

MAY 21.

unconstitutional. The people bowed to it—it is law! So you may trace down American law until to-day...

I say, let us begin at home to organize garrisons and facts where the party of morals, of ideas, can take refuge against the organizations of Government...

The President next introduced Miss FRANCES ELEN WATKINS, of Baltimore, who proceeded to make a speech full of pathos and highly effective...

Mr. GARRISON next spoke, as follows:— I do not know that there is anything to be done here, this evening to make us a unit on this question of freedom and equality...

What I want to see is consistency. I see it at the South—I see nothing but inconsistency at the North. The slaveholders are resolved to exterminate freedom universally...

Now, throughout our mighty North, you know we have settled one thing—that slavery shall not be one of our institutions. Not a solitary slave clanks his chains on our Northern soil...

Some of the features of this revival are worth looking at. In the first place, I will tell you why I think it is stuporous—not in regard to individual cases...

Resolved, That the 'revival of religion,' which has swept over the country with contagious rapidity during the last three months, is manifestly delusive and spurious...

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What a strange spectacle is presented to the world! While America is eagerly bent on perpetuating her slave system, the Czar of Russia is busy in striking off the fetters from the limbs of the serfs in his empire!

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HOUSE TO LET IN LYNN. A CONVENIENT house, with sixteen rooms, on the corner of Beach and Newhall streets, at the head of Long Beach.

POETRY.

MY LAMB.

I loved them so,
That when the elder Shepherd of the fold
Came covered with the storm, and pale and cold,

He claimed the pet;
A little fondling thing, that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest;

I laid him down,
In those white, shrouded arms, with bitter tears;
For some voice told me, that in after years

There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam;

O! thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven!
And a soft voice said, 'Notly hast thou striven;
But, peace—be still.'

And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild
And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant child:
Her, too, I gave—the little angel smiled,

For once, again, that Shepherd laid his hand
Upon the noblest of our household band:
Like a pale spectre, there he took his stand,

The look which he heard my passionate cry—
'Touch not my lamb—for him, O! let me die!'
'A little while,' he said, 'with smile and sigh,

'Again to meet.'
Hopeless I fell;
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,

More dearly far
Than if my arms had compassed slight frame;
Though could I but have heard him call my name,

Another lamb, I thought, for only one
Of the dear fold is spared to be my son,
My guide, my mourner, when this life is done;

I heard him enter; but I did not know
(För it was dark,) that he had robbed me so,
The idol of my soul—he could not go—

How this poor frame its sorrowful tenet kept?
For waking tears were mine; I sleeping went,
And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept.

How oft 'tis said!
I sit and think, and wonder too, sometime,
How it will seem, when in that happier clime,

Will there a day come that I shall not weep?
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.
Yes, yes; thank God! no grief that clime shall keep—

Well with my lambs, and with their earthly guide!
There, pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide—

Through the dreary day
They often come from glorious light to me;
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see,

GRIF FOR THE DEAD.
O, hearts that never cease to yearn!
O, brimming tears that ne'er are dried!

The living are the only dead;
The dead live—nevermore to die;
And often when we mourn them dead,

Or why should Memory, veiled with gloom,
And like a sorrowing mourner crape'd,
Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb,

Yet ever gave grace up its dead
Ere it is overgrown with grass!
Then why should hopeless tears be shed,

THE YOUNGEST.
I rocked her in the cradle,
And laid her in the tomb. She was the youngest.

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And laid her in the tomb. She was the youngest.

The Liberator.

SPEECH OF C. L. REMOND,
At the 25th Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in New York City, on Tuesday, May 12th, 1868.

Now, what I want to call attention to is this: that men who have gone the entire round of social reforms, who have been conversant with everything written, published or spoken on this subject, have not felt themselves called upon until so recently to utter those truths which have been uttered by other voices so long, but have ignored them, so far as their presence at our meetings, their influence and their testimony are concerned.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have listened to a series of resolutions every way important in their character, and involving many questions and considerations upon this great subject which must more or less interest all who are present; and congratulating Mr. Chairman, as I do, yourself, and the members of this Society, and the friends of this cause, upon the numbers and character of this audience, I do not propose, at this time, and under the circumstances by which we are surrounded, to occupy but a very few moments of the time, in the hope that others that I see, both upon my right hand and upon my left, will take some part in the deliberations of this meeting.

Not long since, I happened to attend a public demonstration in Massachusetts, where I believe I chanced to be the only person of color present. I did not expect, by any means, to be called upon to say a word, for the gathering was somewhat out of my line; and I cannot well understand why I was called upon to speak, unless it was to give color to the occasion. (Laughter and applause.) I am here this morning, Mr. Chairman, not only to give color to this occasion—and a pretty deep one at that—but to give my most hearty approval of the resolutions to which we have listened. (Applause.)

I have heard, sir, something of the present religious awakening, or 'revival,' in the resolutions, and something in the sentiment around us; but I have discovered also the revival of a custom which I had hoped had become obsolete in our country—that no matter what was said, or where said, we could scarcely expect to call forth a hiss. Hence, sir, in witnessing the 'revival' of this particular American custom at this time, I am led to suppose that the work we have yet to do is greater than we had contemplated. But I propose to ask the attention of the audience for a few moments to that resolution of the series which looks to the overthrow of the American Government and of the American Union, in their present form, and character, and spirit.

I care but little, sir, about any other view of this subject at the present time, because, at the end of a quarter of a century, I discover that all efforts, of whatever kind, or in whatever spirit manifested, have proved complete failures, so far as the progress of the cause of universal liberty is concerned in our country, and the practical demonstration of genuine republicanism, to say nothing about the character of the religion of our country. Feeling, then, the pressure of this failure—that all attempts, from the old gradual Abolition Society, of which Benjamin Franklin was a member and an officer, down to the last phase of anti-slavery, have proved vain, and that in, or through, or over them all, American slavery has grown, and the number of its victims increased from one million to nearly four—of course, I have nothing to hope for in those directions; and having nothing to hope for in those directions, it seems to me that the only course left us to pursue is the one proposed by the Society with which I am happy to be identified. And so far from having my judgment swayed an iota, so far from having a single feeling or impulse changed by anything which has been said by professed or non-professed Abolitionists, in opposition to the proposition for a dissolution of the Union, I am, as I have remarked, more deeply strengthened and confirmed in the feasibility of the plan as it has been suggested.

I give, as my reasons, some facts which cannot have failed to come under the observation of all who are present, together with some historical facts which, perhaps, have not been so strikingly noticed as they deserve to be by every well-wisher of his country and the cause of universal freedom.

If Mr. Chairman, I shall go back but fifty years, I shall mark—as every other man has done—where American slavery stood at that time, what part the leading men in our country were taking in it, where the press stood, where the pulpit stood, and where the public sentiment was to be found upon the subject. If I shall go back even no further than the year I have mentioned, I need not remain ignorant in regard to the sentiment which was then extant in the nation respecting this subject; and whether I take my stand upon the history of that day or at the present moment in the City of Washington, I am forced into a belief in the same truth, to wit, that the American people are destitute of feeling, and destitute of principle, in regard to this question. The scenes which have transpired on the soil of Kansas, as well as those which have transpired in the American Congress, go to prove this, if the doctrines held by many Doctors of Divinity do not prove it.

Where, sir, are the colored people of the United States?—and I refer to them only as an illustration: Where do they stand? Why, sir, so far as the masses of the American people are concerned, they have no place in their regard, they have no place in their esteem. And when I make this remark, I want to say that it applies strictly to every other man and every other woman in our country, be their complexions what they may, if they have a regard for the principles which underlie our glorious freedom. Then, I repeat, that the friends of universal freedom in this country have no hope for the emancipation of the slave, or for the rescue of the cause of liberty, but by the adoption of this plan, and that at the speediest moment.

In the District of Columbia, we know there exist a large number of laws, all for the purpose of recognizing slavery. If they were confined to Washington, I should not have a word to say on this occasion; if they were confined to the State of Virginia, I might not; but when I am made to feel that the same class of laws does really exist, in spirit, in every State of this Union, I do insist, now as before, that our question or cause comes before and into the hands of every man within the limits of this and of every other State in the country, and as direct as it comes before and into the hands of every colored man.

This, Mr. Chairman, leads me to remark that the question of anti-slavery and pro-slavery in the United States is not the black man's question; that the question of slavery and anti-slavery is practically an American question—all the way American, from beginning to end—and especially with every decent American. It strikes me that if justice was done in this country upon this subject, we should have a class of criminals arraigned before the gaze of the world such as few of us have presumed to anticipate; and I long for the time when men shall be driven from their present hiding-places, in the excuses, in the concessions, in the compromises which they make, in the reasons which they are giving, from time to time, upon this subject. Dr. Cheever has very recently, in his allusion to scenes in Kansas, and to the conduct of American Congressmen, made the remark that this Kansas controversy has been carried on, from beginning to end, in reference to the white men in that Territory, (as the resolution implies,) and that the sin of American Slavery is not being touched.

Sir, I am glad that Dr. Cheever has so expressed himself—for many will believe the remark coming from that source who, it seems to me, have not cared to notice the same truth when uttered from this platform. All that I can make out of the last effort of Dr. Cheever is, that he adopts the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society, without identifying himself personally with our movement.

THE REVIVAL.

A DISCOURSE,
Delivered in the First Congregational Unitarian Church in Philadelphia, on Sunday, April 11, 1868.

I have not the slightest disposition to speak lightly, without due consideration, of the honest religious convictions of a single human being on earth. But I am bound in honesty to say, that I cannot recognize in the present religious excitement the operation of the selfsame Spirit which is now beginning to breathe in the calm and to glow in the light and the beauty of the reviving year. On the contrary, it looks to me like a spasmodic effort of the old religious way of thinking, to recover the hold which, through the rapid progress of things, it has been so steadily losing for the last half century upon the minds of men.

It is an endeavor to awaken the old spirit—to carry out again the old notion of Religion, which represents the service of God as consisting mainly in praying and singing, in attendance upon religious meetings, and in feeling good, making religion a matter of supreme selfishness, an appeal to selfish fears and selfish hopes, giving men to think that sin is to be avoided, not first and chiefly by their own hateful sake, but because of the everlasting fire hereafter, and that Christ is to be loved and served not on his own account, but for the white robes and heavenly harps and golden crowns to be bestowed upon the righteous after death. This is the essential error of the religion so long and so widely prevalent: it conveys the impression that there is something more to be dreaded than doing wrong, something more to be desired than obedience.

That the present 'awakening' is accompanied with some improvement in the personal habits of those who are affected by it, that many may be led to forsake vicious courses, to abstain from criminal self-indulgence, I am not at all disposed to question. This is the very best that it could do. There is hardly any form of Religion in the world, which, when a man is pressed by it, would not move him to do as much as this. Yet even here the reality of a moral change, not religious emotion, but only time can certify. But, while some personal sin is corrected, while some vices are abolished, other hateful vices are apt to appear in their stead: spiritual pride and censoriousness; and, it has been wisely said, what man gains by self-denial, they lose by self-conceit. What an offensive manifestation of their weakness, to give it the gentle name, have we had in the prayer-meetings which have been held in Boston, (in Boston, which claims to be the most enlightened of our cities,) prayer-meetings for the conversion or confusion of Theodore Parker. The idea! Why, it is the rankest spiritual arrogance that was ever generated in the heart of man. Theodore Parker may have his errors. Who on earth has not? I do not believe in his theology, but I do say, that in a brave Apostolic devotion to the great cause of God and Humanity, he is an example to every Christian and to every clergyman in the land. When they who are praying that he may be converted or silenced, resemble him at all in his fidelity to God and his brother man, then they may make some claim to being converted themselves, and never before, though they attend religious meetings and pray there every hour of the day and every day of the year.

But, independently of the immediate good or evil effects of this religious excitement, I discern in it simply a re-awakening of the old way of thinking which magnifies formal prayer, praising God with psalms and hymns, and frequent religious gatherings. It is only serving up, with the attraction of novel places and times, of week days and theatres, the old beggarly elements, a re-hash of the old invidious husks.

It is true, it is claimed for this excitement, that it is unattended with any violence or extravagance, and that it is remarkably free from sectarianism. It is curious, by the way, to observe how some people talk about not being sectarian. They talk about it just as, till within a short time, we all talked about the freedom of this country. Nothing was more common than the assertion—we could hear it every where, in pulpits, on the fourth of July, and in all sorts of public addresses: I have made it doubtless, in times past, to my shame, namely: that here in this country every man is free. This we all affirmed without qualification, for we actually believed it. We actually and utterly forgot that there were some millions on our soil in a state of bondage as abject as the world ever saw! So of certain religious denominations among us. If they unite in any movement with two or three denominations with whom they differ very slightly, at the most, then they proclaim that the movement is free from all sectarianism. They seem absolutely to forget the other denominations that do not unite in it. Thus in the case of this revival, so called, the claim is made for it that it has nothing sectarian in it, and yet it is confined almost exclusively to two or three of the principal sects, sects that scarcely differ from one another. The Roman Catholics, the Friends, the unorthodox denominations, are entirely lost sight of.

But, after all, be this as it may, there is no doubt that this excitement is chastened and liberalized in some degree in conformity to the light of the times. The very fact that those who approve of it, who encourage it, who hold it to be a manifestation of the Holy Spirit, claim for it that it is unaccompanied by any extravagance, that it is sober and subdued, and free from all narrowness and sectarianism, shows that people are getting some inkling of the truth, and that their spirit must be liberal. This is almost the only sign of progress which the movement shows. Apart from this, it is a revival not of true religion, but, I repeat, of the old mistaken idea that verbal prayer and psalm-singing, and religious meetings and ebullitions of religious emotion, groans of distress and cries of 'Glory!' constitute the chief part of the service of God; the old idea, that allows its converts to pursue, unrebuked, the making of money, and to practice every art within the law to secure a pecuniary advantage, and to grind into the dust the unfortunate and the poor: the old idea which taught men to stifle at social parties and dancing, and the opera, while scrupulous and religious in these matters, they were permitted to ignore justice and mercy, to live on, utterly heedless of the wrongs and agonies of millions of slaves, not only permitted, but encouraged, taught, by learned ministers and professors of this most orthodox faith, to silence every appeal made to them for the weak against the mighty, under the miserable plea that it is confounding religion with politics!

Now, my friends, as I solemnly believe, as I cannot help believing, that it is impossible and absurd to think of serving God while we are despising and oppressing our fellow-man, or countenancing others in despising and oppressing him, as this is my assured faith, how can I look with any satisfaction or hope upon a revival of that Religion which passes men by the most sacred claims of Humanity, and allows men to believe that they can be accepted of God when they are trampling down into the dust his sacred image in the person of the slave? Such a religion is a pretence, an undisguised mockery before God, a gross fraud upon man, teaching him to put the form for the life, the letter that kills for the spirit that gives life. Instead of welcoming the revival of such a religion, I pray that God in his mercy would bury it deep beyond the possibility of resurrection. We have tried it long, and it has so depraved and seared the conscience of the whole nation that, with all their wealth of intellectual power and activity, this people are blind to the supremacy of simple justice, and insist upon building the fabric of their prosperity upon a gross violation of the Eternal Law of God.

I see in this movement no extraordinary manifestation of a spirit of Humanity. I do not see that the awakened consciences of these great gatherings are

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appalled at the guilt which we have incurred through the monstrous wrong which we are doing to our oppressed brother. It is true, applications have been made in some of the meetings, by fugitives from slavery, for the prayers of all Christian people. But in one large meeting in New York such an application was rejected, and other petitions of like character for prayer to God that the fugitive might escape into security and freedom, have not been very warmly received. Even Henry Ward Beecher, loyal as he is to the right, while he read a note asking prayers for a poor fugitive slave-woman, yet seems to have felt that it was somewhat out of place to read it in one of those great meetings. I saw with pleasure, however, that in one Methodist meeting, a note of this kind was sent up and promptly read, and the fugitive was fervently prayed for, and when the prayer was ended, all the people shouted Amen.

Still, pleading as such instances are, there is no decisive evidence of the awakening of those sacred sentiments of Humanity which, here in this land, familiarity with Injustice and Oppression, and the powerful influence of unrighteous laws, have thrown into such a long and death-like sleep. It is only the revival in men's minds of those old religious impressions of the importance of certain forms, impressions, made on them in tender childhood and youth. I do not hear that any new and grander views of duty are opening upon men's minds—that they have caught any new vision of Righteousness and Mercy. Still there is the same old talk of religious duty apart from daily duty, as if God could not be served as acceptably—indeed even more acceptably in the shop or the counting room than in the Conference or Prayer meeting, as if a man might not show his religious principles more significantly even, in the making of a bargain than in the singing of a psalm. There is the same mystic phrasology, about the atonement and blood of Christ, the same confounding of emotions that are transient with principles that should be eternally active. This revival too undertakes to transcend the great business of a change of character with the dispatch which marks all the proceedings of this American people. I do not question that an impression may be made upon the mind by a single word, in a flash, in an instant of time, an impression of the most lasting character. But then again we all know the magnetic influence of a large number of human beings crowded together on one spot, and how that influence will overpower and carry an individual away, almost against his reason. Music helps powerfully as a conductor of this mighty magnetism, even the simplest hymn, if the words or the tune comes to us like a voice from our early childhood when we heard it sung in reverence and love by parents and friends long since past away. Can we not see plainly what is in great part the attraction of these large meetings, and what it is that is taken for a thorough and radical change of heart? It is the revival of early impressions. It is the delight one feels in the indulgence of sensibility, in feeling good, which is a very different thing from being good and doing good. One of the favorite hymns at the revival meetings is Dr. Watts':

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And dry my weeping eyes.

The second verse of this hymn reads thus:—
Should earth against my peace engage,
And hellish darts be hur'd,
Then could I smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning heaven.

How many, think you, who sing these words, and with the utmost fervor, and who believe themselves converted, with a clear title to heavenly mansions,—how many are ready to smile at the world's rage and face its frown? How many are prepared, or dream of preparing themselves, to risk property and popularity and life even, for righteousness' sake? They are ready enough to attend prayer meetings, and pray and sing, but the world does not rage against them or frown upon them for doing these things. All this is very easy to do, a great deal easier than to stay at home and discharge one's homeduties and bear one's daily burthens, never impatient, never ill-tempered, always living in communion with the Highest and Best, always maintaining the right in every company and at all hazards, and thus making every act an offering of praise and prayer. The religion, of whose revival we are now hearing so much, is the popular world's religion, the religion whose greatest sacrifices consist in rigidly abstaining from certain innocent social pleasures.

Now you may depend upon it, friends, that a revival of true Religion would present very different appearances. It would not be despatched with quite so much ease. It would show itself not in conformity with popular ideas, but in opposition to them. It is now some five and twenty years since there commenced in this country a true Revival, a Revival of Religion, not of Calvin or of Wesley, but of the New Testament, the Religion of Jesus Christ, the Religion that places the worship of God in the Love of Man, in fidelity to the claims of the weak and the wronged, the Religion that acknowledges no enactments of man as of greater authority than the two great Commandments of God and Christ, the Religion, the proof of conversion to which is a willingness to speak and act and suffer for Righteousness' sake. Twenty-five years has this great Revival been going on, and still the leaders in this, the most profoundly religious movement of the country and the age, have been, and still are to this hour denied all claim to be regarded as religious men, denounced as infidels, as the enemies of Christianity, as political agitators aiming to stir up wrath and violence. Still they work on in patience and in faith, willing if they may only be faithful, to endure to their graves the reproach which in every age of the world has been cast upon those who have sought to turn men from the worship of the dead letter, to the inspiration of the living and life-giving Spirit. If they call the Master of the household Beelzebub, how can his servants expect to fare any better?

It has been precisely so in every revival of Religion from that grandest of all Revivals which took place under Jesus and his Apostles. In all these instances men were converted, not to a popular, but to an unpopular Religion, and their conversion was at the peril of position, of property, of personal liberty and life. Then dungeons were prepared and scaffolds and stakes were planted, and faggots gathered, and crosses erected for the converts, who went straight from the baptism of water to the baptism of blood and fire for the sake of the defamed and persecuted truth, the truth which comes down from the holy heavens and from the bosom of God to preach glad tidings to the outcast poor, to heal the broken hearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised. Any religion that ignores this truth, that neglects these offices, any religion that does not inspire its converts to confront and defy human opposition, does not deserve the name, and when it is dying out, ought to be buried forever, never again revived.

But what a true revival is, we might learn from what is going on before our eyes in the world of external nature. There how gently, how without noise or display, with no spasms, but with a silent and steady energy, from the smallest grain, in every particle of sap, does the Holy Spirit of God renew the face of the earth! There is no sudden and violent action; we talk of the break of day, but there is no break. The morning light steals imperceptibly over sky and earth, and the darkness of night melts softly away. So also is the coming of Spring; and so too is the path of the just, the advent of Truth into the soul. Not in a moment, and by one convulsive throes is the winter displaced and the Spring seated in her robes of green on her throne of flowers. Neither is it in any such way that the soul is brought to the knowledge and service of Divine Truth. The light of

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truth dawn, the warmth and life of human sympathy and love breathe upon the heart and revive all the languid affections, and the hidden germs of good begin to swell, and as the wind blows where it will, and we cannot tell whence it comes and whither it goes, so is every one that is born of the Spirit. O! dear friends, open your hearts to the generous and life-giving warmth of that Divine Humanity which was incarnated in Christ. Behold! he stands without and knocks. Open to him, I beseech you, or rather to his poor, wounded, bleeding and wronged brethren whom he sends to us, a great multitude, in his stead. Admit them, admit them all, there is room for them in your hearts. Turn your eyes full upon the claims of your brother. Attend to the voiceless anguish of those who are crushed now under the weight of our inhumanity. And in the blessed work of laboring for them, before we are aware of it, the long cold winter of our hardness will have passed away, and we shall find all around us a new heaven and a new earth, the Spring time of the eternal year of the Lord.

[For want of space, we could not insert the whole of this excellent sermon.]

IT IS NOT A DYE!

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REV. H. V. DEGAN, Ed. 'Globe to Holiness', Boston, Mass. 'That Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zybalosamum promotes the growth of the hair where baldness has commenced, we now have the evidence of our own eyes.'

REV. J. A. H. CORNELL, Cor. Sec. Ed. Educ. N. Y. City. 'I procured Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorative and Zybalosamum for a relative. I am happy to say it prevented the falling off of the hair, and restored it, from being gray, to its natural glossy and beautiful black.'

REV. J. O. ROBIE, Ed. 'Chr. Adv.', Buffalo, N. Y. 'Mrs. S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer and Zybalosamum are the best hair preparations I have ever known. They have restored my hair to its original color.'

REV. J. WEST, Brooklyn, N. Y. 'I am happy to bear testimony to the value and efficacy of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zybalosamum, and also to acknowledge its curing my grayness and baldness.'

REV. G. M. SPRATT, Apt. Dep. Penn. Pub. Sec. 'We cheerfully recommend Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zybalosamum.'

REV. J. F. GRISWOLD, Washington, N. E. 'Please inform Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zybalosamum can be had in Boston. You may say in my name that I know they are what they purport to be.'

REV. MOSES THACHER (60 years of age), Pikesville, N. Y. 'Since using Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zybalosamum, my hair ceased to fall, and is restored to its natural color. I am satisfied 'tis nothing like a dye.'

REV. D. T. WOOD, Middletown, N. Y. 'My hair has greatly thickened. The same is true of another of my family, whose head we thought would become almost bare. Her hair has handsomely thickened, and has a handsome appearance since using Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zybalosamum.'

REV. S. B. MORLEY, Attleboro, Mass. 'The effect of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zybalosamum has been to change the crown of glory' belonging to old men, to the original hair of youth. The same is true of others of my acquaintance.'

REV. J. P. TUSTIN, Ed. 'South Baptist', Gas. Christian, S. C. 'The white hair is becoming ornamental by new and better hair forming, by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zybalosamum.'

REV. C. A. BUCKBEE, Treas. Am. Bible Union, N. Y. 'I cheerfully add my testimony to that of numerous other friends, to Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zybalosamum. The latter I have found superior to anything I ever used.'

REV. J. O. McKEE, N. Y. City. 'I recommend them. We might quote from others of the numerous letters we have and are constantly receiving, but we deem the above sufficient to convince the most skeptical that we have at least the best preparations in the world for the hair of the young or old. We manufacture no other preparations. Occupying the large building, corner of Broome and Elizabeth streets, exclusively for office, salesroom and manufactory, we have no time or inclination to engage in other manufactures. These are the only preparations exported in any quantity to Europe.

We also would call attention to the fact that we have always avoided all charlatanism. Our preparations are the highest priced that we sell, because it lasts longer and does more good; the expense, in the end, less than others. We aspire to have the best, not the lowest priced. One bottle of Restorer will last nearly a year. \$1.50 per bottle. Balsam, 75 cents per bottle.

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