The Family Circle.

THE BELIEVER, A PROPHET.

I.

Prophetic Power God gives to all his own;
Dispelling passion's mists; within their ken
Bringing great truths like stars;—as on a throne
On Pisgah's heights they sit, foreseeing when
Conquest and Canaan wait God-fearing men.
The Intense *Eternities* of Joy and Fear
To their far vision are already here.

II.

As light within them centers, more and more
They through the Future pierce, and live therein.
Faith their strong telescope, that ranges o'er
Star-worlds of bliss;—fierce comet-worlds of sin.
Their's herald-warnings, slumbrous souls to win:
"Soon shall Christ's throne fill heaven with dread sunrise!
Prepare! The Judgment comes! The stern assize!"

III.

The very lives of good men prophesy:
Their motives spurning Sense; their upward aim,
They see Earth's second Deluge swelling high
O'er Ararat, a sea of billowy flame.
"Faith wins the shore," they cry;—"Sin sinks to shame;"—
With Noah's eye discerning through the dark,
A wilder flood; a far more glorious ark.

IV.

Rouse us, with word and life, O Prophet-caste!
Your warnings needed more than ever now,
As nears the Crisis, and through tempest's blast
Of battle-storm, gleams Jesus' regal Brow;
And Satan strikes his latest, deadliest blow.
Anticipate the Dawn! To realms forlorn
Proclaim: "Night's gloom is reddening into Morn!"

COILA.

LITTLE HOPE'S RIDE.

"Little Hope, will you be awake early in the morning?"

A little figure in a white bed-gown had climbed up in her ministerial brother's arms for a good-night kiss. The kiss had been given and returned, when he stopped her slipping down from his arms to ask the question.

"Yes, I guess so. How early, and what for?"

"You must be ready and have your breakfast eaten by half-past six. I am going a long ride in the morning."

"Sabbath morning! Oh, Edward!"

He smiled at her grave face and changed tone.

"Do you think it is wrong to ride on Sabbath, little one?"

Hope was not used to putting her doctrinal belief into words, so she paused a moment before she answered thoughtfully,

"Mother does not let James ride his rocking-horse on Sabbath."

"And so you think it is wrong for grown people to ride with a carriage and real horses. Is that it?"

"Ye-es," assented Hope, but dubiously, for she hardly dared to think that Edward could do anything that was not right.

"You are right, Hope, and wrong, both at once. What does James ride his rocking-horse for?"

"Why—he likes to."

"Yes, it amuses him. But suppose little Mary Green was very sick, and to-morrow morning mother wanted to send some medicine down there which she thought would cure her. Now suppose that James could do the errand much more quickly by taking his rocking-horse. Would not mother let him take it, and would it not be right for her to do so?"

"Yes," answered Hope, without any doubt now. "But are you going to see any sick people to-morrow, Edward?"

"Yes, my darling, sick in one way," and the minister's face grew very grave. "Run to bed now—good-night."

Hope chattered to her nurse about the plan, and asked her to lay out her clothes so that they would be ready in season, and went to sleep with cheeks a little more flushed and hair more tossed about than usual, in consequence of her excitement.

Hope awoke the next morning with an unusually pleasurable feeling in her heart, which she could not at first account for. She remembered the cause as soon as she saw Jack, the family horse, hitched before the door.

"Do you go out into the country to preach this morning?" asked Mr. Freeland of his son at the breakfast-table.

"Yes, sir, to B——. I have promised to take Hope with me. Are you ready?"

Bright eyes and a brighter smile answered him, and, breakfast over, Hope tied on her hat very speedily. Our little girl thought, as she rode on, glancing up now and then into her brother's pre-occupied face, that she had never seen a so beautifully still Sabbath morning before. They turned out of the town where she lived pretty soon into a shaded wood-road. A red and black woodpecker was perched on the decayed limb of a tree near the roadside, and she heard the tapping of his bill against it long after they had passed him. All at once Edward's face relaxed, and he leaned back more easily in the carriage.

"Why don't you talk, little one?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Hope; "I thought you were thinking, and wanted me to keep still. Shall we be back in time for Sabbath-School, Edward?"

"For Sabbath-School at home? No, I think not. What is your lesson to-day?"

Hope's childish voice took a little more solemn tone, as she repeated:

"Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass. These are the verses we learn in the Old Testament. We have another lesson in the New. Miss Farmer calls these our week-day verses."

"Week-day verses, what are they?

"Why, she tells us to repeat them at least once every day; and then to remember them every once in a while, when we don't have anything better to think of."

"Do you trust in the Lord, little Hope?"

"Why—yes—I believe what he says."

"Yes. But do you—no, I won't ask you any questions, but tell you of a bit of a story I read in a child's book awhile ago. I don't remember what one.

"Once there was a very famous warrior. He had fought in a great many battles, and his enemies learned to flee with terror even from his name. Wherever his plume was seen waving on the field, men fell as suddenly as if they were smitten with terrible palsy. His own countrymen dreaded to make an enemy of him lest his prowess should be turned against them. None entered his presence but with fear and trembling. This great warrior had a daughter. She was a pretty golden-haired little thing, and he loved her very much. It was his habit whenever he went out to battle to array himself in the habiliments of war, and then go to the apartment where his little girl remained. She would shout with joy and run to his arms as he approached. She loved to stroke the nodding plumes above his brow. She would lay her hand on the hilt of his sword and entreat him to draw it out that she might see and touch the sparkling blade. Why did she not shrink from him in terror? Why did she dare approach and play with his dreadful sword? Because he was *her father*. She knew that none of these things could hurt *her*, and so did not dream of fearing them.

"Thus entirely ought we to trust God. If we are his children, we shall not dream of fearing to approach Him. It will be impossible for a shadow of distrust to enter our minds, just as it was impossible for a shadow of it to enter this little girl's." Edward looked round at his sister.

"So I want my little one to love and trust Him. Think whether you do or not, Hope."

For the mile or two that remained of their way, Hope sat quite still. Edward desired that her verse that week should be a good thing in her memory, and I think it was.

YUGH.

THE NOVEL READER.

All day long Marcia sat in the corner of the family room, reading a novel. So absorbed was she, it was hard to lay it down to take her meals even. Her mother was obliged to speak more than once if she wished her assistance in anything, and if at last she succeeded by an exercise of authority, in making her do what she was at first requested to, she went to the work with a sullen, tragic air, as if she was the fancied heroine of her story, enduring all manner of persecutions and fanciful distresses.

Aunt Annie, who was but a visitor in the house, took note of all this, but wisely said that it was useless to comment until the heroine was fairly brought out of all her tribulations, and desirably settled in life; thus Marcia might be willing to hear something beside her story. It was ended at last, and with a dissatisfied air the young lady put it aside, and came down to every-day life again. Never did the stocking-basket, with its overflowing contents, look so distasteful to her—after her just taking her departure from such enchanting scenes, fragrant with orange buds, and fluttering with gossamer robes and bridal vails.

"Do you feel that your time has been profitably spent to-day?" asked practical Aunt Annie, "and does novel reading make you any happier, Marcia?"

"I'm sure it makes me a great deal happier, while I am reading it, Aunt Annie, and there are a great many lovely sentiments in this book, and real religious truth is inculcated at times. I think it is a real good book, and you would think so too if you would read it, I feel sure."

"What would you think of a miller, Marcia, who would look over handful by handful a bushel of chaff, for the few grains of wheat which might possibly be scattered among it, when there were great golden granaries at his hand which were quite free to him. Where there is such a world of real, elevating, excellent, literature, which will help to refine you, to fit you for a high intellectual position, and fit your soul for eternity, what a waste it seems to spend your hours over what unfits you for all this—over-reading, which weakens your mind, which, if long continued, will make you but a silly sentimentalist, instead of a woman of culture and sound judgment, whose opinions are received with respect and confidence.

"Above all, my dear girl, such reading hardens the heart. The more we weep over imaginary sorrows, the less we shall sympathize with real ones. It deadens the soul too. The habitual novel reader cannot be also a Bible reader—cannot be a prayerful Christian. Is this enjoyment worth the loss of the soul, Marcia?"—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

Miscellaneous.

THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY IN OUR DAY.

It is no dream of the enthusiast—who believes what he wishes—but the solid conviction of the impartial observer of events, that the world is making rapid strides in the direction of liberty. On the continent of Europe we may remark it, in the extraordinary political change which within a little time, has rescued Italy from her stagnant degradation and sent her on the way of an active and free self-development, as one of the leading powers of the earth. In Russia, which we have all been taught to regard as a despotism more compact and cold than her own hills of ice, the sinews of power have relaxed, the heart of authority has relented, in a manner so extraordinary that the facts would be incredible if they had not occurred before our eyes. Millions of serfs, by a decree of the Emperor, have been emancipated from century-old feudal restrictions; the judicial system has been remodelled upon the pattern of our Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, with its writs of rights and its juries; and to-day we hear that the supreme Executive meditates a constitution for the Empire, which will place the former autocracy among the number of limited and constitutional governments, with a separate constitution for Poland, which will grant to the inhabitants of that dependency even more liberal institutions than have been asked for by the European courts, in their late diplomatic notes.

These are stupendous changes, and yet there are others, in the more quiet fields of thought, which strike the eye less, but are scarcely less important.

An assembly, for instance, has lately been held at Mechlin, or, as the French call it, Malines, composed of Roman Catholics, partly priests and partly laity, itself an unusual thing, in which the discussions were as free and open as those of any New England convention could well be. A Paris journal, indeed, the *Opinione Nationale*, observes with a little malignant wit, that "there has not been so much talk about liberty since the old National Convention," wishing to intimate that this talk might lead to similar deeds. The object of the meeting was to devise means for propagating Catholic influence, and it was agreed that, in the present age of the world, nothing could be done without liberty. Of course, some of the more conservative ecclesiastics objected to this view, but the laymen, particularly the Count de Montalembert, and the Count de Broglie, both of them illustrious as writers and as Catholics, pressed it all the more earnestly. Montalembert, in the course of his eloquent address, made this sublime exclamation, which may well be applied universally: "Catholics, listen to me, if you wish liberty for yourselves you must wish it for others; if you do not wish it for yourselves it will never be granted to you; give it where you are masters, in order that it may be given to you where you are slaves." In another paragraph he explained what he understood by liberty:

"When I speak of democracy, I mean liberal democracy, in opposition to the democracy which is purely that of equality, and to what a French writer has so well baptized by the name of Imperial democracy. When I speak of liberty I mean complete liberty—not political liberty without religious liberty, as in the England of former times and the Sweden of to-day; not civil liberty without religious liberty—a detestable hypocrisy which consecrates equality under the yoke of no matter what master; not that unlimited liberty which would result in universal disorder; finally, not the old liberty, aristocratic liberty, very venerable, solid and robust, but based upon privilege. Nothing of all that, but simply and solely modern liberty, democratic liberty, founded on common right and on equality, regulated by reason and justice."

These words had an electric effect on the assemblage, and produced rounds of applause.

They were designed, doubtless, as a protest against the imperial centralization in France, and to secure for the Church a wider sphere of action in the several European nations, which, though nominally Catholic, have imposed many and severe restraints on ecclesiasticism. But whatever their ultimate purpose, they are a grand confession of the necessity of liberty to the proper understanding and the rational acceptance of every form of faith. They declare that truth in every sphere of thought is best promoted, not by the arm of power, but by the unfettered action of the human mind. Whatever cannot endure the test of that crucible, is unfitted for the education of man, while that which passes through the trial, must have in it something of permanence and worth.

It would be impossible to suppose that while the older continent is going through this process of revolution, and giving signs of other revolutions to come, the new world, which has so long been the home and the cradle of liberty, should remain stationary in its tracks. Our civil war, accordingly, though it seeks to recover and maintain the order that was, is nevertheless a struggle for liberty. Its object is the perpetuation of the Union, but its main incident and its inevitable result will be the extension of freedom. It has already declared, as one of the necessities of its military policy, the emancipation of the greater part of a race, and events will, apparently of their own force, without the assistance of courts and laws, confirm the declaration. Every day that the obstinacy of the rebels prolongs the state of hostilities undermines their control of the subject race and strengthens its grasp of freedom. They who were lately slaves are beginning to work as hired laborers, on the same plantation which they formerly cultivated, and the experiment once successfully established will be everywhere imitated, until the name of servitude will be known no more on the continent, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and from the Alleghenies to the Rocky Mountains.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE TESTIMONIAL NUISANCE.

"There is hardly anybody left in this country who has not had a snuff-box, watch and chain, purse of sovereigns, tea-kettle, claret-jug, book-case, gig-whip, saddle and bridle, pony, horse, cow, pig, dog-cart, set of harness, time-piece, Matthew Henry's *Commentary on the Scriptures*, load of meal, cart of potatoes, German-silver pencil-case, everlasting gold-pen, pulpit-gown, and cassock, case of mathematical instruments, tea-tray, set of tea-cups, dozen of teaspoons, dozen of shirts, dozen of pocket-handkerchiefs, a dozen of flannel waist-coats, presented to him by a circle of friends and admirers, and the presentation chronicled at great length in the local newspaper. Country gentlemen, clergymen, railway guards, drivers of stage-coaches, game-keepers, shepherds, local poetasters, farmers, newspaper reporters, keepers of public houses, schoolmasters, turnpike-gate keepers, railway signal-men, stokers of coasting steamers, are among the people most frequently honored in this way. When a testimonial is presented to a man in the humbler walks of life, it is usually followed by a supper, concerning which the *Whistlebinkie Gazette* never fails to record that the arrangements reflected the utmost credit on mine host of the Blue Boar: the evening was spent most harmoniously. Mr. Ronald McCracken favoring the company with his favorite song Jenny dang the weaver; and at a late hour all parties went home, happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again.' Whenever a new minister comes to any parish, on the day of his induction he is presented with a superb pulpit gown, (made by Messrs. Roderich, Doo & Co., our enterprising fellow-townsmen,) and a pulpit Bible and psalm-book, (purchased at the establishment of Mr. McLamroch, bookseller, 91 High Street.) On going away, he receives a time-piece or silver salver, (furnished, we understand, by Messrs. Waxy and Jollikin, Chronometer makers, Saltergate:) and if a poor man, perhaps a purse of sovereigns (the purse made by the fair fingers of Miss Jemima McCorkle, daughter of the much esteemed surgeon of that name.) The handsome gift (we invariably learn) was presented in a few brief but pithy remarks by Mr. James McWilliam, farmer in Cleugh-Sochacher; and the reverend gentleman, who appeared much overcome by his feelings, made an affecting and suitable reply. Occasionally we find it recorded that the tenantry on the estate of Netherwoodie and Clanjamfry proceeded to the Mansion House, and presented Skipness Alexander Skipness, Esq., their esteemed landlord, with his portrait, drawn in the first style of art by Cosmo Saunders, Esq., R. T. A. They likewise presented an elegant cairngorm brooch to Mrs. Skipness; a whip to Master Sholto Skipness Skipness; and a humming top to Master Reginald Comyne Skipness, the latter gentleman aged one year and eight months. Mr. Skippness, much affected, (recipients of testimonials in the country are *always* much affected,) made a suitable reply. He felt his merits were greatly over-estimated. If indeed it were true that he had been the first to introduce into the country an improved breed of pigs, he had his reward in the whisperings of an approving conscience. Turnips had for years occupied much of his attention; nor had cheese passed without many serious thoughts. Onions and carrots, he might say, had rarely been absent from his mind. Still, much remained to be done. There was no limit to the fat which might be carried by the Clanjamfry breed of cattle; and whatever might be the feeling of others, he, for one, would always connect the gerrimers and hogs of this district with the future prosperity of the country. The tenantry were then entertained at the hospitable board of Netherwoodie, and left at a late hour, having spent an evening which will long be cherished as a green spot in memory's waste."—*The Country Parson.*

THE INSCRIPTION ON PRINCE ALBERT'S "MEMORIAL CAIRN."

A memorial has been erected in Scotland by Queen Victoria to the memory of her late husband, the Prince Consort, Albert. A copy, in full, of the inscriptions upon this memorial may interest our readers. The "Memorial Cairn," as it is called in that locality, is situated upon a high mountain which overlooks the palace of Balmoral and a great portion of the upper district of Deeside. The monument is composed of native granite, is pyramidal in form, and has four sides. Upon the North side, cut in plain Roman capitals, is the following:—

"TO
THE BELOVED MEMORY
OF
ALBERT,
THE GREAT AND GOOD,
PRINCE CONSORT,
ERECTED BY HIS
BROKEN-HEARTED WIDOW,
VICTORIA R.
21ST AUGUST,
1862."

Upon another dressed slab, a few inches below the above, is this quotation:

"He being made perfect in a short time,
Fulfilled a long time:
For his soul pleased the Lord,
Therefore hasted He to take
Him away from among the wicked."
Wisdom of Solomon, chap. iv. vs. 13 and 14.

Upon the East side of the memorial there are ten separate stars, bearing the initials of the Queen and her family, viz.: "V. R.; V. A. M. L.; A. E.; A. M. M.; A. E. A.; H. A. V.; L. C. A.; A. W. P. A.; L. C. D. A.; B. M. V. F." Below these initials, the date of "August, 1862." There are no carvings on the South and West sides.

Principal Candlish took occasion to utter a solemn protest against the Popish character of the inscription, embracing as it does a passage from one of the Apocryphal books, only acknowledged by the Papal Church. For this Dr Candlish was most fiercely assailed, and the strongest terms in the vocabulary of vituperation were hurled against him. It was represented as a direct attack upon a sorrowing widow and a beloved sovereign, while Dr. Candlish repudiated all such intention, charging the fault on her advisers. The Queen being of full age, and very apt to assert her rights, it is difficult to be seen how she should be exonerated in the matter. No doubt the erection of the memorial, with its suitable inscription, had engaged her full consideration, and if the recognition of these false scriptures was an error, she must bear her share of it. We see that Mr. Spurgeon, so well known in the London world, fully endorses the protest of Dr. Candlish, and we are disposed to believe that there was sufficient ground for the protest. The inscription is offensive to Protestants as giving countenance to the apocryphal writings, and we regard it as further objectionable on the ground of truth. Such an eulogy could hardly be applied to the most eminent Christian, and although the Prince had many estimable qualities, he was not distinguished for his piety.—*Presbyterian.*

THE TWO HANDLES.

An ancient philosopher says: "Every cup has two handles, one *white* and the other *black*, and either may be presented, according to the disposition of the host toward his guest."

The ancient philosopher referred to, gives this illustration: A carrier man, or in modern language, a carman, was seen in a green lane in the suburbs of Athens, plucking the grass and giving it to his horse. This is a simple fact, without any coloring. However, a *black handle* was put to it. For one person, who saw the man and what he was doing, went into the city and told an acquaintance this tale: "I have seen a shameful sight; a man who had been sent to the city with parcels from a distant place, though he had the money given him to purchase provender for his horse, had improperly squandered away his money, and had resorted to the expedient of plucking grass to refresh his horse sufficient for the homeward journey." This was the *black handle* of the occurrence, as it conveyed the report of the action, accompanied with the indirect accusation of the double offence of his dishonesty to his employer and cruelty to his horse.

Another person, an eye-witness of the same fact, and who knew the man and his circumstances, went into Athens and said to a friend: "I have seen Anthrippon, poor fellow! he is too poor to buy provender for his horse, and instead of resting himself while his horse is feeding at the inn, he was working hard, cropping the finest grass, and taking good care that his beast might be well-fed at small expense, that he might save the money to provide the necessaries for his large and afflicted family." This is the same narrative with the *white handle*, and this embraced the true statement of the condition of the man, and the virtuous motives by which he was actuated.

Let every reader judge himself, and see whether he is of that evil disposition that is prone to present or take everything "*by the black handle.*"

BEES.

In September and October bees are very apt to rob each other, and many families of them have been destroyed in this way. The remedy is to lower the hives down and give but one passage way, and that not over two inches long for the strongest families, and to be contracted, according to the strength of families, down to a compass that will only admit a few bees to pass in and out at the same time. This is the *preventive* remedy. The populous hives well filled with honey will require but little protection, but those hives that have been left weak by too much swarming, or from any other cause, are in danger. Whenever an unusual bustle is noticed around a hive, with dead bees on the ground in front, and the occupants of the hive around in squads on the alighting board, with stronger bees held as prisoners, you may know there is danger. Numbers of bees will be slowly flying around on a level with the entrance, as if seeking for an unguarded passage, making a louder noise than usual. At twilight, when all other hives are quiet, bees will be seen to leave a robbed hive and fly away to their houses. This is the most sure test. In such a case, close hive entirely for a day, but give the bees air. You may then open the passage way a very little, so as to allow a single bee to pass. Leave it thus for a day or two, when it may be enlarged if no further trouble is apprehended.—*American Stock Journal.*

He who strives to shake the trunk of a tree only shakes himself.

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THE RICHARDSON PREMIUM BURIAL CASKETS.

Draped inside throughout with Cashmere, Satin, or other material, and constructed substantially air-tight by the novel invention of patent Circular Ends, without any joints, making it impossible for oxygen to penetrate from the outside, thus rendering them more durable, and better adapted to the purposes for which they are needed.

They are tastefully manufactured from grained Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut; and other materials that render them less expensive and place them within the means of persons of moderate circumstances, and all finished according to the wishes and taste of those giving the orders.

While the Casket retains all the requisites of an appropriate receptacle for the dead, its construction and appearance is such, as entirely to do away with all disagreeable and unpleasant sensations. There is nothing in the arrangement or shape of the Casket, that is in the remotest degree repulsive, but quite the contrary, it is beautiful. And surely that which tends in any degree to soften the poignancy of grief in the hour of bereavement, must commend itself to the favorable consideration of every afflicted heart, and sympathizing friend.

The Caskets when required, are made air-tight, emitting no offensive odor, and hence are specially valuable in the removal of deceased bodies from any of the battle fields, and other distant points to remote localities for interment, and are not liable to the objections frequently made by Railroad Companies, when offered for transportation with the usual preparations.

We guarantee, in our hands, the removal of the dead with perfect safety, no matter how long buried, and if recently interred, in a good state of preservation, and without the least unpleasant odor, or we will make no charge for the Casket.

The Caskets are furnished at one-half the cost of the so-called metallic coffin.

N. B.—We expect to visit the different battle fields weekly.

The undersigned also offers to the public in general, his Patent Corpse Preserver, a New Invention, for the preservation of the bodies of deceased persons, by cold air alone, and without the application of ice, which is so repugnant to the feelings. By the use of this Preserver, the funeral may be deferred for weeks, if necessary, to await the arrival of absent friends, as by the cold air process, the corpse will keep much longer than in the ordinary way of pressing the body down with from fifty to a hundred pounds of ice, and saturating it with water.

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JOHN GOOD,
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SARSAPARILLA,
THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDYEOR
Scrofula and Scrofulous Diseases.

From Emery Edes, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine.

"I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Scores, and all Diseases of the Skin.

From Rev. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England.

"I only do my duty to you and the public, when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your SARSAPARILLA. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your SARSAPARILLA. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Dennisville, Cape May Co., N.J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your SARSAPARILLA, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely-known Gage, Murray & Co., manufacturers of enamelled papers in Nashua, N. H.

"I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost every thing a man could of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your SARSAPARILLA. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time: but in a few weeks the new skin began to form under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as any body's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your SARSAPARILLA."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood.

From Dr. Robt. Sawin, Houston St., New York.

DR. AYER. I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scrofulous Sores by the persevering use of your SARSAPARILLA, and I have just now cured an attack of Malignant Erysipelas with it. No alterative we possess equals the SARSAPARILLA you have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Wakeman, Ohio.

"For twelve years, I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars worth of medicines. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your SARSAPARILLA. Took two bottles, and some of your PILLS. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as any body. Being in a public place, my case is known to every body in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

From Ho n. Henry Monro, M P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.

"I have used your SARSAPARILLA in my family, for general debility, and for purifying the blood, with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted."

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

From Harvey Sickler, Esq., the able editor of the Tunkhannock Democrat, Pennsylvania.

"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes for some days. A skilful physician applied nitrate of silver and other remedies, without any apparent effect. For fifteen days we guarded his hands, lest with them he should tear open the festering and corrupt wound which covered his whole face. Having tried every thing else we had any hope from, we began giving your SARSAPARILLA, and applying the iodide of potash lotion, as you direct. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle, and was well when we had finished the second. The child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood predicted that the child must die."

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