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North Carolina Locust Posts, Very Extra Cypress Shingles,
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We are selling the above at lowest prices to suit the times.

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414 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.
We offer you, delivered to Wharf or Depot in Baltimore:
1 inch Yellow Pine Boards, (Edge,) $12.50 per M.
1 " 6x20 Sawed Yellow Pine Flooring, 15.00 "
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These goods are excellent value for the money. We have higher grades at higher prices. If you wish prices on other goods, write us and we will reply promptly.
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, Etc.
SHINGLES.

Japanese Competition Increases.

Japan, which up to a comparatively recent date, was content to supply us with raw material, now aspires to send us the manufactured goods. She is doing this to an extent that is almost incredible, upward of 125,000 pieces of dress silks having been received in the American market from Japan within the past few months, and the goods are sold at prices that are simply impossible to the domestic manufacturer, who, however, are mainly engaged in producing different and higher qualities. But the character of Japanese productions, which formerly were confined mainly to handkerchiefs and goods of light texture, is steadily and rapidly improving. Very soon, by utilizing the knowledge acquired in this country and the adoption of the most modern methods, machinery and appliances (which has already been done) that dexterous and imitative people will make anything in silk, and make it at a very low cost.

The looms now in operation in Japan are of the finest make and number several thousand. The natives are displaying great skill in running these looms, and the heavier and richer qualities of silk goods are being produced of late with marvelous success. In quality, color, design, weave and finish some of these goods are all that could be desired, and in view of all the facts it is not wonderful that domestic silk manufacturers are profoundly stirred up and insist that the tariff schedule bearing on silk imports be readjusted to meet the changed conditions. Remedial legislation will be asked for of Congress in December next beyond a doubt. Just what the silk men would like to have is not quite clear, some favoring a strongly discriminating duty against Oriental silks, some a specific duty, and others a duty that will be part specific and part ad valorem, such as the late John Ryle advocated in his day.

He Paid the Bill.

A good story is going the rounds, which, while the names of the parties are kept out of print, serves to show how badly a Democrat was mistaken in the policy of his party.

One party was a farmer with 300 sheep. The other is a Democratic wool buyer of this city. Last year the latter offered the former eighteen cents for his wool and he was compelled to accept the price, though he growled about the price and ventured the assertion that next year it would be still lower. He, too, was a Democrat, but he had about lost faith in the party as a friend to the farmer and stock breeder.

"Well, I haven't," said the wool buyer, "and you will see that next year your wool will sell for a good deal more than it does this year."

The farmer replied that he knew better and nobody could pull the wool over his eyes.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the buyer. "I will enter into a contract to take your next season's clip at this year's price if you dare sell it."

The farmer had the courage of his convictions and knew a good thing when he saw it. "I'll take you," he said.

On Saturday last our farmer friend drove into the city with his clip. He called the buyer's attention to the contract and the latter, without further ado, paid the prevailing price and the forfeit. It was a deal calculated to shake off his party faith.—Newark Daily Tribune.

The Atchison Globe says that one can always pick out the new woman by the way she kisses. Perhaps we should be thankful that the new woman kisses at all.

The Trade After No-To-Bac.

Chicago Special.—Reported here to-day that a large sum of money had been offered for the famous tobacco habit cure called No-To-Bac, by a syndicate who want to take it off the market. Inquiry at the general offices revealed the fact that No-To-Bac was not for sale to the trust at any price. No-To-Bac's success is marvelous. Almost every Druggist in America sells No-To-Bac under guarantee to cure tobacco habit or refund money.

A Victoria cross once changed hands in Durham, Eng and, for $125.

And Make Money At It.

If you only knew it, the trouble is with your digestion. If that was good you would sleep better, wake better, work better, and make more money at it. How can one "get on" when the whole system is sluggish? But people don't realize what is the trouble. A box of Ripans Tabules makes life worth living. At druggists.

It is often only by patient study that a wise man discovers what a fool stumbles upon.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Wisdom counsels temperance in all things.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

The same matter held in solution in sea water comprises one-thirtieth of its volume.

Wife used "MOTHER'S FRIEND" before first child—was quickly relieved; suffered but little; recovery rapid. E. E. JOHNSON, Eufaula, Ala.

Many in pursuit of pleasures go at a provoking and producing pain.

There Is Pleasure and Profit

and satisfaction in abating troublesome and painful ills by using Parker's Ginger Tonic.

Every man who hasn't time to work them knows of money that may be made by others.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CADY, Harding co., Ind., Nov. 12, 1895.

The compass of reason are more glorious than the victories of the greatest armies.

Conductor E. D. Loomis, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

No woman should ever worry over the loss of a man who hadn't the courage to ask for her.

It is So Easy to Remove Corns With Blindercorn, we wonder so many endure them. Get it and see how nicely it takes them off.

Designed to Last.

The records of Massachusetts are written in an official ink. The ink is made of the best galls, sulphate of iron and gum, the sulphate of iron not to exceed one-third of the weight of the galls. The specific gravity of the matured ink must not exceed 1.045, distilled water at 60 degrees being 1.

"Talent is art never won a fair lady" without considerable assistance on her part.

Is Your Blood Pure
If not, it is important that you make it pure at once with the great blood purifier,
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Because with impure blood you are in constant danger of serious illness.
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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

"The Unpardonable Sin."

TEXT: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."—Matthew xii., 31, 32. "He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."—Hebrews xii., 17.

As sometimes you gather the whole family around the evening stand to hear some book read, so now we gather a great Christian family group, to study that text, and now may one and the same lamp cast its glow on all the circle.

You see from the first passage that I read that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost for which a man is never pardoned. Once having committed it, he is bound hand and foot for the dungeons of despair. Sermons may be preached to him, songs may be sung to him, prayers may be offered in his behalf, but all to no purpose. He is a captive for this world and a captive for the world that is to come. Do you suppose that there is any one here who has committed that sin? All sins are against the Holy Ghost, but my text speaks of one especially. It is very clear to my mind that the sin against the Holy Ghost was the ascribing of the works of the spirit to the agency of the devil in the time of the apostles.

Indeed the Bible distinctly tells us that. In other words, if a man had sight given to him, or if another was raised from the dead, and I some one standing there should say, "This man got his sight by satanic power; the Holy Spirit did not do this; Beelzebub accomplished it," or "This man raised from the dead was raised by satanic influence," the man who said that dropped down under the curse of the text and had committed the fatal sin against the Holy Ghost.

Now, I do not think it is possible in this day to commit that sin. I think it was possible only in apostolic times. But it is a very terrible thing ever to say anything against the Holy Ghost, and it is a marked fact that our race has been marvelously kept back from that profanity. You hear a man swear by the name of the eternal God, and by the name of Jesus Christ, but you never hear a man swear by the name of the Holy Ghost. There are those here to-day who fear they are guilty of the unpardonable sin. Have you such anxiety? Then I have to tell you positively that you have not committed that sin, because the very anxiety is a result of the movement of the gracious Spirit, and your anxiety is proof positive, as certainly as anything that can be demonstrated in mathematics, that you have not committed the sin that I have been speaking of. I can look off upon this audience and feel that there is salvation for all. It is not like when they put out with those lifeboats from the Lord Earn for the Ville de Havre. They knew there was not room for all the passengers, but they were going to do as well as they could. But to-day we man the lifeboat of the gospel, and we cry out over the sea, "Room for all!" Oh, that the Lord Jesus Christ would this hour bring you all out of the flood of sin and plant you on the deck of the glorious old gospel craft!

But while I do not think it is possible for us to commit the particular sin spoken of in the first text I have, by reason of the second text, to call your attention to the fact that there are sins which, though they may be pardoned, are in some respects irrevocable, and you can find no place for repentance, though you seek it carefully with tears. Esau had a birthright given him. In olden times it meant not only temporal but spiritual blessing. One day Esau took his birthright and traded it off for something to eat. Oh, the folly! But let us not be too severe upon him, for some of us have committed the same folly. After he had made the trade he wanted to get it back. Just as though you to-morrow morning should take all your notes and bonds and Government securities and should go into a restaurant and in a fit of recklessness and hunger throw all those securities on the counter and ask for a plate of food, making that exchange. This was the one Esau made. He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and he was very sorry about it afterward, but "he found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

There is an impression in almost every man's mind that somewhere in the future there will be a chance where he can correct all his mistakes. Live as we may, if we only repent in time God will forgive us, and then all will be as well as though we had never committed sin. My discourse shall come in collision with that theory. I shall show you, my friends, as God will help me, that there is such a thing as unsuccessful repentance, that there are things done wrong that always stay wrong, and for them you may seek some place of repentance and seek it carefully, but never find it.

Belonging to this class of irrevocable mistakes is the folly of a misspent youth. We may look back to our college days and think how we neglected chemistry or geology or botany or mathematics. We may be sorry about it all our days. Can we ever get the discipline or the advantage that we would have had had we attended to those duties in early life? A man wakes up at forty years of age and finds that his youth has been frittered away, and he tries to get back his advantages. Does he get them back? No days of boyhood, the days in college, the days under his father's roof? "Oh," he says, "if I could only get those times back again, how I would improve them!" My brother, you will never get them back. They are gone, gone. You may be very sorry about it, and God may forgive, so that you may at last reach heaven, but you will never get over some of the mishaps that have come to your soul as a result of your neglect of early duty. You may try to undo it; you cannot undo it. When you had a boy's arms, and a boy's eyes, and a boy's heart, you ought to have attended to those things. A man says at fifty years of ago, "I do wish I could get over these habits of indolence." When did you get them? At twenty or twenty-five years of age. You cannot shake them off. They will hang to you to the very day of your death. If a young man through a long course of evil conduct undermines his physical health and then repents of it in after life, the Lord may pardon him, but that does not bring back good physical condition. I said to a minister of the gospel one Sabbath at the close of the service, "Where are you preaching now?" "Oh," he says, "I am not preaching. I am suffering from the physical effects of early sin. I can't preach now; I am sick." A consecrated man he now is, and he mourns bitterly over early sins, but that does not arrest their bodily effects.

The simple fact is that men and women often take twenty years of their life to build up influences that require all the rest of their life to break down. Talk about a man beginning life when he is twenty-one years of age; talk about a woman beginning life when she is eighteen years of age! Ah, no! In many respects that is the time they close life. In nine cases out of ten all the questions of eternity are decided before that. Talk about a majority of men getting their fortunes between thirty and forty years! They get or lose fortunes between ten and twenty. When you tell me that a man is just beginning life, I tell you he is just closing it. The next fifty years will not be of as much importance to him as the first twenty.

Now, why do I say this? Is it for the annoyance of those who have only a baleful prospection? You know that is not my way. I say it for the benefit of young men and women. I want them to understand that eternity is wrapped up in this hour; that the sins of youth we never get over; that you are now fashioning the mold in which your great future is to run; that a minute, instead of being sixty seconds long, is made up of everlasting ages. You can see what dignity and importance this gives to the life of all our young folks. Why, in the light of this subject life is not something to be frittered away, not something to be smirked about, not something to be danced out, but something to be weighed in the balances of eternity. Oh, young man, the sin of yesterday, the sin of to-morrow will reach over 10,000 years—aye, over the great and unending eternity. You may after awhile say: "I am very sorry. Now I have got to be thirty or forty years of age, and I do wish I had never committed those sins." What does that amount to? God may pardon you, but undo those things you never will, you never can.

In this same category of irrevocable mistakes I put all parental neglect. We begin the education of our children too late. By the time they get to be ten or fifteen we wake up to our mistakes and try to eradicate this bad habit and change that, but it is too late. That parent who omits in the first ten years of the child's life to make an eternal impression for Christ never makes it. The child will probably go on with all the disadvantages, which might have been avoided by parental faithfulness. Now you see what a mistake that father or mother makes who puts off to late life adherence to Christ. Here is a man who at fifty years of age says to you, "I must be a Christian," and he yields his heart to God and sits in the place of prayer to-day a Christian. None of us can doubt it. He goes home, and he says: "Here at fifty years of age I have given my heart to the Saviour. Now I must establish a family altar." What? Where are your children now? One in Boston, another in Cincinnati, another in New Orleans, and you, my brother, at your fiftieth year going to establish your family altar? Very well, better late than never, but alas, alas, that you did not do it twenty-five years ago!

When I was in Chamouni, Switzerland, I saw in the window of one of the shops a picture that impressed my mind very much. It was a picture of an accident that occurred on the side of one of the Swiss mountains. A company of travelers, with guides, went up some very steep places—places which but few travelers attempted to go up. They were, as all travelers are there, fastened together with cords at the waist, so that if one slipped the rope would hold him, the rope fastened to the others. Passing along the most dangerous point, one of the guides slipped and they all started down the precipice. But after awhile one more muscular than the rest struck his heels into the ice and stopped, but the rope broke, and down, hundreds and thousands of feet, the rest went.

And so I see whole families bound together by ties of affection and in many cases walking on slippery places of worldliness and sin. The father knows it, and the mother knows it, and they are bound all together. After awhile they begin to slide down steeper and steeper, and the father becomes alarmed, and he stops, planting his feet on the "rock of ages." He stops, but the rope breaks, and those who were once tied fast to him by moral and spiritual influences go over the precipice. Oh, there is such a thing as coming to Christ soon enough to save ourselves, but not soon enough to save others.

How many parents wake up in the latter part of life to find out the mistake! The parent says, "I have been too lenient," or "I have been too severe in the discipline of my children. If I had the little ones around me again, how different I would do!" You will never have them around again. The work is done; the beauty or the character is given; the eternity is decided. I say this to young parents, those who are twenty-five and thirty or thirty-five years of age—have the family altar to-night. How do you suppose that father felt as he leaned over the couch of his dying child, and the expiring sob said to him: "Father, you have been very good to me. You have given me a fine education, and you have placed me in a fine social position; you have done everything for me in a worldly sense; but, father, you never told me how to die. Now I am dying, and I am afraid."

In this category of irrevocable mistakes I place also the unkindnesses done the departed. When I was a boy, my mother used to say to me sometimes, "Do Wit, you will be sorry for that when I am gone." And I remember just how she looked, sitting there with cap and spectacles and the old Bible in her lap, and she never said a truer thing than that, for I have often been sorry since. While we have our friends with us we say unguarded things that wound the feelings of those to whom we ought to give nothing but kindness. Perhaps the parent, without inquiring into the matter, boxes the child's ears. The little one, who has fallen in the street, comes in covered with mud, and although the first disaster was enough she whips it. After a while the child is taken, or the parent is taken, or the companion is taken, and those who are left say: "Oh, if we could only get back those unkind words, those unkind deeds! If we could only recall them!" But you cannot get them back. You might bow down over the grave of that loved one and cry and cry and cry. The white lips would make no answer. The stars shall be plucked out of their sockets, but those indulgences shall not be torn away. The world shall die, but there are some wrongs in eternity. The moral of which is, take care of your friends while you have them. Spare the scolding. Be economical of the sarcasm. Shut up in a dark cave from which they shall never swarm forth all the words that have a sting in them. You will wish you had some day—very soon you will, perhaps to-morrow. Oh, yes. While with a firm hand I you administer parental discipline also administer it very gently, lest some day there be a little sod in the cemetery and on it inscribed, "Our Willie," or "Our Charlie," and though you bow down prone in the grave and seek a place of repentance and seek it carefully with tears, you cannot find it.

There is another sin that I place in the class of irrevocable mistakes, and that is lost opportunities of getting good. I never come to a Saturday night but I say to myself, "Room for all!" Oh, that the Lord Jesus Christ would this hour bring you all out of the flood of sin and plant you on the deck of the glorious old gospel craft!

But while I do not think it is possible for us to commit the particular sin spoken of in the first text I have, by reason of the second text, to call your attention to the fact that there are sins which, though they may be pardoned, are in some respects irrevocable, and you can find no place for repentance, though you seek it carefully with tears. Esau had a birthright given him. In olden times it meant not only temporal but spiritual blessing. One day Esau took his birthright and traded it off for something to eat. Oh, the folly! But let us not be too severe upon him, for some of us have committed the same folly. After he had made the trade he wanted to get it back. Just as though you to-morrow morning should take all your notes and bonds and Government securities and should go into a restaurant and in a fit of recklessness and hunger throw all those securities on the counter and ask for a plate of food, making that exchange. This was the one Esau made. He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and he was very sorry about it afterward, but "he found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

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Belonging to this class of irrevocable mistakes is the folly of a misspent youth. We may look back to our college days and think how we neglected chemistry or geology or botany or mathematics. We may be sorry about it all our days. Can we ever get the discipline or the advantage that we would have had had we attended to those duties in early life? A man wakes up at forty years of age and finds that his youth has been frittered away, and he tries to get back his advantages. Does he get them back? No days of boyhood, the days in college, the days under his father's roof? "Oh," he says, "if I could only get those times back again, how I would improve them!" My brother, you will never get them back. They are gone, gone. You may be very sorry about it, and God may forgive, so that you may at last reach heaven, but you will never get over some of the mishaps that have come to your soul as a result of your neglect of early duty. You may try to undo it; you cannot undo it. When you had a boy's arms, and a boy's eyes, and a boy's heart, you ought to have attended to those things. A man says at fifty years of ago, "I do wish I could get over these habits of indolence." When did you get them? At twenty or twenty-five years of age. You cannot shake them off. They will hang to you to the very day of your death. If a young man through a long course of evil conduct undermines his physical health and then repents of it in after life, the Lord may pardon him, but that does not bring back good physical condition. I said to a minister of the gospel one Sabbath at the close of the service, "Where are you preaching now?" "Oh," he says, "I am not preaching. I am suffering from the physical effects of early sin. I can't preach now; I am sick." A consecrated man he now is, and he mourns bitterly over early sins, but that does not arrest their bodily effects.

The simple fact is that men and women often take twenty years of their life to build up influences that require all the rest of their life to break down. Talk about a man beginning life when he is twenty-one years of age; talk about a woman beginning life when she is eighteen years of age! Ah, no! In many respects that is the time they close life. In nine cases out of ten all the questions of eternity are decided before that. Talk about a majority of men getting their fortunes between thirty and forty years! They get or lose fortunes between ten and twenty. When you tell me that a man is just beginning life, I tell you he is just closing it. The next fifty years will not be of as much importance to him as the first twenty.

Now, why do I say this? Is it for the annoyance of those who have only a baleful prospection? You know that is not my way. I say it for the benefit of young men and women. I want them to understand that eternity is wrapped up in this hour; that the sins of youth we never get over; that you are now fashioning the mold in which your great future is to run; that a minute, instead of being sixty seconds long, is made up of everlasting ages. You can see what dignity and importance this gives to the life of all our young folks. Why, in the light of this subject life is not something to be frittered away, not something to be smirked about, not something to be danced out, but something to be weighed in the balances of eternity. Oh, young man, the sin of yesterday, the sin of to-morrow will reach over 10,000 years—aye, over the great and unending eternity. You may after awhile say: "I am very sorry. Now I have got to be thirty or forty years of age, and I do wish I had never committed those sins." What does that amount to? God may pardon you, but undo those things you never will, you never can.

In this same category of irrevocable mistakes I put all parental neglect. We begin the education of our children too late. By the time they get to be ten or fifteen we wake up to our mistakes and try to eradicate this bad habit and change that, but it is too late. That parent who omits in the first ten years of the child's life to make an eternal impression for Christ never makes it. The child will probably go on with all the disadvantages, which might have been avoided by parental faithfulness. Now you see what a mistake that father or mother makes who puts off to late life adherence to Christ. Here is a man who at fifty years of age says to you, "I must be a Christian," and he yields his heart to God and sits in the place of prayer to-day a Christian. None of us can doubt it. He goes home, and he says: "Here at fifty years of age I have given my heart to the Saviour. Now I must establish a family altar." What? Where are your children now? One in Boston, another in Cincinnati, another in New Orleans, and you, my brother, at your fiftieth year going to establish your family altar? Very well, better late than never, but alas, alas, that you did not do it twenty-five years ago!

When I was in Chamouni, Switzerland, I saw in the window of one of the shops a picture that impressed my mind very much. It was a picture of an accident that occurred on the side of one of the Swiss mountains. A company of travelers, with guides, went up some very steep places—places which but few travelers attempted to go up. They were, as all travelers are there, fastened together with cords at the waist, so that if one slipped the rope would hold him, the rope fastened to the others. Passing along the most dangerous point, one of the guides slipped and they all started down the precipice. But after awhile one more muscular than the rest struck his heels into the ice and stopped, but the rope broke, and down, hundreds and thousands of feet, the rest went.

And so I see whole families bound together by ties of affection and in many cases walking on slippery places of worldliness and sin. The father knows it, and the mother knows it, and they are bound all together. After awhile they begin to slide down steeper and steeper, and the father becomes alarmed, and he stops, planting his feet on the "rock of ages." He stops, but the rope breaks, and those who were once tied fast to him by moral and spiritual influences go over the precipice. Oh, there is such a thing as coming to Christ soon enough to save ourselves, but not soon enough to save others.

How many parents wake up in the latter part of life to find out the mistake! The parent says, "I have been too lenient," or "I have been too severe in the discipline of my children. If I had the little ones around me again, how different I would do!" You will never have them around again. The work is done; the beauty or the character is given; the eternity is decided. I say this to young parents, those who are twenty-five and thirty or thirty-five years of age—have the family altar to-night. How do you suppose that father felt as he leaned over the couch of his dying child, and the expiring sob said to him: "Father, you have been very good to me. You have given me a fine education, and you have placed me in a fine social position; you have done everything for me in a worldly sense; but, father, you never told me how to die. Now I am dying, and I am afraid."

In this category of irrevocable mistakes I place also the unkindnesses done the departed. When I was a boy, my mother used to say to me sometimes, "Do Wit, you will be sorry for that when I am gone." And I remember just how she looked, sitting there with cap and spectacles and the old Bible in her lap, and she never said a truer thing than that, for I have often been sorry since. While we have our friends with us we say unguarded things that wound the feelings of those to whom we ought to give nothing but kindness. Perhaps the parent, without inquiring into the matter, boxes the child's ears. The little one, who has fallen in the street, comes in covered with mud, and although the first disaster was enough she whips it. After a while the child is taken, or the parent is taken, or the companion is taken, and those who are left say: "Oh, if we could only get back those unkind words, those unkind deeds! If we could only recall them!" But you cannot get them back. You might bow down over the grave of that loved one and cry and cry and cry. The white lips would make no answer. The stars shall be plucked out of their sockets, but those indulgences shall not be torn away. The world shall die, but there are some wrongs in eternity. The moral of which is, take care of your friends while you have them. Spare the scolding. Be economical of the sarcasm. Shut up in a dark cave from which they shall never swarm forth all the words that have a sting in them. You will wish you had some day—very soon you will, perhaps to-morrow. Oh, yes. While with a firm hand I you administer parental discipline also administer it very gently, lest some day there be a little sod in the cemetery and on it inscribed, "Our Willie," or "Our Charlie," and though you bow down prone in the grave and seek a place of repentance and seek it carefully with tears, you cannot find it.

There is another sin that I place in the class of irrevocable mistakes, and that is lost opportunities of getting good. I never come to a Saturday night but I say to myself, "Room for all!" Oh, that the Lord Jesus Christ would this hour bring you all out of the flood of sin and plant you on the deck of the glorious old gospel craft!

But while I do not think it is possible for us to commit the particular sin spoken of in the first text I have, by reason of the second text, to call your attention to the fact that there are sins which, though they may be pardoned, are in some respects irrevocable, and you can find no place for repentance, though you seek it carefully with tears. Esau had a birthright given him. In olden times it meant not only temporal but spiritual blessing. One day Esau took his birthright and traded it off for something to eat. Oh, the folly! But let us not be too severe upon him, for some of us have committed the same folly. After he had made the trade he wanted to get it back. Just as though you to-morrow morning should take all your notes and bonds and Government securities and should go into a restaurant and in a fit of recklessness and hunger throw all those securities on the counter and ask for a plate of food, making that exchange. This was the one Esau made. He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and he was very sorry about it afterward, but "he found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

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