Love at its Utmost.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

John 15: 9.—"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love."

We will plunge into the subject at once. Here is our first exhortation: Let us unquestioningly believe that Jesus loves us. Trust is to say, if we are indeed in him, he loves us infinitely. Our Lord is speaking here, not of his general love of benevolence, but of that peculiar and special affection which he bears to his own, of whom he says, "I have chosen you out of the world." If we are in him, as the branches are in the vine, and if we prove the reality of that union by bringing forth the fruits of grace to his glory, then we are the objects of the Saviour's peculiar love. He speaks to us as church, and to each one personally, and says, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." O my hearer, does he speak thus to thee? Hast thou taken hold of Christ by faith? Has he saved thee? Is thy life derived from him? Is he thy hope, thy joy, thine all? If this be so, then don't not that he speaks to thee with his own lips as well as out of this book of record. As truly as if he stood at thy side and grasped thy hand, and spoke, with his eyes looking into thine eyes with tenderness of love, he saith to thee, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love."

That he truly loves us, we may confidently believe; for he himself is at pains to assure us of it in so many words. He does not leave it to an inference, although the inference might be safely drawn from the ten thousand love-deeds of his life and death; but he deliberately declares his love: "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." Do you doubt his words?—words spoken in the solemn night of his agony, and registered in the vote as of inspiration? Does not your heart respond to him, as he says, "I have loved you"? Do you not answer, "Ay, Lord, is it true, indeed? There is little need for thee to tell me this with thy lips, for thou hast assured me of it by thy wounds. I know that thou lovest me. Oh, that I loved thee better in return!"

As if to confirm us in our belief beyond all wavering, and to lead out our hearts to behold the largeness of his affection, he quotes a parallel to his love of the most extraordinary kind. He looks not to the loves of earth, but to the greatest love of heaven, and says, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." Beloved, you do not, dare not, could not, doubt the love of the Father to the Son. It is one of those unquestionable truths about which you never dreamed of holding an argument. Our Lord would have us place his love to us in the same category with the Father's love to himself. We are to be as confident of the one as of the other. What a wonderful certainty is conveyed to us by this token!

THE PROOFS OF HIS LOVE.

Behold the course and proof of our Redeemer's love! He chose us in love. The reason of his choice was love. Remember how he puts it in the seventh chapter of Deuteronomy. God there speaks of his choice of Israel: "Thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God: the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth. The Lord did not set his love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in number than any people; for ye were the fewest of all people: but because the Lord loved you." He loved you because he loved you. Election is based upon affection, and that affection is its own fountain. The whole system of divine love springs from the love of God, and from nothing else. Jesus loves us because he is love. If I must add anything to that statement, I will suffice me to quote the Well-beloved's own words: when he thanked the Father that he had hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes, he said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." O believer, Jesus loved thee before the world began, and all because he would love thee. He loved thee in order that he might manifest his love to thee. He loved thee in order that thou mightest be conformed unto his image, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren, and that thus we might share his nature, and his character, and his Father's love, and so draw nearer and nearer to him in ever-growing fellowship of affection. See the love which is its own cause spending its own self, and by its own efficacy working out its gracious purposes, every one of which is as full of love as the love which designed it.

Having thus chosen us for love, so great was the love of our Lord that he became man for love of us. He "counted it not robbery to be equal with God," but became man that he might carry out his purposes of love to us. It is written, "For this cause shall a man leave his father and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh," and this has its highest exemplification in Christ, who quitted his Father that he might become one flesh with his church. He took our nature, that so he might be able to die for us and suffer for us what else he could not have done and suffered. By thus taking upon himself our nature he established a nearer union and a sweeter fellowship with his beloved church than could otherwise have existed. If he had never become the babe of Bethlehem and the man of Nazareth, how could he have been made in all points like unto his brethren? Think what that love must have been which brought the Lord of glory from the highest heaven to become the Man of sorrows for our sakes!

Having become a man for us, we remember that Jesus died because of love. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." That laying down of life in our Lord's case was specially a proof of love, for he died voluntarily; there was no necessity upon him, as upon us, to die. Other men, if they died for us, would but pay the debt of nature a little before its time; but Jesus died who needed not to die, so far as he himself was concerned. He died also amid circumstances of pain, and shame, and desertion, which made that death peculiarly bitter. The death of the cross is to us the highest proof of our Saviour's infinite love to us. He must die the death of a felon, between two thieves, utterly friendless, the object of general ridicule; and this he must do as bearing our sins in his own body. All this makes us say, "Behold how he loved us!" O beloved! can we doubt Christ's love, since he laid down his life, "the just for the unjust, to bring us to God"?

When Luther was in his worst troubles a friend came in to see him, and he noticed that he had written upon the wall in big letters the word "Vivit." He inquired of Luther what he meant by "vivit." Luther answered, "Jesus lives; and if he did not live I should not care to live an hour." Yes, dear friend, and so will that of Jesus. We are not called upon to live of ourselves, that should be death; but we have life and all things in union with him. This is love, infinite, infinite, past all telling, past all thought, without spot or blot, or stain or wrinkle or any such thing. Oh, that we could get at it to see it as it is, that we could see it as it is in its object. O you unconverted ones, how can you live apart from Christ? To live one hour apart from Christ is to live in infinite peril, since in that hour you may die, and pass beyond the realms of hope.

O beloved, you that love him are one with him by an infinite and indestructible union! "Who shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?" This eternal oneness is the security both of grace and glory to us. Certain of our dear brethren and sisters have lately gone up the shining road. We might envy them if we did not know that even here we have the Lord's love to cheer us. Let us love Jesus for his love to our brethren; for now they share his throne, lie in his bosom, and are indulged with a vision of his glory. We also are on our way to the wedding-feast; let us keep our lamps burning. Comfort yourselves with the divine hope of everlasting joy. His love, which came to us from heaven to earth, will bear us up from earth to heaven. Heart cannot conceive what love has laid up for those whom it has chosen.

This love of our Lord's, so free, so forceful, was and is most amazing. We shall never hear better or more surprising news than this, that Jesus loves us. Nothing more surprising ever came to me than to learn "he loved me, and gave himself for me." Others may, perhaps, see what is wrought by the Lord's grace in us, and this may make them the less astonished at the Lord's love towards us; but we know ourselves, and see our blemishes as well as our beauties, and hence we know that there is nothing lovable in us by nature. When we see our Lord's beauty we see nothing but deformity in ourselves. The more we perceive his love the more we do abhor ourselves because of our own want of love to him, and because of the defilements into which we have fallen. We are amazed at our sin, and more amazed at his love. We shall go on reading in the golden Book of Christ's love throughout all eternity, and the longer we study it the more we shall be astonished that ever the Holy and the Glorious and the Ever-blessed should have espoused in love such insignificant, polluted, and fickle hearted creatures as we are.

The love of Jesus is love most practical. Christ loves not in word only, but in deed and in truth. There is a greater force to my mind in Christ's deeds of love than in all the words which even he could have uttered. His deeds emphasize his words. Words cannot to the full express the mind of love; language filters from the lips, while feeling gushes from the heart. Jesus has written out his love in living characters. O Master! never man spake like thee, and yet that was thy most eloquent discourse when thou didst say but little, but didst stretch thy hands to the cross, that they might be nailed there. Then didst thou pour out thy heart, not in oratory, but in blood and water. Jesus has given to us his crown, his garments, his body, his soul, his life, himself. Said I not well that this is practical love? It is love full of tenderness, rich in bounty, lavish in thoughtfulness, firm in constancy, strong as death, mightier than the grave.

HIS LOVE WAS PERSONAL.

Think, again, that it was personal love. The Lord Jesus Christ loves each one of his people as much as if he had not one more. All the heart of Christ goes out to each one of us. The great sun shines to-day on this round earth, and while it pours its limitless flood of light on all, that one tiny daisy, as it bathes in the brightness, is able to say, "The sun is all mine." Though there be myriads of flowers in the meadows and the gardens, yet this one flower may freely possess all that the sun can give, or rather all that the little flower can receive, as much as if it were the only flower that blooms. So Jesus is to me, to you, to each one of us, all our own; neither lose we anything by the fact that he is all the own of so many millions. Nay, we gain by his being thus possessed by so many brethren, for we find our bliss repeated in the happiness of all whom Jesus loves as he loves us. In the text we read, "so have I loved you." Mark how the two personal pronouns "I" and "you" stand with nothing but love between. The Lord Jesus, his own self, delighted in us, even in us who are not worthy to be named in the same day with him. Glory be to his holy name for ever!

The pith of our text lies in this, that to make us know a little of how much he loves us, our Lord has paralleled his love to us with the Father's love to him. What kind of love was that? Here we get into deep waters. Each thought is an abyss. We know that the Father loved the Son without beginning, even from eternity. It is not conceivable that there ever was a period when the Father did not love his Son; neither is it conceivable by those who read this Book of the Lord aright that there ever could have been a time when Jesus did not love his people. This love constrained him in the council chamber of eternity to become a surety of the covenant for those his Father gave him. In that time before time began, the Lord's love went forth; for his goings forth were of old, from everlasting. Not when we began to love him, nor even when we began to be, did the love of our redeeming Lord commence its divine history; but from of old, or ever the earth was. Some of you dote upon antiquities; but this to me is the most precious of all ancient things—the everlasting love of Jesus.

Now the point I want to bring you to is this—remember that the Father's intimate and infinite and unchanging love to his Son did not prevent his Son from being "a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief"; did not prevent his having to say, "I have not where to lay my head"; did not prevent his bloody sweat in Gethsemane. "Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered." Even he had to cry, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me," and to add, "nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." Think you that you will be excused the bitter cup? You in your prayers have said, "My Father, if thou lovest me let me not be poor, let me not be bereaved, let me not be laid aside, let me not be evil spoken of." You know now what you ask. You pray against promotion when you pray against affliction. It was needful for the greater glory of the Mediator, in his complex person as God and Man, that he should greatly suffer and give himself a ransom for many, and therefore the love of the Father did not withhold the wormwood and the gall. And now for other purposes known in the wise heart of Jesus it is needful that you, his disciple, should be made to drink of his cup and to be baptized with his baptism, and he will not deny you the privilege. You must be made a partaker of Christ's sufferings, that you may the better have fellowship with him in the highest form of his glory. Wherefore, believe that Christ loves thee when he afflicts thee, that he loves thee when he declines to remove the burden.

The Willful Gifts and the Disconcerted Deacons.

BY MRS. MERRILL E. GATES.

It was a lovely June Sunday, one of those days when we say with Lowell, "June, dear June, now God be praised for June!" To walk or drive to church was delightful through spicy country roads, under the arched ways made by the woven tree-tops. What an air of calm over the landscape, and how fresh were the maidens, and how strong were the young men who gathered with the old men and children at the church!

It was not long after the congregation had disposed themselves quietly before a shade of disappointment might have been observed creeping over the smoothed worshippers. An audience has its phase of expression no less truly than a human countenance, and sometimes shows its moods quite as unrestrainedly as a willful child. The disquieting element was the fact that a stranger occupied the pulpit, instead of the young and popular minister who had pleased them so much of late. Besides, the hymns and the prayer began to indicate the theme of the day—one not so agreeable to this congregation as it should have been.

When, arriving at the sermon, the speaker announced himself as the agent of the Foreign Missionary Society, the disappointment turned to dissatisfaction. The day seemed to grow warmer. Fans began to flutter. Some of the older, harder-worked brethren seemed to court repose in their attitudes as far as the unfamiliarity of their Sunday suits, and the unyielding uprightness of the pew back would allow. The speaker began to feel the loss of unspoken sympathy and quick responsiveness from his audience. In fact, an onlooker would not have imagined that the most inspiring theme on which a human tongue could utter divine and immortal thoughts, was the theme to which these people were listening. There is a dullness unconnected with a want of hearing in the natural ear. Had the inward ear of this people been open on this particular morning they might have heard sweet and wonderful notes struck, and listened to some spiritual chords, such as are for the most part alien to our earth for he who spoke was a deeply taught disciple in the things that belong to our peace, though, like St. Paul, in presence he was base and contemptible among them.

Were there none who felt a thrill of sympathetic love as he pleaded for those who had never so much as heard that there were any "good things"? Some indeed drank in his words, and saw in each dusky, debased idolater a pearl for whom the great Merchantman gave his all—a soul that might shine like a star for ever and ever; but for it a most part the church was unedeemed in the wonderful science of world conversion, unaccomplished in the art of giving, unsustained by the knowledge that "giving is worship."

The sermon at length ended. The contribution plates were passed. Up to this time everything had been much as usual in the service, unless, indeed, there was a greater degree of apathy than sometimes prevails. Still the increasing heat of the day, and the matter and the man would explain that, but not the phenomena I am about to describe. As I said the plates were passed.

Deacon Jones came first to Mr. Blake's pew, one of the wealthy men of the church. This gentleman had taken from his pocket-book a two dollar bill. He laid it on the plate, saying to himself as he did so, "I hope this will last one while. It is very uncertain where all this money goes to; but it will not do for me to let the plate pass."

What was his surprise, while the thought was in his mind, to see the bill, in the most mysterious manner, silently leave the plate and waft itself back to his pocket-book, still open in his hand. His first thought was: "Well, I am glad to get my money again." His next: "I wonder if anybody saw that?" Glancing around he saw no evidence that anybody was regarding him or his actions. The deacon went on as composedly as ever, and Mr. Blake felt intensely relieved. Still no bill was on the plate. Miss Blake, the eldest daughter, next deposited a fifty-cent piece, unconsciously thinking: "It's just so much gone," when a sharp rap on the rim of her portemonnaie, and a metallic click revealed the half-dollar again in her possession. With a quick blush, she said, "I will not try it again; somebody might see me." So she quietly slipped it into the pages of the hymn-book in her lap.

Miss Jennie, as youngest, usually brought up the rear in the matter of the family giving. Here was a ten-cent piece. She put it in without a thought, that is, without a thought about the money or its destination—thoughts enough of a certain kind she had; just now they were so concentrated on a certain somebody in the choir, that she hardly noticed how quickly the little piece was here again.

Now it was Mrs. Blake's turn, and a dollar to be sacrificed to the cause lay in her hand. "How often these collections do come! There's our Woman's Society, too, to which I am pledged."

"But what is this?" she thought breathlessly, "Deacon Jones has gone up without my money; I was sure I put that money on the plate. Yet here it is in my hand."

As you see, at this rate, the plate was not filling very fast. Directly behind the Blakes sat Farmer Freeman. He had not had a very successful year. This past week a mortgage had fallen due, and he certainly had reason for feeling pretty poor. However, for decency's sake, he had laid hold of a very slippery quarter, and had just put it on the plate, when, seeing its emptiness, he said to himself:

"I had two minds about that quarter, and ef I'd a seen that Lawyer Blake didn't give anything, I'd a kept it anyway. But he can't give, I guess I can't."

While the thought was in his mind, back came the furtive quarter, as if in answer to his unspoken idea.

The mysterious connection between the inner, half-conscious thoughts and motives of these various givers, and the resultant action of the money, I did not immediately perceive. It was not long, however, before some old words seemed to revive in my memory. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." "Of every man that giveth willingly with his heart ye shall take an offering."

So far in effect there had been no offering. At least the plate was as bare as when the deacon began his round. I watched with some anxiety to see how he would face it as he went on his way. The farmer's wife came next, and she was ready.

"How little it is," she said, as she laid her modest ten cent piece on the empty plate. "And the first thing there, too. But it is my own earning for this very Sunday, from that extra egg money. I want it to go for Bibles, and to help buy some of those 'Wonderful Books' the missionary told of. I am sure a Bible will comfort the heathen. It does me."

The diminutive disk of silver lay smiling up at the deacon, and he was cheered.

After passing several pews with varying results as to the aggregate sum, the surprised people feeling a sense of discomfort and embarrassment as their money promptly found its way again to their pockets, Deacon Jones came to a little bowed figure in black—not a blackest black, but a black from which time had drawn its darkest particles, and left it gray and weather-beaten. It was a hand in a poor glove that took a quarter out of a shabby purse, and when it came out, nothing was left, and it was quite possible nothing would be there for some time after, "for she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

What was that little halo that seemed to hover over that quarter of a dollar as it lay in a rest of undisturbed content on the not too well filled plate? The halo began to glow and expand into letters of light, and I spelled out this sentence, "For the love of Christ constraineth me."

So the deacon passed on down the aisles. Astonishment, not unmixed with a kind of wholesome fear, similar to that experienced by Joseph's brethren when they found their money in their sack's mouth, prevailed. Each individual who was so unexpectedly refunded was alive aware of it. Others saw but the generally meager look of the plate.

Now, on Deacon Smith's plate is deposited an envelope by an elderly man. No outward sign indicates to the curious how much or what it contains. Within is a check for $100. The envelope, with its generous inclosure, makes no movement to return to the kindly-faced gentleman. When he extended his hand the thought flashed into his mind: "What a bubble on the surface of my unspeakable gratitude is this! How impossible for me to pay in the most infinitesimal degree for God's great, free gift to me!"

And these old words rang in his ear:

"When I stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe!"

"Yes, I am his—body, soul, money, all belonging to my faithful Saviour. Stewards of the manifold grace of God, he calls me. Lord, use this money to thy own glory!"

I would hardly keep both Sundays in view at once, and I had been watching the one nearest me. Now my eye was caught by the glitter of a five dollar gold piece on the other side of the church. It had no sooner touched the plate than it rebounded as by a secret spring to the hand of a very fashionably dressed young man, evidently from the city. He was a young and successful broker from New York, spending the Sabbath in his native town.

He had not been aware that this was Missionary Sunday, and consequently had not been expecting to give.

"However," he said to himself, "I shan't feel it. That was a pretty large per cent. I made this week."

"No," the money seemed to say in returning, "you will not feel it, for I shall not go."

In one of the last pews were two of the brightest, most eager little faces that ever watched for a contribution plate, and it did seem as if the deacon never would get to them! Their pennies almost flew into the deacon's eyes in their ludicrous haste to reach the plate. Those were well-earned pennies, and more than that they were intelligent pennies, for the little people had somehow made them understand that they were to go far across the water, to buy the Book that tells how the loving Saviour had taken little children in his arms and blessed them, to give to little ones who had never heard about the wonderful and beautiful things that he did. I thought then of that word of the apostle; "He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity." So, again, the children proved another word, even that of the Lord himself, that we must become as little children, if we would enter in, even to the least act of giving in a way acceptable to him.

It had been a curious scene to me as I looked at the mysterious process, safe in my own obscurity. I was fairly fascinated with the desire to see how each particular piece of money would depart itself. These were all people I knew well, and although it was possible to say pretty accurately how each one's money would behave, yet there were some great surprises to me. And the number of thoroughly surprised people was not limited to one!

It usually went by families. If not the father's and mother's money came back to them, or did the children's. But not always. There was Captain Prescott's family. While the gifts of the other members of the family flew back with alacrity to them, the money his daughter gave remained. Still that was natural. She always was different from the others, always thoughtful of others, while her father—well, my fancy darted back to the streets of Jerusalem, and the long-robed Pharisee that I saw standing on the corner of the street with his trumpeter before him, had exactly Captain Prescott's features under his turban.

"That they may have glory of men."

"To be seen of men." "No reward."

I certainly heard these words, but I do not know who could have spoken them.

At last the collecting was done. The final hymn was sung, and the congregation dispersed. There were some burning pocket-books and some burning cheeks, too, but each possessed a religious composure and kept his secret to himself.

"But it was no good to get out where the air was stirring.

"How close it was in the church this morning."

"Intolerable! And then an agent!"

But I observed these remarks were made only by those who had something on their minds, like a secret that was too much for them.

Deacon Smith and Jones finally counted the money after service. A peculiar look passed between them, as the ringing fell in the pan became evident.

"We shall have to take up another collection to make our pledges for the year good," said Deacon Smith.

"Or else let the Lord do like the good way," said Deacon Jones.

The minister of the morning had come down from the pulpit and was standing near them.

"I believe the Lord always sorts his money at one time or another. Perhaps he has sorted this before it came into the plates," said he.

"What do you mean?" asked Deacon Jones.

"Only this. This bare material can never buy the spiritual. Gold and silver and bills must be transmuted before they can be the means of saving souls. That which is given without love, without heart, and without prayer and consecration, without faith, may go to mission fields; but could we trace that money we should find from it no deep spiritual outcome. Could we trace a dollar of this kind we should see its fruitlessness.

"There are always two kinds of money in a contribution plate, the fruitful and the fruitless. I should not wonder if this were of the former kind."

It could not be possible that the heat of the day had overcome me, and I had been dreaming. At all events, just then I am sure I heard Deacon Smith say, as he handed the money to the minister:

"I cannot understand our having so small a contribution this morning. There was a good congregation, and our June collection is generally the largest."

The minister's reply made me feel sure that he, as well as I, had seen the whole occurrence, that I had not been dreaming; but that we had had the corner of an invisible veil lifted, and had been permitted a glimpse at those hidden and obscure mysteries of the mind, called "springs of action," and had seen their results in working.

He said, as he took the money: "Do not give yourself the least trouble on that account, Bro. Smith. I sometimes feel about a small collection as I do about a small congregation on a stormy day, they are the chosen and picked ones, and I have pretty good reason to believe that this money is of the thoroughly assorted kind, and is going to do a work out of all proportion to its size."—*Independent.*

Digestion.

How many live a clumsy and ungainly life in regard to their richest inward treasures! They live with those they love dearly, whom a few more words and deeds, expressive of this love would make so much happier, richer, and better; and they cannot, will not, turn the key and give it out. People who in their very souls really do love, esteem, reverence, almost worship each other, live a barren, chilly life, side by side, busy, anxious, preoccupied, letting their love go by as a matter of course, as last year's growth, with no present buds and blossoms.

Are there not sons and daughters who have parents living with them as angels unaware, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, in whom the material for a beautiful life lies locked away in unfruitful silence—who give time to everything but the cultivation and expression of spiritual love? The time is coming, they think, in some far future, when they shall find leisure to enjoy each other, to stop and rest side by side, to discover to each other these hidden treasures which lie idle and unused. Alas! time flies and death steals on, and we reiterate the complaint of one in Scripture—"It came to pass, while the servant was busy hither and thither, the man was gone."

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone. "She never knew how I loved her." "He never knew how he was to me." "I always meant to make more of our friendship." "I did not know what he was to me till he was gone." Such words are the poisoned arrows which crael death shoots backward at us from the door of the sepulchre.

How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendship, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are not now speaking merely of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best language of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, a tactfulness of physical organization, which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But there are words and looks and little observances, thoughtfulnesses, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and these are scarce a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"Why Don't You Say 'Amen'?"

A few years ago, as Charles G. Finney was holding a series of meetings in the city of Edinburgh, many persons called upon him for personal conversation and prayer.

One day a gentleman appeared in great distress of mind. He had listened to Mr. Finney's sermon on the previous evening, and it had torn away his "refuge of lies." Mr. Finney was plain and faithful with him, pointing out to him the way of life clearly, and his only hope of salvation. The weeping man assured him that he was willing to give up all for Jesus, that he knew of nothing he would reserve—all for Jesus.

"Then let us go down upon our knees and tell God of that," said Mr Finney. So both knelt, and Mr. Finney prayed:

"O Lord, this man declares that he is prepared to take thee as his God, and cast himself upon thy care, now and forever."

The man responded, "Amen!"

Mr. Finney continued: "O Lord, this man vows that he is ready to give his wife, family, and all their interests up to thee."

Another hearty "Amen!" from the man.

He went on: "O Lord, he says that he is also willing to give thee his business, whatever it may be, and conduct it for thy glory!"

The man was silent—no response. Mr. Finney was surprised at his silence, and asked:

"Why don't you say 'Amen' to this?"

"Because the Lord will not take my business, sir; I am in the spirit trade," he replied.

The traffic could not withstand such a test as that! The Lord will not take such a business under his care.—*The Pacific.*

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know it is to be taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a blood purifier, as well as when active, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day, my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Its tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 333 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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