Healing by Stripes.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"With his stripes we are healed." Isa. 53:5

Being one evening in Exeter Hall, I heard our late beloved brother, Mr. Mackay, of Hull, make a speech, in which he told us of a person who was under very deep concern of soul, and felt that he could never rest till he found salvation. So, taking the Bible into his hand, he said to himself, "Eternal life is to be found somewhere in this Word of God; and it is here I will find it, for I will read the Bible right through, praying to God over every page of it, if perchance it may contain some saving message for me." He told us that the earnest seeker read on through Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, and so on; and though Christ is there very evidently, he could not find him in the types and symbols. Neither did the holy histories yield him comfort, nor the book of Job. He passed through the Psalms, but did not find his Saviour there; and the same was the case with the other books till he reached Isaiah. In this prophet he read on till near the end, and then in the fifty third chapter these words arrested his delighted attention, "With his stripes we are healed." "Now I have found it," says he. "The healing that I need for my sin-sick soul, and I see how it comes to me through the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ. Blessed be his name, I am healed!" It was well that the seeker was wise enough to search the sacred volume; it was better still that in that volume there should be such a life-giving word, and that the Holy Spirit should reveal it to the seeker's heart. I said to myself, "That text will suit me well, and peradventure a voice from God may speak through it yet, again to some other awakened sinner."

I. In endeavoring to come to the full meaning of the text, I would remark, first, that God, in infinite mercy, here treats sin as a disease. "With his stripes"—that is, the stripes of the Lord Jesus—"we are healed." Through the sufferings of our Lord, sin is pardoned, and we are delivered from the power of evil: this is regarded as the healing of a deadly malady. The Lord in this present life treats sin as a disease. Our sin is our crime rather than our calamity: however, God looks at it in another way for a season. That he may be able to deal with us on hopeful grounds, he looks at the sickness of sin, and not as yet at the wickedness of sin. Nor is this without reason, for men who indulge in gross vices are often charitably judged by their fellows to be not only wholly wicked, but partly mad. Propensities to evil are usually associated with a greater or less degree of mental disease; perhaps, also, of physical disease.

Sin is a disease, for it is not essential to manhood, nor an integral part of human nature as God created it. It is a disease, because it puts the whole system of the man out of order. It places the lower faculties in the higher place, for it makes the body master over the soul. Sin is a disease which in some cases causes extreme pain and anguish, but in other instances deadens sensibility. It frequently happens that, the more sinful a man is, the less he is conscious of it. It was remarked of a certain notorious criminal that many thought him innocent because, when he was charged with murder, he did not betray the least emotions. In that wretched self-possession there was to my mind presumptive proof of his great familiarity with crime; it an innocent person is charged with a great offence the mere charge horrifies him. The deeper a man goes in sin, the less does he allow that it is sin. Like a man who takes opium, he acquires the power to take larger and larger doses, till that which would kill a hundred other men has but slight effect upon him. By and by sin is sure to cause pain, like other diseases which flesh is heir to; and when its awakening comes, what a start it gives! Conscience one day will awake, and fill the guilty soul with alarm and distress, if not in this world, yet certainly in the next. Then will he see in what an awful thing it is to offend against the law of the Lord.

This disease is fatal. Is it not written, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die"? "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." There is no hope of eternal life for any man unless sin be put away. This disease never exhausts itself so as to be its own destroyer. Evil men waxed worse and worse. In another world, as well as in this present state, character will, no doubt, go on to develop and ripen and so the sinner will become more and more corrupt as the result of his spiritual death. God, therefore, treats sin as a disease, because it is a disease; and I want you to feel that it is so, for then you will thank the Lord for thus dealing with you.

II. God treats sin as a disease, and he declares the remedy which he has provided: "With his stripes we are healed." I pass you very solemnly to accompany me in your meditations, for a few minutes, while I bring before you the stripes of the Lord Jesus. The Lord resolved to restore us, and therefore he sent his Only-begotten Son, "Very God of very God," that he might descend into this world to take upon himself our nature, in order to our redemption. He lived as a man among men; and, in due time, after thirty years or more of service, the time came when he should do us the greatest service of all, namely, stand in our stead, and bear the chastisement of our peace. He went to Gethsemane, and there, at the first taste of our bitter cup, he sweat great drops of blood. It is very rarely that a man sweats blood. There have been one or two instances of it, and they have been followed by almost immediate death; but our Saviour lived—lived after an agony which, to any one else, would have proved fatal. Ere he could cleanse his face from this dreadful crimson, they hurried him to the high-priest's hall. In the dead of night they bound him and led him away. Anon they took him to Pilate and to Herod. These scourged him, and their soldiers spat in his face, and buffeted him, and put on his head a crown of thorns. Scourging is one of the most awful tortures that can be inflicted by malice. The Roman scourge is said to have been made of the sinews of oxen, twisted into knots, and into these knots were inserted slivers of bone, and buckle-bones of sheep, so that every time the scourge fell upon the bare back, "the plowers made deep furrows." Our Saviour was called upon to endure the fierce pain of the Roman scourge, and this not as the fate of his punishment, but as a preliminary to crucifixion. To this they added buffeting, and plucking of the hair; they spared him no form of pain. In all his faintness, though bleeding and fainting, they made him carry his cross until another was forced, by the forethought of their cruelty, to bear it, lest their victim should die on the road. They stripped him, and threw him down, and nailed him to the wood. They pierced his hands and his feet. They lifted up the tree, with him upon it, and then dashed it down into its place in the ground, so that all his limbs were dislocated.

There he hung, a spectacle to God and men. Now were all manner of bodily pains centered in his tortured frame. All the while his enemies stood around, pointing at him in scorn, thrusting out their tongues in mockery, jeering at his prayers, and gloating over his sufferings. He cried, "I thirst," and then they gave him vinegar mingled with gall. After awhile he said, "It is finished." He had endured the utmost of appointed grief, and had made full vindication to divine justice: then, and not till then, he gave up the ghost.

To describe the outward sufferings of our Lord is not easy: I acknowledge that I have failed. But his soul-sufferings, which were the soul of his sufferings, who can even conceive, much less express, what they were? At the very first I told you that he sweat great drops of blood. That was his heart driving out its life-floods to the surface through the terrible depression of spirit which was upon him. He said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." When nailed to the cross he endured what no martyr ever suffered; for martyrs, when they have died, have been so sustained of God that they have rejoiced amid their pain; but our Redeemer was forsaken of his Father, until he cried: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" That was the bitterest cry of all, the utmost depth of his unfathomable grief. Yet was it needful that he should be deserted, because God must turn his back on sin, and consequently upon him who was made sin for us.

The remedy for your sins and mine is found in the substitutionary sufferings of the Lord Jesus, and in these only. These "stripes" of the Lord Jesus Christ were on our behalf. Do you inquire, "Is there anything for us to do, to remove the guilt of sin?" I answer: There is nothing whatever for you to do. By his stripes we are healed. All those stripes he has endured, and left not one for us to bear.

"But must we believe on him?" Ay, certainly. If I say of a certain ointment that it heals, I do not deny that you need a bandage with which to apply it to the wound. Faith is the linen which binds the plaster of Christ's reconciliation to the sore of our sin. The linen does not heal; that is the work of the ointment. So faith does not heal; that is the work of the atonement of Christ. "But we must repent," cries another. Assuredly we must, and shall, for repentance is the first sign of healing; but the stripes of Jesus heals us, and not our repentance. These stripes, when applied to the heart, work repentance in us: we hate sin because it made Jesus suffer. When you intelligently trust in Jesus as having suffered for you, then you discover the fact that God will never punish you for the same offense for which Jesus died. Thus "with his stripes we are healed."

III. I have tried to put before you the disease and the remedy; I now desire to notice the fact that this remedy is immediately effective wherever it is applied. The stripes of Jesus do heal men; they have healed many of us. It does not look as if it could effect so great a cure, but the fact is undeniable. I often hear people say, "If you preach up this faith in Jesus Christ as saving men, they will be careless about holy living." I am as good a witness on that point as anybody, for I live every day in the midst of men who are trusting to the stripes of Jesus for their salvation, and I have seen no ill effect following from such a trust; but I have seen the very reverse. I bear testimony that I have seen the very worst of men become the very best of men by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. These stripes lead in a surprising manner the moral diseases of those who seemed past remedy.

The character is healed. I have seen the drunkard become sober, the harlot become chaste, the passionate man become gentle, the covetous man become liberal, and the liar become truthful, simply by trusting in the sufferings of Jesus. If it did not make good men of them, it would not really do anything for them, for you must judge men by their fruits after all; and if the fruits are not changed, the tree is not changed. Character is everything; if the character be not set right, the man is not saved. But we say it without fear of contradiction, that the atoning sacrifice, applied to the heart, heals the disease of sin. If you doubt it, try it. He that believes in Jesus is sanctified as well as justified; by faith he becomes henceforth an altogether changed man.

The fact that "with his stripes we are healed" is a matter in evidence. I shall take liberty to bear my own witness. Years ago, when I was a youth the burden of my sin was exceedingly heavy upon me. I had fallen into no gross vices, and should not have been regarded by any one as being specially a transgressor; but I regarded myself as such, and I had good reason for so doing. My conscience was sensitive because it was enlightened; and I judged that, having had a godly father, and a praying mother, and having been trained in the ways of piety, I had sinned against much light, and consequently there was a greater degree of guilt in my sin than in that of others.

I tried to do as well as I could, and to behave myself aright; but in my own judgment I grew worse and worse. I felt more and more despondent. I attended every place of worship within my reach, but I heard nothing which gave me lasting comfort till, one day I heard a simple teacher of the gospel speak from the text, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." When he told me that all I had to do was to "look" to Jesus—to Jesus the crucified One, I could scarcely believe it. He went on, and said, "Look! Look! Young man, look!" I did look; and in that moment relief came to me, and I felt such overflowing joy that I could have stood up and cried, "Hallelujah! Glory be to God, I am delivered from the burden of my sin!"

Many days have passed since then; but my faith has held me up, and compelled me to tell out the story of free grace and dying love. I can truly say

"Ever since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

I hope to sit up in my bed in my last hours, and tell of the stripes that healed me. I hope some young man, yes, and old man before me, will at once try this remedy; it is good for all characters and ages. "With his stripes we are healed."

I want to talk with those who have not tried this marvellous heal-all. Let us come to close quarters. Friend, you are by nature in need of soul-healing as much as any of us, and one reason why you do not care about the remedy is because you do not believe that you are sick. I saw a peddler one day, as I was walking out; he was selling walking-sticks. He followed me, and offered me one of the sticks. I showed him mine—a far better one than any he had to sell—and he withdrew at once. He could see that I was not likely to be a purchaser. I have often thought of that when I have been preaching. I show men the righteousness of the Lord Jesus, but they show me their own, and all hope of dealing with them is gone. Unless I can prove that their righteousness is worthless, they will not seek thy righteousness which is of God by faith. Oh, that the Lord would show you your disease, and then you would desire the remedy!

Suppose, for a moment, you are not healed, let me ask the question. "Why are you not?" You know the gospel: why are you not healed by Christ? "I don't know," says one. But, my dear friend, I beseech you, do not rest until you do know. "I can't get at it," says somebody. The other day a young girl was putting a button on her father's coat. She was sitting with her back to the window, and she said, "Father, I can't see; I am in my own light." He said, "Ah, my daughter, that is where you have been all your life!" This is the position of some of your spiritually. You are in your own light; you think too much of yourselves. There is plenty of light in the Sun of Righteousness, but you get in the dark by putting self in the way of that Sun. Oh, that yourself might be put away! I read a touching story the other day as to how one found peace. A young man had been for some time under a sense of sin, longing to find mercy; but he could not reach it. He was a telegraph clerk, and being in the office one morning he had to receive, and transmit a telegram. To his great surprise, he spelt out these words—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." A gentleman, out for a holiday, was telegraphing a message in answer to a letter from a friend who was in trouble of soul. It was meant for another, but he that transmitted it received eternal life, as the words came flashing into his soul.

I met this week with something that pleased me—how one man, being healed, may be the means of blessing to another. Many years ago I preached a sermon in Exeter Hall, which was printed, and entitled, "Salvation to the Uttermost." A friend, who lives not very far from this place, was in the city of Paris, in Brazil. Here he heard of an Englishman in prison who had in a state of drunkenness committed a murder, for which he was confined for life. Our friend went to see him, and found him deeply penitent, but quietly restful, and happy in the Lord. He had felt the terrible wound of blood guiltiness in his soul, but it had been healed, and he felt the bliss of pardon. Here is the story of the poor man's conversion as I have it: "A young man, who had just completed his contract with the gas-works, was returning to England, but before doing so he called to see me, and brought with him a parcel of books. When I opened it, I found they were novels; but, being able to read, I was thankful for anything.

"After I had read several of the books, I found a sermon preached by C. H. Spurgeon, in Exeter Hall, on June 8, 1856, from the words, 'Wherefore he is able a so to save them to the uttermost,' etc. (Heb. 7:25.) In his discourse, Mr. Spurgeon referred to Palmer, who was then lying under sentence of death in Stafford Goal, and in order to bring home this text to his hearers, he said that if Palmer had committed many other murders, if he repents and seeks God's pardoning love in Christ, even he will be forgiven! I then felt that if Palmer could be forgiven, so might I. I sought, and blessed be God, I found. I am pardoned, I am free; I am a sinner saved by grace. Though a murderer, I have not yet sinned 'beyond the uttermost,' blessed be His holy name!" It made me very happy to think that a poor condemned murderer could thus be converted. Surely there is hope for every hearer and reader of this sermon, however guilty he may be!

If you know Christ, tell others about him. You do not know what good there is in making Jesus known, even though all you can do is to give a tract or repeat a verse. Dr Valpy, the author of a great many class-books, wrote the following simple lines as his confession of faith:

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

Valpy is dead and gone; but he gave those lines to dear old Dr. Marsh, the Rector of Beckenham, who put them over his study mantel-shelf. The Earl of Roden came in, and read them. "Will you give me a copy of those lines?" said the good earl. "I shall be glad," said Dr. Marsh, and he copied them. Lord Roden took them home, and put them over his mantle-shelf. General Taylor, a Waterloo hero, came into the room, and noticed them. He read them over and over again, while staying with Earl Rodon, till his Lordship remarked, "I say, friend Taylor, I should think you knew those lines by heart." He answered, "I do know them by heart; indeed, my very heart has grasped their meaning." He was brought to Christ by that humble rhyme. General Taylor handed those lines to an officer in the army, who was going out to the Crimean War. He came home to die; and when Dr. Marsh went to see him, the poor soul in his weakness said, "Good sir, do you know this verse which General Taylor gave to me? It brought me to my Saviour, and I die in peace." To Dr. Marsh's surprise, he repeated the lines:

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

Only think of the good which four simple lines may do! Be encouraged, all of you who know the healing power of the wounds of Jesus. Spread this truth by all means. Never mind how simple the language. Tell it out; tell it out everywhere, and in every way, even if you can not do it in any other way than by copying a verse out of a hymn-book. Tell it out that by the stripes of Jesus we are healed. May God bless you, dear friends!

—Habits of hesitation, of mental indecision, of certain or of random thinking, of inexact statement, though they may involve no conscious wickedness, are the source of a widespread and insidious corruption of character.—*Ex.*

"Seventy Times Seven."

BY SUE W. FERRIS.

"I'll never forgive her, never," exclaimed Janet, excitedly. "I've tried and tried to be patient and bear her unkind words; but there is a limit to everything and I've reached the end of my patience."

"What is it, my daughter?" said Mrs. West quietly. "What has gone wrong?"

"It is Etta Steele, mother; she never misses an opportunity to hurt or slight me. She has made fun of my clothes and my home, tho' I didn't mind that so much, for I knew no sensible person would judge me from my dress. I've borne her rude speeches and unkind acts just as long as I mean to. To-day when my exercises blew out of the window, and I could not find it, Professor Ray excused me from writing another as it was almost time for the recitation. Etta said to the girls that she should change her seat and sit near the window; draughts were so convenient. I'd scorn to do such a mean thing as throw my papers out of the window, and she knew it, yet she tried to hurt and lower me in the eyes of my friends by her mean imputations. I've held my tongue for the last time. I mean to tell her some pretty plain truths the very next time she insults me." And Janet paused, quite out of breath.

Mrs West went on with her sewing for several minutes before she spoke, then she said—

"Pray for them which despitefully use you. And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other."

"But mother, I have forgiven over and over again; surely I must not forgive every thing," said Janet.

"Have you forgiven more than seventy times seven," said Mrs. West. Janet hesitated—.

"Well maybe not," she said, "but it is not human nature to endure all things."

"My child, there never yet has been a limit set to our forbearance. We are to forgive, not once, or twenty times, but always. No mention is ever made of former offences, but the latest one we must forgive. Then we must pray for them which despitefully use us. I think you will find that all hard feeling will have died out of your heart after you have prayed for a blessing upon all who have injured you. Really prayed, I mean, not just coldly and half-heartedly, but from the very depths of your heart. Try it and see for yourself." Janet answered slowly—

"You don't understand, mother. I don't think even you could love Etta Steele, if she had treated you as she has me."

"Don't think, my daughter," said the mother's gentle voice, "that I do not sympathize with you. I know very well how much you are tried. I am trying to show you that if you yield to this impulse to retaliate, you will be very sorry afterward. I think you are really trying to follow the meek and lowly Jesus and would not wish to grieve Him."

"Well," said Janet, drawing a long breath, "I'll try it once more, but it will be pretty hard work."

At the close of a long quiet evening with her mother, Janet went up to her own room thinking as she went that she must forgive her school-mate before she slept; for how could she say, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," unless she could give whole-hearted forgiveness? Would she want God to forgive her coldly and in part, or with the reservation that it was for the last time? No, no, better forget self and all petty grievances and be at peace with all the world.

She did pray long and earnestly and when she rose from her knees she could truly say, "Yes, I have forgiven, and I will try my best to forget."

A group of girls, gathered in the school-room of the B—— Academy the next morning, were discussing various matters when one of them said:

"Wasn't it mean for Etta to speak to Janet West as she did yesterday?"

"Yes," spoke up another. "And Janet is a mean-spirited girl. I'd never stand what she does from Etta. It is easy enough to see that Etta is jealous and spiteful, because Janet has twice her brains and is always at the head of her class in spite of shabby clothes and a tumble-down house, but why 'Net should stand sneers, I can't see."

"Oh! maybe she don't mind such things as much as we would. She must be used to them," said thoughtless May Davis.

"I can tell you why Janet is so patient under Etta Steele's persecutions," said a quiet looking girl who had not spoken before; "It is because she is a Christian. She tries to live by the Golden Rule, and further, tries to forgive her debtors as she hopes to be forgiven. I wish there were more of us like her."

The girls were silent. A new respect for Janet began to grow in their hearts, but some one said:

"Then her christianity must be all used up, for she told me she meant to punish Etta Steele for her insults to day. I'm expecting some fun, for I believe Janet will show some spirit for once, and I'd like to see Etta 'overed.' It will be worth seeing and hearing.

"I don't believe 'Net will do any such thing. She was angry and sore when she said that, and I believe she'll be as gentle as ever when she meets Etta," said the first speaker.

"Maybe she will, but I doubt it. I tell you she is roused for once. If she does bear this last, as she has borne so many unkind things, my opinion of her will be higher and I'll think her kind of religion is worth having," said May.

"Hush, here comes Etta, and I see Janet on the street," said another.

Etta entered the room with an air of an empress, looked carelessly around and said:

"Where is the pet to-day? Perhaps that draught yesterday gave her sore throat."

There was silence for a minute, then Mary Dale said:

"Well, if she does as I should do she will pay you well for your meanness, Etta Steele."

"She knows better," said Etta, to sing her head scornfully. "I'd soon teach her her place if she tried any such thing with me. The very idea! a pauper like that."

"Pauper, or not, she has more brains than a dozen like you," said quick-tempered Mary.

Just then Janet came in and, with a pleasant "Good morning," passed quietly to her seat.

The girls waited for her to say something, but she busied herself with her books and did not look up.

One foot, clad in a very shabby machwoven shoe was visible below her dress. Etta looked at it critically for an instant, then said: "Has the price of leather risen, girls?"

Janet flushed angrily, opened her lips to speak and then closed them again. She drew her foot out of sight and went on with her work.

"Well, I never!" said Mary Dale. "Why don't she do something? I'd never stand it."

"Didn't I tell you she would never talk back. She is in earnest with her new rule of living," answered Naomi Carter, the girl who had said that Janet lived by the Golden Rule.

As these words were spoken in a whisper, Janet did not hear them. She sat with firmly compressed lips and flashing eyes, never moving her gaze from the page before her.

The bell rang just then and put a stop to all further conversation. The morning work went on as usual. One recitation after another was finished till the time for the regular morning's work in mathematics came.

"Where is my algebra?" whispered Etta to her neighbor. "I can't find it anywhere, and I'll be sure to get a low mark, if I don't look over those rules again. Do lend me your's, Bell."

Bell shook her head.

"Don't know my own," she said.

Etta was in despair; to lose her place in the class would be intolerable, after all the hard work she had done during the term.

Janet West sat just across the aisle and overheard Etta's anxious whisper. She hesitated for a moment, then without a word passed her own book over.

Etta had the grace to look ashamed of herself, tut took the algrebra and learned the rules, then gave the book back to Janet as they passed to the class-room.

Several of the girls noticed this little incident, and wondered not a little at it; but they could not speak till recess freed their tongues.

Janet left the room for something, then Mary Dale said: "Well, Etta Steele, I hope you feel ashamed of yourself. How do you like coals of fire?"

"It was good of her," admitted Etta. "I would not have done as much for her. I believe I've been mean to her, but I mean to turn over a new leaf."

"Then go and tell her so," said Mary.

"Oh, that isn't worth while; she would not expect me to apologize to her," answered Etta.

"Well the rest of us expect it, and if you don't beg her pardon I mean to tell her that we have agreed to cut you from this day henceforward, and we'll do it too. I know the rest of the girls are as much ashamed of you as I am," exclaimed Mary.

Etta hesitated, then said, "If you make a point of it I suppose I must. I never half do things; so here goes."

Janet just then entered, and Etta going to meet her said, "Janet, your kindness this morning has made me ashamed of myself. I'm sorry for every mean thing I've ever said to you. I know there have been plenty of them, but, I hope you'll forgive me and let me be your friend."

Janet looked astounded, but answered quickly, "Surely I will be friends. I have already forgiven you. You did not know how your words wounded me!"

"Yes, I did," persisted Etta, "but I'm sorry all the same, and I'll never be so mean again."

So these two were reconciled and, in course of time, became dear friends. The rich man's daughter could learn much from the Christian life of the poor widow's only child, and Janet often said to her mother, "What a good thing it was that I took your advice about speaking unkindly to Etta. She is so good to us now. I don't know how we should ever have borne the sorrows we have had to bear if she had not always been ready with her quick words of cheer, and ready acts of consolation."

Forgive as you would be forgiven, and never shall you be called to repent it. Your reward may be slow in coming, but it will surely come. And even if your patience be tried almost beyond endurance, be patient still and forgive just once more, even till seventy times seven, and the approbation of God and your own conscience will be reward enough, even if those you have forgiven care not a whit for you or your forgiveness. Though the injury be repeated again and again, though your feelings be hurt and your very heart wounded by unkindness or neglect, always remember that only for your own actions are you accountable, only for your own words will you be brought into judgment.

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head."—*Presbyterian Journal*

THE WASHWOMAN ON BAPTISM.—Washing was not her business, but she occasionally did her own washing. One day she was washing. Her two twin girls were helping her. At one time she said: "Mary, pour out that dirty water and fill the tub about half full of clean water." Later she said: "Sallie, dip that shirt into the bluing water before you hang it out." In the evening she said to the little girls: "Children, sprinkle your clothes and roll them up awhile before you iron them."

Her father was a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher. She had been sprinkled at 6 years of age, and had been taught that it was as good baptism as any. But after the occurrence just mentioned she began to think.

"Those three words do not mean the same thing. I could not say to Mary; 'dip or sprinkle the water out of that tub I could not say to Sallie, 'pour or sprinkle that shirt into the bluing water' nor could I say to the little girls: 'Pour or dip the clothes before you iron them.'"

"Now," said she, "Christ went down into the river and came out of it. Was He poured, or immersed?" Then she said: "I have never been baptized."—(Ex

SCIENTIFIC CANT.—All the operations of nature are the result of God's agency. What is called science refers these operations to laws—laws do everything. We are sick of this cant. What are these laws? Science cannot answer. I call not that philosophy which cannot give me an intelligible and adequate cause for events I see the rivers flow and the ocean roll and the stars of heaven wheel along the dome of night; I mark the revolutions of the sun, see the clouds laden with oceans coursing through the upper fields of air, and the showers descending on the earth, and the lands bursting into new forms of life. I feel that there must be some mighty power at work in the universe. Who or what is it? I am told "*Law!*" I do not understand the answer; I am not satisfied. The Bible tells me "*God*," and I know my philosophy and my deepest instincts acquiesce in the response.—*Dr. Thomas.*

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HAIR that has become weak, gray, or faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal."—Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

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