

there were connected with it thirteen churches; four hundred and eighteen church members; eleven native pastors, more than half of them supported by their own people; twelve licensed native preachers; twenty-one native teachers, and forty-one other helpers. Of pupils there were two thousand and forty-one, and scores of unpaid laborers went spontaneously forth every Sabbath day as

missionaries into the harvest fields around. This was the growth of a single station, and a single church, in less than twelve years. The first missionary sent to Aintab was stoned and driven away. Eight years after, Dr. Anderson was met by a cavalcade of Christian men, several miles from Aintab, who escorted him into the very heart of the city, and he saw not even a look of disapprobation.

PREACHERS EXCHANGING VIEWS.

A New Remedy for Dyspepsia.

So many persons in these days, especially clergymen, are afflicted with this horrible malady that, if there be any cure for it, it seems a duty to make it known. The writer has been a victim to it for many years, and has suffered from it, physically and mentally, to as great an extent perhaps as any living man. He sought at times the best medical skill in the city of New York and elsewhere, and tried allopathy and homœopathy, hydropathy, the massage treatment, all kinds of mineral waters, and nostrums innumerable, without cure or relief from any or all of them. What he has undergone for more than thirty years, if written out, would fill a book.

My case was a very marked one, in some of its leading symptoms, as well as in its severity, and attracted the attention of several leading physicians, two of whom at least made it a subject of special study.

Seven years ago it got the mastery of me, and body and mind succumbed to its violence. I became a wreck. Under the spell of a strange hallucination, *I refused to eat for weeks and months*—that is, ate next to nothing—and I got well (my physician says simply because the *stomach had a long rest*), and for five years thereafter enjoyed unusual vigor both of mind and body, and was able to perform a large amount of mental work. But a year or so ago the disease came back upon me like a "strong man

armed," and no remedy or skill of the doctors was of any avail. I grew worse month after month, suffering intensely from pain and bloat, and insomnia and inaction of the heart; and various symptoms induced my medical attendant to conclude that my case was hopeless, and my end probably near. In my dire extremity I was induced to consult the physician who had attended me through my former long illness, whom I had not since seen. After examination he assured me that he could cure me, *if I would rigidly follow the regimen* which he would prescribe. He said my getting well from my former terrible illness, not by his medicines, but in spite of them, by simply giving the stomach entire rest till it was healed and its tone recovered, had given him new light, and under its guidance he had since cured some of the worst cases of dyspepsia he ever saw or read of (he has a very extensive city practice).

And what, think you, was the "cure-all?" No medicine or treatment of any kind—*simply and only to drink freely of fresh buttermilk*, one, two, and even four quarts a day, if I could take so much. No other fluid, and not a particle of solid food, except an occasional crust of bread. *I did so, honestly, for four successive weeks*, drinking two quarts a day of "Echo Farm" buttermilk. I lost no flesh, no strength, and went on every day with my full work; began to sleep well, lost my headaches and dizzi-