Praising God After the Storm.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"I shall yet praise Him," sings the Psalmist of that beautiful song of hope, the "Forty-second." At present he is in the thick of the storm. Deep calleth unto deep; the angry billows are sweeping his tempest-tossed vessel from stem to stern. No sun or stars appear in the wild sky of clouds and darkness. All the Psalmist can do is to keep the lamp of Hope burning in the "binnacle" and to hold fast to the helm. "Hope thou in God" we seem to hear him shouting in the teeth of the gale—"for I shall yet praise Him" when the storm is over and I am safe in port. The Hebrew word here translated "hope," has a peculiar shade of meaning. It signifies a patient submissive expectation which holds on and holds out until better times shall dawn.

This profoundly practical psalm seems to turn very much on the pivot of that little word "yet." Not now, but by-and-by the time for singing praises shall come. Human life abounds in illustrations of this. A boy at school is set to working out difficult problems and mastering hard lessons. He feels very rebellious under it, and secretly growls at his teacher as a merciless taskmaster. But in after years he looks back upon the thorough drill and discipline which he acquired at that school, and he "yet praises" the faithful teacher who did not spare him for his crying.

There is a strong temptation with all of us who are parents to win the favor of our children by letting them have their own way. Good mother! that son of yours considers it a bitter hardship that you do not allow him to go off with some of his associates to certain ensnaring and fascinating places of amusement. He chafes under the wholesome restraint, and thinks you unreasonable and tyrannical. Do not yield, or give up the reins. Your time will come by-and-by. When in future years your son sees what snares and vices his over indulged associates fell into, and which he has escaped, he "will yet praise you" for your godly fidelity. I have never ceased to thank my blessed mother for the summary punishment she gave me for tampering with a "heel-tap" of wine that came within my reach. It was my earliest lecture for total abstinence. It hurt at the time, but it saved me from infinitely worse smarts afterwards.

Now this is the very method by which our all-wise heavenly Father trains and disciplines His children. His chastisements are not for the present joyous; they are grievous. Nevertheless, afterward they yield the precious and peaceable fruits of righteousness. God deals with us as the farmer at the Spring time deals with his field. He thrusts in the plough and tears up the soil, and harrows it without mercy. A few months hence the golden crop of wheat or barley will praise and reward his thorough husbandry. God often puts the plough of affliction into our souls "beam-deep," and sends the harrow over us. The seed that is sown is watered with our tears. Be patient, my brother; God does not condescend to explain the mysteries of His providence to you. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Wait and see. You were tempted to call your Father cruel when that terrible blow struck you—or when that long fit of sickness so shattered your health—or when that coffin was carried out of your door—or when that gale of adversity rolled its billows over you. God's only answer to you is "Whom I love I chasten; all things work together for good to them that love Me." Hope thou in God; you will yet praise Him for all the discipline He is administering.

If you go into an organ-factory you will see the pieces of metal being shaped, and the wood being sawed and planed and polished. An unsightly and unpromising scene of confusion it is too. But out of it will yet emerge the magnificent instrument which shall fill the sanctuary with its waves of melody. Now it is in just such workshops of divine Providence that Hope prepares for the music of the future. She is fashioning pipe after pipe, and putting in key after key; and I assure you that they will yet praise the God of love with a chorus of Hallelujahs.

The constant lesson of life is wait and see. Some of the pictures which God's hand is upon now, are very incomplete. Some of the colors are very sombre; but on that dark background His love will yet flame out in hues of golden glory. A spectator on Mount Calvary at about the ninth hour of that awful day, might have said "O what a failure!" But behind that darkness was hidden the redemption of the world! We often see only humiliation and disappointment and failure in the earthly lot of many a genuine Christian; but God looks behind all these and discovers a beautiful patience, a lofty courage, and a grand fidelity. Heaven will correct thousands of mistaken judgments. Heaven will show who have really succeeded and who have really failed in this world.

Perhaps some of my readers are passing through just such an experience as the Psalmist was when he penned that immortal song of Hope. The billows are sweeping over you. "Tears are your meat day and night"— and very salt meat they are too, and most disagreeable to the taste. Unbelief scoffs at you, and tauntingly says "Where is now thy God?" Do not count this a strange experience, as though some strange unheard of thing had happened to you. Millions upon millions of the best and holiest have gone through just such hurricanes. Why are ye cast down, O children of God, brothers of the Lord Jesus, joint-heirs to the glorious inheritance? Why are your souls disquieted within you? Hope ye in God; ye shall yet praise Him when the tempest is stilled, and you have cast anchor in the desired haven!—*Evangelist.*

Family Worship.

The late John Ryland, Baptist minister at Northampton, being on a journey, was overtaken by a violent storm, and compelled to take shelter in the first inn he came to. The people of the house treated him with great kindness. When the hour of rest approached, the stranger appeared uneasy, and looked up every time the door opened as if expecting something essential to his comfort. His host informed him that his chamber was prepared whenever he chose to retire. "But," said he, "you have not had your family together." "I don't know what you mean," said the landlord. "To read and pray with them," replied the guest. The landlord confessed that he never thought of doing such a thing. "Then, sir," said Mr Ryland, "I must beg you to order my horse immediately, I had rather brave the storm than venture to sleep in a house where there is no prayer. Who can tell what may befall us before morning?" The landlord remonstrated with him and said he had no objection to call his family together, but he should not know what to do when they came. Mr. Ryland then proposed to conduct family worship, to which all consented. When he rose from his knees almost every individual present was bathed in tears, and the inquiry was awakened in every heart, "What must I do to be saved?" That day was indeed the beginning of days to that family, and they became the means of diffusing a knowledge of the Gospel in a neighborhood which had been before proverbially dark and destitute. This good man could not sleep even in the house of a stranger unless the family were gathered for family worship, and yet are there not many who in homes of their own never think of assembling the family for evening prayer?

We live in the days of a multiplicity of engagements, and many professedly Christian parents are excusing themselves on the plea that they have not time. The father has to rush off to business; has time, it is true, to read his morning paper; but no time to gather his family around him, and by the hand of faith put them under the sheltering wing of God. In the evening he is tired and wearied, and thus family worship is neglected. With how many the consideration of supposed want of time has been allowed so to weigh that in their homes there has come to be no family altar; the good old custom, which in a measure served as an anchor to hold the children in the religious faith of their parents, is being neglected. If, reader, you come from a home where your father reverently night and morning said: "Let us worship God," and you in this respect have failed to follow his example, I pray that this "Arrow" may be used of God to fan the slumbering ashes of memory, and that you will be led at once to repair the neglect, and that this night your altar will be raised and from your home the sacrifices of praise and prayer ascend. By neglecting family worship you are neglecting one of the most useful instruments of religious instruction to your family; you are failing to use one of the most powerful agencies in bringing your children to Christ.—*Presbyterian.*

A Sceptic's Test.

A short time since, an aged man related to me his own history, which I give, as far as I can recollect, in his own words:

"I did not believe in the Bible, or the reality of religion at all. I considered what was called Christian experience as a delusion, the effect of excitement upon the imagination, and Christians as a set of fanatics. I had studied sceptical writers, and was confirmed in my belief that death is an eternal sleep—that there is no heaven, no hell.

"And yet, at times, as the years sped on, an occasional doubt would arise. The question would force itself upon me, What if these things prove true? Then what will become of me?

"After suffering long from these annoying doubts and suggestions, I at last resolved to try a method which would enable me to become entirely free from them. I said to myself, 'I will secretly try the very method these Christians propose. They recommend prayer and Bible reading. I will test it. If I do not find it true, my mind shall never again be disturbed by a doubt.' Accordingly, I secured a day of solitude, a Sabbath when all the members of the family were absent at church. I knelt and prayed:

"'O Lord, if thou dost exist, hear me. If there is a heaven to gain and a hell to shun, show it to me. I have never believed it, and if all these things are true and the Bible is true, reveal it to me and enlighten me.'

"Then I searched the Bible. Commencing with the New Testament, I read continuously chapter after chapter with interest and absorbed attention, ever and anon asking God to show me the truth. The more I read the stronger my interest grew, and deeper and deeper the astounding conviction fastened on me that all this was true! 'I have lived all my life believing lies! I am a sinner! I am lost!'

"I examined the Bible throughout. I dwelt on the creation, the fall, the coming of Christ. Deeper and deeper grew the conviction of my guilt; my anxiety became intense, and I did not conceal it. Throughout every day of the week I spent my time in searching the word of God and in prayer, sometimes spending the whole day alone in a wood, beseeching God to have mercy on my soul.

"At last, on Sunday morning, just a week from the day I set apart 'to see if these things were true,' while I was riding to church, Christ revealed himself to me as a Saviour, my justification. The way of salvation seemed clear and plain, and I inwardly exclaimed. 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' My soul was filled with unspeakable joy. I had in truth found out by my own experience the truth and reality of religion, and soon commenced to tell others what a wondrous Saviour I had found."

The transforming power of the religion of Jesus was so marked in the character and life of this man that no one who knew him could doubt its genuineness. For thirty years he has been a pillar in the church of which he is a member, and to the end of his three-score years and ten he continues to testify to the realities of the religion which he has thus tested.

The Lord's Money—Where is it?

The conversion of the world waits on the generosity of God's people. There was a time when it waited, or seemed to wait, on the opening of doors into the heathen world. There was a time when it waited, or seemed to wait, on the consecration of men and women for the foreign field. This era is also about finished. Men and women are knocking at the doors of our missionary societies, and asking to be sent to India, China, Corea, Africa—anywhere—to preach and teach the Gospel of love. Some go out at their own charges; some are waiting for opportunity to go out; and hundreds are preparing for the work. Golden opportunities offer in Japan and China and Burmah and elsewhere; the societies are anxious to seize upon them; candidates are ready to accept commissions. What hinders? Simply lack of God's money.

Who has the Lord's money? The Lord's people. It is they who withhold it. He has given them in abundance. He has supplied their every want, He has bestowed so liberally, that the limits of necessity are passed and comfort is insured; and comfort broadens into ease, ease into luxury, luxury into great wealth. Where is the Lord's portion? Withheld, through ignorance or avarice. Wot ye not, O Christian people, that the Lord hath need of his money? Look around you! The harvests are ripe, the reapers are ready; all waits for you. The Lord of the harvest waits for the reapers, the reapers wait for you.

The world never lay beneath the cross as it now lies. There never was such an opportunity to lift up the cross for the healing of the nations. There never was such a desire to look upon it. There never were so many willing hands to hold it up. The fulness of time has come. To wait now is to trifle with God, and with the great work he has opened before us.

More than two thousand young men and women, now studying in our colleges and seminaries, have declared their willingness to go out as foreign missionaries. There are fields for them, there are open doors for them to enter, there are societies anxious to send them; but they cannot go unless the churches furnish the funds. There is a wonderful movement in our colleges. The young men and young women are coming forward by the score, in response to the question: "Who will go?" eagerly saying: "Here am I; send me!" And the missionary spirit has become so strong in our educational institutions that they are raising funds themselves. Princeton College will maintain one missionary, Princeton Seminary will maintain one, the Union Seminary of this city will maintain one; and other seminaries and colleges will do likewise. This wonderful movement will be checked; these students, ready to consecrate their lives to foreign missions, will be turned aside from their purpose; the expectant heathen, waiting for the light of the Gospel, will be disappointed; the conversion of the world will be sadly delayed, unless the good Christian people of this land seize the opportunity of the moment and pour their offerings into our missionary treasuries.

It is idle to pray for open doors, for the increase of the missionary force, for the speedy conversion of the world, and keep the Lord's money locked up.—*Independent.*

A Stupid Little Thing.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Why do you bother with her, Miss Ross?" one of the volunteer teachers in the Lime Alley mission-school asked of the pioneer teacher, referring to Bet Carter, a girl of twelve who persisted in making herself a constant annoyance. "I think you are perfectly justified in sending her away and forbidding her to enter the room again. She has been here for months without making the least progress, and is such a stupid little thing there is no hope of benefiting her in any way."

"I hardly know why she comes, unless it is to make a disturbance," replied Miss Ross, "I am extremely unwilling to give her up, however, and am puzzled to know what to do with her, now that I am to leave this school in your charge and go over to see what can be done for the poor children of Mud Lane."

"I am sure I can have no control over her," said Miss Miller, with a look of dismay. "She seems to bring the very spirit of insubordination into the school with her. We have done all we can for her I am convinced. Why not give her up? perhaps the good seed sown in her heart may, in time, spring up and grow."

"If she gives me up, I shan't give her up," lisped a shrill voice, and looking back of them they saw, to their surprise that the little weazen-faced girl was standing by and had heared every word. "I shan't give Miss Ross up;" she protested. "If she goes I shall go with her," and she slipped away to her class, where Miss Ross soon followed to take leave of her pupils, begging of them to obey her successor, Miss Miller, and giving each one as a parting gift a little red Testament.

When one was offered to Bet she shook her head stoutly: "Don't need it," she said. "Cos why? I'm going with Miss Ross over there."

"Why are you going? to teach the children to be disorderly?"

"No. To help. I can help. I've cousins there, loads of 'em! I'll bring 'em in. You'll see."

"Very well, but you can take the Testament and keep it and read in it every day about Jesus, for I want you all to remember that he is your best friend. I shall be away where I cannot hear if you speak to me, but you can never get so far away from him that he will not hear you if you call upon him."

The child took the little book without a word and abruptly ran from the room, Miss Ross presently caught a glimpse of her black eyes peering through a crack in the door, watching as she left the class; but upon reaching the entry her rebellious pupil was nowhere to be seen.

Waiting upon the next corner for a car, the piping voice was again heard at her elbow saying, trembling now:

"It's true, then, you's going?"

"Oh, yes, my child, or why should I have said so?"

"To fool me and make me keep out. The girls have been all the time saying you would leave if I kept up such a muss, so I thought if I said I was going too you would change your mind and stay."

"Oh, no, I am going to start another school as I have told you, but I shall not forget to pray to God for you, and you must give Miss Miller as little trouble as possible."

"I shan't go near her. You're my teacher. I never have had no other. I never shall have no other. I shall go long 'es you."

Miss Ross was touched by the child's persistence, but giving her an orange from her bag and bidding her a kind good-night, she left her upon the corner of the street, with a pang of regret. "A stupid little thing," to be sure. She did not know that a word of her teaching remained in her memory, and yet Bet had been the most punctual of her Lime Alley pupils, and there was something winsome even in her lawlessness. "I can pray for her," she thought, "and I will pray for her. There is a tender corner somewhere in her careless little heart," and she recalled the unusual sight of the bold black eyes clouded with tears, as they were when last she gazed down into them.

During the busy week that followed, the conscientious young women was followed by a vision of those misty eyes and the thought was always dismissed with a prayer that the dear Lord would rescue Bet from the miserable life she now seemed destined to lead.

Going on the day appointed to Mud Lane, expecting not more than six or eight dirty pupils at first, what was her surprise to find the dingy little room full of children, with faces and hands scrubbed as clean as soap and water could scrub them. As she entered and spoke pleasantly to the children who regarded her with awe, the largest of the girls came timidly forward and put Bet's little red Bible in her hand.

"Bet sent it," she said. "Bet is all smashed to pieces; you never see the like. A cart run over her. She got us all to come, and she meant to be here herself to help you make us behave; and she said you looked at every single spalpane in the school and smiled like the sunshine, and 'deed, you do ma'am!"

"And we promised Bet to wash our hands and faces," put in another tangle-haired girl, "and she said to tell you she had held so much, and that was all she ever could, and she was sorry—awful."

"Where is Bet?" asked Miss Ross, much distressed to hear of the accident that had proved the dirty, elfish looking and appearing child to be veritable flesh and blood.

"She didn't send for you," said the girl. "She said it was no place for such as you."

Indeed Miss Ross found it a repulsive place, but she found her reward for venturing up the dark, rickety stairway in Bet's delight at seeing her.

"I didn't suppose you'd come," said the child, "and all the time I knew you would come if you believed all those things you had been teaching us."

"Who would have thought of this 'stupid little thing' putting me to the test," murmured Miss Ross, as she bent tenderly over the child and said,

"You must be taken at once to the hospital." The little girl's eyes dilated with terror, and Miss Ross said, "I will go with you and will call often to see you."

"I'll go," said Bet, "anywhere, if I only can see you. Oh, I wanted to help!"

"You have helped me, Betty dear, and encouraged me, more than you can ever know," and all the way the child was wondering what the sweet lady could have meant by those words. "And she called me 'Betty dear,'" she whispered audibly, over and over.

At the Charity hospital, of course, the little patient was put into a bath, her bushy hair was cropped close, and then after the surgeon's examination a white night-gown was put upon her and she was lain upon a clean, white cot, the bright-faced young woman who was her nurse, said, "You would not know yourself, my little one," and she held up before her a small mirror that she produced from the capacious pocket of her fresh white apron.

Bet looked, opened her round, black eyes in wonderment, and whispered,

"Is that me? It is all Miss Ross," she explained, after lying for some time with her eyes closed. "I feel clean through and through. You never could have scrubbed me enough to have made me feel like that if it had not been for her. She's smiled at me and been good to me right along when I've plagued her the worst, but I didn't know I loved her until I found I was to lose her, and then I thought I never should hear any more about Jesus, and I found I was loving him, too, I prayed so hard that he would let me help."

"And I prayed so hard that Bet might be taken out of her wicked life," said Miss Ross.

Both prayers were answered, for Bet, now well and strong, having been for several years a tractable pupil in a good school, is the capable assistant of Miss Ross and Miss Miller in city mission work, and often when the two older ladies are perplexed regarding some refractory pupil, Miss Miller says, playfully, "We shall have to consult 'that stupid little thing.'" —*"Maple Corner" Wellington, Conn.*

"Know Thy Opportunity."

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

The above words composed one of the mottoes on the walls of the temple at Delphos. It is sad to think how many there are who fail to recognize these flitting opportunities, and they are lost forever. It is painful even to those who are endeavoring to serve the Master faithfully to remember the "cups of water" they might have offered and yet did not.

"The poor ye have always with you" is a wonderfully comprehensive sermon—the good and the wise give it their thoughtful attention. Every sorrowful or weary creature that crosses our path is a God-given opportunity which it would be wrong to neglect. "Inasmuch," said our Lord, "as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me."

The noble souls are all compassionate ones.

"You cannot begin too early to recognize your opportunities," said a mother to a daughter, and the girl remembered the instruction. One day as she was passing along the street a little child tumbled down and began crying. She picked him up, wiped the blood and dust and tears from his face, gave him a candy ball, and after kissing him, sent him on his way rejoicing. A friend was with her, and was vexed because she stopped.

"I wish, Dora," she said petulantly, "that you wouldn't bother with the dirty little fellow—he'd no business to fall."

Some one may think that the cup of water just spoken of was too simple an act to be recorded; but the result of it I think you will enjoy listening to. The little boy has become a young man. The young girl is now a mother of three dear little girls. The young man has never forgotten the kindly act of years ago. Speaking of it one day, he said:

"It has influenced my whole life. I don't know as I ever see a hurt or grieved child that I do not recall that incident. I was really hurt, too, for my knee was bleeding from a cut, but that delicious candy-ball, those gentle words, that tender kiss, were a panacea for all my troubles. It is a joy to me to bring smiles into sad faces, but I learned my lesson from Mrs. Temple—bless her!"

An old man, bent and weary, was struggling through a storm of wind and snow to reach the home of his son, who was very sick. He was bewildred and so seemed unable to comprehend the directions which had been given him. He enquired of one and another as he passed along—his questions varying slightly.

"Do you know where Henry lives?" "Could you tell me which is my son's house?" "Where's number 614?" "Is this Cambridge street?" "Are you sure I'm right?"

Some laughed and did not answer. They thought the old man was in his dotage, which was true. Others replied carelessly; so much so that the feeble mind failed to be enlightened.

"Do you know where Henry lives?" He asked the question this time of several well-dressed schoolboys who were homeward bound. They laughed derisively, and one said, as if it were a praise-worthy joke,

"Is it Henry the Eighth you refer to, my good fellow?"

"My son Henry," faltered the quivering lips.

"I haven't the pleasure of knowing him," said the boy mockingly.

And they passed on, not hearing the Voice say, reprovingly, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto me."

But help was coming. Another young student was hurrying homeward, a bright, cheery-faced lad, whose rosy cheeks were tingling with the cold. A detaining hand touched him, a voice tremulous with age and anxiety asked,

"Could you tell me which is my son's house?"

"I hope so, sir. Tell me his name if you please."

"Henry."

"No, not Mr. Henry. Henry is his first name."

"And his last name—what is that?"

The old man rubbed his forehead in a distressed way. "It's strange," he said, huskily, "but I can't seem to think; I'm so tired, you know."

The boy looked at him with eyes tender with compassion.

"What is your name?" he asked gently.

"Dunbar—Cyrus Dunbar," the weary, perplexed brow cleared somewhat—"and so my Henry's name is Dunbar, of course—Henry Dunbar. Do you know him?"

"I will find him," was the reassuring reply. "Does he live on Cambridge street?"

"Yes; 614."

"All right sir, I will go with you there. Take my arm, please, and I will hold my umbrella over you."

It was a long, weary walk to 614, but they reached it at last. The old father, whose coming was a complete surprise, was greeted with exclamations of joy, and the kindly boy with expressions of gratitude.

"God bless you, forever," the old man said fervently, "there aren't many boys who would go out of their way like this to serve a way-worn pilgrim."

Many years have passed since then, and the lad who improved that golden opportunity is now the renowned Judge H. Someone spoke to him one day of hearing the above story from some member of the Dunbar family, and he replied with feeling:

"It was only a small service I rendered—only a cup of cold water, but I have felt that old man's blessing all my life long."—*Advance.*

The Seventh Day Question.

The Seventh Day Sabbath position insists that the indentical seventh day observed in Jewish history must be observed perpetually, or the divine command is violated.

Well, what was the seventh day observed by the Jews in Bible times? Was it the seventh day of our week as it assumed by those insisting upon the observance of our Saturday?

We have always understood that the divisions of time called weeks and months under Jewish custom were indicated and measured by the moon. The week began with the new moon, or one of the other quarterly phases. The seventh day was the last day of the quarter. The months of the year, like the moons were thirteen.

The Jewish seventh days would therefore be the 7th, the 14th, the 21st and the 28th of the lunar month, which began with the new moon.

Our divisions of time into weeks and months are different. The seventh day of our week is only occasionally the seventh day of our lunar week. In the present week, for instance, the Jewish week would have had last Tuesday as its seventh day. Did our friends observe that as the commanded Sabbath? If not they are observing other days as the Sabbath than the one which they claim that the Lord commanded. Out of this dilemma, we see no way of escape but the one which leads to our own understanding of the divine law of the Sabbath. Namely, that a seventh part of time in its count by days, shall be a Lord's day—the "Sabbath of the Lord thy God;" that it is not material where the count begins, when once society has become united in observing the same seventh, so as to have it the unanimous, undisturbed day of appointed spiritual worship and work.

And hence when under the personal leading of Christ and the apostles the Ressurrection Day fell into Christian observance as the Lord's seventh, the requirement of the divine law was, and is, met fully, and with a higher and more blessed obedience than was attainable under the Jewish calendar.—*Michigan Christian Herald.*

Solomon's Judgment in Chinese.

Two women came before a Mandarin in China, each of them protesting that she was the mother of a little child they had brought with them. They were so eager, and so positive, that the Mandarin was sorely puzzled. He retired to consult with his wife, who was a wise and clever woman, and whose opinion was held in great repute in the neighborhood. She requested five minutes in which to deliberate. At the end of that time she spoke: "Let the servants catch me a large fish in the river, and let it be brought to me here alive." This was done. "Bring me now the infant," she said, "but leave the women in the outer chamber." This was done, too Then the Mandarin's wife caused the baby to be undressed, and its clothes put on the large fish. "Carry the creature outside now, and throw it into the river, in the sight of the two women." The servant obeyed her orders, flinging the fish into the water, where it rolled about and struggled, disgusted, no doubt, by the wrapping in which it was swaddled. Without a moment's pause, one of the mothers threw herself into the river, with a shriek. She must save her drowning child. "Without doubt, she is the true mother," the Mandarin's wife declared, and commanded that she should be rescued, and the child given to her. And the Mandarin nodded his head, and thought his wife the wisest woman in the Flowery Kingdom. Meantime, the false mother crept away. She was found out in the imposture; and the Mandarin's wife forgot all about her, in the occupation of dressing the little baby in the best silk she could find in her wardrobe.—*Selected.*

—The French Canadians resident in the United States now number 1,000,000, and are to hold a convention at Nashua, N. H., on the 26th and 27th of this month. Ten thousand of them signed a petition to President Cleveland urging him to attend, and he promised to do so if he could leave Washington at that time.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Philips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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