

The Two Appearings

A sermon by FAYTON C. H. SPEERMAN. For the grace of God that bringeth salvation...

Upon reading this text one sees at a glance that Paul believed in a Divine Saviour. He did not regard a Saviour who was a mere man...

Secondly, I have to call your attention to the instructions which are given to us by the grace of God which has appeared unto all men...

First, we have to deny ungodliness, which is a lesson which many of us have neglected to learn. Listen to working-men...

Secondly, we have to deny the world. We are to be crucified to the world and the world to us...

Thirdly, we have to deny the flesh. It is the lusts of the present world or age, which I described to you last Sunday...

Fourthly, we have to deny the devil. We are to be crucified to the devil and the devil to us...

Fifthly, we have to deny ourselves. We are to be crucified to ourselves and ourselves to us...

Sixthly, we have to deny the law. We are to be crucified to the law and the law to us...

Seventhly, we have to deny the world, the flesh, and the devil. We are to be crucified to all three...

of light. What a grand expression! Holiness of light, brightness of light, shining of light...

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representation, and deceit are no instruments for the hand of godly men. I am told that my principles are too angelic for the flesh...

Once more, there is looking, as well as living. One work of the grace of God is to cause us to be looking for that blessed hope of the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ...

Our encouragement. He who bowed His head in prayer for the whole world, and who died in the agonies of Gethsemane, and who shed His precious blood for the redemption of all men...

Our near advent. He who is coming again in the clouds of heaven, with His angels and His power, to judge the living and the dead...

Our prayer. We are to pray for the whole world, and for every man, woman, and child, that they may be saved...

Our hope. We are to hope in the grace of God, and in the promise of His return, and in the life to come...

Our love. We are to love God, and our neighbor, and ourselves, with all our heart, mind, and strength...

Our faith. We are to have faith in God, and in His Son, and in His promises, and in His grace...

Our patience. We are to be patient in tribulation, and in persecution, and in every trial...

Our gentleness. We are to be gentle and lowly in spirit, and to be meek and mild...

Our self-control. We are to have self-control, and to be temperate, and to be sober...

Our joy. We are to have joy in the Lord, and in His grace, and in His promises...

Business of Poetry.

It is in the language of poetry that the human heart has poured forth its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, and all the various passions that have restrained, impelled, and influenced the actions of men...

The source of power is, which always most other human nature is indebted for its higher and more brilliant enjoyments is the sentiment of the ideal.

The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding amid the cold terrors of death. Fearless, that little mortal has passed on under the shadow of death in its sublime and purest image...

Some sixty or seventy years ago the Rev. Dr. Wightman was the popular and much esteemed minister of Kinkmahoe, Dunfermline, and on market days was often to be seen on the streets of the county town...

A little boy stood by his mother's side. His face was alight with childish glee, and in the dark blue eyes shone a love-light intense and strong...

The narrow lane is beautiful on a summer's night. The moon shines softly down, the stars twinkle merry, all nature is full of peaceful calm...

Through the open door can be seen a motherly happy woman, busily preparing an evening meal. Little children play on the floor, laugh and smile and glisten now and then at the lovely scenes without...

As regards the habits of life, it may be said that habitual attention to a regular diet is of paramount importance. The habit of regularity should always be maintained...

Such are some of the plain common sense rules applicable to most cases of habitual constipation which will scarcely respond to any rules or regulations having reference to diet or habits of life...

Dr. C. Roberts, Winchester, Ill., says: "I have used it with entire satisfaction in cases of debility from age or overwork, in inebriates and dyspeptics, and am well pleased with its effects."

A window half opened through which blew the gentle zephyrus, kissing a cold and white brow. Do you know that black hair from the iron knocker, quiet lie through all the stricken house...

A neighbour of ours lost a valuable mare recently. It is supposed from boots. It had had 25 cents worth of Sheridan's Cough Condition Pills...

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gazing at the dead. Perhaps she hears a feeble voice, for but a few moments before she had again repeated the story of Jesus' love, and when she had asked the dying man if he loved his kind and gracious Saviour...

"I conducted the services two months ago," said a clergyman, "at the funeral of one of my parishioners. He had been a farmer. Forty years ago, as a young man, he commenced work for himself and his young wife with one hundred acres of land, and he ended with one hundred. He was a skilled, industrious workman, but he laid by no money in bank. I understood the reason, as I listened to the comments of his neighbors and friends...

"His sons and daughters all received the best education which his means could command. One is a clergyman, one a civil engineer, two are teachers; all lead useful, happy and full lives."

"And so the story went on, not of a miser who had hoarded dollar on dollar, but of a servant of God, who had helped many lives, and had lifted many of them out of misery and ignorance into the life of joy."

"So poor Gould is dead?" He left a poor account. Not a penny more than he got from his father. Now I started with nothing and look here, pointing to his broad fields. "I own down to the creek. Do you know why? When I started to keep house I brought this into it the first thing I could see was the law. Every penny I could save went into it."

"The house was here and comfortable; his wife, worn out by work, had long ago crept into her grave; of his children, taught only to make money a god, one daughter, starved to death; and mind, was still drifting in his high seas, one son, taken to drink, having no other resource, and died in prison; the other a harder miser than his father, remained home to fight with him, over every penny waning out of their fertile fields."

"Robbie loves mamma more than tongue can tell." "How much?" "More than tongue can tell."

Years later. The child is a youth. A youth in years yet still a child in heart. His dark eyes are full of kindness, the lips ever ready with sympathetic, loving words.

"Do you love me, papa?" asks the child as he sits on his father's arm. "Do you love me, too?" shines in a very good voice.

"Yes," answers the father as he glances at the baby and the girl. "Oh much? Painful?" asks the little girl.

Mamma says nothing. She knows that the answer will be. For years his answer has always been. "More than tongue can tell."

"Night! A window half opened through which blew the gentle zephyrus, kissing a cold and white brow. Do you know that black hair from the iron knocker, quiet lie through all the stricken house, on tip-toe walk the people who are usually blithe and gay? They know the reaper death has passed by this day. On the face of the little sick-boy, the angel had the same look as the old woman who stands by the bed."

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