Wisdom's Request.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. 23:26.

These are the words of Solomon, speaking in the name of wisdom, which wisdom is but another name for the Lord Jesus Christ, who is made of God unto us wisdom. If you ask, "What is the highest wisdom upon the earth?" it is to believe in Jesus Christ, whom God has sent—to become his follower and disciple, to trust him and imitate him.

I. Let us look at this precept, "My son, give me thine heart;" and notice, first, that love prompts it.

Only love seeks after love. If I desire the love of another, it can surely only be because I myself have love toward him. We care not to be loved by those whom we do not love. It were an embarrassment rather than an advantage to receive love from those to whom we would not return it. When God asks human love, it is because God is love. As the sparks mount toward the sun, the central fire, so ought our love to rise toward God, the central source of all love and holy love. It is an instance of infinite condescension that God should say, "My son, give me thine heart." Notice the strange position in which it puts God and man. The usual position is for the creature to say to God, "Give me;" but the Creator cries to feeble man, "Give me." The Great Benefactor himself becomes the Petitioner.

A Godly divine love won't come a wooing to such stretched hearts as ours. For what has God to gain? Brothers and sisters, if we did all give our hearts to him, in what respect would he be the greater? If we gave him all we have, would he be the richer? When he comes a-wooing, and cries, "Give me thine heart," it must be for our benefit, and not for his own.

Yet he does gain a son: that is a sweet thought. Every one that gives God his heart becomes God's son, and a father esteems his children to be treasures; and I reckon that God sets a higher value upon his children than upon all the works of his hand besides. We see the great Father's likeness in the story of the returning prodigal. The father thought more of his returning son than of all that he possessed besides. "It was meet," said he, "that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

You who are come of God already may take my text as a call to give God your heart anew, for—I do not know how it is—men are wonderfully scarce now; and men with hearts are rare. If preachers had larger hearts, they would move more people to hear them. A sermon preached without love falls flat and dead. "My son," says God to every preacher, "give me thine heart." O minister, if thou canst not speak with eloquent tongue, at least let thy heart run over like burning lava from thy lips! Let thy heart be like a geyser scalding all that come near thee, permitting none to remain indifferent. You that teach in the school, you that work for God anyhow, do it thoroughly well.

II. Now I turn my text another way. Wisdom prompts us to obey this loving request. To take our hearts and give them up to God is the wisest thing that we can do.

Wisdom prompts it; for, first, many others crave our hearts, and our hearts will surely go one way or other. Let us see to it that they do not go where they will be ruined. "Therefore, my son," says Wisdom, "give me thine heart. Everybody will try to steal thy heart, therefore leave it in my charge. Then thou needest not fear the fascinations of the strange woman, for I have thy heart; and I will keep it safe to the day of my appearing." It is most wise to give Jesus our heart, for seducers will seek it.

There is another destroyer of souls. I will not say much about it, but I will just read you what the consecrated saith of it—"Who hath woe? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause?" Read carefully the rest of the chapter, and then hear the voice of Wisdom say, "My son, if thou wouldst be kept from drunkenness and gluttony, from wantonness and chambering, and everything that the heart inclineth to, give me thy heart." It is well to guard your heart with all the apparatus that wisdom can provide. It is well totally to abstain from that which becomes a snare to you; but, I charge you, do not rely upon abstinence, but give your heart to Jesus; for nothing short of true godliness will preserve you from sin, so that you shall be presented faultless before his presence with exceeding great joy.

Give Jesus your heart, beloved friends, for wisdom bids you do it at once, because it will please God. Have you a friend to whom you wish to make a present? I know what you do: you try to find out what that friend would value, for you say, "I should like to give him what would please him." Do you want to give God something that is sure to please Him? You need not build a church of matchless architecture—I do not know that God cares much about stones and wood. You need not wait till you shall have amassed money to endow a row of almshouses. It is well to bless the poor, but Jesus said that one who gave two mites, which made a farthing, gave more than all the rich men who cast in of their wealth into the treasury. What would God my Father like me to give? He answers, "My son, give me thine heart." He will be pleased with that, for he himself seeks the gift.

And does he not deserve it? I am not going to use that argument, because, somehow, if you press a man to give a thing, at last it comes not to be a gift, but a tax. Our consecration to God must be unquestionable in its freeness. Religion is voluntary or else false.

Believe me, beloved friends, there is no getting wisdom except you give your hearts to it. Certain men never get on in business; they do not like their trade, and so they never prosper. And certainly in the matter of religion, no man can ever prosper if he does not love it, if his whole heart is not in it. Oh! you poor butterflies, you that hang, like Mahomet's coffin, between earth and heaven—you that are like bats, neither birds nor beasts—you that are like flying-fish, that tries to live in the air and water too, and finds enemies in both elements—you that are neither this nor that nor the other; strangers in God's country, and yet not able to make yourselves at home with the devil—I do pity you! Oh! that I could give you a ring to get you to this side of the borderland! My Master bids me compel you to come in, but what can I do except repeat the message of the text? "My son, give me thine heart."

III. And now I close with the third observation. Let us be wise enough at once to attend to this admonition of wisdom. Let us now give God our heart. "My son, give me thine heart." When? At once. There is no intimation that God would have us wait a little. I wish that those persons who only mean to wait a little would fix a time when they will leave off waiting. They are always going to be right to-morrow. Which day of the month is that? I have searched the calendar, and cannot find it.

How? If we attend to this precept, we shall notice that it calls upon us to act freely. "My son, give me thine heart." Do not need to have it felt in letters. I might, as I have already said, prevent a gift from being a gift if you too pressingly proved that it was due. It is due, but God puts it, as it were, upon free will for once, and leaves it to free agency. He says: "My son, give me thine heart. All that thou hast from me comes as a gift of free grace; now give me back thine heart freely."

It seems a pity that a man should have to live a long life of sin to learn that sin does not pay. It is a sad case when he comes to God with all his bones broken and exiles in the divine army after he has spent all his youth in the service of the devil, and has worn himself out. Christ will have him whenever he comes; but how much better it is, while yet you are in the days of your youth, to say: "Here, Lord, I give Thee my heart. Constrained by Thy sweet love, I yield to Thee in the dawn of of my being!"

Do it thoroughly. "My son, give me thine heart." You cannot give Christ a piece of a heart, for a heart halved is killed. A heart that has even a little bit taken off is a dead heart. The devil does not mind having half your heart. He is quite satisfied with that, because he is like the woman to whom the child did not belong: he does not mind if it be cut in halves. The true mother of the child said: "Oh! spare the child! Do not divide it." And to Christ, who is the true Lover of hearts, will not have the heart divided.

Did I hear somebody say, "I am willing to give God my heart?" Very well, then; let us look at it practically. Where is it now? You cannot give your heart up till you find out where it is. I knew a man who lost his heart. His wife had not got it, and his children had not got it, and he did not seem as if he had got it himself. "That is odd!" say you. Well, he used to starve himself. He scarcely had enough to eat, His clothes were threadbare. He served all who were round him. He did not seem to have a heart. A poor woman owed him a little rent. Out she went into the street. He had no heart. A person had fallen back a little in the payment of money that he had lent him. The debtor's little children were crying for bread. The man did not care who cried for hunger, or what became of the children. He would have his money. He had lost his heart. I never could make out where it was till I went to his house one day, and saw an iron safe; it stood behind the door of an inner room; and when he unlocked it with a heavy key, and the bolts were shot, and the inside was opened, there was a musty, fusty thing within it, as dry and dead as the kernel of a walnut seven years old. It was his heart. If you have locked up your heart in an iron safe, get it out. Get it out as quickly as ever you can.

I knew a young lady—I think I know several of that sort now—Whose heart I could never see. I could not make out why she was so flighty, giddy, frothy, till I discovered that she had kept her heart in a wardrobe. A poor prison for an immortal soul, is it not? You had better fetch it out, before the moth eats it as wool. When our garments become the idol of our hearts, we are such foolish things that we can hardly be said to have hearts at all. Even such foolish hearts as these it were well to get out of the wardrobe and give to Christ.

Where is your heart? I have known some to leave it at the public house, and some in places that I shall not mention, lest the cheek of modesty should crimson. But wherever your heart is, it is in the wrong place if it is not with Christ. Go fetch it, sir. Bring it here, and give it into the hand of Him that bought it.

But in what state is it? "Ay, there's the rub!" For men's hearts begin to smell of the places wherein they keep them. Some men's hearts are cankered through keeping them among their gold; and some are rotten through and through, through keeping them steeped in vice. Where is the drunkard's heart? In what state must it be? Foul and filthy. Still God says, "Give me thine heart." What such a thing as that? Yet still give it to Him, for I will tell you what He will do with it: He will work wonders for your heart. You have heard of alchemists who took base metals—so they say—and transmuted it into gold; the Lord will do more than this. "Give me thine heart." Poor, filthy, defiled, polluted, depraved heart!—give it to Him. It is stony now, corrupted now. He will take it, and in those sacred hands of Christ that heart shall lie, till in its place you shall see a heart of flesh, pure, clean, heavenly. Oh! say you, "I never could make out what to do with my hard heart." Give it now to Christ, and He will change it. Yield it up to the sweet power of His infinite grace, and He will renew a right spirit within you. God help you to give Jesus your heart, and to do it now! Amen.

Why Rob Didn't Sell the Baby.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

Rob sat on the piazza, scuffling his copper toes, and looking as disconsolate as could be imagined.

Jack Norton's uncle had just given him a big Newfoundland dog. Now Jack was Rob's chum and inseparable companion, and Rob felt it his bounden duty to have and to do just exactly what Jack did. Consequently now that Jack had Lion, Rob felt that life was hardly worth living unless he, too, owned a four footed companion. But alas! for Rob, he found, to his surprise, that his mother by no means accepted his conclusion of the matter. She was very kind and sympathetic, but Rob saw clearly from the first that his case was hopeless.

"It's just the way it always is," he said, after a particularly vigorous dig at the gravel, and glancing stealthily at his mother as he spoke. "It don't make any difference what 'tis, I can't never have nothin' like other fellers. Most mothers like to have their boys have things, but I don't believe you care."

Rob did not look at his mother when he said that; he could not; he knew so well that it was false and cruel.

"Besides," he added, as if to justify himself somewhat, "you promised me last summer that I might have one, and Jack's uncle knows where he could get one as good as Lion for only five dollars."

"I did not promise you, Robbie," answered mamma, in a sad tone of voice that ought to have made Rob thoroughly ashamed of his naughty little self; "I said if it was possible, you might have one, and so you should, but you know papa and the baby both being sick that made a big doctor's bill to pay, so we shall all have to economize. We will gladly do all that we can for your comfort and pleasure. Cannot you help me by giving up what you cut willingly and cheerfully? It would be very pleasant for you to have a dog like Jack, but then it will not matter so very much after all if you do not; you can be happier if you will without, and we cannot afford to get or keep one now. So long as we have papa and the baby spared to us, we will not mind going without anything else, will we, Laddie?"

Mamma spoke cheerfully and pleadingly. Wouldn't you have thought that Rob would have answered pleasantly? But, instead, he pouted and scuffled his feet harder than ever.

"There's always something when I want anything," he muttered. "Jack don't have to go without things like I do."

Mamma made no reply, only looked at Rob very soberly.

Just then Mrs. Raymond came up the walk. She lived in the big house on the hill, and had come to see about having some sewing done.

Rob, who was busy with his own naughty thoughts, paid but little heed to the conversation until, just as Mrs. Raymond was going, she stooped to kiss the baby.

"I would give all I have if she were mine," she said, her eyes filling with tears as she thought of her quiet home, and the four little mounds in the churchyard.

"My patience!" thought Rob to himself, as he watched her go away; "if she wants the baby so bad, I wish she had her. I'd rather have a dog like Jack's. I don't see what mamma wants of her either; she makes her ever so much work; besides, she's got me, so she don't need her. I wonder if Mrs. Raymond would give ten dollars for her? That's an awful lot, but maybe if she wants her so bad she would. I could have my dog, and mamma could have something she wanted. I should like to ask her."

Now Rob did not think all this at once; he kept thinking it bit by bit as he sat watching his mother sew. He was still thinking of it when she asked him to watch the baby for half an hour or so while she went down street for some sewing silk.

"I've—most a half a mind—to go and ask her," he said as his mother went round the corner out of sight.

"There's a queer little boy with a baby wants to see you, Mrs. Raymond," said Nora a little later.

It was rather a warm day; the hill was pretty steep, and baby, notwithstanding her recent illness, was now quite plump and heavy. Furthermore, she was not accustomed to being tucked head first under any one's arms, and she had manifested her dislike to this new method of travelling by squirming and kicking with all her little might.

It was a very red-faced, uncomfortable looking little boy that Mrs. Raymond found in her parlor awaiting her.

"Please, ma'am," he said, holding out a very red-faced, uncomfortable-looking baby, "Jack's got a dog—and I want one, awful! Won't you buy the baby, please? You said you'd give lots if she was yours."

It was several minutes before Mrs. Raymond could comprehend the situation; then she looked at the would-be merchant before her without saying a word, and somehow he seemed to feel himself growing very, very small and insignificant. His face grew redder than before if possible, and he dropped his eyes to the floor.

"She makes lots of work for mamma—and she's got me, so we don't need her; and I thought you wanted her awfully," he stammered, wishing fervently that he had never come.

"And you would sell your dear, sweet little sister, to get yourself a dog!"

Dear, dear me! how much Mrs. Raymond thought the baby was worth, and how insignificant and almost worthless a dog seemed, to hear her speak of it!

"Suppose your father should take a fancy for a horse, and should sell you?"

This was a view of the case that Rob had not considered, and one which struck him very unfavorably.

"I—I don't know. I guess my father would rather have me than any horse," he said; but he choked a little at the bare possibility of being disposed of in that fashion.

"Perhaps your mother would like a sewing machine," Mrs. Raymond continued relentlessly. "It would be a great help to her. She might find somebody that would trade for you."

Rob suddenly became absorbed in the study of his copper toes, but he could not seem to see them very clearly. His mother sell him—her own little Laddie? No, no, no, that could never, never be! But still, if he could and would sell the baby, why mightn't there be some danger of it?

On the whole, this trading business had suddenly become very disagreeable to Rob.

"Do you know I think a boy that would part with his dear little sister that God gave him, for a mere dog, is a very strange boy, and I do not see how he could blame his father and mother if they did the same by him, do you?"

"N—o," stammered Rob. "I—guess I'll go home. I'll take the baby too," he added with alacrity.

Mrs. Raymond had to sit down and laugh as she watched him trudge off down the hill, holding on to the baby for dear life, as though fearful that she would force it from him after all.

"I say, mamma," said Rob rather hesitatingly that night when she came to his bedside for their usual talk, "would you sell me for anything?"

"Certainly not, my son," replied mamma in surprise.

"Would papa?"

"Why, no, Robbie. What could have put such an idea in your head? We would not part with our dear children for anything; did you suppose we would? Didn't you know we loved you better than that?"

Somehow Rob felt worse then than when Mrs. Raymond was looking at him, but with many a sob and breaking down he confessed it all to his mother.

"I phan't never, never want to do so again, honest; and truly," he said, clasping his arms tightly around her neck, "no matter what anybody has. And you won't never sell me either, will you? Somehow I didn't think what I was doing until I thought you might sell me for something, and then it looked ever so different."

So the baby was not sold after all, and Rob hasn't a dog to this day; but he is a very happy boy notwithstanding.

Frank's Diary.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

Such a pretty diary, enough to make any boy's eyes shine as Frank's did when he came down stairs on New Year's morning, and found it lying beside his plate.

It was black morocco, with Frank's name inscribed on the cover in little letters of gold, and there was a little place to keep a pencil.

"Essie wants a little book," said his baby sister coaxingly, trying to take his treasure from his hand, but Frank laughed as he kissed her and slipped his diary in his pocket, where she could not see it.

"What could you do with a diary?" he asked playfully. "You can't write, you are too little."

"Mamma could write for me," persisted Essie.

"What would you ask her to write—all the times you tumbled down stairs and cried and was cross?"

Baby Essie pouted. "I dess not," she said indignantly. "I would like her to write all the times I had tandy, and every time I was dood."

Frank laughed again as he tossed his little sister up in his strong arms until her shout of delight had a little grace note of fear in it.

"What are you going to write in your diary, Frank?" asked his mother. "Are you going to write, like baby Essie, only about the good times, or shall it be a true record of everything?"

"Oh, I'm going to keep account of everything I do this year," answered Frank. "I'll put down all the scrapes I get into, as well as all the days that I get nothing but goodmarks. I have made some resolutions that I mean to keep this time, though I have often made them before, and broken them as fast as I made them."

"Why do you expect to keep them this time?" asked his mother.

"Oh, because this is a new year, and it is always easier to turn over a new leaf when one has a fresh starting-place," answered Frank.

"I am afraid they will be added to the list of broken ones if you are trusting to your own strength to keep them," answered his mother. "Don't forget where to go for help, dear."

Frank did not answer. He was willing to admit even to himself that his own strength would not enable him to keep the resolutions he had made for the new year, and he resolved to keep a faithful record of his doings and see whether he was not stronger then his mother seemed to think.

For two days he was very well satisfied with himself, and began to think that he would not have to mar the record in his new diary by a confession of broken resolutions. On the third day he yielded to temptation. He had promised his mother that he would not learn to smoke, but he had long ago broken that promise, and one of his new resolutions had been that he would at once give up the evil habit, which was already beginning to throw its chains about him and hold him captive.

One of the boys offered him a cigarette, and, though he declined it at first, a word of ridicule weakened his resolution, and he took it, thinking regretfully of the record he must make in his diary that evening.

Before many days had passed, ach evening brought Frank the distasteful task of adding to the list of broken resolutions, and soon not one only, but all, had been broken again and again.

He was sitting by the table, his head resting on his hand in an attitude of dejection, when his mother looked into the room. She guessed at his trouble when she saw the little black book lying open before him.

"What is the matter, dear?" she asked.

"I'm so tired of this old diary," answered Frank. "It's just as you thought it would be, mother. There isn't anything but broken resolutions in it, and I am not going to write in it any more until I have something better worth writing."

"I am afraid you will never have any thing else to write till you give up trusting to your own strength," answered his mother, resting her hand lovingly on the boy's rough curls as he put his head down on the table.

"Frank, you have tried your own strength and found it insufficient; now ask your Heavenly Father's help. He has said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' and he will give you all the strength you need. Won't you go to him now?"

There was silence for a few minutes, and then he answered softly. "Yes mother."

The next day he wrote over his list of resolutions, "By God's Help," and he did not forget to ask for that help in the little temptations that lay in his daily path.

Of course, he yielded to temptation sometimes, and his diary was not a record of continuous victory, but he no longer trusted in himself. The little diary had taught him his own weakess, and he had learned from his failures where to go for strength and help.—*The Presbyterian.*

Weekly Giving.

We have too long overlooked the power which results from the aggression of the littles. The progress and results of the Romish Church in America furnish significant lessons in regard to this, if we would consent to learn them. Here and there among Protestants parallel facts may be found. An honored pastor in Virginia has lately told how he and his people built an elegant house of worship on Broad Street in Philadelphia. He says: "We began with thirty seven dollars in the treasury, and spent over $40,000. Much of this great sum was raised by weekly payments from persons who could give but little—but they gave often, and that brought the much. It is always so when people are organized and trained to give. What we need now in all our churches, in the city and country, is to utilize the gifts of the multitude who can give but a few pennies at a time. When once the habit is formed, and persons of small means see how good and pleasant a thing it is to bring their weekly offerings to the cause of God, they will give with growing generosity and cheerfulness." Occasionally more may be given by impulse than by the method I am advocating. Paul could have told a most compelling story about the poor saints at Jerusalem, which would have drawn amazingly on the liberality of the Corinthians; but he chose to send on in advance an appeal to their generosity. It was an appeal to principle. He sought to awaken within them the true spirit of beneficence. And so, without relying upon the effect of his personal presence, he urged them, "Let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." Paul called for slow but steady giving. In the passing centuries no better way has been found for the development of the true spirit of Christian giving. In the language of an "Open and Unconventional Letter to Baptist Pastors," it may be said, "Fifty-two gentle pulls on a man's purse strings are more promotive of healthy liberality than one convulsive jerk on an annual Sunday." This whole subject of Christian giving calls for most serious attention. It is of vital importance to us all as Christians—to the Churches of which we are members, and everywhere to the cause of Christ. As a distinguished Episcopalian has lately said, "None of us are giving as we ought. Giving is religion as much as praying. There is more said in the Bible about giving than about praying. And as no Christian can live without praying, so none ought to try to live without giving." Blessed are they who hear the call, who acknowledge the claim and have it in their hearts to respond. —*Warren Randolph, D. D., in Boston Watchman.*

"What's Killing Us?"

THE WONDERS WHICH THE MICROSCOPE REVEALS.

One of the leading scientific publications states that many people are now using the microscope to discover the real cause of disease in the system, and to detect adulterations of food and medicines.

This wonderful instrument has saved many a life. A microscopical test shows, for instance, the presence of albumen, or the life of the blood, in certain derangements of the kidneys, but medicine does not tell us how far advanced the derangement is, or whether it shall prove fatal.

The microscope, however, gives us this knowledge:

Bright's disease which so many people dread, was not fully known until the microscope revealed its characteristics. It greatly aids the physician, skilled in its use, in determining how far disease has advanced, and gives a fuller idea of the true structure of the kidney.

A noted German scholar recently discovered that by the aid of the microscope, the physician can tell if there is a tumor forming in the system, and if certain appearances are seen in the fluids passed, it is a proof positive that the tumor is to be a malignant one.

If any derangement of the kidneys is detected by the microscope, the physician looks for the development of almost any disease the system is heir to, and any indication of Bright's disease, which has no symptoms of its own, and cannot be fully recognized except by the microscope, he looks upon with alarm.

This disease has existed for more than 2,000 years. It is only until recently that the microscope has revealed to us its universal prevalence and fatal character. Persons who formerly died of what was called general debility, nervous breakdown, dropsy, paralysis, heart disease, rheumatism, apoplexy, etc, are now known to have really died of kidney disease, because, had their been no disorder of the kidneys, the chances are that the effects from which they died would never have existed.

As the world becomes better acquainted with the importance of the kidneys in the human economy by the aid of the microscope, there is greater alarm spread through the communities concerning it, and this accounts for the erroneous belief that it is on the increase.

As yet neither homeopathist nor allopathist is prepared with a cure for deranged kidneys, but the world has long since recognized, and many medical gentlemen also recognize and prescribe Warner's safe cure for these derangements, and admit that it is the only specific for the common and advanced forms of kidney disorders.

Formerly the true cause of death was discovered only after death. To day the microscope shows us, in the water we pass, the dangerous condition of any organ in the body, thus enabling us to treat it promptly and escape premature death.

As the microscope in the hands of laymen has revealed many diseases that the medical men were not aware of, so that preparation, like many other discoveries in medicine and science, was found out by laymen, outside the medical code; consequently it comes very hard for medical men to endorse and prescribe it. Nevertheless, Warner's safe cure continues to grow in popularity and the evidences of its effectiveness are seen on every hand.

Some persons claim that the proprietors should give the medical profession the formula of this remedy, if it is such a "God send to humanity," and let the physicians and public judge whether or not it be so recognized.

We, however, do not blame them, for not publishing the formula, even to get the recognition of the medical profession. The standing of the men who manufacture this great remedy is equal to that of the majority of physicians, and the reason that some doctors give for not adopting and prescribing it—viz:—that they do not know what its ingredients are—is absurd.

Mr. Warner's statement—that many of the ingredients are expensive, and that the desire of the unscrupulous dealer or prescriber to realize a large profit from its manufacture by using cheap and injurious substances for those ingredients would jeopardize its quality and reputation; and that Warner's safe cure cannot be made, in small quantities on account of the expensive apparatus necessary in compounding these ingredients—seems to us to be a reasonable and sufficient one.

The universal testimony of our friends and neighbors, and the indisputable evidence that it, and it alone, has complete mastery over all diseases of the kidneys, is sufficient explanation of its extraordinary reputation, and conclusive proof that it is, perhaps, the most beneficient discovery known to scientific medicine since the microscope revealed to us the all-important nature of the organs it is designed to reach and benefit.

Ayer's Pills, cure constipation, improve the appetite, promote digestion, restore healthy action, and regulate every function. This medicine is pleasant to take and gentle in its operation. See article in Ayer's Almanac.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gagg, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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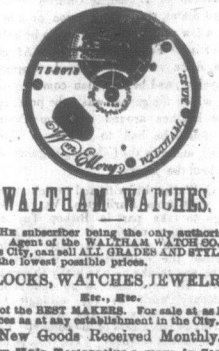

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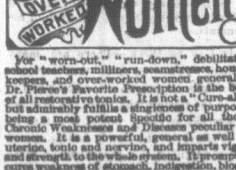

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