The Longsuffering of God.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

2 Peter iii. 15.—"And account that the longsuffering of our Lord is salvation."

Beloved brethren, God's longsuffering with a guilty world he may never explain to us. There are many things which we must not ask to have explained. We get into deep waters and into terrible troubles when we must have everything explained. For my part, I like to believe great truths which are beyond my reason. A religion without mysteries seems to me to be false on the face of it. If there be an Infinite God, it is not possible that poor I, with my finite mind, shall ever be able to understand everything about him. If the Lord chooses to tarry till thousands of years have passed away, yea, till millions of years have elapsed, yet let him do as he wills. Is he not infinitely wise and good? who are we that we should put to him the question? Let him tarry his own time; only let us watch and wait, for he will come, and they that wait for him shall have their reward.

At this time I am going to speak a little upon this point. First, let us admire the longsuffering of God. And, secondly, let us make a right account of it by accounting it to be salvation.

I. First, I would conduct your minds over a few points that may help you to admire the longsuffering of God.

Admire the longsuffering of God as to peculiar sins. Look, brethren, they make images of wood or stone, and they say, "These are God," and they set up these things in the place of him that made the heavens and the earth. How does he endure to see reasonable beings bowing down before idols, before fetishes, before the basest objects? How does he bear that men should even worship emblems of impurity, and say that these are God? How does he bear it, he that sitteth in the heavens, in whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways?

Others, even in this country, blaspheme God. What an amount of profanity is poured out before God in this city! One can scarcely walk the streets to-day without hearing horrible language. An oath has often chilled me to the marrow—an oath which was not excused by any special circumstance, but rolled out of a man's mouth as a customary thing. We have to-day some among us that might match the devil in blasphemy, so foully do they talk. And oh, how is it that God bears it when they dare imprecate his curse upon their bodies and their souls? O, Father, how dost thou bear it? How dost thou endure these profane persons, who insult thee to thy face?

Besides, there are those who use fair speech, and yet blaspheme most intolerably. Men of education and of science are often worse than the common folk because they blaspheme with fearful deliberation, and solemnly speak against God, and against his Son, and against the precious blood, and against the Holy Ghost. How is it that the Thrice holy One bears with them? O, wondrous longsuffering of a gracious God!

And then there are others who wallow in unmentionable impurity and uncleanness. Oh, I will not attempt any description, for I would I wish to take your thoughts to those things whereof men may blush to think, though they blush not to do them. It is once more a world of oppression, fornication, and adultery! and yet, O God, thou bearest it! This great blot upon the face of the world, this huge city of Lorne, reeks in filthiness, and yet thou holest thy peace!

And then when I turn my thoughts another way, to the oppression of the poor, to the grinding down of those who with the hardest labor, can scarcely earn read enough to keep body and soul together, how dare the Just God permit it? Why I mark he oppression of man by man—why among wild beasts there is none that equals the cruelty of man to man—how doth the All-merciful bear it? Methinks the sword of the Lord must often rattle in its scabbard, and he must force it down, and say, "Sword of the Lord, rest and be quiet!"

I will not go further, because the list is endless. The wonder is that a Gracious God should continue to bear all this. Think of the sin involved in false teaching. I stood one day at the foot of Pilate's staircase in Rome, and saw the poor creatures go up and down, on their knees, on what they are taught was the very staircase on which the Lord Jesus Christ stood before Pilate. I noticed sundry priests looking on, and I felt morally certain that they knew it to be an imposture. I thought that if the Lord would lend me his thunderbolts about five minutes, I would make a wonderful clearance thereabouts: but he did nothing of the kind. God is not in haste as we are. Sometimes it does suggest itself to a hot spirit to wish for speedy dealing with iniquity: but the Lord is patient and pitiful.

Especially notice, next, that this longsuffering of God is in peculiar persons. A certain persons sins are greater than they same sins would be in other people. Conscience have been favored with a view that when and with good instruction, vengeance. I have they sin they sin against God's altar, known some one forth from his temple to and have seen Levites of his transgressing, and they have met in villanies. Yet sanctuary, and were traitors, and lets them the Lord bears with them!

list is wonderful that God should have such longsuffering when we look at the peculiar circumstances under which some men sin. Some men sin against God willfully, when they have no temptation to it, and can find no necessity. If the poor man steals, we half forgive him; but some do so who have all that heart could wish. When the man driven to extremity has said the thing that was not true, we half excused him; but some are wilful liars, with no gain or profit therein. Some sin for the sheer love of sin, not for the pleasure they gain by it, nor for the profit they hope from it, but for mere wantonness. Born of godly parents, trained as you were in the very school of godliness, made to know, as you do know in your own conscience, the Lord Jesus to be the Son of God, when you sin against him, there is a painful emphasis in your transgressions. I speak to some who may well wonder that they are yet alive after having sinned with such gross aggravations.

Some manifest the longsuffering of God very wonderfully in the length of time in which they have been spared to sin. Many men are provoked by one offence, and think themselves miracles of patience of they forget it. But many have provoked God fifty, sixty, seventy, perhaps eighty years. You could not stand eighty minutes of provocation, and yet the Lord has put up with you throughout a lifetime. You tottered into this house to-night. You might have tottered more if you had remembered the weight of sin that cleaves to you. Yet the mercy of God spares you. Still, with outstretched arms, infinite mercy bids you come and receive at the hand of God your pardon bought with the blood of Jesus Christ. This longsuffering of God is marvellous.

Remember that it would be easy on God's part to be rid of you. There is a text where he says, "Ah! I will ease me of mine adversaries." Some men bear because they cannot help it. They are obliged to submit; but God is not in that condition. One wish, and the sinner will never provoke him any more, nor refuse his mercy again. He will be gone out of the land of hope. Therefore, I say, the longsuffering of God is enhanced in its wonderfulness by the fact that he is under no necessity to exercise it except that which springs out of his own love.

I beg all of you who are unconverted to think earnestly upon God's longsuffering to you in permitting you to be here, still to hear from the cross of Christ the invitation, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."

II. Secondly, let us take the right account of the longsuffering of God. "Account that the longsuffering of our Lord is salvation." What does this mean?

Does it not mean, first, as to the saving of the many? The Lord Jesus Christ is, as I believe, to have the pre-eminence. I think he will have the pre-eminence in the number of souls that will be saved as compared with those that will be lost; and that can scarcely be effected except by a lapse of time in which many will be brought to Christ. I am not, however, going into any speculations. I look at it this way. As long as this old hulk keeps beating up against the rocks, as long as she does not quite go down into the sea of fire, it means man's salvation. It means, "Out with the lifeboat! Man the lifeboat, and let us take off from her all that we can, and bring them to shore." God calls upon us, until the world is utterly destroyed with fire, to go on saving men, with all our might and main. Every year that passes is meant to be a year of salvation. We rightly call each year "the year of our Lord"; let us make it so by more and more earnest efforts for the bringing of sinners to the cross of Christ. I cannot think that the world is spared to increase its damnation. Christ came not to destroy the world, but that the world through him might be saved; and so, as every year rolls by, let us account it salvation, and spend and be spent in the hope that by any means we may save some.

And if we can indulge a brighter hope still that the kingdom of Christ shall come, and that multitudes shall be converted, and that the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea, so let it be. But ever let this be to the front—that this longsuffering of God means salvation, and at that we are to aim.

So, dear friends, in the second place, the next meaning of this is to any of you who are unconverted. I want you to account that the longsuffering of God in sparing you means to you salvation. Why are you here to-night? Surely it is salvation. I met years ago a soldier who had ridden in the charge of Balaklava. He was one of the few that came back when the saddles were emptied right and left of him. I could not help getting into a corner, and saying to him, "Dear sir, do you not think that God has some design of love to you in sparing you when so many fell? Have you given your heart to him?" I felt that I had a right to say that. Perhaps I speak to some of you who were picked off a week years ago. Why was that? I hope it was that you might be saved. You have had a fever lately, and have hardly been out before. You have come hither to-night, still weakly, scarcely recovered. Why were you saved from that fever when others were cut down? Surely it must mean salvation. At any rate, the God who was so pitiful as to spare you, now says to you, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." When Master Bunyan was a lad, he was so foolhardy that, when an adder rose against him, he took it in his hand, and plucked the sting out of its mouth, but he was not harmed. It was his turn to stand sentinal at the siege of Nottingham, and as he was going forth, another man offered to take his place. The man was shot, and Master Bunyan thus escaped. We should have had no Pilgrim's Progress if it had not been that God did not God preserve him on purpose that he might be saved? There are special interpositions of Divine Providence, by which God spares ungodly men whom he might have cut down. Long as we notice upers of the ground, the intention that on these as he may be cared for yet another barren trophy it may bring forth fruit? year. O you who are here to-night are Sorrow to yourselves that you are still in the land of the living—I pray you account the longsuffering of God to be salvation. See salvation in it. Beencouraged to look to Christ, and, looking to him, you shall find salvation, for "thre is life in a look at the crucified One." Account God's longsuffering to be salation to you if to no one else.

God's longsuffering is one of the great means by which he works for the salvation of his elect. He willnot let them die till first they live to God He will not suffer them to pass into etenity till first his infinite love has justifid them through the righteousness of Chrst.

Thus I have said what I hope may be embraced by some here present.

But I must finish This text seems to me to have a bearing upon the people of God. Indeed, it is for them that it is written. "Accountthat the long suffering of God is salvation."

I must turn the ext to give you really what lies in it. Godhears the cry going up from his own elect, and it is written, "Shall not God avenge his own elect, though he bear long with them?" That long forbearance of God brings to his own people much of trouble, pain, sorrow, much of amazement and soul distress. Brother you must learn to look upon that as salvation. I hear you say, "What mean you?" I mean this. The very fact that you are made to groan and cry by reason of God's longsuffering to guilty men gives you sympathy with Christ, and union with Christ, who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself. Reckon that in being brought into harmony, sympathy, oneness with Christ, though enduring the results of the divine longsuffering, you find salvation: It is salvation to a man to be put side by side with Christ. If you have to bear the jests and gibes of the ungodly, if God spares them, and permits them to persecute you, be glad of it, and reckon it as salvation, for now you are made partaker of Christ's sufferings. What more salvation do you desire?

Remember, too, that when the ungodly persecute the righteous, they give them the mark of salvation, for of old it was so. He that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit. If you were never reviled, if you were never slandered or traduced, who would know that you are a Christian? But when, through the longsuffering of God with the ungodly, you are made to suffer, account it to be a mark of your salvation. "Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

Once more: reckon the longsuffering of God, when it permits the ungodly to slander and injure you, as salvation, because it tends to your salvation by driving you nearer to the Lord. It prevents your making your home in this world. It forces you to be a stranger and a foreigner. It compels you to go without the gate bearing Christ's reproach, and so, in this way, that which seemed so hard to bear brings salvation to you.

Wherefore, comfort one another, dear children of God. Be not over cast-down and troubled because of your Lord's delaying his coming, for he will yet help you, and you shall be delivered.

If the Lord has shown longsuffering to any of you, and yet you have never repented or turned to him, do so to-night. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and you are not saved. But, oh, that you might be saved ere this service ends! The leaves are falling from the trees thick and fast, and ere you fall from the tree of this mortal life, think of your God, and turn to him, and live. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Silver Spray—A Story of Church Finance.

It was a bleak morning in a great city. The crowds pressed on in search of gain. Care sat upon many faces, deep grief on not a few. Each heart, knowing its own bitterness, was trying to lessen or to bear its burden of sorrow. Blighted hopes, false friendships, hungry wealth, and grim poverty, had all their part in the sombre coloring of that throbbing life picture. The men who were in earnest had now come fourth; fashion and frivolity were yet at home, perhaps asleep.

The faces of the crowd were a curious study, for the soul was incarnate in the features. Pride, passion, and self, had their signatures in bold characters on many faces.

But two men claim our notice. The one is pale and thoughtful. He has his burden in that sense of failure which almost crushes him to the earth. His history is only too common. Three years before he became the willing minister of a small and poor church. He has toiled day and night, and prayed, thought, visited; many have been converted and cheered on homeward. He is growing in wisdom and power, but he has "failed to make it pay," and the deacons say they cannot go on much longer.

It is surely a hard case. He has a sickly wife and a large family. As a man of culture he must have books and leisure, must live in a certain class of house, and appear respectable; and as society now is all this demands money. What can he do? He hates speaking to his people about it, and yet he cannot think to leave the place where God is blessing his labors. No wonder he is sad. An earnest worker about to be driven from his life-work by the cares of this world!

In the next street another man, the chief support of the church, is confronted by the same problem. He is loathe to lose that man who has awakened in him a nobler self, and yet what can he do? No doubt the evil arises from lack of thought, and not from any want of loving interest on the part of the people. They cannot all be church officers, and matters seem to go on well. Their minister is nicely dressed and apparently cheerful; his sermons are full of power; the congregation increases; and as to the money, why it comes from that mysterious and never-failing fountain known as "the church funds."

Believing that all goes smoothly, they give loose copper or silver to the collection, pay their pew-rents, praise God, love their minister, grow in an unspiritual thing as thought about this man has to find the money, and although not rich, he has many given more than his share. It cannot go on much longer, for when the rivulets are very small and flow very slowly, who can supply the broad stream?

"How sad!" he is saying to himself. "Here we are now a thriving church, owing all to our minister, and yet we are about to lose him because we cannot raise him the salary of a common clerk. Is there no remedy?"

Thus thinking, he runs against a man who is coming hastily around the corner.

"Hollos, there!"

"Hollos, you there!"

"Why, bless me, Brown, is that you? Come along; you are the very man to help me."

Here follow the usual greetings, and the two friends, arm in arm, go down the street.

They were kindred spirits—men is the grandest noblest sense—men of business, and yet men of God. Men who said little about their spiritual feelings, but whose whole being bent in homage before the Divine.

"Well, Herbert" said Mr. Brown, "what's wrong now? One would almost think you a lineal descendant of the weeping prophet."

"And you would be sad also," answered Herbert, "if you had the same reason."

"And what is that, pray?"

"We are about to lose our minister."

"Never!" said Brown. "Why, he is one of the finest men I ever knew."

"That may be, and yet we must lose him, for we are unable to raise his salary, and we could not ask him to do with less than he has now."

"Very strange," said Brown. "What are your 'financial arrangements,' as people call them,—how do you raise the money?"

"In the usual way. We have pew-rents and occasional collections, and yet are going behind $250 every year."

"Yes; but have you all a God's purse and weekly offerings?"

"A God's purse and weekly offerings?" said Herbert, in utter amazement, "what do you mean?"

"Mean: I mean what I say. But by your looks I know the secret of your church's failure. But now, Herbert, you listen to me. Your financial arrangements must be changed. Our church was once in the same condition as yours. We are now flourishing; and the secret is a God's purse in every house, and weekly offerings in the chapel. We have learned from the principles of the Bible that each Christian should have two purses—one for himself and his wife, and one for God. As a freeman, with a conscience enlightened by God's word, he must be himself the judge of the extent to which God has prespered him, and of the amount to be put into God's purse; but having once settled the amount, he should think it robbing God to touch the Lord's purse but for the Lord's work. Then coming to God's house with God's purse, let each one leave his offering on the table prepared for it. Let that table be looked on as an altar: each man deeming it a sacred privilege to worship God with his substance—an honor to cast his gift into the treasury. And if you do this, depend upon it you cannot only keep your minister, but give more to the poor and help to spread around the religion of Jesus."

Herbert was amazed and silent, and they walked for a time ere either spoke."

"Why, Brown, you would make giving money an act of family and public worship."

"And so it ought to be, but only the few look on it as such. Take my own case. For many years after my marriage, when I got my quarter's salary, there was a portion for rent, for food and clothes, and all the rest, but none for God. I gave as others do, but I had no special purse for Him. But now, while believing that all I have and am is God's, and that in living honestly I please Him, I still hold that some definite part of my income should go to God's service, and having acted upon my belief, God has prospered me with peace and plenty, with something also for a rainy day, and I have given to His service three times as much as in former days. Get your church to do the same, and tell me the result. But I must go; good-morning."

Herbert walked on in deep thought, and as he mused the fire burned, a new light was dawning upon his mind. Nobler motives of self-sacrifice, like so many angels of mercy, were arising from the graves of a dead past. Conscience also, shaking herself free from the fetters of evil habits, claimed to sit supreme on the throne of his soul. He bent in deep sorrow—he knew he had not done the right; and now, at the call of conscience, there came before him in stately array the examples and commands of God's book. He saw the ancient Jews in a state of semi-barbarism, giving one-tenth of their substance unto God; remembered how often in praying that God would open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing, he had forgotten the condition of bringing one-tenth unto God, that there might be meat in His house; saw the early Christians piling themselves and all that they had as a living sacrifice on the altars of Christ; recalled the numerous allusions to giving in the epistles, and heard a voice crying unto him, "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." He was self condemned—confessed his faults, and then vowed that if God would forgive him the past ignorance and cruel neglect, he would begin his life of Christian giving anew.

He hurried home in the evening, and his wife, seeing he was dull, said little, but was very cheerful. Instead of spending the evening in the parlor, he went up-stairs and entered upon holy ground. He was alone with Emmanuel, but into that holiest of all no alien eye must look. He came forth a wiser, nobler man.

The next day was Sunday, and it was the habit in his house that all should rise as early on that day as on any other—a habit that more would do well to acquire. When he came down he was cheerful, but perplexed. He knew the right, but feared lest his wife might not approve. However, he must have her consent before moving a step.

"We must have two purses after this, my dear," he said.

"Two purses!" she cried in alarm, "two purses! Why, what have I done; am I not careful enough?" It was too much for her, and she burst into tears.

Her was a scene now—he felt very foolish. However, he managed to smile, and quietly said, "You do not understand me, dearest. You and I must ever have one purse, and only one; but we have never had a purse for God."

He then told her his conversation with Mr. Brown, and concluded by asking her to consentto the two purses—one for the house and one for God, the latter receiving at least one-tenth of all they possessed.

His wife seemed to hesitate. She thought, "The children need new clothes, and there is my silk dress getting quite shabby and besides we need so many other things; but yet, if my Father sent his only Son to die for me, how can I refuse to do all I can for his house?"

"Well, Herbert," said she, "if you think it is right, I shall not hinder you."

And thus it came about that in Herbert's house there were two purses—one for him and his wife and one for God.

It need scarcely be said that no happier man entered their church that morning.

At least one-half of the struggle was over, and he could commit the rest to God.

In the church all seemed to go well. The people had no idea of their impending loss. The sermon was one of great power on the subject of cross-bearing, and concluded by an eloquent reference to the grand army of conquerors around the throne,—those who stand in white robes on the banks of the river of life.

The congregation then sang, "Shall we gather at the river?" Herbert joined as usual; but when he came to the verse,

"On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day,"

he paused. "Silver spray!" he thought. "Is there not silver spray required on earth as well as in heaven?" A treasurer's thought, no doubt, but to him a very suggestive one; and in view of it, he beheld that stream of worship which makes glad the city of our God flowing along the banks and channels of outer forms, with the waves of divine music leaping in gladness, and the willing offerings, like so much silver spray, telling of the gladsome billows which rolled beneath.

In the church meeting, after the service, there was a strange hush, like to that before a coming shower. The minister rose, and in a few broken sentences told them he could preach no longer, because the church funds were not enough to meet the demands, and it prayed so upon his mind that he must give up. His words fell as a thunderbolt among them. They could not bear to lose him. It took them by surprise, and all said they were ready to do something to keep him. But what could be done? When all were silent, Herbert arose and told them the history of his own change of mind about money, explained the nature of the two purses, and the weekly offering, and urged them one and all to do as he had resolved to do.

There was little difficulty. In fact, the plan seemed so fair and simple to every one, that they could not object, nor did they. They loved their minister. In fact, they were to a large extent ignorant of how matters stood, for although there was a periodic reading of accounts, they had such unbounded confidence in their trustees, they thought little about money matters.

Loving their minister, no one said, "He has too much, for he has more than I have;" no one spoke of "being taxed for a free gospel." They felt it an honor, an act of worship to give, and each member resolved to have two purses, and the whole church agreed to the offertory table as an altar of thanksgiving to God of all grace and goodness.

From this day a new era dawned upon the church. The income was double, and a higher spiritual life entered into the church.

The family feeling grew stronger—the social household and God's household were more firmly united—self-denial became more common—giving was now regarded as a privilege, a luxury twice blessed, and ere long, that God, whose is the earth and the fulness thereof, and who is honored by the offerings of his people, did pour out "such a blessing that there was not room enough to receive it."

Not long after this, Herbert was in the city and again met Mr. Brown. This time he was cheerful enough, and scarce waited for the customary salutations ere he began to tell what a wonderful change had been wrought by the two purses and the table altar.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "has your minister got another place?"

"No, said Herbert, "and I hope he never will. Why, he is like a new man. He preached well before, but you should hear him now! The whole church is alive with a new life; and all our current expenses are easily met; we have doubled our mission collection; the deacons rub their hands and smile with gratitude; and now we feel that "old things have passed away and all things have become new."

"Well done," said Mr. Brown. "I told you how it would be; and in future, if any church asks you how to scare away the armed man of poverty, who has strangled so many good works, send them to Dr. Brown, or tell them of his famous cure called, Two purses and the weekly offering table."—*Sel.*

Paul's Great Secret.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

The secret of Samson's strength was in his hair. When his locks were shorn off, he became like other men. The Apostle Paul tells us (according to the accurate rendering of the New Revision) "I have learned the secret both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want; I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me." The secret of Paul's fortitude and cheerfulness and endurance to the end was that Jesus lived in the very depths of his soul. A perennial well was opened in the apostle's soul when he was converted; the novelty of the first experience at Damascus passed away, but the deep, clear, living waters never ran dry. People could always predict how Paul would act, because the principle that ruled him was always the same. "The love of Christ constraineth me; I can do all things in Christ who strengthens me."

Too many professed Christians are the creatures of circumstances and conditions. They go up and down with the tide; to-day they are happy, to-morrow they are "in the dumps." When business thrives, they are great believers in Providence; when times grow hard, and income falls off, their faith goes out like a candle under an air-pump. In revival seasons they can sing and pray and exhort glibly; when the surrounding atmosphere cools down, they are as cold as ever. The real reason is that they live on circumstances, and do not live on Christ. He is the same yesterday, to day and forever.

Paul had learned the secret of perseverance. All true Christians, whether they bear the ear-mark of Calvin, or Wesley, or Luther, agree in this that a Christian holds out for no other reason than that Christ holds out in him. Because Jesus lives, he lives also. You can no more exhaust the graces of a Wesley or a Shaftesbury, a Spurgeon or a Moody, than you can pump the Hudson River dry at West Point. What a transcendent prayer that is of Paul for his brethren, "that ye might be filled unto all the fulness of God!" When we meet with a man or woman who is equally cheerful in sunshine or in storm, who is always abounding in the work of the Lord, who serves Christ on every day as well as on Sunday, who cares more to be right than to be rich, who can "say grace" over the bitterest cup of trial—when we meet such people, we know that down in the secret depths of their souls is Christ the well-spring. They never freeze up, and they never dry up. Holiness means health; and one healthy Christian is worth a car load of church members whose religion has the symptoms of an intermittent fever.

Paul also had learned the secret of power. A Cunard steamer with an empty coal-bunker could not move a rod from the wharf; if towed out to sea she would be the sport of every gale. Fill her furnace with coal, and she is a match for a hurricane. In like manner the source of power in every effective Christian is Christ dwelling in him. George Muller's career is a mystery to some folk; but to those who discover the prodigious faith which keeps him linked to Christ, there is no mystery in his success. There is immense power in single-hearted love of Christ, and in the honest determination to serve him on all occasions. This is a higher gift for a minister than genius or eloquence or erudition. A man of very moderate talents becomes a leading man in the church and in the community as soon as Christ gets complete hold of him. Those four fishermen of Galilee never would have risen above their fishing smacks if "power from on high" had not entered into them, and made them teachers of sublime truth to the end of time. Nay, Paul himself would have rotted into obscurity had not Jesus made him a giant by his grace. "Not I, but Christ that liveth in me," was the secret of power. And in our churches we sometimes discover a very plain man who has attained to a great propelling power, simply by the momentum of his godliness. He follows Jesus so steadily and vigorously that he moves others by his sheer momentum. Not a great man, he yet does great things "through Christ who strengtheneth him." Here was Paul's secret. Happy are we if we have found it out. Happy is that church which has learned the secret of the Lord; it is with them that fear him.

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 reconmended 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, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, 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.

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