Dr. Mather Reply to his Critics.

I see that it is yet true that doctors differ. Dr. Gild takes the same view of John 3: 5, that I have taken, and I would like to review all my critics, even what you have kindly supplied from Dr. Kendrick if I could have space enough to do so. But I shall have to ask for an extension of space in our columns beyond a short reply. I believe this subject to be one of vital import to us all, and the one on which too many who think they are in a fair way to the port of the kingdom of heaven have already stranded, and upon which many more will strand unless they get a clearer view of the matter than has been given by my reviewers, for the whole of it, to my mind, smacks too much of Campbellism, if not a little of Romanism.

Bro. McDonald, and all others who take his view of the text, do with it just what he seems to blame me for doing with it, that is, making it a figure of speech. Surely the phrase "born of water" is not a plain statement that a man must be baptized before he can enter into the kingdom of God; and this phrase, like all others, must mean what it says or be used as a figure,—it cannot be both.

The only difference between us, then, is, of what is it a figure? They say it is a figure of baptism. I say it is a figure of the changing and purifying effect of the divine word as used by God the Holy Spirit in the renewal of the human soul. I am aware that it is hard for the literati to acknowledge that any one outside of their circle may happen to discover what they have never seen. But God has given me a share of common sense, and I claim the right to use it in the study of the Scriptures and men's views of the sacred oracle. Now in this conversation of our Lord with Nicodemus, I find him talking with a *man*, and he is not at all afraid to use the figure of natural birth to set forth the nature of that change which is essential to a man in order to enter into the kingdom of God, (not the church, for that was not yet organized). He recognizes the same law in the constitution of a new man as rules in nature in the production of a creature of the flesh, that is, the combination of two factors, and Nicodemus being a teacher in the Jewish church, our Lord used the very figure found all through the Old Testament, with which he was familiar, and whose prophetic use of the pure word and mighty spirit that were to characterize the Messiah's administration; such as these, with many others already given: "Therefore shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation;" and "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God." Dr. Watts gives it thus, "That sacred stream—thine holy word." It was the most apt way of conveying to his understanding the renewing power of the word and spirit of the gospel. But when our Saviour meets with the woman of Samaria who was not so well acquainted with the figurative prophecies of scripture, and because she was a *woman*, the propriety of chaste conversation forbade him to adopt the same mode of teaching her the same truth that he had taught Nicodemus. And in showing her the difference between the the ritualism of either Temple (the one on Mount Gerizim and the other on Mount Moriah), and what was now required by the gospel dispensation, he says men must have the spirit and truth of God in order to worship him acceptably. Here is the same teaching and doctrine given to her without any figure, for the reasons above given. I can understand what is meant by the terms "born of the flesh," and "born of the spirit," but born of literal water, is something the doctors will have to explain, for as Mr. Courtney says in "Theodosia Ernest," "it is doctors of divinity who find things in the Scriptures that God never put there." I read in Genesis that "God said, Let the waters bring forth the fishes to swim in them, and the fowls of heaven fly above them," but I have never read anywhere yet that the waters brought forth a man.

A man born of water! Well, I would like to see such an one. All scholars tell us that the first and primary or literal meaning of the word penuma is wind, or breath, and that when it is rendered spirit it is the figurative meaning of the term that is given rather than the literal, because the sense of the sentence requires it to be so rendered. Then if we had a literal rendering of our Lord's words, it would read, "Except a man be born of water and of the wind, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Is it therefore a transgression to make water a figure of *word*, when wind is a figure of *spirit*? James says: "Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth." Paul says "Christ cleanses the church with the washing of water by the word." And again, "according to his mercy he saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Spirit." Surely here is the co-operation of two factors, and no one but a ritualist will say that either of them is literal water. But the united action of the word and Spirit, or in other words, God the Holy Spirit, by his truth, bringing forth a human soul to a new nature and a new life, fitting him to enjoy the kingdom of God. And thus we speak of the natural, when we say that such an one had a child *by* such an one. Therefore it is evident that the conjunction "*and*" in the text makes but one birth in the sentence in which literal water can have no party and it saves us Baptists all that labored amount of sophisms that must be used, and is used, by those who make it mean baptism, and yet try to show that baptism is no part of regeneration. Baptism is a figure or symbol of regeneration, but regeneration is not a symbol of baptism, and our Lord in the text is not speaking of it as such, but is using a term best adapted to his auditory to show him the change and spiritual cleansing he needed to enter into the kingdom of God. As for the church being the kingdom of God, with Bro Mc D.'s version of the text, especially that of water being baptism, he will shut out a great many, yes, the majority of those who have labored and suffered to advance the kingdom of God in this world, and whose works are of immense value to Christendom, and ever will be. For if the kingdom is the church and the church is the kingdom, and there is no way into it without baptism, as our good brother and all of us administer it, surely then the largest part of Christendom is outside of the kingdom of Heaven. But I have always been taught, and believed that Baptists baptized people because they were already subjects of the kingdom of God, not to make them subjects, as Campbellites do. I ncwhere said that the "kingdom of God meant the will of God apart from the visible manifestation of it in the church." I said that while the kingdom was not the church nor was the church the kingdom, "yet there was much of that which belonged to the kingdom entered into the nature of the church and gave it life-character." Bro. McD. says that "men are saved outside of the kingdom by the word and spirit of God." I would like to know where the Scriptures say so. I think the word of truth warrants us in believing that there are many saved outside the visible church; but I fear that those who have never become the subjects of the kingdom of God by his word and Spirit, will be left in the outer darkness. He often speaks of the spiritual kingdom. If it is spiritual, where is its visibility? Now the church is nowhere in Scripture called the kingdom, nor is the kingdom anywhere called the church. The church is called Christ's body, his house, his temple. His church does not consist of righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit; but his kingdom does, because it is not material substance as is the church, being an organic body. Our brother begs the whole question when he says that the kingdom of God has been set up since the days of John the Baptist. If the law and the prophets continued until John came preaching the kingdom of God, the former then ceased, and the latter then began. The kingdom began its operations with the preaching of John and Jesus and of the subjects made by them, and by the apostles on the day of Pentecost, the church was more fully organized, and in a few days after its order was completed.

If the kingdom and the church were one and the same, then the terms expressive of them should be synonymous and interchangeable. But they will not work that way. We cannot pray "thy church come," nor will it do to say, "go thou and preach the church of God," nor to say to rejecters of the gospel, "the church of God is come nigh unto you." That the church is an integral part of the kingdom I never denied; but that it is *the* kingdom I do most emphatically deny. We in these provinces are subjects of Great Britain, but we are not Great Britian. We are, as subjects, an integral part of the kingdom of Great Britain, but we are not the kingdom of Great Britain.

The relationship of the disciples was first to the kingdom of God, and afterwards to the church. Christ is king in his kingdom, while he is head of the church; his organized body composed of the subjects of his kingdom carry on the interests of his kingdom in the world. As we all pray when working for his glory here below, that his kingdom may go forth with power and fill the whole earth with its glory, and the phrase is used in that sense by all Christain workers. It is our brother's view of the kingdom that sets him astray, in his note about the birth of the spirit being essential to seeing the kingdom, and then that of water and the spirit to enter it. But the first statement contains the whole as does that in the seventh verse. The meaning of each is a birth from above, (see new version) a divine begeting, bringing forth of the renewed soul. And when Nicodemus inquired with astonishment how this new second birth, and it from above, could take place, our Lord explains to him by figures of nature, as he was himself accustomed to read of them, the way it takes place, and in the sixth verse shows that there is nothing but a spiritual or unseen operation performed to make a man fit for the kingdom of heaven, which itself is a spiritual power, and sphere or realm; and then in verse seven he sums it all up again as a birth from above that we must share if ever we enter the kingdom of heaven, which should cause no surprise. If the use of the term water in the text means baptism, then it comes first, and the text would set forth two operations, one of water and the other of the spirit, and no amount of argument can displace them, notwithstanding Dr. Kendrick. And instead of it "striking a fatal blow at baptismal regeneration," it at once becomes the chief corner stone in the doctrine, and it is so regarded by all who hold that dogma of Rome.

J. H. HUGHES.

I am glad to know that I am in good company too with my view of the text, as well as Bro. McD., and I should be pleased if any others who see that my exegesis and defence of it is sounder than the other views are, would drop me a card. Thanking those who have written me I will now close.

J. H. H.

Our Relations With God.

BY REV. O. P. GIFFORD, D. D.

Many years since, as Dr. Mahan relates, a merchant, in the city of New York, failed to a very large amount. After surrendering all his goods and possessions to his creditors he found himself hopelessly bankrupt. No one would give him credit to the amount of a single dollar. He had a brother in the city of Boston, who was everywhere known to be worth millions of dollars. This brother sent on to our bankrupt friend a power of attorney, no limits being designated, to transact business in his, the wealthy brother's name. The poor bankrupt hired a building right in the business centre of the city, filled it with goods, and commenced operations as one of the most prosperous merchants in the great city of New York.

In speaking to a friend of ours upon the subject, he said: "I will tell you how much I am, in reality, worth in this city. I am practically just as rich as my brother is. I can purchase anything and live as well as he can. Yet if I should presume to ask anything in my own name, no one would credit me to the amount of one dollar. I, once in a while for my own amusement, thus illustrate my position. I enter the store of an importer, and having selected a quantity of goods, request him to send them to my store. "But to whom shall I charge them?" he replies. "To myself, of course," I respond. "I cannot do that," is his prompt rejoinder. "If your creditors should become aware that I have goods in that state in your store, they would seize them at once, and I should lose them forever." I show him my power of attorney, and remark that I will purchase the goods in my brother's name. "Take what you please," is the prompt reply. In that dear name I could purchase anything and every thing the man had."

So, when and where Christ expressly and specifically authorizes us to 'ask in his name,' he 'puts us in full possession,' we may be pardoned the boldness of the expression, he puts us in full possession of a Power of Attorney by which we obtain at the Tarone of Grace all that he could, were he in our condition, and should he, in his own name and behalf, ask for the same identical blessing, 'God cannot deny himself.' Nor can he deny the Son 'any good thing' which he shall ask in his own name and behalf. Equally impossible is it for the Eternal Father who can no more dishonour, on the name of Christ when and where he has expressly authorized the use of his name, than he could cast dishonor upon Christ himself were he personally asking for the same blessings.

We must ever bear in mind, however, the express conditions on which Christ has authorized believers to use his name, namely, that we are living in him and he is in us, that our wills are fully identified with his, and that we have perfect faith in the efficacy of the use of his name to insure to us 'the good things' for which he has authorized us to ask, 'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you.' 'But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering.' Let not that man '(the man who wavereth, or whose faith fails,) 'expect to receive anything of the Lord.' It is only when we are 'strong in faith, giving glory to God, that we do or can 'ask in the name of Christ,' and 'receive whatsoever we ask.' But when our abiding is fixed and enduring, and our faith fails not, but waxes stronger and stronger, then the storehouse of heaven is opened to us, and we can ask and receive until our joy is full. No 'good thing' —nothing which will be best for us, here or hereafter, will be withheld from us.

Selling the Truth.

An ancient injunction, which comes to us with the inspired seal upon it, enjoins this: "Buy the truth and sell it not,"—from which sententious caution and command we are taught to infer that truth in its essential character is not on sale. The securing of truth as other things are gotten is not the idea which this inspired teaching seeks to convey. We are never to purchase truth as we may purchase other things, to be sold again. The truth, in other words, is not a merchantable commodity to be bought and to be sold. Nay, verily, if it be truth, it cannot in its very nature be thus obtained and thus disposed of. This precept, therefore, must be accepted as an intensive teaching urging it as the highest possible human end to have truth as a possession never to be bartered away. You can, in fact, no more trade in truth than you can in sunshine. The one you may secure and cultivate as truly as the other. You may employ a trap to catch a sunbeam," but no such means, not even a thousand traps, can shut out or shut away the sun's shining. Truth, as veritably as the sun, is man's God given heritage. Neither one of these can absolutely be sold.

The truth, it is plain, however, in a subjective sense, can be compromised, can be trifled with, and can be given away—never in its essential nature weakened or impaired, since that were impossible. We are witnessing all around us, in all the ways and the walks of life, what would sometimes well-nigh seem to be a growing indifference to the truth. Even within the realm of essential morals, nay, within the realm of essential religion, such indifference is manifested. In the grave questions now before the community the imminent peril is that the triumph of the one side over the other, will become of greater concern than the success of truth in the verdict. It is forgotten, it may be,—lost sight of, assuredly,—that in any pending issue that has morality and religion underlying it, there is, and there can be, no permanent settlement and no success if the truth by any means fail of being crowned. Victory itself gained at the temporary expense of essential truth, is defeat in disguise. The counsels of truth are the counsels of the Lord, and these alone can permanently stand and endure.

We may note, if we will, that there is hardly a greater source of general demoralization than the worship of success as the chief end of human endeavor. There are no saying more suited to corrupt the springs of right thinking than such as these: "Success is a duty;" "Nothing succeeds like success." In both these statements there lurks an element of essential and of damaging falsehood. The converse of such sayings is oftener true. While of course it is ever fitting and proper to adjust the conduct of life to the end of being reasonably successful, yet success as the supreme and the ruling aim of such conduct is, and must be, vitiating. How in contrast with that noble Latin motto, "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*"—"Let justice be done, though the heavens fall"—a saying in harmony with Holy Writ itself, evermore urging that duty, not success, is the end of human living.

We observed within a few days gone by, in one of our most enterprising dailies—not alone in the particular here named—the record, in a single issue, of base-ball matches filling, in close type, some two to three columns of the newspaper we refer to. Other columns were put under tribute to print such stuff, as if the paper must, first of all, not lack in the recitals of the sporting world. Games, horse-racing and boat-racing, theatricals and scandals, must never be omitted, but must command ever ready type for being most minutely described; and all to what end? To create a quick demand and sell the papers containing these empty and prurient details of sports, amusements, and crimes. And within the supposed sacred spheres of religion it is well, indeed, whether as pertaining even to the pulpit itself, the pew does not worship rather success than the only true object, and the one true end for which any pulpit has the right at all to exist. When will it come to be generally known, and as generally recognized, that the promotion of the cause of "pure religion and undefiled" can be realized only and alone as we uphold the standards of truth and of righteousness—and of no other?

Neither should it ever be lost from view, amid all the loud cries and the never-ceasing clamours around us, that with all the vaunting claims of progress of even this nineteenth century, the world and the race have not yet out-grown the Bible of both the Old and the New Testaments, as the only fountain and source of all truth that is both valuable and vital—of all truth which is at once both permanent and purifying. The present generation, as much, at least, as any former one, needs to rise to that amount of prophetic vision where it is seen that, while "all flesh is grass, and all goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field," the Word of the Lord alone "endureth forever."—*Watchman.*

The Slavery of Sin.

A certain tyrant sent for one of his subjects, and said to him, "What is your employment?" He said, "I am a blacksmith." "Go home, and make me a chain of such a length." He went home; it occupied him several months, and he had no wages all the time he was making it. Then he brought it to the monarch; and he said, "Go and make it twice as long." He brought it up again; and the monarch said, "Go and make it longer still." Each time he brought it, there was nothing but the command to make it longer still; and, when he brought it up at last, the monarch said, "Take it, and bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into a furnace of fire." These were the wages of making the chain. Here is a meditation for you to-night, ye servants of the divil. Your master the devil, is telling you to make a chain. Some of you have been fifty years welding the links to the chain, and he says, "Go and make it still longer." Next Sabbath morning you will open that shop of yours, and put another link on; next Sabbath you will be drunk, and put on another link; next Monday, you will do a dishonest action; and so you will keep on making fresh links to this chain; and, when you have lived twenty more years, the devil will say, "More links still." And then, at last, it will be, "Take him and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into a furnace of fire." "For the wages of sin is death"—*Spurgeon.*

How Miriam Learned to Love the Bible.

BY MARY E. SWEETSER.

It was Sunday afternoon. Mr. Kibg and his family had been sitting during the lovely summer twilight in the back porch, enjoying the delicate purple light of the setting sun on the mountains near by, and capping Bible verses concerning the "everlasting hills." One by one all but Aunt Agnes and little Miriam, who was sitting on a little stool at her feet, had re-entered the house

"Aunt," said Miriam, in a pleading, troubled tone, "I do not love the Bible. Miss Fairwell said in Sabbath school today that it would teach, comfort and warn us. She made us repeat those three words so many times that I could not help remembering them. I don't see as it does me any good, and I hate to learn so many verses as she gives us. But I cannot go to heaven if I do not love God's Book, can I?"

"I am sure, Miriam," said auntie, tenderly smoothing the anxious brow, you will prize the Bible when you understand how to use it in your everyday life. Your mother said, before she went away, that the Bible did more to rest and quiet her nerves than medicine. Auntie finds much comfort in it, and she will try this week and help her little niece to realize that it is the voice of her loving Heavenly Father speaking directly to her."

Two hours later as Aunt Agnes sat reading in her room, Miriam called in a distressed tone from the adjoining chamber, "Please come, auntie."

As her aunt sat down by the bed, Miriam grasped her hand tightly, saying, "Oh, Aunt Agnes, I was so frightened. I thought you were all asleep and I was alone awake, and it was so dark."

"'What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee.' That is a Bible verse, Miriam, and it is good to trust in God because His Word tells us that 'He will neither slumber nor sleep, and that 'the darkness and the light are both alike to Him.' Listen to this verse; "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.' He can take care of you better than Auntie. Are you not glad He sent you those comforting words?"

With a smile, as if she felt the protection of the Saviour's arms about her Miriam closed her eyes and in a moment was sound asleep.

Washing morning was rather trying to the King family, for the temper of the maid of all work, though none of the sweetest at any time, was then ruffled to such a degree that the only prudence was in keeping at a safe distance from her. The children, especially the boys, delighted in teasing her, and this particular Monday morning they had made frequent visits to the open window in front of which her washing-tub stood (for they were forbidden to enter the kitchen), and shouted into her unwilling ear such couplets as—

"Give us the string from your hair,
For the line on which clothes are to air.

"The hook of your nose will secure
The garment with firmness, I'm sure

"The fire of your eye, and the flame of your cheek,
Will heat all the water there is in the creek.
It is kindled by love of the children so kind,
Who by such cheering ditties enliven the mind."

Of course it was very foolish for Bridget to care for this jesting, but she was annoyed, and they knew it. The boys had joined some companions on their way to school, and Miriam, as a postlude, was piping:

"No mittens by kittens are washed here,
The old Irish cat will do it, no fear."

when Aunt Agnes called to her from the back porch.

Miriam saw the reproof in her auntie's face, and quickly said, "I hav'nt done anything to her, I did not hide her soap, once."

"Here is a warning for you from this book," said Aunt Agnes, quietly. "Think of it as you walk to school, 'every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.'"

Thursday afternoon when Aunt Agnes came home from a shopping expedition she found Miriam curled in a little heap on one corner of the sofa in the sitting-room, crying as if her heart would break.

"I—don't—care—auntie," she gasped, between her sobs, "I will not forgive her anymore. I don't think I ought to. She's too mean, and I've said 'yes' when she begged my pardon time and time and time again, and this afternoon I said 'no,' and I meant it. I'll let her see she can't be bothering me forever. She rubbed out all the sums on my slate, just as I had finished them to take them into the class. She said she did'nt mean to rub out but two or three figures, just for fun, but she'd better be careful."

"Christ teaches 'to forgive seventy times seven." Have you said 'yes' as many times as that? And I think He means we are never to be unwilling to forgive. Amy is careless, and thoughtless, but she does not care to be unkind. She will have a hard time in life before she is entirely cured of her fault."

"Yes, of course, you take her part instead of mine; everybody does. She has the very loveliest way of saying 'forgive me,' so that the girls look as if they thought I was the one who was to blame, and nobody pities me. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Papa pities his little girl, whatever the trouble may be," said her father, as that moment he passed hastily through the room to speak with some one who was waiting for him in the hall.

"And 'like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him," said Aunt Agnes, softly, bending her head to kiss the flushed and tear-stained cheek. Gradually the sobs ceased, and at last, as Miriam looked up and tried to smile, her brother Robert came into the room; but with such a face! His forehead was more wrinkled than James Allen's, and he was the oldest man in town, over ninety. The corner of his mouth looked as fixed in their downward course as if they were frozen stiff, and the swelling of his lips was most alarming.

"I should think he needed a Bible verse," said Miriam, half in fun and half in earnest.

"It is father who needs scripture growled Robert, with a chuckle. "I've got 'obey your parents' thoroughly into my head. He should be told to do unto others as he used to, would his father should do unto him. He's too fussy. Just as though there were any harm sliding down Goff's hill because it is called a public road, and once in ten years, in the middle of the summer, perhaps somebody drives an ox team over it. All the boys slide there; even Tom Bennett, whose father is one of the selectmen. And now when I want to join the 'Lighting Express Club,' father objects because the principal rendezvous next winter is to be Goff's hill. The Bible don't say anything about such things, anyway, does it auntie?"

"The same book which teaches a boy to honor his father and mother directs also that rulers and there laws should be obeyed."

"Pshaw," exclaimed Robert, hastily beating a retreat.

Sunday night again found Aunt Agnes and Miriam sitting during the gathering darkness in the pleasant porch. The incidents I have related were by no means the only ones that week when Miriam had been taught, comforted or warned by a Scripture text. Once or twice she had been able herself to apply a verse from the scanty store in her memory, and had been particularly pleased.

"I must tell you, because it troubles me so," began Miriam, hanging her head low, "I suppose it is very wicked, but though I do think I love Jesus some, "He was so good to leave his beautiful home and live here, and die too so I might go to heaven, yet I do not feel as if I could be happy always only praising Him. I can't sing a bit, an I father says it is no use, I never can learn to play well on the piano. I think it will be very stupid holding a bar and listening to others, and I don't like music very well, anyway. I like to play around. I wish the Bible told us they did something else there."

"And it does, darling," said auntie brightly. "It speaks of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

"Oh! I am so glad. I had no idea the Bible told about such things. I mean to keep learning and learning verses till I know as many as you do."

"And even more, I hope. I do not know as many as I wish I did. You see, Miriam, you must use God's Word if you would prize and love it."

Begin at Home.

A slovenly carpenter was once heard at a prayer meeting to pray with great fervency for the spread of Christ's cause—a cause which he disgraced and hindered in his sphere every time he stood at his work-bench. When he ended his prayer a hearty "Amen!" came from a servant who put her mistress out of temper a hundred times a day by her carelessness.

A clerk also was there who, although he taught a class in the mission school on Sunday, was always late at his employer's store on week-days. He whispered "Amen," too, and meant it, as far as he knew himself.

A lady hearer, as she listened, resolved to join the church missionary society, and then went home and found unreasonable fault with her cook. And others also felt warmed to do something for Christ who never seemed to have thought that religion, like charity, begins at home. The mechanic who is powerful in class-meeting and weak at his trade is no credit to the profession he makes. The servant who drops tears feelingly at religious services, and drops dishes unfeelingly in the kitchen, has her tenderness altogether too much on one side.

And it is a poor kind of religion which seeks opportunities to set others straight, but overlooks its own crookedness.—*S. S. Times.*

—In the early part of this century there was a Baptist minister of Rhode Island whose name was Cornell." He was usually called "Father Cornell." He was a capital preacher, and there was a Presbyterian minister who often went to hear him, and becoming well acquainted with him, took the liberty of saying: I like the Baptists very much, there doctrines are sound, they are the Lord's servants, etc., but I have two objections to them:—They insist that immersion is the only mode of baptism, and they practice 'close communion.' These are bad things" Said "Father Cornell" in reply, "I have known Baptists to do worse things than these." "What could they be?" inquired the Presbyterian minister. "I have read of one of them," said "Father Cornell," "who denied his Lord, and another who betrayed him into the hands of sinners." "Fie, fie," said the Presbyterian brother, "they were not Baptists." "Well, said "Father Cornell," "if you will take them off our hands we shall be much obliged to you, for we've been ashamed of them for many years."

—The following are the ages of royalty: Emperor of Germany 90; President of France, 80; King of the Netherlands, 70; King of Denmark, 69; Queen of England, 67; King of Wurtemburg, 64; Emperor of Brazil, 61; King of Saxony, 58; King of Sweeden and Norway, 58; Shah of Persia, 57; Emperor of Austria, 56; King of the Belgians, 52; King of Hawaii, 50; President of the United States, 50; King of Portugal, 48; King of Roumania, 47; Sultan of Turkey, 44; King of Italy, 43; Emperor of Russia, 42; King of the Hellenes, 41; King of Bavaria, 39; Khedive of Egypt, 34; Emperor of Japan, 34; King of Servia, 32; King of Siam, 32; Emperor of China, 16; King of Spain, in his first year; Prince Regent of Bavaria, 66; Queen Regent of Spain, 29.

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Day and Night

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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

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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

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