LETTER FROM INDIA.

LONGING FOR RAIN.

In August of '91 we had several refreshing showers. During September on one occasion only was there a fall of rain sufficient to thoroughly soak the earth. On the night of the 7th of October there was a smart shower that gave vegetation a perceptible start for a few days. Since that night up to the first of May, '92, absolutely no rain fell in Vizianagram. In November we began saying to one another, "How I wish it would rain!" In December our wells went dry, and we had them dipped deeper, and the heavens were like brass over our heads. As the days of January and February crept along our wish for rain became a chronic longing, and we looked up into the unclouded blue and began to appreciate the expression used in story books—"the pitiless sky." We read in our home papers about the gentle "lamb" and noisy "lion" of March; but for us that month was the slowly opening door of a mighty "dry-house," and a third of April had barely passed when we found ourselves in an atmosphere that was supremely uncomfortable from the fiery breath of the wind that swept across the parched country, and still no rain. We packed a few necessaries, and brought our children to Bimlipatam. Here we are working our munshi full time by day, and in the evenings go down into the pure, bracing sea-breeze, and bathe in the surf, and thank God for the privilege; but our longing for rain has become unspeakable. In March there was a short, heavy shower in Bimlipatam, and none in Vizianagram. About May 1st the people of Vizianagram who were at home were blessed with a five-minute shower, but it did not reach Bimlipatam. Since the first of December there has not been sufficient water obtainable at one time in all Vizianagram to have had a baptism. For ten days there has been every sign of rain; heavy clouds have passed over us, and a few drops, detected by holding out the back of the hand, have fallen, and the people have said that the prospects were bright for rain. This is May 28th, and now those passages in the Psalms which refer to "water-courses," "springs," "stillwaters," "dry and thirsty lands," have acquired an intensity of interest only aroused by that which has become a part of life by painful experience. If I were sitting today in the cave of Adullam with the wearied David, homesick for his native village, which had become a stronghold for the Philistines, I think I could look into his eyes with a flash of something like that of a kindred spirit, as he speaks his longing to his men: "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." And as in the past few weeks I have been led to call to mind the haying seasons of my boyhood and the clear, sweet, sparkling, icy-cold water from the well on the old Riverside farm, near Berwick, I have felt that the Psalmist and I were familiar friends.

A NEW STATE OPEN TO THE GOSPEL.

Bastar is a native State, lying among the Eastern Ghats, bounded on the southwest by the river Godany and the Nizam's dominions, on the south-east by the Serri river and Japur country. It is a triangular piece of territory, having an area of about 13,000 square miles, with a population of 310,000, nearly of whom are aborigines. The people are worshippers of the "gods of the hills," without caste, and are described as simple, docile, open-hearted people; but hardy relics of nations whose history goes back of Aryan annals. Since there was a Gospel story to tell, it has never been proclaimed among this people. The late Rajah was a zealous Hindu and conceived the idea that missionaries were evil men, and would not allow them to enter his territory. Two missionaries did push through to the capital a few years back, but were politely warned that if they remained they would no doubt be poisoned, and they quickly returned whence they came. At the Rajah's death the heir was six years old, and the administration of the state passed into the hands of a commissioner appointed by the government of India. This commissioner was a liberal man, and soon changed the aspect of affairs. Recently Mr. C. B. Ward, a Methodist, who is running an independent and nominally self-supporting mission in the Nizam's dominions, made a tour of five weeks throughout the length of the land, and was delighted with what he saw of the people, and the prospects for successful missionary work. He obtained official permission to establish six stations within the state, at the best centres for the occupancy of the whole state, and also to take up as much land as he may choose for the founding of villages. The language of the people is not written, and it is proposed to write it in the Telugu character. When that initial work has been completed a whole nation must be taught its letters. Mr. Ward has issued a report of his trip, and the possibilities for which it has paved the way. He writes: "We have seen the country. It is a fine land. It is healthy above many parts of India. It has splendid rivers and springs of water, a temperature on the whole very moderate. Only one of the six proposed stations will be as low as 1,000 ft. above the sea, and four will be nearly 2,000 ft. altitude on the plateau. The work will be old-fashioned; itinerant foot and bridle paths are as yet the only roads in Bastar. Of the people scarce one can read a letter in any language. They know not the value of the simplest education. There are no doctors, no hospitals outside the capital, Jagdulpur." The way has been made for the coming to an hitherto unreached people of the knowledge that saves men's souls. I could wish that the Canadian Baptist Mission had been sufficiently developed to have allowed our missionaries to have been the pioneers. We have a hill-nation just on our northern border, however, waiting for us to give them the gospel. Let us help to hasten the day when the field at present covered by us shall have been occupied in such a manner as to justify our reaching out toward these simple-minded children of the gods of the hills. M. B. SHAW.

Bimlipatam, May 28.

Sights and Sounds in India.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys: Dorng—ng! Dorng—ng! Dorng—ng! Dorng—ng! Dorng—ng!! Five times. Five times, against that black, ringing, iron full moon, that hangs down by a ragged rope, that haggard old man has struck his battered mallet. Five times in spite of the noisy wind, the people hear its dong all over the town. Close to the sounding circle—still trembling from the mallet's stroke,—like the rude steeple of a little church without any church, there towers to the gale a huge chimney of dingy red brick. At the bottom, all around, like the rim of a hat all around the bottom of its crown, are low, rough, dirty stone steps. The fire must be under the earth, for the chimney rests upon the ground. But look up. Out of the top there floats no smoke. On its forehead there is no soot. Yet beneath its brow, like a big black eye, which the wind for years has been peppering with dust, there blears the old face of a clock. The long hand is on XII. The short hand is on V. This is the clock tower. That haggard old man with the mallet, is a part of the clock. Whether he lives inside or not, I do not know. But in the day-time he comes out every hour and strikes. In the night after twelve, the clock does not strike, for the striking part of it has gone to sleep.

With our faces toward the clock-tower we are on the north side. In front of us, side of the striking machine, sitting on the stone steps, is a pedlar talking to a crowd. Thickly sprinkled over a coarse cloth, that is spread upon the ground, are a dozen different kinds of trinkets. Beneath our feet, like broken peas, are showers of gravel stones. The hot winds rushing up between the houses have swept the dust away like chaff, but left these jagged pebbles like winnowed wheat upon the street. As a river near a turn in its course, often with a small island in the middle, spreads out into a big eddy that covers with its swirling waters enough ground for a little farm; so around this clock, like an island rock, the street spreads out its surging crowd and all the earth is public road. Over the top of the crowd heathen eyes are as thick as bubbles on a whirlpool. But the main stream of people runs from south to north, close past the west side of the tower and close past our right hands. Now we have turned around, with our backs to the tower and our faces to the north. A few rods in front of us the street grows narrow again. On its right hand side, for a fence, it has a white, smooth, high stone wall, as high as the eaves of a house. There are no side walks. People, oxen, cows, horses, and donkeys jostle one another on one road. There is a frightened girl crouched up against the high wall. On the inside, like a cattle shed, from the top of the wall, a roof runs down as close to the ground as that man's shoulders. Facing this shed, and far enough away for a crowd to jam along between, all under one roof, is a long row of little stores, with their dark doors opening out into the daylight like a row of swallows' nests beneath the eaves of grandfather's barn. In the door sits the blinking store-keeper, hovering over his goods on the floor like a hen over her chickens. Between the shed are other sellers sitting on the ground. The place is as full as the school-house porch when the boys and girls are coming out from school. There they are—buying and selling, each one trying to talk louder than all the others put together, making enough noise to do all the business of Boston and to give the headache to the world.

Now we have turned around again, with our backs to the north and our faces toward the tower. On the west side of the tower, upon the steps, is a crowd of idlers, sitting, standing, talking, grinning, leaning against the tower, lolling on one another's shoulders, staring around, enjoying the cool of the day.

We will go around to the other side of the tower—the south side. How the dusky crowd back away to let us white men past! Here we are on the south side. See those ugly pictures on the ground! I guess they are the likenesses of Hindu gods. Over them, with his mouth wide open, wriggles a man, trying to get people to buy. Here are two chairs. Here a cow tied to a bedstead. These also have their noisy auctioneer, who is selling them, selling them, and nobody buying them. When we come near he waxes more eloquent and storms upon us to coax us to buy.

Now come around to the east side. Here the setting sun does not shine. But the old tower casts upon the ground, clear across the open space to that old house, a sloping shadow. Across this shadow to and fro are passing rows of people, young and old. Some are going north-west, and turn into the stores—the "bazaar." Others are going the opposite direction, and in the south-west corner of the open space, they go into an alley out of sight.

This is five o'clock Sunday afternoon. We have come here to preach. Here is Mr. Shaw, who is spending the hot weather with us. Here also all ready for work, are tall Chittiah; shorter, sturdy, manly Appalaswamy, and shorter book-seller, Paulus. We are standing on the steps. In front of us, sitting down and scratching something like tee-taw-tex on the ground, are five men. "What is that you are making?" "Oh, nothing. We are just scratching for fun. We had nothing else to do and so we did that." Mr. Shaw is talking with them a little. Now we tell them we will sing them a hymn. Now we are singing. Here a boy stops to listen. He twists his fingers and digs his toes in the ground. There goes by a man, so proud that his head is back more than straight, and so fat that his flesh shakes with every step. Running over his bare left shoulder, and hanging down under his right bare arm and against his right naked side is a loose string—a sacred string. He is strict Brahman. Here with a basket on her head comes a woman to listen. Here, with a few coppers in his hand, comes up a boy. Trotting at his feet and wagging his tail is a small black and white dog with a collar around its neck. Here is a boy about six years old smoking a cigar. There comes a young man in his mother's arms. Now she is setting him on the ground. Now she is holding out her hand for money. There on the bare earth the poor fellow sits. His legs are no longer than a child's. They are withered like parched potato vines, and are curled up beneath him. His hands are withered too. He makes very awkward work as he tries to pull up his cloth—his suit of clothes—and attempts to wipe out the dust from the corner of his eye. He has not come for gospel, but for coppers. Here is an old woman bent over with her hands upon her knees. She cannot straighten up. Her poor, wrinkled, distressed, hard, old face looks almost exactly like a picture I have seen somewhere of a witch. Here is a boy with an empty black bottle in his hand; there a Telugu gentleman with an umbrella. Here is somebody's servant—an errand boy. Over one shoulder and under the other arm runs a broad cloth strap. On this strap, near the man's heart, is a brass plate, on which is cut in large letters his master's name. Here is a boy with a ring on his toe. Here another with two rings on each big toe. (Our cook has a ring on his toe, too.) Here is a woman with a ring in her nose. There is another woman with a ring in each nostril, and another ring through the partition—that is, between the nostrils. Here is a boy with a yellow ring around his arm above the elbow. It may be gold. There is another boy with two steel colored rings around each wrist, and a crooked ring to fit under each ankle. Here comes a girl with a gold-colored ring around her neck and another girl with a string of beads around her neck. Here are a school-boy with his books under his arm; a traveller with his bundle; a woman with a baby; a boy carrying his infant brother; an earnest-looking man holding a big fresh fish by the tail. Here comes a man running. He comes up to two men who are listening to the singing, grabs them by the shoulders, jerks them out of the crowd, scolds them and hurries them off to their work. Away outside of the crowd, see that small boy tumble down! Now, with hands spread out, he is running for home, bawling. There goes by a man with his arm around a donkey's neck, leading him. Just outside the gathering congregation are two women lighting with their tongues; they spit bad words at each other like two mad cats, and scream as if their angry spirits would leap out of their mouths. On the other side of the crowd are a short man and a tall man, talking loud at each other, shaking their fists at each other, quarrelling about a debt. In the middle of the group, pressing to the front, is an earnest, honest face, which looks as if it wants to learn the truth.

Now we have stopped singing. Appalaswamy has commenced to preach. See that man shaking his head! That means "Yes; yes!" Two men commence to jabber; but the others who want to hear poke them in the ribs and tell them to keep still. This man asks the preacher a question. He answers it. The man shakes his head, and the preacher goes on. Peeping around the corner of the tower are a crowd of young men, who are too proud to mingle with the low crowd. Walking back and forward behind the crowd are two men who are pretending not to notice us; but they want to hear and yet are ashamed to be seen listening to the Gospel. Now from the crowd, that man with the sharp nose is lifting up his shrill voice in argument. He says: "If God loves us why does He not send rain?" Another says, "If God loves us, why does He send the small-pox?" The preacher in his own way tries to show that sin is in some way at the root of all distress. And he tries to tell them of Him who came to save them from their sins. Then Mr. Shaw preaches. Then Paulus. Then Chittiah. After preaching is over I commence to give away tracts, talking to them all I can. To every boy who can read I give a tract. Each boy has to read a little before he gets one. Hear this little fellow how hard he is trying to read: "Ur—ur—ur-urr!" But he cannot make it out. One day we had hardly anybody to listen to the preachers except the boys who came for tracts. I talked to them a little, and the preachers preached to them. It looked so strange to the men who went by, to see a congregation of boys that they gathered around too, and we soon had a crowd. I know many of the boys now, and can tell which ones can read. Some of them read very fluently. Some use the tracts to make fails for their kites. Some keep them carefully at home. But they nearly all read them. I am praying that many of these may become Christians and preachers of the Gospel. I ask every boy and girl who reads this letter to pray for them too.

See that Brahmin going by! I will give him a tract. So out I run. But he stands off. He will not take the tract from my unclean hands. It would soil his soul. He points to the ground, as if to say, "If you will put the tract on the ground, I will pick it up." It all strikes me so suddenly, and appears so comical that I burst out laughing in his face. But down goes the tract upon the ground. The breeze picks it up; but Brahman waddles after it. At last he gets his fat hand upon it, straightens up, and walks off unpolluted, reading it aloud.

This clock tower is where Mr. Sanford has been preaching for years. He says that often when preaching at distant villages the people would say, "O yes! We heard these things at the clock tower. Yours heartily,

L. D. MORSE.

Bimlipatam, India, May 28.

— To some of his auditors a great preacher always seemed to act as if he thought he was doing the Bible a great honor by selecting a passage from it for his text.—*Somerville Journal.*

Eternal Vigilance

Is the price of health. But with all our precaution there are enemies always lurking about our systems, only waiting a favorable opportunity to assert themselves. Impurities in the blood may be hidden for years or even for generations and suddenly break forth, undermining health and hastening death. For all diseases arising from impure blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is the unequalled and unapproached remedy. It is king of them all, for it conquers disease.

— Archdeacon Farrar, in a recent speech, lamented that Church of England clergymen had done so little toward moral reforms. He said: "There is scarcely an English clergyman whose name has been immortally identified with the maiming of monsters, the slaying of dragons and the casting out of devils."

Spirituality.

BY REV. L. L. TURNEY.

An infidel acquaintance one day said to me that Christians do not believe in the Holy Ghost. Of course I said they do. "Well," he answered, "of course it is not fair for me to say you do not believe in a thing when you say you do; but I will say and stand to it that you do not act as though you believed it."

I have thought a great many times since of that remark, and certainly to a man on the outside of Christian experience it might not appear so very far from the fact. There is not the confidence in God, the reliance upon Him in the temporal as well as the other interests of ourselves and our churches, the implicit obedience to all His commands that one might naturally expect in people who believe that He does dwell in them and direct them. We do not seem to relish the Bible as people should who believe it the only way to the knowledge of the will of God, who look upon it as a letter from a tender Father. We do not go to God in prayer as people might be expected to who feel that they have in God a "very present help in trouble." We seem to depend on means far more than on power; not remembering that it was power from on high that the apostles of Christ had to have before they were fit for the proclamation of His message, while it does not appear that the means ever troubled them very much. We appear to be like the faithless spies who returned to Israel in the desert, reporting that the land could not be taken, on account of the walled cities and the giants. We stand afraid and trembling before the liquor traffic and other great evils of the day, as the army of Saul did in the presence of Goliath, until God sent thither a man who trusted in Him, and not in means. The greatest triumphs of God have always been with means apparently inadequate. And the triumphs of truth and grace in the world to-day will be through insignificant means. What God wants and what the church needs is, not means, but men who trust God.

It is very true that there is a great lack of spirituality in the churches of our day. Whether the lack is any greater now than it has always been is a question that could be argued at great length, with much to say on both sides. But whatever the case may be in this regard, there is certainly not nearly so vivid a realization of the love and care of the Holy Spirit as there ought to be, in order to secure the highest degree of spiritual power and blessing. What the church needs to-day is more of the love of Christ, more faith, more submission to the will of God, more reading of His word—in short, what is commonly called spirituality. To be spiritually-minded is life; to be carnally-minded is death, especially for a church. The great examples of trust that stand out among the apathetic Christians of this age, as giants among dwarfs, are enough to show, if proof were needed, that the thing above all others that the church needs, is faith in God. I believe that the Spirit of God does here, now, guide, direct, govern, in my own heart, in my life, in the affairs of the church of Christ; when I get to acting as though I believed that, I shall begin to accomplish something for God.

The one cry of the ministry, in whatever language uttered, and from whatever text, ought to be, "Behold your God!" We cannot look to Jesus without getting strength, and we cannot get strength without looking to Him. We are to run the race, looking to Him, for He is the beginner and the finisher of our faith. It is the thing the church needs more than anything else to learn, to look to Jesus. We must look away from ourselves, we must lay aside our means; we must give up our methods. If the Lord sends us to the attack with rams' horns, we must take them and go; if He commands us to stand still while the enemy is drawing nigher every moment, we must do so, and await His salvation, which will surely come.—*Standard.*

An Alpine Parable for Backsliders.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

A presumptuous Alpine climber—anxious to find a shorter path over the glaciers—quits his guide, and sallies off to be a guide unto himself. The shout of bravado which he sends back to his former companions marks his confidence in his own sagacity and pluck. He laughs at their fears, while they are laughing at his folly. A snow-drift lies across his path soft as eider-down, and with headlong haste he plunges into it. In an instant he disappears from view; and the ring of the icicles in the depths of the crevasse is the last sound that strikes upon his ears as he plunges—mangled and senseless—into the ice cavern that yawns to receive him! He is barely alive, and that is all. To ascend the perpendicular wall of the crevasse is impossible. If he remains where he is, he will soon freeze into an ice mummy within that awful sepulchre.

As he listens for some sound, he faintly hears the musical tinkle of dripping water, and as he creeps slowly towards it, he hears a running stream. It is pitch dark; but he gropes his way through the channel of the stream until he discovers a slight gleam of light on the ice-walls of the aperture before him. He hails it as the dawn of hope. It telegraphs to him escape and possible salvation. Onward he struggles, with broken bones, but with unbroken faith, until at last he issues forth at the base of the glacier into sunshine and safety.

Although terribly bruised, he is a *saved man*. God is so saved as to be abler to *save others* from the presumptuous sins that had well nigh been his own destruction. How ready he is to warn others from that treacherous crevasse; and perhaps he puts up a finger-board of caution to turn away many other climbers who might be as rashly venturous as himself. How careful he will evermore be to follow only a trusty guide when scaling such dizzy and dangerous heights! Saved himself from the jaws of death, he strives to save others from a course as rash and reckless as that which had cost him so dearly.

This Alpine parable may illustrate the peculiar service which every restored backslider may render to his fellow-Christians. The presumptuous sin of the apostle Peter led to a frightful fall in the High-priest's palace-yard, and it was followed by a bitter repentance and gracious recovery. "When thou hast turned again" (or art re-converted), "*stablish thy brethren!*" This was Christ's command to His presumptuous and self-boastful disciple. Peter learned his costly lesson and profited by it; he became from that time onward a stronger man himself and also a strengthener of his fellow-disciples in the churches.

A recovery from backsliding—through the tender mercies of a pardoning Saviour—should be followed by a renewed consecration to His service. The discovered weakness of a Christian, when sincerely repented of, ought to make him not only the wiser, but the strengthener of others. The man who has once fallen under strong temptation, and has been mercifully lifted up by the divine arm, should not only walk more carefully; he should use his experience for the warning of all who are overtaken by similar temptations. When my beloved friend John B. Gough warned his fellow-men against the treacherous chasm into which strong drink betrays its victims, it was with the thrilling eloquence of one who had been dragged up, wounded and mangled, from the abyss! Whoso thinketh that he standeth, let him take heed lest he fall.

King David's wretched lapse into sin called forth that piercing cry, "O God, renew a right spirit within me; restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me with Thy free Spirit!" That fifty-first psalm—wrung out of a broken heart—has been of infinite value to God's people; if its beacon-light warns us against the terrible danger of sin, it also illumines the pathway of penitence and recovery. My reader, hast thou wandered into perilous paths, and has the divine love stretched out its arm and rescued thee, and set thy feet again upon the rock? Then walk carefully and watch unto prayer. Sympathize with those who, through the weakness of their faith or the power of the Tempter's assaults, have fallen from their first estate; and, reconverted thyself, do thy utmost to help and to stablish thy brethren.

"Man-like is it to fall into sin;
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein!
Saint-like is it for sin to grieve;
Christ-like is it all sin to leave."

Dr. Charles Cullis.

BY E. P. HAMMOND.

For several years it was my privilege to be associated with Dr. Charles Cullis, who, June 19, passed to his reward. At his request I edited a paper for children called *Loving Words*. I found Dr. Cullis to be a warm-hearted, noble man. He will enjoy a rich reward in heaven for all his self-denying labors. He took me several times through his numerous buildings consecrated to the Lord's service in caring for the sick.

It was a great privilege to be associated in any way with such a man of God. We take the following from Boston *Transcript* of June 20:

"He began by opening a home for the care of consumptives. This is at present situated on the outskirts of the city in a most beautiful and ample grove. It has done a world of good to many a destitute and dying one, whose last days have been brightened by its benefactions and benedictions. In these same spacious grounds Dr. Cullis opened two buildings as a home for children made orphans by the death of the only parent in the Consumptives Home. Hard by, in these Grove Hall grounds, is the Spinal Home. The mention of its name is enough to awaken our admiration for the mercy that provides for such sufferers who may be destitute. On the edge of the grounds a chapel and a residence for deaconesses complete the little village of buildings which have grown up under the care and prayers of Dr. Cullis.

This is by no means the boundary of his labors. Nineteen miles from Boston, at Walpole, he opened a Cancer home. In his heart he has the plans for a home for paralytics; also a new home for the unfortunate girls who have been led into paths of sin. On the summit of Beacon Hill in Boston he has a faith training college with a book-store and a church connected. The college has regular courses of lectures; the church has the ordinances and operations of other churches. Besides, Dr. Cullis has started city-mission stations and opened coffee-rooms in destitute neighborhoods. Not stopping at Boston this energetic man has opened bookstores, or, as he calls them, repositories, in New York, Philadelphia and London, England. Going into Virginia, an institute was opened for the freedmen in Boydton, which is conducted on the strictest faith principles—never to incur any indebtedness without the money on hand to pay, and to ask God alone for everything needed. From home missions the work reaches out to the foreign field, and flourishing missions in Basim, Itdia, also in Balasore and in Cape Town, South Africa, are under the control and superintendence of the same Dr. Cullis.

He is a practising physician and in the past has had a liberal patronage. This does not prosper as formerly, he says, because he has encouraged a better way of curing than by medicine. He prays and anoints with oil, and many of the sick are restored. Dr. Cullis most cordially believes in the power of healing in answer to prayer. Many witnesses attest the value of the method by the story of astonishing recovery, and beyond question his work in this direction is on the increase.

As to the ways and means, there were nearly $40,000 expended last year on these various enterprises. In the seventeen years since the Consumptive Home was started, $438,824.92 have come into its treasury—sent of the Lord. Repeatedly and emphatically the doctor declares that neither he nor anyone ever authorized by him has asked a human being for money. Once a year he issues the reports and gives and sells these to all comers. More than this he does not—except in entreaty at the throne of grace. Beyond debate this is a marvellous matter first and last. It cannot escape astonishment that a single individual can order and direct such vast, diversified and widely separated operations.

Rev. Mr. Mallory, the son-in-law of Dr. Cullis, we had the pleasure of laboring with for nine weeks in Montreal. We hope and pray that the mantle of dear Dr. Cullis may fall on his shoulders. "The workmen die but the work goes on."—*Ch. Secretary.*

AT HAND

In a dangerous emergency, AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is prompt to act and sure to cure. A dose taken on the first symptoms of Croup or Bronchitis, checks further progress of these complaints. It softens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed membrane, and induces sleep. As a remedy for colds, coughs, loss of voice, la grippe, pneumonia, and even consumption, in its early stages

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

excels all similar preparations. It is endorsed by leading physicians, is agreeable to the taste, does not interfere with digestion, and needs to be taken usually in small doses.

"From repeated tests in my own family, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved itself a very efficient remedy for colds, coughs and the various disorders of the throat and lungs."—A. W. Dunlap, Fitzwilliam, N. H.

"For the last 25 years I have been taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for lung troubles, and am assured that its use has

Saved My Life

I have recommended it to hundreds. I find the most effective way of taking this medicine is in small and frequent doses."—T. M. Matthews, P. M., Sherman, Ohio.

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INVIGORATING SYRUP!

THIS preparation is well known throughout the country as a safe and reliable Cathartic and

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superseding all pills, and should be in every house.

For Coughs, Colds and LaGrippe,
A little night and morning will soon break them up.

For Dyspepsia,
It will give immediate relief.

For Irregularities of the Bowels,
Nothing can be found to excel, as it causes no griping nor pain.

For Asthma & Palpitation of the Heart,
One swallow gives instant relief.

Sick Headache, Stomach & Pin Worms
Yield at once.

It is an invigorator of the whole system, whereby a regular and healthy circulation is maintained; has been well tested already, and will do all we say of it.

Only 50 cents a bottle—$5.50 per dozen.

For severe cases of LaGrippe, use the Bitters in connection with the Syrup, and for Sore Throat, Pains and Soreness use Gates' Liniment and Ointment also. Always take a few bottles of Bitters and Syrup after an attack of Grippe.

C. GATES, SON & CO., Middleton, N. S.

Characteristic.

IT is characteristic of the House to have only the very best, and never deal in what is known in the trade as cheap instruments.

It is characteristic of the House never to ask fancy prices (as some dealers do, and come down if they have to). Every instrument is marked in plain figures at actual selling price, which is always the lowest consistent with quality and a fair living profit.

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Lesson IV. July 24. Act

THE LAME MAN HEA

GOLDEN TEXT.

"And His name, through fa name, hath made this man Acts 3: 16.

EXPLANATORY.

I. PETER AND JOHN ON TH WORSHIP.—1. *Now Peter and J* were old friends and partners on the Sea of Galilee (Luke now were partners in fishin Together they had received th of John (John 1: 41), and tog the baptism of the Holy Spi two men were very differen ways, but the best and strong ships are usually between th differences make them comple of the other. They were alli ciple, in devotion, in purpose.

Went up. Better as Rev. *going up. Into the temple.* they were true Jews as wel tians, and they could gain help and do the most good b ing their usual methods of wo "for," so as as to be there at *prayer.* The hours of incen sacrifice were hours of pra Luke, 1: 9, 10, where it sa people were praying while offered the incense. *Being hour.* Or about three o'clo afternoon.

II. THE LAME MAN AT THE Imagine, if you can, the con country in which there are where the healing art is onl by a few quacks, who rely charms than on physic for t Such is now, and such was P our Lord's day.

A certain man lame from h womb. And he was now over of age (chap. 4: 22). The f was lame from birth is stat the reality and greatness of *Was carried.* At the time t were entering the temple cou *they* (some kind friends will him) *laid daily at the gate* (d *temple which called Beaut* door did not belong to th proper, but to one of the cou

III. THE REQUEST FOR HEL *seeing Peter,* etc. There is n that he was acquainted wit knew who they were. He them as he was accustomed t multitude that entered th *Asked an alms.* As of any s

4. *And Peter, fastening his him.* The word *fastening* is a and implies a searching ga discover the sincerity of character and the nature of "To discern whether he h "with sympathy and love." To fix his attention, and aw though vaguely, that spirit pectation and the obedienc without which the cure coul been wrought. So the Israe by the fiery serpents, looked brazen serpent held up for h Num. 21: 9. See Isa. 45: 22.

5. *And he gave heed.* The gaze showed that there was a interest in his case instead o less gift usually bestowed. "P grace we lose for want of dir eyes of our faith to the L Jesus, as He commands us *ing to receive something.* D knew them well by sight, h seen them passing into the t knew of the miracle of Pe Peter's sermon, and of the of the Christians described in chapter.

IV. THE MARVELLOUS CURE "But." *Peter said, silver and I none.* He had none with h had property it was far off o Galilee. He was not a ri that giving silver and gold means of doing good. He given all he had into the com Certainly the statement sho had not enriched himself fro for the poor. No money clu palms. The communism provide support for the ap *such as I have,* i. e. power fro heal. And with this he ac far more than if Christ had him the revenue of a kingdo *thee.* When God appears to objects which we desire, li others that are better. If G clined to bestow no better those which we usually would never obtain His riche

In the name (expressing nature and power) *of Jesus* the efficient cause, as the giver. Christ healed in His the Apostles in Christ's name this expressed the fact; and the apostles worked miracles i name, it would have drawn themselves, and not to the while now, both Jesus and t pointed men to the Messiah, to God. *Of Nazareth.* This make perfectly clear to wh cured. This one so despi Jews proves Himself to be t and to be now living, by th work He is about to do. *R walk.* The Rev. Ver., as MSS., has simply walk.

7. *And he took him by the right hand lifted him up.* Not s strengthen his limbs as his f an expression of sympathy ance of personal power, and a of the source whence the he *And immediately his feet and received strength.* Comme mark on the accuracy and the description. They are t one who had received the training of a physician. H pert, and Peter does his, an Christ that does all. As the tipified in the breaking, so st given to the cripple's feet in them and using them. Th stantaneous and complete, circumstances placed beyond question.

8. *And he leaping up sto* the faith of the man,—weak ness as he was, he immedia the apostle's commands. I