Sermon by Dr. McLaren.

"These all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise: God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect."—Hebrews 11: 39, 40.

Of course, these words, in their original application, have reference to the contrast between Old and New Testament believers. The whole company of the former is included in "these all"; the whole of the latter in "us." The promise which they did not receive was the promise of the Messiah and His salvation. They stretched out empty hands of greeting to it from afar, as sailors might do to some dimly descried coast, because God, looking onward through the ages, willed that later generations should share with them in the blessing. The "better thing" which from the eternal life forecast was this Messianic salvation, which, once accomplished, was fraught with blessing for them too, as is witnessed by the fact that immediately after in the epistle the writer speaks of "the spirits of just men made perfect" as if they had received in their silent sleep some earnest of the perfecting, even as do we in the gift of a sanctified spirit.

I. Notice, then, first of all, the bond which unites all generations of believers.

"These all having been witnessed to, through faith," says the writer. Now, if we throw ourselves back in thought to the time when this epistle was written, this statement will strike us as being even more singular than we sometimes consider it. The great question of the hour was, "Is not this Christianity the destruction of Judaism?" and the writer's answer is, "Christianity is the true Judaism, and all these people in the past who belonged to it therefore belonged to us." Fancy a Pharisee's face when he heard Christian teachers claiming Abel, Noah, Abraham, and, most audacious of all, Moses, as their men—the heroes of the faith! On what does this paradox rest? On the simple fact that, however creeds differ, the bond of union with God has always been one. Faith is the same whatever the degree of developed creed to which it attaches; and all men that have faith in the same Christ—by which I mean Christ who is the Son of God and the Saviour of the world—all these men belong to the one family. No matter what misunderstandings they may have with one another, they are all united by this bond. Jewish converts, with the chips of the shell of Judaism still adhering to them, Egyptian hermits, African bishops, Latin monks, German professors, English Nonconformists—they all belong to the one household if they hold by the one Christ. There has never been but one path to heaven, and that is the path of faith. So, these men of old grasped the same object for their faith as do we. The epistle to the Hebrews will not admit that there is any difference except that of development between the call of Psalmist and prophet, "Trust ye in the Lord for ever," and the preaching of apostles, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." The object of *their* faith was God speaking at sundry times and in divers manners to the fathers; the object of *ours* is God speaking in His Son, listening to whom we listen to God, looking upon whom we see the Father, and who is at once, as this epistle elaborately proves to us, the reality of all the past shadows, Himself being sacrifice, priest, and temple.

II. In the next place, notice here the better things than our fathers had for which we have to thank God to-day.

Of course there is no question here of an advance in objective revelation. Of course Jesus Christ, the Lord of all the ages, has brought all the perfect revelation in His one work. The Christ that is and that was, is "The Christ that is to be," and in Him all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge for all generations lie like gold in the ore, like diamonds in the matrix. In the facts of His incarnation, life, sacrifice, death, resurrection, and ascension, there lie in germ all theology, all morality, and, I venture to say, all social and political truth too. The work of the generations is to expand, to develop that which is given to us in Him. And as all truth, so all power is shepherd and centred in that exhaustless Lord, and everything has been done which needs to be done, can be done, or ever will be done for the regeneration and perfecting of humanity. The advance, then, which we hope for is no advance in objective revelation, no communication of new truths or new powers. But whilst this is true, there may be, and there must be, a progress in the understanding of that which is given to us. When Christ was given the world received, as it were, a gift in the dark into its hands, and by slow degrees it is beginning to turn the precious stone every way, and to find that however turned it sparkles. All generations stand round Him, like gathered mirrors round some central light, and each flashes back some portion, at some angle, of that central radiance and brightness. Therefore, because He is exhaustless, and towers above us all, and ever will tower, Christian progress consists, for the individual and for the churches, in a fuller understanding and a firmer grasping of Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the Redeemer of the world, and in a more complete appropriation of the spirit of His life, manifested in a fuller conformity to His character and a more perfect and devoted service to Him. Let us understand that Christian progress is progress toward the centre, and not away from it, is drawing near to Him, and not in flying off at a tangent from Him. Let us understand that the Alpha is the Omega, that the first elements of the Gospel are its highest teaching and its final result, and that the more we come to understand how all philosophy, theology, anthropology, and sociology lie in germ in that word which we teach our children, that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish," the better do we understand the meaning and the nature of the progress that is possible for Christ's church.

So, brethren, remember that an incompleted task has been handed to us by our predecessors, and that we have an incompleted task to pass on to the generation that shall follow. The great temple is rising slowly through the ages, and the whole building, fitly framed together, grows up into Him. Blessed will it be for us if, like mediæval masons who spent their lives in lifting up some cathedral walls a yard or two higher, and in setting fair carving on some polished shafts, we may lay one course in that temple which is being completed for an habitation of God through the spirit in all the ages of His church!

But, remember, better may very easily become worse. There is no progress in this poor one-sided world without a possible danger of retrogression. As Luther says somewhere, human nature is like a drunken peasant—and the saying applies to the human nature in the church, too—if you put him on the side of the horse he is sure to tumble down on the other. So there are disadvantages for us to guard against. Nor let us forget, when we speak about the progress we have made as compared with the past, the good that was in these men. You say they held too narrow a theology. Well, that meant intensity of conviction; it meant an intelligent Christianity; it meant that there was no fear of their being drawn away by a superficial religion of mere fervor and emotion. You say that the conception of the will of God had overshadowed in their creed the conception of the love of God. Be it so. Still it made the strongest men that England has ever seen, and the strongest men—if a Scotchman may say it—that Scotland has ever seen; and we shall be none the worse if we take a little of the iron of the English Puritans and Scotch Covenanters into our more flaccid and mollusc-like Christianity. Their exclusion from the current of the national life, from art, from culture, from public affairs, focussed the whole intensity of their souls upon one thing, and if they were narrow, a narrow current means a strong current that scours away the mud out of the bed. There is some danger that breadth may mean shallowness, and shallowness stagnation, and stagnation corruption. So, brethren, let us honor these men in the past, even while we thank God that His providence has provided for us some better thing than they possessed.

May I venture to say that there are possible dangers arising from our excellencies, possible corruptions of our advantages, what they call on the other side of the channel "the defects of our qualities?" It is a real danger, that definite doctrinal teaching may be diminished in its relative prominence in our churches. There is the danger that we shall so one-sidedly preach the love of God that the righteousness of God shall go into the background. If so, depend upon it the love will not last, and it would not be worth having if it did, and they who think that they know better than God Himself, who laid the foundation for the radiant proclamation "God is love" in the thunders and lightenings of Sinai, will find out that they have fatally misconceived the relation of the Divine attributes to one another, nor have less fatally misinterpreted the needs and the longings of men. And if I may go one step further—and now I would speak to my ministerial brethren, and say to them suffer a word of exhortation—let me say there is danger that we shall sink the characteristic of the Gospel as a message of redemption. Oh! my dear brethren, don't you preach moralities, don't you amuse—no, not amuse—don't you bore your people with philosophical disertations, tending to prove what they do not want proved, and to confute heresies that ninety per cent. of them never heard of. Remember our function is to preach; and unless in our hands the Gospel retains its characteristic of being first and foremost a message of redemption for the captives, of pardon for the sinner through the grace of Jesus Christ, and of sanctifying through the Spirit of the Lord, it seems to me that we have nothing to preach.

III. Now, still further, observe the better things than our best which are reserved for our successors.

The process which has been going on through all the ages does not stop with you and me. The principles which have been true in the past will be true still. "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." We have not yet exhausted Christ. We have not yet learned him fully, still less have there yet been drawn out into definite statements principles, and accepted and incorporated in life as motives, the truths which lie in him. All that is waiting to be done in the future. They tell us that Christianity is effete. There never was a system yet, with as much in it as Christianity confessedly has in it, that became effete until the world had drunk in all of its good, and had outgrown it. And it will be a day or two before that is done with Christianity. Why, it does not need to be a prophet, or the son of a prophet, it does not need to be even an enthusiastic young man, to look forward and see the vision of the future, and the wonder that shall be. There will be no church establishment some day; the walls of sect will be broken down some day; science and religion will be married some day; the principles of the Gospel will be applied to society some day. What about war? What about drunkenness? What about unrestricted competition? What about the present principles that prevail in reference to the sharing of the fruits of industry? What about a thousand other questions? Are present miseries going to last forever? Is there always to be bilge water in the ship? Will there not be a fuller baptism of Christ's Spirit some day? Will there not be holier lives amongst his people, more manifestly unworldly and radiant with his reflected brightness?

There is more in Christ than any of us, or than all of us, understand, and far, far more than the best of us have ever dreamed of practising. So, dear brethren, do not let us indulge in that exaggerated conservatism that holds fast to every scrap of use and wont, nor be afraid of the changes that, thank God, must come. The exaggerated conservatism that stoned Stephen for the sake of Moses would have stoned Moses for the sake of Abraham; and the same spirit that lapidated the prophets used the stones that bruised them to build their monuments.

In conclusion—think of that final perfecting in which all are united. Of course my text means the perfecting in the heavens, where all the various contingents of the great army shall rendezvous and encamp. I dare not do more than touch in the briefest possible fashion upon the great and crowding thoughts which come to one at this point of my discourse. Let me sum them as briefly as I may. There shall be a perfect union. The members of the caravan, however far removed from each other in their march through the wilderness, are at home in the city. It does not matter how or when they got there; they are there, and the one flock is round the One Shepherd. That ineffable union, brought about we know not how, assembles together all these strange varieties of believers. From the first sacrifice, Abel, to the last dying saint whose closing eyes beheld the Cross, they are gathered into one. That perfecting is a perfecting in the common and individual possession of the whole Christ. He who had been filtered as it were through the ages, here a little and there a little, each tiny cup receiving the droplet of which it was capable, shall be flooded at last into each heart. There will still be diversities of operations, there will still be differences of administrations, there will still be variety of gifts, stars will still differ from stars in glory, but all shall possess, and each shall possess in the possession of the others as his own, the whole Christ. That perfecting consists in the united enjoyment of the results of the long development. The writer of my text seems to imply that it was God's loving kindness, which postponed for the patriarchs the gift which they desired, in order that others should be associated with them in its enjoyment, that so the joy should be multiplied. Whether that be so in the special case intended in my text or no, it is so in reference to the final condition of God's perfected church, where the division of labor ends in the multiplication of gladness. "One soweth and another reapeth," says Christ, "that he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." We cannot go into the harvest field and say "I sowed this ear and that one is yours," but the whole wealth of the whole results will belong to each of us; and "the more the merrier." The larger the number that share, the greater will be the portion belonging to each, for each shall bring of that which he has caught, and so the table will be spread.

Shut In But Sheltered.

How many of us start for heaven without leaving anything of value? It is as if the arrows of conviction only succeed in driving us to sort our baggage, and throw away what we are convinced would be dangerous to carry. We admit danger, thank God and our friends for calling our attention to it, reach out a hand to Christ, and start forward, much lightened, but clinging with the other hand to so many things which are so comfortable we think we ought to take them. No one gives up everything, but a few missionaries. We clasp them so closely that we are almost sure to think God unkind that he quietly and persistently demands the whole.

Yet this he will do, for he loves us well, well enough to endure our selfish refusals and hard thoughts of him. Well enough to repeat in our every quiet moment of day or night, "Give me thine heart." We cannot get away from his patient pleading, though we may toss as angry children, though we may fractiously demand, "Why am I thus troubled? Have I not already sacrificed as much as other Christians have? Did I not give up dancing when I loved it well, and even now cannot see wherein it harmed me?"

It may be we shall long act like children, and pass over our treasures one by one, unwillingly, the least valued always if we have the choice, and mourning sorely if he takes the dearest. Thus we shall bring upon ourselves deep sorrow, but at last be glad to hide ourselves in his kind, outstretched arms.

It may be that he has to take away our last comfort, and we feel that we are shut in, with no hope of earthly relief. If so, it has come to that, then we may be sure he is himself near. And he is mighty. He can bring us out into a large place, but we must turn to him without any more struggling, and from the heart say, "I am thine, save me."

Once having honestly said that, we can rest wherever in his providence we are, and turn to his precepts for counsel. The entrance of his word will give the needed light. Soon we shall hold nothing so dear as present duty. And the fear which often helps to deceive us, that if we give God full control he will call us from everything near and dear, perhaps to foreign lands is gone, and we are overwhelmed with the view of present work undone.

Glad of heart are we then that he has said, "whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do it heartily as to the Lord," so that although it may only be a really kind look or word to the next person we meet, though they may have shown us much kindness, it is work, and acceptable work, for our loving Lord. Then, though we may still feel shut in, we no longer grieve, but are ready to say, keep me here as long as I need to stay; prepare me while here to glorify thee when let out.

This is the fulfilling of the law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself." We may attain it easily or we may struggle long and severely, but when we understand his call and yield to it, we have henceforward peace and power.—*Zion's Advocate.*

Seek Christ First.

BY O. H. PECK.

Whatever object you have in life, seek Christ first. Receiving Christ in the heart and holding close fellowship with him is the one important and the all important event in life. No life is complete without Christ. He is the good part which shall never be taken away. Your worldly success may be brilliant, your worldly honor be heralded in triumph throughout the globe, you may reach the pinnacle of fame, but if that is all, and the light of your life goes out without a vital interest in the blood of Christ, then those terrible words of our Saviour applied to Judas, those words which compass the whole and never ending eternity of sorrow, are equally applicable to you, "It had been good for that man if he had never been born."

Are you about to enter manhood? Seek Christ. You will need him. No man is safe without him. Afflictions may come. Christ is the true friend of the afflicted. The Lord will command his loving kindness in the day time, and in the night his song shall be with me." Trials may come, and you will cry, "My heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." Christ is that Rock. Seek him now. He is the true friend. He is the Brother on the throne, mighty to save and mighty to compassionate. He has passed through all suffering. He knows every storm that will assail you; and he freely offers the protection you need. Death will come. As Christ is your need in life, he is equally your need in death. Without him death is a dark future, so terrible dark no Christian would desire to look into it. With him you can look cheerfully beyond the grave, for he will guide you by his counsel, afterward he will receive you into glory. His glory. Christ's glory. The glory of the only begotten of the father. O the depths of that joy which comes from a life hid with Christ in God. Trust Christ, his love, his faithfulness. He is the son of God. His companionship is pure, his love is holy. His friendship is eternal. His manners the desire of all Christian hearts.

May we all seek Christ first, and thus make God's home our home, and our home the home of God through his beloved Son. —*Christian at Work.*

No sufferer from any scrofulous disease, who will fairly try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, need despair of a cure. This remedy purges the blood of all impurities, destroys the germs of scrofula, and infuses new life and vigor throughout the physical organization.

How a Miser was Cured.

Jonas Pray was born stingy; he did his sweetmeats from his little brothers when he was a child, and enjoyed his pleasure alone when he was a young man.

By the time he was forty he was a rich man; but he lived as plainly as ever, and somehow about this time the first feelings he had ever known crept into his heart. He fell in love with a buxom, good tempered young woman, named Sara Woolwich, and offered himself to her. He was not an ill-looking man, and when he chose could make himself agreeable. Sara liked him and accepted him.

Jonas meant to be liberal to her at first, but after a brief honeymoon of happiness, his old habits resumed their sway; and at last, the second winter of their married life coming on, Sara found that all her remarks about her shabby summer-hat had no effect whatever, and that she might wait a long time without having such a thing as a comfortable cloak suggested to her. She had been a poor girl and had no trousseau to speak of; and so she found it necessary to put her pride in her pocket and ask for what she needed.

It was hard enough for a wife to do that, but that he would refuse was something she had not calculated upon. She knew that her husband had a large bank account, and that there was no reason why she should not be dressed as well as any lady. But when she said playfully, "Jonas, shall I buy myself some winter things to-day? I need a shawl dreadfully," he had answered, "I thought you were too sensible a woman to run after the fashions, Sara. I'm sure you have very decent things that you might wear a long time yet."

"That shows how much men know," Sara answered, determined to be pleasant and not to show that she was hurt; "you would not like your wife to look shabby, Jonas?"

"Well, no," said Jonas; "but really, Sara, money is so scarce just now. Don't you think you might make what you have do a little longer?"

"How much longer?" she asked quietly.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Jonas. "I had an aunt who left me something when she died, who wore the same shawl and bonnet sixteen years, and boasted of it too!"

His wife looked at him and said nothing.

"Economy is a great thing, Sara," said Jonas, uneasily. "It would be a dreadful thing to die in the poor house, you know, and you don't care for other people's admiration, do you, Sara, when you know your husband likes you just as well in your well-saved clothes? We won't call them shabby, Sara, only well-saved."

"Call them what you please, Jonas; they merit both epithets."

She sat quietly for a while with her hands folded on the table before her. Her temper was rising fast, but she had sense enough to control it.

A miser is the victim of a vice that masters him just as the drunkard's does him. Jonas was ashamed of himself, even as he spoke, and she knew it. As she looked at him a little while, grief came instead of anger. There was so much that was good about Jonas. It was terrible to see this canker creeping over it all, to see the pinched lines about the mouth—the strange anxious look in his eyes. Poor Sara remembered stories she had read of misers; how they starved themselves while they counted their gold; how some of them died in the dark to save candles; and how, through a long illness, one of the wealthiest of there men refused to have a pillow bought for him, or even a little saucepan in which to heat his porridge.

Would Jonas grow to be as bad as these? How could she tell? Once or twice of late he had found fault with the amount used, and moaned over his butcher's bill. But men generally did something of this sort, she had heard, and men knew nothing about dress. She arose softly and went out of the room, and brought back her shawl and bonnet and placed them before him on the table.

"Jonas, dear," she said, "I don't want to be unreasonable; look at these, see how shabby they are. They were nice when we were married, but they were cheap, and cheap things fade so. I have made everything I had do for two years. I did not like to ask for clothes. You know you gave me two pairs of gloves in our honeymoon; I have them still."

"What a good, careful girl," said Jonas, caressing her dark hair, as she came and sat on a low stool beside him.

"Yes, I have been careful, it is my nature to be careful," answered Sara. "Few rich men's wives would have done so much. Now look at these things, my dear."

Jonas looked. There came a time, afterward, when it seemed to him that the faded tint of that shawl, its dingy palm-leaves of yellow-brown, and crushed flowers and shabby ribbon of the bonnet, had been seared into his brain. He looked at them long and lingeringly. He knew that his wife was reasonable, and that the things were, and long had been, unfit for her to wear. But his money tugged at his heart strings.

"Suppose you wear them just one winter more," he said, "just one."

"The shawl is very thin," she answered, "and I shall catch cold again, as I did last winter."

"Poor girl!" he murmured softly, and looked toward the desk where his checkbook lay. But the grip of the fiend that rules a miser's soul nipped him sorely as he did so.

"They wear sacks a good deal, Sara, don't they?" he asked.

"Oh, they are very fashionable," replied his wife.

"Then couldn't you make one of that old billiard-cloth that is in the trunk room? My poor mother bought it at auction, and she meant to use it for a coverlet; but it's a very pretty green—don't you think so, Sara? and such nice material!"

There is a limit to woman's patience; this suggestion measured Sara's. She started to her feet and, gathering up her bonnet and shawl, walked out of the room. After she had gone, Jonas really looked at his check-book, and, for at least two minutes, contemplated drawing a check, and telling his wife he had only been teasing her. But he could not bring himself to do it.

After a while his wife looked into the room with her old bonnet on, and her old shawl about her shoulders, and said:

"Jonas, I am going to spend the day with my sister-in-law, but I shall be home before dinner-time."

"I hope you will enjoy yourself, my dear," he answered.

He saw her eyes were heavy with weeping, and looked away, ashamed of himself. Then he took himself to his office where he ground out his money, and during the day compromised with himself. He would do no extravagant thing; but when he went home he would give his wife what was necessary. And, after all, as he said to himself, it would have been better if he had done it at first. He had grieved her, and she was the only thing he loved on earth.

He went home earlier than usual that evening, to make what amends his soul would consent to; and, as he walked briskly along, being light upon his feet for who ever heard of a miser growing fat—he thought he would never again bring tears to those good, kind eyes. Never, never again, never again, and then—but what was that crowd? People were coming his way, looking backward as they came—men, boys, women, all the riff-raff the accident, quarrel, or arrest will collect in the city of New York. And now he was in the midst of the throng and close to four policemen, who, with set faces, were bearing between them a stretcher on which lay a human form. It was covered with a shawl. Jonas looked. Oh, heavens! he knew the pattern of that shawl! Only a few hours before, its dingy palm leaves of yellow-brown, its faded fringe, its shabby brown centre, had been spread before him. It was his wife's shawl.

"Stop—stop—stop!" he cried. "Let me see her—let me see her!"

"Do you know her?" asked a policeman.

"Let me see her face," said Jonas, growing so faint that a kindly man had to support him by the arm.

"You would not know her face, a telegraph pole fell on her, and it's crushed all out of shape," replied the policeman. "But shawls are alike. Keep up your courage. I do not think this is any relation of yours; she's too shabby. Look at her shoes; see here, this is her bonnet; you don't know that?"

He held up the bonnet. It was crushed entirely out of shape, but Jonas knew it, the streaked ribbon, and a flower among the other flowers had lost its petals. He had fingered it as it lay on the table beside him.

"Yes, I know it," he cried. "It's Sara! It's my wife!"

Then he pulled away the shawl from the crushed face and fainted outright. Just as his senses left him he heard some one say: 'His wife! Why, I thought she was a beggar!"

And another answered: "Like enough—they call him a miser. I know him, his name is Jonas Pray."

They carried the poor woman home to Jonas' old house, helping him to follow as he became himself. She was laid upon her bed, and there was a coroner's inquest; and then women prepared her body for burial, talking among themselves of the shame it was that she, a rich man's wife, should be so clad, and then there was a pauper, that he might be alone with her if he would.

Before the time came he called a cab and went out in it. He was driven to a large dry-goods store, where he asked to see the manager, and was shown to his office.

The manager found him there, a pale, miserable object, trembling and faint, as one in deep illness. "He has come to beg," thought the manager; and his "what can I do for you?" was curt. But Jonas cared nothing for any one's manner now. He answered sadly:

"I want to buy a shawl."

"A salesman will attend to you, sir," said the manager.

"No," returned Jonas, "I am too ill, too broken, to talk to a salesman. I can trust you. I want the costliest shawl you have."

"A madman!" thought the manager. Our costliest is $1,500," he said, repressing a smile.

"Have it put up for me," said Jonas. "Certainly mad," said the manager to himself.

But Jonas had taken a check from his breast, and with trembling hand was filling up the blanks. The manager looked it over carefully. "Jonas Pray," he said, more respectfully. Then it flashed upon him that he had read in the paper of a fatal accident to this man's wife. It was a strange proceeding altogether. Secretly he called others to look at his customer. One knew him—financially he was all right.

"And the rest is none of our business," concluded the manager, as he saw the bundle of splendor carried downstairs after Jonas Pray. "They spoke of him as a miser in the paper. That's a pretty purchase for a miser."

Meanwhile, Jonas drove home. From the door floated long streamers of black crape. No sweet face smiled a greeting. Within all was hushed. Carrying the shawl under his arm, he went upstairs to the darkened room, where, under the straight folds of white drapery, seemed to lie the sorrow of the house. A watcher sat there. He sent her away. Then, alone in the room, he knelt down upon the floor beside the coffin.

"Sara," he said, "Sara, can you hear me? I love you, Sara, but I was such a miser—such a miser! I've bought you a shawl at last. Oh, Sara! Sara! I paid as much as I could for it, my dear. You shall be wrapped in it in your coffin—"

But at that instant a voice cried:

"Oh, Jonas! Jonas, dear! O, my poor Jonas!"

And turning, he saw his wife, either in the spirit or the flesh standing before him. His knees trembled under him. He cried out to heaven to protect him. But the figure came closer. I was no ghost, but a living woman. She took him in her arms.

"Oh, how ill you look!" she said. "And it was all my fault. I went to my sister-in-law's and there, in a pet—oh, I was so angry Jonas—I gave away my dress, my shawl, and my bonnet to a beggar-woman and vowed to sit in one of my sister's dressing gowns until you gave me decent clothes to come home in. And the poor woman was killed two hours afterward; and I never knew that she had been taken for me until this morning. Oh! such a dirty creature, my dear, the papers described her. And for a little while I was glad you had a fright; but I am sorry now that I was glad."

For an answer he picked up the costly shawl and wrapped it about her, and took her, folded in it, like a mummy, to his heart again. "The miser is dead," he said, "but Jonas Pray will show his wife how he can cherish her."

As did; and if ever afterward, Sara detected symptoms of a relapse, all she had to do was to wrap herself in the wonderful shawl. The sight of it inevitably recalled the moment when, in agony of soul, he realized how little, after all, is the value of money. He may, indeed, love his money yet; but he knows that he loves his Sara more.—*Democrat.*

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night 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.

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Dyspepsia Cured.

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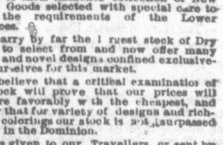

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