Death the First Step to Life.

BAPTIST N. S. ASSOCIATIONAL SERMON, DELIVERED AT LITTLE RIVER, SEPT. 16, '87,

BY REV. J. MURRAY.

Gal 2: 20; "I am crucified with Christ."

If by some it may be deemed impossible to reach the spiritual eminence of the apostle Paul. Many regard him as more than an ordinary man. But examination shows that he, like other students, obtained knowledge by hard study; that he was arrogant severe and fanatical, as seen by his thrusting men and women into prison and good men to death, because they believed in the crucified. And we learn further, that the Holy Spirit's power and the love of Christ were requisite to break down his proud will; the same as ours. Therefore we conclude that it was not because he was differently constituted, but that he ardently sought and obtained greater grace.

As God called him to be the apostle to the Gentiles, he gave himself fully to the enterprise and sought the highest preparation. He "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

And, brethren, as the call to the vineyard to-day is from the same Master, the conviction, the preparation and the reward precisely the same, may not we receive grace for grace? This may not be an age of miraculous manifestations, but all that is needed to carry forward the gospel of Christ is just as free and abundant now as in apostolic times. "The Lord's hand is not shortened" and he who has all power in heaven and on earth is with us and shall be to the end of the world.

Then let us search out our text for the grounds of Paul's goodness. I. Notice what is involved in being crucified with Christ. Death by the cross was indeed a terrible torture. The physical agony was far beyond the description of pen or tongue. Still our Lord bore it without a complaint. So the apostle rehearses some of his sufferings, but only as proofs of his apostleship. The scourgings like his Master he could bear and sing praises immediately after. That was not the crucifixion to which the apostle referred. The shame of the cross also was galling to a refined and sensitive mind. Oh, how terrible that the holy, loving, sympathetic Jesus should be stripped of his garments, robbed his liberty, denied a fair trial and crucified between common thieves. No wonder the heavens darkened! No wonder his murderers have been scattered and pined ever since.

The apostle also entered into this slough of stigma and contempt cast upon his divine Master. Still in our text I think he refined to matters more trying to a man's soul. 1. A complete renouncing of self-indulgence. Christ laid the crucial measure upon his discipleship, "If any man will be my disciple let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." At first sight it would seem that Christ had nothing in common with his weak and imperfect disciples, for he says of himself "The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me." But this is at the close of his ministry, after the forty days on the mount, after musing and combatting evil for three long years. If he could not feel the force of temptations, where was the value of the trial? But the writer of the epistle to the Heb. sets the argument at rest, by saying, "For we have not an high priest, that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are yet without sin." For the sake of the world he placed his God-head under human conditions and restrictions. "For their sakes I sanctify myself." The first act in our Christian experience is self denial.

What a greedy tyrant is the flesh! Like the daughters of the horse leech its continual cry is "give, give." It demands wealth and ease, honor and power. It grasps after worldly goods and heaven besides. This all ruling, all controlling power of his soul, he gave up to be nailed to the cross of Christ.

The honors which pertained to the man of learning and eloquence in the Sanhedrim; the applause of the populace; the wealth and luxurious living, which like ripe fruit was already dropping into his palm, he willingly thrust aside and counted them all as refuse in comparison with the smile of heaven.

My brethren, such a crucifixion awaits all true disciples. Oh, how this selfish, carnal spirit clamors, threatens, and pleads. Too often, alas! it gains the ascendancy. As we look out over the Christian Church and see the costly houses with their luxuries and worldly amusements; the gold in bank and R. R. stock and safe mortgages on the one hand; and on the other, the lowly Jesus, his self imposed poverty. His poor children asking bread, and the heathen world in its blindness and unwritten misery pleading for the glad tidings of salvation, we are led to ask, Shall the Son of Man find self-denial on the earth? But, brethren, we may not expect the rich and honorable to make all the sacrifices. "How much owest thou my Lord?" The spider is insignificant, still she weaves her web alike in marble palace or peasant's hut. Even so, selfishness may flourish in a poor man's heart. And the question is, Are you crucifying it? Are you laying the usurper on the cross of a holy purpose and through its pains and feet driving the nails of kindly deeds and hearty, loving benevolence? Are you saying, "Freely I have received from Christ, freely will I give back to him"? Are you resisting your worldly mindedness, narrowness, wrong habits and all that opposes itself against God? Then you can say truthfully "I am crucified with Christ."

2. A firm adherence to divine truths and precepts is involved in our text. If Christ had yielded a hair's-breadth to Satan's temptations, he would never have gone to the cross. But he came to resist truth upon her spotless throne in man's heart. He came to carry through the whole course of human life, from its origin to its close, the germs of truth and righteousness, and into every soul in which Christ is formed comes to him these seed thoughts, to be developed in the character and life. Consequently the great apostle regarded the deep principles underlying man's salvation of such importance that he counted not his life dear in comparison. What a consecration to a belief, a truth or precept of God, when a man can willingly, nay joyfully, die for it! My friends, the issue between Christ and the Jews, Paul and his enemies, still the issue between the Christian and the world. We often hear the cry, "Away with this contending for a mere creed or principle; give us the gospel; let us have love for Christ and for the souls of men." We might reply, how can men be saved without the grand old creed, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God"? What led Christ to Calvary? It seemed to be a rope in the hand of a Roman soldier, but it was his inflexible adherence to truth. It was the same scarlet line that led Paul to Rome and the executioner's block, and the long line of martyrs to the stake. It seems beautifully liberal to denounce all contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints; but it is a liberality which strikes down every cross, and strips the crown from every martyr's brow. The road to Golgotha to-day is along the line of unflinching integrity to God's word. If you hold firmly to the one you will surely come to the other. Satan is saying to you as he did to your Master: Fall down and worship me and you shall escape suffering. Oh, what a temptation to escape the agony of crucifixion. What a struggle for Saul of Tarsus to turn away forever from the religion of his own honored parents, and from those noble, venerable, and learned fathers in the Sanhedrim! To break down life-long associations, and to espouse the cause of him who heretofore had received only his supreme contempt, or at most, his lofty pity. So men to-day are compelled to choose between God's commands, on the one side, and loved friends, life long training and worldly emoluments on the other. The trial involves all the bitterness of a crucifixion. Many are trying to avoid it by plausible compromises. All such God is questioning as he did Israel in his desire to please the nations among whom he dwelt. "Why trimmest thou thy way to seek love?" "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?" "Thou also shalt be ashamed of Egypt as thou wast of Assyria. Jer. 2: 33, 36.

If there be one here holding a controversy with principle, let me warn you that there are deaths worse than the cross of Christ. A thousandfold better die with Jesus than Judas! Better go into the lion's den with Daniel, or into the furnace with the Hebrews, than meet the reward of those who fight against God. Do you ask for a scene of the grandest heroism? Look not on the gory battlefield, where the hero rides to glory over a pavement of noble hearts. Look not to the summit of science, where the scholar is enrolling his name. Turn your eye down to a gloomy prison cell in Rome. See that gray-haired prisoner, bound in chains because he would have soul-liberty, meeting death for the word of God.

Listen as he dictates these grand words, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me at that day," &c.

Such a life and such words perfectly agree with our text, "I am crucified." With Christ I rejoice that there are many in our day who are standing firmly by their convictions. May our God greatly increase their numbers; for if ever the church of Christ needed strong men and true—men who will not be moved from the principles of the gospel by noise and sentiment—it is just now. Suffer the word of exhortation, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

3. In his solicitude for souls also the apostle could say, "I am crucified with Christ."

The Lord's prayer in John 17 is a window through which we read his great love for men. But the cross shows it more plainly still. It was unspoken love, because too deep for words. Love brought Christ to the cross. Well may we sing:

"This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew."

And into every regenerate heart flows the same earnest desire. We may consider it, I think, as a proof of conversion; for as soon as Christ comes into a man's heart, that moment he begins to labor and pray that others might be saved. This principle was a constantly impelling force to the apostle: "The love of Christ constraineth us;" "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God." How this desire fired his heart we may judge, when sneers and insults, floggings and imprisonments, only caused it to flow the brighter. If any other man than he had said, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh," we should experience sorrow for the self-deception. But to this great soul such words seem a part of himself. So when he says, "I am crucified with Christ," we know that he was impelled with the undying love of his Lord.

Love at full tide is exquisitely painful, because of its intense desire to be near, and to bestow gifts upon its object. Thus it is with a soul filled with divine compassion. I appeal to your experience, brethren. Have there not been times when your heart was so burdened with the desire for the salvation of sinners that it was painful? As an old servant of God once said: "Lord, give me souls or I die."

Ah, brethren, is it not enough to break our hearts when we consider to what the unconverted are exposed—"the wrath of the Lamb," shut out from light, singing, loved friends, children, joy, love, never to feel love or joy again?

To stand powerless over your child who is suffering agonies would soon dim your sight and blanch your hair and cheeks, and can you think of those in eternal torment without experiencing pain.

Consider of what soul is composed! The musician, seated before a few tightly drawn strings, produces music which thrills our spirit with intense delight, and when the Master—player—shall sweep his hand across the chords of man's immortal spirit who would be willing to miss the experience? Who could bear the thought of being shut out of such a home?

Oh that God would fill us with such intense longings to save men that it can be truthfully said of us, "Crucified with Christ."

II. Let us briefly come at a few of the results of such a crucifixion.

1. A resurrection to eternal life. When Jesus said to Peter "Follow thou me" he meant more than joining his band, and doing as he was doing, and talking on the same subjects, and helping to meet the current expenses. Through that look of his Master in Pilate's judgment hall, and by those soul-probing questions: "Lovest thou me more than these?" Peter had sounded the depth of his marching orders, "follow thou me." It was to death, spiritual and physical. He had passed through the first, so he could say, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." The assurance of it leaped out in his confession.

And whoever gives up himself, his whole carnal nature, to be crucified with Christ, like his master, Jesus, shall experience a resurrection. Paul, in writing to the Romans (8: 13) says, "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live": and to the Ephesians he writes, "But God...hath quickened us together with Christ, and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." There is a spiritual, mysterious, wondrous change! Call it conversion, new birth, resurrection—what you will; but it is a fact in our history. It is a new departure! A "dying, and behold we live!" You can no more get back into that old life, than the Romans can hurl the Nazarene back to Pilate's hall and the agony of Calvary. We see an analogy in the believer's baptism, and the analogy shall be clearer on the resurrection morning; but they are only physical acts, on a line with the world's creation. But when a soul is raised up out of its spiritual death, all heaven pulsates with joy.

Ah! my friends, you shrink from physical death? It is natural. The pains, separations, and the mysterious future drive us back in dread. Just so men shrink from the spiritual death, the painful crucifixion, the meeting God with the long-standing accounts, and withal Satan drawing us back. But consider the gain. A new creature, with a new future, into which God is crowding all that you can possibly enjoy.

2. Another result is that a way is opened by which you can show to the world Christ crucified. This is what it needs just the same now as when the Baptist cried to his astonished hearers, "Behold the Lamb of God." The gospel of Christ is glorious! Broad and high and deep and beautiful enough to tax our highest powers. We need all the learning possible; all the culture, all the eloquence, stand head and shoulders above the highest, and you need it all to preach the gospel—the glorious gospel of the Son of God. But remember that unless we preach with a crucified spirit, it will only be a show of words—"as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." The Bible will be to saint and sinner what the man is back of it. If there be a broken heart back of the Bible, there will be broken hearts in front of it.

Oh, brethren, some of us have come up to this Association with a sore heart because we have so few sheaves. We know what is needed. The grape must be crushed before it will give forth the ruby wine. The gold comes forth from the hard quartz only when it passes under the stampings of the heavy iron crushers. So the cross of Christ alone can fit us for Christ's work. When the world hears in our tones the pleading tenderness of the dying Nazarene—sees his love shining in our tears, feels his heart throbbing with pain as we press ours up to theirs, then our efforts will no longer be barren and unfruitful.

The Wayside Preacher.

BY KATE S. GATES.

"O Bessie, it is so hard! I want to do so much. Oh, how I have prayed that I might win many souls to Christ! If I could only live a year, I would work every minute; it would not be so hard to die if I felt I had done a little something; but mine will be a starless crown. Only eighteen—and dying! Why must I go so soon, when I long so to stay and work? It is so hard!"

"I know, Will," said Bessie softly, slipping her hand lovingly into his, and trying to choke back the sobs. "I know—and God knows too; but perhaps, darling, you will find that He is answering your prayer after all, and giving you work to do for Him, though in a different way from what you planned. Perhaps—O Will, how can I say it?—perhaps you will speak more forcibly to some one by your death than ever you could in life."

"O Bessie, if I could only think so!" said Will wistfully; and then leaning back in his chair, he sat for a long time looking down the river.

It was a beautiful spot, this chosen seat of the brother and sister, under the old elm tree. As little children they had come there with their playthings, and later on with their school-books. The big rock had been playhouse and study by turns, and was yet their favorite resort. Here they had dreamed their dreams and made many life-plans; here they had consecrated themselves to the Master; and here they had first learned the bitter truth that one must soon go down into the valley of the shadow of death. All Will's hopes and plans must be given up. Life promised much for him, and it was hard for him to relinquish all thoughts of the work he had meant to do so faithfully and earnestly.

This thought of Bessie's was new to him. Could it be possible that even yet his prayer might be answered, and in some way he might do service for the Master? He lifted up his heart in earnest prayer: "O Lord, if there is any way that I can speak for Thee, do show it to me!"

"How much this rock has been to us, hasn't it, Bessie?" he said presently. "Do you know I have often thought that I would like to be buried here beside it, but of course that cannot be. I was sitting on it when I gave my heart to Christ, and in the very same spot I decided to enter the ministry. O Bessie, to think that I shall never preach a single sermon; it is so hard for me to give it up entirely!"

Bessie's tears fell softly for a few minutes, then she turned with a bright smile: "O Will, you know how many pass by on this road. Couldn't you leave a message on the dear old rock?"

"And then I would be still speaking every day even after I was gone. Bessie, it is a beautiful thought, and I thank you so much for it. I will do it right off, for my strength is going fast. I know just what I will say: 'Prepare to meet thy God.' That will be a message to everybody—those who love Christ, and those who do not, for we all need preparation to go into His presence, and yet we forget it when we are well and strong. Perhaps it may touch some heart that is not preparing at all. Bessie, I do thank you so much. Would you mind going over to the house for my paints? I want to begin right away. I haven't very much time."

And so, day after day the weak fingers worked slowly and tremblingly, forming the chosen sentence in large plain letters on the broad surface of the rock. But when the last letter was finished, the feeble strength seemed to give out completely.

"I shall never come here myself again, Bessie," he said, "but thanks to your thought, I shall speak from here long after my eyes are closed forever. Bessie, you don't know how I have prayed that this message may be blessed to many."

Only a few days after, and the summons came; and with a last wistful look out of the window towards the rock, Will's eyes closed forever on earthly scenes.

Mr. Hendricks was in a hurry; he had driven out into the country on business, and was hastening back to the city where he had an appointment, and he had but just time to get there. Before him lay two roads. Each would take him to his destination, but the one was the shorter, the other the pleasanter.

He was not a man given to sentiment. Truth to tell, those who knew him best, were wont to think that his life was wholly given up to the worship of the almighty dollar. But somehow the river road looked very tempting to him, and with a glance at his watch, he turned his horse to the right instead of taking the left-hand road which was the shorter. He hardly noted the beauty about him, for as usual his mind was full of schemes for the making of money. Some, also, would hardly bear too close scrutiny, but it is "every one for himself," he was wont to say, and all is fair in trade. Every year he grew sharper, and less and less scrupulous. The scheme he was revolving in his mind to-day was one that he would have shrunk from a year ago. Even now he felt some compunctions of conscience about it.

Suddenly, in the very midst of his thoughts, the horse shied a little at something by the way, and waking out of his brown study, Mr. Hendricks looked about him.

The first thing that his eyes rested upon was a broad flat rock just at his side, and it seemed to him that he heard the words; "Prepare to meet thy God," spoken distinctly in his ears. He could hardly believe that he merely read them. For an instant he held the horse in, then with an impatient touch of the whip, he sent her off flying, but the words followed him.

"Prepare to meet thy God."

Was it a warning? What if he should die that year, that week—what if, like the man in the parable, his soul should be required of him that night, what would become of him? He thought of his mother as he had not for years; how far he had strayed from her teaching!

"Oh, if I could only go back to my childhood, and be a pure-hearted boy once more!" he sighed many a time that day. But there was no retracing his steps; the question now was, where should they lead him in the future?

"Prepare to meet thy God." How the words rang in his ears day after day, and week after week, for it was a long, hard struggle; but at last the proud man bowed himself in penitence, and humbly prayed to be made fit for the kingdom of God.

"Yes," said Lou Willis, rather complacently to her friend, Josie Grey, as they drove home from a shopping excursion to the city. "Yes, I expect to have a fine time this winter. If there is any fun in life I mean to have it. What is the good of living if you can't enjoy yourself? Why, Josie, there is something on Bessie Morton's lovely old rock. What is it? Some 'shure' cure or other, I presume; but its too bad to mark everything up, isn't it? "Prepare—to meet thy God."

Lou began in a laughing, mocking way, but she finished in an almost awe-stricken tone.

"Why, Josie, I didn't dream it was anything like that. I wish I hadn't spoken so; and, oh dear, I wish I hadn't seen it, for I'm not prepared—and I don't want to be yet. I want a good time first. I hope I'll forget it. I won't think of it if I can help it. There is plenty of time for such things by and by."

But the words would not be forgotten. With a strange and persistent power they followed the gay girl everywhere she went, until at last she heeded the warning, and sought to live for something beside the pomps and vanities of this world.

And so, day after day, the silent preacher by the wayside spoke to the hearts of the passers-by, quickening some to renewed earnestness of purpose, softening and awakening others.

"The promises never fail," said Bessie oftentimes. "God hears and answers every prayer, only sometimes the answer comes so differently from what we expect; but if it comes it is God's way it must be the best way."

Stories of Pets.

Some time ago, when going along a country lane, I saw a man walking quickly towards me, accompanied by a large dog. Something attracted the dog's attention and caused him to stay for a few moments, during which time the man had come to a place where four roads met, and had gone a considerable distance down one of them. When the animal came to the place, he was much puzzled to know which way his master had gone. He ran down one lane, but soon returned; then a second; but both journeys were fruitless. He stood a moment, as if thinking, then raised himself on his hind legs and swept the horizon with his intelligent eyes. The hedges being rather low, he was happily enabled, to see his master, and the lane he was walking in; and with a joyful bark he bounded away after him.

A collie had several puppies, and one of these puppies, being condemned to death by its owner, was taken away from its mother and young brethren; drowned, and buried. The mother, however, not seeing the force of being deprived of her offspring, resented this, and setting forth, determined on its recovery. She tracked her infant to its newly-made grave, scratched it up, and proceeded to lick it all over—a process which she continued until she actually succeeded in bringing it to life again. And that puppy lived to grow up into a fine and healthy dog.

One day, at Liverpool station, I met a wretched, dirty, little white cur, and I said, "Come on, and I will give you something to eat." We went together into the dining-room, and, after he had had a good meal, off he trotted in a great hurry. "He is not very grateful," I said to my husband; but, much to my surprise, in a few minutes there was a little scratch at the door, and when it was opened, in walked my small friend, accompanied by a more lean and miserable specimen of the canine species than himself, if possible. "Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Black," said he; "and if you will provide him with as good a dinner as you have given me, he will be much obliged." Needless to say, they both had a meal which, doubtless, they remember to this day; after which they trotted away together, wagging their tails, as happy and contented as dogs could be.

Nap had been punished for bringing in rabbits. Soon after he found the cat with a young one in her mouth. He brought the housekeeper out that she might see he was not the thief, and then took bunny from the cat, and gave it to the housekeeper.

A family let their house furnished, leaving in it a large dog. The tenant was an old lady, who liked to sit in a particularly comfortable chair in the drawing-room, but, as the dog was also very fond of this chair, she frequently found him in possession. Being rather afraid of the dog, she did not care to drive him out, and therefore used to go to the window and call "Cats." The dog would then run to the window and bark, and the lady would take possession of the chair. One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in the chair. He ran to the window and barked excitedly. The lady got up to see what was the matter, and the dog instantly seated himself in the chair.

We had a cat who always came to me when in any difficulty. One day she came into my room at every opening of the door and mewed till I let her out again. I had done this several times, and was feeling a little cross at such interruptions, when I thought, "Perhaps she wants me to follow her." I did so, and she trotted on before, much pleased, and led me down a passage, down a stair-case into some uninhabited attics through a long and half-dark passage, into a neatly dark room, and stopped at a hole in the floor. I put my hand down, and found a good-sized kitten which had tumbled in, and could not possibly get out without help.

A parrot belonging to a friend of mine, who had been taught, amongst other things, to say "One at a time," managed to escape from his cage into the park, where he flew to the top of a tree, and on being attacked by a number of rooks, while trying to defend himself, was heard to call out in a shrill tone—"One at a time—one at a time."—*London Truth.*

The Servants and the Pounds.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Did it ever strike you that this nobleman had a very kindly design toward his servants? Did this nobleman give these men one pound each with the sole design that they should make money for him? It would be absurd to think so. A few pounds would be no item to one who was made a king. No, no! It was as Mr. Bruce says, "He was not money-making, but character-making." His design was not to gain by them, but to educate them. This nobleman said to himself, "When I am a king I must have faithful servants in power around me. My going away gives me an opportunity of seeing what my servants are made of. I shall thus test their capacity and industry, their honesty and their zeal. If they prove faithful over a few things they will be fit to be trusted with greater matters." The test was only a pound; and they could not make much mischief out of that, but it would be quite sufficient to try their capacity and fidelity, for he that is faithful in that which is least will be faithful also in much. They did not all endure the test, but by it revealed their characters.

It was also a preparation of them for future service. He would lift them up from being servants to become rulers. They were, therefore, to be put in a place of measurable responsibility, and to be made of thereby. They were to be rulers over a very little—say a pound, and that which came of it, and this would be an education for them. In the process of trading they would be in training to rule. For see, when he had come to the man who had earned ten pounds, he gave him ten cities. Think of that! There is no proportion between the poor service and the rich reward. A pound is rewarded with a city.

The rewards of the millennium will evidently be all of grace, because they are so incomparable beyond anything which the servants' earnings could have deserved. Their Lord was not bound to pay them anything; they were his bond-servants; but what he gave them was of his overflowing grace. I do not think that he who brought five pounds was in the least blamed. He may have been just as diligent as the other, but he had less capacity. But how he must have opened his eyes when his master gave him five cities. Perhaps he wondered more than the first. All the vessels will be full, but they will not be all equally large; the man of the ten pounds will simply be a larger vessel, full to the brim; and the man with the five will be less capacious, but quite as full, to his own glad amazement and joyful bewilderment. However, let us go in for winning the ten pounds if we can. For our Lord's sake let us trade in spiritual things with all our hearts.

Things Short and Things Long.

There are some things that are very short, and others that are very long. God in his Word tells us of both, and bids us look at and think of them.

1. Life is short. God speaks of it as a "shadow," a "weaver's shuttle," a "flower," a "hand's breadth," and a "vapor." If it be like these it must be short.

2. Time is short. It is made up of many lives, yet it is short. "The time is short," says Paul, and John says, "The world passeth away." A few years will end all.

3. The sinner's joy is short. It is "but for a moment." "The fashion of this world passeth away." He may laugh and dance and be merry; but the end soon comes, and nothing is left but grief.

4. The saint's sorrow is short. This too is "but for a moment." It may be heavy and hard to bear, but it is soon over, and leaves no sorrow behind. When it is done, it is joy for ever and ever.

1. For ever is long. It is like to God himself, who is the "King eternal and immortal"—whose life is throughout all eternity. How important to have him for our portion in such a changing world as this!

2. God's love is long. It never dies. It changes not. It is "from everlasting to everlasting." His grace never grows old.

3. The life to come is long. There is no death in this life—no end—it is "everlasting life." It is through faith in Christ and begins in this world. "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." Reader, have you this life?

4. The saint's joy is long. This, too, is unending. At God's right hand are "pleasures for evermore."

5. The sinner's sorrow is long. It is "night and day, for ever and ever." Thus God, who cannot lie, has told us, and bids us think of these things. Who will prefer this world to the home of the saints? Are the weeds of this earth sweeter than the flowers of Paradise? Time stays not—the fountain is open in Christ. But soon! ah! soon! many may find themselves with him who "could not find repentance, though he sought it carefully and with tears."—*From Christian Casket.*

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

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