Encouragements.

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world: looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Titus 2: 11-14.

In this great battle for right and truth and holiness, what could we do, my brethren, and my sisters, if we were left alone? But our first encouragement is that *grace has come to our rescue*; for in the day when the Lord Jesus Christ appeared among men, he brought for us the grace of God to help us to overcome all iniquity. He that struggleth now against inbred sin has the Holy Spirit in him to help him. He that goeth forth to fight against evil in other men by preaching the gospel has the same Holy Ghost going with the truth to make it like a fire and like a hammer. I would ground my weapons, and retreat from the fight so hopeless, were it not that the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. The grace of God that bringeth salvation from sin has flashed forth conspicuously like the lightning which is seen from one part of the heaven to the other, and our victory over darkness is insured. However hard the conflict with evil, it is not desperate. We may hope on and hope ever. A certain warrior was found in prayer, and when his king entered, he answered that he was pleading his majesty's august ally. I question whether God is the ally of anybody when he goes forth with gun and sword; but in using those weapons which are "not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds," we may truly reckon upon our august ally. Speak the truth, man, for God speaks with you! Work for God, woman, for God works in you to will and to do of his own good pleasure. The appearance of the grace of God in the person Christ is encouragement enough to those who are under the most difficult circumstances and have to contend for righteousness against the deadliest odds. Grace has appeared; wherefore let us be of good courage!

A second encouragement is that *another appearing is coming*. He who bowed his head in weakness, and died in the moment of victory, is coming in all the glory of his endless life. Do not question it, the world is not going to darken unto an eternal night; the morning cometh as well as the night, and though sin and corruption abound, and the love of many waxeth cold, these are but the tokens of his near advent who said that it would be so before his appearing. The right with the might shall be; as surely as God lives it shall be so. We are not fighting a losing battle, The Lord must triumph. O, if his suffering life and cruel death had been the only appearing, we might have feared; but it is not; it's but the first, and the preparatory part of his manifestation. He comes! He comes! None can hinder his coming! Every moment brings him nearer: Nothing can delay his glory. When the hour shall strike he shall appear in the majesty of God to put an end to the dominion of sin, and Satan shall be bruised under our feet shortly! wherefore comfort one another with these words, and then prepare for further battle. Grind your swords, and, then be ready for close fighting! Trust in God, and keep your powder dry. Ever this our watchcry, "He must reign." We are looking for the appearing of the great God and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Another encouragement is that *we are serving a glorious Master*. The Christ whom we follow is not a dead prophet like Mahomet. Truly we preach Christ crucified; but we also believe in Christ risen from the dead, in Christ gone up on high, in Christ soon to come a second time. He lives, and he lives as the great God and our Saviour. If, indeed ye are soldiers of such a captain throw fear to the winds. Can you be cowards when the Lord of Hosts leads you? Dare you tremble when at your head is this Wonderful, the Councilor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of peace? The trumpet is already at the lip of the archangel; who will not play the man? The great drum which makes the universe to throb, summons you to action.

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss."

His cross is the old cross still and none can overthrow it. Hallelujah, hallelujah to the name Jesus!

Then come the tender thoughts with which I finish, the memories of what the Lord has done for us, to make us holy: "Who gave himself for us." Special redemption, redemption with a wondrous price—"who gave himself for us." Putaway that trumpet and that drum; take down that harp and gently touch its sweetest strings. Tell how the Lord Jesus loved, and gave himself for us. O sirs, if nothing else can touch our hearts this must: "Ye are not our own, ye are bought with a price."

And he gave himself for us with these two objects: first, redemption, that he might redeem us from all iniquity; that he might break the bonds of sin asunder, and cast the cords of depravity far from us. He died—forget not that—died that your sins might die, died that every lust might be dragged into captivity at his chariot wheels. He gave himself for you that you might give yourself for him.

Again, he died that he might purify us—purify us unto himself. How clean we must be if we are to be clean unto him. The holy Jesus will only continue with that which he has purified after the manner of his own nature; purified unto himself. He has purified us to be wholly his: no human hand may use the golden cup, no human incense may burn in the consecrated censer. We are purified unto himself, as the Hebrew would put it to be his *segullah*, his peculiar possession. The translation "peculiar people" is unfortunate, because "peculiar" has come to mean odd, strange, singular. The passage really means that believers are Christ's own people, his choice and select portion. Saints are Christ's crown jewels, his box of diamonds; his very, very, very own. He carries his people as lambs in his bosom; he engraves their names on his heart. They are the inheritance to which he is the heir, and he values them more than all the universe beside. He would lose everything else sooner than lose one of them. He desires that you, who are being disciplined by his grace, should know that you are altogether his. You are Christ's men. You are each one to feel, "I do not belong to myself; I belong only to Christ. I am set aside by him for himself only, and his I will be." The silver and the gold are his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills are his; but he makes small account of them, "the Lord's portion is his people."

The apostles finishes up by saying that we are to be a people "zealous of good works." Would to God that all Christian men and women were disciplined by divine grace till they became zealous of good works! In holiness zeal is sobriety. We are not only to approve of good works, but we are to be red hot for them. We are to be on fire for everything that is right and true. We may not be content to be quiet and inoffensive, but we are to be zealous of good works. O that my Lord's grace would set us on fire in this way! There is plenty of fuel in the church, what is wanted is fire. A great many respectable people are in their sleepy way doing as little as they can for any good cause. This will never do. We must wake up. O the quantity of ambulance work that Christ's soldiers have to do! One half of Christ's army has to carry the other half. O that our brethren could get off the sick list! O, that all of us were ardent, fervent, vigorous, zealous! Come, Holy Spirit, and quicken us! We may not go about to get this by our own efforts and energies, but God will work it by his grace. Grace given us in Christ is the fountain head of all holy impulse. O heavenly grace come like a flood at this time and bear us right away!

O that those of you who have never felt the grace of God may be enabled to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as to his first appearing! Then, trusting in his death upon the cross, you will learn to look for his second coming upon the throne, and you will rejoice therein. Unto his great name be glory forever and ever! Amen.

The Bible.

FROM "GEMS OF THOUGHT."

There is not a book on earth so favorable to all the kind and sublime affections, or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution, to tyranny, injustice, and every sort of malevolence, as is the gospel. It breathes, throughout, mercy, benevolence, and peace. —*James Beattie.*

God is light. So is the religion of the Bible. It has no fellowship with darkness. Not one of its graces springs from stupidity or ignorance, but all of them from a knowledge of God. False religions are founded in darkness. The religion of the Bible, like its author, dwells in light. God also is love, and so is the religion of the Bible.—*Gardner Spring.*

The Scriptures teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying.—*Flavel.*

It is a book full of light and wisdom, will make you wise to eternal life, and furnish you with directions and principles to guide and order your life safely and prudently. There is no book like the Bible for excellent learning, wisdom, and use.—*Sir M. Hale.*

The Bible is the book, of all others, to be read at all ages and in all conditions of human life; not to be read once, or twice, or thrice through, and then laid aside, but to be read in small portions of one or two chapters every day, and never to be intermitted, unless by some overruling necessity. —*J. Quincy Adams.*

The Bible is a precious storehouse, and the Magna Charta of a Christian. There he reads of his heavenly Father's love, and his dying Saviour's legacies. There he sees a map of his travels through the wilderness, and a landscape, too, of Canaan. —*Berridge.*

We count the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy. I find more remarks of authenticity in the Bible than in any profane history whatever. — *I. Newton.*

The Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence than can be collected from all other books in whatever age or language they have been written.—*Sir William Jones.*

The Bible is the treasure of the poor, the solace of the rich, and the support of the dying; and while other books may amuse and instruct us in a leisure hour, it is the peculiar triumph of the Bible to create light in the midst of darkness, to alleviate the sorrow which admits of no other alleviation, to direct a beam of hope to the heart which no other topic of consolation can reach; while guilt, despair, and death vanish at the touch of its holy inspiration. —*Robert Hall.*

I have read the Bible through many times. It is a book of all others for lawyers, as well as divines, and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought and rule for conduct.—*Daniel Webster.*

It is a belief in the Bible, the fruits of deep meditation, which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life. I have found it a capital safely invested and richly productive of interest.—*Goethe.*

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the Prophets, and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach.—*Milton.*

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all was false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.
—*George P. Morris.*

So has this book entitled us to heaven,
And rules to guide us to that mansion given;
Tells the conditions how our peace was made,
And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.
His power in Nature's ample book we find,
But the less volume doth express his mind.
—*E. Waller.*

Within this ample volume lies
The mystery of mysteries;
Happiest they of human race
To whom their God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.
—*Walter Scott.*

It is the armory of light;
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts
More swords and shields
Than sin hath spears, or hell hath darts.
—*R. Crashaw.*

Mrs. Tracy's Faith Cure.

BY MRS. L. E. ALLEN.

"Dear, lovely things, with solemn eyes and almost human faces," murmured Mrs. Tracy, as she took up the little vase of pansies that her husband had placed on her desk that morning and held them caressingly to her face, a face that still bore the flush of youth.

"How good of him," she said to herself; "yesterday, roses," glancing at a great bowl filled with radiant buds and blossoms, that filled the whole room with fragrance from their place on the mantel; "the day before this glorious pot of carnations; to-morrow it will be heliotrope and lillies of the valley, as I saw them on his memoranda this morning. Outside are cold and snow-clad hills; here is summer warmth and fragrance. But this will not do. I must not neglect duty to revel in sweets, or count my gifts with an unfinished task before me."

She drew her desk nearer the window, and opening a drawer at the side, brought forth an unfinished manuscript, and began to write. Just then a door opened, and a young girl tripped in, singing a merry song.

"Pardon me, Aunt Grace; I did not know you were writing," she said as she came to her side. "What a blessed old blue-stocking she is, anyway," twining her arms about her aunt's neck, and laying a golden head upon the dainty lace cap that rested so lightly upon the dark hair beneath. "What is it to be now, Auntie; a story, a poem, or a chapter on dress reform?"

Mrs. Tracy looked lovingly up into the laughing blue eyes, and said:

"It is neither, Helen; it is the faith cure."

"Of course you do not believe in it?"

"My dear, I do, and more than that, I am prepared to recommend it to you, and to every one who is of a doubtful mind."

"I never knew that you had been cured of any disease in that way, Auntie," said the fair girl, looking at her with wondering eyes.

"Sickness and pain are not the only ills that flesh is heir to, my Helen. There are troubles that go deeper than they, that touch the well-springs of happiness, and embitter the waters."

"And does the faith cure reach such cases as that?"

"Speaking from my own experience, dear, it does."

"Tell me about it, Aunt Grace; it must be a sweet story if you are in it, and I think, as I am to leave you to-morrow, it is your duty to lay aside your writing and amuse me."

"The story may not prove very amusing, Helen, as it has to do with some very trying scenes in my life; but I can speak of them now with far less of sorrow than of gratitude, because of the countless blessings that followed."

Mrs. Tracy laid her uncompleted manuscript in the desk, and taking her knitting from the basket by her side, began her story.

"You may not have heard, Helen, that my married life began very early. I was just seventeen and your uncle twenty-two, when we began to work together for a home; for neither had much of this world's goods when we united our interests in life. But that matter gave us very little concern, for both were willing to work, and whatever we did seemed to prosper. For a year previous to my marriage I had taught school, and as my housekeeping cares were very light at first, I continued the occupation afterward, glad to add my earnings to the general fund. Every dollar above our actual necessities we placed in the bank, until we had enough to buy a home. Your uncle was only a young barrister then, and could not command the fat fees that make us so independent now; yet I discovered that even after the necessity for close living had passed, he still maintained the same course that we had agreed upon at first.

"Then, as though heaven had reserved a longed-for gift until we were able to understand and appreciate its blessedness, came our first child. Of course there was no more school teaching after that, for my hands were full. But I found myself straitened in many ways after my earnings ceased to flow into the family fund."

"Did not uncle provide for you in those days, Aunt Grace?"

"He intended to, and fancied he did, but he had been educated to the idea that food and rainment covered the whole field of a woman's necessities, and that money in her hands would be superfluous unless she managed to earn it herself. This opened my eyes to the fact that, as a rule, women with able bodied husbands should not become wage earners in the domestic concern. While she should be a helpmeet in the dearest and sweetest sense, her time and energies should be devoted to the home and the care of her family. If, by the exercise of some gracious mental gift or talent, in addition to her other duties, she may be enabled to gather to herself adequate compensation, it should be here to do with as she wills; and no true wife or mother would selfishly appropriate any gains thus acquired that would benefit those she loves. Where a wife is in the habit of earning money, the best of men, unconsciously, perhaps, release themselves from a sense of obligation in matters of supply, and my doubts as to the wisdom of her so doing grew out of this fact.

"But I wander from my story. This state of affairs caused me much unhappiness, especially after we both professed Christianity, and united with the church. I was too proud to ask for the money that I felt should be mine by right, equally divided, as were the burdens and the responsibilities. As I came into the church work I saw many ways for the use of money, and when I finally conquered my pride enough to ask for it, my husband assured me that he gave enough for both, and that ought to satisfy me. I am sure now it at he was sincere, and quite unaware of my disappointment.

"It was in April, several years ago, that the annual meeting of presbytery was held in our church. A woman's foreign missionary society had recently been organized and met at the same time. A noble band of women, earnest and enthusiastic, were there to do work for the Master. I shall never forget that day, for them my soul was filled to overflowing with a love for, and interest in, foreign missions. Indeed, I was almost ready to offer myself as a candidate for mission labors. But I could not consistently do that, so I promised my heavenly Father that, if he would give me help and wisdom, I would do all in my power to advance his kingdom at home.

"But what could I do? My very hands were tied for want of means, and I soon found that my husband had no sympathy with the work; that he honestly believed that the money sent to the missionaries never reached its destination. Time went on, and the pressure upon heart and conscience became almost insupportable. At one time I thought of taking a school; but I looked at my little brood, and felt that duty and love bound me to them. It seems strange now that I groped along, forgetting that the whole earth belonged to my King, and that he had said: 'I will give grace and glory, and no good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly?' I first questioned my own life to see if I might claim such a promise; then I looked farther into the Word: 'Whatsoever you ask in my name I will do it.' My faith began to grasp the mighty thought, and I prayed believing. For three weeks, day by day, and through many wakeful hours at night, my cry went up to God, just a cry for money.

"This may seem a very sordid prayer to you, Helen, but he knew my heart and answered me according to my need."

"You do not mean that he gave you money outright, Aunt Grace?"

"Let me tell you, dear; it was one evening in October that I sat by the gate, musing, yet prayerful. All at once a great calm fell upon my heart, and I knew that in some strange, sweet way my prayer was answered. I was happy, yet restless. My mind went from one theme to another, and finally my thoughts took the form of bits of talk, as though two persons were engaged in conversation, or in story-telling. So persistently did my mind act in that direction, that, at last, I became annoyed, and said to myself, 'I will write these lines down, and then, perhaps, they will trouble me no more.' I took my pencil and began my task, and as I wrote, wonderful thoughts came to me, even faster than my flying pencil could jot them down. I wrote on, into the wee small hours, till weariness compelled me to desist. The next day I resumed my task, and at nightfall it was completed, and named, 'The Story of a Life.' I then submitted it to the judgment of a friend in whose literary taste I felt that I could confide, and was encouraged to offer it for publication. I did so, and to my surprise it was accepted with thanks, which were the more pointed that a ten dollar bill was enclosed in the letter, and a request came for further contributions."

"It was a miracle, Aunt Grace, I do believe."

"No, dear, I never looked upon it in that way; though in one sense every direct answer to prayer is miraculous. Yet the gift was mine from childhood, but had lain dormant through the busy years, and the blessed awakening came in answer to my prayer for help, though I had not thought of its coming in that way."

"What did you do when the money came, Auntie?"

"I held a praise-meeting right then and there."

"I do not doubt that; but what did you do with the money?"

"I took one dollar and joined the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. That was before there was organized effort for home missions, and our society worked for both under the first head. I then subscribed for the missionary magazines, and since for *The Interior*, for in that we learn what the Board of the Northwest are doing, and get tidings from our workers abroad. There is nothing like missionary intelligence to keep one's heart warm for the good work. If the women of our churches would take the trouble to inform themselves as to the needs of the work, there would be a mighty impulse given to it, and a wave of influence would sweep across land and sea that would be felt to the uttermost parts of the earth..

"When I looked over the ground, I found so much to be done that I grew almost discouraged; for I said: 'What can I do with so little?' How sweetly have I since learned the lesson that our Father loves the littles we give to him, when it is all we can do.

"But that was not all that came from the faith cure. I wrote many and many a story, and now and then a poem sang itself out of my heart for very gladness. But my writing was all done in secret, for I feared my husband might not approve, and at last I became very much troubled on account of the deception. Then the thought came to me: 'If the prayer of faith can do so much in one direction, why not in another?' Then I began to pray for my husband, that his heart might be enlarged, and his eyes opened to the world's great need of a Saviour. I think that I literally fulfilled the apostle's injunction to pray without ceasing; every breath was a prayer."

"They were answered, I know, Aunt Grace, for I saw my uncle put a golden eagle on the plate yesterday morning, when the collection was taken for foreign missions."

"Yes, the prayers were answered, though it came about so strangely. One of the little poems that I wrote and sent out to try its wings in the literary world came back in my husband's favorite magazine. I noticed that he read it; then, after a few moments, turned back and read it, very thoughtfully, again."

"Have you the poem, Aunte?"

"I have it somewhere, but think I can give it from memory:

"If I knew to-night that an angel,
The angel of death, would come,
To bring me a message from heaven
And a call to my heavenly home,
Could I gladly lay down my burden,
And say that my work is done?

"Have I faithfully used my talent?
Or buried it out of sight?
Have I used the gold and the silver
As though they were mine by right,
When I knew they were lent that in using
The world might be brought to the light?

"My soul, I will closely question
Thy record from day to day,
To see if my feet are walking
In the upright path alway;
Lest when I come to life's portals,
The angel will answer me, nay.

"Your uncle has told me since that those little verses opened his eyes to his own responsibility in the matter of giving, and some other things as well. My birthday came about that time, and on that morning I was greatly surprised to find a pretty purse under my napkin, with a crisp fifty dollar note in it, and a little missive from my husband which told me that he had turned over a new leaf as to the disposition of finances. Then, of course, came confession on my part, and I received my sentence, which was to use my gifts as I chose; but judiciously, lest my health might become impaired. You know, Helen, how liberal he is with me, and how grandly he responds to every benevolent call, so I need not tell you how God has blessed me and my love."

"It is partially wonderful, Aunt Grace, and I begin to believe that the faith cure will reach farther than people imagine."

"'According to your faith be it unto you,' covers a great deal of ground, my dear."

"Your story has done something for once, my dear aunt, for it has made me a believer in foreign missions. I almost feel that it would be glorious to give myself to the cause."

"That is only another test of the faith cure, Helen, for I have been praying ever since you came that God would take your heart and life and use them for his glory. Professing to be a Christian, and having your name on the church roll, is not the end, but the beginning, of the Christian life. Earnest, faithful labor must follow in order that there may be growth. And you, my love, with your rich young life, what could you not do for the Master?"

"If I only knew where to begin, Aunt Grace, I would gladly go on; but I promise you that I will try to do what I can, though I know so little about it."

"'If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God;' so says the divine Word, Helen."

Helen Irving went home to carry out her good resolutions. Entering into the work with enthusiasm and courage, she inspired others to follow in her footsteps. A young ladies' missionary society was formed which did noble work; and now it is whispered about among the knowing ones that Miss Irving is preparing to go to Persia as the wife of a devoted young missionary; but very few know that she attributes all her happiness to the faith cure.—*The Interior.*

Out of Place Reprehensibly.

There are those who cherish a Christian hope, and yet they do not belong to a church of Christ, but remain out of that sacred enclosure provided for all who are true Christians. Thus the preminent claims of two ordinances of the gospel are disregarded, notwithstanding their unsurpassed positiveness. Unquestionably, it is the duty of Christ's disciples to be baptized, and to commemorate His dying love at His table. It is no more commanded to repent, or believe, than to be baptized; and neither of these commands is more imperative than that concerning the Lord's Supper. "Do this in remembrance of me." While it may be true, in some sense, that baptism and communion are not saving ordinances, it does not by any means follow that they may be justifiably omitted. These observances, it is true, cannot make the observer of them a Christian; but they may serve to show that he is a Christian. If not viewed as a cause, they may be regarded as an effect.

That which cannot make a person one of Christ's disciples, may properly be considered as the essential fruit of such discipleship. Though baptism does not save the soul, yet a saved soul, as a genuine Christian, will desire to obey Christ, and to obey Him is to be baptized. Addmitting that partaking of the eucharist is no converting or saving act, yet the question may well be asked whether anyone can really love Christ and not desire to remember Him in that commemorative sacrament? To unite with a Christian church may not be a means of grace to those destitute of saving grace; but it may be an evidence of being in a gracious state, inasmuch as partakers of "the grace of God that bringeth salvation," will seek the companionship of fellow-partakers thereof; those truly loving Christ, also loving His disciples, and desiring to be united with them in the holiest fellowship known in this world.

The value of church fellowship can hardly be overestimated. Among its advantages, it "brings kindred minds into relations of mutual sympathy and protection. It tends to develop the richest sympathies of regenerated human nature; to create the purest friendship; to secure mutual benefits. The wisdom of one instructs the folly of the other; the strong faith of another becomes an encouragement to his doubting companion; the long experience of the aged is fruitful of suggestions to guide the unwary convert through the intricate labyrinths of Satan; and the sturdy vigor of the young acts favorably on the growing feebleness of the fathers. The firmness of the resolute restrains the halting and unstable; and the courage of the bold stimulates the timid. Thus each derives benefit from all, and all are helped by each." Of the benefits of no other relation can so much be said as of that pertaining to church membership, and, on this account, isolation therefrom cannot be otherwise than exceedingly unjustifiable.

The matter of example demands serious consideration by those who do not unite with a church, though they hope that they are Christians. One of this class, whose exemplary life was commended by all who knew him, had his eyes opened to his false position by hearing that in a company of young men, the members of the church were spoken as on one side, and that his very excellences were set down by contrast to the disparagement of the church. He was startled by this revelation that the position he occupied was silently proclaiming to all the youth around him the small value of the privileges of the visible church; and he was not long in seeking a place on the right side, where he was most heartily welcomed, while those on the other side had the benefit of his example as a consistent follower of Christ. To refuse a personal connection with some church may be harmful, in that the neglector's very integrity, honor, graces of character, and social position, may, unconsciously to himself, thereby become arrayed against that precious kingdom of righteousness for which the Son of God became obedient unto death,—even the death of the cross.

If, then, those who are trusting in Christ as their Saviour, remain unbaptized, and enter not the church which is the believer's home, there to remember Christ in His dying love, at His table, how can they avoid the conviction that, out of the church, and away from the table, they are where they ought not to be, and thus refusing to obey the requirements of the gospel, they are doing what they ought not to do? In this wilderness of unfaithfulness, and this cave of neglected duty, how can they close their ears to the soul-searching interrogation addressed, of old, to Elijah, "What doest thou here?"—*Watchman.*

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE is not a soap, but a Washing Compound—a great invention for saving toil and expense without injury to the texture, color, or hands. Pearline is the champion of all compounds for washing in hard or soft, hot or cold water, and without soap, soda, or other preparations. In the families of miners, machinists, plumbers, painters, printers, farmers and laborers, Pearline is a blessing. It is equally efficacious in washing dishes, clothes or begrimmed hands.

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.

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

Dyspepsia Cured.

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

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 382 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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