"Stand Fast."

FROM A SERMON OF APRIL 17TH, 1887, BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Phillippians 3: 20, 21; 4: 1.—"For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself. Therefore, my brethren dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved."

A GOOD BEGINNING.

I. Paul joyfully perceived that his beloved converts were in their right place. It is a very important thing, indeed, that we should begin well. The start is not everything, but it is a great deal. It has been said by the old proverb that "Well begun is half done", and it is certainly so begun in the things of God. It is vitally important to enter in at the strait gate; to start on the heavenly journey from the right point. I have no doubt that many slips, and falls, and apostacies among professors are due to the fact that they were not right at first; the foundation was always upon the sand, and when the house came down at last, it was no more than might have been expected. A flaw in the foundation is pretty sure to be followed by a crack in the superstructure. Do see to it that you lay a good foundation. It is even better to have no repentance than a repentance which needs to be repented of; it is better to have no faith than a false faith; it is better to make no profession of religion than to make an untruthful one. God give us grace that we may not make a mistake in learning the alphabet of godliness, or else in all our learning we shall blunder on and increase in error. We should early learn the difference between grace and merit, between the purpose of God and the will of man, between trust in God and confidence in the flesh. If we do not start aright, the further we go the further we shall be from our desired end, and the more thoroughly in the wrong shall we find ourselves. Yes, it is of prime importance that our new birth and our first love should be genuine beyond all question.

The only position, however, in which we can begin aright is to be "in the Lord." This is to begin as we may safely go on. This is the essential point. It is a very good thing for Christians to be in the church; but if you are in the church before you are in the Lord, you are out of place. It is a good thing to be engaged in holy work; but if you are in holy work before you are in the Lord, you will have no heart for it, neither will the Lord accept it. It is not essential that you should be in this church or in that church; but it is essential that you should be "in the Lord." It is not essential that you should be in the Sunday School, nor in the Work Meeting, nor in the Tract Society; but it is essential to the last degree that you should be in the Lord. The apostle rejoiced over those that were converted at Phillippi because he knew that they were in the Lord. They were where he wished them to remain, therefore he said, "Stand fast in the Lord."

This expression is very short, but very full. "In Christ." Does it not mean that we are in Christ as the birds are in the air which buoys them up and enables them to fly? Are we not in Christ as the fish are in the sea? *Our Lord has become our element*, vital and all surrounding. In Him we live, and move, and have our being. He is in us, and we are in Him. We are filled with all the fulness of God, because in Christ doth all fulness dwell, and we dwell in Him. Christ to us is all; He is in all; and He is all in all! Jesus to us is everything in everything. Without Him we can *do* nothing, and we *are* nothing. Thus are we emphatically in Him. If you have reached this point, "stand fast" in it. If you dwell in the secret place of the tabernacles of the Most High, abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Do you sit at His table and eat of His dainties? Then prolong the visit and think not of removal. Say in your soul—

"Here would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home."

Has Jesus brought you into His green pastures? Then lie down in them. Go no further, for you will never fare better. Stay with your Lord, however long the night, for only in Him have you hope of morning.

THE DUTY OF STEADFASTNESS.

II. But secondly, it was for this reason that he longed that they should keep there. He entreated them to stand fast. 'So stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved." The beginning of religion is not the whole of it. You must not suppose that the sum of godliness is contained within the experience of a day or two, or a week, or a few months, or even a few years. Precious are the feelings which attend conversion; but dream not that repentance, faith and so forth, are for a season, and then all is done, and done with. I am afraid there are some who secretly say, "Everything is now complete; I have experienced the necessary change, I have been to see the elders and the pastor, and I have been baptized, and received into the church, and now all is right forever." That is a false view of your condition. In conversion you have started in the race, and you must run to the end of the course. In your confession of Christ you have carried your tools into the vineyard, but the day's work now begins. Remember, "He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved." Godliness is a life long business. The working out of the salvation which the Lord Himself works in you is not a matter of certain hours and of a limited period of life. Salvation is unfolded throughout all our sojourn here. We continue to repent and to believe, and even the process of our conversion continues as we are changed more and more into the image of our Lord. Final perseverance is the necessary evidence of genuine conversion.

In proportion as we rejoice over converts we feel an intense bitterness when any disappoint us and turn out to be merely temporary camp followers. We sigh over the seed which sprang up so speedily, but which withers so soon because it has neither root nor depth of earth. We were ready to say, "Ring the bells of heaven"; but the bells of heaven did not ring, because these people talked about Christ, and said they were in Christ, but it was all a delusion. After a while, for one reason and another, they went back; "they went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us but they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us." Our churches suffer most seriously from the great numbers who drop out of their ranks, and either go back to the world or else must be pursuing a very secret and solitary path in their way to heaven, for we hear no more of them. Our joy is turned to disappointment, our crown of laurel becomes a circle of faded leaves, and we are weary at the remembrance of it. With what earnestness, therefore, would we say to you who are beginning the race, "Continue in your course. We beseech you turn not aside, neither slacken your running, till you have won the prize!"

I will put the exhortation thus: "Stand fast *doctrinally*." In this age all the ships in the waters are pulling up their anchors; they are drifting with the tide; they are driven about with every wind. It is your wisdom to put down more anchors. I have taken the precaution to cast four anchors out of the stern, as well as to see that the great bower anchor is in its proper place. I will not budge an inch from the old doctrine for any man. Now that the cyclone is triumphant over many a bowing wall and a tottering fence, those who are built upon the one foundation must prove it value by standing fast. We will hearken to no teaching but that of the Lord Jesus. If you see a truth to be in God's word, grasp it by your faith; and if it be unpopular, grapple it to you as with hooks of steel. If you are despised as a fool for holding it, hold it the more. Like an oak take deeper root, because the winds would tear you from your place. Defy reproach and ridicule, and you have already vanquished it. Stand fast, like the British squares in the olden times. When fierce assaults were made upon them every man seemed transformed to rock. We might have wandered from the ranks a little in more peaceful times, to look after the fascinating flowers that grow on every side of our march; but, now we know that the enemy surrounds us, we keep strictly to the line of march, and tolerate no roaming. The watchword of the host of God just now is—"Stand fast!" Hold you to the faith once delivered to the saints. Hold fast the form of sound words, and deviate not one jot or tittle therefrom. Doctrinally stand fast!

Practically, also, abide firm in the right, the true, the holy. This is of the utmost importance. The barriers are broken down; they would amalgamate church and world: yes, even church and slave. It is proposed to combine God and devil in one service; Christ and Belial are to perform on one stage. Surely now is the time when the lion shall eat straw like the ox, and very dirty straw too. So they say; but I repeat to you this word, "Come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." Write "holiness unto the Lord" not only on your altars, but on the bells of your horses; let everything be done as before the living God. Do all things unto holiness and edification. Strive together to maintain the purity of the disciples of Christ; and take up your cross, and go without the camp bearing His reproach. If you have already stood apart in your decision for the Lord, continue to do so. Stand fast. In nothing moved by the laxity of the age, in nothing affected by the current of modern opinion, say to yourself, 'I will do as Christ bids me to the utmost of my ability. I will follow the Lamb withersoever He goeth." In these times of worldliness, impurity, self-indulgence and error, it becomes the Christian to gather up his skirts, and keep his feet and his garments clean from the pollution which lies all around him. We must be more Puritanic and precise than we have been. Oh, for grace to stand fast!

MOTIVES FOR STANDING FAST.

III. Thirdly, the apostle urged the best motives for their standing fast.

He says, "Stand fast *because of your citizenship*." Read the twentieth verse; "For our citizenship is in heaven." Now, if you are what you profess to be, if you are in Christ, you are citizens of the New Jerusalem. Men ought to behave themselves according to their citizenship, and not dishonor their city. When a man was a citizen of Athens, in the olden time, he felt it incumbent on him to be brave. Xerxes said, "These Athenians are not ruled by kings: how will they fight?" "No," said one, "but every man respects the law, and each man is ready to die for his country." Xerxes soon had to know that the like obedience and respect of law ruled the Spartans, and that these, because they were of Sparta, were all brave as lions. He sends word to Leonidas and his little troop to give up their arms. "Come and take them," was the corageous reply. The Persian king had myriads of soldiers with him, while Leonidas had only three hundred Spartans at his side; yet they kept the pass, and it cost the eastern despot many thousands of men to force a passage. The sons of Sparta died rather than desert their post. Every citizen of Sparta felt that he must stand fast: it was not for such a man as he to yield. I like the spirit of Bayard, that "knight without fear and without reproach." He knew not what fear meant. In his last battle, his spine was broken, and he said to those around him, "Place me up against a tree so that I may sit up and die with my face to the enemy." Yes, if our backs were broken, if we could no more bear the shield or use the sword, it would be incumbent upon us, as citizens of the New Jerusalem, to die with our faces toward the enemy. We must not yield, we dare not yield, if we are of the city of the great King. The martyrs cry to us to stand fast; the cloud of witnesses bending from their thrones above beseech us to stand fast; yea, all the hosts of the shining ones cry to us, "Stand fast." Stand fast for God, and the truth, and holiness, and let no man take your crown.

The next argument that Paul used was their outlook. "Our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." Brethren, Jesus is coming. He is even now on the way. You have heard our tidings till you scarcely credit us; but the word is true, and it will surely be fulfilled before long. The Lord is coming indeed. He promised to come to die, and he kept his word: he now promises to come to reign, and he you sure that he will keep his tryst with his people. He is coming. Ears of faith can hear the sound of the chariot wheels; every moment of time, every event of providence is bringing him nearer. Blessed are those servants who shall not be sleeping when he comes, nor wandering from their posts of duty; happy shall they be whom their Lord shall find faithfully watching, and standing fast in that great day!

To us, beloved, he is coming, not as Judge and Destroyer, but as Saviour. We look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. Now, if we look for him, let us "stand fast." There must be no going into sin, no forsaking the fellowship of the church, no leaving the truth, no trying to play fast and loose with godliness, no running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. Let us stand so fast with singleness of heart that, whenever Jesus comes, we shall be able to say, "Welcome, welcome, Son of God!"

Sometimes I wait through the weary years with great comfort. There was a ship sometime ago outside a certain harbor. A heavy sea made the ship roll fearfully. A dense fog blotted out all bouys and lights. The captain never left the wheel. He could not tell his way into the harbor, and no pilot could get out to him for a long time. Eager passengers urged him to be courageous and make a dash for the harbor. He said "No; it is not my duty to run so great a risk. A pilot is required here, and I will wait for one if I wait a week." The truest courage is that which can bear to be charged with cowardice. To wait is much wiser than when you cannot hear the foghorn and have no pilot yet to steam on and wreck your vessel on the rocks. Our prudent captain waited his time, and at last he espied the pilot's boat coming to him over the boiling sea. When the pilot was at his work the captain's anxious waiting was over. The church is like that vessel, she is pitched to and fro in the storm and the dark, and the pilot has not yet come. The weather is very threatening. All around the darkness hangs like a pall. But Jesus will come, walking on the water, before long; he will bring us safe to the desired haven. Let us wait with patience. Stand fast! Stand fast! for Jesus is coming, and in him is our sure hope.

Christine's Word.

"Howbeit Jesus suffered him not, but saith unto him, Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."

Christine Wilson stopped at that verse in her morning's reading, closed the Bible, and sat for a long time looking thoughtfully out of the window.

"I wonder," she said at last, slowly to herself, "I wonder if ever I have told any friend of mine what 'great things' Christ has done for me. I don't believe I have. I do not remember doing it, and yet why ought not I to, as well as the healed demoniac? I have been healed."

There came into her face a look of reverent thankfulness as she remembered that for His sake her sins were forgiven, blotted out. Then she arose and put away her Bible, but all the while she was dressing to go down the street there was an absent, preoccupied look on her fair young face.

"O dear!" she said at last, half impatiently, as she knotted the dainty lace tie at her throat, "I don't see why that verse haunts me so, I'm sure. Yes I know I ought to tell my friends. And I will, too," she added suddenly and decidedly. "I will not be obliged to say again that I have been less grateful than the demoniac of old. But whom shall I tell? I know; I will speak to the first friend I meet."

The cloud lifted from her face, and with light heart she went out into the bright spring sunshine. The verse and the impression it had made upon her had almost slipped her mind when there came a quick step just behind her.

"Christine," spoke a familiar voice, and there was Tom Wayland. The instant she heard him, and met his merry quizzical glance, she remembered her resolution to tell "the first friend she met."

"But I didn't know it would be Tom. If only it was Ella Bailey, or any of the girls. Why should it be Tom, of all persons?

Then, just there a bit of Spencer flashed through her mind—

"It chanced eternal God that chance did guide."

Christine involuntarily shivered. What if it were God's special ordaining that she had met Tom? And after all, why should she not tell him as well as any one? questioned conscience. Had she not known him from her childhood up? They had studied the same books, played the same games; why should she hesitate to speak of this one thing to him.

"Why, because no one thinks of speaking seriously to Tom," she pleaded; "and he was never known to speak seriously himself."

"But you presented your friend, Miss Denham, to him on the street only yesterday, and why not present Jesus to-day?" urged conscience, to which reasoning Christine had no answer.

They had been walking along together, chatting of this and that all the while Christine had been parleying with her conscience.

They had come now to the corner, Tom was going one way, and Christine the other.

He lifted his hat gracefully, and waited for her to pass, but Christine suddenly came to a standstill.

"Tom," she said, hurriedly, "it occurred to me this morning, and I am so sorry and ashamed about it, that I never said one word to you about my *best* Friend. O Tom, you've no idea what a friend He is, nor how He helps and comforts me. I cannot tell you how much happier I am since I found my Saviour. Won't you let Him be *your* Friend?"

Then she waited almost breathlessly. would he turn it off with a laugh, as she had so often heard him? She looked up, and found instead of a laugh, an entirely new expression for Tom Wayland's face to wear; and something very like unto a tear glistening in his merry brown eye.

"Thank you, Christine," he said gravely; "I have no one to speak to me of these things at home, and by the utter silence of my friends who profess to know about them, I had begun to think there was nothing in it. I am very glad to find there is."

Then he was gone, and Christine hardly knew whether she felt most thankful to think that she had spoken, or ashamed that she had been so long silent.

"Christine," said her brother, coming into the sitting-room, where she was at work, a few days after, "there has been a dreadful accident. The Western express was run into by a freight, and a good many lives were lost; and they say Tom Wayland was on board."

Yes, Christine remembered he had told her he should probably go away on the train on business; he had spoken of it because it would oblige him to be absent from their church social meeting.

The report proved only too true; he was not only on the train, but was fatally injured. But there had been a few moments of consciousness after the accident, and tearing a leaf from his notebook, Tom had painfully written a few lines, which he sent to Christine by one of the passengers who had escaped unhurt.

"Dear Christine," it read, "I cannot tell you how I thank you for those words of yours. I think I found Him yesterday, and He has done 'great things' for me in this dreadful time.—Tom."

"And to think," said Christine to herself with a sob, "how near I came to not speaking it. How strange I should read just that verse that morning, and meet Tom! I suppose God knew all," and again that one little fragment came into her mind,—

"It chanced eternal God that chance did guide."

—*The Watchman.*

Kapiolani, the Heroine of Hawaii.

The present Queen of the Hawaiian Islands, Her Majesty Kapiolani, who has recently visited the United States, is a descendant and namesake of our heroine, a communicant of the English Episcopal Church in Honolulu, and is well known for her deeds of charity and mercy. A hospital in Honolulu for young girls who bear the taint of leprosy in their blood has her name—Kapiolani Hospital.

One seeking for evidence of a sublime heroism would hardly be likely to turn to a little island of the Pacific Ocean as the theatre of heroic deeds, and certainly not seek for it in the person of one who had but recently been delivered from the darkness of paganism. Yet, if the story of Kapiolani can be rightly told, it will be seen that she belongs in our thought with Elijah defying Baal on Mount Carmel; for only to this thrilling event can we liken the act of this Hawaiian princess.

The time is 1825; the place, the volcano of Kilauea; the chief actor, a woman who but five years before knew nothing of Jehovah, worshipped the heathen deities, and was herself sunk in the degrading vices of these "sea girt isles"—intemperate, dissolute, and superstitious.

Of noble blood, of commanding presence, with large landed possessions bounding the beautiful waters of Kealakekua Bay, she was one fit to become a leader of her people; and when, through the entrance of the gospel of our Divine Lord, she was herself lifted into a knowledge of who and what was the "God of all the earth," her heart went out in love and longing to lighten her people's ignorance and break their superstitious chains; and in Hawaii this superstition centred in the marvellous volcano of Kilauea, and in Pele, the reputed goddess of the same.

It could have been nothing less than a divine inspiration that moved her to the resolution to herself visit the carter of Kilauea, and in her own person defy Pele; but to understand the full import of this act we must see, at least with the mind's eye, this "place of eternal burning," as the name signifies.

On the island of Hawaii, towering thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, is Mauna Loa, a vast volcanic dome of which Professor J. D. Dana says, in the *American Journal of Science*, "there is enough rock material in Mauna Loa to make one hundred and twenty-five Vesuviuses." Midway from its summit to the sea, on the eastern side of the mountain, on nearly a level plain, four thousand feet above the sea, is Kilauea, the largest known active crater in the world, whose lake of lava and brimstone has rolled and surged for ages. Sometimes its fires are sluggish, and then again its boiling caldron overflows, and streams of lava carry destruction and a fiery death as they roll over the mountain sides, while the soughing and the sighing of the lava waves can be heard at the distance of miles.

Miss Bird, who visited the crater in 1876, thus graphically describes it: "We think of a volcano as a cone, but this is a great pit, nine miles in circumference, and varying in depth from 800 to 1,100 feet in different years, according to the ebb and flow of the lava, and from all known time its lake of fire has never been extinguished. The descent down the wall of the crater is over rough blocks and ridges of broken lava, a region of blackness and awful desolation. Terraces, cliffs, lakes, rivers, whirlpools, and chasms of lava surround us, solid, black, and shining, or an ashen gray, stained yellow with sulphur or white with alum. After a toil of three hours we stand close to the side of the pit, where, overcome by the glory and terror, we are speechless, or thrown into convulsive weeping. It is the most unutterable of wonders, unimaginable, indescribable—the fiery sea whose waves are never still, with fountains of fire streaming up from its surface 'mid the groanings and rumblings of a mighty sea!"

If this is the picture it presents to a world-wide traveller of to-lay, what terror it must have inspired in the hearts of the simple natives who fully believed in the fiery goddess Pele, and that this was her home, which no mortal could approach and live without offering appropriate sacrifices. In order to strike at the heart of their superstitions, Kapiolani's resolve was a wise one, and, in spite of the remonstrances of friends, who feared for her own personal safety with those who still believed in the power of the goddess, and of her enemies who wished to cling to their old ways, she undertook the long journey of a hundred miles on foot, a journey that would have quenched the ardor of a less resolute soul, for the way is one of much difficulty to-day with horses, and this was before man had tried to make easy the approach. Nothing could keep her from her self-imposed task. As she came near the region of the crater, she was met by a prophetess of the goddess, who forbade her approach, and threatened her with the fury of Pele if she dared persist in her undertaking.

"Who are you?" was the quiet reply of the princess.

"I am the one in whom Keakua, the god, dwells," answered the priestess.

"If God dwells in you, then you must be all-wise, and can teach me. Come hither and sit down"—offering her refreshment.

"I am a god—I will not eat."

"What is that you hold in your hand?"

"This is a *palapala* from the god Pele."

"Read us her message, then."

The prophetess poured forth a torrent of unintelligible sounds, to which Kapiolani replied, producing her Bible, "You pretend to have received and to deliver to us a message from your god which none of us can comprehend. I have a *palapala* as well as you, and I will read you a message from a God you can understand." She then read to her passages from God's Word on the character and works of the Father, and of His Son, Jesus Christ, as the Saviour of the world, utterly silencing her enemy.

And now, with her company of eighty followers, the descended hundreds of feet to the black lava, eating of the berries that grew on the mountain side sacred to Pele, to eat of which was death unless first offered to the goddess, and throwing stones into the seething mass below them.

There, in full view of the terrible fires, she calmly addressed them:

"Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele. If I perish by the anger of Pele, then you may fear the power of Pele; but if I trust in Jehovah, and He shall save me from the wrath of Pele when I break through her *tabus*, then you must fear and serve the Lord Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is the goodness of Jehovah in sending missionaries to turn us from these vanities to the living God and the way of righteousness."

Think of this company, in the roar and heat of the escaping lava and volcanic gases, joining their voices, which must have had the notes of triumph in them, in a hymn of praise to the true God, and then all kneeling in devout prayer to Him who is "God over all from henceforth and even forevermore"—the only one whom His creatures might worship!

It was a coming out of a fiery furnace, and one like the Son of God was in their midst, though seen not by mortal eyes.

Are we not right in calling this incident, which Carlyle himself refers to in one of his essays, an act of sublime heroism seldom equalled?—*G. D. Gilman, in The Christian Union.*

Points For Young Preachers.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Sermons should be savory. There is a way of holding out the truth so as people may dislike it. The spirit in which we preach and teach is exceedingly important. You cannot be loving in manner unless you are loving in spirit. You cannot even be forcible in manner unless you have force in your own spirit. I trust that every one of you will try and make all he can of himself. The ruin of a man is the notion that there is anything in him. There are brethren who need being taken down; but when they are down they frequently rise very quickly up again. I do not think there is anything so wise as for a man to have a wife better educated than himself, so that when he makes a mistake she may say, "My dear' I noticed that you said so-and-so." He doesn't like it even from her, but it goes and comes very nicely from her, especially before she is his wife. Very softly and very sweetly she can suggest to him little amendments and little improvements, and he is likely to get better.

If ever you do tell one another of your faults, you will do it I am sure, with great kindness, but you must not hesitate to do it. Nobody is more your enemy than one who flatters you. I wish, my young brethren who are going forth to preach, that God may make something of you in the days to come. There is room in the world for a great many more useful preachers. You know in all the trades and professions that there is a great crowd at the bottom of the ladder, but there is always lots of room at the top. The reason why so many persons are poor is because they do not understand their own trade. Go in, then, young fellows, to do everything first-rate! You have a first-rate Master, whom you serve, and you have a first rate Gospel to preach, and a first-rate work before you in saving souls. Try to do your very best, and if you do your very best, then, however poor you may be in natural power, you need not be ashamed. It may be if you attain to nothing but the common rank, if you do the work for the Master faithfully, He will accept it.

A Touching Story.

Once I knew a workingman—a potter by trade—who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of day.

He managed however to bear each evening, to the bedside of the "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, or a bit of ribbon, a fragment of crimson glass—indeed, anything that would lie out on the white counterpane and give a color in the room. He was a quiet unsentimental Scotchman, but never went he home at nightfall, without some toy or trinket, showing he had remembered the was face that lit up so when he came in.

I presume he never said to a living soul that he loved that sick boy so much; still he went on patiently loving him. And by-and-by he moved that whole shop into positively real, but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and teacups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down their sides before they stuck them in the corners of the kiln at burning time.

One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another some engravings in a rude scrap book. Not one of them all whispered a word, for this soleman thing was not to be talked about.

They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; so he understood all about it. And I tell you seriously that entire pottery, full of men of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind, and some of the ungoverned oaes stopped swearing as the weary look on their patient fellow worker's face told them beyond any mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer.

Every day now somebody did a piece of his work for him and put it upon the sanded plank to dry; thus he could come later and go earlier.

So, when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the door of the lowly house, right round the corner, out of sight there stood a hundred stalwart workingmen from the pottery, with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half-day of time for the privilege of taking off their hats to the simple procession, filing in behind it, and following across the village green to its grave, that small burden of a child, which probably not one of them had ever seen with his own eyes.—*Selected.*

PEARLINE.—With this article the family washing can be done with ease, with economy and despatch, and as it is thoroughly disinfectant, it will be seen that whenever used the result is pure and healthful. As there are imitations of this in the market, be sure and get the genuine, manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

CHEAP MEDICINE CHEST.—For Lumbermen, for sailors, for miners, for hunters, for factories, for farmers, Minard's Liniment, Minard's Honey Balsam, Minard's Family Pills. These three valuable remedies will cure nearly all diseases the human family are liable to.

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.

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