#### Gircle. Family

THE GERMS OF THE-BEAUTIFUL.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful, By the wayside let them fall, That the rose may spring by the cottage gate And the vine on the garden wall. Cover the rough and rude of earth With a veil of leaves and flowers, And mark with the opening bud and cup The march of summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful In the holy shrines of home: Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful

there,
In their loveliest lustre come;
Leave not a trace of deformity In the temple of the heart; But gather about its hearth the gems Of Nature and of Art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful In the temple of our God-The God who starr'd the uplifted sky, And flower'd the trampled sod. When he built a temple for himself, And a home for his priestly race, He rear'd each arch in symmetry, And curved each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful In the depths of the human soul:
They shall bud, and blossom, and bear the fruit.

While the endless ages roll. Plant with the flowers of charity The portals of the tomb, And the fair and the pure above thy path In Paradise shall bloom.

[Drifted Snow Flakes.

GRADATIM. BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound; But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to its summit round by round

I count this thing to be grandly true, That a noble deed is a step toward God,-Lifting the soul from the common sod To a purer air and broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet; By what we have mastered of good and gain By the pride deposed and passion slain, And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust, When the morning calls us to life and light, But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray, And we think that we mount the air or

wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things, While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men! We may borrow the wings to find the way— We may hope and resolve, and aspire and pray; But our feet must rise, or we will fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown

From the weary earth to the sapphire walls; But the dreams depart, and the vision falls, And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone

Heaven is not reached at a single bound; But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to its summit, round by round

[FROM ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.]

### A HUNDRED YEARS.

I knew long ago a little girl who used to every night after she had said "Our Father who art in Heaven," and "Now I lay me down to sleep," had slipped its sweet twin couplets through her childish voice, to add a petition that she and those dearest to her might "not die until they were more than a hundred years

A little child's prayer, so simple and earnest that the angels it seems to me may have smiled over it, half in love, half in pity. For to this little girl life was very sweet, and to her childish fancy a hundred years was like eter-

nity.
That long, long path, up through childhood, and out through youth, and across the table-lands of middle life, and down into the chill and dimness of old age, placed Heaven such a very to give good gifts to his poor children our minds with something, to forget in

And so the prayer interpreted itself preferred staying here as long as possi-ble. Life was sweet, and hope was money—all, if necessary—and purchase and Mr. Thorne was snoozing in the strong in the little warm child-heart; presents for some of the poor tenants, and Heaven-oh, dear! such a big, and for those nice little girls down at vague, dark, dreadfully good place as it the Lodge; and after a few months I was, while perhaps some vague ideas of will ask you which you have had the appeared. singing hymns relieved a little the no- most happiness from—your presents retion of its stern, still, solemn, go-to- ceived, or your gifts bestowed. meeting aspect.

vital thing to the child. Here was the blue sky, and the trees in which the birds sang, and the soft young grass where she searched for the clover and ing sunshine. Of course, Heaven was to be desired above all other things. I bear witness that this child wanted, with all her little heart and soul, to get there: but then-but then-she wanted to be a hundred years on the way!

Dear reader, I think we are many of much clearer in our ideas and feelings. speak as though the best thing that could happen to them or us, would be to ingest, darlingest colored pictures.

die, if dying meant "going to Heaven."

I do not believe it is safest or wisest to dwell on that other side of death, from which all life must of necessity shrink frightened and appalled. The grave, with its eternal stillness, and fish enjoyment of the morning. darkness, and mould, can never be

Unto the eye of life."

But that is only one side—the narrow, material one. It is not that death sitting before the library fire, listening feetly covered with dust—there's nowith which we have most to do. And to their mother's sweet voiced reading thing but sand in the place, and the from my inmost heart I pity the little of the Scriptures, and it happened that thermometer at 90. I wish children who are brought up with no she read again the passage, "It is more

terrible in the thought.

The path for them from earth to and receiving. Heaven may be a very short one. Is it wrong to teach them that the great which no sin shall ever enter? Shall Milly sent us were lovely." not its pure life be as vital—its nobler interests as real as those amid which we | not?" dwell for a little while?

Is it not for the little children as well broken now.' as for our sakes that those blessed words were written—"There shall be papa gave you?" no more pain, and all tears shall be wiped away?

Whether the flowers sing or the waters bloom by the "River of Life' none of us can tell; but if they do, it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive of their new gladness and sing a note after that, and moped and as to make everybody around you un- and I want to exchange, I tell you. their finer glory.

And God has not left himself with out witnesses in all nature, which you have no right to neglect; which indeed, you cannot do without harm, oh, father and mother.

Teach your children out of the blessed Bible texts, but teach them also with ing waters.

They are His creation, His gift, His ministers, fulfilling His will.

Tell your children this, and when every night the curtains of the darkness are drawn down across the silver mountains of the twilight, they shall murmur their evening prayer unto that Father in Heaven to whom they shall and pitiful, even than yours.

V. F. T.

### THE BIRTHDAY GIFT.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

One Sunday evening, Mrs. Lee, the wife of a wealthy country gentleman in the South of England, was reading a do you suppose goes every day to read going to say well enough.' chapter from the Bible, to her little the Bible to blind Mrs. Mason? It is "Well," said his sister. daughters, Gertrude and Alice. As she | Susie Bruce, and she has learned, oh, so read, she explained all the difficult pas- fast to read, out of the book I gave her.' sages, and encouraged the children to ask questions concerning them.

dressed precisely alike, they looked almost like twins—yet there was two years difference in their ages; Gertrude was nine, and Alice seven. But it happened that they had both the same birthday, Mrs. Lec. the 8th of June. It was now the eve of that day, and they had some difficulty to receive," replied Gertrude, reverently. she held. When she heard her name, following among other reminiscences o in keeping their childish thoughts from wandering away from the sacred things, of which their mother was reading and speaking, to dwell upon the expected pleasures and presents of the next birthday, for all that-don't you, morrow. At last Mrs. Lee came to the Gerty?"-Little Pilgrim. passage, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and paused to ask them if they had ever felt its truth.

"I suppose," said Gertrude, "that ee how it can make them hannier. It seems to me that the most delightful thing in the world is to have presentsespecially on birthdays.'

"Yes, mamma," said Alice, "it makes us feel as though everybody we love was glad we were born, and was thankful that God had let us live another year."

those we love, but the pleasure of giving, especially to the needful and grateful. lasts much longer. It is not merely a a pleasure, it is a holy happiness. The blessedness of God consists in his power himself. Now, my dears, as to-morrow as the small petitioner little suspected. is your birthday, and you will doubtless She wanted to get to Heaven, but she have many presents, suppose you test thorne's delightful books, while some of

The little ladies smilingly agreed to her And this world was an actual, living, proposition, and the next morning drove with her into the town to make their purchases. They expended all the money in their purses, not a large sum—but the good judgment of their mother made dandelion blossoms, and the dear laugh- it go a long way. On their return, they were allowed to go out by themselves, to distribute their little gifts.

Everywhere their offerings were received with grateful thanks; but nowhere was such surprised delight expressed as in the sweet, shy faces of the Lodge-keeper's well-bred little daughters, Matus like this child-not much wiser-not tie and Susie Bruce. They were too diffident to say much, but they blushed We do not pray that we may live a hun- and curtsied, and their pretty blue eyes dred years for ourselves, or those whom fairly danced with joy as they received we love; but after all, we do not often each a beautiful book, with a red cover and gilt leaves, and filled with the charm-

Gertrude and Alice Lee went home to receive their own costly presents, and to make ready for a birthday party; and in the pleasure and excitement of the day and evening they forgot the pure, unsel-

Six months passed away, and it was wintry weather at Moorlands. On a Sunday evening the Lee children were

imaginations seize fast hold of and re- in the sweet rose-time of the early sumtain all that is gloomy, and chilling, and mer. Mrs. Lee asked them what they thought now of the pleasure of giving Petersburg, thirteen cannon and three

"Well, mamma," said Gertrude, "we Father, who has covered the earth with first, weren't we, Alice? The party but eager to push forward." joy, and praise and beauty, has doubt- was, in some sort, a present to us, and

"But you soon tired of them, did you hot weather here."

"What about the pretty canaries your

"Ah, mamma, they have been such a trouble!" exclaimed Alice. "Gerty's got out and flew away weeks ago, though she took such good care of him, and my bird's voice with him, for he wouldn't

"And the ponies your grandpapa sent you?"

"Oh, they did beautifully for a while; but we are so little they despise us; and holding the reins all he time. I like have been sitting quietly here, listening your dander up. I don't mean no harm

"Oh, we have read them through long

since your birthday?'

not feel afraid to go—the heart of a day, that the shawl we gave her is a up—you're the greatest woman I ever Father stronger and wiser, more tender great comfort these chilly evenings, and saw. poor sick Jenny Welch says the smellingbottle helps her headache; and Grandwe gave him when he rises in church; a great many baskets with the knife we will you-?' gave him, and helped his poor mother ever so much."

"And, mamma," put in Alice, "who

Gertrude and Alice greatly resembled tion at Miss Embury's school; and the do that will make you think of someone another, and as they were always piece she recited was Wordsworth's thing besides yourself?" poem, 'We are seven,' and found it in the book I gave her.

"Well, my dear children, what does

"Yes, mamme," said Alide, "I suppose the good Apostle Paul was light he generally was wash't he? But I wards Mrs. Thorne as she went. hope we shall have a few nice presents

### TOM THORNE'S TROUBLES.

"Oh, it's awful hot, I'm more than giving makes people better, but I don't half dead; this is the hottest place I Many a poor fellow is worse off than I am. I

those hot days nearly two weeks ago, as he burst into the parlor where we were all sitting. There were six of us -Tom's father and mother, his sisters Kate and little Annie, Susie Miller, and I. It was intensely hot—there was no We tried to comfort poor Susie, the Hannah, and then retired. Mr. Mix, "Yes, my dear children, there is mistake in Tom's exclamation; and afgreat pleasure in receiving gifts from ter dinner, while waiting for the mail, we had all retreated to the parlor as the coolest place to be found, and had reached that most philosophic conclusion that the best way to keep cool is to stop trying to be cool, and by occupying could not survive the amputation. You quired time for consideration. He reforever, without danger of impoverishing part, our physical discomfort. So Kate, who is a splendid reader, was regalir g us with some chapters from one of Hawgreat rocking-chair. Tom's entrance was the signal to make us drop all work and look eagerly for letters-but none

"Why, Tom, haven't you been at the post-office?" said Mr. Thorne, starting up and reaching out his hands for the papers.

"Oh yes, sir; I had to wade through the dust knee-deep to get there; it was just like hot ashes. I never saw such a place." said Tom. handing out papers and letters.

"Any for me ?--for me ?--Here Tom, do give it to me, that's a dear boy!' exclaimed one after the other, for the arrival of the mail is a great event up here in the country, where we are nicely of the journey?" fixed for the summer.

of course you have-I never saw anybody get so many letters; and mother, here's one from Harry; and Sue, here, that's Fred's writing, isn't it?—no, it isn't either—well it's for you, at any

So, having emptied his mail-bag, Tom threw himself on the floor, panting and puffing like a large dog. As the rest were all busy with the letters and papers, he addressed himself to Annie and me, and went on somewhat in the same

style. "I declare, I never saw such a wretched place-no rain for a fortnight -you can't stir without getting per-

"Tom," said his mother, "stop talkpleasant, ennobling thoughts or associblessed to give than to receive;" and ing so; I'm ashamed of you. ations regarding death—whose young that reminded them all of the birthday are you complaining of?" Whom

Here Mr. Thorne's voice was heard: Grant's rapid progress-attack on negro troops-precarious position of

"There," said little Annie, "I should less made fairer that new home into oh, so delightful! and the dolls Aunt think you'd better think of the soldiers, simply "very good, if true." Brother Tom, before you talk about the

"Oh yes! and they are soiled and boy, who said, in a sober voice, "I supprobability that he would at any moment be shot. A rebel officer shouted to him but really, mother, don't you think this to go back, but the sergeant was unmind-

> fort or discomfort on such a day deback to mind.'

"Well now what about your gifts bestowed? Have you heard from them recorded in his eyes. "Well, mother, I know peat his command. "Go back, you rasstowed? Have you heard from them recorded in his eyes. "Well, mother, I know peat his command. "Go back, you rasstowed? Have you heard from them recorded in his eyes. "Well, mother, I know peat his command. "Go back, you rasstowed? Have you heard from them recorded in his eyes. "Well, mother, I know peat his command. "Go back, you rasstowed? Have you heard from them recorded in his eyes." I tell

"Why," said Kate, "It does not require any such wonderful degree of men-1ather Watson always leans on the cane tal or moral power to do this. Now, Tom, will you promise one thing?—for and Roger Ames, the lame boy, has made three hours, or from now until tea-time, news made him accept. He took the

"No," fairly shouted Tom. "I'll make no promise about it to-day; wait folks say we can go in there just when until to-morrow; I know what you're | we want to, but we are waiting to gobble

"Well," said his sister, "to-morrow then will you promise to say nothing about the weather any way, either to "Yes, mamma," says Gertrude, "and complain or scold—simply to say no-Mattie Bruce took the prize for recitation about it, and to find something to

Tom's answer was unheard, for at that moment little Annie's words, "What's the matter with Cousin Sue," made us this little experience teach you?" asked all look across the room, where sat the poor girl, her face perfectly white, her "That it is more blessed to give than eyes fixed in a sort of stare at the letter from Greenfield Hill, Conn., gives the and saw us start toward her, she darted out of the room, throwing the letter to-

"Oh dear, what's happened to Fred!" asked Tom, in a frightened voice. His mother glanced at the writing, and handed it to her husband, who read

as follows: -Hospital, June 19th. MY DEAR SISTER: - We had another sharp

that followed? Alas, how many know took him into the room where his daughcause; but she staggered under the ing a wife, and concluded by offering her

said Mr. Thorne.

seventeen-fully competent to journey | wedding: alone to Washington, and much further than that in his own estimation. He looked relieved when his father said he might go, but dashed out of the house when Kate said, very quietly, "Tom do you think you can endure the heat on the 1st of December, 1696, and

"Now, do be patient, will you, and face wearing a look of responsibility, let me see who has one? Here Kate, and we all felt that, after all, a kinder face wearing a look of responsibility, paradise of onions for 44 years. or more generous heart could not be sent to that helpless young soldier, tortured with pain and heat in-Hospital.

Three days after, came this dispatch from Tom: Washington, June 25th.
"Fred is doing well. I shall stay with him.
I do not suffer with the heat. Tom."

### WORDS.

Words are mighty, words are living; Serpents with their venomous stings, Or bright angels crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings; Every word has its own spirit, True or false, that never dies; Every word man's life has uttered Echoes in God's skies.

MISS PROCTOR.

ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S BOYS.

The following story has got into the hundred prisoners taken-bravery of papers, without any indication of its source, so far as we have been able to were ever so happy with our presents at Richmond—our troops much exhausted discover. As nobody undertakes to be responsible for its truth, we give it as

A sergeant stepped out of our rifle pits, and moved towards the enemy, His mother glanced reprovingly at her waving a late paper, regardless of the weather is intolerable-did you ever ful of the warning, and asked, "Won't know it so hot before?" you exchange a newspaper?" "No,"
"Why, yes, my son, a great many times; it is certainly very warm, but and I want you to go back." With does it make you feel one bit more com- singular persistence the sergeant continloved him dearly; and he seemed to take fortable to be all the time talking about ued to advance, saying, "Wellis you haint it, worrying and fretting in such a way a paper I reckon some of your men have, looked disagreeable; so I let him go easy? We have been talking this all too."

Wy men have not got anything of the kind, and you must go back," said the office, and have decided that our comemphasis. Nothing daunted the Yankee pends very much on ourselves, after all. sergeant still advanced, until he stood Now, just after dinner, I thought I plumply before the indignant officer, and it's no pleasure to ride with a groom could scarcely endure the heat; but we said, "I tell ye now, you needn't get texts of sprouting grasses, and singing our old donkey better after all, don't you, to Kate's reading, and I became so much no way. P'raps if you ain't got no birds, and opening blossoms, and leap- Gerty?''

| Gerty | Gert "And the fairy books your Uncle gotten the heat and dust, until you Maybe your men would like some coffee George sent you?" | Tushed in so furiously and brought it for some tobacco. I'm dreadful anxious rushed in so furiously and brought it for some tobacco. I'm dreadful anxious for a trade.'

> doubt of that; but it you can so lift you we have nothing to exchange, and "Oh yes, indeed," replied Gertrude, yourself out of the body as to forget we don't want anything to do with you "old Mrs. Martin said, only the other that this is an awfully hot day, I'll give Yankees." The sergeant said ruefully: "Well, then if you haint got nothing, why, here's the paper anyway, and if you can get one from Richmond this afternoon, you can send it over. You'll find my name thar on that." The man's impudence or the officer's eagerness for paper, and asked the sergeant what was the news from Petersburg. "O! our all you fellows first," was the reply. "Well, I don't know but what you can do it!" said the lieutenant, turning on his heel, and re-entering, his rifle pits; 'meanwhile, my man, you had better go back." This time the sergeant obeyed the oft-repeated order, and on telling his adventure, was the hero of the morning among his comrades.

#### A MINISTER'S WOOING.

T. L. C., writing to the Evangelist olden days which he has gathered up. It is certainly more sensible, and has more verisimilitude than some things which we have read under the above

title.

Among the amusing reminiscences of those days is the famous courtship of the Rev. Stephen Mix, of Weathersfield.

He made a journey to Northampton in 1696, in search of a wife. He arrived at the Rev. Solomon Stoddard's inas ever in!"

This is what Tom Thorne said, one of care; but it is very warm, and I suppose I'd better not use my strength writing any more formed him of the object of his visit, and "Yours,"

"Yours,"

"Yours,"

The arrived at the Rev. Solomon Stoddard's, informed him of the object of his visit, and that the pressure of home duties required that the pressure of home duties required Is there need of describing the scene the utmost despatch. Mr. Stoddard too well the grief and sorrow that such | ters were, and introduced him to Mary, letters bring to hundreds of families! Esther, Christiana, Sarah, Rebekah, and orphan, whose only brother is made a addressing Mary, the eldest daughter, cripple. She has a brave heart, and is said he had lately been settled at ready to make sacrifices in our great Weathersfield and was desirous of obtainthought that the very hot weather might his heart and hand. She blushingly reso reduce her brother's strength that he plied that so important a proposition reshould have seen Tom's face when the joined that he was pleased that she asked letter was read, especially when Fred for suitable time for reflection, and that alluded to the heat. His face fairly in order to afford her the needed opporworked with pain, with a kind of re- tunity to think of his proposal, he would morse, and his first exclamation was: step into the next room, and smoke a "I'm a fool, a wretch, a blockhead! Fa- pipe with her father, and she could rether, may I go to Washington to-morport to him. Having smoked his pipe row, and find Fred?"

and sent a message to Miss Mary that and sent a message to Miss Mary that "Why, my son, do you think you he was ready for her answer, she came tion of his career, and in tracing the fate of his followers down to the period of the Thirty Years' War, the sideration. He replied that she could Then came questionings about the reflect still longer on the subject, and time trains left, etc., and Tom used send her answer, by letter, to Weatherssuch strong arguments in favor of his field. In a few weeks he received her going instead of his father that at last reply, which is probably the most laconic it was decided that he should start that epistle ever penned. Here is the model it was decided that he should start that epistle ever penned. Here is the model but "carries the reader on with unabated interest night. Tom is a great stout boy of letter which was soon followed by a through the varied and dramatic story."

Northampton, 1696. Rev. Stephn. Mix

Mary Stoddard. The matrimonial Mix-ture took place proved to be compounded of most con-At six o'clock he was off, his manly genial elements. Mix was pastor of that

### NOT A BAD DEFENCE.

A dog was present in one of the churches in Scotland, and, in the sermon, the worthy minister was in the habit of speaking very loud, and, in fact, when he got warmed with his subject, of shouting almost at the top of his voice. The dog, who, in the early part, had been very quiet, became quite excited, as is not uncommon with some dogs when hearing a noise, and, from whining and hearing a noise, and, from whining and whining and whinging, as the speaker's voice rose The New York Evangetist speaks of it as "One of the most valuable contributions to ecclesiastical history yet made in this country." whinging, as the speaker 9 voice rose loud and strong, at last began to bark and howl. The minister, naturally much annoyed at the interruption, called upon the beadle to put out the dog, who at once expressed his readiness to obey at once expressed his readiness to obey the order, but could not resist the temp-The blessings we enjoy are not the tation to look up to the pulpit, and to fruit of our own merit, but the fruit of God's mercy.

the order, but could not resist the temprical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and fruit of our own merit, but the fruit of say, very significantly: "Ay, ay, sir; but, indeed, it was yersell began it."

The Christian Intelligence is peaks of it as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and elevation of senting peaks of it as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and elevation of senting peaks of it as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and elevation of senting peaks of it as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and elevation of senting peaks of it as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and elevation of senting peaks of it as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and elevation of senting peaks of it as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and elevation of senting peaks of it as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and elevation of senting peaks of it as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and elevation of senting peaks of it as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and elevation of senting peaks of it as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and elevation of senting peaks of it as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and elevation of senting peaks of it as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and elevation of senting peaks of it as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and elevation of senting peaks of it as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and elevation of senting peaks of it as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method style, and elevation of senting peaks of its as "An historical and biographical nerrative, in method st

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This important and valuable as well as attractive work, which is in reality, as its full title imports,-"The History of the Bohemian Reformation of the Fifteenth Century,"—has been received with almost unexampled favor by the press. It covers a field hitherto unoccuyet one of the deepest interest to the student of history. Huse was in some respects the noblest and purest of the great reformers, while his lofty aims, his life-long struggle and martyr death invest his career

with more than the charm of romance. As the victim of the Council of Constance, we see him the central figure of a group which might well be decondition of Papal Europe for more than a century is depicted. The leading minds of the age are made to pass before us, and we discorn the influences and causes which produced the Great Reformation of the succeeding century, as well as the relation sustained to it by the labors and fate of Huss. The work is one that not only challenges the attention of the scholar

The New York Examine Says of it: "The period furnished a mayuificent range to the historian, and the life and martyrdom of Huss, a central figure of unusual interest around which to group the various and attractive details of the picture. The work of Mr. Gillett reminds us of the best historical writings of our times. We hall with real satisfaction the appearance of these volumes, and beg to commond them as especially appropriate for the increase of a pastor's library at about his cason of the year. The pastor who reads them aright will be, with God's blessing, a more spiritual man, and a better prescher."

The New York Observer says: "The author has achieved a great work, performed a valuable service for Protestantism and the world, made a mame for himself among religious historians, and produced a book that will hold a prominent place in the esteem of every religious scholar."