Influence of Scepticism.

DESTROYING THE BEAUTY OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

But it is not because it takes the charm from such historical legends that I dread the incoming of this cold scepticism so much, as for the evil which it will do in the present. When it has completed its work, it will leave us nothing to believe and little to love—nothing worth dying for, and not very much worth living for. All our ideas are destroyed. Even our home life is not sacred from the cold sneer—half pity and half scorn—at "family prayers"—the one hour when the windows are open towards heaven, and the atmosphere of love and peace comes floating in. This it is which gives our home life its sweetest flavor, its most delicate aroma. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" would not retain half its beauty without this transcendent scene:

"Then kneeling down to heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays."

Take such scenes from our American firesides, and you have taken from them their most sacred hours and their tenderest memories.

The same destructive spirit which intrudes into domestic as well as religious life, would take away the beauty of our villages as well as the sweetness of our homes. In the weary round of a week of toil, there comes an interval of rest; the laborer lays down his burden, and for a few hours breathes a serener air. The Sabbath morning has come:

"Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."

At the appointed hour the bell rings across the valley, and sends its echoes among the hills; and from all the roads the people come trooping to the village church. Here they gather, old and young, rich and poor; and, as they join in the same act of worship, feel that God is the maker of them all. Is there in our national life any influence more elevating than this—one which tends more to bring a community together; to promote neighborly feeling; to refine the manners of the people; to breed true courtesy, and all that makes a Christian village different from a cluster of Indian wigwams—a civilized community different from a tribe of savages?

All this you would destroy; you would abolish the Sabbath, or have it turned into a holiday; you would tear down the old church, so full of tender associations of the living and the dead, or at least have it "razed," cutting off the tall spire that points upward to heaven, and the interior you would turn into an assembly-room—a place of entertainment, where the young people could have their merry-makings except perchance in the warm summer-time, when they could dance on the village green! So far you would have gained your object. But would that be a more orderly community, more refined or more truly happy?

LOOSENING THE RESTRAINTS OF VIRTUE.

You may think this a mere sentiment—that we care more for the picturesque than for the true. But there is one result which is fearfully real: the destructive creed, or no creed, which despoils our churches and our homes, attacks society in its first principles by taking away the support of morality. I do not believe that general morality can be upheld without the sanctions of religion. There may be individuals of great natural force of character who can stand alone—men of superior intellect and strong will. But in general, human nature is weak, and virtue is not the spontaneous growth of childish innocence. Men do not become pure and good by natural instinct. Character, like mind, has to be developed by education; and it needs all the elements of strength which can be given it, from without as well as from within, from the government of man and the government of God. To let go of these restraints is a peril to public morality.

You feel strong in the strength of a robust manhood, well poised in body and mind; and in the centre of a happy home, where loving hearts cling to you like vines around the oak. But many to whom you speak are quite otherwise. You address thousands of young men who have come out of country homes, where they have been brought up in the fear of God, and have heard the morning and evening prayer. They come into a city full of temptations, but are restrained from evil by the thought of father and mother, and reverence for him who it the father of us all—a feeling which, though it may not have taken the form of any profession, is yet at the bottom of their hearts, and keeps them from many a wrong and wayward step. A young man who is thus "guarded and defended," as by unseen angels, some evening when he feels very lonely is invited to "go and hear Ingersoll," and for a couple of hours listens to your caricatures of religion, with descriptions of the prayers and psalm-singing, illustrated by devout grimaces and nasal tones which set the house in roars of laughter, and are received with tumultuous applause. When it is all over, and the young man finds himself again under the flaring lamps of the city streets, he is conscious of a change; the faith of his childhood has been rudely torn from him, and with it a "glory has passed away from the earth;" the Bible which his mother gave him the morning that he came away is "a mass of fables"; the sentence which she wished him to hang on the wall, "Thou God seest me," has lost its power, for there is no God that sees him, no moral government, no law, and no retribution.

So he reasons as he walks slowly homeward, meeting the temptations which haunt these streets at night—temptations from which he has hitherto turned with a shudder, but which he now meets with a diminished power of resistance. Have you done that young man any good in taking from him what he held sacred before? Have you not left him mortally weakened? From sneering at religion, it is but a step to sneering at morality, and then but one step more to a vicious and profligate career. How are you going to stop this downward tendency? When you have stripped him of former restraints, do you leave him anything in their stead, except, indeed, a sense of honor, self-respect and self-interest?—worthy motives, no doubt, but all too feeble to withstand the fearful temptations that assail him. Is the chance of his resistance as good as it was before? Watch him as he goes along that street at midnight! He pauses by the places of evil resort, of drinking and gambling—those open mouths of hell; he hears the sound of music and dancing, and for the first time pauses to listen. How long will it be before he will venture in?

With such dangers in his path, it is a grave responsibility to loosen the restraints which hold such a young man to virtue. These gibes and sneers which you utter so lightly may have a sad echo in a lost character and a wrecked life. Many a young man has been thus taunted until he has pushed off from the shore, under the idea of gaining his "liberty," and ventured into the rapids, only to be carried down the stream, and left a wreck in the whirlpool below.—*From an Open Letter to Robert G. Ingersoll, in the "New York Evangelist," by Henry M. Field, D. D.*

Fading Men and the Unfading Word.

BY REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D. D.

Did you ever stand in some old cathedral or ruined church, where for centuries the word of God had been preached? And did there never come over you, with a strange rush of feeling, the thought: "Where are all the men and women that bowed their knees here, beneath the vanished roof of this place?"

I remember once standing in the old church at Torcello, the mother city of Venice, built by the fugitives from the eastern coast more than a thousand years ago. And there were the bare, severe stone benches, on which the vanished presbyters had sat, and the simple, rude old church in which for a millennium men and women had worshipped. And there seemed to come out, from the caves of the past, a sighing wind that, as it whistled through the open windows, with their wooden shutters, asked this question of my text, "The fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live forever?" Gone! gone! all gone!

There is nothing so transient perhaps as the words that are spoken by Christian teachers. Of all the seed that is sown, our Master taught us that three-fourths at least was likely to perish. And even where the word takes root in men's hearts how swiftly the speaker of it passes and is forgotten. No workers so soon have their work covered with oblivion as preachers. As long as the living voice sounds, there is some chance of our being remembered, and but for a very, very little period thereafter; like some great singers whose reputation must needs die, as soon as the generation that heard the sweetness of their tones has passed away.

And in another way, too, the prophets fade and perish, inasmuch as new circumstances rise about which they know nothing, new phases of thought which antiquate their teachings, new difficulties in which their words have no counsel, new conflicts in which they can strike no blow. So that when I go into a second-hand book-seller's shop I find lying in the rubbish-box at the door the books of men that, in my younger days, were the guides and teachers of the church. "The prophets, do they live forever?" Their word is but for a moment.

And yet in all these fleeting and mingled human utterances does there not lie an immortal and imperishable centre even the word of the living God! Much ingenuity is expended nowadays in trying to descriminate between the permanent and the transient in Christian teaching. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that that line is to be drawn between this book and men's conclusions of it; and that whatever lies on the pages of the New Testament, the completed revelation of God to man—whether it be in the record of the incarnate and eternal personal word, or whether it be in what I consider the authoritative teaching of his apostle—is the permanent element in Christianity. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth;" the human systems and institutions based on the revelation of God in Christ, as recorded and expounded in the scriptures, shall break up and disappear. "But the word of the Lord endureth forever," and this enduring word is that story of Christ's incarnation, death for our sins, resurrection and ascension which by the gospel is preached unto you.

Therefore, we have to look beyond the dearest of human teachers, and to those to whom we owe most. We are but at best, lights kindled and therefore shining, kindled, and therefore having but a season to burn, during which any can rejoice in our light. But he is unkindled, uncreated, and unconsumable light who for ever and for ever will be the Guide and Teacher of his church. Christ is the Truth, which is with us and shall be in us forever. The clouds that are painted roseate and lovely by the sunshine melt and disappear into the blue, but the sun abides. "The prophets, do they live forever?" "They truly were not suffered to continue by reason of death," but this man continueth forever our Friend, our Prophet, Priest, and King.

The Covenanter.

You have all heard of the old Covenanters of Scotland, their decision of mind and force of character. Their theory of government for the kingdom of Scotland was quaintly unpractical, but it grew out of true and deep fear of the Lord. The Old Testament spirit in them was not enough tinctured with the meekness of the Lord Jesus, or they would not have touched the weapon of steel; but in this mistake they were very far from being alone. In my bedroom I have hung up the picture of an old Covenanter. He sits in a wild glen with his Bible open before him on a huge stone. He leans on his great broadsword, and his horse stands quietly at his side. Evidently he smelleth the battle afar off, and is preparing for it by drinking in some mighty promise. As you look into the old man's face you can almost hear him saying to himself, "For the crown of Christ and the covenant, I would gladly lay down my life this day." They did lay down their lives, too, right gloriously, and Scotland owes to her covenanting fathers far more than she knows. It was a grand day that in which they spread the Solemn League and the Covenant upon the tombstones of the old kirkyard in Edinburgh, and all sorts of men came forward to set their names to it. Glorious was that roll of worthies. There were the lords of the Covenant and the common men of the Covenant; and some pricked a vein and dipped the pen into their blood, that they might write their names with the very fluid of their hearts. All over England also there were men who entered into a like solemn league and covenant, and met together to worship God according to their light, and not according to human order-books. They were resolved upon this one thing—that Rome should not come back to place and power while they could lift a hand against her. Neither should any other power in throne or Parliament prevent the free exercise of their consciences for Christ's cause and covenant. These stern old men, with their stiff notions, have gone. And what have we in their place? Indifference and frivolity. We have no Roundheads and Puritans; but then we have scientific dress-making and we play lawn-tennis! We have no contentions for the faith; but then our amusements occupy all our time. This wonderful nineteenth century has become a child, and put away manly things. Self-trained men, men in whom is the true grit, are now few and far between as compared with the old covenanting days.

Would to God we had among us great companies of "such as keep his covenant, and remember his commandments to do them!" The true coventer is one who has found out God, and therein has made the greatest discovery that was ever made. He has discovered, not only a God, but the living and true God; and he is resolved to be on living terms with him for time and for eternity. He will henceforth never shut his eyes to God, for his longing is to see more and more of him. He is determined to be right with God; for he feels that if he were right with all his fellow creatures and everything about him, yet if he were wrong with God he would be out of order in the main point. He has settled in his own soul that he will know the Lord, be right with him, at peace with him, yes, and in league with him. It is not natural to men thus to cling to God, and seek after him; but it has become natural to this man, so that he hungers and thirsts for the living God. By this very fact the man is ennobled: he is lifted up above the brutes that perish. A man capable of the idea of covenant with God, and taken up with a passion for it, must surely be born from above. There must be a divine nature within him, or he would not be drawn towards the divine One above him. It is even so; the spirit of God has been working here.—*Spurgeon.*

The Wickedness of the "Blues."

BY THE REV. SMITH BAKER.

Yielding to the "blues" is a sin which many persons call a virtue. They sometimes mistake it for seriousness; but seriousness is honest, thoughtful earnestness. The "blues" destroy earnestness.

Looking on the dark side of life is commonly thought to be the result of trouble; but people who have the "blues," as a class, have no greater trouble, no more poverty, no worse sickness, and are in no harder circumstances, than the most cheerful persons. Indeed, some of the sickest, poorest, and most afflicted people, are the most cheerful and sunny in their lives. On the other hand, some persons who have an abundance of earthly blessings are as blue as old skimmed milk. Trouble, then, is not a sufficient excuse for the "blues."

Others excuse themselves by saying that the "blues" result from their natural disposition. Very likely; but some persons are naturally cross, or lazy, or have an appetite for strong drink, or a natural inclination to impurity, or a born tendency to meanness; but the facts do not justify their yielding to these tendencies. You may feel the "blues" coming upon you, just as the intemperate man feels his thirst for drink. Both are to be repressed, kept back, and thus in time conquered.

The "blues" are wicked, because they injure the health. It is sometimes said they are caused by poor health, which may be true; but they are frequently occasion poor health. The "blues" break down hundreds and thousands of people, whom cheerfulness would have preserved in strength. They injure one's mind, and prevent him from seeing the truth in purity. A "blue" minister never preaches the pure Gospel, because his state of mind prevents him from seeing it. A "blue" Christian cannot see the word of God as it ought to be seen. The "blues" blind his mind. So also respecting secular matters. The "blue" student, the "blue" mechanic, cannot learn so well, or do his best. The "blues" are like smoke in the atmosphere, which shuts out the power to see distinctly. The "blues" injure one's soul. They not only make the body sick, and the mind sick, but they shut love and joy from the heart. They prevent one from enjoying what blessings he has. The turn daylight into midnight, and shut out the power of man's love and God's love. To cultivate the "blues," then, is a sin against one's own nature, just as worthy as intemperance or lust is.

Again, the "blues" are wicked, because they injure others. The "blue" person makes everybody unhappy about him. The "blue" minister discourages God's people. The "blue" Christian misrepresents the Gospel to the world. The "blue" husband puts an unnecessary burden upon his wife, and makes her life wretched. The "blue" wife makes the home unhappy. No wonder sinners will not come to a prayer-meeting, where "blue" professors groan and wail. No wonder some husbands spend their evenings in stores and club-rooms, rather than with a "blue" wife. No wonder some wives lose their freshness in the constant shadows of a "blue" husband. The "blues" never do any good, but only evil.

Again, the "blues" are wicked, because they are a sin against God. They are contrary to the Bible. The Spirit never inspires them. They destroy one's power for good. They reveal a lack of faith in God. The Bible says, "Rejoice always;" that "All things work together for good to those who love the Lord;" that "These light afflictions, which are but for a season, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of joy."

The "blues" are senseless, useless, injurious, and wicked. We are glad to let Christ lift us out of them, and in the darkest nights and severest storms shout our songs of praise; for we are Christ's, and Christ and heaven are ours. Kill the "blues." Cover them all up with the Word of God.—*M. Star.*

The Prize Picture.

BY SUSAN TRAIL PERRY.

When Mrs. Templeton decided to take the city artist to board, her little daughter Margie knew that meant increased responsibilities for her. The best dishes would have to be used on the table, and the cut-glass berry dish would have to be used every night for tea. Margie always did the dishes—that was her particular branch of the housework. Her mother did not keep any help, and Margie helped her all she could. She took all the responsibility of the dish-washing. Perhaps you think such a menial thing as dish-washing has no responsibilities about it of any importance; but it has, I can assure you. Margie knew what they were, and though sometimes she felt like shirking them, yet she never allowed herself to do it.

In the first place, she always went about her special work by putting her heart into it. She did not put off the dishes, and let them stand around the kitchen longer than they ought to, because she did not happen to feel like doing them at that particular time. Her business required promptness. She did not pile her silver, her cups and saucers and knives, all in the dish-pan together. She found that even such a branch of business as dish-washing required method. She washed her glassware first, then her silver, and then her cups and saucers. The plates and other dishes followed later, and were first scraped and piled together. Margie said that getting her dishes in shape was half the battle. Her knives were washed and scoured, and wiped very dry. She never left them soaking in the water, because her mother told her that loosened the handles, and turned the color of them too. She was very careful to wipe her dishes thoroughly, and dry them by the stove before she put them away; for she had found dampness rusts them very soon, and in that way her branch of business would not prove a success financially. She never left the grease around the sides of her pan after she threw the water out, or left her dish cloth in the bottom of it: she knew that was not at all neat, besides being detrimental to the laws of health. She had read under the heading of 'Household Hints' that 'death could lurk in a dish-cloth.' So her business led her to look into the sanitary question. Her pan was carefully and thoroughly washed, and turned down to dry; and her dish-cloth, after being washed in clean water and scalded, was hung in the sun. Margie always had plenty of clean dish-wipers, because she never kept any soiled ones around. She washed them out after she had used them, and hung them on the lilac-bush by the kitchen door. The sun and the dew made them smell sweet and clean.

Mrs. Templeton had quite a large family, and there were a good many dishes to wash three times a day, and they had to be done in time for Margie to get off to school too. But it was fortunate that the artist was not coming until vacation began, Margie thought; for the best dishes belonged in the sitting-room cupboard, and it would take more time to take them down and put them up. Then, too, they had to be handled very carefully. Keeping the dishes in order was part of Margie's branch of the business, and if you looked into the kitchen cupboard, or the sitting-room cupboard, you always found the plates in piles according to their different sizes; the cups and saucers by themselves; and the pretty extra dishes arranged in front, where they could be seen when the door was opened. I presume you have looked into, some time in your life, cupboards where little plates and big ones were piled together, and if you put your hand in to get one, the pile would tumble down on to the shelves. I presume, too, you have seen dishes nicked and cracks in them from careless handling. Margie handled her dishes just as if they were alive, she said, and felt the knocks and bruises given by careless hands.

You have found by this time that Margie Templeton did have grave responsibilities even in her humble business.

After Mr. Weldon the artist came, he spent most of the time out-of-doors sketching. He took views from different points of the country. When he had been at Mr. Templeton's a week, he came into the kitchen for a few moments to mix some of his paints. Margie was washing the breakfast dishes. When he opened the door, she was singing; she always sang when she worked, and did her work so cheerfully that her face was always bright and full of sunshine. Mr. Weldon looked at her a few minutes, and then he took out his sketch-book and drew something in it. He glanced up at Margie two or three times, but she did not notice it. He was thinking all the while what a sweet face she had, and how cheerfully she did her work. After that day, Mr. Weldon always stopped a few minutes at the door as he was starting for his work, to say a few words to Margie. As he passed along, the echoes of the hymns she sang followed him into the woods or up the hillsides. There was one hymn that he heard her sing oftener than any other:

"What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!"

Mr. Weldon had a great sorrow which came into his life only a few months before. He could not understand why it had been sent to him, and sometimes it was so heavy on his heart that he felt as if he could not live and bear it. Mr. Weldon had not offered a prayer for years, but when he heard Margie's sweet voice singing the precious words

"Take it to the Lord in prayer,"

it made him think how much he needed such a Friend as Jesus.

One day, when his burden seemed so heavy that he thought he could not bear it another moment, Margie's voice came to his ear, and he threw himself on his knees in the pine grove where he had been trying to sketch, and asked Jesus to help him. A sweet peace and trust filled his heart, and before he went away, he told Margie what a Friend he had found in Jesus.

In the Autumn there was an art exhibition, and all unknown to Margie, Mr. Weldon had painted a picture of her in the farm kitchen washing dishes. It was printed in the art catalogue as 'Margie: A painting by Charles Weldon.' Thousands of visitors passed through the gallery, and most of them made a long stop at the young artist's picture. When the prizes were awarded, Mr. Weldon found that 'Margie' washing dishes had taken the first prize.

What was the little girl's surprise when a copy of the painting was sent to her by express. 'It was true to life,' the neighbors said. Margie almost wished Mr. Weldon had painted her in her best dress, but her mother told her the simple striped calico print and the large gingham apron were some of the beauties of the picture. The dish-pan was in the picture; and the kitchen table; the cut-glass berry-dishes, with piles of other dishes, turned down in the rinsing-pan to drain. Even Margie's pet cat Dorothy was rubbing herself against Margie's dress, just as she always did in the morning.

You may be sure the little girl's father and mother were very proud and happy when the prize-picture was hung up in the parlor of the old homestead.

Every wife and mother in the country should know the great value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier. It gives tone, health, and strength, to the vital organs, corrects all irregularities, and expels impurities from the system. Young and old use it. Price $1.

Little Things in Christian Work.

A church member said the other day "Our pastor is all the time talking about Christian work. Now I should like to work for Christ, but I don't know how, and I can't be expected to do work that I know nothing of." But that church-member can be, and is, expected to find some Christian work, and do it, and be quick about it, too. As well might the owner of the buried talent say "I did not know that money would draw ten per cent. interest. How can I be expected to increase the Lord's wealth if I don't know how?"

Christian work is doing little things; it is doing them as you would like them done for yourself, and doing them right off. Perhaps your talent is a bright and fascinating manner; your receptions are crowded; people are charmed and irresistibly drawn toward you. Use that power to help every one you can reach, not only those who come to you, but go out into the by ways, and find the weak and tempted; make Christianity attractive, for the Master will ask not only what you did do, but what you might have done for Him.

A bright and beautiful home is a talent. There are those who might be help by an hour in such a sitting-room as yours, they would gain help and inspiration, a memory to treasure and relive in thought a thousand times.

A well-stored memory is a power for good. That school girl is just beginning the study of history, and finds it dry; tell a story which shall make the dull lesson bright, and win for you the reward so joyfully spoken "Now I know where to come when lessons are extra hard."

There is an old boy, or rather a young man, in that boarding-house around the corner. He works in the car-shop, but he tries to study nights; lend him a copy of Scott or Longfellow to brighten his life.

Mrs. Chapman will go to the dentist's this afternoon. On the way she will pass an office where thirteen girls are busy at type-writers. Your flowers are glowing on their stalks, but there will be a frost to-night; gather the blossoms now, and send them to help brighten the office girls' work.

Grandpa Brown is blind, and his good wife is lame. They cannot get out to church, so they never hear any good, old-fashioned hymn tunes. Stop there on your way home from the ladies prayer-meeting, and sing for them; your voice will echo in their hearts for months.

Perhaps your baking was unusually large to-day; there is more bread than you meant to make. Send a loaf of it to that young dress-maker who buys baker's bread, and boards herself. Your bread will taste like her mother's.

"Ah," you say, "my health is poor; I am tired of life. God has given me many sorrows; sometimes I think I am capable of no sensation but that of pain. I can only tell people that I am sorry for them."

Then do just that: there is your power. Nothing has come to you but such as is common to the children of men, for the world is always sorrowing. Loving sympathy has kept many hearts from breaking; the want of it has helped to fill the graves of many suicides. Tell the story of the Man of Sorrows, and show that grief shared with Him can only mark life as the eternal snows have marked that

"Mountain in the distant west,
That, sun defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side."

Beautiful and inspiring as is the Mount of the Holy Cross, it pales before the Cross of Calvary and the message "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Come unto Me all that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Remember the Master has said "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Be Honest About Religion.

I have very vivid recollections of a hoary-headed infidel, whose very name was a synonym of hopeless impiety, who came hobbling to the front in a meeting I was holding, and facing the congregation that stood spellbound with astonishment, spoke to them as follows: 'Friends and neighbors, I am not here to play the hypocrite. Whatever I may be in respect to what you call religion, I am determined, at least, to be honest as a man. You know me, you know my manner in life, and the opinions I have held. I am not here to renounce them now. I do not believe the Bible. I cannot conceive how it can be true. It seems to me to be full, not merely of mysteries, but of contradictions and absurdities. But my father believed it, and I cannot forget how he lived and died. It cannot be long before I will follow him to the house appointed for all living. The sun is sinking, the shadows deepening; the night is coming, and I have no assurance for the morning. I have often wished for my father's faith. It would be to me a comfort even though it were a delusion. But it has sometimes occurred to me that maybe my father's faith was not a delusion. Maybe I am mistaken, and if so, and I should only discover it when I am launched into another world, then it would be forever too late to rectify my mistake. Now I want to be right; I don' want to be mistaken. I want you to pray to God, if there be a God, that he will show me that there is a Saviour, if there be a Saviour.'—*Dr. Hanson.*

Habit of Thoughtfulness.

The habit of thoughtfulness for others in respect to little things ought to be cultivated far more carefully. Comparative trifles make up the larger part of every human life, and it is no trifle when they involve needless discomfort. He, for example, who keeps his window open in a railway car in spite of the fact that every one in the several seats next behind him is being covered with dust and cinders; he who whispers to his companion at a concert when the performance is going on, and other people wish to listen undisturbed; he who is five or ten minutes late in keeping an appointment, forgetting that other men's time is valuable, even if his be not; he who is driving, bathing or sailing alarms his companions by incurring unnecessary risks; each of these is, in fact, all such persons are, guilty of a real offence against the public welfare. An important difference between the real and the merely nominal gentleman, or lady is seen in respect to such matters, and it is the duty of the Christian, as well as of the gentleman, to heed such things.

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats or 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 my rounds 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 effectually eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Dyspepsia and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. 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. Today my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Spring-field, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones up the system, invigorates 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, 89 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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