

Wonders

Are wrought by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor in restoring gray hair to its original color, promoting a new growth, preventing the hair from falling, keeping it soft, silky, and abundant, and the scalp cool, healthy, and free from dandruff or humors. The universal testimony is that this preparation has no equal as a dressing, and is, therefore, indispensable to every well-furnished toilet.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly becoming bald, but since using the Vigor my hair is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing."—Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, East Pittsford, Me.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

not only prevented my wife from becoming bald, but it also caused her hair to grow again. I am ready to testify to this statement before a justice of the peace."—H. Hulsebush, Lewisburg, Iowa.

"Some years ago, after a severe attack of brain fever, my hair all came out. I used such preparations for restoring it as my physicians ordered, but failed to produce a growth of hair. I then tried, successively, several articles recommended by druggists, and all alike fell short of accomplishing the desired result. The last remedy I applied was Ayer's Hair Vigor, which brought a growth of hair in a few weeks. I think I used eight bottles in two years; more than was necessary as a restorative, but I liked it as a dressing, and have continued to use it for that purpose. I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor possesses virtues far above those of any similar preparation now on the market."—Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

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J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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Cures BILIOUSNESS.
Cures BILIOUSNESS.

REGULATES THE LIVER.

Cures HEADACHE.
Cures HEADACHE.
Cures HEADACHE.

REGULATES THE KIDNEYS.

Cures BAD BLOOD.
Cures BAD BLOOD.
Cures BAD BLOOD.

RIPIES THE BLOOD.

Cures BAD BLOOD.
Cures BAD BLOOD.
Cures BAD BLOOD.

Cures BAD BLOOD.

Cures BAD BLOOD.

Cures BAD BLOOD.

The Sabbath-School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

Second Quarter—Lesson XIII.—June 23.

REVIEW AND TEMPERANCE.

REVIEW.

Take a glance of the whole period covered by the half-year on the Old Testament. Read Isa. 5:1-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.—What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?—Isa. 5:4.

Isaiah ended without hope after 250 years of trial. The corruption was so deep-seated and so pervasive that no cure was possible. The individuals who kept themselves pure, or who were led to repentance and reformation by their troubles, joined with the other kingdom.

Judah had a remnant that survived. After the purifying process of the captivity, the best of them returned to Judah, and the kingdom was renewed; and the nation remained till Jesus came. One more trial was granted, but they rejected their Messiah, and Jerusalem perished, and the nation was again scattered for ages.

SUBJECT.—THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS IS HARD.

First. The downward way.

Second. What caused the people to walk in this way.

Third. What God did to keep them from going in this way, as good men, prophets, revivals, rewards, entreaties, examples of others.

Fourth. The end of the transgressors' way. How their sins led to this result.

Fifth. Application to ourselves and to our nation.

SUBJECT.—THE OVERFLOWING SCOURGE AND THE WAY OF SAFETY.

WARNED BY THE EFFECT OF THE SCOURGE UPON OTHERS.—Vers. 1-4.

The prophet is addressing Judah (ver. 14) and urging them to obedience by bidding them look over their borders, and see what was coming upon the northern kingdom for their sins. *Woe to the crown of pride.* That is, Samaria, the beautiful capital of Israel, belonging to the drunkards of Ephraim, the leading tribe of the nation, who had become debased in vice. *The fat valley.* The valleys around Samaria were wondrously fertile and beautiful. *The Lord hath a strong one.* Referring to the army of the Assyrians with Sennacherib at its head, which soon was to come like a destroying storm upon the nation, on account of their sins (see Lessons VI., VII., VIII.). *Firstripe fig.* The first, rich, ripe fruit, eagerly seized by the farmer. So Assyria would look upon Samaria and consume it. So trouble and sorrow, like a tempest, come upon the glories that might belong to those who give themselves up to strong drink.

ENCOURAGED BY A PROMISE.—Vers. 5, 6. *The Lord of hosts shall be for a crown of glory.* He will sustain, defend, and bless, beyond the power of the heart to conceive, those who obey him. He will be a crown of glory and a diadem of beauty, both spiritually and outwardly. *The residue.* Judah.

STILL MANY GO ASTRAY. But these also. The residue, the people of Judah, who had been specially chosen of God. Note the effects of strong drink portrayed in this verse. Erring, wandering into forbidden ways and places. Even the religious teachers are led astray. They are wholly absorbed in appetite. They cannot see things as they are. They cannot judge correctly. The whole life is perverted.

Many regard these verses as spoken by those reproved by Isaiah, the mocking reply of drunkards over their cups. *Nay.* Here begins Isaiah's reply. *Of strange, stammering, lips,* who speak slowly as to little children. *Another tongue.* A language for children and the ignorant. *To whom he said.* The ones to whom he had pointed out where they could find a life at rest from fears, and full of refreshing, like a spring rain after a drought. *The word of the Lord... line upon line.* God speaks slowly, he repeats his lessons by word and by deed; and if they will not repent, his warnings and his punishments press on the sinner till he falls.

VAIN MEANS OF SAFETY.—Vers. 14, 15. *We have made a covenant with death.* They had probably made some agreement with the Assyrian power to bribe them from coming into Judah with their deadly devastation. *Ahaz stripped the temple of its treasures for this purpose not long before this time (2 Chron. 28:19-21).* *Hell.* Sheol, the place of the dead. *We have made lies our refuge.* They did not appear lies to them, but God knew that they were resting in false hopes, as the history of Hezekiah soon proved (2 Chron. 32).

So men rest on false hope to cure intemperance by moderate drinking,

by license, by law alone, by moral suasion alone, by precepts without practice, by letting the traffic alone.

THE TRUE SOURCE OF SAFETY.—Vers. 16-18. *I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone.* God's word of promise, God's power in his obedient people, exact justice, and true righteousness. There is no other way of safety. All others are vain.

W. C. T. Union.

OUR MOTTO.—If God be for us, who can be against us.

Mother's Influence on Posterity.

BY MRS. C. R. MCARTNEY.

I have, at times, as doubtless most mothers have, been deeply impressed with a sense of my responsibilities as a mother. I have thought of my children as being, in a few years, the busy, active men and women of the day, helping forward the cause of right and justice and goodness, or taking their stand on the side of the enemy, and dragging themselves and others down to wreck and ruin. And I have trembled at the thought that I have now to say as to which it shall be. But I confess that until lately my vision stopped there. I thought not of my influence on my posterity of succeeding generations. I will ask you, mothers, to come and make a few calculations with me.

Suppose one of you to have five children, and that they in their turn will each be the parent of five children. Suppose these twenty-five grandchildren also to be each the parent of five children. You have one hundred and twenty-five great-grandchildren. Now that is not a far-off thing. It lies in the near future; yes, you might almost say in the present, for many of you will probably live to see your great grandchildren. I know, and doubtless you do too many hale, hearty great-grandchildren. But let us proceed in our calculations one step further and there are six hundred and twenty-five human beings—immortals, in, in form, in complexion, in vivacity, in intelligence, in morality, in religion, in destiny, are in a great degree shaped, colored, moulded, propelled by the influence which you, mother, living in, in the year—, are now, at this time exerting.

You are familiar with the story of Rip Van Winkle, who slept for twenty-eight years, and waked up to find such marvelous changes. Let us, mothers, close our eyes and take a long, long sleep—longer than his. Let us sleep for several generations—sleep till these multitudes, which we have been computing, are treading with busy feet the tortuous mazes of life. An angel, with dark lantern in hand, glides into the silent room. At his gentle touch a sleeper awakes to consciousness, though the body sleeps on. On the wings of Light your guide has transported you far hence. You stand with him all unseen at the entrance of a bar-room. It is blazing with light, and the clatter of glasses and the din of angry voices reach your ear. The door opens and a man staggers out and falls heavily on the pavement, and the gushing blood reaches your feet. Instinctively you stoop down to help the fallen, but you recoil with a shudder as the angel flashes his mystic torch full on his face and reveals to your spirit's ken that your own flesh and blood lies before you. Ere you have time to collect your bewildered thoughts, your guide has transported you back three generations, and you are in a small, comfortable house in your native town. The door of the pantry stands open, and you see inside a young, pale-faced woman. She leans her head on her hands and sighs as though her head ached. She opens a private press in the pantry and, taking down a bottle of spirits, pours out a half glass and drinks, and as she resumes her seat, with lightened step and enlivened eye, the angel's light falls upon her and illumines that countenance, and you recognize your own self of former days—and immediately the mystic torch is turned around and the hidden cord that binds these two scenes is lighted up with a lurid glare. Now the angel is at your side, mother. Arise in spirit and follow him. One sweep of his wing and you are in the streets of a great city. It is late at night. The sober, respectable citizens are in their homes, retired to rest. Who are those women walking the streets at this hour of the night? What gaudy attire for such a time and place! There comes meeting them a simple young man, now proceeding to his place of abode. With bold effrontery they accost him, and as they turn with him and pass you by, the painted cheek and brazen brow, and shameless talk, tell you that you are in near proximity to a pair of the abandoned women of the town. With natural revulsion you gather your self together, lest the hem of your garments should graze your feet; but in that instant the

revealing light of the angel envelops them, and in dismay you hide your face from your own posterity.

Snatching you from the humiliating scene, the angel seats you in your own happy home of early wifehood and motherhood. A fair young woman reclines on a sofa, dressed in a loose morning robe, with hair dishevelled and a dime novel in her hand. The cheeks are fevered and the eyelashes sometimes wet as she pores over the alluring page. The hours of night are passing, but she heeds them not. She fears not disturbance for her husband's business takes him from home many days at a time. At length the book drops from her hands and she lies dreamily gazing at the dying embers, voluptuously revelling in the details of the licentious story.

Curiosity tempts you to pick up the book and learn its name, for it has a familiar look. As you do so the angel holds his lantern so that you may read the title, and in its light a ruby on the finger of the dreamer flashes in your eye, and lo! it is your own wedding ring! Turning your gaze down Time's pathway, the electric light of your guide sparkles along the invisible but indissoluble cord that joins the woman on the sofa with the women on the street.

The rustle of a wing is heard again in the sleeping hall and the touch of the angel is on your hand. With his invisible power he bears you away to a city of the far west. You are in the midst of an immense gathering. You are pushed forward by the seething, surging crowd until you are in front of a scaffold. A middle-aged man is there, with hands bound and the rope around his neck. The clergyman, with Bible in hand, is endeavoring to extend to the wretched man the mercy which cometh from above. The executioner stands, cap in hand, ready to let the drop fall. But ere the pale, haggard features are hid forever from human eye, your guide holds up his torch and illumines for a moment, with ghastly gleam, the countenance of the murderer, and reveals to you that the miserable being before you, who is about to be ushered into the presence of his Maker, is your own offspring! With a cry of horror you clutch at the arm of your guide, and he bears you away from the dreadful scene, and place you in an elegant little country home. A pretty, girlish wife is stepping lightly around from room to room, giving a touch here and a touch there. Everything is neat and orderly. But a frown clouds the pretty face as she enters the apartment which an hour before she had left faultless in its arrangement. Her husband is lying on the lounge; his wet shoes drying on the newly whitened hearth, his hat and coat are flung on the table; his manuscripts are scattered over the room. The cloud deepens. His cheeks flush with rage and she seizes the shoes and dashes them through the window-pane and gathering up the scattered leaves and crushing them in her wrath, she flings them into the flames ere he has time to remonstrate. Memory is at work and your head sinks with grief and shame, as the mysterious torch once more sends its unerring flash along the line that links the hand, which in a moment's wrath, destroys the labor of months, and the hand of that murderer, who in a frenzy of passion, plunged the dagger into a brother's blood.

Mothers! mothers! mothers! "What manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness."—II Peter 3:11.

"Oh that there were such a heart in them that they would fear me and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them and with their children forever."—Deut. 5:29.

A Philadelphia paper, in an article on household economy, asked: Is there a wife in this city to-day that makes her husband's shirts? The following answer was received by return mail: "I do, but he won't wear 'em."

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ACHE

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