Our Own Vineyards.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept."—Song of Solomon, 1:6.

The text is spoken in the first person singular: "They made me." Therefore let the preaching to-night be personal to you, dear friends; personal to the preacher first, and then to each one of this mixed multitude. May we at this hour think less of others than of ourselves! I may bring unhappy memories before you; but let us not be afraid of that holy sorrow which is health to the soul. The text is the language of complaint. We are all pretty ready at complaining, especially of other people. It will be well for us, at this time to let our complaint, like that of the text, deal with ourselves. If there is something wrong at home, let the father blame himself; if there is something ill with the children, let the mother look to her own personal conduct as their instructor. Do not let us lend out our ears, but let us keep them at home for our own use.

Let us make the text practical. Do not let us be satisfied to have uttered the language of complaint; but let us get rid of the evils which we deplore. Let us ask of God that holy results may flow out of our self-lamentations, so that before many days we may begin to keep our vineyards carefully by the grace of God; and then we shall better carry out the office of keeper of the vineyards of others, if we are called to such an employment.

Let us begin with the Christian who has forgotten his high and heavenly calling. In the day when you and I were born again, my brethren, we were born for God. In the day when we saw that Christ died for us, we were bound henceforth to be dead to the world. The ideal Christian is one who has been made alive with a life which he lives for God. This you will not deny. Christian friends, you admit that you have a high, holy and heavenly calling! Now let us look back. We have not spent our life idly; we have been forced to be keepers of the vineyards. I hope I am not addressing anybody here who has tried to live without employment and labor of some kind. No, we have worked, and we have worked hard. Most men speak of their wages as "hard-earned," and I believe that in many cases they speak the bare truth. This is as it should be, for God did not make us that we might sport and play, like leviathan in the deep. Even in Paradise man was bidden to dress the garden. There is something to be done by each man, and especially by each Christian man.

In the day when we were born again, as many of us are now new creatures in Christ Jesus, we began to live to God, and not to ourselves. Have we carried out that life? We have worked, we have even worked hard; but the question comes to us—What have we worked for? Of course, if I have been true to my profession as a Christian, I have lived and worked for God, for Christ, for the kingdom of Heaven. But has it been so? And is it so now? Many are working very hard for wealth, which means, of course, for self, that they may be enriched. Some are working simply for a competence, which means, if it goes no farther, still for self. Others work for their families, a motive good enough in its way, but still only an enlargement, after all, of self. To the Christian there must always be a far higher, deeper, purer, truer motive than self in its widest sense; or else the day must come when he will look back upon his life, and say: "They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard"—that is, the service of Christ, the glory of him that bought me with his blood—"have I not kept."

I invite all my fellow-servants to take a retrospect, and just to see whether they have kept their own vineyards. I suppose they have worked hard. I only put the question—Have they kept their own vineyards? Have they served the Lord in all things?

I am half afraid to go a step further. To a very large degree we have not been true to our own professions; our highest work has been neglected, we have not kept our own vineyards. In looking back how little time has been spent by us in communion with God! We say that it is "heaven below" to commune with Christ; but do we do it? We profess that there is no place like the mercy-seat. How much are we at that mercy-seat? We often say that the Word of God is precious—that every page of it glows with a heavenly light. Do we study it? Friends, how much time do you spend upon it? I venture to say that the bulk of Christians spend more time in reading the newspaper than they do in reading the Word of God. Alas, my brethren, too many eat the unripe fruit of the vineyards of Satan, and the fruits of the Lord's vines they utterly despise!

Moreover, the vineyard of holy service for God we have too much left to go to ruin. I would ask you—How about the work your God has called you to do? This great city is like a seething caldron, boiling and bubbling up with infamous iniquity; are we doing anything by way of antidote to the hell broth concocted in that caldron? Are we indeed a power working toward righteousness? How much good have we done? What have I done to pluck brands from the burning? What have I done to find the lost sheep for whom my Saviour laid down his life? O men and women, have you sought to save others from going down into the pit? You have the divine remedy; have you handed it out to these sick and dying ones? Might not many a man among you say to himself, "I have been a tailor," or "I have been a shopkeeper," or "I have been a mechanic," or "I have been a merchant," or "I have been a physician, and I have attended to these callings; but mine own vineyard which was my Master's, which I was bound to look to first of all, I have not kept?"

Well, now, what is the remedy for this? We need not talk of our fault any more; let us make each one his own personal confession, and then seek amendment. I believe the remedy is a very sweet one. It is that you follow up the next verse to my text. Read it—"Mine own vineyard have I not kept. Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth. Where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flocks to rest at noon; for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?" Get to your Lord, and in him you will find recovery from your neglects.

Hasten to your Lord, and you will soon begin to keep your vineyard; for in the Song you will see a happy change effected. The spouse began to keep her vineyard directly, and to do it in the best fashion. Within a very short time you find her saying: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines." See, she is hunting out her sins and her follies. Further on you find her with her lord in the vineyard, crying: "Awake, O north wind; and come thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out!" She is keeping her garden, and asking for heavenly influences to make the spices and flowers yield their perfume. She went down to see whether the vines flourished, and the pomegranates budded. Anon, with her beloved, she rises early to go to the vineyard, and watch the growth of the plants. Further on you find her talking about all manner of fruits that she has laid up for her beloved. Thus you see that to walk with Christ is the way to keep your vineyard, and serve your Lord.

Now, I turn to the congregation in general, and speak with the man who has taken other work and neglected his own. He can use the words of the text—"They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept." There is a vineyard that a great many neglect, and that is their own heart. It is well to have talent; it is well to have influence; but it is better to be right within yourself. Right principles are spiritual gold, and he that hath them, and is ruled by them, is the man who truly lives. He hath not life, whatever else he hath, who hath not his heart cultivated, and made right and pure.

Now, pass over that point, and think of another vineyard. Are not some people neglecting their families? Next to our hearts, our households are the vineyards which we are most bound to cultivate. It is shocking to find men and women speaking fluently about religion, and yet their houses are a disgrace to Christianity. I suppose that none of you are as bad as that; but, if it be so, please spell this text over: "They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but my own vineyard have I not kept." The most careful and prayerful father cannot be held accountable for having wicked sons, if he has done his best to instruct them. The most anxious and tearful mother cannot be blamed if her daughter dishonors the family, provided her mother has done her best to train her up in the right way. But if the parents cannot say that they have done their best, and their children go astray, then they are blameworthy.

If any of our hearers exercise no paternal discipline, nor seek to bring their children to Christ, I do implore them to give up every kind of public work till they have first done their work at home. A Sunday-school teacher, teaching other people's children, and never praying with her own! Is not this a sad business? A teacher of a large class of youths who never has taken a class of his own sons and daughters! Why, what will he do when he lives to see his children plunged into vice and sin, and remembers that he has utterly neglected them? This is plain dealing; but I never wear gloves when I preach. If anybody is offended by it, let him be offended with himself, and mend his ways. No longer let it be true of any of us, "They have made me the keeper of vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept."

Besides that, every man who knows the Lord should feel that his vineyard lies also round about his own house. If God has saved your children, then, dear friends, try to do something for your neighbors, for your work-people, for those with whom you associate in daily labor. Manifest Christian love to your neighbors. It is a great pity that yonder Christian man, living in a very dark part of London, comes to the Tabernacle, and does good in our societies, but never speaks a word for Jesus in the court where he lives. Oh, my beloved fellow Christians, do not let it be said that you reside in a place to which you do no good whatever! I am sure if there were individual, personal work on the part of Christians in the localities where they reside, God the Holy Ghost would bless the unanimous action of his earnest, quickened Church, and London would soon know that God has a people in the midst of it.

Behold that piece of land! He that bought it paid his life for it, watered it with bloody sweat, and sowed in it a divine seed. And what is the harvest? Is the poor, starving life of many a professor a fit harvest for Christ's sowing his heart's blood? O Lord, was there ever so small an effect from so great a cause? You might almost need a microscope to discover the result of the work of grace in some people's lives. Ought it to be so? In the name of him that liveth and was dead, dare you let it be so? Help us, O God, to begin to live, and keep the vineyard which thou thyself has given to us to keep, that we may render in our account at last with joy, and not with grief! Amen.

The Master's Workmanship.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

There is a homely Scotch proverb that "Fools and bairns should never see any piece of work until it is done." This would be a very apt quotation for an artist whose picture was criticised unjustly while yet on the easel. It is equally apt for those who are given to censorious criticisms of genuine Christians. Looking out over a congregation of disciples gathered at a communion table, a captious cynic might exclaim "So these are Christ's workmanship created anew unto good works, are they? Well, they are very imperfect specimens, as I can testify from what I know about some of them." To such a carping critic we would reply, Suppose that you went into a melodeon-manufactory, where the saws were buzzing, and the shavings flying, and the wires were being twisted, and you should ask to see a melodeon. The master-workman would probably inform you that it was a manufactory, and not ware room for the sale of finished instruments; he might quote the Scottish proverb very pertinently. This world is only the workshop for the fashioning of Christian character. The Divine Master has not yet completed his processes upon any living soul. "Not that I am already made perfect," was glorious Paul's honest confession before he was taken up to the exhibition-room on high.

(2) Consider, in the second place, what materials Christ has to use—poor, fallen human nature, damaged, defaced, and disfigured horribly by sin. In addition to the universal depravity and loss of the divine image, look at the special weaknesses and wickednesses of every Christian at that table where the Holy Spirit began his work. One has inherited a violent temper, which requires constant "douchings" of divine grace to put out its angry flames. "Before I was converted," said an eminent minister, "I wonder how anybody could live in the house with me." Another was plagued with unruly sensual passions; another with suspiciousness and envy; another was given to self-indulgent indolence, and still another to shameful covetousness. To add to the difficulties, all the surroundings of this world's atmosphere tend to make what is bad still worse. Yet out of much materials the Redeemer undertakes to build what shall yet grow into the holy temple of the Lord! If every church-member were called to answer Has your character undergone no improvement since you gave your heart to Christ? there is not one but would respond "The best part of me is what Christ has already made, and the worst part is that which I would not let him make.

Conversion is a new birth of the soul, and Jesus is the source of the new life. But all births are followed by a spiritual infancy and childhood. In most young converts, the first pulse-beat is that of a baby; the blade of grace is very small, but if the genuine life is there, Christ will take care of it. No infant Moses is left to be drowned among the bulrushes. Let no sincere convert be discouraged, or aim at an unhealthy precocity. Oaks do not shoot up like asparagus. A solid godly character is seldom reared in a month or a single year; it took three-score years and ten for the Master-Workman to build Charles Hodge and William E. Dodge. The wretched mistake of too many young Christians, is to imagine that they are finished off when they unite with the Church. Instead of that, they have only just been taken into Christ's manufactory. If created anew unto good works, the good works are to be wrought out in prayer and patience, year after year.

Some of the evidences that Christ has commenced his gracious workmanship, seem to be there. The Conscience acquires vigor and regulating power, like the "governor" in a steam-engine. The will, instead of asserting itself stubbornly and sinfully, works in submissive harmony with God. The perceptions of truth grow clearer as the mind's eye gets to be more single in studying Christ's pattern. Above all the love of Jesus becomes the mainspring of power; he is the inward fire that propels all activities and deeds of love to our fellow-men. The tree must be known by these fruits; the statue by these beauties; the watch by its true running to the movements of the sun. If a person after uniting with Christ's church is just as selfish, just as resentful, just as frivolous, or impure, or covetous and worldly as he was before, then Christ's hand has never touched that individual. Under the veneer or the varnish of a false profession, lies the worm-eaten timber yet. The Master's work no man can counterfeit.

The single purpose which the Divine Builder or artificer has in view, and which we must keep in view, is the production of a strong, sweet, pure, and Christly character. Before our eyes we place the pattern; now let us work up to it. We cannot finish character by wholesale on sacrament Sundays, or by a single leap of good resolution. Character is built like yonder bridge-piers, by laying one stone on another. That is a glorious week's work in which you or I can mend one fault, or put in a single solid act for Je us or for the salvation of one soul. Nothing must be overlooked, nothing scrimped, nothing slighted. "I don't see any improvement in this statue since I was here last," remarked a visitor to Michael Angelo in his studio. "Don't you?" replied the artist, "I have put a new furrow into the brow, and another fine line about the mouth." "Yes, yes, I see that, but they are trifles." "That is true," said Angelo, "but it is these trifles which make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." Nothing is small, brethren, that either mars or makes the character by which this sharp eyed world forms its judgment of Christianity. A manufactory is known by its products, are we intently and watchfully and conscientiously careful to recommend our Master by daily good works?

One thought more. If we are Christ's workmanship, we must let him use his own tools in his own way. Ah, how much chiselling we require! And how deep and sharp the chisel sometimes cuts! The Kohinoor diamond was not very sightly when first brought to London; it had to be sent over to Holland for a skilled polisher to grind it, and to make brilliant its thousand flashing facets. If such diadem of our King, then, in heaven's name, let us not draw back from any file of affliction or chisel of discipline that is needed for our perfecting. Eternity will show a wonderful exhibition of the Master's workmanship. Then let us consecrate ourselves to holy co operation with him; Christ working at us and on us, and we working evermore for Christ! Keep your eyes on the Pattern.

"It is better to weave the pattern of life
With a bright and a golden filling;
To do Christ's work with a ready hand
And a heart that's always willing;

"Than to snap the frail and delicate thread
Of our Christian lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled web,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

"Better to weave the warp and the woof
With the pattern of Christ's own choosing,
Winning the palm and the tuneful harp
And the crown, with no fear of losing.

"Then alike in the shade and in the sun
Let the shuttles of life fly fleetly;
And the Master's words 'Well, faithfully done,'
Will fall on us daily and sweetly."

Looking Ahead.

BY MARY B. LEE.

"I say, Phil, what's the matter? Are you going to leave us?"

"Yes, I am tired standing here trifling. A person could learn a profession while he stands idling at this corner, just looking at the passers by."

"Phew! Learn a profession! Who wants to learn a profession? Do you?" asked John Levison.

"Yes," answered Phil, quietly. "I have always wished to be a lawyer."

"Indeed! Too much work for me. I prefer idling at the corner," said Levison, as he turned to look at a pretty girl.

"But the future?" asked Phil.

"Let the future take care of itself. The old man will attend to that. I needn't worry," sneered Levison.

"Well, every one to his taste. For me I prefer to be the architect of my own fortunes, that is, as my father has given me a good education and gives me liberty of choice about my future, I shall study law."

"And starve. It takes years for a lawyer to earn a living. What will you do in the meantime?"

"Well, I could teach. Many of our great ministers, lawyers and doctors taught for some years. Why shouldn't I?"

"Oh, suit yourself, Phil. You always were a queer genius. At school you hunted up the biography of every general and statesman, and the complete account of every battle and act of Congress. I was happy if I could blunder through a recitation without failing. The textbook gave me more than enough to study, while you were searching cyclopedias and large histories."

Phil laughed at the recollection of John's history lessons.

"Well, John, it wouldn't no for all to think alike. What would become of the ministry, the bar and the medical profession if no one would study, but everyone depend on his father for support?"

"It wouldn't trouble me any; but there are always plenty of idiots who want to plod and study and make a name for themselves." Phew! You are welcome, Phil. For me, give me something easy."

"There is nothing easy that I know of. I should not like to stand in a store all day measuring yards of tape or ribbon."

"That would just suit me. Not much mental effort required."

"I should consider it much harder than studying law. What is pleasure to me is toil to another. I do love books and study. so I must follow my bent."

"You are right, Phil," said Ned Colgate, who had been an interested listener to the conversation. "I only wish I had the energy or determination to do likewise. Like you, I think we might do better than stand here on this corner looking at the passers, but I haven't application enough to take up any particular study and devote myself to it. I know you will succeed, Phil; you always did at school."

"Thank you, Ned. Join me and we'll read together."

"Well, I'll think about it."

The years passed as they always do, whether we improve them or not. John Levison, Ned Colgate and their companions continued to stand on the corner when their work was over, engaged in the intellectual occupation of criticising the passers. They had not improved in tone or appearance.

"There goes Phil, with a book under his arm as usual," said Levison.

"By the way," said Colgate, "I wonder if he will invite us to the graduating exercises?"

"I shouldn't wonder. He is not stuck up though he has gone so far ahead of us."

"Not a bit stuck up, but he seems to move in a different world. He looked ahead when he said, 'One could learn a profession while idling on the corner.'"

Philip invited his friends to the graduating exercises, and his very fine valedictory convinced them, if they needed convincing, that he had not mistaken his vocation.

Long after, when Philip was a successful lawyer, Levison, Colgate and company wished they had improved the hours spent on the corner. They were clerks on very small salaries, for they hadn't business talent enough to get ahead in any calling. Time spent in mental improvement is not lost, whether a lad intends being a merchant or a professional man.—*Christian at Work.*

"Tell Mother it's Brother Will."

At a Moody and Murphy meeting at Farewell Hall, in Chicago, Mayor Hilton, of New York, being present, was called out by Mr. Moody, and made a particularly impressive address. Among other things he gave the following incident, which occurred not long since on the Scottish coast while he was there:

Just at break of day of a chilly morning the people of a little hamlet on the coast were awakened by the booming of a cannon over the stormy waves. They knew what it meant, for frequently they had heard before the same signal of distress. Some poor souls were out beyond the breakers, perishing on a wrecked vessel, and in their last extremity calling wildly for human help. The people hastened from their houses to the shore. Yes, out there in the distance was a dismantled vessel pounding itself to pieces, with perishing fellow beings clinging to the rigging, every now and then some one of them swept off by the furious waves of the sea. The life-saving crew was soon gathered.

"Man the life-boat!" cried the men.

"Where is Hardy?"

But the foreman of the crew was not there, and the danger was imminent. Aid must be immediate, or all was lost. The next in command sprang into the frail boat, followed by the rest, all taking their lives in their hands in the hope of saving others. O how those on the shore watched their brave, loved ones as they dashed along over, now almost under the waves! They reached the wreck. Like angels of deliverance they filled their craft with almost dying men—men lost but for them. Back again they toiled, pulling for the shore, bearing their precious freight. The first man to help them land was Hardy, whose words rang above the roar of the breakers:

"Are all here? Did you save them all?"

With saddened faces the reply came:

"All but one. He couldn't help himself. We had all we could carry. We couldn't save the last one."

"Man the life-boat again!" shouted Hardy. "I will go. What, leave one there to die alone! A fellow-creature there, and we on shore! Man the life-boat now! We'll save him yet."

But who was this aged woman with worn garments and dishevelled hair, who, with agonized entreaty, fell upon her knees before this brave, strong man? It was his mother.

"O my son! Your father was drowned in a storm like this. Your brother Will left me eight years ago, and I've never seen his face since the day he sailed. You will be lost, and I am old and poor. O stay with me!"

"Mother," cried the man, "where one is in peril there's my place. If I am lost, God will surely care for you."

The plea of earnest faith prevailed. With a "God bless you, my boy!" she released him and speeded him on his way.

Once more they watched and prayed and waited—those on shore—while every muscle was strained toward the fast sinking ship, by those in the life-saving boat. It reached the vessel. The clinging figure was lifted and helped to its place, where strong hands took it in charge. Back came the boat. How eagerly they look and called in incouragement, then cheered as it came nearer.

"Did you get him?" was the cry from the shore.

Lifting his hand to his mouth to trumpet the words on is advance of landing, Hardy called back, "Tell mother it is brother Will."—*The Advance.*

The Confessions of a Tramp.

Work! No, thank yer. That's what everybody keeps saying. Oughter go to work! Of course, I always says, "I'd be glad to do anything, but I can't get it." "Was sick and lost my last place." "Got the rheumatiz and can't do heavy work." And all that kind of business, you know. But now, between ourselves, I don't mind saying I despise work. None of it in mine! It's all very well for these swells and fine ladies to talk about work. Do they work? Do they know how hard it is? Do they know how much a fellow has to do to earn a dollar? I see 'em riding round and enjoying themselves. If they had to take a dull saw and saw wood all full of knots, they'd hate it as bad as I do. Why! I've tried it once or twice. Was kinder driven to it and couldn't dodge. Had to begin early in the morning befur eight o'clock and keep the old thing going, hour after hour, while the boss kept watchin' me. A fellow gets all sweat through, and his arms ache, and his back aches, and then he gets sort of mad, and I mostly smash the old saw before I get through. But suppose a fellow actually does his level best. Suppose the fool wears himself out, slaving away from eight in the morning until six at night, with only an hour for dinner, and I tell you an hour makes a mighty poor dinner if you ain't got any ready money. What do you get after all for a whole day's hard work? Sometimes a dollar. Sometimes only seventy-five cents for all that toilin' and sweatin' and cussin.' Call it a dollar. Will I work from morning till night for that when I can get it so much easier? I'm not that much of a fool.

Why, I go and leave Bill heavin' his shoulders up and down, and gruntin' away over that old sawhorse, and I goes to a'pothecary's and gets a directory, and finds the nearest minister I can and gets his name in my mind sorter glib, so it comes easy and natural, and then I goes to his house and rings the bell and tells the girl that Mr. Jones wants to see the Rev. gentleman. He comes out very pleasant, thinking it's some other Mr. Jones, and then the fun begins. I tell you it's a sight better'n sawin'. He looks so disappointed and tired like, and yet he somehow feels as if he'd got to hear you. I don't come to the point at once. Some chaps do, but I tell 'em always that's a mistake. Begin away off upon something else. Tell him a friend advised you to come to him to find out if there is any doctor in the city that would treat rheumatiz free. You don't want these dreadful quack doctors, but want somebody that is a real, genuine, first-class doctor. Just tell him how much you suffer, lying awake nights, and aching in every bone. You see the beauty of rheumatiz is that it don't make no show. That or neuralgy, is always the best thing to have. Even a doctor can't prove that you hav'nt got it the very worst way. Well, the reverend geneleman thinks he'll get rid of you right off by sending you to some doctor. Then you want to say that you've tried so many doctors that you are about discouraged, and don't think it worth while to try any more, but if you could get back to your father's farm in Rutland, Vermont, you think perhaps, if your mother could nuse you a spell, that would be the best way. And then you know it only costs three dollars to get to Rutland (better call it three dollars and thirty cents). Could he be so good as to lend you three dollars—you have the thirty cents already. Well, you see the minister is mostly very much in a hurry to get back to his pious work, whatever it is, and, if you keep sorter subdued and quiet, and look very unhappy, and say you never begged before, and hope you won't have to go to any one else, as it is so very painful to ask for money, by-and-by the reverend gentleman will slowly pull out his pocket-book and look at you very hard through his specs. Then you want to say that you hope he will give you his address, as you will certainly send it back by the next mail from Rutland, and then he, sort of melancholy-like, gives you the three dollars, and you go back and there is Bill a-heavin' and gruntin', and he hasn't earned ten cents with all his trouble, while you've got more money in an hour than he can get in three days' hard work. No, so long as folks is willin' to give, you don't catch me wearing myself out with work.—REV. F. B. ALLEN, in *Lend a Hand.*

The Modern Cavalier.

In a very handsome palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly dressed woman with three little children—one a baby in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she settled down into one of the luxurious chairs; but it was quickly dispelled, as she was asked, rudely, to "start her boots." A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to enter one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenance of the others.

"Auntie," said the boy to a lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing of course?"

"Don't be foolish, dear; you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman is an impostor."

"No, I'll not need them," he answered directly, but in a very low tone. "You know I ate a very hearty breakfast, and I don't need a lunch. The women looked hungry, and so tired, too, with those three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, auntie. I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to the least of these when I meet them."

The wordly aunt brushed a tear from her eye after the boy left her, and said audibly, "He is just like his mother."

About five minutes later, as the lady passed the mother and the three children she saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as, perhaps, they had never done before; the dainty sandwiches eagerly eaten; the fruit basket stood open. The eldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said: "Was the pretty boy an angel, mother?"

"No," answered the mother, and a grateful look lightened her faded eyes; "but he is doing angels' work, bless his dear heart!" and we, too, said: "Bless his dear heart."

"For years I suffered from loss of appetite and indigestion, but failed to find relief until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine entirely cured me. My appetite and digestion are now perfect."—Fred. G. Bower, 496 Seventh St., South Boston, Mass.

The Appetite

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

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

IMPROVED

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

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

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

BY USING

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