Rev. Hamilton's Address at the Foreign Mission Platform Meeting at Charlottetown.

In speaking of the present condition of our Foreign Mission, I must ask you to accompany me to-night, in thought, to the Andhra tract, to the Telugu land, and to that part of it known in missionary parlance as "the Cocanada field." It is the month of January. The trying heat of September has given place to a few weeks of delightfully cool weather, the Indian winter, which is much like a weak imitation of our Canadian Indian summer. The mango groves are musical with the rustle of fallen leaves. The particular grove to which I wish to introduce you stands on the banks of the Vanashadhara River, some 34 miles north of Cocanada, and 8 west of Kimedy. It is alive with the stir of an encampment. In it are pitched three or four tents, and in these ten . are gathered your missionaries. "I regard the man who has not sojourned in tents," says a recent writer, "as one who has not thoroughly lived. It enables us, as nothing else does, to realize the early stages of man's history, and to see what is his true relation to silent nature." The very trees come to be friends, not to mention the ubiquitous crow and the all-pervading pariah dog. Just beyond the grove with its encampment, at a distance sufficient to secure freedom from the villainous odors of those rural Indian Boneheaps, the garbage heap and cesspool, stands, or rather squats, the village of Akulatampara, where first, in that region of country, the arm of the Lord was revealed in saving power. The village, I say, squats, for the houses have a shame-faced appearance, as though trying to hide their squalid features beneath their matted coverings of thatch. But above them all towers the roof of one building which at once attracts attention. In a town it would be insignificant; here it is almost commanding in appearance—certainly quite so in suggestion. It is the first christian chapel built in that part of the country. It cost only R-155 and is by no means a grand structure; but its beauty, in my eyes, lies in the fact that of the R 155 which it cost, only about one third was given from mission funds, while the remaining two-thirds were contributed or raised by the christians worshipping within its walls. Twelve years ago the heathenism of the village was unbroken. To day there are some 15 christian converts in the place, while a number have been taken away by death. Just beyond our encampment yonder is a tiny cemetary with three graves in it, some day to be the first-fruits of the resurrection from the northern Telugus. These 15 converts comprise 5 families; and a year before, at Bobbili, they had invited the the Telugu Association of the native churches to meet with them for a year following. This was in the January previous; and now the delegates and other representatives of those churches are being entertained within these christian homes. For the purpose of attending this association, too, are your missionaries gathered together in the encampment by the river.

This association is but 5 years old. When it was organized, in Bobbili, in January, 1882, only about a dozen christians were present, representing three native churches. None of the delegates then present had been appointed by these churches, and none of the churches were properly organized. Converts then numbered but 93. At our last association 5 churches, having a total membership of 118, and represented by 13 delegates, reported themselves. These delegates had, in probably every instance, been appointed at regular church meetings, and were the *bona fide* representatives of the churches—not mere factotums of the missionaries, or hirelings who attended because they were paid to do so. Moreover, one-half or more of the travelling expenses of these delegates was paid by the churches sending them, an act which would reflect credit upon many a home church. In addition to these 13 delegates there were present some 14 visiting brethren, who, with the resident church members, swelled the attendance at this interesting gathering to upwards of 45 persons.

This was not, you will remember, an association of missionaries. Your mission aries were present, it is true, and present in their right as missionaries; but the gathering was in the strictest sense a representative one, drawn from the native churches. This body has a constitution and by laws, a moderator, secretary, treasurer and efficient committees. All its sessions are conducted according to the usage of such bodies in this land. Letters were read from all the churches. An associational sermon was preached, a circular letter to the churches read. The discussions bore not so much upon the work of the missionaries as upon mission work. The churches showed evident signs of awaking to the fact that they are the true agency for the evangelization of the heathen about them, and that they must, as speedily as possible, themselves assume the burden now resting upon the mission and missionaries. Though weak, they are willing; and willingness is in itself strength.

Some of the questions discussed at this association were as follows:

"The Nature of Sunday School Work;" "Church Pastors: by whom may they be called and supported?" "The Relation existing between the Native Churches and Mission work and means;" "Self support in our Native Churches."

The circular letter was a careful exposition of the foundation, constitution, and duties of such churches.

Much enthusiasm was evinced in the discussion of these and other interesting questions. Indeed, of such interest were the whole proceedings, and of such evident importance to the native churches, that it was then and there decided to publish a Telugu Report of the whole, embodying by-laws and constitution, synopses of the four preceding associations, and the circular letter. Some hundreds of these reports were printed, and that too at the expense of the churches and not of the mission. From these facts certain significant deductions may be made which are of special importance to you who have so long nourished this mission to the Telugus. Let me state them:

1. There are on your mission field to-day 5 Telugu churches with a combined membership of 118, well organized, having their deacons, clerks and treasurers, handling their own funds, and transacting their own business.

2. In these churches systematic giving is inculcated and practiced, in the shape of weekly and monthly offerings, thus enabling the churches to assume the care and repair of their places of worship, to care for the poor amongst them, and to bear many incidental expenses connected with their existence and work which were before borne by their nursing mother—the mission.

3. These churches have united in the organization of an annual association composed of missionaries, who attend in their own right, and regularly appointed delegates from the churches.

4. This association recognizes the relation which the churches composing it bear to the evangelization of the heathen, and the truth that they must, in time, assume the burden now borne by the mission.

I do not hesitate to affirm that these facts are tremendously significant. For the missionary they mean the present fulfilment of the promise, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." For you, who view and support this mission from afar, they mean the fulfillment of that other promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, *for thou shalt find it after many days.*" And for us all they mean that the seed has not proved unfruitful, but that, under the fostering care of God's spirit, it has produced, "first the blade, then the ear," and now "the full corn in the ear." In a word: the seed sown by your missionaries has not only produced the ripened corn, but that corn has in turn germinated, and is now itself approaching the time of harvest; the mission babe has attained to the stature of a man, and become in turn a parent. Your mission has become, if not self-supporting, at least self-propagating. I can urge upon your attention no stronger plea than this in behalf of our work, which work is equally yours.

To this I would like to add that the budding independence of these new-born churches is Baptist independence. If not rooted and grounded in the principles of our faith, they are yet familiar with its A B C. "Why," said a good brother to me a few days ago, "do you missionaries find time out there for such things?" Yes, we can always find time to impart to our people some knowledge of the anatomy of the Baptist, from the hard outer shell to the inflexible backbone. I have frequently had occasion to thank God, Mr. President, that I am not, personally, thin-skinned; but I thank Him more that, as a Baptist, I possess what I may be permitted to call the proverbially impenetrable epidermis. The truth is that, as missionaries, our work is multiform. It is so with the work of you who here minister in spiritual things; it is much more so in a country and among a people where all the great social, moral, and religious questions of the age, or for that matter of all ages, are in a formative state. The missionary is first of all an Evangelist. His first and highest aim is to win sinners to Christ. Having won them, he must either witness the collapse of every result of his labors, or organize those results into churches. He thus becomes a Pastor. Having gathered about him a band of converts and organized them into a church, he must be next an Instructor, an imparter of stamina—for we want no jelly-fish churches, through which any one so disposed may poke a finger, or which the slightest agitation by the wind of adverse doctrine is sufficient to dismember and destroy. It is evident, then, that the results already achieved are of such a character as to call forth our highest gratitude to the God of Missions and Master of the World's Harvest, and to strengthen every friend of the mission in his determination to believe in and support the work. With three stations admirably equipped; with four male and six female missionaries fitted for and engaged in the preaching of the Gospel, and the consolidating of results into churches of no little vigor and stability; and, above all, with the growing recognition of their obligations on the part of these churches, and their gradual assumptions of such portions of mission work and effort as their emanation from and intimate relation to heathenism seems to indicate; with all these, I say, to encourage and incite us, we cannot but build better upon the foundation of yesterday, and crown with a more unselfish benevolence the God-given enthusiasm of the past.

In next speaking of the present prospects of our mission I should not ignore the obstacles to its success. These obstacles I would group under three heads, namely (a) The vast size of the field. The Chicacole field alone comprises 1627 square miles, (b) Its dense population. The Chicacole portion alone has over 633,000 souls. (c) The fewness of the laborers. Only four men to millions of perishing heathen. But one man to 633,000. These are obstacles which it lies in your power largely to remove from the path way of your mission. Other obstacles are caste, indifference to the truth, a greater love on the part of the heathen for the almighty rupee than for Almighty God, and the opposition of the Brahminical classes. These are obstacles which the influences of time, education, and missionary effort, aided by the Holy Spirit, must gradually obliterate.

"But what," you ask, "of the Hindus? Is there any sign of a break in their ranks? for upon their attitude, upon such a break, the success of our work amongst them must depend." I unhesitatingly reply that I believe there are unmistakable signs of such a break. I have no wish to paint a highly colored picture of present success, or of future hope; but I have as little wish, on the other hand, to view these matters through the medium of smoked glass. We are not watching an eclipse. There is no propriety in the application of eclipse in all the course of the Sun of Righteousness. Once He is risen with soul-healing in His beams, He runs His glorious race undimmed. I have little sympathy, but much pity, for those missionaries who always look on the dark side—who cannot see indications of gold in the hard rock—and who, if they trust God at all, certainly do not trust the evidences of the working of His spirit upon heathen hearts.

The facts already adduced with regard to the origin and growth of the native churches of our mission ought to be sufficient answer to the question of future success which we are now considering. The fact that where, a dozen years ago, there was not a single known believer in Christ, there are now 118 such believers—that where there was not a single christian church, there are now 5—ought to be a sufficient answer. But, apart from these evident successes, there are other and stronger presumptive evidences that a great christian future awaits our mission and the Hindus who are still without its pale. I believe this because (1st) *Disinterested missionary effort has ever been crowned with success.* Instance what country, what people, you may—the triumphs of the everlasting gospel have been uniformly certain and tremendous. Shall our effort alone fail? Hath God only in our case forgotten to be gracious?

Another powerful evidence, to my mind, that a break is shortly to occur in the ranks of Hindu heathenism, and a simultaneous ingathering take place into our mission churches, is afforded by what I will call (2) *The undercurrent of missionary success.* This is something that you here can neither see nor feel. We who are upon the field see it, feel it, are uplifted and borne on by it. We know its direction, its meaning, its power. This undercurrent is nothing more or less than the unperceived working of the Holy Spirit upon heathen hearts. India has thousands of secret followers of Jesus—Hindu Nicodemuses—men who, too often for the best of reasons, come to Jesus only by night. I can place my finger upon half a dozen such men on my mission field alone; and undoubtedly for each one who reveals the state of his mind, there are dozens who remain silent and undiscovered.

This state of things is not without an adequate cause. Christian literature, and above all the christian scriptures, are slowly permeating the sodden mass of heatheneism, and to it imparting life. There is everywhere an increased interest in the great message. A spirit of inquiry is abroad, prompting heathen men more often to converse on the christian religion and to seek to know the true way. The people possess a broader knowledge of christian truth. They yield a more general and genuine assent to the ground principles of our religion, even when those principles differ widely from their own. Neither must the new factor of saved men and women, enlisted in the salvation of their fellow countrymen and countrywomen, be overlooked. Our converts, though at times woefully human, are undoubtedly a purer-living, more respectable class than the caste or tribe from which they were drawn. Our native converts command respect, and are held in higher esteem by, and have a better report among, those who are without, than ever before.

Do you ask why these secret followers do not "come out?" For the same reason that Nicodemus came to Jesus by night—only that reason, in the present case, is intensified a thousand fold. The harsh harrow of persecution—the loss of social standing, which, in a country where caste prevails, means the loss of all that man usually holds dear—the severing of family ties which are just as strong and true as with us—the presence of a second or joint-wife in the house, which joint wife may no more legally be put away than that other wife—the existence of married children, or of children who are about to marry, and whose prospects in life would be irretrievably ruined by the father's apostacy—the presence in the home of the aged father or mother whose gray hairs must not be brought down in sorrow to the grave—these are dim shadowings-forth of the ties which so effectually bind these secret followers to the old faith. Pity them, pray for them; but for God's sake do not blame them! God grant that none of us may ever have to tear his heart out in order to give it to Jesus!

But the future of our mission depends, more largely still, upon (3) *The great law of missionary success.* Indian missions are growing at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum. The number of converts doubles itself about every 12 years. Now this is not the law to which I just referred, but the operation of it. The law is most aptly expressed in the words of Paul: "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence." This is the great law of missionary success. All the considerable successes the gospel has ever had, have been amongst the outcast people of the earth. The despised Galilean, the Roman slave, the savage Breton, the human flesh eating cannibal of the South Seas, the degraded African, the untutored Karen, the carrion-eating Pariah, these are the recruits made by the Captain of our salvation. The 27,000 christian natives of that greatest modern wonder of God's saving power, the Ongole Mission, were, almost to a man, members of the most degraded outcast tribe of the Madras Presidency, the Madigas. Thus far in our own mission, converts have come from the the same or similar classes. The soil is being turned up to the sun.

The indications are that a great social upheaval is imminent in India. This upheaval is to be of a religious character. Change of belief is to be the dominant cause. The prestige of birth, of caste, of social position, of a false philosophy, and of a false religion, privileged to a few, and forbidden, except through that few, to the many, is passing away rapidly. The people have been priest-ridden for so many centuries that they were, until recently, as unconscious of the fact as the tree is of the parasite vine that twines about its trunk. But the benign influence of English rule, education, and above all of gospel truth, are gradually opening the dull eyes of the people to their abject condition. They begin to see that they are *under*—and under greatly to their temporal and spiritual disadvantage. They are arousing themselves. The look of reverence for Brahmins, for religious pomp and pretence, for places of idolatrous worship, is giving way to the quick glance of suspicion and distrust. The Hindu law that compelled every pariah to keep at a distance of 30 paces from the Brahmin, has given place to English law which places Brahmin and pariah on an equal footing. It is the Brahmin who now vacates the road when he meets the pariah—if he does not the pariah tramples upon his sacred toes.

The soil in those parts of Ceylon traversed by the mountain railway, furnishes a capital illustration of this transition period in the social and religious life of the Hindu. The strata of granite rock are tilted up at a sharp angle; here and there throughout the structure are found layers of disintegrated granite and gneiss, which are in fact simply layers of an extremely slippery clay. Frequently a whole mountain side will be super-imposed upon such a foundation; and when, during the long continued and copious rains to which the island is subject, this sub stratum of clay has become soaked and softened with water, the whole hillside gives way and is precipitated into the valley below with the roar of an earthquake. The social substratum of the Brahminical classes in India, and indeed of all Hindooism, is what we call in the vernacular *jara burada*—slippery clay. Through this the rain of divine grace is percolating, and in time the whole superstructure of idol, man, and devil worship, must give way and be hurled into the abyss of oblivion. The parish must up—the Brahmin must down.

The Indian juggler comes to your door, spreads his apparatus before you, and proceeds, under your very eyes, to make a tree spring from the earth. Missionaries are not jugglers. They do not possess the power, neither, let us hope, do they possess the craft, to produce a full-grown mission while you wait. When shall this great reversal of the present ordered things take place? When are we to have a nation born in a day? Who can tell? Last year, when on my way to the Hill Sanitarium of Ceylon, our train came to a sudden stand-still upon one of the wildest and most precipitous portions of the road. Above us towered a frightful mass of rock, from beneath which mud and water were oozing. The rock might come down at any moment and overwhelm track and train. The train hands feared to proceed. Finally it was determined to risk it, and the order was given to go ahead. The train passed in safety; but the next day the whole mountainside came away with a crash like that of a falling world. Thus we can now see the gospel percolating through the sub-stratum of Hindooism; and very soon we know the superstructure must come down forever. Remember that the measure of success in our efforts to hasten this grand result, and the measure of the time in which that success is to be achieved, is none other than the spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of missions possessed by you.

What we want at the present moment is a *grand rally.* Rally about the Board. The treatment which the Board has hitherto received much resembles that administered by the Penang lawyer, who knocked his opponent down first and argued with him afterwards. Rally, then, about the Board. Instead of trying to put a flea into its official ear, strive to put money into its treasury. Let ignorant critics of the Board's acts, instead of withholding their sympathy and support, hold their peace. Rally about your missionaries. Do not belittle them or the work they are engaged in. Do not regard them as pious parasites upon your churches because circumstances demand that they receive something above the average salary paid by those churches; it is well for our denomination to have a few well paid men—and who more worthy of it than your representatives in a foreign and heathen land?

Look at what these converts, themselves so recently heathen, are doing. It is a well known fact that the Karen and Burman churches give thousands of dollars every year to aid the work of the mission. Last year the Telugu converts of the A. B. Union gave no less than $10,000 out of their poverty. Every native church we have is being trained in systematic benevolence. And yet there was a church, last year, connected with this Convention, that gave only 50 cents to denominational objects. Yet that church is worthy of praise alongside of those other churches which gave nothing. Are we to believe that this neglect of duty is due to the lack of means, or willingness to give? Is it not rather to be attributed to lack of system? Individual members, churches, too often sink into a lethargic state—give by fits and starts, when they give at all. There is a curious character described in the Hindoo Mythology, of whom I am always reminded in thinking of such churches. This individual was a Rakshasas, named Kumbhakarana, or the "pot-eared." He was afflicted with so voracious an appetite that no sooner was he born than he stretched forth his arms and gathered everything into his mouth that he could reach. Women, cows, Brahmins—all were alike to him. Finally, to such a length did his rapacity go that he was cursed by Brahma; to the effect that he should sleep out his existence, only waking for a single day at the end of each half year for the purpose of satisfying his appetite. So with many of our churches. They seem to sleep out the year, so far a systematic giving is concerned, only awaking for a moment just before Convention to rub their eyes and stare about in sleepy wonder as to what this uproar of voices calling out for money, is all about. A few bear the burden of all—as in passing through some forest one sees the half-fallen and wholly-dead trunks of trees upheld and giving a semblance of life and dignity, by some vigorous giant of the wood. United sympathies, united action—these are the demand of the hour. And in view of this demand, I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ....that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment"—if at yon rally as one man about your Board and about your mission, and afford them, out of enlarged sympathies, a readier hand and a heartier support.

Walking Before God.

BY C. N. SKIER.

In the injunction, "Walk before me, and be thou perfect," which Jehovah gave to the patriarch Abram, the form of expression has a special significance. The command might have been, "Live before me;" but, in that case, it would not have meant so much. To "walk" before God includes to "live" before him, but it includes more than that. There are certain phases of thought included in this expression that it would be well for all Christians to dwell upon; for the injunction comes to believers in these later days no less truly than it did to the "Father of the Faithful," whether our hearts are attuned, as was his, to recognize the accents of the Divine voice or not.

For one thing, walking before God denotes progress. It is not simply being. It means more than simply breathing, eating, and sleeping. When a soul is converted it receives not only the command "about face," but "forward march." Henceforth the soldier of Christ is to advance. His life is to be one, not of mere negative goodness, but of positive virtue.

Right here is where we often make a vast mistake, if not in our Christian thinking, at least in our Christian living. We live, many of us, as if all of our Christianity was to be what we received at conversion, and what we are to receive when we shall stand, at last, before the great white throne. But, if I read the oracles of God aright, these are but the two extremes of the Christian life, not only in respect of time, but especially in respect of development. The Christian experience is to be a life, not simply a state. We will be held responsible for being Christians of a certain degree of advancement, as measured by the age of our religious life, and by the nature of our environment. The stature that would be admissible for a boy will not do for one that ought to come up to the full measure of a man. We are expected to grow.

And yet, how many there are in our churches who are satisfied always to remain children! They are born into the kingdom, but they never get much beyond their birth. They are always babes in Christ. They never outgrow their infancy. They always have to be coddled in order to keep any spiritual life in them, and, even then, the result is not very satisfactory. They are weaklings after all—poor scrawny, puny Christians unto the end.

Now a laughing, dimpled baby in a very lovely thing—as it were, a touch of heaven come down to bless the earth—but if it live ten, twenty, thirty years and is still a baby, it is lovely no longer. It is then a dwarf, a monstrosity—repugnant to all our notions of the eternal fitness of things. And yet how many Christians seem content to remain infants, small and weak and helpless in soul! Such inertia is not walking before God; it is rather lying on the back, with the thumb in the mouth, blinking at the sky, until all the powers of the soul become enervated and paralyzed for want of exercise.

He who walks before God is useful, moreover. He not only grows, but he helps his brethren. No man has a right to be a drone in the great hive of Christian endeavor. But there are drones in some churches. I have heard of Christians whose only vocation in the church is to eat the sweets that others gather. They never seem to imagine that they ought to bear any of the burdens, or perform any of the labor of the church. They never help gather the honey, but they are always on hand to help eat it. They manifest a surprising zeal in this respect. Their principal occupation in the church is to feel good, shout, buzz their delight over the honey that may be gathered, and, sometimes, to grumble because there is not more of it, and because it is not of a better quality. It is difficult to perceive the use of such Christians, unless it be to cultivate the graces of forbearance and patience on the part of their brethren.

To walk before God implies also, that the soul's advancement is steady, gradual, and constant. It is such a development as is meant in Paul's injunction to "grow in grace." It is like taking a journey; we sometimes run, but we usually walk. The ideal Christian life is not spasmodic. Its progress is not that of a frog, by jumps; it is rather that of a strong horse moving steadily to a goal. It is not like one of those geysers of the Yellowstone that spouts forth at long intervals, sending a column of water a hundred feet into the air, and then lies inactive for hours, and perhaps for days. It rather resembles a river flowing to the sea. The river may be small at first, but it gathers volume as it sweeps on. It may now and then broaden into a placid lake; it may occasionally hasten in a tumultuous race through the rapids; it may sometimes leap in one headlong plunge down the cataract; but it never stops; its great current sweeps on without halting, steadily gathering power, steadily increasing in usefulness until, its course ended, it mingles its waters with the tides of the great deep. Like this, I say, is the normal Christian life. It flows steadily and with ever increasing strength and usefulness on toward the Christian's goal in the "bosom of its Father and its God."

Recently I had the rare privilege of seeing a century plant in full bloom. For over sixty years it had been carefully nurtured without much apparent change. Last spring it showed signs of activity, and when within a few weeks its central stalk shot up nearly thirty feet into the air, while on its spreading branches it was estimated that there was 4,000 blossoms. The spiritual life of him who walks before God is not like the century plant, it does not stand still for nearly its entire duration, and do all of its growing and blossoming in a few short weeks, and then die. Its growth is rather like that of the oak, reaching down its roots deeper and deeper unto God's truth, reaching up its branches higher and higher into the sunshine of God's presence, growing by the nourishment of an abiding faith, toughening its fibers by battling with the fierce tempests of temptation, and by breathing the bracing breezes of of an active Christian experience. Such a growth gives the permanence and stability and beauty of a fully rounded, well developed manhood and womanhood in Christ Jesus.

Whatever else to walk before God may mean, I am sure it means these things; Christian life; Christian growth that is constant and sturdy; Christian usefulness. In this summer season, when we relax our energies in so many directions, we need to be especially on our guard that we forget not thus to walk before God.

Slaves Still Sold.

British vessels in the Red Sea have lately captured four slaves dhows, and the Egyptian Government has fitted them up as cruisers for the suppression of the infamous trade. The slavers were never so bold before. They take their human cargoes to Jeddah, which is the port of Mecca on the Red Sea, and they boldly incur the greatest risks. Less than three weeks ago the launch of a British man-of-war was attacked by a slaver, and six Englishmen were wounded in the fight. The dhow was, however, sunk, and forty-three were rescued.

The slave dealers are Soudanese, the followers of the new Mahdi. All restriction upon slave-stealing in the Soudan being now removed, they have once more tapped their old source of supply in Southern Darfur and the Bahriel Ghazel region. Slaves are being driven by thousands to Kordofan. If the dealers can only smuggle their victims over to Jeddah and Mecca their profits are enormous. Young women and big boys who can be driven to the coast at a total cost of not over $25 a piece sell readily in the larger Arabian towns for from five to ten times the amount. —*New York Sun.*

Huxley on the Bible.

"I have been seriously perplexed to know," says Huxley, "how the religious feeling, which is the essential base of conduct, can be kept up without the use of the Bible. For three centuries this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history. I forbids the veriest boy who never left his village to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilizations, and a great past stretching back to the furthermost limits of the oldest nations in the world. By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary interspace in the interval between two eternities, and earns the blessings or the curses of all kind according to his efforts to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning the payment for their work?"—*Sunday Magazine.*

Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, dry, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practicing physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It helped me immediately, and effected a speedy cure.—G. Stovall, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases. —M. A. Rust, M. D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe Cold, which, from exposure, grew worse and finally settled on my Lungs. By night sweats I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My Cough was incessant, and I frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable with Consumption.—S. T. Henderson, Saulsburgh, Penn.

For years I was in a decline. I had weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief.—Edward E. Curtis, Rutland, Vt.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take this medicine a short time, and was cured. —Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

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