

grace of God. The grace of God is love; and how can we apply it practically? Just to love to do God's will, more than to do the things that lead us away, even more than houses and lands, husband or wife, gold or silver, or any other gods, we may have before our God of love. If any man shall forsake all these things for my sake and the Gospel's, he shall not only have them in the highest sense, but also eternal life.

I would I were an instrument in the hands of God this afternoon, to make you to see the truth, and to accept it in its simplicity.

We are all on the voyage of life; some of us nearing the other shore, some tossed about on the billows of mid-life; some have not ventured far and are soon summoned home. There is no certainty. The old must die and the young do. There is no time to put off the preparation for the final journey into the all-unseen, the all-unknown.

Men make every effort to lead the voyager away from the true path. Lives are lost to the world, the home, and those around them, upon the shoals—the harmful amusements—beer gardens, dancing pavilions, etc. As we yield to these things, as we go into these paths to seek this false happiness, we are not left without the witness for truth—even the still small voice of God in the soul, whispering, "this is wrong." Choose this day the right pilot for this little bark gliding over life's ocean. Choose this Christ for our pilot that Jesus had, in its fullness, and testified that "Whosoever believeth, might not perish but have everlasting life—life here and hereafter.

When we look at the progress of the world, even the material world, during the last 100, or even 50 years, we realize that the ability that accomplishes it comes from God. Man cannot do these things alone. How important it is, then, to seek God's will and do it. It is only thus we can

make preparation for the final journey, which also prepares us better for this present life.

Sometimes our little ones are taken from us that we may be led up higher. As the Alpine Shepherd, when the pasture in the valley becomes poor and thin, takes the lamb in his arms and goes before, thus drawing the bleating mother over the rocks and through the briars and brambles, up higher on the mountain side to where the pastures are fresh and abundant. So we are enticed upwards. We all have loved ones in the other world, who have gone on but a little while before us, and who await our coming.

These visitations have proved to me more than anything else that there is a life beyond the grave. I remember, when a boy of fifteen, as I stood at the bedside of my departing father, after we thought that he had passed away, he opened his eyes, and said, "Oh, did you see them? Four white angels passed over my bed with palms in their hands." They had laid away four little girls, and can we not believe that they had come to welcome this father into the heavenly home. This scene made a deep and lasting impression on my youthful mind, and convinced me, above all other proof, that there is a life beyond the grave; that there is a home, happier than any here, where we shall dwell with loved ones and the Father forevermore. Let us close in with the invitation; make the choice to-day; secure the passport that admits us into this home eternal. God seeks the salvation of all. He wills not the death of any, but invites all to return and live, for why will ye perish. We were created in his image, and He wants us to reflect that same purity as we pass through life. But we cannot do it while living selfishly. Selfishness will weigh us down with sorrow and remorse. But he himself will help us to line aright. His love abounds; nor has his revelation ceased. He will reveal himself to us as he did to the