Girding the Loins.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"Wherefore, gird up the loins of your mind," is the stirring exhortation of that manly enthusiastic disciple who had once girded his fisherman's tunic about him, and leaped out of the boat to swim to his Master. The ancients, as our readers know, were accustomed to wear loose, flowing garments, and when any strenuous exertion was required, they gathered the folds of their drapery, and bound a girdle about their waist. A spiritual process similar to this, is essential to a vigorous, effective, Christian life.

Jesus Christ does not put you or me into His Church just to make us comfortable. Nor is getting to heaven the sole object, or even the chief object of becoming a Christian. *Obedience to Jesus Christ* is the first thing. This is the core of Christianity. The phrase "girding the loins," implies readiness for duty. On that last night in Egypt the children of Israel were commanded to stand with girt loins and sandalled feet and staves in their hands, ready to be off on their exodus at a moment's notice. Paul at the start of his grand career, inquired "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" At the finish he exclaimed "Now I am ready to be offered up!" We pastors soon discover who are the minute-men in our churches. Whether it be work, or money, or service of any kind that is required of them, their cheerful response proves that Christ has the first hold on their hearts. Eagerness for the fight marks the true soldier; eagerness for the run made the successful Olympic racer; eagerness to do Christ's will, or even to endure hard blows for his Master, marks the happy, ready-hearted Christian. The moment a minister counts sermon-making a drudgery, his girdle has broken.

2. Another idea suggested by the Apostle's phrase, is the compacting of all our powers upon the work we have in hand. Consecration is not enough without concentration. Paul's "this one thing I do," tightened his resolves, and kept him from frittering away life on trifles. Sir Isaac Newton's secret of success was "intending his mind upon the thing." Pericles only knew one street in Athens, the street that led from his own house to the Executive Chamber. At this chilly season of the year, the feeble sun-rays may be so focused by a burning glass as to set wood on fire. I know some men and women of moderate abilities, who under the concentrating power of the love of Christ, make wonderfully useful Christians. This compacting of one's self for the duty at hand, is well described by the current phrase of a man's "pulling himself together." Some church members go to pieces for want of a stout girdle.

3. Loins-girding also implies a wholesome idea of *restraint*. Laxity is the curse of the times in doctrine, in preaching, in social life, and in church life. Loose thinking leads to loose living. The very word "religion" signifies something that holds us together, and binds us to God. We cannot do just as we like. The people who clamor for liberty to do as they please, and who scout at Bible restraints as a yoke of bondage, are the very people who drift away into vagabondage. A robust Christian, like a robust soldier, understands the value of drill and discipline, and learns to obey the higher powers. It is not a good sign when a follower of Christ begins to loosen his girdle. He is preparing to shirk, or skulk, or go to sleep. Tighten the loins, brother, and make up your mind that a noble, victorious, Christian life is not the easiest thing in this world.

Easy things, like cheap things, are of small value. The best attainments must be paid for. God has put some pretty steep hills on his road to heaven, and you will need to gird your loins if you expect to climb them. He provides the girdle; you have but to clasp it about you. He offers you a belt embroidered with these words: "My grace is sufficient for you." Clasp it on, and you will find that the things that seem impossible, become possible to a resolute, unshrinking faith. Mr. Moody's negro woman was about right, when she said that if God ordered her to jump through a stone wall, the jumping was her part, and the getting through was His look-out and not hers. God promises that He will "gird us with strength," and that strength is always equal to the load to be carried, or to the cliff to be clambered.

It may be a timely text to preach about in this age of "liberal" thinking and nonjudgmental theology. Some people are falling all apart, and going to pieces from very looseness of principles. Weakness becomes wickedness. All backsliding in the church starts from loosening the hold on Christ. Conscience loosens its grip. The very garments which the Christian wears become entangled in all manner of worldly and sinful practices, until he can no longer make headway.

Wherefore, let us gird up the loins of our souls and "be sober." Life is not a frolic, and the service of our crucified Lord is not child's play. The end of all things is at hand with each of us. There is an exultant joy in the daring and the dash, the push and the climb, the conflict and the victory of a well girded soul on his way to his crown. The prize is for the racer, and none else. They who would fain go to heaven in what Rutherford calls a "close-covered chariot," may not gain admission at the gate; or if they do, they will be ashamed to look God's heroes there in the face. Let your loins be girded, and your lamps be burning, and ye yourselves be like unto men who wait for their Lord. "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching; He shall gird Himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them."—*Evangelist.*

Putting on Christ.

The figure is that of clothing the body. Paul was fond of using this figure. He speaks of putting on incorruption and immortality, and of putting on the new man. He thinks often of the garb and equipment of the soldier, and he wants disciples, soldier-wise, to put on armor—the armor of light, the armor of God.

His crowning thought under this figure is putting on Christ. "But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." He says in his letter to the Galatians that as many as were baptized into Christ did put on Christ. To have put him on at the outset, however, is not enough. One who has put him on, must keep putting him on, till the soul is perfectly arrayed, not only in his righteousness, but in his love and sweetness and purity.

For this is the meaning of the direction. It is to become like Christ. Meyer tells us that the same form of expression is used in classical Greek; and "in classical Greek to put on any one is to adopt any one's mode of sentiment and action." Hence the counsel comes to just this, as the same author states it: "Unite yourselves in the closest fellowship of life with Christ, so that you may wholly present the mind and life of Christ in your conduct." Putting on Christ is entering into Christ. It is opening the door of every faculty to the unobstructed occupancy of Christ. It is coming under the influence and power of Christ. It is following Christ and doing his will. It is illustrating the temper of Christ, and reproducing in one's daily walk the spirit of humility and obedience and helpfulness and consecration which he manifested all the way through. As Dr. Hodge well says: "All Christian duty is included in putting on the Lord Jesus; in being like him, having his similarity of temper and conduct which results from being intimately united to him by the Holy Spirit."

It is this putting on Christ, or coming into the intimacy of a true vital relation with him, and following him with an increasing closeness and fidelity, which will most surely lift one into superiority to all the ordinary forms of temptation. This is the idea of the Apostle. He is speaking of "casting off the works of darkness," of "walking honestly," and "not in revelry and drunkenness," "not in chambering and wantonness," and "not in strife and jealousy;" and he leans at once to the counsel to put on Christ, as though if Christ were put on in the sense already explained, it would correct all these tendencies and cure all these evils beyond any peradventure.

Unquestionably this is so. A man who is surely in Christ is surely safe. A man who makes the grace and strength of Christ his resource in hours of sore trial and temptation, will come out of the conflict as victorious as our Lord did when tempted of the devil in the wilderness.

A soul is never so beautifully and attractively arrayed as when Christ has been put on. There is a phrase in our common English revision of the Scriptures which has always had a special charm for some minds; it is "the beauty of holiness." For eyes anointed to clearest and finest vision, there is no beauty like it. The æsthetic taste has been cultivated to the last degree of exquisiteness when one has come into full appreciation of the beauty of holiness. But turning to the New Version, and casting an eye on the margin, where the finer critical renderings are more likely to be found, we discover that "the beauty of holiness" means not exactly what we have supposed it to mean, but "in holy array." This is the way it is given in the Twenty-ninth Psalm; and also in the ninety-sixth Psalm. To worship the Lord in the way ordained is to worship "in holy array." What "array" is there so "holy," what array is there so suitable and beautiful as Christ put on and wore by the soul? Or to turn the thought about, when is the soul ever so beautiful, when it is in such fitness to worship, or to do anything it is right to do, as when it is robed with Christ? For here, as before, we come round to find the true significance of the figure to lie in its inward application. There can be no "holy array" of the outward man at all acceptable which does not represent or symbolize an inward ornamentation of reverence and purity and love. To put on Christ is to put the soul in the best possible condition for communion with God, and for engaging in his service whatever it may be. To put on Christ is to bring out God's image on the soul.—*The Advance.*

"Forward and Not Back."

There are some things that we are always leaving behind us as we move forward in life. It is just as when we go on a journey; we are ever coming up to new scenes, looking at them a moment, and then passing them by. We are but pilgrims forever on time's endless journey. We build and settle down in no permanent abiding place. We dwell always in tents, and are forever pulling up the tent pins and moving forward.

As we go on we do not carry anything but memories and impressions. In the mysterious chambers of the brain we hang away pictures of all that we have seen. Then every thing that touches us ever so slightly or transiently leaves its mark upon us forever—either scars or lines of beauty. But we really carry little else with us out of all the busy fleeting life through which we pass day by day.

The wisest life is that which best realizes the pilgrim idea, and ever stretches forward and presses on. Looking back is not usually a profitable or healthy exercise. It was disasterous for Lot's wife, it has proved just as disasterous for many others since her day. Countless lives, with noble possibilities, have been caught in their wistful backward gazing, or in their morbid, indolent, dallying by the way, and the path through this world is thickly marked with its pillars of salt. Many people insist on stopping by the way whenever any startling thing interrupts them, and stand still while the quick march of life moves on. Then they are either thrust aside and left there, or they are trampled down in the dust of defeat. If there were no second chances in life we might despair when once we have failed. But it is the glory of the gracious dispensation under which we live, that though we fall we may rise again; that our very failure may become a stepping-stone on which we plant our feet to climb higher. Most people, at least who ever rise in life, who grow noble, strong and helpful, reach their place through victories over difficulties and over their own failures and defeats.

"We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good or gain;
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."

"Forward and not back," is one of the wisest of life mottos. They are always in any and every life better things on before, towards which we should press with unwearying earnestness. No one ever does absolutely the best thing he might do; there is still a better possible for him. No achievement or attainment therefore, should ever satisfy us. No disaster should ever cause us to give up in despair. There is always something left, and we should gather up the fragments that remain and begin anew; even though the failure seems utter, so far as the earth is concerned, this life is not all. Some one speaks of heaven as "the place where God makes over souls;" through the grace of Christ we, who turn to him in our failure, may in endless years there rise to great beauty and blessedness.

"Forward and not back." Let no past enchain our eye or thought. Let us leave behind all that is behind, let us bend every energy toward the brighter, better things that are before.—*Westminster Teacher.*

The Christmas Club.

BY OLIVE R. DANA.

It had grown too cool and wet for croquet and tennis. School tasks consumed all interests in books, save what was called forth by the last "St. Nicholas, or Mrs. Whitney's or Sophie May's" latest book. Pedestrianism was out of the question, save for practical purposes. Botany was out of season, and geology was one of the next year's electives in the B—— School. But some sort of a "Society" they must have, these bright girls, who so flocked together, and could always work or play or even be idle better in company than alone, and who always liked, too, some name and bond beyond that of class or comradeship to hold them together and give them what the French pupils called "*esprit de corps*."

"But we're all so busy, or going to be," said Bessie Randall, "with our fancy work and our Christmas things, besides our lessons and our Christian Endeavor work."

"It must be something to which we can bring our work Saturday afternoons," remarked Ruthie Lane.

"But I don't see what it's going to be," said Alice Neal, despondently. "And the long evenings, and the rainy Saturdays, and all, are so dismal!"

"Dismal!" echoed Annie Rivers, "when every girl of us is too busy, almost, to think—or ought to be! No wonder we can't start a new club before Christmas!"

But next morning Ruthie burst upon the little group with the ecstatic announcement: "Eureka for me this time! I've got an inspiration! Such a delightful plan! Only it isn't all mine to start with, and you girls must carry it out, as I know you will." But what it was she would not tell them till school was out, and then she drew them into her mother's sitting-room on their way home and unfolded it.

"And then and there was organized the 'Christmas Club.'

"Only," said Ruth, "we won't tell the name at first. The 'C. C.'s' we'll call ourselves. And we'll be making our Christmas gifts, and finding out new things, and some things we'll do together for the folks who aren't likely to get much, or need 'em especially. We wouldn't have any right to be C. C's if 'twas just for ourselves, you know."

And within a day or two they had drawn up and adopted their brief constitution, getting over it as quickly as possible, and depositing it, when signed, with Ruthie's invalid Aunt Alice, who had suggested the name and purpose of the club.

They had never shown this constitution to any other person, nor told its contents. But I know something of its spirit from the "C. C's" own work.

"We'll have no nonsensicals, for one thing," said Bessie. "I'm so tired of asking for money to pay dues here and there, and to give to this, that, and the other thing, when it isn't my giving at all!"

"I'm in hopes," said Ruthie, "we will even have to spend less on our own gift making by having the Club. And as for having things, and spending, and the like, why, we all remember the first article of our constitution, about self denial and so forth, and what we're pledged to do to help other people, especially the sick or poor or sorrowful or deprived ones.

"Auntie says," she went on, "that maybe we will find these things so hard to remember and to do as any of the reading or writing we used to set ourselves in the Literary Association. She thinks such things as we're going to do are ever so much more important, and that they'll be ever so much nicer, too, to remember afterwards."

So every Saturday thereafter found our girls together, and busied with the work the Club had set itself to do. Many a pretty trifle came from their hands to be admired and laid away till holiday time, for each had the benefit of the skill and knowledge of all the others. But it is not of these things I want now to tell, but of their happy plans and bright thoughts for other people than those of their own households, kindred, or "intimate friends." Every week some girl had an inspiration, some new, happy thought to tell, which she was sure they could justly work out so as to carry a bit of Christmas joy to some one whose life had little brightness. And if some of them emanated from older and wiser heads, the girls adopted them just as heartily.

One pretty little gift they prepared for a dear invalid friend, a little older than they. They called it "Cheer for Sabbath Days," because Florence Denham, for whom they were doing it, would never leave the house even for church."

It was just a pretty little blank book, with quaintly lettered covers; and inside they had written the dates of all the Sundays of the year to come, and under each date a text, some verses of a hymn or favourite poem, and then perhaps a paragraph in prose that held some good, wise comforting thought. And each girl affixed her initials to the date whose selected readings she had chosen and copied.

Then each of them made a tiny square of crazy patchwork, and they put them together and made a sofa-cushion for a lonely, stranger teacher in the B—— School. "Because her home is so far off, and they say her folks are poor, so maybe she won't get many presents," said tender hearted Ruthie.

Then, in like manner, but of larger squares and less dainty material, they made a slumber-wrap for a certain maiden lady in the neighborhood, whom, by reason of her infirmities and her general lugubriousness, they had been wont to designate as that dismal, decrepit, desolate, tiresome old Miss Rollins!"

And I must state, too, that their feelings grew kindlier toward the lady from the time said wrap was begun, till, when it was at length bestowed on its surprised and grateful recipient, they had for her the warmest pity and friendliest neighbor-love.

One more "Book of Days," too, they made, to send to a classmate traveling in Europe with an invalid mother. This was smaller than the other, and had a month's readings only. But a more thoughtful token could hardly have been devised. But most unique and perhaps most helpful of all was one they made for Jennie Alden, not long since one of the brightest and busiest of the B—— School Juniors. But she could never be with them now, save as, once or twice, at her request, they met with her of a Saturday, that she might seem to participate in their pleasant plans. A fall had brought on spinal disease, severe and incurable, and they all knew that no work they could do, anywhere, of any kind, was to be compared to the task of submission and cheerfulness and loving trust that was set her, and which she was learning so well.

The idea of this gift they took from Mrs. Ewing's "Story of a Short Life." Leonard, the crippled little hero of the book, with his predilection for military "pomp and circumstance," and especially his admiration of soldierly valor and endurance, began, you will remember if you have read the story, a "Book of Poor Things." It was ruled and illuminated and ribbon-tied—this of Leonard's—and had space for three hundred and sixty-five entries. And each entry was to record the case of some person who had been hurt or maimed, or was crippled or deformed, yet who was, as he said, "very good and brave about it."

And so our girls made out their shorter list of uncrowned and humble heroes and heroines who had had sore bodily trial to bear, and had borne it well and bravely and cheerfully. Some of the cases they had heard or read of; others they themselves had seen and known. They were of persons in diverse circumstances, of varying ages and conditions. And they judged rightly that no gift they could give the friend who was passing through similar experience could be so precious and helpful.

One other project of theirs I must mention, and then close. Not far from the B—— School was a charitable "Home," whose inmates were girls of ages corresponding to these four friends. Our girls were meaning to remember the "Home" with trifling tokens, such as they could compass, when one of the girls recalled that the "Home" had no library, nor any beginning of one. Why could not each of the "C. C.'s" bring a volume, or two, or three, from her own collection, perhaps one she had outgrown, and each one, too, solicit books from her friends for the purpose? Certainly they might obtain some. And the result of the effort was fifty inviting volumes, neatly covered and numbered by the Christmas Club, a gift to the "Home." They are an unfailing delight to the members of that institution. But I am sure the later were not so glad in receiving them as were our "C. C.'s" in the giving.—*Christian Union.*

On Seizing Opportunities.

Some men are never awake when the train starts, but crawl into the station just in time to see that everybody is off, and then sleepily say, "Bear me, is the train gone? My watch must have stopped in the night!" They always come into town a day after the fair, and open their wares after the market is over. They make their hay when the sun has left off shining, and cut their corn a soon as the fine weather is ended; they cry, Hold hard! after the shot has left the gun, and look the stable door when the steed is stolen. They are like a coward's tail, always behind; they take time by the heels, and not by the forelock, if indeed they ever take him at all. They are no more worth than an old almanac; their time has gone for being of use; but, unfortunately, you cannot throw them away as you would the almanac, for they are like the cross old lady who had an annuity left her, and meant to take out the full value of it; they won't die, though they are of no use alive. Take it easy and Live-long are first cousins, they say, and the more's the pity. If they are immortal till their work is done, they will not die in a hurry, for they have not even begun to work yet. Shiftless people generally excuse their laziness by saying, "they are only a little behind;" but a little too late is much too late, and a mile is as good as a mile. My neighbor Sykes covered up his well after his child was drowned in it; and was very busy down at the old farm bringing up buckets of water after every stick of the house had been burnt; one of these days he'll be for making his will when he can't hold a pen, and he'll be trying to repent of his sins when his senses are going.

These slow coaches think that to-morrow is better than to-day, and take for their rule an old proverb turned topsy turvy, "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow." They are forever waiting until their ship comes home, and always dreaming about things looking up by-and-by; while grass grows in their furrows, and the cows get through the gaps in their hedges. If the birds would but wait to have salt put on their tails, what a breakfast they would take home to their families! But while things move as fast as they do, the youngsters at home will have to fill their mouths with empty spoons. "Never mind," say they, "there are better times coming; wait a little longer." Their birds are all in the bush, and rare, fat ones they are, according to their account; and so they had need to be, for they have had none in the hand yet, and wife and children are half starved. Something will turn up, they say; why don't the stupids go and turn it up themselves? Time and tide wait for no man, and yet these fellows loiter about as if they had a freehold of time, a lease of their lives, and a rabbit warren of opportunities. They will find out their mistake when want finds them out, and that will not be long with some in our village, for they are already a long way on the road to Needham. They who would not plough must not expect to eat; they who waste the spring will have a lean autumn. They would not strike when the iron was hot, and they will soon find the cold iron very hard.

He that will not when he may,
When he will shall have nay.

Time is not tied to a post, like a horse to a manger; it passes like the wind, and he who would grind his corn by it must turn the mill-sails. He that gapes till he is fed, will gape till he be dead. Nothing is to be got without pains except poverty and dirt. In the old days, they said, "Jack gets on by his stupidity;" Jack would find it very different now-a-days, I think; but never in old times, or any other times, would Jack get on by foolishly letting present chances slip by him; for hares never run into the mouths of sleeping dogs. He that hath time, and looks for better time, time comes that he repents himself of time. There's no good in lying down and crying, "God help us!" God helps those who helps themselves. When I see a man who declares that the times are bad, and that he is always unlucky, I generally say to myself, that old goose did not sit on the eggs till they were all addled, and now providence is to blame because they won't all hatch. I never had any faith in luck at all, except that I believe that good luck will carry a man over a ditch if he jumps well, and will put a bit of bacon into his pot if he looks after his garden and keeps a pig. Luck generally comes to those who look after it, and my notion is that it taps at least once in a lifetime at everybody's door; but if industry does not open it, away it goes. Those who have lost the last coach, and let every opportunity slip by them, turn to abusing providence for setting everything against them: "If I were a hatter," says one, "men would be born without heads." "If I went to the sea for water," quoth another, "I should find it dried up." Every wind is foul for a crazy ship. Neither the wise nor the wealthy can help him who has long refused to help himself.

John Ploughman, in the most genteel manner sends his compliments to his friends, and now that harvest is over, and the hops all picked, according to promise, he intends giving them a bit of poetry, just to show that he is trying the polishing brushes. John asked the minister to lend him one of the poets, and he gave him the words of George Herbert—very good, no doubt, but rather tangled, like Markaway Wood; still, there's a good deal in the queer old verses, and every now and then one comes upon clusters of the sweetest nuts; but some of them are rather hard to crack. The following verse is somewhat near the subject now in hand, and is plain enough in reason, though begging the poet's pardon, John can't see a rhyme in it; however, as it is by the great Herbert it must be good, and will do well to ornament John's talk, like a flower stuck in a buttonhole of his Sunday coat:

Let thy mind still be bent, still be plotting where,
And when, and how thy business may be done.
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveler,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
Acting and stirring spirits live alone:
Write on the others, *Here lies such a one.*
—*John Ploughman.*

Flag That Next Train.

There had been a sad railroad accident. The engineer was caught in the overturn of the locomotive, pinned to the earth, and could not possibly extricate himself. Others came to release his struggling, writhing form. His thoughts, however, were on the next train, the train behind. Could he not see the engine driving along the rails, bringing the train loaded with priceless lives? And then came, in thought, the awful crash of a collision! "Boys!" cried Engineer Kennar, giving the name of the expected and endangered train, "go back and flag the second Atlantic, if you haven't done it!"

Noble, heroic soul, his first thought was for the train behind. They succeeded at last in liberating his body, but his only liberator was death itself, which came in a very few minutes.

Flag the next train!

Do we always bear it in mind, the train that is coming? As those interested in Sunday-school activities, especially when the fall work opens, may our thoughts rest appreciatively upon the next generation, gathered about us in our classes, and that we are trying to teach. That next train is coming fast. The boys and girls of to day will be men and women to-morrow. This next train is confronted by peculiar dangers. On the right track we hope—heading for righteousness and temperance, honesty and integrity; but what perils may yet be before it!

Our scholars may be tempted to tamper with the evil of "light drinks." Flag the train! There is a beer-barrel on the track! Our scholars may be solicited to look upon licentious print. Flag the train! There is a bad book on the track! Our scholars may be urged to put off the day of Salvation. Flag the train! The bowlder of procrastination has fallen across the rails. And here is evil company, beckoning the boys and girls to wrong-doing. Flag the train! Wreckers are at work on the rails, threatening the lives that are coming forward. Whatever be the danger, be alert! Watch! Hasten! Speak! Flag the train!—*Sunday School Journal.*

Breaking Down.

Working for God is often painful as well as humbling. It entails suffering, and we are fitted for it by suffering. Why is this? Because the suffering brings us into closer fellowship with our Lord, who was the Man of Sorrows; because it brings us into sympathy with our brethren suffering all around us; because it humbles us. Do you know what is God's chief difficulty with us? It is not the filling us; it is the emptying us. It is not the edifying us; it is the pulling us down. And therefore it is that God's chief instrument of edification is the pickaxe. He must break us down, down; and whatever He gives us to do for His service, He will first of all show us that we are not able to do it.

In our armies when a man is wounded, they take him at once out of the rank and put him in the rear to take care of him. He is not fit for the fighting till his wounds are healed.

So so is the Lord's army. There the faint are in the heat of battle, and the wounded lead the vanguard. Look at the history of the church, and you will see that most, if not all, of those whom God has employed in a signal manner for His glory have been, in one way or another, among the most afflicted of men, either in heart or in body—sometimes in both. Therefore do not be afraid of suffering. Do not think that suffering interferes with service. On the contrary, it helps it on. When, therefore, we offer our prayers to God and ask Him to raise us and make us, don't let us forget to put up another petition between these two, and ask Him also to break us. That is a short and comprehensive prayer. "Take, O God, and break me!" make me! God answering that prayer can do something with us.—*Theodore Monod.*

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is a becoming garment to any lady. It gives her an elastic step, an air of grace and modesty, and the glow of health on her cheek, that will always command admiration. With out these, no woman can appear to advantage. With sickly countenance, painful gait, and listless air, she is an object of pity. How many American women daily drag out a wretched existence, ignorant of the blessing of perfect health! All her weaknesses can be cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the great specific for prolapsus, leucorrhea, ulceration and unnatural discharges. The only medicine sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of giving satisfaction, or money refunded. Read guarantee printed on its wrapper.

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Day and Night

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

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

Without Relief,

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

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

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

Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable with Consumption.—S. P. Henderson, Saulsburgh, Penn.

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

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