Cuban Baptists

[We have referred to the wonderful success of the Baptist mission in Cuba. The full account from a letter of one of a delegation to Cuba from the Southern Baptist Convention, which has recently appeared in the *Christian Index*, will be read with great interest.—Ed.]

In December, 1885, Bro A J Diaz was ordained to the work of the ministry, in Key West, Fla. In January, 1886, the first Baptist church that ever existed on the Island of Cuba was organized in Havana, and Bro Diaz became its pastor. In two years this church has grown so as to numbers 700 members. Five other churches have been organized.

One is Regla, a town of from seven to ten thousand inhabitants, just across the bay from Havana. The pastor is Bro. Angel Gomez. The church was constituted in September last, and now numbers 70 members.

There is another church at Vedado, a suburban town near the seashore and a summer resort for the people of Havana. The pastor of the church is Bro. Francisco Bueno. It is a most promising interest and is composed of a good class of people.

Another church has been organized at Los Paredes, of which Bro. O. Hallorsa is pastor. This church is very prosperous. Nearly the whole population has deserted the Catholic church, so that the priest remarked that he had better lock up his place of worship and go to Havana to find something to do.

Another church has been established at Jesus del Monte and still another at the cemetery.

There are, all told, six churches and twelve preaching stations in and around Havana. Thus these Baptists, who began but two years ago, are filling Havana with their doctrine. Each one of these churches has its Sunday-school. The total membership of these churches is about one thousand, the total of their Sunday schools about two thousand, and the total of their congregations about five thousand. These are the estimates of Bro. Diaz himself.

The day schools, of which there are several, form a most interesting feature of the work. We were delighted with the attainment of the pupils in their knowledge of the Scriptures, with their singing, and above all with the prayer offered by the little girl who had come to the ship to welcome us.

Matanzas is about 80 or 90 miles east of Havana. Here we have a small church, a good day school and Sunday-school. This church has for its pastor Alfredo V. Diaz, who preaches to crowded congregations.

As to the men and women engaged in this work, Bro. Alberto J Diaz is *facile princeps* among them. He is the recognized leader of the whole movement. His brother, Alfredo V., is a man of ability, but perhaps not equal to him as a preacher as Alberto.

Angel Gomez is a man of great spiritual fervor and enthusiasm in his work. He is about 35 years of age.

Francisco Bueno is a good preacher, not so much a speaker as Diaz or Gomez, but more striking and effective in his address. The people in Vedado have evinced commendable industry and taste in rendering comfortable and beautiful their place of worship. They have by far the most beautiful place of prayer we saw in Cuba.

Bro. Perez is a man about forty years of age, and the most robust-looking of all the Baptist ministers on the Island. He has the qualifications of a pastor, those of an evangelist.

Bro. Hernandez, though not a man of culture or of oratorical powers, is remarkable for his consecration to his work, his untiring zeal and devotion to his Master's cause. He is the man who can come night into the church without his coat, half drunk, just from the bar-room. After the sermon he approached Bro. Diaz and said, "Do you think that man would love me?" "Wait and see," said Bro. Diaz. "That man preaches to me about to-night," was the reply. Diaz conducted him and gave him a New Testament. From that day he was a changed man. His wife, to whom he had been most unkind, seeing the wonderful change, broke out into the little tears, and ran to him and kiss it and cry. "Brother, here is the little book; it has the promises in it that I want to see." He is going to work for his Master's work.

Bro. Perez, a man about 40 years of age, was before his conversion, a bad man. He is an orator. In common conversation he speaks English, his native tongue, but preaches in Spanish when he rises before an audience to speak for the Master, he is transformed into another man. His language is good. He is impassioned, for rich, imaginative. He moves his audience as no other man in Cuba does, except Diaz, and is scarcely inferior to him in his power over the masses. He loves to preach, and is doing great good.

Among the Baptist women of Cuba, Mrs. Diaz, the mother of the two preachers, stands pre-eminent. Apparently about 45 years of age—married when about 12 years old, the mother of twenty-four children, only five of whom are living. She bears in her face the evidence of a strong will, indomitable energy and unyielding perseverance. When her son Alberto became a Baptist she refused to talk with him upon the subject—said he was crazy, and took sorely to heart his abandoning the faith of his father and mother for a foreign superstition. As he became more and more deeply interested in his work her opposition intensified, until at last she refused to speak to her own son. But the power of truth as it was exemplified in the lives of her son and Minnie, her daughter, both of whom had been baptized in New York, pierced the armour of pride and superstition in which her soul was encased. The conviction seized her that they were right, and that she was a great sinner, fighting against God. Too proud to confess it, she struggled all alone with the great question of her soul's salvation. After the organization of the church, one Sunday night she was in the congregation. Bro. Diaz gave the invitation to persons to unite with the church. Much to his surprise, his mother arose from her seat and started forward. She had not spoken to him for six months, and his thought was that she was going to reprove him before the whole assembly. Turning away from her he walked to the opposite side of the building. She followed him, and seeing that he was trying to avoid her, she cried out, "Alberto, are you not willing for me to join your church?" "Certainly, mother, if you wish," was the quick reply. Since that day she has been as ardent in her devotion to the cause of Christ as she was before bitter and unrelenting in her opposition. When asked by one of us how long before Cuba will become Baptist, she replied "*prompte*," (quickly.)

There are many other true and noble women among these Baptists of Cuba, among them Minnie Diaz, who is giving her young life to teaching the children of that Christless city, and thus sending beams of light into hundreds of darkened homes; Maria Hernandez, the convent girl, whose devotion to her Saviour risked all, and lost all of earth, but whose bright and joyous face shows that she has found compensation a hundred-fold in Jesus and his love.

The teacher at Matanzas, who is almost alone in that city, is working with unfailing faith and courage, her face beaming with the assurance of success bright as the promises of God.

The congregations we saw were always crowded. That at the principal church in Havana, the Gethsemane, filled the last foot of space into which a human being could be placed. So it was at Los Puentes. The doors and windows were filled and the patient congregation, after waiting for us for more than an hour, (we had been delayed) were still as bright and fresh as though they had just assembled. So it was at Vedado—so it was everywhere. At all their services, at every station, the people fill every available spot to hear the gospel. What struck us all was the deep, earnest, concentrated, unflagging attention paid by all to the preaching. Their singing, though not highly artistic, is spirited and devotional. You feel that they are waiting their heart's deep devotion heavenward on the wings of song. Not one of our delegation is a singer, but when Coronation, or Old Hundred, or the Ninety and Nine, broke in waves of melody over these happy Christian assemblages, Deacon Adair joined with the multitude and sang praises to God. And McDonald, the tuneless McDonald, confessed that he had found a place where he could sing. That scene of hundreds of Cuban Christians, with radiant faces, uttering in their liquid Spanish tongue the praises of God, somewhere down deep in his sympathetic nature, smote a chord in unison with the divine harmonies, and its vibrations found utterance through lips unused to song.

The present condition of things in Cuba demonstrates that its people have lost all sympathy for and attachment to the Catholic Church. They have not yet become infidel. In their blindness they are feeling after something better than they have ever found in the teachings of the Church of Rome. The whole island is open to the gospel. There is no a town or city in Cuba where a congregation might not be speedily gathered and a church established. With the men for this work, the whole island might soon be made the recipients of our faith and practice. In Cuba, by the blessing of the Divine Spirit, the prophecy may be fulfilled: "A nation shall be born in a day." We could not resist the conviction that a starving nation is crying to Diaz and his people for the bread of life.

God's Plumb-Line.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Passing the other day a company of workmen engaged in erecting a public edifice, I observed the master-builder with a bit of wood in his hand to which a cord and plummet was attached. He was testing the walls to see if they would stand the law of gravitation. All the superb ornamentation would avail nothing if the wall was not perpendicular. The prophet Amos tells us that he had a vision of God as "standing upon a wall with a plumb line in his hand." God has it in his hand yet.

This world did not come into existence by chance, and is not governed by guesswork. God governs it by wise and invariable laws, and to every person, every transaction, every institution, he applies his plumb-line. Appearances are often deceitful. In the commercial world the Messrs. "Lofty & Co." run up a prodigious business, and for a time they get on swimmingly. Ere long the community are startled by a crash. Lofty & Co. had been piling up their ambitious structure outside of the perpendicular line of both prudence and honesty. "A shrinkage in grain or coffee or cotton ruined them," say some. No, it was not so; God broke them, because they broke his laws. Many years ago a telegraphic message was sent to the city of B——— in these words: "What is the standing of Mr A———?" The quick reply was: "Mr. A———'s note is worth a million; his *word is not worth a curse*" It was not long before the city of B——— awoke one morning to discover that the towering business of Mr A——— was a heap of bankruptcy. So cunningly had Mr. A——— concealed his illegitimate transactions that his neighbors did not suspect any danger. But God's plumb-line was against his tottering wall, and down it came. Do all church-members who are engaged in business, apply that inexorable plumb-line to all their transactions as they ought? If they did so, the church of Christ would be spared from many a disgraceful reproach.

"Marriage is a lottery," is a current phrase. If so, why not throw a dozen names into a hat and take the first one that comes out? Thousands enter upon this solemn relation with no more wisdom than that; they consult a childish fancy, or mere sensual appetite, or a greed for money or some other equally base or foolish motive, and reap what they have sown. Marriage is no lottery to those who consult common sense and conscience, and take God into their confidence. How steadily and solidly rises the structure of domestic happiness and spiritual joys, when to the walls are constantly laid God's plumb-line.

Sometimes we see a flimsy structure whose bulging walls are shored up by props and skids to keep them from tumbling into the street. Poor Harry B——, who was toppling from the secret use of the brandy bottle, has been shored up for awhile by a temperance pledge; he needs something stronger than that. He must rebuild on the rock foundation of God's grace. Thousands of reputations in commerce, in politics, and too often in the church, are shored up by various devices. "Take heed how ye build," is the divine admonition. The man in the parable who bottomed his house on loose sand or gravel, might boast that his building looked just as well as that of his neighbor who built on the rock. He cared only for appearances, and had no eye for the future. He made no allowance for either storms or gales or the law of gravitation. And so the Scripture tells us that the ill-based and ill-built house "fell in." It is a mere question of time how soon every structure of character shall "fall in" which is not based on the rock and built according to God's plumb-line. It often goes down in this world; it is sure to go down in the next.

Hard gales strike everybody. Genuine grace, the indwelling strength of Christ, can stand them; nay, a true child of God is stronger for the very tempest. It is the counterfeit profession which proves to be "a bowing wall and a tottering fence." We ought to be examining our foundations frequently, and every day be applying the plumb-line of Christ's commandments to every thought, word, and deed. It is a glorious thing to build upon a solid, Christian life that can stand four-square to all the winds of heaven. Whitefield used to say that "he would rather have a church with ten members in it true to Christ, than one with five hundred members at whom the world laughs in its sleeve."

Let us lay the plumb-line up against our prayers. Do we pray to save appearances, and because we are 'called on'? Or do we pray from sincere desirings and hungerings to Him who seeth in secret and rewardeth openly? Are our contributions to gain credit for benevolence, or to please God? Some contributions which in man's eyes are very large, are in God's sight very small. What costs no self-denial cannot count very largely in the eyes of Him who scans both income and motives alike. The poor widow's two mites stood Christ's honest measurement admiratly.

Let us all be sure that in the last day of reckoning God will judge us all "in righteousness." He will render unto every man according to his work. He will lay judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet. It will be but simply justice for our Heavenly Father then to accept those who have fled for pardon to Christ, and who have accepted an atoning Saviour. God has promised salvation to penitent believers and followers of His Son; He will stand to his promise. God will judge us all, too, in the light of circumstances. They that knew God's will and disobeyed it, shall be beaten with many stripes; they that know less and do less, shall receive fewer stripes. For one, I feel quite sure that there must be wide gradations both in heaven and in the world of woe. Some who are barely saved, will have an inferior heaven; some who are barely lost, will have a lighter retribution. There will be some prodigious surprises in yonder world when the holy and righteous Judge lays his plumb-line along side of actual character. Are we all building by guess-work? Nay, verily; there will be no luck or chance or need of deception about it. They that hear Christ's commandments and do them, are they that build on the rock, shall withstand the terrible searchings and revelations of that ordeal. God knoweth them that are his; and if we are truly his, we can know it also. Before that day comes, let us apply the plumb line.—*Evangelist.*

Her Step Forward.

"I don't see how she does it, any way," mentally ejaculated Mrs. Leonard, as she was dusting the "ornaments" in her sitting-room.

"No, I don't see how in the world she does it," repeated Mrs. Leonard to herself, giving her head an emphatic nod of perplexity. "She is not any stronger than I am; she has more work to do, more children to care for, yet once a week she is off on some good mission. There she is now, taking her clothes off the line;" and Mrs. Leonard, duster in hand, for a moment pauses to look out of the window at Mrs. Gray, her neighbor across the way. "I'll warrant she's thinking now of some poor one to be visited, and is making her plan accordingly.

"If I were to die now, it would be precious few that I could remember that had been comforted by me in this life.

"I was sick and ye visited me, naked and ye clothed me,' have no application to Alice Leonard. I've been a member of the church for five years, yet these duties are a stranger to me. True, I have a Sunday-school class, and I teach; but in this direction I have never given a practical illustration of my teaching. I think, and think I will; but it never gets any further than thinking. I am always waiting for the time when I have less to do; but what with the washing, and ironing, and churning, and baking, and scouring, and sewing, and making, and mending, I don't get time. Yes, and there's the dusting; these things have to be gone over, and gone over every day to make them clean, and it does take time. I do love to see every thing pretty and tidy, but, after all, it seems as if something nobler should come into one's life once in a while any way.

"There is old Mr. Canfield up there on the cross roads. Her husband has been dead three years, and I have not entered her door. Poor gray-haired woman, how I have neglected you; your log cabin in sight, too—not over half a mile away! Mrs. Gray goes there often, but some way I can't find time. Then there's poor Jim B——, who's been sick with lung-fever, and I have not been to see him. He's in my Sunday-school class, too. O Alice Leonard, aren't you ashamed of yourself? Mrs Gray called last week.

"Thinking of that Sunday-school class reminds me I have several scholars that have been absent for weeks—wonder they're not all absent—and I have not even inquired after them. Shame, shame! Then there's Armour's bright family of girls and boys, who ought to be encouraged to come to Sunday school. And there's that new family that moved into our neighborhood a few—no, no, not months, but absolutely one year ago—and I've not called, and pass by there every Sunday to church. Mrs. Gray called the next week. They live scarcely beyond a stone's throw. Now, what earthly reason have I for such delinquencies?

"I can't accomplish half what I want to with the time I have; but Mrs. Gray with her work never seems hurried or worried, and her face is like a sunbeam—finds time for it all. I accomplish just as much on certain lines; but,"—and here she hesitated. "Yes, that's it, that's just it," said she, reflectively.

"Mrs. Leonard's hands have kept pace with her thoughts. She has been dusting the vases on the mantel, the little dogs and the little cats, and the little picture cards, and the little chairs, sofas, and looking-glasses, the sugar apple and the sugar tomato, and many other little things. She has dusted the cone picture frames on the wall, and picture frames "made beautiful" with agricultural seeds, and innumerable cone brackets with their embroidered lambrequins. And she has dusted the rugs that she has spent weary hours over in weaving in horses, and cats and lambs; specimens of her own handiwork, revealing her talent for industry more than judgment.

Mrs. Leonard does not have to get dinner. The children have gone to school, her husband is away, and she has ample time to dust and think; and why in the world she had never thought of it before she can not tell, but this is the sequence.

When Mr. Leonard came home at night Mrs. Leonard's face was unusually attractive. A sweet, thoughtful seriousness gave it more soul than her generally bright countenance possessed. He observed, too, that the room was strangely changed. The surplus "bric-a-brac" was removed from the wall and mantel, giving the former a less stuffy appearance and giving a more "noble" expression to the latter, with only one pretty vase upon it, one large picture, a bronze pen-holder, and an inkstand in form of a graceful spaniel.

"Ho, ho!" said he, cheerily, "what's the matter here? Has the family moved out?"

Mrs. Leonard smiled, and drawing him up to the genial fireside, where the perfumed maple burned, she seated him in a cosy arm-chair, knelt down by his side, and unfolded to him what you have been told already with the following supplement:

"You see, when I had remarked to myself, 'You accomplish just as much on certain lines as Mrs. Gray,' it occurred to me very forcibly, that on some other lines, while Mrs. Gray was fulfilling 'the weightier matters of the law,' I might have been dusting those same little nothings, wasting an hour each day; and something came like a whisper to me: 'Take that hour for Christ.' And you don't know how sweet it seemed."

Mrs. Leonard did know, for even its memory brought the happy tears to her eyes, and her lovely face glowed with earnestness.

"Then I thought of all the time spent in knitting lace for the children's skirts and dresses and aprons, and my own, too; and how little Jenny was following my example, night after night, knitting or doing fancy work, when she ought to be studying her school-books, and I ought to be reading something to enrich my mind, instead of filling in every spare moment with such work. I don't mean to say that one should never knit lack or do fancy work, but I do mean to say that when one devotes as much time and eye sight to the work as I have done it is wrong, a decided wrong. Neither do I mean to say," and she smiled richly, "one should never dust; but to have so many, many things around of small value only just to keep you dusting is not, to say the least, very commendable. I came to that conclusion, and very 'tenderly' packed them out.

"Some of the trinkets, Jenny may take over to the Armour children Saturday. Their eyes shone this afternoon when I told them they might expect it. With the box I shall send some of our children's outgrown clothing, to help make them ready for Sunday-school.

"You see," answering his surprised look, "after I had put away my bric-a-brac, I threw on my wraps, and soon after knocked at Mrs. Canfield's door. The old lady was quite delighted to see me, and to talk over the old days when her husband was living. I gave my promise, and I shall try to keep it, to go and see her often. When I came out of her gate on my way to see Jim Bane, my sick scholar, and to look up some of my absent ones, Mrs. Gray was passing, and so we went together; and the long and short of it is, I did half of the work I've been thinking of doing for months, but never took the step forward to do it."

"And now," her voice eloquent with feeling, "I purpose more devotedly

'To live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.'

And I can find plenty of it to do here in my own neighborhood,"—*Stella A. Gannong, in Western Christian Advocate.*

Hark from the Plains.

A FAMILIAR VOICE IN A STRANGE LAND.

Ding dong, ding dong, we speed along, o'er mountain, vale and plain, and sweet are clear their songs you hear—the babies on the train. "Ah, goo, oh, goo," they coo to you; "Ah, *wah!!*" they raise the wail, they fret and scowl and weep and howl—the babies on the rail. Their rosy lips the bottle tips enclose with dimpled grin; with baby wiles all hearts and smiles, the little topers win; each mother croons the baby tunes, as soft as summer rain, and off to sleep they drift and creep—the babies on the train. Five of 'em aboard when train left Chicago, all bad but five; best babies ever saw; too and gurgle and grin, bounce and grunt; great display of gums; only three teeth among five babies; and they all held by one big fat monopolist; other babies might have felt oppressed and robbed, but didn't say so. One bad baby got on at Mendota; Anarchist; looked it from start; too much hair; more than its father, who was bald; good; genuine baby always born bald; acquires hair as a man loses it; vicious propensities. [N. B.—Bureau of complaints for bald men removed to corner of Polar circle, no telephones, knock hard; no complaints received at this office.] Anarchist baby had whole reservation in uproar in fifteen minutes; fearful row; every baby put on war paint and whooped it up for scalps; two men offered to assist mother of Mendota Anarchist to spank her baby; offer declined without struggle; two men found it pleasanter to complete journey in baggage car; general issue of rations pacified all the tribe except Mendota war chief; he had to be smothered in a large red shawl; muffled expletives oozing from shawl for ten miles, like smoke from charcoal pit; head got out once in a while; perfectly awful to hear baby swear before it can talk. Sorry for poor mother; wanted to tell her so; indefinable presentiment warned me not to; ever since escape from lunatic asylum have had some sense. Not much, but some. Know two things; know better than offer condolence to mother of worst baby in crowd; know better than to coax strange baby into lap before learning its idiosyncrasies.

FIRE IN THE FROST.

Was in Chicago Jan 15. Went to Immanuel church; heard Dr. Lorimer. Bitter cold day; trying to see how cold it could be. Great circus at parsonage. Water-pipes frozen, clear out into the street. Plumber comes. Orders all fires out; blow house into the middle of next week; just where Doctor would like to be, but didn't care to go by steam. No breakfast; church cold; great, warming, cheery, glowing fire in pulpit just the same; home again, house colder than ever, more time to get cold. No dinner ready, of course; none to get ready; over fed congregation discusses sermon from soup to dessert; nobody dreaming how their pastor and family sit around in the fireless rooms in their wraps; parson shivers out an evening sermon; not a trace of frost in that, too; blossoms of May, summer fruits and autumn sheaves in it, but no winter. Crozer boy might cut this out and paste in his hat; might want to look at it some day when times are rocky with him.

WESTWARD HO.

Changed mind about coming home; sailed West. Picked up a Corresponding Secretary at Training School Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society; all the same could pack in spare trunk; rest shipped by freight, on flat car. Secretary ordered by physicians to rest. Glad of pretext to go West myself. Not feeling very strong; barely able to lecture seven or eight times a week and do full justice to meals. Cancelled lecture engagements; bo for California. Whole family hoed. Away, away. Through Burlington at midnight. Looked out of car window for Dr. G. J. Johnson. Didn't see him. Probably in bed. Bang the bell, but failed to rouse him. Engine bell, that is. Over the prairies of Iowa. Cool evening; nobody sunstruck; not troubled with flies; thermometer crawled down deep and lonely hole, taking hole with it; ground froze to depth of between a number of feet, possibly more. Out on the plains. World looked too awfully wide for the people in it. Afraid to go out on platform of car, lest I should get lost. Got lost once in my life; awful feeling. Was ever Kensington way trying to find Penn Treaty Monument without a guide. Never expected to see home again. Sat down on fire plug and wept. Policeman collared me, shook my hat off and rapped me across shoulder blades with club to reassure me. Felt reassured. Knew I was in Christian land under reform administration. Caught spirit of reform and wisdom of serpent. Confessed I was orphan and had escaped from Girard College. Intelligent officer promptly sent me back to College where President ——— recognized me and put me on right car for home.

CROSSING THE ROCKIES.

Denver; train a little late; no breakfast. Transfer to Denver and Rio Grandy Railroad; powerful hungry. Scenery uninteresting; everything looks like something to eat. Changes after breakfast. Train robber comes into car; California oranges, $1 50 a dozen. Expect to pay $ apiece for them by the time we reach California. Same fruit 50 cents a dozen in Philadelphia when they are scarce and high. Same robber sold us guide book, "Heart of the Rockies." Told us all about author's family and home-life in New England. Extremely interesting, but not just what you want to find in Rocky Mountain guide book. Scenery magnificent! Yes, yes; well, wasn't going to, anyhow. Resolved when left home never to say "back-bone of continent." Raved over ravenous ravens and gorged ourselves with grandeur of gorgeous gorges. Restaurant at Canon City; sign, "The Royal Gorge." Believed the gorge part of it. Went up gorge; couldn't help it, train went that way. Long, slim, narrow gauge road; climbed ladders; used up all our adjectives in first thousand miles; "oh'd" and "ah'd" after that till oh and ah font ran empty, so sorts, so just gasped admiration thereafter, and waved hands and stuttered. Man of the party preserved voice longest. Could shriek "lookee! lookee!" long after rest of party silenced. Marshall's pass by moonlight. For particulars see railway advertisements. Called up at midnight to see Black Canon. Disgust of sensible passengers, who travel for the ride and have no patience with shrieking oh ing and ah-ing scenery lunatics. Am an oh-er and ah-er myself from Ashville, Oh County. Believe that people who won't look out windows, but draw down blinds and play cards through Colorado ought to be compelled to travel in windowless box cars. See it is held by some courts that it is not lawful to destroy such people on sight. Am of opinion our judiciary has been tampered with, and system needs to be reorganized.

ALL OUT FOR YOUNGTOWN!

Accidentally jabbed slumbering passenger in eye with umbrella. Not my umbrella; belongs to my sister; has natural affinity for human eye; every lady's umbrella has. Passenger sensitive; says eye is out. Correct his grammar; should say "I am out." Says I am too fresh. He may be correct. All right; here is Salt Lake City; get off and correct my freshness for a few days.—ROBERT J. BURDETTE, *in Nat. Baptist.*

THE FATAL CHURCH RAFFLE.—As the heavy prison bolts turned on the minister, he looked sadly on the prisoners in their strange garments and thought with greater anxiety of his errand. He had come to see a young man of his congregation convicted of forgery. The heart-broken parents had begged him to visit the prison, hoping the peace of the Gospel might reach his gloomy cell. As the minister kindly greeted him, the youth scarcely replied, but gazed with a sort of defiance. He began giving the mother's tender message, with the interest all the church felt in his welfare.

At last the prisoner broke out, "Do you know you were what did it?"

"What have I done?" replied the pastor, striving to understand his strange language "I began the business," began the youth speaking very loud, "in your sunday school. Do you not remember the Sunday-school fair, when they first set up raffling and bid a gold ring in a loaf of cake? Just for twenty-five cents, too, I got a whole box of little books. I was pleased with my luck, and went in afterwards for chances. Sometimes I gained and sometimes I lost. Money I must have for lotteries. I was half mad with excitement; so I used other folks' names—and here I am. Do not let the church come blubbering around me. They may thank themselves that I am what I am.—the raffling was what did it; it ruined me."—*Sabbath Reading.*

—Many Christians do greatly wrong themselves with a dull and heavy kind of sullenness, who, not suffering themselves to delight in any worldly thing, are thereupon often as so heartless that they delight in nothing.—*Bishop Hall.*

—"The things which *He* suffered" include and cover, and stretch wide on every side beyond, all possible "sufferings of this present time." It is in patient suffering, rather than in doing, that we are especially called to "follow His steps."—*F. R. Havergal.*

Everybody needs a spring medicine. By using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the blood is thoroughly cleansed and invigorated, the appetite stimulated, and the system prepared to resist the diseases peculiar to the summer months. Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Take no other.

The First Sign

of failing health, whether in the form of light Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicine, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

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