactory effect. Your Medicine CURED AT ONCE.
One of the physicians referred to above, is even anxious I should allow you to publish my case.
I remain, yours respectfully,
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CURES HEART DISEASE, CURES RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, CURES NERVOUS DEBILITY, CURES SCROFULA AND SKIN DISEASES, CURES FEVER AND AGUE.
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This Syrup possesses Varied Properties.
It Stimulates the Pyraline in the Saliva, which converts the Starch and Sugar of the food into glucose. A deficiency in Pyraline causes Wind and flatulency of the food in the stomach. If the medicine is taken immediately after eating the fermentation of food is prevented.
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It Nourishes, Strengthens and Invigorates.
It carries off the Old Blood and makes new. It opens the pores of the skin and induces Healthy Perspiration.
It neutralizes the hereditary taint, or poison in the blood, which generates Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all manner of skin diseases and internal troubles. There are no spirits employed in its manufacture, and it can be taken by the most delicate babe, or by the aged and feeble, care only being required in attention to directions.

CAUTION TO DRUGGISTS.
Beware of Counterfeit medicine. I employ no traveling men or runners to solicit sales from Druggists.

TESTIMONIALS.
Toronto, April 20, 1880.

Dr. Clark Johnson—When I visited your manufactory last autumn, I was suffering from a fourfold attack of the face and head—the physicians call it neuralgia, and when you recommended me to try your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP I had no faith in it; but indeed I received such a benefit from it, that I have since recommended it to several who were suffering as I was, and with a good result, and I cannot let this opportunity of your second visit to this city go by without thanking you very much for recommending me to try the INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP.
Yours very truly,
GEO. LOVETTS, lumber merchant, 150 Simcoe street

Toronto, April 20th, '80
Dr. Clark Johnson:—I was suffering from indigestion and nervousness in my lungs. I tried a bottle of your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP and BLOOD PURIFIER; the first dose I took seemed to give me relief and I am pleased to say it has effected a permanent cure. I cannot recommend it too highly. It does all that it claims to do.
GEORGE HALLEM, Engineer, 20 Sheppard street.

Westport, Leeds Co., Ont.
Dr. Clark Johnson—I have taken your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP for Dyspepsia and Rheumatism and Nervous Headache, and have derived great benefit from its use.
G. F. REYNOLDS, Painter.

Walsh, Norfolk Co., Ont.
Dr. Clark Johnson—My wife had been ailing for some time, and, though she had a doctor attending her, and took different remedies, I could do nothing to relieve her until I sent for some of your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP, which has restored her to health. I would not be without the medicine.
FRANCIS PHILLIPS.

Kelvir, Brant County, Ontario.
Dr. Clark Johnson—In September, 1865, my wife had been under doctors' treatment two years, and they said she had heart disease. She was at that time so weak she could not stand, and I had to carry her daily from her bed to the stove, and back again as soon as the bed was made. She had used your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP but a short time when she began to walk again, and has not kept her bed a day since. It also cured my daughter of chills and fever.
RUFUS MCCOMBS JR

Nackawic, York Co., N. B.
Dr. Clark Johnson—Your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP is the best medicine I ever used, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers.
HENRY NASON.

I had been troubled for years with sciatic, and tried everything I could hear of, nothing relieved me except the BLOOD SYRUP. I am now free from pain, can sleep well, and have gained seven pounds in two weeks.
Yours truly,
DELANY CLEWS.

Sturgeon Bay, Simcoe Co., Ont.
Victoria Harbour, Simcoe Co., Ont.
Dr. Clark Johnson:—I have quit work for two weeks owing to a pain in my side, one bottle of the BLOOD SYRUP removed it. It is wonderful for giving an appetite.
CHAS. DEADMAN.

Westport, Leeds Co., Jan 29, 1879.
Dr. Clark Johnson—I have been suffering for years with Dyspepsia and Indigestion and Rheumatism, and have tried a great many remedies, but without effect. I became very bad and could not save my bed. I sent to your agent, William Dier, for a bottle of your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP, and I do not hesitate to say that it saved my life. I am completely cured, and feel like a new man. Last week my son was taken sick with severe headache, and a few doses of your valuable medicine cured him.
DAVID BLACK.

Westport, Leeds Co., Ont, Jan 26, 1879.
Dr. Clark Johnson—I have been afflicted with Dyspepsia for about nine years, and your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP is the only medicine that ever helped me. I would say to all suffering from this disease, to give your medicine a fair trial.
W. H. RORISON.

Burford, Brant County, Ont.
Dr. Clark Johnson—I have been using your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP for a short time. It has entirely cured me of dyspepsia. It is all you recommend it to be.
JAMES GLENNIE.

Toronto, April 21st, 1880.
Dear Sir,—I have been troubled with a severe pain in my side for over two years, so that it caused me many sleepless nights. Having heard of the wonderful effects of your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP and BLOOD PURIFIER, I purchased a small bottle, and it has entirely cured me; also my digestion has improved greatly.
JOHN McEACHREN, Carpenter, 14 Sheppard street

I was troubled with derangement of the nervous system. I was attended by one of the best doctors in this part of the country, but obtained no relief. Your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP relieved me at once. I really do not think any one in ill-health using it can fail to receive great benefit.
MRS. JOHNSON, Smithfield, Northumberland Co., Ont.