

Poetry.

The Rod.

I weep, but do not yield,
I mourn, yet still rebel;
My inmost soul seems steel'd,
Cold and immovable.

The wound is sharp and deep;
My spirit bleeds within;
And yet I lie asleep,
And still I sin, I sin.

My bruised soul complains
Of stripes without, within;
I feel these piercing pains—
Yet still I sin, I sin.

O'er me the low cloud hung
Its weight of shade and fear;
Unmoved I passed along
And still my sin is here.

Yon massive mountain-peak
The lightning rends at will;
The rock can melt or break—
I am unbroken still.

My sky was once noon-bright
My day was calm the while
I loved the pleasant light,
The sunshine's happy smile.

I said, My God, oh, sure,
Thy love will kindle mine;
Let but this calm endure,
Then all my heart is thine.

Alas I knew it not—
Thy summer hung its gold
O'er mine o'er my lot,
And yet my heart was cold.

Trust me with prosperous days,
I said, O spare the rod;
Thou and thy love I'll praise,
My Gracious, patient God.

Must I be smitten, Lord?
Are gentler measures vain?
Must I be smitten, Lord?
Can nothing save but pain?

Thou trusted me a while—
Alas! I was deceived;
I revell'd in the smile,
Yet to the dust I cleaved.

Then the fierce tempest broke,
I knew from whom it came,
I read in that sharp stroke
A father's hand and name.

And yet I did thee wrong;
Dark thoughts of thee came in—
A forward, selfish throng,
And I allowed the sin!

I did thee wrong, my God,
I wrong'd thy truth and love,
I fretted at the rod,
Against thy power I strove.

I said, My God, at length,
Thy stony heart remove,
Deny all other strength,
But give me strength to love.

Come nearer, nearer still,
Let not thy light depart;
Bend, break this stubborn will,
Dissolve this iron heart.

Less wayward let me be,
More pliable and mild,
To glad simplicity,
More like a trustful child.

Less, less of self each day,
Less of the world and sin;
More of the Son, I pray,
More of Thyself within.

Riper and riper now,
Each hour let me become,
Less fit for scenes below,
More fit for such a home.

More moulded to Thy will,
Lord, let Thy servant be,
Higher and higher still,
Liker and liker thee.

Leave nought that is unmet;
Of all that is thy own
Sustain me, and complete
My training for the throne.

—London Quarterly Journal of Prophecy.

Miscellany.

The Sacred Source of the Ganges.

The Ganges, or gunga, as the Hindoos call it, the great river of India. It flows for fifteen hundred miles, receives into it eleven considerable rivers, besides numerous smaller streams, and empties into the sea by several distinct mouths. It waters all the lower country. When the snows in the mountains are melted, the river overflows its banks sometimes for a hundred miles in extent, so that the people can pass right over their fields in any direction by boats. The flood makes an immense region very fertile that would otherwise be a barren waste.

But the Hindoos, through the wickedness that is in the hearts of all men, ours as well as theirs, abuse the blessings of God to his dishonor and their own ruin. They have forgotten God; and worship the river. Gunga is a Goddess. Sacrifice and homage are paid to it along its whole extent. To bathe in its water, men say, washes away sin. To look at it, even, is to be made holy. Witnesses in courts are sworn on the water. Its very mud is used as a cure for diseases. It is thought meritorious to drown one's self in it, and thousands of sick people are brought to it in sight of the holy river.

The great mouth of the river, at Saugur, is visited every year by thousands of people, who hold a great festival there in January. There are other holy places. But the holiest of all is Gungootree, the source of the river, far up in the Himalaya mountains. The poor pilgrim goes hundreds of miles, far, far away from the warm plains where it is never cold, higher and higher, through regions without a human habitation, climbing over rocks, and crossing perilous chasms, till he approaches the temple. It is a desolate glen, with piles of pointed rocks around, and mountains capped with snow. There the mighty river has dwindled to a small shallow stream. The pilgrim bathes, bows himself before the temple, and performs other acts of worship. He goes no further. To reach the real source he would have to press upward over icy rocks till he reached a low arch from which the stream comes forth, at the foot of a mass of frozen snow nearly three hundred feet high.

In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, if any man thirst, let him come to me and drink. "He only has living water," springing up into everlasting life." The Hindoo needs, and we all need, the cleansing that Jesus shed

his blood to effect. As those poor pilgrims toil up the steep of the Himalayas, we can hear his voice, saying, "Come unto me." "And whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." —Macedonian.

"I will not Rise till you Forgive me."

King James II. one day lost some important papers relating to a marriage that he was trying to bring about between one of his sons and a princess of Spain. He continued to hunt for these papers, until at last he got into a great rage because he could not find them. He went from room to room, looking here and there, but without success; the papers were not to be found.

At last he met an old Scotch servant by the name of Gib, who had been a long time in his service, and he charged him with having lost his papers. The old servant told the king respectfully, that he knew nothing of them, and certainly had not lost them. But the king grew very angry, and said, "Gib, I remember I gave them to you to take care of. What have you done with them?" Gib fell down on his knees and declared that he did not receive them. This only made the king the more angry, as his word was contradicted by the servant, and he kicked him as he knelt on the floor at his feet. Gib, who had been faithful to your majesty, and have not deserved such treatment as this, I cannot remain in your service under such a degradation. I shall never see you again." He immediately left the palace with the intention of returning no more.

Not long after the old Scotchman left, the person to whose care the king had actually committed the papers came in and presented them to him. The king was ashamed of his conduct towards Gib, and forthwith sent some one in pursuit of him; but it was some time before he could be found and induced to return to the presence of one who had treated him so badly. At last he consented, and when he came into his room, the king in his turn got down upon his knees before the servant Gib, and said he would rise until he forgave him. The servant tried to evade the matter, and asked the king to rise, but he would not until the servant told him, in so many words, that he fully forgave him. Some may think this was weak in a king, but there is something noble and praiseworthy in it. It is an example worthy of imitation. If you forgive any one, no matter how poor or humble, have the magnanimity to confess it, and ask pardon for the injury done. —American Messenger.

The Courageous Girl.

I was once introduced to a young girl of about fifteen years of age, whose graceful manners attracted my attention. I knew that Louisa, for so I will call her, was the only child of wealthy and distinguished parents. I knew she was highly educated, and very accomplished; but of her moral character I knew nothing. At last he consented, and when he came into his room, the king in his turn got down upon his knees before the servant Gib, and said he would rise until he forgave him. The servant tried to evade the matter, and asked the king to rise, but he would not until the servant told him, in so many words, that he fully forgave him. Some may think this was weak in a king, but there is something noble and praiseworthy in it. It is an example worthy of imitation. If you forgive any one, no matter how poor or humble, have the magnanimity to confess it, and ask pardon for the injury done. —American Messenger.

We were all chatting and laughing, and Louisa at first joined us with her sweet musical voice; but before retiring, she gently withdrew into a corner of the room, and knelt in prayer. I can never forget the impression made upon my mind by this act of quiet, silent devotion. My mind was hushed; I felt as if I ought to pray; I wished I was like Louisa, and that, like her, I could pour out my heart before an unseen Friend. When she arose, I saw such a sweet smile upon her face, that as she bent over to kiss me, and to say an affectionate "good-night" I felt almost reverence for the fair young creature who had piously enough thus to confess Christ before strangers. I knew that it must have cost her an effort to do her duty under those circumstances, and I respected and loved her for it. Doubtless her gay companions felt the same; and perhaps, they, like me, were led, by witnessing that simple act, to set a new value on religious faith and hope. Years have passed; yet when tempted to forsake the right through fear of man, the memory of that kneeling girl has often inspired new strength and courage, and influenced me to care less for "them that can kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do." —Am. Messenger.

The Darkened Room.

You have gone, perhaps, into a darkened room, on a bright summer day. The shutters were quite closed. When you looked around, what did you see? Nothing. If you did not know what it contained, you might fancy it full of beautiful pictures and rich furniture, or the room might be empty and desolate. There might be even a thief lurking in a corner, waiting to rob the house. Still all was dark and dismal to you. But if you opened the shutter, so as to let in the smallest ray of the glorious sun, how clear did all become! All that was there you then saw—the pictures and furniture, it may be, or the dusty walls, the cobwebs, the cracks in the floor. Nay, if you let in through the open window the full beams of the sun, you saw even the smallest specks of dust floating about in the bright rays.

Dear young friend, what is your heart? Is it not a "darkened room"? It is full of all that is hateful in the holy sight of God; but, "having the understanding darkened," you see not the impurities. You think there is much in it that is amiable and good. But, ah! if one ray from God were to shine into it, how hateful to yourself would all appear! You would see the fullness of guilt in all that pride and unbelief, and pleasing of the flesh, of which you have never so much as dreamed before. That guilt is all there now, whether you see it or not. Dear young reader, let it be your earnest cry, "O send forth thy light and thy truth!"

THE WAY TO PRESERVE CHURCHES.—The first time I had the pleasure of being in the company of the Rev. John Wesley (says a correspondent of the N. Y. Evangelist) was in the year 1783. I asked him what must be done to keep Methodism alive, when he was dead, to which he immediately answered—The Methodists must take heed to their doctrine, their experience, their practice, and their discipline. If they attend to their doctrines only, they will make the people Antinomians; if to the experimental part of religion only, they will make them Enthusiasts; if to the practical only, they will make them Pharisees; and if they do not attend to their discipline, they will be like persons who bestow much pains in cultivating their garden, and put no fence round it to save it from the wild boar of the forest.

A Cutting Reproof.

The Rev. Mr. T. of Virginia was at the B. Springs, and was dancing in the ball room every night. He was a faithful pastor; and one of his members, night after night, conducted her little daughter to the room, and looked on with the greatest interest while she mingled in the dance; and when she came away, late at night, broken down from fatigue and excitement, that mother would compliment and praise her for her elegant performances.

One day the pastor sought an interview with the mother, and attempted to show her the fearful consequences that would probably result from her misguided course. She set up the usual defence that dancing is

an elegant accomplishment, etc. At last, when every argument had failed to convince her of her folly and madness as a professed Christian mother, in pursuing a course which was so injurious to her child and so reproachful to religion, he said, "My dear friend, that child"—pointing to her little daughter standing by her side, and angry with the pastor because of his opposition to her mother's course—"that child had better have no mother, than to be cursed with one who, under the garb of religion, thus trains her up for the vanities of this world, and for the world of woe." —Am. Mes.

"No Way in Particular."

Travelling in my sulky on a certain day, several years ago, I cried before me in the road a singular looking vehicle. It was a small, rough wagon, much the worse for wear, having evidently been in use for many years. All the wheels were low; but the two front being much smaller than the hinder ones, gave it a kind of broken-down appearance. Over the top was carelessly thrown a canvass covering, much soiled and worn, held up some three feet from the body by a few rudely-bent hickory sticks. In the shafts was harnessed up with old, worn-out, and broken harness, an ox, much below the usual size, and very poor, so that his bones projected very much. Of course he travelled but slowly. The wagon was partly filled with coarse hay. In the front of the wagon, on the hay, beneath the tattered canvass covering, sat a little old man. In his hand he held a long ox-goad, the weight of which the poor beast was often made to feel. The old man's hair was thin and gray; his head was covered with a low-crowned and much-worn hat, the rim of which being broad and limber, hung, without form, about his face and ears. He wore a pair of spectacles, very ancient in appearance, the frame of which was made of heavy steel, and the glasses were large and round. His skin was dark, as if unexposed for many days; his beard long, and all his clothes much soiled and old. I was much struck with the appearance of a man, and, as I looked upon the old man my heart felt sad. Coming abreast with him, I stopped, and thus accosted him: "Old friend, which way are you travelling to-day?" He raised his head from its low position as I spoke, and looking on me with a keen, black eye, through his large round glasses, said, with a sharp, shrill voice, "O, no way in particular," and then passed on.

O, poor old man! thought I; travelling, but you know not whither; no friends, no home, no object for which to live. We passed on; but O, how often I have thought upon his answer: "No way in particular." How many in this great world are, like this poor old man, travelling, but they know not whither—to heaven or hell!

Dear reader, is it so with thee, travelling, for years, and yet thou knowest not whither? I trust not. But, on the other hand, I hope that all who read this little sketch, when their minister, or other pious friends, shall ask them, "Whither travelling?" will be able to say, with warm, loving, and trusting hearts, "We are travelling home; and our only true and blessed home is HEAVEN—where, travelling no longer, we shall rest forever in the presence of God our Father." —S. S. Advocate.

MONUMENTS &c.

THE business heretofore carried on by McKIM & CLEAR, will hereafter be conducted at the old stand, Germania street, in the name of the Subscriber, who has now on hand a most superior assortment of workmanship in his line, MONUMENTS, TOMB TABLES, MANTELE PIECES, &c. &c. combining beauty of design, correctness of finish, and durability of material. The Subscriber is determined to spare no pains, trouble, or expense, to maintain the fame his work has secured throughout the Province. Determined to satisfy all who may kindly favor him with patronage, he will receive no pay until the articles ordered are finished, and not then, unless they give complete satisfaction. He is prepared to continue to rival all those firms of Yankee extraction, which are endeavoring to build up their inferior fame upon the wreck of his Establishment, and who seem to take unrelenting pleasure in the impugning of his workmanship upon this community, while the members of such firms give neither personal attention nor superintendence to the execution of their work. Having studied his business in England and Scotland, he has since his commencement of business in St. John, entirely outstripped all competitors whose importations from the United States have been even miserable copies of land of Yankee clap-net and wooden nutmegs! He desires to defend no man, but as a hard-working HERRING MERCHANT, he thinks himself under an obligation to his patrons, and foreigners, particularly when the latter give their patronage to monuments of mistakes and botches, while he always has given, does now and will hereafter give MARBLE work, chaste and lasting, fitting monuments for the graves of dear friends, twenty per cent better, more beautiful and more substantial than can elsewhere be obtained.

David C. Parent, Nashua, N. H., near Frederickton, Y. C.; Hugh Kay, Bel River, Dumfries, Y. C.; John A. Beckwith, Kingston, Y. C.; Geo. Hammond, Kingston, Y. C.; Geo. Kilburn, Kingston, Y. C.; Thos. A. Beckwith, Oromocto, Sunbury; Thos. W. Mackay, Parish of Grand Pré, Y. C.; W. M. Mackay, Southamptown, Travelling Agent; The above are Agents for the Subscriber, to whom all orders for him may be given, and which will receive prompt attention. R. A. McKIM, Dec. 13.

SUPERIOR BOTANIC MEDICINES.—The following superior Medicines are for sale, wholesale or retail, at the office of the Religious Intelligencer, and at the store of Messrs. Hannah & Underhill—

Wilson's Compound Syrup,
Wilson's Wild Cherry Balsam,
Wilson's Wild Cherry Bitters,
Wilson's Nerve-Pain Drops,
Wilson's Sore Throat Drops,
Wilson's Composition Powders,
Cayenne Pepper, in small and large tin cans, for family use. Dec. 6th, 1854.

OCTOBER 12, 1854.

WINTER DRY GOODS.—BEARD & YENNING have received—20 Packages per English Steamer; 23 Packages per John Bannerman; 32 " per Joseph Turner; 12 " per Imperial; 36 " per Eastern City and Governor;—CONTAINING—

Velvet and Cloth Mantles, new styles; SILKS, Satins, Velvets, Ribbons; DRESS GOODS, in endless variety; Rich Paisley SHAWLS and SCARFS; Plain and Broad Cloths; Scotch Tweeds and Dressing Vestings, &c.; Regatta, Bed Ticks, Towellings, Cotton Warps. All of which are offered Wholesale and Retail, at lowest market prices. ALBION HOUSE, King Street. Oct. 23.

DAMASKS, Moerens, Fringes to match; SHEETINGS, Blankets, Counterpanes, Quilts; Scotch CARPETS, Threeply do., Hearth Rugs, Druggists, Matting, &c.; Red, White, Blue and Salubrious FLANNELS; Pilot, Bay and Broad CLOTHS; Scotch Tweeds and Dressing Vestings, &c.; Regatta, Bed Ticks, Towellings, Cotton Warps. All of which are offered Wholesale and Retail, at lowest market prices. ALBION HOUSE, King Street. Oct. 23.

FOR SALE.—By E. W. CLEAR, at his residence on Leinster-street, near Mr. James Reed, a MELODEON of superior tone and finish, suitable for Church or Parlor. Dec. 22, 1854.—3a.

BOOKS! BOOKS! A new and valuable supply of Books have been received at the Religious Intelligencer Office, for sale; and more are expected in a few days. The following Catalogue shows a part of the stock and prices.

TRACT SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.	
D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, 5 volumes	0 11 0
Do. Do. 5 volumes in one	0 7 6
Do. Do. 5th vol. separate	0 2 6
Pilgrim's Progress, 12 mo., with plates	0 2 0
Do. Do. 18 mo., common	0 1 0
Pike's Persuasive to early piety	0 2 0
Do. Religious and Eternal Life	0 1 0
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Walt's Divine and Moral Songs	0 0 0
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Packages of Tracts assorted, containing each 376 Pages	0 1 0
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Books for Children, &c. &c.	0 0 0
Christian Almanack, 1855	0 0 0
SUNDAY SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS.	
Biblical Antiquities	0 2 0
Holy War, with plates	0 2 0
Golden Rule	0 1 0
Kenny's Mills, or The Earnest Worker	0 1 0
Irish Army	0 2 0
Moral Heroism	0 1 0
Harriet Newell	0 2 0
Henry Martineau	0 2 0
Lift of Mrs. Judson	0 1 0
The Converted Papist	0 1 0
History of Missions	0 1 0
Union Bible Dictionary, (half bound)	0 2 0
Do. Do. (bound)	0 2 0
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LIBRARIES.	
Pastors Library, 25 vols. (Tract Society)	2 10 0
Evangelical Family Library, 15 vols. Do.	1 7 6
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SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARIES.	
No. 1, 2, 3, 100 vols. each, (A Sunday School Union) each	2 10 0
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Cabinet, 50 vols. Do.	0 12 6
Class Books, Cards, &c. in variety for Sabbath Schools.	

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Clarks, 6 vols.	4 0 0
Henry's, 6 vols.	2 15 0
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MISCELLANEOUS RELIGIOUS WORKS.

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At a liberal discount to parties taking two or more of these Works at one time.

FARM FOR SALE.—The Subscriber offers for sale the FARM owned and occupied by him in New Jerusalem, Queen's County, consisting of 100 acres, having about 40 acres cleared, and cuts about 16 tons of hay. A good frame barn, and a small dwelling House is now on it. If not sold by the 15th of March next, it will then be offered at Public Auction on the premises.

JOHN MCKENZIE.
New Jerusalem, Nov. 24th, 1854.—pd.

M. N. POWERS, Undertaker, &c., Four Doors North of Trinity Church, Germania street.

will attend to Funerals, and furnish every article in the line in a style superior to any Establishment in the Province, and at prices fully twenty per cent less than those usually charged in the city. N. B.—Furniture, Mattresses, Curtains, Carpets, &c. made to order on reasonable terms.

BLANKETS and FURS.—A large and well assorted Stock of the above Goods is offered at reduced prices, in consequence of the lateness of the season.

FRASER, ENNIS & CO.,
King Street, opposite St. John's Hotel.
December 15th, 1854.

WINTER, WINTER.—The Subscribers have on hand a large and varied assortment of English, American & Domestic Manufactured Hats & Caps, suitable for Fall or Winter wear. In Hats, we have Ratin, Fur, Kossuth, Cuban, Magyar, Jerry, Cassimere, Covered, Glazed, &c. &c. In Caps, we have Fur of all description, Astracian, Seal, Silk Plush, Cloth, Glazed, Glengary, Scattee, Storm, &c. &c. As we always sell our Goods at a small profit, we cannot advertise that we will sell at 16 or 20 per cent, below ordinary rates, but we do promise to sell at such prices as cannot fail to give every satisfaction to any reasonable person. Wholesale and Retail. C. D. EVERETT & SON, Dealers in (usual papers), North Side King-street.

NOTICE.—All persons having any demands against the Estate of William Urquhart, of Springfield, Kings County, deceased, are hereby requested to hand in their accounts duly attested, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber.

DANIEL URQUHART, Administrator.
Springfield, K. C., October 16, 1854. 2m.

MARLBORO' HOTEL, BOSTON.—JOHN A. PARKS Proprietor.—This house is very pleasantly situated on Washington Street, and location very central. It has recently been refitted and furnished, and is now the best temperance house in town. There is social worship morning and evening in the parlors, where all who choose may be present. This is a home where the traveller will find a pleasant home. Boston, Oct. 1, 1855.



AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

For the rapid Cure of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

TO CURE A COLD, WITH HEADACHE AND SORENESS OF THE THROAT.—Take the Cherry Pectoral on going to bed, and wrap up warmly, to sweat during the night. FOR A COLD AND COUGH, take it in the morning, and the difficulty will soon be removed. None will long suffer from this trouble who find it can be so readily cured. Persons afflicted with a seated cough, which breaks off their rest at night, will find by taking the Cherry Pectoral on going to bed, they may be sure of sound, unbroken sleep, and consequent refreshing rest. Great relief from suffering, and an ultimate cure, is offered to thousands who are thus afflicted, by this invaluable remedy.

From its agreeable effects in these cases, many find themselves unwilling to forego its use when the necessity for it has ceased.

TO RINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS this remedy is invaluable, as by its action on the throat and lungs, when taken in small quantities, it removes all hoarseness in a few hours, and wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice.

ASCHMA is generally much relieved, and often wholly cured by Cherry Pectoral. But there are some cases so obstinate as to yield entirely to no medicine. Cherry Pectoral will cure them if they can be cured.

BRONCHITIS, or irritation of the throat and upper portion of the lungs, may be cured by Cherry Pectoral, in small and frequent doses. The uncomfortable oppression is soon relieved.