The Right Work in the Right Spirit.

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D. D., NEW YORK

Did ever any man enlist in an army or join a regiment, and expect to have nothing to do? No; but "soldiers of Christ" sometimes do, if we may judge of their thoughts by their lives. Not is this to be wondered at in the present state of Christendom. When the disciples found the Master condemned and crucified, they concluded that they had nothing left but to go a-fishing. Did the idea of returning to privacy and inactivity as disciples, ever come back to them after they had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost? And can we, received by Christ and endued with His Spirit, be content to go on just as others go who have not our hope, and who have not committed themselves to our Master? We do not need to join a society to justify or stimulate our efforts; if Christ has saved us and led us into His Church we are to be workers. It is the Church militant, and we are to fight against all evil, and for all good.

Nor do we need to go far to find the evil. The member of your own family that is on the wrong lines; the acquaintance that is wasting all that is valuable in his life; the friend whom you come close to him, but keep the Saviour at a distance; the servant that waits upon you, but does not know Christ—these are specimens of the classes in which evil can be overcome. You are, Christian, responsible for all talent and opportunities. Here is an opportunity. Honor your Master, and commend Him to others. Christian reader, is there any one soul whose deliverance from evil you are seeking? And good can be done. The light you have, are you giving it out to any one, old or young? The books, the religious papers you have read and appreciated—do they go from you to any one who has no such advantages? "Well, now, there's my *Evangelist*! I am not forgotten, you see, across the ocean" So says one, and reads the paper with all the more interest and receptivity of the good, because it has a pleasant odor of human sympathy and kindly memory. The truth you know do you ever tell to any suffer who needs sympathy? There is a fellow worshipper in slow decline. His minister sees him as often as he can. Suppose you dropped in, and with some kindly words and a prayer, said in effect "We are in the same family, on the same road, to the same home," would it not help? The poor sufferer might say as you departed "Yes, thank God, there is a communion of saints even here." Such things happen in the quiet country life. Alas! how rarely do they come about in our crowded cities, where heads are so much and hearts are so little. "Poor Mr. ——, he's very ill, I hear. I must try and leave a card some time."

Without going out of the beaten track, there is work for all if there is only a will. There is the minister. He is sometimes discouraged. The call sent him was very sure. But the people who signed it did not put into it that they would hear him only half-time. If they had, he would hardly have come. You can encourage him by your right doing. He has been in the place for some years now. At first there was a certain amount of caressing and complimenting. Somehow many of he people have got out of that stage. They accept his efforts as a matter of course. You can come in with obvious sympathy and appreciation. And the congregation—it is, say Presbyterian. He came as a Presbyterian. He is honest in his convictions. He is not a man to vow and avow them on the day of "settlement," and ignore them ever after. He no more dream of being ashamed of his denomination than of his American citizenship. And you, who endorsed all this and invited him on the basis of it, can you help him? The organization he wishes to be strong with intelligent consecration. Can you aid in strengthening it? You have "talents," as the Master put it, such as sympathy, example, influence, money, persuasive power, the capacity to state a case. Are you employing them aright? You sing

"I love Thy kingdom, Lord."

Does that mean no more than the delight over "the brotherhood of man" of Mr. Lovedust, whose funeral sermon was informally preached in this fashion: "Yes he is gone now; pretty rich he was, I guess; but nobody in this town will ever miss him"? Why, my dear sir, that little church is your regiment. Make it as strong as you can, and you are doing your part to strengthen the sacramental host of your Redeemer.

In what spirit ought Christian work to be done? When you were a child, if you were happy enough to be grounded in the Shorter Catechism, you learnt that Christ executes three offices—those of prophet, priest, and king. It seems a bold thing to write down, but it is true that we can up to a certain point follow Him along those lines. When we speak lovingly and earnestly the truth as we know it, when we teach others as God gives us opportunity; when we bear witness for purity of belief and of life; when we delighten of the Father, of His redeeming love and mercy, we are 'sons of the prophets,' imitating Him who is "the light of the world." We are living letters from the great Teacher. We too are teachers of men, revealing the will of God for their good.

And He is priest. When we kneel and offer the prayer of contrition and gratitude; as we lift up joyous hearts perhaps at the corner of a street, when a glance up at the bright sun recalls the glory of our Father' handiworks; when we deny ourselves and stretch out a helping hand to a poor forlorn brother; when we make a sacrifice and give a contribution that costs us something—then are we "priests unto God," not indeed making the "one offering" which is Christ's distinctive work, but through Him in whom we are accepted, "ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices."

He, the glorious King, is subduing all things to Himself. We can be imitators of Him. When we crush down a rising passion, bridle a lawless lust, overcome an evil in some brother who momentarily yields to weakness, with our good; when we can face a scornful world and say "Frown or scoff as you will, we care not; we follow Christ"—then are we "kings and priests," a "royal priesthood."

Christian reader, you have confessed Christ; you hope to die in the faith of Him, and to be with Him forever. Pause a moment and reflect: are you trying for Him for Him sake to work for Him, and in this spirit? Are you a slothful man, hiding your hand in your bosom, or are you doing with your might what your hands find to do?—*Evangelist.*

Spurgeon's 2000th Sermon.

[We clip the account of Mr. Spurgeon's address at the meeting, called to celebrate the publication of the 2000th of his sermons, from the *Freeman*.]

Mr. Spurgeon, who appeared to be in excellent spirits, was received with loud and enthusiastic applause, continued for two or three minutes. He acknowledged in feeling words his indebtedness for the hearty welcome given him, and expressed his gratitude to the ministers who had preached for him during his absence. It was a nasty place this London—a nasty foggy place, but still how bright it was with their warm welcome. He had spent a happy time in Mentone, though they were few people there, because they were afraid of the earthquakes. When he went he felt like a man taking a rail way journey on a line where there had been three accidents that week, and who thought, because there had been three, there would not be a fourth. He went to Mentone under the impression that there would not be an earthquake while he was there, and there was not. Some of the churches he had visited, and found them in complete ruin, with their roofs off and their walls down. Every morning it would have done their hearts good to see the people at the different hotels who came to him where he was staying just to hear him read a chapter and join in prayer; most of them, he thought, were members of the Church of England, but lovers of the truth, and that was the point with him. He was every man's friend who loved the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but he would have no fellowship with men who denied the Gospel of the Lord. They had now reached the publication of the two thousandth sermon. That was indeed a thing to be grateful for. When they had reached the thousandth sermon he remembered how some friends had written to him warning him against self conceit and pride. That was very kind of them, and he hoped they would do the same again. He could not however, help thinking it was a subject on which he might be allowed to speak, when, after two thousand weeks, he could say there had been one printed and published each week, and that they had not been put on the shelf and the "remainders" sold for a low sum, but that large numbers of them had been sold and circulated. A large number of volumes of the sermons had been published and sold in America. He had often told them how stories—some of them of the deepest interest in connection with these sermons—had come under his notice. He would not detain them with many that evening, but he had in his hands a sermon on which he set great store. It had on it the initials "D. L"—the initials of David Livingstone. It had been sent to him by Dr Livingstone's daughter Mrs. Agnes Livingstone Bruce. It was brown and worn, but he treasured it as a great relic, because that servant of God carried it with him and kept it in his box.

He had also several sermons which had been translated into the Russian language, stamped with the seal of the Holy Russian Church—a sign that they were good and right. It was a sort of satisfaction to think that someone thought he was right. He had a great variety of such curiosities, which were exceedingly interesting. The correspondent of the *Standard* in passing through Cape Colony at the time of the war, said he went into the houses of several Boers, and that he generally found in them a piano and a copy of Spurgeon's sermons in Dutch. He had received, some time ago, a very penitent letter from a young gentleman, in which he said he had to pass an examination for a certain living in a church—not an English church—and that he had to preach them a sermon. He told him: "I passed through the examination and got the position, but I preached one of your sermons,"—and he made it a matter of conscience whether he ought not to give up the position. Mr. Spurgeon declined to enter into so difficult a problem, but it was to be hoped the gentleman would uphold the position he had attained. In Servia it seemed that there were some very poor ministers, and for some time they did not preach at all, and the bishop issued an order that they should preach on a certain day. The Minister of Finance translated three of the sermons into the Servian language, and sent them to 650 priests, and on the particular Sunday on which they were called upon to preach they were able to do so. The sermons had been published very extensively in German, also in Spanish (published in Brazil and Mexico), in Italian, in Welsh, and he did not know in how many other languages besides, and they were published every week in the *Toronto Globe*, and in one of the Australian papers. It was to him a matter of great thankfulness that he had been enabled to publish so many, and if those who had read them had profited by them he trusted they would also be thankful to God. It was not everybody who cared to read printed sermons; but he could say that the 2,000 had taken a good deal out of him. He had much that he ought to say on other matters, but as he had such a galaxy of talent on the platform to occupy their attention, he would only say he did not see what was going to happen, and he had been earnestly praying about the matter. He did not see his way at all. He desired to follow where Christ led the way, and he doubted not the Lord would work in his infinite wisdom in a way of which they little dreamt. This he knew, however, that it was time that somebody said "Pull up." Things had been going on, and were still going on, to a horrible pace. The people of God had in many places been starving for want of Gospel meat, and sinners had come to deride the ministry because they all saw it pandering to the age, always knuckling under to a science which was not science at all, but only the pretence of it. How could they think much of that Gospel which had become the very slave to the thoughts of unbelief, instead of holding the situation for Christ and his revealed truth with a firm and steady hand. God helping him he would go no further than his Word, neither in laxity nor in strictness. As far as he understood that Word he should follow it, putting his feet in the footsteps of Jesus Christ as the Lord should help him, and he prayed to him to frustrate everything he might do or say that was not according to his mind, and to establish that which was according to his will. The Lord would do it, for he was the living God in whom they trusted and not in mortal man. God could defend himself, and there they left it.

—Esteem a man less for his quickness to see the truth, than for his devotion to it when seen. The best of men are not always the quickest of discernment. It was a clergyman who exclaimed, "What a mystery is the folly and stupidity of the good!"—*Morning Star.*

Braving a Storm.—A True Story.

MRS. L. J. TROTT.

The 31st of December, 1856—is remembered by many persons as the date of the beginning of one of the wildest and most fatally destructive winter storms that ever swept across the wide, unprotected prairies of the West. The inhabitants of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and of the West generally, suffered severely.

In middle Illinois the storm broke with almost the suddenness of a tornado, resulting not only in great destruction of domestic animals, but in the loss of many human lives. The season until then had been uncommonly mild, and even on this last day of the year the roads were deep with mud.

The morning dawned with a deceitful brightness; a gentle spring-like breeze came from the south, the sky was cloudless, and the old fashioned rail fence cast a distinct zigzag shadow along the south side of the road, as Mary Rast, a girlish school teacher, and several of her small pupils, all in high glee over the approaching New Year's holiday, picked their way carefully toward the school house. This building stood out by itself on the prairie, and the only dwelling within half a mile was that of Mr. Kent, in whose family Miss Rast boarded.

The attendance on that day was unusually small; only twelve scholars reported themselves, and these were mostly from the nearest families; for the older settlers, accustomed to the capricious weather of the West, had viewed the brightness of the morning with suspicion, and kept their children at home. By noon a slight haze overcast the sun, but the air was still quiet and mild. Three boys, who lived about a mile distant, and a cousin staying with them, ran home across the fields to dinner, and, somewhat to the teacher's surprise, did not return.

She was thus left with a flock of eight. Four of these were children of Mr. Kent; two of the others lived a mile and a half away, while the remaining two, Willie and Mary Wood, who were only ten and eight years old respectively, came from a house fully three-quarters of a mile west of the school-house.

At about two o'clock the day suddenly began to darken, and there came a few short, but fierce, puffs of wind from the southwest. The young teacher looked out anxiously, wondering at the change, and saying to herself that she must hold a short session, and send the children home in good season. For half an hour all was quiet again, but a thick, murky gloom came creeping over the hadecape, and a few flakes of snow fell slowly and silently, melting as fast as they touched the muddy ground.

An older and more experienced person would have known what to expect from such signs, and would have fled with the scholars to the nearest place of safety; but Miss Rast, as we have said before, was only a girl, and, moreover, had never wintered in the West before, so she knew little about the fierceness of a winter storm on the prairie.

Again the wind blew in angry gusts, this time longer, louder and more directly from the west, and again followed a short interval of strange silence. The temperature fell with great rapidity, until, in a few minutes, the air was freezing cold; then all at once, with a wild thunderous roar, the storm burst.

From west to north stretched a black, heaving sea of cloud, tossed and torn by the wind, that now shrieked and screamed like a storm demon. In trembling haste the teacher set about preparing the children for their terrible journey.

There was no staying at the school house, with neither food nor fuel for the long, bitter night, and she determined to take the whole company to her own boarding-place, knowing how welcome they would be—if only they could get there.

By this time the frightened children were clinging about her, and little Mary Wood began crying to go home. Poor little thing! she could not bear to be separated from her mother, even over night. Willie sturdily declared that they could get home well enough, but the teacher would not consent to their making the attempt. By going east with her, they would have the wind nearly at their backs, and it was clear enough that no child could live in the face of such a storm.

Of the eight scholars, the oldest was little more than twelve, while Robbie Kent, a delicate boy, was younger even than Mary Wood.

This smallest and weakest of the flock Miss Rast made her especial care, and, taking him by the hand, she made the rest grasp each other firmly, bidding them keep together, and close to her. Then, at last, she opened the door that had stood, a frail barrier, between them and the storm. The first gust took them off their feet; but the little teacher summoned strength and courage, and, with a silent prayer for help, gathered them up, hushed their outcries, and, putting the smaller children between the larger, and making them take hold of her cloak, her dress, her hands,—somehow they must keep together,—started them again on their well-nigh impossible journey.

It was like trying to walk through deep drifted snow, so thick was the air, while the wind raged and howled, twisting and flinging them from side to side.

"Keep—together—children!" panted the little teacher, as she huddled them up for a few moments to take breath.

There was no crying now; only a weak, quavering wail from Robbie, that caused the teacher to catch him up in her arms, and clasp him close, with a sinking heart, lest he should be smothered by the blinding snow, fine as flour, but sharp as needle-points. And so, panting and struggling, now stopping to count if all were there, and now pushing on again, they fought their fearful way, step by step.

"Keep—together—children!" was all the breathless teacher tried to say; and still the storm increased in fury; every moment the sky grew blacker and thicker, and night was fast settling down on the poor struggling band.

Their puny strength was all but exhausted. Every crevice of their clothing was filled with snow, their eyelids were covered with frost, tears were frozen on cold little cheeks, tiny hands grew too stiff to hold on to each other; and still the teacher counted her flock, and hoped and prayed that somehow she might yet save them all.

But in such a tempest human strength and ingenuity are of small avail; and when, at last, gasping, numb, and nearly frozen, she sank down once more and drew the children about her, she discovered, to her horror, that Willie and Mary Wood were missing.

How wildly she called their names, and how vainly! while only the wind, like a mocking fiend, answered her cries. She dared not leave the other children even for an instant. Once away from them, she knew she could never find them again; and moreover, little Robbie now lay, a dead weight, in her arms, that seemed no longer able to carry him.

Almost overwhelmed she, as the chill dew around and about her, and the snow surging and drifting over them. Yet she would not give up all hope. She remembered they had crossed the small brook. They must, therefore, be more than half-way home; and furthermore, they were still near the board-fence which skirted the road. So they every step taken was certainly in the right direction.

She crowded the children together, protecting their faces from the storm as best she could, in order that they might rest, and recover their spent breath; she gently rubbed and talked to Robbie, until he revived a little; then getting them all in front of her, the smallest in the centre, she made them start again.

But the stupefied children began to whimper, begging to lie down; and she had almost to force the men on, step by step, pushing one, pulling another, gathering them up when they fell, and keeping them all the time in a bunch, lest others should drop out, as Mary and Willie had done.

So she fought and struggled, till the hands with which she tried to grasp the children were too dead and to feel anything, and bitter despair filled her heart.

Then, all at once, some one, groping through the snow and battling with the wind, brushed against them, and she heard a shout, as it were muffled and far away. In another moment, Robbie was in his father's arms, while the little teacher, completely overcome, sobbed aloud for relief and joy.

Mr. Kent had taken with him his grown-up son and a hired man, and, to prevent separation, had adopted a device of mountain climbers and fastened them all together by a long line passed around the body of each.

Miss Rast, in eager haste, reported the loss of Mary and Willie and begged the men to endeavor to find them; but Mr. Kent pronounced the attempt out of the question, especially as the remaining children were fast freezing to death. They must not sacrifice seven lives in a fruitless effort to save two.

The three rescuers now surrounded the wornout group, and the rope proved to be of the greatest service, keeping them as in a small pen. Even the teacher was glad to cling to it for support. The men hurried the children onward, carrying them at times, and then driving them like bewildered sheep; till, finally, the friendly doorway was reached, where a mother's longing heart and eager arms gathered them in with thankfulness to deep for words.

Fingers, faces and feet were found to be badly frozen; but willing hands worked rapidly, stripping and rubbing, thawing the frosted parts with snow and cold water, and soon the weary little sufferers fell into a heavy sleep.

Miss Rast's own hands were injured so badly that it was weeks before she could use them; but her thoughts were all of the two children. All that night, exhausted as she was, she scarcely slept. Oh, if she had but watched them more closely! So she reproached herself, while to every one else it seemed little less than a miracle that she had been able to save so many of her charge.

It was nearly three days before the wind died away, so that word could be taken to poor, wide red Mrs. Wood. She had feared the worst, yet the news came with crushing force; for however much we may expect death, we are never prepared for its actual presence. For weeks she found herself often looking out of the window, half-expecting to see Mary and Willie coming home again after school.

The whole neighborhood turned out, as soon as the storm was over, and worked day after day, shovelling over the snow. But all proved in vain, and it was not till spring that the little bodies were found, buried under one of the largest drifts, several rods from the road. Evidently the children had lost their hold on the others while crossing the little brook, and the wind had carried them down the bed of the run, and lodged them against a steep bank in the field, where the snow soon packed its cold and pitiless weight upon them.

Poor little brother and sister! Their hands were still tightly clasped. With all their childish strength they had striven to obey their teacher and "keep together"; and together they had gone home, on the wings of the wild, wintry tempest.—*Youth's Companion.*

Tend the Fire.

Even when a fire has been well laid and has been kindled properly, it often needs attention, or it will not burn evenly and briskly. Sometimes the flame flashes up brightly at first, only to die away in part without really igniting the wood or coal around it. Sometimes this becomes kindled, but only upon one side. In either case some one must be at hand to save it. He must seek to concentrate what fire there is into one living mass. He must place a stick here, or adjust a lump of coal there, so that both shall catch fire. Then he must put one or two others close to them, that they may ignite them. A few moments, and a little care spent thus in careful nursing, will transform a feeble, doubtful blaze into a strong, useful fire.

Does not the same principle apply in religion? In not the present just the time when special advantage should be taken of it? In many a congregation and community are visible signs of a new spiritual purpose and life. Christians are reconsecrating themselves in sincerity; some others are recognizing their obligations to God for the first time, and asking what they must do to be saved. But this rising flame of new and holy desire is still faint in many instances, and will die away without nurture. Even the indispensible aid of the divine Spirit will not be continued unless human effort is maintained. There is imperative need on the part of all Christian people, especially pastors, Sunday-school teachers, and others who possess maturity and experience, of nursing the incipient flame until it shall have grown into a strong and permanent fire.—*Congregational Magazine.*

—God denies a Christian nothing but with a design to give him something better.—*Cecil.*

Unsatisfied.

There are multitudes who while they would not acknowledge themselves dissatisfied with their lot in life, yet they recognize in their life unsatisfied aspirations which beget a feeling of restlessness and disappointment which is often destructive of everything like real contentment, and turns to nervous despondency and morbid regrettings, because of the "might have been," the unfulfilled resolves, the small attainments where the prospect had seemed large. Their hopes fade, their energies flag, and there is, if not open murmuring, a feeling of disgust with themselves or their enviroments, upon which they lay the blame of failure.

Most people set out in life hoping to do something in the world worthy of mention, and Christians when setting out in the new life mean to do great things for the cause of Christ, and when after years have passed, they seem never to have risen above the lowlands of Christian activity, they are disposed to depreciate unduly both their opportunities and their accomplishment, and are ready to cry, of what use is my life, my duties are trivial, my wishes denied, my anxious quest for a sphere in which I could put to use the talent committed to my care, and double it for the master, yet unsatisfied. But all this savors of faithlessness in the leading of the Divine hand, and forgetfulness of the example set by the Saviour when on earth. How quiet and lowly was his life; for thirty years spent in obscurity, cheerfully subject to conditions of poverty and lowly work, and during his three years of public work, passing up and down the land as a wayfaring man, scorned by Scribes and Pharisees, doing good without ostentation, and blessing and healing without receiving generally even the thanks of the recipients. They do not remember that God sees the motive, and rates the deed accordingly. He sees not as man sees, and like as Jesus commended the poor widow who threw two mites into the treasury rather than the rich man who cast in of his abundance, and the humble, self-reproachful prayer of the publican rather than the loud and self complacent address of the Pharisees, so should such discouraged unsatisfied Christians believe he may now look upon their humble service, and speak to them in the last great day those all satisfying words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many. Enter thou in to the joy of thy Lord."

Well for the peace of mind of these unsatisfied disciples would it be, if they could rest in the belief that by committing their way to the Lord, and trusting in him, doing what their hands find to do, albeit their work is unnoticed by the world, he will bring to pass greater things than ever they hoped to perform.

"Now or these sweet words I rest;
And have ceased my anxious quest,
For the Master knoweth best,
And hereafter, well, I ween,
In God's light it shall be seen
Of what use my life hath been."

—*Baptist Weekly.*

A Revival Every Year.

Most churches, if they enjoy a time of spiritual refreshing, seem to think that for quite a series of years they have done everything in that line that can be expected of them. "The year of the revival" is spoken of as if there was but one, and could be but one for a long series of years in the history of that church. It seems to be taken for granted that the ground will be burned over, and that no further effort need be put forth until, after many years, it will be time again "to break up the fallow ground." This prevailing notion is as harmful as it is unscriptural. We find no warrant for it in history and no analogy for it in nature. We cannot eat enough in a day to satisfy us for a week. We cannot crowd all necessary sleep for a week into one night of the seven. God does not give one harvest in a dozen years, and make ploughing and harrowing and sowing and cultivating unnecessary the other eleven: No more has he ordained that there shall be a spiritual harvest once in five, ten or twenty years only. Every week of prayer may and should see a revival in every church. The readers of this paper know that we do not undervalue Christian nurture and culture, and the ordinary means of grace. To promote these very things is the object of every issue. But because we believe so strongly in Christian nurture, we believe just as strongly in a revival every year.—*Golden Rule.*

The Magic of Silence.

You have often heard "It takes two to make a quarrel." Do you believe it? I'll tell you how one of my little friends managed. Dolly never came to see Marjorie without a quarrel. Marjorie tried to speak gently, but no matter how hard she tried, Dolly finally made her so angry that she would soon speak sharp words, too.

"Oh, what shall I do," cried poor little Marjorie.

"Suppose you try this plan," said her mamma. "The next time Dolly comes in, seat yourself in front of the fire and take the tongs in your hands. Whenever a sharp word comes from Dolly, gently snap the tongs, without speaking a word.

Soon afterward, in marched Dolly to see her friend. It was not a quarter of an hour before Dolly's temper was ruffled and her voice was raised, and, as usual, she began to find fault and scold. Marjorie flew to the hearth and seized the tongs, snapping them gently.

More angry words from Dolly. Snap went the tongs.

More still. Snap.

"Why don't you speak?" screamed Dolly, in a fury. Snap went the tongs.

"Speak!" cried she. As snap was the only answer, Dolly cried out, "I'll never, never come again, never."

Away she went. Did she keep her promise? No, indeed. She came the next day, but seeing Marjorie run for the tongs, she solemnly said if she would only let them alone, they would quarrel no more forever.—*Christian Weekly.*

Croup, whooping cough, sore throat, sudden cold, and the lung troubles which are peculiar to children, are easily controlled by promptly administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy is safe to take and certain in its action.

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May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the Bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are purely vegetable in their composition. They contain neither calomel nor any other dangerous drug, and may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted our family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite

IMPROVED

my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.

I was troubled, for over a year, with Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and, before finishing half a box of this medicine, my appetite and strength were restored. —C. O. Clark, Danbury, Conn.

Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Phillip Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemenway, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.

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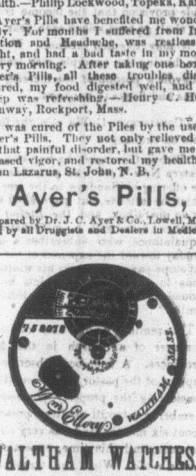

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1887.—APRIL.—1887.

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