

The Old Doctors

Know, indeed, modern doctors cleanse it; know the increased demand for Alternatives. It is now well known that most diseases are due, not to over-abundance, but to impurity, of the Blood; and it is equally well known that no blood medicine is so efficacious as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"One of my children had a large sore break out on the leg. We applied simple remedies for a while, thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We sought medical advice, and were told that an alternative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

Recommended

above all others, we used it with marked results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned."—J. J. Armstrong, Welmar, Texas.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time."—E. L. Foster, M. D., Manchester, Kansas.

"We have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"Ayer's medicines continue to be the standard remedy in spite of all competition."—T. W. Richmond, Bear Lake, Mich.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price \$1 a bottle, \$5 a box. Worth \$5 a bottle.

CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop the fits for a time, and then have them return. I mean a RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY, &c.

FALLING SICKNESS.

A life-long study. I guarantee ready to stop the fits for a time, and then have them return. I mean a RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

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"ASKING JESUS."

I've two happy little darlings, Flaxen-haired, with eyes of blue, Sturdy limbs and rosy faces, Jean, aged four, and Raina two.

And I often talked of Jesus, When I put my Jean to bed, But no word to baby Raina,—"He's too young yet," so we said.

But, one night, my little girl, "Asking Jesus" as of yore, Found mamma a silent listener, For her heart was very sore.

Till, "make Raina well dear Jesus," Then the tears came fast and thick, O, make Raina well! I echoed,— For the baby boy was sick.

Kissing her, I passed out softly To the crib where Raina lay, Bent, and from his burning forehead Pushed the flaxen hair away.

Then the tiny, fevered fingers, Reaching upward, drew my head closer, and "mamma—ask—Jesus," Panted the baby said.

O, my blessed little darling, Jesus gave you that to say; For I asked Him, and He answered,— Took the load of care away.

Gave me faith to trust Him fully, Faith to say "Thy will be done," Gave me peace, and—O, His kindness— Gave me back my little son!

Now, when I have tucked my daughter Snuggly in her cosy nest, Talking softly of the Saviour, Praying she may love Him best;

Next I go to baby Raina, Bending o'er the smiling face, Kissing eyes, and mouth, and dimples Till the smile to laugh gives place.

Then "Mamma, I ask Jesus, will she?" "If I'm," the baby voice replies, And in eager, pleased attention, All so breathlessly he lies;

While mamma asks, "Please, dear Jesus, Love my little boy to-night; Make him very good, and keep him Warm and safe till morning light;

Keep him well, and good, and happy, All for Jesus' sake—Amen." As I pause, with grave approval, "If I'm," the baby says again:

But, when once the prayer was shorter Than he thought it ought to be, In a tone of grievous displeasure, "More Amen!" demanded he.

So mamma is very careful Not to hurry by his task, Nor to count it aught but pleasure Jesus' blessing still to ask.

Though the words are very childish, Jesus knows she means them all, And she feels that not unheeded On his loving ear they fall.

And she asks, with voiceless pleading, That with accents wise and sweet Still the Lord would call her Raina,— Still would guide her Rama's feet.

O the comfort and the pleasure!— Earth can grant no higher joy, Heaven no privilege more precious— "Asking Jesus" for my boy.

Grand Mamma. L. R. S.

Selected Serial.

ONE GIRL'S WAY OUT.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

THE THIRD AND THE WAITING.

"One day, when things looked at the darkest," Mrs. Merrill continued, "I opened a paper and came across the sentence you noticed in my room: 'God never sends you anywhere that he does not send an opportunity with you.' They struck my fancy in my great hunger and need, and I painted and framed them as you saw. But it was a long time before I began to apply them. My husband had been chopping for him, and one day one was brought in here badly cut and bruised. I had inherited some of my father's liking for his profession, and knew enough to tie up the wound until the doctor came, and then I found one of his old recipes and made an ointment for the bruises. I have made many pounds of that since," smiling. "It was in his miserable house that I first began to find my opportunity."

"Do you think I will find mine?" the girl asked, quickly.

"In making ointments and holding mothers' meetings? Probably not, Miss Vane. My opportunity is not yours. Don't make that mistake. Find out yours."

"I wish I could; but not through the way yours came, Mrs. Merrill?"

"No, I must not dwell on the hardships of those days, dear. You are imaginative enough of that. Besides, they seem much like a bad dream to me now. When the figures are all wiped off the slate and we turn over for a new side, it is not best to bear in mind continually the mistakes of the other."

"I think it is hard for girls to know where to begin," said Mirabel. "I joined a Mission School once, but mamma was afraid of infection, and I never went to my class but once. As for visiting in the poor streets, papa has absolutely forbidden that. No place or sight, he says, for girls. I give, of course, when called on, if I haven't just spent all. But I never do anything."

"All giving is not feeding the hungry and clothing the naked," was the answer.

"What then?"

"These ought you to have done, and not to leave the other undone," quoted the lady. "Your special call may not lie in searching out destitution and relieving it, as you speak of, certainly not while your parents oppose it, and you are too young yet to know of the well-known from which your father keeps you."

"What can I do, then?"

"There are other hungerers, Miss Vane, and just as sad ones. I have no money to give. Some of these people earn more in a year than I have, and spend more in idleness. I must find some different coin. That led me to studying

the Bible, to have a word of comfort ready for my need; it led me to study up practical things, such as cheap but wholesome ways of cooking, taking care of simple sickness, making and mending plain clothes. I find that a woman is a happier and better woman when she can make good bread rather than an sour, heavy stuff. She has more self-respect, and that commands the respect of others; she has more independence."

"Will you teach me how to make bread at once?" laughing.

"The knowledge would never harm you, but you might join the cooking schools I see are now provided for fashionable ladies. But even bread may not be your best work, Miss Vane."

And, as once before, Mirabel asked "What then?"

"Very tender and soft was the tone in which the answer was given. 'There is a heart-burner, dear child, that is harder than all else. The world is full of those who are ever saying to themselves:

"I am tired of sin and of sinning. And heavy with grief and loss; I am worn with waiting for joy to bloom, and weary with bearing my cross."

"Are your friends always happy, dear? Do you think they are always satisfied?"

"Oh, no!" and Mirabel thought of more than one face on which frowns were almost habitual guests. And how few did she know, with gray hairs, that wore the placid quiet of this one, who had won it through the storm. Joy, Alden, too, came to her thought, and Mona's question, "What is the matter with you, Joy?"

"Tired and heavy" and "weary," was, indeed, what she said, she had waited for the voice went on, "And you, dear child, with your gifts, are so very rich. There is no crease but holds its creased lines; blessed is that one that has become a burden bearer—that is quick to see the trouble and ready to bring comfort. There is only one thing that I envy in you, Miss Vane: your youth."

"I prize that Mrs. Merrill, myself, and am loth to let it slip from me."

"It gives you the key to hearts," the elder went on; "it wins a way for you. I might say helpful words and they would pass by, but if you speak of my own long experience and hard lessons; and then you would come, with few words, but wearing the mantle of your fresh young girlhood, and the closed door would open at once. They would feel that it was, or might be, their own life, or fruit ripened in your own life. And sympathy is love; and love is the choicest blessing in the world."

"But we cannot make ourselves love others, can we?" asked Mirabel.

"When I was at your age, I should have said, 'No,' more emphatically to that. But I see differently now. We can love what we take an interest in."

"Even disagreeable persons?"

"Not while they are disagreeable, no. The beauty of it is, they become attractive. I found very true and true, dear, to say that we ought to find out the best of every one; and yet it is a truth, and one of the richest; and in time the pursuit becomes as tempting as the searching for gems; the harder the lot, the richer the reward. I wonder that more do not enjoy seeking out the motives that will influence others and lift them up; especially of those who profess to follow in Christ's steps. I have tried to help a little the women brought into my circle in some way up but I have never found any such pleasure in feeding the hungry, or even caring for the sick, as in seeing a soul grow stronger to resist evil, or a mind gaining knowledge to fit it for use in the world. That is what I meant by heart-hunger. Tired of sin: worn with waiting for joy to bloom, some must wait always, and some can find no rest. Have you seen this, Miss Vane?"

"Dear Madam, I see how very selfish I have been."

"Perhaps God sent you up here to show you. How does Mrs. Dame's life strike you?"

"It was not pleasant at first; I thought her a driving housekeeper, and nothing more; but a few words that she said one night, about what she had wished for and not found, changed my feeling, and since then I have been more interested in her."

"Yes, I have known her from a girl, and she has had a hard life. I presume that you, with all the things denied to her, have made her almost bitter. But she had one of the best mothers that I ever knew—a humble, loving Christian. I am so happy every day that I think of her, and remember how full of blessings she is now, and how many treasures she finds that she had laid up before, I wish that her daughter could see it in that light. But her eyes are dim, and she waits her hour back—to be satisfied with earth, first, before the glory of heaven. And she is only one, Miss Vane. All over this country-side there are women whose hands are always busy, whose bodies are always tired, but their hearts are inexpressibly lonely. I know of many a house where the men are in the fields all day, the children in school, and the mother alone with baby day after day, too tired at night to talk or read. Do you wonder that when such come out to church or a social gathering they are full of eagerness and trivial questions? And there are girls of your own age, full of enthusiasms and longings that can never be realized."

"But I can not know all these."

"Of course not; that opportunity is not beside you. And do not imagine there is, for the world is a vast, vast factation than in the wider circles of society. I remember as unhappy faces there as I have ever seen since. But to-day you are here, and there may be something for you to do here. Your gifts are many of these girls, sigh for; not really of no use in the world? Because you young women, who would rather that excuse you from helping or caring for others?"

"It certainly ought not," Mirabel answered, humbly.

"Pardon me, dear, it will not, in God's sight. To whom more is given, of them shall more be required. Open your eyes, my own lost youth always in view. I literally had no thought beyond my

pleasure for the day, and the same with my mates. To-day, if I could make my voice heard, it would be to beg of our girls, our winning, cultured girls, to be more in earnest in their living; not the slaves of society, or losing all the higher rewards, because they already have so much. My dear, there are better things for you than those, and higher reward. There is life that is more than meat."

Mirabel started. The same words, but she saw more clearly now, and was glad.

"Thank you, Madame," she said; "but you are tired," as the white head leaned back wearily.

"Only for a moment; I am not used to lecturing," smiling; "but I told you that you seemed like my own youth, and mine was such a mistake."

"I have enjoyed it, for I have thought of those questions and wished to be of some use. But to carry out your thought, Mrs. Merrill, would make one 'singular'."

"As the Master was; yes. Very uncomplimentary," was the answer. "I do not suppose he gave his rules for the disciples alone; do you?" asked Madame.

"Oh, no."

"Nor even for men only. 'Do good,' 'love the brethren,' was not for men only."

"Certainly not."

"Were they for women, middle-aged, losing their grace, and disappointed in life only?"

Mirabel laughed out, "You are almost a lawyer, Madame Merrill. No; they are for fashionable society girls like myself and my eyes are opening. I must try and be of some use in the world, hereafter."

And then they turned aside from themselves, to the mountains, the shanties, the poor woman ironing within.

"Have you seen a girl by name of Mercy Task yet?" Mrs. Merrill asked once.

"Yes; in the store, buying a calico dress."

"I hope you will meet her again. Now, I would like to travel a little, myself, from my usual moorings. Tell me what Newport is like now. I have been there in the past."

But though there was no further reference to "work" or "duty," Mirabel went away feeling that life looked differently to her after those earnestly spoken words, and the one lecture of her life.

Madame said, "I have known her from a girl, and she has had a hard life. I presume that you, with all the things denied to her, have made her almost bitter. But she had one of the best mothers that I ever knew—a humble, loving Christian. I am so happy every day that I think of her, and remember how full of blessings she is now, and how many treasures she finds that she had laid up before, I wish that her daughter could see it in that light. But her eyes are dim, and she waits her hour back—to be satisfied with earth, first, before the glory of heaven. And she is only one, Miss Vane. All over this country-side there are women whose hands are always busy, whose bodies are always tired, but their hearts are inexpressibly lonely. I know of many a house where the men are in the fields all day, the children in school, and the mother alone with baby day after day, too tired at night to talk or read. Do you wonder that when such come out to church or a social gathering they are full of eagerness and trivial questions? And there are girls of your own age, full of enthusiasms and longings that can never be realized."

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baskets, the peasant slung them over his shoulders, two before and two behind, and then piled in the turf till all four were full to the very top. Then it was a grand sight to see the great tower-like figure rise slowly to its full height under that enormous load, and stride away so briskly that the amazed peasant had hard work to keep up with him.

A short walk brought them to the wretched hovel that was the poor turf-cut's only home; and, while the latter was emptying his baskets, the stranger's keen eyes were noting the miserable and poverty-stricken look of the whole place. A few kind words spoken as they started again went straight to the poor peasant's over-burdened heart, and the whole story of his grief came out.

Some years before, he had bought at a high price, from a rich neighbor, a small patch of ground, that had proved to be worth hardly anything at all. Moreover, not being able to make up the full purchase money at the time, he had got into debt; and the debt kept growing larger and larger, from the high rate of interest charged upon it, till he was almost driven to despair.

"It doesn't seem fair," does it?" he concluded; "but what can I do? He's rich, and I'm poor and friendless."