Notes of a Sermon

DELIVERED BY REV. E. M. KEIRSTEAD, AT THE FUNERAL OF REV. J. A. MCLEAN.

"For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord."—Acts 11: 24.

These words refer to Barnabas, of whom we read in Acts 4: 36, 37: "And Joseph who by the apostles was surnamed Barnabas (which is, being interpreted, Son of Exhortation), a Levite, a man of Cyprus by race, having a field, sold it, and brought the money, and laid it at the apostle's feet" (Rev. Ver.). Something of his character seems to be denoted by the words, "Son of Exhortation," or "Son of Consolation," the word applied to him being related to that denoting the work of the Holy Spirit in helping, strengthening, comforting. We are also told that he fully identified himself with the cause of Christ, then in its weakness, for he sold his land, and laid the money at the service of the apostles. A little later we find him introducing to the apostles the converted Saul, in behalf of whom he has good words to speak. Such a man could not long be hid, and when the church at Jerusalem heard of the work of God at Antioch, Barnabas was selected to visit the brethren there. When he came and saw the work of God, he was glad, and exhorted them that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord. Subsequently he was called to be an associate of Paul in missionary work, and the story of their labors in various places shows the hand of the Lord was with them. Thus the text is illustrated and confirmed by the recorded events in the life of Barnabas. Now, the divine power and mercy were not exhausted in the apostolic age, wondrous as that epoch was. We need to discern the inspiration of the chosen witnesses whose words are ours, but we need also to remember that the same Lord who spoke by the lips of Paul and Barnabas now utters the word of life by the lips of His servants, who, throughout the world, hold not their peace day nor night. So the fruits of the Spirit's work in our day must be recognized, and must be spoken of; the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. Accordingly, I wish to speak a few words of the character and work of my esteemed, beloved, intimate friend, the late honored pastor of this church, whose remains are with us, as we believe his spirit is with Christ.

I. "He was a good man."

This may be said of our brother. For he was a *sincere* man. He was the same in private conversation as he was in public discourse; he did not declare a doctrine in the pulpit and question its truthfulness in the study; he did not flatter; he sought to obtain noble ends by noble means. He believed, and therefore spoke; his convictions were strong, and he therefore spoke strongly. One of the great thinkers of our time is never tired of repeating that an insincere man cannot do anything real. To say, therefore, that our brother was sincere, is to say much of him.

Then he *was upright and honest* in his department and dealings with his fellowmen. No glaring obliquity mars his record; no double-dealing destroys his influence. His name stands for faithfulness to his family, his friends, his engagements, his responsibilities.

But he was also *benevolent*. His heart was kind; no weak sentiment interfered with his sense of honor, but he knew that love is the fulfilling of the law. Accordingly his sympathies went out to old and young. He was a favorite with the children, who a few weeks ago presented him in this place tokens of their love, not knowing they were doing it for his burial.

But the *good man is a man who does good*; the truly benevolent man is also beneficent. Now our friend was constantly doing something for righteousness and truth. Of him it might be said in his measure, "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." Thus does his name represent sincerity, honesty, benevolence, beneficence, under control of divine love. He was a good man.

He aimed to be a good man; he counted manliness a power for God; to be a Christian gentleman was worth striving after. Many in the various places where he has laboured, who know him well, will endorse these words. His life was one that had its hardships and difficulties, as he was left an orphan at an early age. But he has met them, and comes to his grave with the white flower of a blameless life. This is the power and beauty of righteousness itself, that delights us as we speak of it. We know the power of large gifts and splendid achievements. But no reputation for talents, no oratorical efforts, no literary brilliancy can give the charm to the name of one we love, especially to that of a minister which the simple statement, he was a good man, can impart. A life of goodness is a potent life. No earthly music has such a tide of holy influence as the gentle life of the pure in heart.

II. "He was full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

The Spirit was given without measure to our Lord; to His servants the Spirit is given in measure. Now we can trace the Spirit's presence by His works. Therefore as we find the fruits of the Spirit, love, joy, meekness, goodness, faith, in the life and work of the one in all our thoughts to-day, we can say he had the presence and work of the Holy Spirit. We see this proved in his *entering* the ministry. Converted at his home in P. E. Island, during a revival conducted by the late Rev. Mr. McLeod and Rev. Mr. Freeman, he had at once serious thoughts as to preaching. But he engaged in business and prospered therein, yet the heart was not satisfied; and in 1871 the call came so distinctly that he dare not refuse. Like Barnabas he sold his possessions, and gave the price to the Lord's work. Thus the Spirit's call, and not worldly wisdom, led him to the work.

The character of his work as a preacher and pastor shows the presence of faith. The matter of his preaching was the truth of the gospel. His mind delighted in nature and general truth. But he did not put philosophy and human wisdom in place of the gospel. The sovereignty, wisdom, providence, and mercy of God; the immortal nature and sinful state of man; the complete redemption by the atoning work of the Redeemer, and the regenerating work of the Spirit; the Christian life in its wide relations; the church, its divine institution, its work, its fellowship, its ordinances; the coming of Christ, the rest that remains for the people of God,—these were the great doctrines that he loved, they were his faith, and he preached them wherever opportunity offered.

Now these are great truths, but the human mind does not delight in them all without the Spirit's preparation of the heart.

The *method* of his preaching also shewed spiritual influence. For he did not utter the truth in a perfunctory manner. The word of the Lord came unto him, but it came out from him with the stamp of his own mind and character, the strength of his own personality. He trusted the Spirit, and so you have known the power of the Unseen One.

From his sermons which I have heard and read, from the personal acquaintance I have enjoyed, and from the testimony of competent hearers, I believe his work was of a high intellectual order. He believed in mental power; he thought God should be worshipped with the *mind* as well as with the heart. Thus his strength increased as the years advanced, and brethren have noted the maturing of his powers as a minister; it seems now that he was ripening for the grave.

His faith is also seen *in the endurance of trials*. I must not review these at length. He was not borne along on beds of ease. The faithful minister of Christ has in these days a large opportunity; every one says that. But he has large trials as well. The world, the church often, know but little of these struggles. Some men our brother was called into controversy, sometimes he felt it his duty to attack heresy and open sin. How painful this was to him few have known. A minister may suffer in the spirit of a martyr in the midst of a church, as well as among the heathen of the dark continent. Through these conflicts he came by the help of God.

We must remember also that for years his work has been done in great bodily weakness. How brave he was under it all. No word of complaint escaped him; no appeal for sympathy; he bravely endured as seeing Him who is invisible. He was giving himself for the life of the people; death worked in him but life in them.

How poor and contemptible by the side of such a life appears that of some whining Christian, who, with fulness of life and strength, and perhaps abundance of means, moans about his little troubles and disappointments, while the great cause of Christ and humanity is put far away from him. The life of your pastor was a life of faith.

III. "Much people was added to the Lord."

It seems that some connection is implied between the goodness and faith of Barnabas and the increase of the number of believers. Sometimes numbers profess faith under leaders who exhibit no great spirituality. But it is the general truth that embued success in winning souls requires eminent piety. "Only fire kindles fire." The continued blessing of the Lord, which alone secures success, can surely rest only on those sincerely devoted to Him.

Now our brother's devotion was honored by the Master. We must remember indeed that his ministry was short. He was ordained at Middleton in 1874, but most of two subsequent years were spent at Newton, and for some time the state of his health has interfered with his work. Why he is taken away at the early age of 47 we know not. A wiser than the wisest has done it; we must be still. But short as it was his work was blessed. He strengthened believers. This is much. For a minister to maintain the truth in a community, to secure the prevalence of Christian truth in society, to unfold the Scriptures for the young and for the old, to do this even in an old church, is a success, even though additions be few. Such an one can say with Paul, the Lord sends him not to baptize, but to preach the gospel, to use the mighty power of Christian speech. This part of the work needs to be emphasized, for many worship only the success of winning numbers.

Now the ministry of your pastor was effective in this respect. Doubts were cleared away. Men might accept or reject the truth, but they could not sneer at it as he preached it.

But additions were not wanting. As far as I can learn, he administered baptism in every church of which he was pastor. At Pine Grove a large revival occurred; at Waterville, Hants, a number were converted; at Bear River the increase was considerable, as it was at Parrsboro, as it has been here. We may therefore say of our brother, in his measure, he was a good man . . . and many were added to the Lord. . . .

How precious is such a life, such a ministry, the memory of such a man. It is precious to *his family*, to those whom he loved with all the strength of his nature. The precious legacy of this record is now theirs, and theirs forever. Nothing can destroy it. "What's done cannot be undone." They will be grateful even in affliction for such a husband, for such a father. May they be able to feel more and more the power, tenderness, faithfulness to the God who has been so much to their dearest.

Precious also is this memory *to the church*. Here he lived in faith and verity, here he preached and prayed for you; here he worshipped with you; here he went down into the deep baptismal waters with some of you in agreement with his Lord's command; here he met with you in the sweet fellowship of the Lord's table, and distributed the emblems of our Lord's broken body and shed blood. Into your homes he has gone, and in those dreary, darksome days when the messenger of death was at almost every door, he knelt with your sick, he comforted you in bereavement; his tears mingled with yours; you were in his heart; he was faithful with you; he declared the full counsel of God. On the last days of his life, when the powers of nature had so far failed that the mind wandered, he preached, in imagination to you, and prayed for you, uttering cries of longing desire "for his people," for "his dear people."

What do you think of the Lord who gives you a minister like that? What will you do with his message? You have responded with sympathy, forbearance, kindness, support, as he has acknowledged publicly and privately. But will you not come up more generally and more strongly to the help of the Lord? It is something to have the tombs of the prophets; his grave is to be with you. May it remind you of his work, and stimulate to the life to which he summoned you, so that in the great day, in the presence of Christ, you may be his joy, his hope, his *crown of rejoicing*. Surely some lukewarm soul must be quickened, some worker made stronger by the pastor who, though dead, yet speaks. May it not be that some who have not found Christ will remember the words preached here by him now silent before us, and believe. Some one that loved the servant may be led to the Lord, for often

"Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, 'God be pitiful,'
Who ne'er said 'God be praised.'"

To us, who may be said to *represent* the denomination, also, there is a word.

This brother was one of our pastors, trusted, esteemed. May we never cease to honor the office made perpetual in his church by our Saviour; may we honor those who

"Let their works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine."

May we prize the memory of the heroes of faith who conquer the strongholds of Satan by the Divine power. This brother has been one of our Association preachers, speaker at our Convention, leader in ordinations, wise in our councils. He has fallen on the field preaching, working, struggling to the last, going direct from service to joy.

What shall we learn?

May we not stand ready for service or for rest? May we not expect the summons of our Lord when He will? May we not expect from our Lord's mercy and faithfulness to our brother that He will keep even us also and make us to triumph? May we not also be led to pray more for our workers in all departments, and that the Lord of the harvest will send forth more laborers? He called this brother from his business and enabled him to witness a good confession of Jesus Christ. May He not call many more from business, if need be, from our schools and colleges, or from the professions, who will speak to the people all the words of this life? At such a time as this, how precious does the gospel appear. It is the hope of our world; it alone gives us light for the future life. What a trust we have in this truth; may the Lord make us faithful unto it. Every life devoted to it seems to increase its value, seems to be a new stimulus to zeal, a new inspiration.

I have been speaking a few words, poor enough, but true, I believe, of a humble devoted, but as he would tell us, in perfect servant of the Lord. We cannot, however, speak of the servant without thinking of *the Master*. We gather as brethren; but it is as brethren *in Christ*; our love for one another comes from our love *to Christ*. If any brother has gifts and graces we see, not merely a man, but *the Lord who gave these graces*. Our brother's voice, if was loving, sincere, full of truth, not because of his own nature, but because Christ spoke through him. It was Christ that dwelt in him that did the work; the real power was the Unseen. Jesus lived and died, and lives again, therefore our brother lived and rests and lives with God. Let God be all in all. Let our hearts unite by faith, as our departed friend does in reality, in adoring Him that sitteth upon the throne, and the Lamb forever and ever.

Now our brother is with Christ; no more days of weariness followed by nights of weary watching and waiting for the morning. He has entered the rest for which he longed—the rest that remains for the people of God. Now he is with those who have come up out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple, and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

He rests from his labors, but the fruits of his spirit and his toils are with us still, in our hearts, in our lives, in the church.

"He is gone.
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man
Can weave him."

But speak no more—
With the dear Redeemer leave him
God accept him, Christ receive him.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon on the Publican's Prayer.

The subject of Mr. Spurgeon's discourse at the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday morning, February 20, was the parable of the Pharisee and Publican. Selecting as his text Luke xviii. 13—"And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner.'"—Mr. Spurgeon said: It was the fault of the Pharisee that he went up to the temple to pray but did not pray; there is no prayer in all that he says. It is the excellence of the publican that he went up to pray, and he did pray; there is nothing but prayer in all that he says. "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," is a pure, unadulterated prayer. It was the fault of the Pharisee that he forgot a main part of prayer, which is confession of sin. He seemed as if he had no sins to confess; but it is the excellence of the publican that he did confess his sins. His prayer is an acknowledgment of his guilt. Somebody calls the publican's prayer a telegram, and, certainly, it is so compact and so condensed, so free from every kind of superfluous word, that I do not see how he could have expressed his meaning more fully or more briefly. In the original Greek the words are fewer than in the English. Oh, that we might learn to pray with less of words and more of meaning! God, me, a sinner; or, to put it more perfectly, God, a propitiation, and a sinner. These are the three things peaked away in that single cry. He speaks of great matters, but has nothing to do with fasting or paying tithes. This prayer sped well with God, and it was blessed. The Lord Jesus Christ, who heard it uttered, became a portrait painter, and took a sketch of the man who prayed it. The prayer in itself was so pleasing to our gracious Saviour that he tells us how it was offered—"Standing afar off," "would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven," and "smote upon his breast." St. Luke, who, according to tradition, it would seem, was a portrait painter as well as a physician, takes care to put this picture away in his gallery—the gallery of the portraits of saints—and yet it was the portrait of a man who called himself a sinner, doubtless because he felt and knew he was such. I am glad to have the sketch of this man to see how he did it; gladder still to have the prayer of this man that I may see what he did; and my heart's desire is that many here may imitate him, and, as a result, go down to their house justified. Alas! this prayer has been flippantly used; for many may you have only got to say, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." If men trifle with this prayer, or dream there is anything about the words of it, they make a great mistake which may be fatal to their souls. But, if with the publican's heart we can take the publican's attitude, if with the publican's spirit we can use the publican's words, then there may be grand times to-day, and angels will rejoice over some that are reconciled to God and saved with an everlasting salvation. Mr. Spurgeon then proceeded to draw practical lessons from the parable. The fact of sinnership is no reason for despair; none need say, I am guilty, and, therefore, must be lost, and that it would be too daring a thing for me to pray for mercy. The whole of my text forbids it, and a thousand other arguments besides. This publican stands here as the sinner. If there were not another sinner in the world he is emphatically the sinner, takes the chief place, and cries for mercy. This parable was not told merely to amuse you, but to be an example, that you may be encouraged to come where one sinner has sped so well. There are great mercies in the heart of God. How often did voices ring out in the Temple singing, "His mercies endureth forever." One great trait in the character of Jehovah is that he is gracious and merciful. How could he indulge his mercy if there were no sinners? Angels are not fit recipients of his mercy; they do not require it, though they receive God's tenderness, but to indulge this darling attribute God must find a sinner. The Gospel is specially, definitely, and distinctly addressed to sinners. The sense of sinnership confers no right for mercy. This publican called himself a sinner, but did not urge that as any reason why he should find mercy. There is a devilish—nothing else—ingenuity in the heart of man by which they will get the Gospel out of every Gospel truth and turn it into something else. If a sense of sin were a qualification for mercy, then it would turn this parable upside down. Your sin is a fact, but it need not drive you to despair, but a deeper sense of sin than you have would not entitle you to the mercy of God. You have no title to it at all. God can give or withhold it according to his sovereign pleasure,

"Could your zeal no respite know,
Could your tears forever flow,"

it would make no claim upon the sovereign mercy of God. Beware of anything that makes you look to yourself and cling to that which makes you look alone to Christ. If we get the opinion that a certain sense of sin is a claim upon God, we shall be putting salvation upon other grounds than that of faith. The confession of sinnership is the way of peace, for this man came to God only a sinner. This confession of sin experienced a remarkable degree of acceptance, for we are told "he went down to his house justified." It was a wonderful and happy change, and may it be so in all like cases.—*London Freeman.*

"Faithful."

It was a dreary day in late winter. There were wearisome gray clouds overhead, and dull brown, half-melted ridges of snow and ice under foot. In the great iron foundry at M——, the men strode to and fro before their forges, bared their swarthy arms to the work, thrust huge glowing bars of metal into the panting fires, and swung their ponderous hammers—clang! clang! clang! The noise of the blows and of the ponderous machinery was so great that talking was impossible. A hoarse direction shouted now and then by the overseer, with gestures of the hand that the workers understood, that was all.

At an anvil a little removed from the central uproar stood a solitary man, fashioning a piece of iron into a shape not unlike that of the rubber bands sold by stationers for small parcels; only it was a foot long, and almost as thick as your wrist. The iron was held tight by a pair of tongs, and was glowing red, the sparks flying in a constant shower as the skilful blows fell, swiftly and surely. The workman himself was a quiet looking man, with tightly set lips; almost sullen, you would have said.

"Well, well," he muttered to himself, turning the hot iron, and commencing upon the other side, "it's the same old story. Pound, pound, from morning till night—no rest, no change, no hope. I'm of no importance in the world—it makes no difference whether I live or die—ah!"—

He stopped suddenly, and bent closely over the article he was shaping. You and I would have noticed nothing particular, but this man was evidently puzzled. He struck the iron two or three sharp blows, listening intently to the sound it gave back. Then he frowned, and poised it a moment on the end of his tongs.

The other men were accustomed to laugh at him because he was so particular about his workmanship in little things. Two or three of them glanced at him now as he stood that instant, undecided.

"Let it go, John," called one of them over his shoulder. "One out of a thousand won't make any difference."

But John had decided. "It's a flaw," he said. "I won't risk it." And, flinging away the iron loop on a heap of refuse metal, he patiently began his work over again, this time completing it, as he had hundreds of others, successfully.

* * * * * *

Three years passed away. It was winter again, and the northeast wind, roaring through the sky from the far off forests of Labrador, rolling huge, foaming waves from mid-ocean against the rocky coast of New England, unroofing houses, uprooting trees, sweeping over lonely lakes; and, joining its cry with the howl of the wolf and the cracking of ice-floes, turned the night into a tumult of darkness and doleful uproar dreadful to hear. On the western tracks of the A. M. & S. Railroad, the late express was running at full speed. It had been delayed by the high wind, and the engineer was making up time. Twenty, thirty, thirty-five miles an hour, into the black night, with only a glow from the headlight on the steel rails, a few hundred feet in advance of the locomotive, as it plunged forward faster than ever. The firemen piled his furnace with coal, shovelful after shovelful. Now a few lights, dotting the darkness, from comfortable fireides in some small country village. The engine slacks its pace slightly, shrieks at the station master with his waving lantern, and dashes on at *thirty-eight* miles an hour. The engineer, with one hand on the polished bar before him, glances alternately at the steam-guage and the track ahead. The wind is blowing more fiercely than ever, but he knows nothing of that; he thinks only of the hot, bounding, roaring creature on whose back he rides on into the night at *forty miles an hour*.

The passengers in the train are most of them asleep. There is a baggage and mail car, in which a few men are at work; but in the Pulman cars behind are over a hundred souls, trustfully awaiting the end of their journey. There are fathers hurrying home to their children; boys and girls with heads upon the rocking pillow, dreaming of fir trees and lights and bright gifts, for it is just after Christmas.

One of the passengers has a little girl nestling close beside him; her mother left them for Christ's country last week, and now she alone is left to him. As the rails rattle beneath the flying wheels of the train, the man becomes uneasy, and holds the little girl more tightly. Then he takes out his watch and calculates the speed.

"I wonder"—he says slowly, "I wonder"—

Crash—h—h!

Darkness, wild cries, the car dashing furiously over timbers and wreck of rail and platform like a ship upon the rocks; screams, prayers, groans; a terrible sideways lurch and a prolonged creaking of strained iron and wood, above the shrill cries of men, women, and children. Then dead, awful stillness.

One by one, the terrified, half-dressed, trembling passengers make their way over the slanting floor of the car, and out through broken doors and windows into the cold night air.

As the lights began to flash upon the scene, the bravest hid their faces and turned pale. In the valley, far below, as if they were looking down from a lofty church belfry, lay the monster of steam and iron which a few moments before was bounding homeward with them in apparent safety and with sure speed. Beside it were heaped the ruins of the mail car. And on the verge of the embankment, leaning dizzily over those awful depths, rested the forward Pullman. What held it back?

The locomotive left the rails and plunged over the embankment, seventy five feet down to the bottom, turning completely over in its course and dragging the mail car after it. Only one man was killed, though the train was crowded; the forward Pullman would have gone over, after the mail car, *had it not been held back by the link which coupled it to the next car.*

So the report flew over the wires the next morning, and so you can read it in the newspapers, if you like.

And what of the obscure iron-worker who would not let that iron link pass his hands until it was perfect—a true and honest piece of work? No one knows his name. He never will know in this world how that faithful half-hour saved sixscore human lives. But there is One who knows, and who does not forget the humblest, everyday duty doing of His children. He who said, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"—*Congregationalist.*

Do You Know Jesus?

I was walking hastily along a crowded street when my steps were suddenly arrested by a voice behind me uttering the words: "Sir, do you know Jesus?" For the time and place it was a strange question. It was high noon, and many were hastening to the exchange near by. It was in the centre of a busy thoroughfare through which hundreds were passing, each intent upon his own particular errand. In the midst of the temples of Mammon and of the things of his worshippers, I heard the strange, thrilling question: "Sir, do you know Jesus?" Stranger still, when I turned to see the person who uttered the words, I could not fix upon any one of the numbers behind me as the speaker. I did not see either to whom it had been spoken. If it had fallen from the clear sky above me it could not have had less of personality about it. The air had borne it to my ear, but from whom I could not discern; and the words, so unusual in that place and at that time, seemed to have become doubly strange, that their speaker had so quickly vanished.

I turned away and passed up the street, pondering over the question which I had so mysteriously heard. I thought of the declaration of Jesus that "to know" him is "life eternal," and then I forgot the strangeness of the query in the sense of its overwhelming importance. I questioned my own soul. "Dost thou know Jesus," the eternal life? I applied it mentally to those who passed me so hurriedly, eager in their pursuits of present good. One I recognized as a shrewd and practical financier. He knew something of the secrets of the banking-house. He understood the vast system of exchanges which spread over our country like a network. He could discourse fluently upon the crisis and its causes. Did he know Jesus? If not, he had missed the highest knowledge. He knew not him in whom infinite treasures of wisdom and grace are found.

I passed on further, and I saw a well-known merchant, ascending the steps of the Custom House. He was an adept in his business, thoroughly versed in all the departments of trade. He knew the value of commodities at a glance, and could predict the turn of markets, and speculate wisely upon the changes in commerce made by the manifold changes of the times. He was an oracle in the counting-house and on exchange. But did he know Jesus? was my thought. In his calculations has he ever computed the worth of his soul, or the value of Christ's sacrifice offered for its redemption? Did he know Jesus as his Saviour, and heartily receive him as his sacrifice before God? If not, what was his acquired knowledge but a guide for a few years, to be utterly useless when God should call him to give up his possessions on earth.

Further on, I met another familiar face. It was pale, and an air of abstraction spread over it. The man of science was conning some new problem, or pondering over some novel facts. He knew the laws by which the stars move and the waters flow. He had analyzed and combined until he understood many things in their elements, and the processes by which these elements were united in many different forms. He knew the history of the past, and could tell where the mountains had been built up and the seas spread out. Did he also know Jesus? That is the great question. Reader, do you know Jesus? Do you know his power to save from sin and the fear of impending judgment? Do you know how free his mercy is? how full his grace? You must know him, or miss eternal life. —*The Presbyterian.*

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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

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