

625 NEW BIBLE STORIES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

by George Noble

Noble's collection of six hundred twenty-five Bible stories and sermon illustrations organized for use by preachers, teachers, and Christian workers, providing a rich resource of narrative material for communicating biblical truth.

93 Chapters

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00.2. Preface

Preface The teaching of Christ while on earth was often illustrative, anecdotal, and from His imagination, so as to impress His hearers more clearly and strongly. "Without a parable spake He not unto them." The use of illustrations in religious teaching is also indorsed by the custom of prophets, apostles, and the preachers and teachers of all times.

Heney says: "Bede, Latimer, Whitefield and many other popular preachers were wont to use Anecdotes in their sermons with good success." The same is true of Spurgeon, Beecher, Moody, Morrison, Chapman, Gipsy Smith, Beveridge, Biederwolf, Billy Sunday and the other really great men of all ages who have reached the ears and hearts of the people unto instruction and salvation.

Judge McLean once said to Dr. Cuyler: "I was glad to hear that solemn incident in your discourse last night." Lord Bolingbroke declares: "Abstract or general propositions though never so true, appear obscure to us, very often till they are explained by examples." The Poet says: "Truth embodied in a tale" has succeeded "where truth in closest words shall fail."

Illustrations are the windows of speech through which truth may be made to shine. Cecil said that: "Stories fix attention." Dr. Guthrie said he observed that his hearers remembered best the parts of his sermon that contained illustrations. George Herbert says: "Exhortations, though earnest, die with the sermon, but stories and sayings they remember." Johnson said to Boswell: "Give us as many Anecdotes as you can."

Hence this little Manual with its pertinent and short word Illustrations on all subjects for Sunday School Workers, Evangelists, Preachers, Teachers, Christians, as well as for general reading.

01. God the Almighty

God the Almighty

EVIDENCE OF AN ARCHITECT.—If you should visit a park containing beautiful lawns, flower-beds, stately trees, well-contrived watercourses, pretty waterfalls, and many other attractions and contrivances all tending to the convenience and pleasure of visitors, you would surely conclude that no sane man would dare say that all these came by chance, but rather that it was planned by a wise head, and executed by a skillful hand. So when you survey this earth, so well fitted as a dwelling place for man and the other living creatures in it, when we see it stocked with light, air, water, food and fuel, with all the other manifold things which tend to man's need and comfort, what else can be concluded but that all was planned and made by an Almighty intelligent Being? **NOT MAN'S FOOTPRINT.**—A Frenchman was crossing the desert with an Arab guide. Say after day the Arab never failed to kneel on the burning sand and call upon his God. At last one evening, the unbeliever said to the Arab, "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his eye upon the scoffer for a moment, and then replied: "How do I know there is a God? How did I know that a camel and not a man passed last night? "Was it not by the print of his hoof in the sand?" And pointing to the sun whose last rays were fading over the horizon, he added, "that footprint is not of man."

MIRROR RING.—Plato says that the king of Lydia had a ring with which, when he turned its head to the palm of his hand, he could see every person, and yet he himself remained invisible. Though we cannot see God while we live, He can see how we live. His eyes are upon the ways of man; and He seeth all his goings.

CATO SEES YOU.—Cato was so grave and so good a man that none would behave unseemly in his presence; whence it grew to be a saying, Take heed what you do, Cato sees you. **NOT TO BE TRACED.**—Luther was very importunate at the throne of grace to know the mind of God in a certain matter; and it seemed to him as if he heard God speak to his heart thus: "I am not to be traced." "If He is not to be traced, He may be trusted; and that religion is of little value which will not enable a man to trust God where he can neither trace nor see."

DIVINE MIND AND EYE.—Think of this vast world, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, think of its teeming millions of human beings and remember that not an individual or a spot is unseen by God's all-searching eye. Is this world vast—then know that it is but as a grain of sand on the shore compared with the unnumbered worlds that glitter in boundless space above us. And then remember that over all their unspeakable extent, over all these countless worlds on worlds the great Master Mind, the great Over Soul, presides.

DAZZLING SUN.—The Emperor Trajan once said to Rabbi Joshua, "You teach me that your God is everywhere and that He resides among your nation. I should like to see Him." "God's presence is indeed everywhere," said the Rabbi, "but he cannot be seen. No mortal eye can behold His glory." The Emperor still insisted. The Rabbi then took him into the open air at noonday and bade

him look on the sun. "I cannot see," said the Emperor; "the light dazzles me." Then said the Rabbi, "Thou art unable to bear the light of one of His creatures, how then could'st thou look upon the Creator?"

02. Choose Wisely

Choose Wisely

TREASURES CONTRASTED.—If that wall was a blackboard and I were to ask someone to take a piece of chalk and write upon it some of the treasures of earth, he might name such things as money, houses, farms, mills, wives, children, comforts, etc. And he would be right. If I were to ask another person to take the chalk and by the side of the column already written, mention the treasures of Heaven, they would be salvation, peace, rest, crowns, robes, mansions, God, Jesus, etc., and the column showing the treasures of Heaven would be much longer than the one showing the treasures of earth.

POOR RICH MAN.—An aged wealthy man once took an acquaintance to see a splendid mansion. “This is all mine,” he said. Then he pointed to a little town: “That is mine; it is called by my name.” In another direction he pointed out farms extending for thirty miles. “These are all mine. I was a poor boy, but I made all this myself.” The visitor looked at him and said: “Well, you have all this on earth, but what have you in Heaven?” “Well, I’m afraid I haven’t got much up there.” “Ah,” said the visitor, “but you’ve got to die, to leave this world; what will you take with you of all these things? You will die a beggar, for all these riches count as nothing in Heaven.” The poor old rich man burst into tears. He had no hope for the future. In four months he left it all.

YOU NEVER PRAYED FOR ME.—The son of a wealthy western man was playing one day, when a passing car ran over him and he was carried home in a dying condition. The father exclaimed: “Oh! can nothing be done to save him?” “No,” said the doctor, “he is past help, he is dying.” The boy opened his eyes, and the father said: “My boy, do you know you are dying?” “Am I dying?” responded the boy. “Father, will you pray for me? You have never prayed for me. Oh, father, do pray for me.” But the father could not pray, the mother could not pray, the doctor could not pray, and surrounded by a father, mother and doctor, neither of whom could point him to Jesus, the boy breathed his last. Had his father, mother and doctor, like Mary, chosen that good part, which would never have been taken from them, they would not have been helpless to point the dying boy to the Lamb of God.

DYING TESTIMONIES.—Bateman, when dying, said: “I surely must be going now, my strength sinks so fast. What glory! the angels are waiting for me. Farewell!” Mrs. Booth, wife of Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army, said as she neared the river’s brink: “The waters are rising, but so am I. I am not going under, but over. Do not be concerned about dying; go on living well, the dying will be all right.” George Brodil said: “I am so glad I am saved. The Lord has forgiven all my sins. Oh, papa, there is Jesus.” Mrs. Ferris said as she was leaving the world: “Oh! beautiful! beautiful! lovely! Is this walking through the valley of death?”

GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT WORLD.—Clement Brown, when dying, pointed with his finger, and said: “I see one, two, three, four angels waiting their commission. I see them as plainly as I see you, Hester. How I wish you could see them. They are robed in white. Angels beckon me and

Jesus bids me come.” Sarah Clare, shortly before her death, said: “I have been at the door of Heaven. It was open for me. I beheld the Almighty on His throne.” Isaac Collins, when about to pass out, said: “Heaven is near. There stands my Saviour.”

03. Heavenly Home

Heavenly Home

CONVERTED HEATHEN'S THOUGHT. —A converted heathen, in the infirmities of old age, longed to depart. He told a missionary of an account some one had given him of the wonders of American cities—the handsome buildings, the broad, clean streets, the lovely parks, the fountains, etc. “It was wonderful,” he added, “and as I listened I thought what must Heaven be if America is so grand, but thank God, through the blood of His dear Son, I shall one day see it all for myself.”

HEAVEN REJECTED.—A gentleman of France, who, having feasted high on sensual gratification, said: “Let God Almighty give me all the good things in Paris, and secure me from death, and He may keep His Heaven to Himself.”

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.—When the early Spanish explorers lauded in the beautiful wilderness of what is now Florida, with all its wealth of flowers, palm trees and semi-tropical vegetation, it was reported that somewhere in this new world of sunshine and beauty existed a wonderful spring or fountain, the waters of which had the marvelous power of imparting youth and vigor to old age, but they never found it.

CALLING THE ROLL.—A wounded soldier lay dying upon the battlefield, and he was heard to say at intervals, “here, here.” On being asked what he wanted, he replied: “They are calling the roll in Heaven, and I am answering to my name.” Soon he passed away into the spirit world.

KING'S DAUGHTER.—A poor but godly woman called to see two rich young ladies, also Christians. Their brother was astonished to find this plain-looking woman in their elegant home, but one of the sisters kindly introduced her, and said: “Brother, this is a King's daughter, only she has not yet received her fine robes.”

WHITEFIELD AND THE LADY.—Whitefield, when in Edinburg, stepped into a stagecoach. A lady belonging to a prominent denomination entered the same coach, and recognizing Whitefield, said: “Are you not Mr. Whitefield?” “Yes, madam.” “Oh, then, let me get out.” “Surely, madam,” was the calm reply, “but before you go let me ask you one question. Suppose you die and go to Heaven, and then suppose I die and go there also, will you go out when I come in?”

HEAVENLY OCCUPATION.—Faraday, the great scientist, was once asked, “Have you conceived what will be your occupation in the next world?” Hesitating a while, Faraday answered, “‘Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.’ I shall be with Christ, that's enough.”

THREE WONDERS.—There may be three things which will surprise us when we get to Heaven,—one, to find many there that we did not expect to find there; another, to find some not there whom we had expected; a third, and perhaps the greatest wonder, will be to find ourselves there. THE INFIDEL'S QUESTION.—A scoffing infidel once said to a Christian: “I understand you expect to go to Heaven when you die; can you tell me what kind of a place Heaven is?” “Yes, sir,”

replied the Christian, "Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people, and if you are not prepared for it, you will never enter."

04. Examining Ourselves

Examining Ourselves

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?—On the wall of a building in Scotland was inscribed this searching question: “What would Jesus do?”

SEXTUS’ DAILY EXAMINATION.—It is said that Sextus, every night before going to sleep, would ask his heart, “What evil hast thou amended? what vice hast thou shunned? what good hast thou done? in what part art thou bettered?”

BERNARD’S QUESTION.—Bernard was in the habit of warning himself by the question, Bernard, for what purpose art thou here?

EGYPTIAN GUANO.—The tombs about Alexandria contain the remains of once proud princes as well as the dust of the poor. This has been taken out and sold as a fertilizer, and is known in the trade as “Egyptian guano.” Four thousand years ago no pains or cost was spared to honor this dust now so dishonored. THE SALT.—A person who was once striving to shield from reproof those Christians who love worldly society, said to another: “You know believers are called to be the salt of the earth.” “Yes,” said the other, “but if the salt be cast into the ocean, from whence it was taken, it will melt away and vanish.”

DELUDED LADY.—A lady who had passed for a devoted Christian came to the portals of death. But what a sequel. Now, upon her deathbed she confessed that her life had been hypocritical, and declared that Satan stood by her bed. When requesting a drink of water, she asked that it might be brought from a distance, as that at home tasted of brimstone. NO TIME TO LOOK UP.—King Henry IV. asked the Duke of Alva whether he had observed the great eclipse of the sun, which had recently occurred. “No,” replied the Duke, “I have so much to do on earth that I have no leisure to look up to Heaven.”

LIKE TRAVELERS AND TRADESMEN.—The reason why there is so little self-condemnation is because there is so little self-examination. For want of it many are like travelers skilled in other countries, but ignorant of their own. As it is an evidence that those tradesmen are embarrassed in their business who are afraid to have their books examined, so it is plain that there is something wrong within, among all those who are afraid to look within.

POPE SELF.—Luther once said: “I am more afraid of my own heart than of the Pope and his Cardinals. I have within pope self.”

GOOD MEASURE.—A man was once asked why he was so particular to give good measure, and he replied: “God has given me but one journey through this world; and when I am gone I cannot return to correct mistakes.”

BALLOON ASCENSION.—When men have ascended a short distance above the earth in a balloon things down here begin to look small. The higher they rise the smaller everything on earth

appears—it gets fainter and fainter as the balloon goes up, until a train of cars seem like a mere thread, and the great masses of houses and factories look like mere clots. The balloonist carries with him what he calls ballast—that is, small bags of sand, and when he wants to rise higher, he throws out some of the sand, and the balloon, thus freed from weight, shoots upward still higher and higher.

05. Communing with God

Communing with God

GALILEO'S TESTIMONY.—Galileo, the philosopher, when asked by the Roman Inquisition as to his belief in God, replied, pointing to a straw on the floor, that, from the structure of that straw alone, he would infer the existence of an intelligent Creator.

CRAVEN'S DECISION.—When a plague raged in London, Craven concluded to go to his country residence in order to escape the danger. As he was about to step into his carriage he overheard one of his servants say to another, "I suppose his God lives in the country and not in the town." This struck the great man, and he paused. "My God," thought he, "lives everywhere, and can preserve me in the town as well as in the country. I will stay where I am."

SATISFACTORY COMPANY.—Owen, on being asked, when on his deathbed, whether he would have some of his friends sent for to keep him company, replied: "My fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son, and he that is not satisfied with that company doth not deserve it."

WATERED EVERY MOMENT.—Burnet declares, that, having known Leighton intimately for many years, he had never seen him in any other temper than that in which he would wish to live and die. One writing about Hewitson, said: "One thing struck me; he seemed to have no gaps, no intervals in his communion with God. I used to feel when with him, that it was being with a vine watered every moment."

I LOOK AT HIM.—An uneducated man of deep piety who was observed to resort to a secluded spot frequently, and spend considerable time there in a kneeling or sitting position, was watched by a friend who could never see the man's lips move. Being surprised at this, the watcher once said to the man: "What do you say to our Lord in these long visits you pay Him?" "I say nothing to Him," was the reply, "I look at Him and He looks at me."

ALONE ON MOUNTAIN.—Have you ever been alone on a high mountain? Far down and beyond were the busy towns and cities, with their din and strife, their cries and tears. No sound of the wrangle of human life reached you. Alone, there perhaps you communed with God; you had precious tokens that the Lord loved you; your very heart and soul seemed to rise up into His nature—you walked with God. Ah, you were alone, like Jesus; and yet not alone.

DYING SOLDIER.—A soldier lay dying. The lady who watched by his side, said: "If this should be death, are you ready to meet God?" The eyes opened slowly, and a smile passed over his face, as he answered: "I am ready, for this has long been in His Kingdom," and as he spoke he placed his hand upon his heart. "Do you mean that God rules and reigns in your heart?" she asked. "Yes," he answered, but his voice sounded far off, as if it came from one already in the "valley and shadow of death." And he lay there with his hand over his heart even after it had ceased to beat.

DEW BATH.—Some of the London people would go out into the fields early on the morning of May 1, and bathe their faces with the dew upon the grass, under the impression that it would render

them beautiful. Whether this made them beautiful or not is immaterial, but surely it is true that to bathe one's face every morning in the dew of Heaven by prayer and communion is the sure way to beauty of life.

06. Immortality

Immortality

PROBLEM TO SOLVE.—A young man, noted for his mathematical attainments, was fond of challenging his fellow-students to a trial of skill in solving difficult problems. One day a class-mate came into his study, and, laying a folded paper before him, said, “There is a problem I wish you would help me solve,” and immediately left the room. The paper was eagerly unfolded and there instead of a question in mathematics were traced the lines: “What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” With a gesture of impatience, he tore the paper to atoms, and turned again to his books. But in vain he tried to shake off the impression of the solemn words. The Holy Spirit pressed home his conviction of guilt and danger, so that he could find no peace till he found it by believing in Jesus.

WHAT IS SOUL?—Laura Bridgman was an exceedingly interesting young girl who was not only deaf and dumb, but blind. Her instructor, endeavoring to show the difference between the material and immaterial, used the word soul. “What is soul?” she asked. “That which thinks, feels, hopes, loves.” “And aches,” she responded.

UNBELIEF TESTED BY LOSS OF DEAR ONES.—Did you ever know a man who denied the immortality of the soul when following the body of a loved one to the grave? Throughout the sad and solemn scenes of a death and funeral no man, unless he be unbalanced, can say: “I have buried my wife, or my child, and that is the last of them, for the idea of an immortal soul is a myth.”

VOICE OF THE SOUL.—After all, let a man take what pains he may to hush it down, the soul is an awful, ghostly restless possession for a bad man to have. Who knows the scope and bounds of it? What a mistaken creature is he who locks his door to keep out spirits, while he has in his own body a spirit he fears to meet alone.

MOTHER.—A dear little girl, who had lost her mother at an age too young to fix the loved features in her memory, was left to a kind friend who took almost a mother’s care of her. She was as frail as beautiful, and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if it was won Heavenward by the mother’s prayers or influence. She faded early, and as she lay in the lap of her friend she would say: “Now tell me about my mother.” After the oft-told story had been repeated she would whisper: “Take me into the parlor, I want to see my mother,” and so she would lie gazing on her mother’s picture. The hour for her own death came. “Do you know me,” sobbed close to her cheek the voice of one very dear to her, but the question awoke no answer. All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, spread over her face. The eyes opened, the lips parted, the little hands flew up, and gazing into the far-above, she cried “mother!” and passed away.

AH! THERE THOU ART.—Most touching is the story of Carnival, of Paris. By the death of the object of his most tender and devoted affection his mind became clouded, and he could never be made to understand that she was really dead, but spent his life in the vain search for his lost one. In most affecting tones he would mourn her absence and chide her long delay. Thus time wore on,

and he too came down to the river's brink. In his last moments, he suddenly aroused, his face was lit up as with a wondrous joy, and reaching forth his arms as if grasping something, uttered the name of his long-lost love, and exclaimed: "Ah! there thou art at last."

07. Redemption

Redemption

COLORED PREACHER'S ILLUSTRATION.—A colored preacher pictured a transaction in the councils of Eternity in man's behalf, about as follows: Heaven was searched in vain for one willing to redeem the sinful race. No angel was found able to stay the sword which Justice held over helpless humanity. But Jesus declared: "Father, prepare me a body, and I will go down there and settle it all; I will bear the punishment due them, I will give my life for them." Jesus paid it all.

CRUCIFIXION.—As sentence was pronounced, "Thou shalt becrucified," the person was stripped and fastened to a post, about as high as the waist, and was then scourged with rods or whips made of leather strips armed with small bits of lead or bone. After the scourging, the person was compelled to bear his own cross to the place of execution. The cross was so fixed into the earth that the feet of the sufferer were usually about two feet from the ground. In or near the middle of the upright post was a projection, to which he was raised by cords, and, being previously divested of his clothing, he was first bound to the cross-beam, and then nailed by his hands with spikes. In order to lessen the pain, it is said, wine medicated with myrrh, and sometimes vinegar, was given. This draught Jesus refused, choosing to suffer to the full extent the pains of the terrible death. The Jews ended the sufferings of the victim before sundown. This was done sometimes by building a fire at the foot of the cross, or by breaking the limbs with a hammer, or by piercing the body with a spear.

SEED LIFE.—Three raspberry plants were raised from seeds taken from the skeleton of a man found in a burial-mound, thirty feet below the surface of the earth, near Dorchester, England. With this skeleton were coins, which, from their age, would indicate that the seeds must have been seventeen hundred years old. It is declared that wheat growing in England sprang from seed taken from the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy four thousand years old.

THOSE THINGS ARE TRUE.—A strong friendship existed between Michael Mercatus and Marsilius Ficinus. They discoursed on the state of man after death, and agreed: "That whichsoever of them should first die should inform the other of the life beyond, and whether the soul be immortal or not." Some time after this agreement, Mercatus was at his study, when he heard the noise of a horse's gallop and then stopping at his door. He heard Ficinus, his friend, crying to him: "O Michael, Michael! those things are true, they are true!" Michael, wondering to hear his friend's voice, rose up, and opening the casement, saw Marsilius riding away on a white horse. He called after him, and followed him with his eye, but he soon vanished out of sight. Amazed at this, he inquired if anything had happened to Marsilius, who then lived at Florence. Upon inquiry he found that he had died at the very time he had heard and seen him. **THE SUBSTITUTE**.—In the time of Napoleon a man offered to serve in the army as a substitute for another who had been drafted. A battle took place and the substitute was killed. Later on, another draft was made, and they wanted a second time to take the man whose former substitute had been killed. "No," said he, "you can't take me; I am dead. I was shot at such a battle." They would not recognize his claim, and the

matter was carried to Napoleon, who cleared the man on the ground that he was exempt from service because the substitute had taken his place.

08. Decide at Once

Decide at Once

WISE DEVIL.—It is said that a preacher once had a dream in which he was shown the abode of the lost. Here a company of demons were discussing the best means for destroying the souls of men. One said, "I will go to earth and tell them that the Bible is a fable, and not of God." "No, that wont do," said another, "I will go and tell them that there is no Saviour, no Heaven, no Hell." At these words a fiendish smile lit up their faces. "No, continued another, that will fail, you cannot make men believe that." At this the old Serpent arose himself, and remarked, "I will journey leisurely to the world of men. I will tell them that there is a God, a Saviour, a Heaven—yes, and a Hell, too, but I will tell them that there is no need of being in a hurry;take plenty time": and all agreed that he should go.

CHRIST OF THE BALL.—A young lady became under conviction at a meeting, and felt that she should yield to Christ. But, if memory serves us right, she had promised a young man to accompany him to a ball to be held in the future. That night, before retiring, she wrote something like this: "One year from tonight I will become a Christian," then she lay down to rest, but sleep she could not. Then she arose and wrote: "Six months from tonight I will give my heart to God," and again lay down, but no rest to body or soul could she find. Thus, again and again, she arose and shortened the time, until at last she wrote: "To-morrow I will become a Christian," but refused to settle it then and there. In the morning she did not appear, and friends, on going to her room, found her body cold and silent in the embrace of death, the spirit having departed to meet the realties beyond.

FAG END.—An aged man who had served the world, the flesh and the Devil, during a long life, came down to the chilly waves of death. A Christian by his bedside strove to point him to Jesus, but the dying man exclaimed, in substance: "No, I have neglected a kind and merciful God all my life, served the Devil faithfully, and now I will not insult God by throwing the wasted end of my sinful life in His face."

STARVED IN THE END.—It is said that Duke d'Alva starved his prisoners after he had given them quarter, saying, "Though I promised your lives, I promised not to find you meat." Thus, in much the same manner, do the world and the Devil deceive their votaries in the end.

WESLEY'S ANSWER.—A lady once asked Wesley, "Supposing that you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock tomorrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied, "why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at five tomorrow morning; after that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon and meet the society in the evening; I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family, as usual; retire at ten o'clock, commend myself to my Heavenly Father; lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

DYING REGRETS.—When Woolsey, the Catholic Cardinal, came to die, he said, “Had I but served God as faithfully as I served the King, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs.” When the great Randolph came down to the river of death, he cried out: “Remorse, remorse! Let me see the word. Show it to me in a dictionary. Write it. Ah! remorse, you don’t know what that means!”

09. Saved by Blood

Saved by Blood

VICARS' VOW.—While Capt. Vicars was waiting, in Canada, the arrival of a brother-officer in his room, and idly turning over the leaves of the Bible, his eye caught the well-known words, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Closing the book, he said, "If this be true for me, henceforth I will live, by the grace of God, as a man should live who has been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ."

BLOOD THAT CLEANSETH.—A Christian, visiting among the poor one day engaged a man in conversation about his soul, and while referring to the Bible he held in his hands, was startled by a feeble voice near by saying: "Does your book tell of the blood that cleanseth from all sin?" The visitor entered the room from which the plea had issued, and upon a bundle of straw in a corner he found the wasted form of a suffering woman. Raising herself up on one arm as he entered, she fixed her large eyes upon him and repeated her question. "My poor friend," he said, "what do you want to know of the blood that cleanseth from all sin?" Her voice and manner now became startling as she cried out, "What do I want to know of it? Man! I'm dying; I'm going to stand before God! I have been a wicked woman, a very wicked woman all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done!" "Once," she continued, "as I was passing a door, I heard something about the blood which cleanseth from all sin. Oh, if I could hear of it now! Tell me if there is anything about that blood in your book." The 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th chapters of First John were read before she would consent to a pause. Almost from the very first she seemed to find peace and joy in believing in Jesus, in Him who gave His life for the remission of sins. In a few days she passed away—a ransomed soul.

SOLD UP YOUR HAND.—A little boy was dying. His brother told him to trust in Jesus. The little boy asked what that meant, and the brother said: "Fray to Him." "I am too weak," the little fellow responded. "Then," said the brother, "just hold up your hand, Jesus will see you and know what it means." And he did it. Now, was that not faith? Did the dying boy not touch the hem of the Master's garment? Jesus once said: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole." He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.

UNLIMITED EFFICACY.—Let us think of the innumerable stars—millions and millions. Let us suppose them all to be densely inhabited for countless ages by races of fallen beings. We have no figures to show the number of the individual souls, still less to represent the multiplied acts of sin of all those single souls or spirits. But we know this, that the blood of Jesus would have been more than sufficient to cleanse all those countless fallen creatures, and to absolve every separate sinner from every one of his manifold sins.

LUTHER AND SATAN.—It is said that Satan once came to Luther, and, standing at the foot of his bed, presented a long roll containing a list of Luther's past sins, saying: "These are your sins; how dare you hope for Heaven?" Luther said "Keep on," and the Devil unwound more of the roll,

showing more of his sins. “Keep on,” said Luther, and the Devil continued to unroll the black list of Luther’s past life. At last Luther said: “It is true, those sins I was guilty of, but it is written, ‘the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.’”

10. Besetting Sins

Besetting Sins

SWEARER'S PRAYER.—Once, while crossing a bridge, a preacher met a man who in a fearful strain was calling upon God to damn his soul for Christ's sake, the preacher laid his hand on the man's shoulder and said: "My friend, God has done many things for Christ's sake, and perhaps he will do that too."

SWEARER IN GRAVEYARD.—"I will give you ten shillings," said a man to a profane swearer, "if you will go into the village graveyard at twelve o'clock tonight and swear the same oaths when alone with God." The offer was accepted. Midnight came. It was a night of great darkness. As he entered the cemetery not a sound was heard; all was still as death. The gentleman's words came to his mind: "Alone with God," rang in his ears. He did not dare utter an oath, but fled from the place crying: God be merciful to me, a sinner.

SCATTERING FEATHERS.—A lady presented herself to Neri one day, accusing herself of being a slanderer. "Child," he said, "your fault is great, but the mercy of God is greater. Go to market, purchase a chicken just killed, but still covered with the feathers; you will then walk to a certain distance, plucking as you go." This was done as directed, and on her return to Neri, telling how faithfully she had carried out his instructions, he said: "Retrace your steps and gather up one by one all the feathers you have scattered." "But, father," exclaimed the poor woman, "I cast them carelessly on every side; the wind carried them in every direction!"

DRUNKARD'S DEED.—A young lawyer won and married a beautiful bride; all that heart could well wish was theirs. In a few years the husband began to ply the sparkling glass and against the pleadings of his wife and friends he pushed on his downward way. One fierce winter night he staggered home through the deep snow, and found his invalid wife in a cold room trying to keep her two babies warm. The drunken husband swore he would soon have it warm enough. It was midnight, the elements without were raging, and the drunken man was raving within. How he fired the house was not known; he was probably too drunk to know himself. The flames, fanned by the wind, drove out the wife with her babes to face that awful winter night. Soon becoming exhausted with her helpless babes clinging to her, the mother sank down into the snow. The house was reduced to ashes. In the morning, the now sobered author of this ruin, accompanied by his parents, searched among the snowdrifts for the lost ones. At length, wrapped in a spotless winding sheet of snow they were found. "White as marble the lovely features of the mother disclosed frozen tears on her cheeks, while the forms of her babes were clasped in her arms."

FAILED TO CONQUER THEMSELVES.—Peter the Great made a law that if any nobleman beat or illtreated his slaves, he should be looked upon as insane, and a guardian appointed to take care of his person and estate. This great monarch once struck his gardener, who, being a man of keen sensibility, took to his bed, and died in a few days. Peter, hearing of this, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Alas! I have civilized my own subjects, I have conquered other nations, yet I have not

been able to conquer or civilize myself.” Alexander could conquer Persia, but he could not conquer his passions. Cæsar triumphed in a hundred battles; but he fell a victim to the desire of being a king. Bonaparte the conqueror was no better.

11. Our Substitute

Our Substitute AN OPPORTUNITY LOST.—It is said that an artist once gained permission to paint a portrait of the Queen. This was a great opportunity and would probably have made the man's fortune. A place was fixed and a time was set, and promptly the Queen appeared, but the artist was not there—he was not ready yet. When he did arrive, he was informed that her Majesty had departed and would not return. So, because he was not ready, he missed the opportunity of his lifetime.

BAXTER'S ASSURANCE.—Richard Baxter once said, in substance, something like this: "If the Bible would say Richard Baxter should have everlasting life by believing in Jesus, I could not be certain that I was meant, since there might be others named Richard Baxter, but it declares whosoever, and I know that means me."

MASTER HAS KEY.—A Frenchman who doubted the dispensation of Providence in the world, one day visited a ribbon factory. His attention was attracted by a marvelous piece of machinery. Countless wheels and thousands of threads were twirling in all directions, but he could understand nothing of its movements. He was informed that all this motion was connected with the center, where there was a chest which was kept shut. Eager to understand the principle of the machine, he asked permission to see the interior. "The master has the key," was the reply. The words were like a flash of light. Here was the answer to doubt and unbelief. Yes, "Master has the key." He governs and directs all.

JEW'S CONVERSION.—A minister in his sermon had been holding up Jesus as the way of salvation and noticed a Jew in the congregation listening attentively. At the close, if memory serves us, a private interview was arranged to be had at the minister's home. Here the Israelite expressed his failure to see how a look by faith to Jesus could save. The preacher then knelt in prayer. When they arose, the Jew exclaimed: "I see it! I see it! Now it is plain! Now it is plain!" "What do you mean?" asked the astonished preacher. Then the Israelite went on to tell that during the prayer his mind ran back to his boyhood home in Germany, and to a picture in his father's house of the bitten Israelites gazing upon the brazen serpent. "As I gazed upon it," he said, "gradually the pole changed into the form of a cross with the Messiah upon it hanging, bleeding, dying. I looked! I live! and now it is all plain."

NICHOLAS PAID THE DEBT.—A soldier in Russia owed a great deal of money, and he knew not where to get it. On a piece of paper he made out a list of all his debts, and underneath wrote: "Who shall pay these debts?" He then fell asleep, and while in that condition the Emperor of Russia passed by, and taking the paper, read the question. Having read it, he took a pen and at the bottom signed his name "Nicholas." When the soldier awoke, he thought it was all too good to be true, but in the morning the money came, and the debt was paid. NOT AFRAID.—Brown, on being asked if he were not afraid to enter a world of spirits, answered, "No; a persuasion that Christ is mine makes me think that when I appear in that world all the spirits will use me well on Christ's account." Warren, being asked in his last hours how he was, answered, "I am just going into

Eternity; but I bless God I am neither ashamed to live nor afraid to die.”

12. God Knows Best

God Knows Best

WITHERED HAND.—A young man of fine talents was smitten by paralysis, and became a helpless cripple who would have starved if left to himself. As a friend was pitying his condition, he slowly raised his withered hand and said, “God makes no mistakes.”

GIVE ME BACK MY HUSBAND.—A young man stood by his bride at the altar. A future of happiness seemed in store for them. But a fatal worm was preparing to smite the gourd. Little by little the serpent of drink was wrapping its poisonous coils around the young husband. Plainly the faithful, trusting wife was forced to confess to her own heart, at least, that he was spending more evenings away from home than was right. Time went on, and the idol of her heart went from an occasional glass to the drunkard’s stupor. One time, in great despair, she went to the place where liquid damnation was dealt out to him, and with a broken voice cried to the bartender, “Give me back my husband.” “There is your husband,” said the man. “What?” that my husband! What have you done to him? What have you poured into his veins that has turned his heart? Give me back my husband who stood with me at the altar.”

STIRRING UP NEST.—There is a scripture in Deuteronomy which says: “As an eagle stirreth up her nest... So the Lord alone did lead him.” The illustration is taken from the habits of the eagle, which, when her young ones are well fledged, and yet would prefer to linger in the downy nest, the mother disturbs the nest, so that the young may leave it and learn to fly. The very nest, which the devoted mother had made for her little ones, she will now pick and shatter, exiting her brood to leave and learn to fly. If they do not leave, she will break and scatter the twigs until the nest is utterly broken up and the little ones are forced to fly or fall. But do they fall to destruction? No, the mother flutters over them, spreads abroad her wings and bears them up on her body.

CURED AT LAST.—A once devoted Christian lost his spirituality through the usual influence of worldly prosperity. The Lord would not let him run to utter ruin. He took his wife from him by death, then a son, but still the man made no amendments. Then another misfortune blighted his plans but did not cure his worldliness. Next a loathsome and incurable disease fastened upon him, and while imprisoned by it, his house took fire. As he was carried from the burning building he exclaimed, “Blessed be God, I am cured at last,” and soon after died in the faith.

AGRIPPINA’S PRAYER.—Agrippina prayed that she might live to see her infant son, Nero, become an Emperor. Her desire was gratified. The innocent little infant became the great, but cruel Emperor Nero, who thirsted for the destruction of human life, and who could order the burning of cities merely to gratify his diabolical pleasure in looking at the flames, was perhaps never equaled by any other cruel, Godless ruler. But this was not all. Nero, from his throne, plotted his mother’s death and condemned her to die. But now mark the frame of mind, and the words of this mother, whose highest ambition for her infant son had been that she might live to see him an Emperor: when the men who had been sent to dispatch her appeared, she said to them, and

history gives these as her last words: "Strike! level your rage against the womb which gave birth to such a monster." History gives Nero's own dying words as, "It is now too late."

13. Divine Fellowship

Divine Fellowship

SOCRATES' HOUSE.—When Socrates was building a house a person who observed its small size, asked why he did not build larger. The great man replied that he would consider it large enough if he should see it filled with real friends. **THE WOODEN TROUGH.**—Years ago, if memory serves us right, an aged father went to live with his married son. Perhaps the old man gave the son his property with the understanding that while life lasted he should have the comforts of a home under the same roof with the son. As time went on and the infirmities and helplessness of old age came upon the old man, making him a care and a burden to the son and his wife, the old man was not kindly treated. One day, while the son was busily engaged in making a wooden trough, his little boy came and asked what he was doing. “Well, my child,” replied the father in substance, “you know grandpa is so very helpless now, he is not nice and tidy at the table, and soils the table-cloth while eating, and so I am making a trough for him to eat out of.” The child replied about as follows: “Oh, yes, papa, and when you get old, and trembling, and helpless like grandpa, then I will make a trough for you.”

INDIAN FIDELITY.—Col. Byrd, of Virginia, fell into the hands of the Cherokees, and was condemned to death. In the tribe was a chief that had before been his friend. At the approach of the executioners, the Indian threw himself up an the intended victim, saying, “This man is my friend; before you can get at him, you must kill me”; which saved him.

DOG'S DEVOTION.—Some years ago, a man was buried in the Greyfriars' cemetery in Edinburgh. His dog made a bed on his grave. From that time on, for years, he lived in that graveyard. At a given time on the pealing out of the clock, the dog went out for breakfast, which was given to him at one place. At one o'clock, as the time was struck, he went to a baker's, who gave him dinner all these years. He consumed about one hour and a half to refresh himself. He then went back and kept watch. He did this more than five year³. Thousands visited this cemetery to see the dog.

JEROME'S TESTIMONY.—Jerome said: “If my father should stand before me, my mother hang upon me, my brethren should press about me, I would break through that I might faster cleave unto Christ.” Jerome was burned at the stake and his ashes thrown into the river. When brought to the spot, he told the executioner to light the fire in his face. As the flames enveloped him he sang a hymn.

EMPEROR'S GENEROSITY.—An emperor once opened all the prisons, and released the prisoners, and he is reported to have said: “And now would to God that I could open the tombs, and give life to the dead.”

DYING TESTIMONY OF HERVEY, EDWARDS, HOLLAND.—Mrs. Hervey said: “If this is the dark valley, it has not a dark spot in it.” Edwards, after, bidding adieu to his family, and just before expiring, said: “Now, where is Jesus my true and never-failing friend?” When Holland came down

to the river, he said: "Oh, what brightness is this I see? Oh, speak it when I am gone, and preach it at my funeral, God dealeth familiarly with man: Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth, but I see things that are unutterable! Oh, my friends, it pitieth me to leave you behind."

14. Little Things

Little Things

WHAT GRAINS AND FLAKES WILL DO.—A vessel will sink if filled with drops of water or grains of sand. Fine flakes of snow, so light in themselves singly, if they gather over the sleepy wayfarer, will put out his life; if they drift they can bury whole houses and the dwellers.

LINCOLN'S VOW.—When Lincoln was a young man he accompanied a cargo of produce down the Mississippi to New Orleans. There he witnessed a slave auction. The trade in human lives was exhibited in all its awful iniquity that day. Husbands were torn from wives, and mothers from children. The rail-splitter was greatly aroused, and he said: "I call the Eternal God to witness that if I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I will hit it hard." That was a turning point in Lincoln's life. How well he carried out his declaration was proven by the fact that in after years he broke the iron chain of slavery, wiped out the curse of selling men and women like cattle, and set millions free.

HE IS TOO SMALL.—A New York drug firm advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, and among them came a queer-looking little fellow, who had been abandoned by his parents. Looking at him, the merchant said, "Can't take him; he's too small." "I know he is small," said his aunt who brought him, "but he is willing and faithful." Something about the boy made the merchant think again. After consultation, the boy was put to work. He soon proved his worth, and in time his salary was raised to \$2,500 a year, later he became a partner.

DISCOVERIES.—The art of printing, probably the parent of more good than all the other arts, owes its origin to some rude impressions taken from letters carved on the bark of a tree. This was indeed a little thing, but from it sprang the art of printing, and who can estimate the value of press and type? The wonderful and most useful steam engine is the result of a man of thought and inventive genius watching the steam rise from a boiling tea-kettle. The wonderful telescope is the result of some children who placed two or more spectacle glasses together, and looking through them at a distant object. The glimpse thus afforded was taken up by older heads and the result was a telescope so powerful that with its use the astronomers are enabled to make such discoveries regarding the stars as to declare that they are worlds far larger than ours.

THUMB IMPRESSION.—"Don't touch the lens," was the sign in a room of a great observatory, in which was the largest telescope in the world. The visitor was told that even a slight rub would spoil the accuracy which was attained with vast labor and extreme care. A man did once thoughtlessly draw his thumb over a lens, and its exactness was sensibly marred.

SWEARER, WON.—In a railroad carriage, a sailor was swearing terribly. Richard Weaver got close to him, and whispered into his ears, "Why are you calling on my Father?" "I know nothing of your father," answered the swearer. "I'll tell you His name and character," said Richard; and then he repeated the text, John 3:16. As if struck by some sudden conviction, the man answered, "These were the last words my mother said to me." "Then let us pray," said Richard, "that God may make them the means of your salvation." They did so; and Richard met him not long after, a

changed man.

15. Mercy for Erring

Mercy for Erring

UNWORTHY RIGHT HAND.—In the days' of martyrdom, Cranmer was sentenced to be burned at the stake. Overcome by fear, he signed a paper denying the religion he had preached. But he then became miserable, and boldly took up his former faith. For this he was burned at the stake. When brought to the fire he voluntarily stretched forth the hand that had signed the paper of recantation and held it in the fire till it was consumed; frequently exclaiming: "That unworthy right hand."

LOVING THE UNSEEN.—A mother had been talking to her little girl about loving God. The child replied: "Mother, I have never seen God; how can I love him?" Soon after she received a beautiful picture-book from a friend and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, I love the lady who sent me the book." "But you never saw her," said the mother. "No," replied the child, "but I love her because she sent me this present." Let us look at the beautiful pictures in the book of nature all around us, and surely we will love God, the giver, though we have never seen Him.

PARDON, NOT JUSTICE.—A French girl, casting herself at Napoleon's feet, cried: "Pardon, pardon, for my father!" "And who is your father?" asked Napoleon, "and who are you?" "My name is Lopolia," she said, and with flowing tears added, "my father is doomed to die." "Ah, young lady," replied Napoleon, "I can do nothing for you. It is the second time your father has been found guilty of treason." "Alas!" exclaimed the poor girl, "I know it, but I do not ask for justice; I implore pardon." After a momentary struggle of feeling, Napoleon gently took the hand of the young woman and said: "Well, my child, for your sake, I will pardon your father. That is enough. Now leave me."

BURIAL OF MOSES.—A Welsh preacher, speaking of the burial of Moses, said: "In that burial not only was the body buried, but also the grave and graveyard. This is an illustration of the way in which God's mercy buries sins. No one is in the funeral with Mercy (just as it is understood that no one was at the funeral of Moses but God), and if any should meet Mercy on returning from the burial of sin and ask her: "Mercy, where didst thou bury our sins?" her answer would be, "I do not remember."

PARDON FROM KING.—A man was being tried for a crime, the punishment of which was death. The witnesses came in one by one and testified to his guilt. But there he stood, calm and unmoved. The judge and jury were surprised at his indifference, and did not understand how he could take such a serious matter so calmly. When the jury returned the verdict was "guilty," and when the judge passed sentence upon him, he told the criminal how surprised he was that he could be so unmoved in the prospect of death. When the judge had finished, the man drew a document from his bosom and walked out of the dock, a free man. The document was a pardon from the king and the prisoner was a free man.

WEEDS IN ALMOST ANY SOIL.—There are weeds in almost every soil. If you dig up the soil there will be found the seeds from which they grow. These seeds, however, can germinate only under the conditions brought about by sunshine and rain. There may be the seed of weeds in our nature,

deep down out of sight; but should they be thrown up by some change of circumstances, we shall find evil in ourselves we never dreamed of. The Devil has neither forgotten us, nor lost our trail. If we resist him, he will flee.

16. Hymn History

Hymn History

JUST AS I AM.—The author of this, Miss Charlotte Elliott, was described as “a lover of nature, a lover of souls and a lover of Jesus.” The hymn grew out of her own soul struggle, for she was long in doubt as to whether or not there was salvation for her. But one day a Christian said to her: “Charlotte, cut the cable; look at the cross of Jesus.” She did, and then from her heart issued the hymn, “Just As I Am, Without One Flea.”

I HAVE COME.—A young lady in St. Louis lay dying of consumption. She had imbibed infidelity through her teacher in the normal school, and with her keen intellect was skilful in warding off the claims of the gospel. A minister who visited her from time to time was at a loss to know what to do further, as she remained unshaken in her infidelity. At length she turned her face to the wall and would not notice him. “Lucy,” he said, “I have not called to argue with you another word, but before leaving you to meet the issues of Eternity, I wish to recite a hymn.” Then he repeated the hymn: “Just As I Am, Without One Plea.” He bade her adieu, but she made no response. He doubted whether, after such a reception, he should call again. But realizing her nearness to the Eternal world, he resolved to make one more visit. Taking his seat by her bedside, she slowly turned around in bed. Her sunken eyes shone with a luster, as she placed her thin, pale hand in his and said slowly and with much emotion: “‘Just As I Am, Without One Plea.’ O sir, I’ve come, I’ve come.” Soon after, she crossed the river.

I GAVE MY LIFE.—This is one of the many precious hymns by Miss Frances R. Havergal. Concerning this hymn she once wrote to a friend: “It may interest you to hear how nearly it went into the fire instead of nearly all over the world. It was, I think, the very first thing I ever wrote which could be called a hymn; written when I was quite a young girl. I don’t know how I came to write it. I scribbled it in pencil on the back of a circular, in a few minutes, and then read it over and thought, ‘Well this is not poetry anyhow. I won’t go to the trouble to copy this.’ So I reached out my hand to put it into the fire. A sudden impulse made me draw it back; I put it crumpled and singed, into my pocket. Soon after, I went out to see a dear old woman in an almshouse. I thought I would see if a simple old woman would care for these verses, which I felt sure nobody else would care to read. So I read them to her, and she was so delighted with them that when I went back, I copied and kept them, and now the Master has sent them out in all directions.” Miss Havergal also wrote that beautiful consecration hymn “Take My Life and Let it be Consecrated Lord to Thee.” This hymn was very widely circulated, she, herself, was deeply imbued with the spirit of consecration to Christ, and the hymn seems to be the outpouring of a sanctified, devoted heart. On her deathbed she declared: “Jesus said, ‘It is finished!’ It is simply trusting Jesus. How splendid to be so near the gates of Heaven! Tell them to trust Jesus. There it is all over.”

O HAPPY DAY.—This was written by Philip Doddridge. At his birth he gave so little sign of life that he was laid aside as dead, but an attendant, afterward observing some motion, gave him the necessary attention at that critical time. His mother, who had a family of twenty children, taught

him the history of the Bible before he could read, by the aid of some Dutch tiles, about the fireplace, I believe, in the room.

17. Proof of Salvation

Proof of Salvation

FALLEN CHANGED.—William Booth tells of an unfortunate woman who had been at one of his meetings, where she was noticed by a former companion in sin now converted. The reformed one approached the other and found her in distress about her soul. “Oh,” she said, “I listened to the speakers, but when I saw you standing there so wonderfully changed I could stand it no longer.” She was induced to attend the meetings, and soon became a witness to the truth that “we know that we have passed from death to life.”

HEART CHANGED.—The friends of a young Brahmin strove in vain to make him recant, but all in vain. Then they changed their tactics, and said that the missionaries had given him some medicine to turn his mind. “No,” he replied, “God has given me His Spirit to change my heart.” NO PUZZLE.—An infidel who was trying to confuse a colored man, asked how it could be that a Christian could be in the Spirit and the Spirit in him. “Oh, there is no puzzle about that. It is like that poker. I put it into the fire until it becomes red-hot. Now, the poker is in the fire, and the fire is in the poker.”

INDIAN'S ANSWER.—One evening the Chief of the Delaware Indians was sitting by a fireside with a friend. Both were silently looking into the fire. At last his friend broke the silence by saying: “I have been thinking of a rule delivered by the Author of the Christian religion, which we call the Golden Rule.” “Stop,” said the Chief, “don't praise it, tell me what it is, and let me think for myself.” He was informed that the rule was “for one man to do to another as he would have the other do to him.” “That's impossible; it cannot be done,” hastily replied the Indian. Silence followed. The Chief lit his pipe. In about fifteen minutes he replied, as he took the pipe from his mouth: “Brother, I have been thoughtful of what you told me. If the Great Spirit who made man would give him a new heart, he could do as you say, but not else.”

HEAVENLY MOISTURE.—The Spirit, like dew, falls in mystery, giving moisture to some, while others remain dry. The wind blows where it will, but if we desire to feel a stiff breeze we must go out to sea or climb the hills.

DEAD FINGER MARK.—The Princess Elizabeth, imprisoned during her father's trouble, had a long spell of sickness while in the castle. One time she was found dead in bed with her Bible open before her, and her finger resting on these words: “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

BUNYAN'S MUSE.—One day as Bunyan was traveling in the country, musing on the wickedness of his heart, and considering the enmity that was in it toward God, the Scripture came to his mind which declares that Christ “made peace through the blood of His cross.”

ISABELLA BROWN'S ASSURANCE.—Fifteen minutes before she died, Isabella Brown was reading a list of Scripture promises, and in particular noticed this precious one: “I will never leave

thee nor forsake thee.” She said faintly, “Oh, they are sweet.” The Psalmist could say: “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.” Psalms 23:4.

18. Revival Spirit

Revival Spirit

DYING TESTIMONY TO IMMORTALITY.—A dying man said in substance: “I have at this moment a particular impression of the immortality of the soul, for my body is already half dead. I have lost the use of both legs and one arm, and if my soul were not immortal it would be half dead also. But instead of that, I am constantly thinking of God and Heaven, and I can think with great ease and freedom.”

SHE REACHED THEM.—An old woman was converted, and became anxious to do something for the Lord. What to do she could not tell, as she was old and poor. One day she thought of a plan. She got the children of the village to her home, and began, in her simple way, to sing with them, to talk to them, and then to pray. As the children were all missed from their homes, their mothers went to seek for them. They found them with the old woman, and were so struck with the little meeting that they remained to hear for themselves what she had to say about Jesus. While they listened their husbands came home, and finding wives and children absent, they went in search of them, and found them all safe. They were struck with this new state of things, and listened to the old woman’s story. The result was a revival broke out, and one hundred and fifty were converted. “God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise.”

PAGE’S MODE.—After the death of Harlan Page, that devoted fisher of men, who it is said, was instrumental in leading one hundred souls to Christ a man said: “A plain man sitting by my side, after a kind salutation, said: ‘I trust you love the Saviour?’ The question filled my eyes with tears. I had been preached to at arm’s length all my life, but this was the first time that ever a Christian thus put such a question to my heart.”

IT’S NOT BOILING.—William Arnot once grew weary of waiting for a train to start, and asked if the trouble was want of water. “Plenty of water,” was the reply, “but it’s not boiling.”

REVIVAL ACCOUNTED FOR.—A preacher once had a remarkable revival, but could not account for its cause. Visiting an invalid woman one day, she said: “You have had a precious revival; I knew it was coming.” Then she gave him an account of the burden that had been on her heart for weeks, and of her prayers for sinners.

PRAYING CRIPPLE.—A cripple boy in England, during the progress of a revival, though he could not go to the services, used to single out his unconverted acquaintances, set apart a time, and pray for them by name. This he continued to do till nearly fifty were converted. **WAS WAITING.**—During a revival the preacher asked a young man the question, “Do you not want to be a Christian?” With tearful eyes and quivering lips the answer came: “Of course I do; I was waiting to see if any one felt enough interested in me to ask me to seek salvation.”

KNAPP’S DETERMINATION.—Knapp began revival services in Penn Yan, N. Y., and continued them night after night, for three weeks, without a conversion. While unbelievers were triumphing in

his supposed defeat, Knapp said, "My bones bleach in Penn Yan, or I see the work of the Lord prosper." That very night a tide of conviction swept through the town; and a mighty revival followed. God honors earnestness and devotion to His cause.

19. Holy Scriptures

Holy Scriptures

WILMOT'S TESTIMONY.—When Wilmot, the infidel, lay dying he placed his hand upon the Bible and said: "The only objection against that Book is a bad life."

WESLEY'S ASSERTION.—Wesley said, in substance: "I am a poor sinner wandering through this world of sin. There is a Book that points the way to Heaven. Give me that Book."

FATHER'S WILL.—In the days of martyrdom a band of persecutors met a young woman on her way to a secret meeting. They demanded where she was going. Her apt reply was: "They are going to read my Father's will (The Bible), and I am on my way to hear it being read."

HEATHEN'S PROOF.—A black prince arrived in England from Africa in 1791. The one to whose care he was intrusted took great pains to convince him that the Bible was the Word of God, and he received it as such, with reverence and simplicity. "When I found," said he, "all good men minding the Bible, and calling it the Word of God, and all bad men disregarding it, I then was sure that the Bible must be what good men call it—the Word of God."

TESTED COMPANY.—A woman asked what she ought to do, there were so many worthless characters who came in to sit with her husband evenings. "Put the open Bible on the table and that will drive them off." She was not troubled with them any more.

NOW I SEE THE SUN.—A Hindoo had been brought to forsake idolatry through a leaf of the Bible that came into his possession, and upon which was the 51st Psalm, David's prayer for cleansing. This was his gospel for twenty years. When a missionary gave him a New Testament, he exclaimed: Twenty years I walked by starlight, but now I see the sun!

SPIRA'S TESTIMONY.—Spira, the apostate, on his deathbed, declared: "Take heed of relying on that faith which works not a holy and blameless life. It will fail. I tried it. I presumed: I preached it to others. I had all places in Scripture in memory that might support it. I thought myself sure, and, in the meantime, lived impiously. Now the judgment of God hath overtaken me to damnation."

IT WARMS ME.—An Italian fruit-seller had received the Word of God into her heart. Seated at her little fruit-stand at the head of a bridge, she spent her spare moments in reading the Bible. One day a gentleman customer said to her: "My good woman, what are you reading?" "It is the Word of God," replied the woman. "The Word of God, who told you that?" "He told me so Himself." "Have you ever spoken to Him?" Looking upward, she replied: "Can you prove to me, sir, that there is a sun up in the sky?" "Prove it!" he replied, "why, the best proof is that it warms me, and that I see its light." "So," she said, "the proof of this Book being the Word of God is that it warms and lights my soul."

SKELETON FINGER MARK.—After the battle before Richmond had been over some days, a man was found dead, with his hand on the open Bible. The summer insects had taken the flesh from

the hand, and there was nothing but the skeleton left; but the skeleton fingers lay on the open page, and on this passage: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

20. Stealing From God

Stealing From God

INFIDEL'S SELF REBUKE.—An infidel, at one of his meetings, while disputing against God, received the applause of the whole company. All at once his conscience seemed to smite him, and he said to himself: “Good God! that a man who walks upright, who sees the wonderful works of God, and has the use of his senses, should use them in denying his Creator.”

DREAM OF DODDRIDGE.—It is said of Doddridge that in a dream of Heaven he was shown a gallery whose wall was covered with pictures showing the various wonderful escapes he had made from sudden death while upon earth, as though God would remind him of His care.

GRASS-GROWN PATHS.—Among some of the early African converts it was the custom for each to have a private spot for secret prayer. In the beginning of their Christian life, love and zeal lead them so often to these secret bethels that paths were worn to the places. But later on, as they became careless, one convert would say of another, “Grass is growing over his path.”

GORDON'S FIDELITY.—During Gordon's first sojourn in the Soudan, he set apart a half-hour for communion with God, and just outside of his tent a handkerchief was placed as a reminder to all that he must not be molested at that time. The whole camp knew the meaning of that handkerchief, no foot dared to enter the tent thus guarded. No message, however pressing, was carried in. Whatever was the business it had to wait until the signal was removed, indicating that Gordon was ready to give heed to earthly concerns.

NEVER RICH ENOUGH.—An old man once asked a boy when a man was rich enough. The lad replied, “When he has 1,000 pounds.” “No.” “10,000.” “No.” “20,000.” “No.” “100, 000.” “No.” The lad gave it up, and begged the elder to inform him. He gravely answered. “When he has a little more than he has, and that is never.”

DREW NO INTEREST.—A man went to the bank, asking and receiving specie for bills to the amount of a thousand dollars. He had kept these bills just as he had received them more than twenty years. If he had deposited them in a savings bank, and allowed them to remain on interest, he might have drawn almost three times the amount at the end of this long interval.

GIVING TO GOD.—A merchant, at his own expense, supported several native missionaries in India, and gave liberally to the cause of Christ at home. On being asked how he could afford to do it, he replied, “Before my conversion, when I served the world and self, I did it on a grand scale, and at the most lavish expense. And when God by His grace called me out of darkness, I resolved that Christ and His cause should have more than I ever spent in the world. And as to giving so much, it is God who enables me to do it; for at my conversion I promised that I would give to His cause a fixed proportion of all that my business brought in to me; and every year since I made that promise it has brought me in about double what it did the year before, so that I easily can, as I do, double my gifts for His service.”

MOHAMMEDAN PUNISHMENT.—The Mohammedan law requires that the hand of the thief should be cut off. One of the Mohammedan traditions declare that every man who has cheated another will appear at the Judgment Day with whatever, he has stolen, attached to his neck.

21. Repentance

Repentance

TRUE SHADE SHELTER.—A Chinese convert once illustrated the folly of self-righteousness as follows: “How can a man trust in his own righteousness? It is like seeking shelter under one’s own shadow: We may stoop to the very ground, and the lower we bend, we still find that our shadow is beneath us. But if a man flee to the shadow of a great rock or a wide-spreading tree, he will find shelter from the noonday sun. So human merits are unavailing, and Christ alone is able to save to the uttermost.”

INK BOTTLE ILLUSTRATION.—A negro had been taught by a minister that water baptism was all a man needed to be saved, and no difference what argument the master would produce, the colored man insisted that water saved. At last the master said: “James, if I take an ink bottle, cork it tight, put a string around its neck, and drag it through the river, how long will it take to clean out the inside?” The colored man’s face lighted up, and he said, “You’d never clean it.”

SICK HEATHEN’S IDOLS.—A rich heathen, being dangerously sick, sent for a Christian physician. The doctor agreed to cure him providing he would destroy all his idols first. “Take my keys,” said the sick man, “search my house, and spoil every image you can find.” This was done, but still he did not get well, and complained of the doctor’s failure. “There is one idol yet hidden in your house that must be destroyed before you can recover,” replied the physician. “It is true,” answered the sick man; “there is one, but it is all of beaten gold, and cost me 200 pounds (nearly \$10,000). I meant to save it, but here, take this key, you will find it in my chest. Go, break it in pieces.” This was done, and the sick man recovered.

SMASHING THE SIGN.—Burns was once preaching in the open air and after the service a man timidly said to him, “Oh, sir, will you come to see my dying wife?” The preacher consented, but the man said: “I am afraid when you know where she is you won’t come.” “I will go wherever she is,” was the answer. The man then told him that he was keeping the lowest public house in the town. The place at last was reached. After a short conversation with the dying woman, the preacher engaged in prayer, and while thus occupied, the husband left the room. Soon he heard a loud noise, like determined blows of a hammer. What unseemly noise was this at such a time? Was the husband mad? No; only coming to repentance. When Burns reached the street he found the man’s signboard strewn in splinters upon the pavement.

PRINCE AND THE PRISONER.—A German prince once visited the arsenal where the prisoners were kept. The keeper agreed to set at liberty any prisoner whom the Prince might select. He went through the prison and conversed with the men. He inquired into the cause of their confinement and met only with universal complaint of injustice, oppression and false accusation. At last he came to one man who admitted his imprisonment to be just. He said to the Prince: “My lord, I have no reason to complain. I have been a wicked, desperate wretch; I have often deserved to be broken upon the wheel; and it is a mercy that I am here.” The Prince selected him, saying: “This is

the man whom I wish released.”

DOD’S TESTIMONY.—Dod said: “If I were to die in the pulpit, I would desire to die preaching repentance; or if I die out of the pulpit, I would desire to die practicing repentance.”

22. Dead Shall Rise

Dead Shall Rise

EGYPTIAN SEED LIFE.—Lord Lindsay's party, while wandering among the Egyptian Pyramids, found a mummy, which from the hieroglyphical inscriptions, etc., found in the sarcophagus containing the body, was supposed to be 3,000 years old. After unwrapping the mummy, a small root was found in one of its hands. Desiring to know how long vegetable seed-life, could exist, the bulb was taken from that hand, closed for 3,000 years, and planted in a sunny soil. In time it sprouted, blooming into a beautiful flower.

BOLD COUNTESS.—A dying German Countess gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite, that around it be placed square blocks of stone, and that the whole be fastened together by strong iron clasps. On the stone, by her command, were engraved these words: "This burial place, purchased to all Eternity, must never be opened." Thus she defied God, but a little beech-seed, carried perhaps by the wind, found its way into the foundation, where it sprouted; in time it grew into a tree and forced the massive stones from their foundation and broke the clasps.

PAPER FROM RAGS.—Paper, that article so useful in human life, takes its origin from cast-off rags. The rag dealer buys the cast-off rags. These he takes to the mill, and there they are sorted, washed, mashed and shaped, in short, formed into a fabric beautiful enough to bear upon its surface the messages of love, the certificate of marriage or the signature of kings. This reminds us of the resurrection of the body. When deserted by the soul how much better is it than a worn and wasted rag? It is buried in the earth, and there reduced to dust and ashes. If man's art and device can produce so pure and white a fabric as paper from filthy rags, what should hinder God by His mighty power, from raising this body from the grave, and fashioning it like unto the body of Christ.

HAVEN'S DYING TESTIMONY.—When Gilbert Haven lay dying, he raised his right arm, already black with mortification, and said: "I believe in the resurrection of the body." An army surgeon asserted that after the battle of Bull Run he amputated limbs, throwing them out of the window until the pile reached up to the windowsill. They were likely buried in one common mass, yet the resurrection power of God can find, separate, and reconstruct them all.

MONICA'S ASSURANCE OF RESURRECTION.—Monica, in her closing moments, said concerning her body being buried far from her native home, "Nothing is far from God. He will know where to find me on the resurrection morning."

GOLD DUST AND STEEL FILINGS.—Gold may be melted with other substances so as not to be recognizable to the naked eye, yet the science of chemistry will separate and bring back that identical gold pure and free as it was before. Steel filings may be mixed with sand, sawdust or any other foreign substance, yet, if the magnet is held over the mixture the steel filings will at once become separated from the sand and sawdust, and attach itself to the magnet.

CHIEF'S DREAD.—Mr. Moffat, the missionary, was once telling an African chief about the resurrection, when the savage replied: "I do not wish to hear about the dead rising. The dead cannot rise! The dead must not rise!" Then raising his right arm, and shaking his hand as if quivering a spear, he said: "I have slain my thousands, and shall they rise?"

23. Giving Ourselves

Giving Ourselves

REDEEMED SLAVE GIRL.—In New Orleans, in the days of slavery, a young girl was placed upon the auctioneer's block, surrounded by a large crowd. Finally she was sold for fourteen hundred dollars to a gentleman from the North, who had been the highest bidder. With a heavy heart and tearful eyes she prepared to leave with her new master, to sever, as she may have supposed, the tender ties binding her to home and mother. The next morning the man went to the shrinking girl and handed her a paper. "What is this?" "Why, this is a receipt and release showing that I paid the price demanded for you, and now I give you your liberty—you are free!" "O, sir," she exclaimed, falling at his feet, "Let me follow you, let me be your willing slave."

GOING EMPTY HANDED.—After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it spent upon a sick bed, a young man lay dying. In answer to a question from a friend, he said, with a look of sadness in his face, "No, I am not afraid. Jesus saves me, but, oh, must I go, and empty-handed?"

POUSA'S SELF-SACRIFICE.—It is said of Pousa, the great Chinese potter, that having been ordered to produce a fine piece of work for the Emperor, he strove long to make it, but in vain. At length he threw himself into the furnace, and the result upon the ware was such that it came out the most beautiful piece of porcelain. **DO SO.**—Æschines, perceiving every one give Socrates something for a present, said unto him, "Because I have nothing else to give, I will give thee myself." "Do so," said Socrates, "and I will give thee back again to thyself better than when I received thee."

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.—It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after this manner: the lambs were separated from the dams, and enclosed in a sheepcote with only one narrow way out; the dams were at the entrance. On opening the gate, the lambs hastened to join the dams; and a man placed at the entrance, with a rod dipped in ochre, touched every tenth lamb, and so marked it with his rod, saying, "Let this be holy."

MARTYN'S SACRIFICE.—Martyn was led to consecrate himself to the cause of foreign missions. For this cause he sacrificed that which was dearer to him than life—for she to whom he was soon to be wedded declined to accompany him. He forsook father, mother and an intended wife to preach to the heathen.

STARLESS CROWN.—A young Christian lady, in a dream, thought that she had died and gone to Heaven. Here a beautiful crown was shown her, yet her disappointment and grief were great on finding no stars in it, proof of her having led no souls to Jesus. She awoke, in tears, yet still in this world where she might toil and strive to lead her fellow-beings to Christ.

I SURRENDER.—In one of the army hospitals lay a wounded officer, about to enter the valley of death. While strong and rich he resisted God; but now, when conquered, was willing to listen to the terms of surrender. At first he could not understand them. At last the words, "Believe on the Lord

Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,” applied to his soul with power by the Holy Ghost, reached his heart. His face grew brilliant. He raised himself from the pillow and, stretching out his arms, exclaimed with thrilling earnestness, “I accept the terms: I surrender!” That was his last word.

24. Useless Hiding

Useless Hiding

CHIEF END OF MAN.—Lady Glenorchy relates in her diary that, being seized with a fever, her life was threatened, and the question came to her mind: “What is the chief end of man?” “When I considered the answer to it,” she says, ‘to glorify God, and enjoy Him for ever,’ I was struck with shame and confusion. I found I had never sought to glorify God in my life, nor had I any idea of what was meant by enjoying Him forever. Death and judgment were set before me; my past sins came to my remembrance; I saw no way to escape the punishment due unto them, nor had I the least glimmering hope of obtaining pardon through the righteousness of another.” From this unhappy state she was shortly after delivered by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.

INFIDEL LAWYER.—A skeptical lawyer had over the entrance to his private office-door the words, “God is nowhere.” One day his little girl, seeing it, began in her childishness to spell the words, and finally made them read thus; “God is now here.” As an arrow from the Almighty’s quiver this entered the infidel’s heart, and he became a believer and a Christian.

BELIEVE YOUR MOTHER.—The daughter of an infidel navy officer, just before dying, said in substance to her sorrowing parent, “Father, you always insisted that there was no God, but mother, before she died, always told me that there is. Now I, too, am about to die and enter the spirit world, whom shall I believe, you or mother?” “Child,” said the smitten father, “believe your mother.”

EXILED PERSECUTOR.—A cruel persecutor of God’s ancient people, after having been consigned to exile, suffered the torments of a guilty conscience. If he heard a soft step, he thought it was someone coming to smite him unawares, or if a hasty step, it was one coming quickly to kill him. If men spoke roughly to him he quaked with fear, or if kindly, he fancied it was a plot to beguile him. If they fed him sparingly it was to starve him, or if luxuriantly it was to fatten him like an ox for slaughter.

HOPELESS TASK.—Spencer tells of a village in England to which it was said God never came. Could such a place be found now, it would be more thronged than the most fashionable summer resorts. To reside where God’s eye could not penetrate, men and women would give much. THAT NAIL.—One day a man in walking through an old graveyard, noticed the sexton making an excavation, perhaps either digging a new grave on the site of an old one, or removing some remains. At all events, the grave-digger had thrown out a skull. The man noticed an old nail sticking in the skull. Dropping his handkerchief down upon it by way of hiding the mysterious and rusty nail from the sexton’s eye, he withdrew the nail from the skull. He then asked the sexton whether he knew anything about the person to whose body that skull belonged. O yes, the sexton was well acquainted with his history. It was the skull of a man who had died in his sleep many, many years before. Learning that the dead man’s aged widow was still living, he sought an interview with her. Confronting her with the mysterious nail, he said: “Woman, do you know that

nail?" Struck as if with a message from another world, she confessed that she had murdered her husband in his sleep by driving that nail into his skull. During all these many years she had hid her crime from man, but not from God.

25. No Difference

No Difference

BOSTON ELM.—In the heart of the old elm of Boston Common, which had been the city's pride for a century, but which, like all earthly things, came to an end, was found a flattened bullet which had been concealed there for two hundred years, as was shown by the number of rings enclosing it. The wood had closed over it, but could not throw off the wound or conceal it.

ROYAL LADY.—A royal English lady once asked if she must be saved by the same Jesus who saved her coachman. When informed that there is no difference, she replied: "Then I will not be saved." When the haughty Queen Elizabeth came down to death, she shrieked: "My kingdom for a moment of time."

JUDAS TREE.—We have heard of a singular tree that illustrates the deceitfulness of sin. It is called the Judas tree. The blossoms appear before the leaves, and they are of brilliant crimson. The flaming beauty of the flowers attracts innumerable insects; and the wandering bee is drawn to it to gather honey. But every bee that alights upon the blossoms imbibes a fatal opiate, and drops dead from among the crimson flowers to the earth. Beneath this enticing tree, the earth is strewn with its victims.

PECULIAR DANGER.—Nettleton once said to a highly prominent man, "I have often thought that persons in your situation, people of liberal education and high standing in society, are in peculiar danger of losing their souls."

MAP OUTLINE.—A book-case which stood a long time at one place was at last removed, when it was found that the exact image of the back and some other portions was left on the wall. But in the midst of this picture was another, the outline of a map which had hung on the wall before the book-case was placed there.

LAWYER AND CLIENT.—A lawyer undertook the defense of a robber on the promise of a thousand crowns reward. He won the case, and his client brought him the coveted money. The night being stormy, the lawyer invited him to lodge in his house. At midnight the robber arose, gagged the lawyer, retook the thousand crowns, and gathering all the treasure he could find, bade his helpless defender good-bye.

FOOLISH OSTRICH.—The ostrich, when chased, buries its head in the sand, and thinks itself safe from the hunter because it does not see him.

HE SAID IT.—Because of a common soldier's prompt action in assisting Napoleon when his horse became unmanageable, the general said: "Thank you, captain." The soldier immediately asked, "Of what regiment?" Napoleon, pleased with his quick perception and ready trust, replied: "Of my guards," and then rode away. The soldier laid down his gun and proceeded to the company of staff officers. They were astonished at his apparent presumption, as they had not been aware of his promotion, and when he announced that he was captain of the guards they were loth to believe,

but, pointing to Napoleon, the man replied: "He said it."

CHANGES CREDIT.—A few years ago there was a shop-girl in Chicago whose credit perhaps was not worth a dollar; the next day, however, she could have purchased a thousand dollars' worth of anything she wanted. What made the difference? Simply this, she had married a rich, husband, and of course, with him she received an interest in all that was his.

26. Prepare to Die

Prepare to Die

REMINDERS OF DEATH.—The ancient Egyptians, it is said, had a skeleton present at their feasts, in reverence for the angel of death. Prester John kept a death's-head upon his table; and the King of Macedonia had a boy to call to him daily, Philip, thou art mortal.

TOO BUSY TO DIE.—A wealthy English manufacturer, after a busy day, once said to his confidential clerk, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die; not that I have any thought of dying for some years to come. For my part, I am so engaged in business that I could not find time to die." Uttering these words, he passed into another room, and fell down a corpse.

LEFT IT ALL.—At a business meeting of wealthy railroad officials in New York, the announcement was made that one of their associates had suddenly died. "How much did he leave?" was asked. "He left it all," was answered.

BORGIA'S DYING LAMENT.—In his closing moments, the great Borgia cried: "I have provided for everything except death; and now, alas! I am to die unprepared."

STOP THAT CLOCK.—A dying man, whose eye rested intently upon a clock which hung opposite his bed cried out: "Stop that clock!" He knew he was dying, and he was not ready. He had the impression that he was to die at midnight. He heard the constant ticking of the clock. He saw the hands approaching the dreaded hour, and he had no hope.

PLACE IS SO DARK.—A lady in a meeting had been convicted of her sins, yet with tearful eyes refused to yield. Soon after she was taken ill, and in her last moments, cried: "The place where I am going is so dark."

DEATH AT THE THEATER.—At Sadler's Wells, in 1807, when twenty-three people were trodden to death, owing to a false alarm of fire, Grimaldi met with a singular adventure. Running back to the theater, he found the crowd of people collected round it so dense as to render approach by the usual path impossible. Finding the parlor window open and a light at the other end of the room, he threw up the sash and jumped in. What was his horror, on looking round, to discover that there lay stretched in the apartment no fewer than nine dead bodies! These were the remains of nine human beings, lifeless and scarcely yet cold, whom a few hours back he had been himself exciting to shouts of laughter.

DEATH'S MARK.—George Moir, an eminently godly man, after having been worn out by a long and painful illness, was told by his wife that the change of his countenance indicated the speedy approach of death. "Does it?" he replied. "Bring me a glass." On looking at himself in the mirror, he was struck with the resemblance to a corpse which he saw in his countenance. Giving the glass back he said, with calm satisfaction, "Death has set his mark upon my body, Christ has set His mark upon my soul."

ALEXANDER'S THEOLOGY.—When dying, Alexander said: "My theology is reduced to this: 'Christ came into the world to save sinners.'"

PAYSON'S LAST APPEAL.—Dr. Payson directed a label to be placed on his breast when he should be dead, by which he might speak to those who might come to look upon his corpse: "Remember the words which I spake unto you while I was yet with you."

27. We Shall Know

We Shall Know

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.—Columbus believed that a new world could be discovered by sailing westward. Before he discovered America, no one, perhaps, shared his belief. In fact, they looked upon him as being unbalanced in mind. But something in his soul led him to feel and believe that there was an unknown country beyond the vast Atlantic. One time it is said he found fruits on the shore of western Europe, washed there by the Atlantic's waves, entirely different from any fruit produced in Europe. His belief in a world beyond the watery horizon led him at last to launch out on a vast unknown sea, to find a land that white men had perhaps never seen. With strange stars above him, and strange, wild seas around him, storms without and mutinies on board, none of his crew hopeful but himself, that wonderful man, encouraged, perhaps, by the mysterious voice of an unseen one, said to have been heard on the voyage encouraging him forward, kept the prow of his bark pointed westward, till the lights of Indian fires on the shore of the new world proved to him that his marvelous faith in the existence of the unseen world to the west was not in vain. Humboldt tells us that Columbus said that he heard a voice instructing him to sail west. IN A MOMENT.—The veil that conceals the other world is only our embodied existence, and though our body is fearfully and wonderfully made it is but frail mortality. The puncture of a thorn, the sting of an insect, a mite of poison, or a tiny shot, may cause it to fall in death. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, in the throb of a pulse, we may start into disembodied spirits, glide into the company of spirits, and pass into the knowledge of the other world.

ALL IS LIGHT.—When Mrs. Hervey was very near death, she said: "If this is the dark valley, it has not a dark spot in it; all is light."

HOMESICK SAILORS.—It is said that when Cortez led his sailors across the vast continent of South America, after months of toil and sickness, they climbed one of the peaks of the Andes, and saw far away in the distance the glimmering of the sea. It was their native element, their love and their home; and they wept for joy.

FOSTER'S LONGING.—The godly Foster said: "I long to see Jesus, and the angels who have watched over me and befriended me, and all the great and good whose virtues have enriched the ages. I know I shall hasten to worship my Lord, and to Him I shall pour out my reverent love. I shall see crowding down to the shore some forms that will give me their first caress."

LUTHER'S IDEA.—The night before Luther died, he was tolerably well, and sat with his friends at the table. The subject was future recognition. Luther insisted that friends would know each other in Heaven, as Adam recognized Eve. NOT STRANGERS.—A beloved daughter lay dying, but her body and soul recoiled from death. "Don't let me die! Hold me fast! Oh, I can't go." It was said to her, "Jenny, you have two brothers in the other world, and there are thousands of tender-hearted people over there who will love you and take care of you." But again she cried: "Don't let me go; they are strangers over there." But even as she was pleading, her face turned upward and her

eyes were filled with the Divine recognition. Her eyes grew brighter and brighter as she gazed. At last she said: "Mamma, they are not strangers; I'm not afraid!" Her form sank, she was gone.

28. Delay No Longer

Delay No Longer

BLACKSMITH'S DOG.—A blacksmith's dog used to spend most of his time in the shop, and thus became used to the sparks from the anvil. Other dogs came in, too, but the moment the sparks began to fly they ran away in terror, but the smith's dog would sleep in the midst of all, undisturbed. He would scarcely leave the shop, but used to stay in all night. One night the shop caught fire, and the dog perished.

DRUNKEN BOATMEN.—Two men under the influence of liquor, came one night to where their boat was tied, desiring to return home. So they entered it and began to row. They pulled away all night, wondering why they never reached the other side of the bay. When morning dawned, behold, they found that they had never loosened their boat from the shore.

I CAN LIVE WITHOUT HIM.—An old Scotch woman, after having the gospel of God's grace faithfully presented to her, put down her pipe, and then seemed to weigh the matter slowly in her mind for a while. Then with face hard and unmoved, said: "No, I have lived without Christ seventy years and I can live without Him the rest of my days." Not long after this she was found dead in bed, her arms thrown above her head as though there had been a struggle with some terrible foe.

NEVER MEET.—It is a solemn thing to say tomorrow when God says today, for man's tomorrow and God's today never meet. The word that comes from the eternal throne is now, and it is a man's own choice that fixes his doom.

CAN'T FIND THE BRAKE.—Gordon, once a celebrated stage-driver on the Pacific Coast, was a fearfully profane man, and his end was dreadful. In the delirium of death he thrust out his feet and clutched at the bedclothes. When asked the cause of his anguish, he exclaimed: "Oh, I am going down a fearful grade, and can't find the brake."

CONTRACTING WALLS.—There is an old story of a prisoner in a cell with contractile walls. Day by day his space lessens; he saw the whole of that window yesterday, he sees only half of it today. Nearer and nearer the walls are drawn together, till at last they meet and crush him. **THE DIVIDE.**—There is a place on the Rocky mountains called "the Divide." Here the rain that falls separates, one part flowing down the east side of the mountain, the other running down the west side. That falling on the east side enters the Missouri River, which flows into the Mississippi, thence into the Gulf of Mexico, and finally mingles with the vastness of the Atlantic Ocean. Those raindrops which fall on the west side of the mountain divide course their way into the Columbia River, and then on into the mighty Pacific Ocean. Thus the water which at first turning point was separated by a small fraction of an inch, soon became five thousand miles apart, and in directly opposite directions.

WESLEY AND THE BIRD.—One summer day, as Charles Wesley was sitting by an open window, a little bird attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came swooping toward the bird. The frightened

little thing darted here and there trying to find a place of safety from the fierce grasp of the hawk. Seeing the open window, and a man sitting by, the bird flew toward it, and with beating heart and quivering wings, found shelter in Wesley's bosom.

29. What Think Ye

What Think Ye

INFIDEL LECTURER.—A woman once delivered a lecture against Christianity, in which she declared Christ to be a myth. One of the mill hands obtained permission to ask her a question, and then said: "Thirty years ago I was a curse to this town, and every person who had any respect for himself shrank from me. I often tried to do better, but could not. The temperance people got hold of me, but I broke the pledge so often that they said it was no use trying me any longer. Then the police took charge of me, and the magistrate sent me to prison; and though they all tried, I was nothing better, but rather worse. Next Christ took hold of me, He touched my heart and made a new man of me. You say that Christ is a myth; nay, the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation."

BONAPARTE'S TESTIMONY.—Napoleon Bonaparte, one of the greatest of military generals, said shortly before his death: "I die before my time, and my body will be given back to earth to become food for worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the great Napoleon! What an abyss between my misery and the eternal Kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and is extending over the whole earth."

SOFT ANSWERS.—A missionary in Jamaica was questioning the little black boys on the meaning of Matthew 5:5, and asked, "Who are the meek?" A boy answered: "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."

SHOW ME THIS DOCTOR.—A blind man, who had never seen from his birth, found a lady who, appreciating his worth, became his wife. Several bright children became theirs, who tenderly loved their blind father. An eminent physician met the blind man and informed him that his sight could be restored. The operation was performed successfully. The father was handed a rose; he had smelled one, but had never seen one before. Then he looked upon the face of his wife, who had been so true; and then the children were brought who he had so often fondled. All at once he exclaimed: "Oh, why have I seen all these before inquiring for the man by whose skill I have been enabled to behold them! Show me the doctor!"

FORGIVING CRUELTY.—While a heathen tyrant was cruelly beating a Christian, he said, "What great matter did Christ ever do for you?" "Even this," replied the Christian, "that I can forgive you though you use me so cruelly."

TELL FATHER I DIED FOR YOU.—A vessel was on fire far out at sea. All had been taken off except a mother and her little boy. There was room yet in the lifeboat for but one, and not a moment to spare. Who should be saved—mother or child? She glanced down at the frightened child clinging to her skirt. She could not let him die. The flames were curling around them. Pressing the child to her bosom, she said: "Willie, tell father I died for you." The boy was lowered into the lifeboat; it pushed away from the vessel and the mother perished. NOT BARABBAS, BUT JESUS.—Tremellius was a Jew, from whose heart the veil had been taken away, and who had been led by the Holy Spirit to acknowledge Jesus as the Messiah and the Son of God. The Jews

who had condemned our Saviour had said, "Not this man, but Barabbas." Tremellius, when near his end, glorying in Christ, and renouncing all in competition with Him, said: "Not Barabbas, but Jesus."

30. Soul's Destiny

Soul's Destiny THE SOUL.—The soul is described as the intelligent, immaterial and immortal part of man. The animating, separable, surviving entity, the vehicle of individual personal existence. The seat of real life or vitality, the source of action; the animating or essential part.

SOUL OF BOOKS.—A Christian young man, a great lover of books, was dying, and was haunted by a singular distress: because that he should be immortal, he should read no more books. Mr. Binney was in the habit of going to see him, so on the next visit the lady told him of this singular sorrow. Holding the lad's hand, he said, "Ah, my dear boy, they tell me that you are only sorry to die because you will be able to read no more books; but, you know, you are going amongst the souls of books—amongst the souls of the men who thought the books."

TITLE TO HEAVEN.—A man dreamed that he stood beside the gate of Heaven, when the spirit of a rich man came and sought admittance on the ground of his wealth and fame. He was reminded that those things belong to time only, and turned away in despair. Another sought entrance on the ground of his integrity, but was repulsed by the angel, saying, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified." A third pleaded his denominational zeal, but was refused with the remark, "There is no name given under Heaven, or among men, whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus." At length, a spirit came, crying, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin." To it the gates of Heaven flew open and the angel said, "An abundant entrance is ministered to you into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." **OUR PERSONALITY.**—As a human being, my personality is and remains infringeable, unchangeable, eternal. O what a weight of importance rests upon this fact! Think of it! Bring it home with due force to your own mind. I shall never be somebody else. No, my personality or identity, as a human being, as now on earth in the mortal body, shall be and remain so after death and resurrection, either glorified in Heaven or lost in Hell. **THE VEIL.**—There is only a veil between us and Heaven! A veil is the thinnest and frailest of all conceivable partitions. It is but a fine tissue, a delicate fabric of embroidery. It waves in the wind; the touch of a child may stir it and accident may rend it; the silent action of time will moulder it away. The veil that conceals Heaven is only our embodied existence; and though "fearfully and wonderfully made," it is only wrought out of our frail mortality. So slight is it that the puncture of a thorn, the touch of an insect's sting, the breath of an infected atmosphere, may make it shake and fall. In a bound, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, in the throb of a pulse, in the flash of a thought, we may start into disembodied spirits.

MAN'S CHIEF END.—Lady Huntingdon, one evening, was on her way to a brilliant assembly; when suddenly there darted into her soul these words, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever," which she had committed to memory years before in learning the Catechism. From that hour, her whole life revolved round a new center. The guilty, trembling sinner, hitherto occupied with her poor self, grazed on the face of Him who died for her; and, as she gazed, her conscience found peace, and her heart a satisfying rest. Her whole life became one "living sacrifice."

31. Awake, Sleeper

Awake, Sleeper

INDIA HUNTER'S RUSE.—In the jungles of India the natives capture game in the following manner: When the track of an animal has been ascertained the hunters collect a quantity of leaves and smear them with a species of gluten made by bruising the berries of an indigenous tree; the leaves are then strewed, with the gluten uppermost, near where it is understood the animal resorts. When the game treads on one of these daubed leaves it tries, by shaking its paw, to remove the sticky encumbrance, but, finding no relief, it rubs the troublesome leaf against its face. By this means its eyes, ears, etc., become smeared over with the gummy matter, which causes such discomfort as to bring the animal to roll, perhaps, among many more of the smeared leaves, until it becomes completely enveloped and is deprived of sight by the gummed leaves which cover the face and eyes. Thus the game falls an easy prey to the cunning hunters.

WALKING IN HER SLEEP.—A young woman, accustomed to walk in her sleep, climbed from a garret window out upon the roof, and, in sight of a silent, trembling crowd below, actually walked up and down the roof, dreaming, perhaps, of a coming party, for she kept smiling and murmuring her gay songs. The people below were powerless to help her, and held their breath in horror as she sometimes approached the edge. Suddenly a candle appeared at a window opposite, and the light, flashing into her eyes, awakened her. With a fearful scream she fell down to her death.

MADE HIS OWN CHAIN.—A cruel ruler once ordered a subject to make an iron chain, one link each day. When it was finished, the poor wretch was bound with it, and thrown into a dungeon. Thus day by day do people, in obedience to the command of their Master, Satan, forge the links of a chain of evil deeds that shall end in their eternal imprisonment.

DRUNKARD'S VOW.—A drunkard had promised his dying wife that he would never drink another glass, unless from her hand; but the craving for it was so strong that at night he crept into the room where her dead body lay, placed a glass of liquor into her lifeless hand and raised it to his lips. Thus men, asleep under the stupefying influence of sin, become slaves.

TOLL-GATE KEEPER.—There was an old toll-grate keeper whose habit was to shut his gate at night, and take a nap. One dark night a traveler knocked and called. "Coming," said the voice of the old man, but he did not appear. Again the traveler knocked, and again the voice answered, "Coming," but that was all. At last the traveler became angry, and, leaping from his team, demanded of the old man why he cried "Coming" for twenty minutes, and never came. "Who is there?" asked the old man in a low, sleepy voice. Then, becoming awake, he exclaimed, "I was asleep. I get so used to hearing them knock, that I answer, 'Coming' in my sleep, and take no more notice of it."

DROWNING PUPS.—A gentleman once sent his hired man to drown some young pups. Their eyes were not yet open, and, as he carried them to the water, they were calm and unconcerned, not knowing the fate in store for them; but just as they were sinking, they opened their eyes for the

first time, and their anguish and struggles were painful to hear and see. “Master,” said the man on his return, “never again send me to drown pups, for they opened their eyes just as they went down.”

32. Death of Children

Death of Children

SHEPHERD'S RUSE.—It is said that in the Eastern lands when the shepherd desires to transfer the parent sheep from one pasture to another, he takes a little lamb in his bosom and carries it to the new pasture himself. When its plaintive bleating is heard by the older sheep, they all follow it to the new pasture ground.

TWO PICTURES OF SAME BOY.—An artist who desired to produce a picture representing purity and innocence, found in a sunny-faced little boy the very type of goodness and loveliness he wanted. So he painted the boy's picture and placed it in his study. Then he said, in substance, "Now, when I find a person whose face, because of sin and depravity, shall be the opposite of this sweet-faced child, I will produce it on canvas also, and hang it by the side of this, so producing the awful contrast between childhood's purity and manhood's depravity." Years after, as he was passing a prison, he saw looking out from behind the iron bars the most sin-scarred face he had ever seen. At last he had found what he desired, a result of the marring effects of sin as shown upon the human face. He gained permission to paint the man's picture, and then hung it by the side of the sweet-faced little boy. How great was the contrast, but mark the sequel: The two pictures, differing so widely, were really of one and the same person. The innocent-faced little boy and the sin-blackened prisoner were one and the same person. The lapse of years in a world of sin and temptation had changed the innocent child into a depraved man.

RABBI'S LOSS.—During the absence of Rabbi Meir, his two beautiful children died. His wife carried them to her room and laid them upon her bed. On reaching home, the Rabbi's first question was for his children. "They are not far off," the wife replied, and then addressed him thus: "Rabbi, I would propose one question: A few days ago a person entrusted some jewels to my keeping, and now He demands them; should I give them back to Him?" "What!" he exclaimed, "would you hesitate to restore to every one his own?" "No," she answered, "but I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting you." Then she led him to the room, and, removing the white covering from the little bodies, revealed the silent forms of his children. With tearful eyes and throbbing heart he exclaimed: "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

LET THE LITTLE GIRL COME.—When your neighbors gather for festive occasions you are pleased when they send for your children, and say, "Let the little girl come over and spend the day." You dress her with the greatest care and send her to them with a secret pride of love, feeling that no greater compliment could be shown you than to want your children for their company. If God says: "I want your children," should you not have faith in Him? Should you not yield to His will and let them go to Him? You have but sent them on before, sooner or later you will follow. When parents leave a little child for a few days, how eagerly it watches for the return. A dying child after exhorting her friends to meet her in Heaven, said: "I'll be watching for you."

HEATHEN MOTHER'S SEARCH.—A heathen mother lost her only child by death. She went to her priest and sought comfort. He bade her bring him a handful of mustard seed from a home never saddened by death. But when, with the dead child in her arms, she went from house to house, she found that sorrow, because of death, had always been there before her. Then she learned that grief comes to every human heart.

33. Fidelity and Candor

Fidelity and Candor

UNFAITHFUL MINISTER REBUKED.—A dying nobleman once sent for the clergyman on whose ministry he had attended, and said to him, “Do you not know that my life has been licentious? Yet you never warned me of my danger!” “Yes, my lord,” was the answer, “your manner of living was not unknown to me; but your kindness, and my fear of offending you, deterred me from reproving you.” “How cruel! how wicked!” said the dying man. “You have neglected to warn and instruct me; now my soul will be lost.”

SYMPATHIZED WITH HUMANITY.—Trumbull, when preaching to the inmates of a prison, said that the only difference between himself and them was owing to the grace of God. Afterward one of the prisoners asked: “Did you mean what you said about sympathizing with us, and that only the help of God made you differ from us?” Being assured that it was true, the prisoner said: “I am here for life, but I can stay here more contentedly now that I know I have a brother out in the world.”

HENRY’S CLOSING WORDS.—Matthew Henry, the great Commentator, said in his latter days: “A life spent in the service of God, and in communion with Him, is the most comfortable life that any one can lead.”

BOURDALOUE’S PLAINNESS.—Bourdaloue was preacher to the French King. On one occasion, after depicting, in soul-awakening terms, a sinner of the first magnitude, he suddenly placed his eyes full upon the King and said: “Thou art the man.” The effect was confounding. After the service he said to the King: “Sire, behold at your feet one who is the most devoted of your servants, but he can own no other master but the King of Kings.”

LAMENT OF SALMASIUS.—Salmasius, the great French scholar, when dying, said: “I have lost a world of time! Had I one year more, it should be spent in perusing David’s Psalms and Paul’s Epistles. Mind the world less, and God more.”

MARTYRS.—In the massacre of Protestants by the Catholics, no age, no sex, no condition was spared. The wife, weeping for her butchered husband, and embracing her helpless children, was pierced with them, and perished by the same stroke. In vain did flight save from the first assault. Destruction was everywhere let loose, and met the hunted victims at every turn. They were stripped of their very clothes, and turned out naked and defenceless in all the rigors of winter. The feeble age of children, the tender sex of women, soon sank under the multiplied rigors of cold and hunger. Here the husband, bidding a final adieu to his expiring family, envied them that fate which he himself expected soon to share.

MCLEAN’S TESTIMONY.—As McLean approached his end, he said: “I am gathering together all my prayers, sermons and good works, and am going to throw them overboard and swim to glory on the plank of free grace.”

DUKE AND KING.—A noted Duke had two sons. The eldest fell into consumption when a boy, which ended in his death. Two ministers visited him, and after prayer the youth took his Bible from under the pillow and turned to the language of our text, and said: "This, sirs, is all my comfort." When death approached, he called his younger brother and spoke to him with much affection, and ended with these words: "Douglas, in a little time you will be a Duke, but I shall be a King."

34. Life Uncertain

Life Uncertain

HEEDLESS RULER.—A conspiracy was formed against the life of a ruler. A friend, hearing of it, sent a packet containing the remark: “Read it immediately, for it contains serious matter.” The doomed man was then at a feast and smilingly replied: “Serious affairs tomorrow,” and, putting the packet aside, continued his merriment. That night he was murdered.

ABANDONED QUARRIES.—Travelers and explorers sometimes find in old quarries, long abandoned, or once worked by a vanished race, blocks of stone squared and dressed, that seem to have been intended for palace or shrine. But there they lie neglected and forgotten, and the building for which they were hewn has been reared without them, or perhaps never erected. Some of the implements and remains left in these quarries would seem to indicate that the workers had stopped in the midst of their labor, or had been suddenly called away. IN INN AFTER ALL.—An eastern tale is told of a man who entered a palace and, spreading his bed in one of the rooms, pretended that he had mistaken the palace for an inn. The prince ordered the man to be brought before him and asked him how he had come to make such a mistake. “What is an inn?” the man asked the prince. “A place where travelers rest a little while before proceeding on their journey,” replied the prince. “Who dwelt here before you?” the man asked. “My father,” was the prince’s reply. “And did he remain here?” “No,” was the answer, “he died and went away.” “And who dwelt here before him?” “His ancestors.” “And did they remain?” “No, they also died and went away.” “Then I have made no mistake, for your palace is but an inn after all.”

GRIEVED THE SPIRIT.—During a meeting a young lady had been deeply impressed, but grieved the Spirit. A month after, the minister found her very ill and in deep distress about her soul. “It’s no use,” she said; “I am so sick that I cannot get my mind together, I am too sick to pray or look to Jesus.” And so she died.

TEARS OF XERXES.—Xerxes cast his eyes over his vast army one day, and wept when he came to realize that in a few years that army would be but a million of dead men.

TAKE THIS WATCH.—When Russell was about to be executed, he handed his watch to a friend and said: “Take this watch, I have no more to do with time; my thoughts are about Eternity.”

FAINTING FOR ETERNITY.—When Apelles, the Greek painter, was asked why he bestowed so much labor on his pictures, he replied: “Because I am painting for Eternity.”

RECORDING PEN.—When the Catholic persecutors brought Latimer up for examination, he was not at first particular in the expressions he used, but he soon heard the recorder’s pen going and found that all he said was being written; then he gave more heed to his words.

PIERCED HAND.—It is said that a man once had a dream in which he thought that he had died and stood before the Judgment seat, and that the books were opened. When he saw beneath his name a long dark list of his sins, he was ready to sink with fear. But Jesus cast upon him a

gracious look, and saying, “John!” lifted the pierced hand from which oozed drops of blood, and passed it over the black record, leaving only the marks of the blood.

35. Regeneration

Regeneration NOT AN EARTHLY CHANGE.—A sculptor may take a piece of rough marble, and work it into the marvelous figure of a man; yet it remains but lifeless marble. A jeweler may take a watch, the mainspring of which is broken; he may clean every wheel, cog, pin and hand, the face and the cases, but, unless the mainspring is rectified, it will all be useless for time-telling. A painter may decorate the outside of a pest-house with the most beautiful colors, but, if he produce no change within, it remains a pest-house still. A pauper might clothe himself with the garments of a millionaire, but a beggar he would still remain. A leper might cover all the spots of his disease with his garments, but, he would be a leper still. So the sinner may turn over a new leaf, and reform in all the externals of his life, but unless he is born again, born of the Spirit, a sinner he still remains.

PROFESSOR AND BOATMAN.—A learned professor, who was being ferried across a stream, asked the boatman: “Do you understand philosophy?” “No, never heard of it.” “Then one-quarter of your life is gone. Do you understand geology?” “No.” “Then one-half of your life is gone. Do you understand astronomy?” “No.” “Then three-quarters of your life is gone.” Presently the boat tipped over, and both men fell into the water. “Can you swim?” asked the boatman. “No,” replied the professor. “Then the whole of your life is gone,” responded the boatman.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.—A doctor visiting a patient, said to the sick one: “I want you to tell me what it is, this believing, faith in Jesus, and getting happiness?” The patient replied: “Doctor, I have felt that I could do nothing, and I have put my case into your hands—I am trusting in you. This is what every poor sinner must do in the Lord Jesus Christ.”

INDIAN ON BAPTISM.—Concerning the error of baptismal regeneration, an Indian once said: “The Great Spirit wants clean here (pointing to his heart), never mind face. Jim Beech-tree mad as ever with strong water (or whiskey). Baptize on face do him no good; he old Jim still.”

SUMMERFIELD’S ANSWER.—When the celebrated Summerfield was a young minister, he once met a distinguished doctor of divinity, who said to him: “Mr. Summerfield, where were you born?” “I was born,” said he, “in Dublin and in Liverpool.” “Ah, how can that be?” asked the great doctor. The boy preacher paused a moment, and then answered: “Art thou a master in Israel and understandest not these things?”

NEVER LIVED WITH HIM.—“Is such a man a Christian?” was once asked of Whitefield. “How should I know?” was the reply, “I never lived with him.”

WORKING AT EIGHTY.—Lyndhurst was nearly eighty years of age before he became converted. Desiring to be loyal for Christ, he used to hobble about the lobbies of the House of Lords, watching for an opportunity of bearing testimony for the Master. He would stop and plead with his friends there, while tears bathed his cheeks, and, in a voice tremulous with emotion, plead the Redeemer’s cause. He would say: “My soul is saved, but my life is lost.”

LITTLE GIRL'S DEFINITION.—A little girl, on being asked to tell what it was to live a Christian life, answered: "To live as Jesus would live, and to behave as He would, if He were a little girl and lived at our house."

36. Quenching the Spirit

Quenching the Spirit

TOO LATE NOW.—An old man said to a preacher, “When I was seventeen I began to feel deeply at times, and this continued for two or three years. But I determined to put it off until I should be settled in life. After I was married I reflected that the time had come when I had promised to attend to religion, but I had bought a farm, and I thought it would not suit me to become religious till it was paid for. I then resolved to put it off for ten years, tout when the ten years came around I thought no more about it.” He was urged to set about the work of repentance. “It is too late,” he said, “I believe my doom is sealed, and it is just that it should be so, for the Spirit strove with me but I refused.”

SUICIDE'S PRECAUTION.—When some poor, distracted one in Paris wants to put an end to his own life, he begins by stopping up every avenue by which the air might enter the room. He closes the door, he closes the windows, he fills every crevice before he kindles the fatal flame whose fumes are to destroy him. So it is when we quench the Spirit.

DROWNING THE VOICE.—In the days of martyrdom the persecutors of the day engaged drummers to beat their drums in order to drown the voice of the martyrs, lest the testimony of truth from their lips should reach the ears of the people. So do men deal with their own conscience, and seek to silence the truth-telling voice of the Holy Spirit.

REFUSED TO READ IT.—A young man in India received a letter from his father in England, but, as it contained no money, the son refused to read it. About a year after, while lying helpless in a hospital, he was led to read that letter. It told him that his father had purchased an estate for him, had sent money to bring him home, and affectionately urged his return. But, alas! it was too late.

THE MATTER SETTLED.—A young man at the close of a meeting, was pressed to decide as to his soul's salvation, but he said: “I will not do it tonight.” The Christian who was laboring with him said: “I insist that you either accept or reject God's offer of salvation tonight.” “Well,” said he, “if you put it that way, I will reject it; there, now, the matter is settled.” On his way home on horseback, not knowing that a tree had fallen in the road, he struck against it and was killed.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE.—A young man, who had been piously brought up, but who had given himself up to every kind of vice and folly, at last joined a company of pirates. A voice, soft and gentle as a mother's, seemed to be always pleading with him. He tried to shake off the effect; but again and again the sound troubled his soul. One night, when all was still around him, the tender reproachful murmur seemed to pierce his very heart. He could stand it no longer, and, throwing himself upon his knees in an agony of contrition, he vowed before God to forsake his evil ways. By God's help he did so, and afterward lived a pious, useful life.

WORKINGS OF THE SPIRIT.—The doctrine of the workings of the Spirit upon the hearts of men is beyond human explanation. God alone knows how mind touches mind. I do not know how a mother pours her heart's affection on the child's heart, but she does. I do not know how soul

touches soul, how thought touches thought, how mind touches mind, or how affection responds to affection, hut I know it does.

37. The Great Enemy

The Great Enemy

SATAN A TRAVELER.—The Devil is no idle spirit, hut a great traveler, that does not rest long in one place. There may he no inhabited spot in the world which is unknown to him. His energy and zeal for the ruin of the human race keeps him on the go. He has a large and endless circuit. His business is to entrap and capture men. As he moves about the city, he throws a false measure, a short weight, into a merchant's deal. He steps into a saloon and kindles a barroom fight. He finds his way into court and produces a false evidence. He dabbles in politics and helps to run poolrooms and gambling dives. To seduce and ensnare young men and women, as well as older ones, is a favorite art of his. The pulpit and pew have known his daring presence. In fact, he is "seeking whom he may devour."

WAITING SHARK.—One day, while a vessel was sailing in the Pacific Ocean, along the Mexican coast, a person on board noticed what seemed to be a long, sharp, pointed knife, rising above the surface and cutting the water, while it kept along with the ship for an hour or more. On looking closer, the observer saw that it was the fin of a shark rising from his back. This creature was following the ship, ready to catch any poor sailor who might fall overboard. It was very large, and had cold, cruel eyes, which watched as the monster glided noiselessly along. Thus the Devil follows men and women, watching an opportunity to make them his prey.

BULLET-PROOF VEST.—A man once offered the Duke of Wellington a bullet-proof vest. "Put it on," said the Duke. This the inventor did. Then the Duke rang a bell, and when an officer answered the summons, the Duke said: "Tell the captain of the guard to load with ball." The inventor waited to hear or see no more, and left, never to return. When the Devil comes with his arts and wiles, let us resist him with the Christian soldier's weapon of prayer, for it is written "Resist the Devil and he will flee."

DEVIL'S AGENTS.—Dark and hellish as is the character of Satan in the Scriptures, and in human books of imagination, do you not think that there are men who are the Devil's agents and aids in deceit, in fraud, in lying and in everything that is cruel, vile and sinful? Talk of devils being confined to Hell, or confined to invisibility I So they not also walk the streets of our cities and towns in the person of evil men and women, like their spirit father, "seeking whom they may devour?"

SATAN SURVEYS US.—An enemy, before he besieges a city, surrounds it at a distance to see where the wall is the weakest, where it will be best to batter, where it is the lowest for scaling, where it may be approached with the least danger, and where assault will be to the best advantage. So the Devil surveys us soul and body, in order that he may tempt us at the weakest point. Thus he discovers whether our understandings are easier corrupted with error, or our fancies with levity, or our wills with forwardness, or our affections with sinful excess.

SERPENT IN FLOWERS.—Some flowers were brought to a man's house, and both he and his family had handled them during the twenty-four hours that they had been in the home, yet all at

once a serpent issued from the cluster. When the man approached, it darted about the room, shooting out its poisonous fangs. A farmer found a snake helpless from the cold. He took it home and put it in a warm place. After thawing out, it stung some of his family.

38. Mind of Jesus

Mind of Jesus

RABBI'S CONCLUSION.—A discussion was held at Venice, between a Jew and a Christian, the Christian arguing from Daniel's prophecy of the seventy weeks, that Jesus was the Messiah whom the Jews had long expected, from the predictions of their prophets. The learned rabbi who presided at the disputation was so forcibly impressed by the argument that he put an end to it by saying: "Let us shut up our Bibles, for if we proceed in the examination of this prophecy it will make us all Christians."

GOD'S BUSINESS FIRST.—While Usher was in the pulpit preaching, a message arrived stating that the king wanted to see him at once. He came down from the pulpit, listened to the command, and then told the messenger that he was employed in God's business, but as soon as he was through with it, he would answer the king's summons. He then resumed his sermon.

LIGHT AND HEAVY WHEAT.—A farmer went with his son into the wheat-field to see if the grain was ripe for harvest. The boy exclaimed: "See, father, how straight these stems hold up their heads; they must be the best ones. Those that hang their heads down cannot be good for much." The farmer plucked a stalk of each kind and said: "See here, foolish child: this stalk that stood so straight is light-headed and almost good for nothing, while this one that hung its head so modestly is full of the most beautiful grain." **SO SOMEONE GOOD.**—Lady Holland once complained to Rogers that she did not know how to employ her time and felt miserable in consequence. Rogers recommended her to try to do somebody good. A rich lady who fancied that she was sick and needed medicine called in the doctor. The prescription that he left her said: "Do something for somebody." The lady afterward acknowledged that she had taken the medicine and that it had cured her.

JUDSON'S PREFERENCE.—It is said that thinking to amuse him, his wife read to Dr. Judson some newspaper notices, in which he was compared to one or another of the apostles. He was exceedingly distressed; and then he added, "Nor do I want to be like them; I do not want to be like Paul nor any mere man. I want to be like Christ. We have one safe Exemplar,—One, who, tempted like as we are, was still without sin."

MOTHER SAYS THAT.—A soldier in the hospital tried to get rid of his doubts. Upon the wall was hung the Scripture, "Whoso cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," which caught his attention. He asked to have a letter from his mother read to him. It was an earnest entreaty to accept Christ. The reader came to the words: "Whoso cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "There," said he, "that's what I want. I thought mother said that. Read it again." It was read. "Mother says that, does she?" "Yes." "And it's in the Bible, too?" "Yes." "Then it must be true. Jesus will receive me. I will come to Him. Here Lord, I give myself up." It appeared to be a genuine surrender and a gracious acceptance.

WESLEY'S TWO TEXTS.—Wesley was once preaching to a congregation of the honored of the realm, and used the “generation of vipers” text. A nobleman afterward said to Wesley: “That text should have been preached at the prison.” “No,” replied Wesley, my text there would have been, ‘Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.’”

39. Last Invitation

Last Invitation

I LOVE THEE ALWAYS.—A mother, whose daughter had behaved very badly, and at length had run away from home, thought of a singular plan in order to find the wanderer. The mother had her own portrait fixed on a large handbill and posted where she supposed her daughter to be concealed. The portrait, without name, had these words: "I love thee always." Crowds stopped before the strange handbill, trying to guess its meaning. Days elapsed, when a young girl at last passed by, and in her turn lifted her eyes to the singular notice. "Can it be? Yes, truly it is the picture of my mother. Those eyes, full of tenderness, I know from childhood. Why is it here?" She approaches nearer and reads: "I love thee still." She understood that this was a message for her. Her mother loved her, pardoned her. Never had she felt her sin and ingratitude so deeply. She set out for home; at last she crosses the threshold and is in her mother's arms. "My child!" cried the mother, as she presses her repentant daughter to her heart, "I have never ceased to love thee."

CAMEL RIDER'S CALL.—When the caravans in the desert are in want of water, they are accustomed to send a camel with its rider some distance in advance. Then, after a time, follows another, and then at a short interval another. As soon as the first man finds water, almost before he stoops down to drink, he shouts aloud, "Come!" The next man hearing the call repeats it, "Come!" The nearest man again takes up the call "Come!" until the surrounding desert echoes with the word "Come."

IT IS WRONG.—Parker gives an incident of his own experience. When four years of age he went with his father to a distant part of the farm, and, in returning home alone, passed a pond. A flower in full bloom attracted his attention and drew him to the water's side. There he noticed a spotted turtle sunning himself. He had never yet killed anything, but he had seen other boys engaged in that cruel sport, and he now felt a disposition to follow their example. He raised the stick which he had in his hand, and was about to strike the turtle, when a voice within him, clear and loud, said: "It is wrong." He wondered at the new emotion and hastened home to ask his mother what it was that had said, "It is wrong." She took him up in her arms, wiped a tear from her eye and said, "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man." WILL DO NO GOOD.—A man, over eighty years of age, said that he had been convicted when twenty-one years old, but put off the impressions by promise of future amendment. He said: "I believe that I sinned against the Holy Ghost when I was twenty-one, and that I have lived sixty years since my day of grace was past. I know that I shall not be forgiven." When asked if he desired the prayer of a Christian, he replied: "It will do no good." He continued in this state for weeks, and all attempts to urge him to accept salvation were in vain. The burden of his own thoughts, and his answer to others were, "It will do no good," and thus he died.

SPIRIT'S OFFICE.—To unconverted persons, much of the Bible resembles a letter written in cipher. The Spirit's office is to act as God's decipherer, by letting His people into the secret of those sweet mysteries of grace which were before as a garden shut up, or as a fountain sealed, or

as a book written in an unknown character. It is the Spirit's influence that brings men to God, and leads them to yearn for something purer.

40. Christian Warfare

Christian Warfare

WOMAN OF POMPEII.—It is said that among the recent discoveries in the ruins of Pompeii, a city that was destroyed by volcanic eruption in A.D. 79, was a woman in the act of gathering in her apron, rings, bracelets and other valuable articles of jewelry. It would seem that some wealthy persons, aware of the coming destruction, had made their escape and left these things behind, as worthless in comparison with life; but she, hoping to save both life and jewels, delayed the time of her flight, and, alas, was overwhelmed in the terrific judgment, and so lost both her life and the treasure.

KILL OR BE KILLED.—An officer once said to his soldiers, “Unless you kill your enemies, they will kill you.” In like manner may it be said: “Unless we crucify the flesh and resist the Devil, we will be conquered in this warfare.” The flesh is a great enemy; we carry this enemy about with us and it is ever at war against the soul.

KING FOR THREE DAYS.—The Persians, after securing a victory, selected the finest-looking prisoner and made him king for three days. They clothed him in royal robes and granted him all the pleasures he could choose; but, at the end of all, he was to die as a sacrifice to mirth and folly. So all the pleasures of the world and the flesh are short-lived.

ANIMALS OF CORAL REEFS.—Gosse, in his “Romance of Natural History,” tells us of certain animals which inhabited the coral reefs. So long as they keep the passage to the surface clear, they are safe, but when this is neglected the animal finds the coral has grown around it and enclosed it in a living tomb. So it is with the life of the soul here upon earth. The world is around us everywhere; the danger is when we let it grow between our souls and God.

SENTINEL’S DUTY.—A Christian’s watchfulness should be like that of a good soldier. A sentinel, posted on the walls of a fortress, when he discerns the enemy approaching, does not attempt to make any attack upon the foe himself, but informs the commanding officer, and leaves him to take proper measures to vanquish the enemy. We cannot conquer so wily and powerful a foe as Satan, but by watching and praying, we may hope, by the help of God, to resist him.

FIGHTING BEASTS.—When the ancient warriors had no human enemies to battle with, they employed some of their time in fighting beasts. Thus, on one occasion, one of them, desiring to keep himself in action, went out against a bull that had wrought great mischief to the inhabitants. We should keep our armor bright by constant effort to watch and pray.

BRING THE MEN TO COLORS.—It is said that at the battle of the Alma, when one of the regiments was being beaten back by the Russians, the ensign in front stood his ground as the troops retreated. The captain shouted to him to bring back his colors; but the reply of the ensign was, “Bring up the men to the colors.”

SEAMS WON'T RIP.—After a sewing girl had been converted, some one asked her what difference conversion had made in her life. She replied, "Before I was saved my seams would rip, but, please God, they will rip no more."

WHITEFIELD'S INDEPENDENCE.— Whitefield once declared that he valued no man's friendship or approval only as it enabled him to further the work of God. "Fear of man bringeth a snare."

41. Divine Comforter

Divine Comforter

DISAPPOINTED DOVE.—A boy who had a dove so tame that it would perch upon his shoulder and take food from his hand, one day held out a tempting morsel, but, as the boy was in an ill-natured mood, he closed his hand just as the dove was about to eat the food. The bird turned away disappointed. Again the boy held out his hand. The dove came forward timidly, but again the hand was closed. With drooping wings the dove went to the further corner of the room. Once more the hand was extended. This time the bird hesitated. Finally it came forward slowly, hesitatingly. It was just about to take the food when the hand was again closed. Then the dove spread its wings and flew away. The boy never saw that dove again.

VOICE WITHIN.—Varnier, in one of his wanderings, once found an old man who, though he could neither read nor write, had for years striven to live in communion with God. The aged man said: "I have felt all my life through, a voice within teaching me, and showing me the ways of God." Let us heed this voice.

COMES AS BREEZE.—No doubt you have sat under the shade of some large tree on a summer's day. Its long, drooping branches hung; motionless, there was not air enough stirring to move them. All at once there came a faint murmur, the leaves above your head moved by a gentle current of air; then the branches began to sway to and fro, the leaves all became in motion, and now a soft, rustling sound filled the air. A breeze of wind sprang up, and that was the cause of the motion in the tree over your head. So it is, at times, in the experience of all who are born of the Spirit; when in a state of spiritual stupor, scarcely able to think a good thought, with heart empty and mind empty, there comes the sound, the influence of the Divine presence. The tongue is loosened, we are enabled to sing, to pray, to speak. Before this divine breeze came we were dry, barren and sapless.

SILENT DEW.—Can I see the dew of heaven as it falls on a summer evening? I cannot. It comes down softly, gently, noiselessly and imperceptibly. But when I go forth in the morning after a cloudless night, and see every leaf sparkling with moisture, and feel every blade of grass damp and wet, I say at once, "There has been a dew." Just so it is, with the presence and result of the Spirit in the soul of man.

MEASURE OF HIS GIFTS AND PRESENCE DIFFERS.—The Spirit of God is compared to light, and light can shine where it wills; but some substances are dull and thick, while others are clear. So there are men through whom His brightness does not shine. Again, mark the course of a river, note how it winds and bends in its course to the sea, through mountains and valleys. There is a reason for this, a cause for every bend and curve. It is owing to the particular lay of the land and the formation of the rocks and soil. So it would seem that the measure of the Spirit's gifts and presence with some men is larger or smaller because of characteristics within themselves.

SPIRIT'S GENTLENESS.—It is curious to remark that wherever the Holy Ghost is spoken of in the Bible, He is spoken of in terms of gentleness and love. “We often read of “the wrath of God” the Father, as Romans 1:18; and we read of the wrath of God the Son, as Psalms 2:12, but we nowhere read of the wrath of God the Holy Ghost. Matthew 3:16 speaks of Him as a dove.

42. Punishment Hereafter

Punishment Hereafter

DERIVATION OF WORD HELL.—On one side of Jerusalem was a deep gorge called the Valley of Hinnom. It was a place where cruel and idolatrous rites were celebrated. Human sacrifices were offered here. Drums were beaten to drown the cries of those murdered in sacrifice, hence the name Tophet. King Josiah defiled the place. It became the receptacle of all the filth and refuse of the city, and fires were kept constantly burning to consume it. The worm never failed of its prey there. This was the Jewish type of the place of the lost. The Scriptures refer to the place of future punishment as a “lake of fire,” a place of torment eternal, and this is all or nearly all revealed concerning it.

THERE IS A HELL.—A Christian was once called to visit an unhappy old man, who lay at death’s door. For several years he had been an avowed infidel. He had been accustomed to scoff at Scripture, but he principally exercised his profane wit in ridiculing the justice of God and the future punishment of the wicked. He died convinced but not converted. His death was truly awful. With his last quivering breath he exclaimed, “Now I know that there is a Hell, for I feel it.”

DOUBTERS ANSWERED.—A professor in one of the leading colleges went to the president with his doubts upon the subject of endless punishment, and confessed that he could “hardly believe the doctrine.” “I couldn’t believe it at all if the Bible did not teach it,” was the president’s reply. An aged minister once preached on the subject of eternal punishment. On the next day a young man visited the preacher and said: “I believe there is a small dispute between you and me, sir.” “Ah, what is it?” asked the minister. “Why,” replied the youth, “you say that the wicked will go into everlasting punishment, and I do not think that they will.” “Oh, if that is all,” answered the preacher, “there is no dispute between you and me. If you turn to Matthew 25:46, you will find that the dispute is between you and the lord Jesus Christ, and I advise you to go immediately and settle it with Him.”

FEARFUL COMPANY.—If you were to spend a whole life and never be separated from the vile and loathsome single instant, what a gloom would spread over you! Hell is the place where there are many such, yea, where all the inhabitants are such. “Without are dogs, sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.” Oh! tell us not of the fire and the worm and the blackness and darkness of Hell. There is Hell enough in this, that it is the common sewer of all that is abominable and abandoned and depraved, the one common cesspool where is gathered together everything in human character that is wretched, false, cruel and vile.

HOW FAR TO HELL.—As a Christian was on his way to a meeting, a young man who came out of an inn and mounted his horse, said: “Can you tell me how far it is to Hell?” The Christian paused, reflected for a moment and then replied: “It is not far off; you may come to it sooner than you expect.” The young man laughed, put spurs to his horse, and was soon out of sight. The Christian

walked on and, as the road made a turn, he noticed a crowd of people before him. Coming up to the spot, he saw the young man to whom he had just before spoken the words of warning, lying a corpse upon the ground. His horse had become unmanageable and thrown his rider, who, falling on his head, was killed on the spot.

43. Godly Persecuted

Godly Persecuted

FRUITLESS BANISHMENT.—In the days of severe persecution in England, a judge said to an old saint: “I will banish you to America.” “Very well,” said she. “You cannot send me out of my Father’s country.”

BUNYAN’S INDICTMENT.—The bill of indictment preferred against John Bunyan contained this: “John Bunyan hath devilishly abstained from coming to church to hear divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings.” He was convicted and imprisoned for twelve years. But had he never spent twelve years in prison, “The Pilgrim’s Progress” would perhaps never have enriched the world.

PRIMITIVE PERSECUTION.—There were ten persecutions in the first hundred years of the church, during which hundreds of thousands of Christians were destroyed, and the enemies often thought they had crushed out the Christ doctrine. Yet the Stone from the mountain, so often smitten, is spread today more generally on earth than ever. Those in authority ordered the death of Christians on every hand. But the more they were persecuted the more they multiplied. The more that were slain, the more there seemed to be left for slaughter. Indeed, the martyrs pressed to the cruel judgment-seat and asked to be permitted to die for Christ. Various torments were invented. Saints were dragged at the heels of wild horses; the persecutors laid them upon red-hot gridirons; they pulled off the skin from their flesh piece by piece; they were sawn asunder; they were wrapped up in skins and daubed with pitch and set in Nero’s gardens at night to burn; they were left to die and decay in dungeons; they were made a spectacle to all men in the amphitheater; bears hugged them to death; lions tore them to pieces; wild bulls gored them with their horns, and yet Christianity spread.

SUCH HONOR HAVE NOT ALL.—One who was persecuted in Queen Mary’s time wrote thus: “A prisoner for Christ! What is this for a poor worm? Such honor have not all His saints. Both the degrees which I took in the university have not set me so high as the honor of becoming a prisoner of the Lord.” Even persecutions enrich the children of God, for it enables them to rejoice in being counted worthy to suffer for Christ.

PERSECUTION A BENEFIT.—As frankincense, when it is put into the fire, gives the best perfume; as spice, if pounded and beaten, smells the sweetest; as the earth, when torn up by the plow, becomes more fruitful; as rose leaves give the finest odor after hard pressure, and the grapevine yields best after cutting, so the children of God are improved by persecution.

FIFTY MILLION MARTYRS.—It has been said that fifty millions of Protestants have been put to death by the power of Rome. What an army! What rivers of blood have been shed! If their bodies were piled in one heap, it would be larger than any mountain in the world.

MEETING PERSECUTION.—The best way to meet persecution and slander is by a calm, unruffled deportment. A Christian can not afford to spend his precious time in stoning every dog that barks at him, nor in throwing back the clubs that are maliciously hurled at him. God and the Christian's own life and testimony will eventually vindicate him if he is in the right. There is such a thing as living down and shining down slander and false reports before honest and discerning people.

44. Judgment Day

Judgment Day

RABBI BEN ZACHAI'S LAMENT.—When Rabbi Ben Zachai neared the close of life his disciples found him weeping. They said to him: “Rabbi, the light of Israel, the right-hand pillar, wherefore dost thou weep?” He answered: “If they were carrying me before a king of flesh and blood, who is here today, and tomorrow in the grave, who, if he were angry with me, his anger would not last forever; if he put me in prison, his prison would not be everlasting; if he condemned me to death, that death would not be eternal; whom I could soothe with words or bribe with riches; yet even in such circumstances, I should weep. But now I am going before the King of Kings, the holy and blessed God, who, if He be angry with me, His anger will last forever; if He put me in prison, His bondage will be everlasting; if He condemn me to death, that death will be eternal; whom I cannot soothe with words nor bribe with riches. Further, there are before me two ways, the one to Hell, the other to Paradise, I know not into which they are carrying me, shall I not weep?”

WHISTON'S COMET.—When Whiston's comet appeared, as foretold, in London, in 1810, all hearts were struck with terror. A man who had neglected to pray in his family for five years began that evening. Some ladies burned their novels and plays, and sent for a Bible. **MY REDEEMER IS JUDGE.**—All judgment is committed to Christ. It is He who will come in the clouds of Heaven. We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ. This is a precious comforting thought, as Hervey said: “My Redeemer is my Judge.” He who died for me passes the final sentence. Yes, Christ, who is the believer's Saviour and Advocate, is his Judge also. Malachi 3:17 says: “They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.”

SAILOR'S DREAM.—A sailor narrowly escaped death by an explosion in which most of his crew lost their lives. In a dream he thought he saw the Judgment Day, and the Judge seated at a table. On one side of Him was Satan, before a door, and on the other an angel before a door. Each sailor's name was called as it stood on the ship's record, and in every instance the person fell into Satan's hands. His name, strange to say, was passed over, and he asked the Judge: “Am I wanted?” The answer was: “Not now, but repent!” With this he awoke.

ARCHBISHOP'S FEAR.—Adalbert, who lived in the tenth century, was appointed Archbishop of Prague. The position gave him so little satisfaction that he was never seen to smile afterwards. On being asked the reason, he replied: “It is an easy thing to wear a miter and a cross, but an awful thing to give an account of a bishopric before the Judge of the quick and dead.” It is said that Jonathan Edwards once preached on judgment as if he were standing on the sides of Eternity, and the people heard as if they were listening to the sound of the last trumpet.

SANDY WAS READY.—There was an under-witted, but faith-filled Scotch lad in this country at the time of the great meteoric shower of 1833. When men and women were in terror on that night at the thought that the Judgment Day was about to dawn, this boy's mother aroused him from sleep

with the cry: "Sandy! Sandy! get up! the Day of Judgment has come!" Instantly he was alive to that call, and shouted, "Glory to God, I am ready!"

45. All Exert Influence

All Exert Influence

HELPING OR HARMING.—We are helping or harming our fellows. We may not have a thought of one who is near us; we may not say a word or give a look, kind or unkind, to him, yet we may cheer and help him, or sadden and dishearten him, toy our countenance as he looks at us, or as we look at him. No one stands or falls to himself alone. Our influence is continuous. There are those who are constantly helping their fellows by loving looks or words. And there are those who are a constant cause of depression, by not being thoughtful to do this. A button was once touched in New York which fired guns and rang bells all around the world. Yet the man who touched the button never heard a sound. WHICH ARGUMENT?—A preacher delivered a course of lectures on infidelity, and was pleased to learn that an infidel who had attended the services was deeply impressed. “Which of my arguments did you find the most convincing?” the preacher asked the infidel. “No argument moved me,” was the reply, “but the face and manner of an old blind woman who sits in one of the front rows.”

MOULDING FOR ETERNITY.—No human being can live long without increasing or diminishing human happiness or misery. No one can avoid this responsibility. We are forming character for Eternity; our own and others’. Herein lies the solemn responsibility of our existence. Continually are our fellow-beings entering the other world with characters bearing, more or less, the impress of our influence upon them.

CONSTANT MOTION.—It is said that the pulsations of the atmosphere, once set in motion by the human voice, go on and on while the sound dies. The waves of the air thus set in motion by the words spoken are said to travel the surface of the earth and ocean, and in less than twenty hours every atom of its atmosphere takes up the altered movement. Thus considered, what a strange thing is the air we breathe, what a book upon whose pages are forever written all that men and women have ever said or whispered. You throw a pebble into the lake. It sinks out of sight and is seen no more, but from the spot on the water where it went down rings form, and they roll on and on and widen out until they reach the very shore. That hasty word, that word of hate, or scorn, or pride, was soon uttered, and for the moment produced a depression or a wound, and that was all. No, it was not all. It left an influence eternal.

NATURE LEAVES TRACES.—Nothing takes place without leaving traces behind it; and these are, in many cases, so distinct and various as to leave not a doubt of their cause. Arizona, New Mexico and other sections of the West abound in beds of lava and other evidence of volcanic eruptions in remote ages. There are also vast canons, evidently cut out by mighty torrents of water, and yet, today, water may not be found in some localities in a day’s journey.

BEAUTIFUL EPITAPHS.—In a cemetery, a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl, and on the stone were cut these words: “A child of whom her playmates said: ‘It was easier to be good when she was with us.’” Lord Peterborough, in speaking about Fénelon, said: “I was forced

to get away from him, else he would have made me pious.”

BAD INFLUENCE REGRETTED.—It was a sad remark of a dying man who said: “Oh, that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me!”

46. Seedtime and Harvest

Seedtime and Harvest

FARMER AND INFIDEL.—An infidel, conversing with a farmer, began to ridicule the Bible and the existence of God. The farmer at last said, in substance: "I understand what kind of a man you are. My Bible says, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God,' but you are worse than a fool, you just blab it right out."

APPLESEED JOHNNY.—In the early days of Ohio, a man who was considered a little strange in the head, and who seemed to have had no particular home, spent his time in wandering through the wilds of that new country, scattering appleseeds. Sometimes he would sleep in a hollow log or tree, and, doubtless, he often wandered about without food or shelter. But he had one object, and that was to plant apple seed for the good of others, until the people named him "Apple-seed Johnny" but future generations enjoyed the fruit of his labor of love.

SEED WONDERS.—Seeds are often covered with a case or wrapped in a bathing-coat, and may lie dormant for years. They contain in themselves all the nourishment required for germination, and, as soon as favorable conditions are reached, awaken to active life. Many seeds have feathery appendages, so that the wind takes them up, and wafts them far from the place of growth. Some seeds have wings and fly with the wind. Streams and wind carry the seeds from land to land. The beasts of the earth and birds of the air also scatter the seed.

PREACHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.— Bishop Dubs was born in Germany, but came to America when a young man. During one of his visits to Germany, he preached to a congregation of his own denomination, but from the police authorities, he was informed because he had not asked permission to do so that if the matter reached the ears of the officials he would be fined. The Bishop did not request the permission, owing to his late arrival the day before, but preached three times on Sunday. He left the city before the authorities became aware of the facts and so escaped the fine. When in the act of rising to speak in Leipzig, the pastor of the society advised him that he should not say "my text is so and so," as he would not be permitted to preach, but that he should say "the subject of my lecture," for that would be permitted. The policeman was standing at the door, watching whether he would violate this regulation.

VIOLET SEED.—A little boy planted a single seed in a bank of earth. It grew, budded, and blossomed into blue violets, unseen by the child planter. It also seeded, and the seed fell out upon the bank of earth; and next spring more violets grew; and so for years, increasing every season. The boy, grown a man in a foreign land, desired to visit his childhood's home. When he came to the wide bank of violets, he remembered how, years before, he had planted there a seed. "Can it be," he said, "that all these have sprung from the seed I planted?"

THIRTY YEARS AFTER.—Years ago a lad attended a Sabbath-school, where he was under the care of an earnest teacher and superintendent, but, like many other boys, was not serious. The only impression he carried with him from the school was the words of God: "This is my beloved

Son, in whom I am well pleased.” Thirty years after this, while sick and thinking of the past, there seemed to be a voice from Heaven saying to him, “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased!” This so affected him that he very soon gave his heart to Christ.

47. Eternal God

Eternal God

BRAHMAN'S TESTIMONY.—A converted Brahman, who once visited America, said that the study of the wonderful announcement made in the first words of the Bible of one personal Creator of the universe existing from all Eternity, was one of the chief means of turning him from idolatry.

AUGUSTINE AND BUSHNELL.—When one asked Augustine where God was before Heaven was created, he replied: "He was in Himself." Bushnell woke up one night and said: "Oh, God is a wonderful Being." When his daughter asked, "Is He with you?" the old man replied, "Yes, in a sense He is with me; and I have no doubt He is with me in a sense I do not imagine."

GOD BOTH GREAT AND SMALL.—Collins once met a plain man going to a meeting, and asked, "Where are you going?" When informed by the countryman that he was going to meeting, Collins asked. "What to do there?" "To worship God," said the man. "Is your God a great or a little God?" asked Collins. "He is both," was the reply. "How can He be both?" continued Collins. "He is so great," answered the man, "that the Heaven of Heavens can't contain Him, and so little that He can dwell in my heart." **WHO MADE ALL THAT.**—While on the deck of a vessel one evening, at sea, some French infidel officers were denying the existence of God. At length they proposed to get the opinion of Napoleon, who was standing alone wrapt in silent thought. On hearing the question, "Is there a God?" he raised his hand and, pointing to the starry firmament, asked: "Gentlemen, who made all that?"

GOD'S WORK SUPERIOR TO MAN'S.—An aged colored man was once asked his reasons for believing in God. "Sir," said he, "I have been here going on fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world I see the sun rise in the east and set in the west. The North Star stands where it did the first time I saw it; the Seven Stars and Job's Coffin keep on the same path in the sky and never turn out. It is not so with man's work. He makes clocks and watches; they may run well for a while, but they get out of order and stand still. But the sun and moon and stars keep on the same way all the while." **THE REPORTER.**—A young man started for a ball saying, "We shall have a reporter there." Did he think that God would have His reporter there also; that His report would embrace something more than the dresses of the ladies or the particulars of the feast and cup. However the sinner may fancy himself concealed by the shades of solitude or the curtains of midnight, God is present and sees, hears and takes account of all his thoughts, words and actions.

GOD'S BOUNTY.—Every part of God's creation seems to cater to man's needs in the great variety of its products. So many beasts, birds, fishes, trees, fruits and flowers; so many minerals, metals and fossils—there is nothing wanting for the use of man or the animals under him. God has provided bountifully.

GOD'S WATCHFULNESS.—As there is no babe cradled and rocked that has not its mother to bend over it by day and by night, to kiss it as it sleeps, and to cover it with smiles and caresses when it wakes, so every creature that is born into life has a God whose ever-watchful eye, tenderly

watches over it by day and by night.

48. Jesus Christ

Jesus Christ

HE DIED FOR ME.—During the Civil War a farmer was drafted. He was much grieved on account of his motherless family, who would have no bread-winner in his absence. The day before he had to start, a young man, a neighbor, came, saying, “I will go instead of yon.” It seemed too good to be true; but the young fellow went, feeling that he was doing a noble thing, and all the village came out to bid him good-bye. In the first battle he was shot and killed. When the farmer saw the name of Charles Durham in the list of “missing,” he at once went to the battlefield, found the body of his friend, brought it to his village and placed it in the little graveyard, covering the grave with sod from his garden. He cut out a plain marble tablet, on which he carved an inscription with his own hand. Then he put the tablet on the grave, and when the villagers stooped to see the little monument they wept. It did not say much, but it deeply touched them; it said—“C. D. He died for me.”

CHRIST MUST BE GOD.—An American lady, named Prince, interested herself in the country of Japan, and four or five missionaries were sent out. After some time this lady offered to teach English to a young Japanese, and gave him the Gospel of John to translate. Shortly after, it was observed that he became agitated and restless, walking up and down the room. At last he asked: “Who is this Man about whom I am reading—this Jesus? You call Him a Man, but He must be a God.” The Word itself had forced upon him the conviction that Jesus was indeed God.

DREW VERY NEAR.—“He drew very near,” uttered a youthful believer near death. “Who drew near?” anxiously inquired a friend who was present. “Jesus,” she replied. “I felt just now as if He stood close beside me.” Soon after she was asked by her sister if she would like her to pray with her. She gladly assented. While she prayed the countenance of the dying one changed, the expression of supplication was succeeded by one of adoring contemplation. A glow suffused her features, then faded gradually away, and before her sister’s prayer was ended she was gone.

KING’S BLACK CROSS.—Louis XII., of France, had many enemies before he ascended the throne. When he became king he caused a list to be made of his persecutors, and marked against each of their names a large black cross. When this became known his enemies fled, because they thought it was a sign that he intended to punish them. But the King caused them to be recalled, with an assurance of pardon, and said that he had put a cross beside each name to remind him of the cross of Christ, that he might endeavor to follow the example of Him who prayed for His foes, “Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.”

FIRE, IF YOU DARE.—A man had been condemned in a Spanish court to be shot, but being an American citizen, and also of English birth, the consuls of the two countries interposed. They wrapped him up in their flags, covering him with the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, and defied the executioners. “Now fire a shot if you dare, for if you do so, you defy the nations represented by those flags, and you will bring the powers of those two great empires upon you.” There stood the man, and before him the soldiery, and though a single shot might have ended his

life, yet he was as safe wrapped in the flags as though encased in triple steel.

49. Holy Spirit

Holy Spirit

INSIGHT TO THE SCRIPTURE.—If you bring me minerals from California, I shall know these specimens have gold in them, because I see there little points of yellow gold, but I shall not know what the white and the dark points are that I see. But let a metallurgist look at it, and he will see that it contains not only gold, but silver and lead and iron, and he will single them out. To me it is a mere stone, with only here and there a hint; of gold, but to him it is a combination of various metals. Now take the Word of God, that is filled with precious stones and metals, and let one enlightened in spiritual things go through it, and he will discover these treasures; while an unconverted man will see no beauty there.

SWORD, NOT SCABBARD.—It is not the drapery in which divine truth may be clothed, nor the force and beauty of the illustrations with which it may be presented, but it is the truth itself—the bare, naked, unvarnished truth—that is the instrument of the Spirit's power. That is the sword of the Spirit; and it is the sword that does the work, not the scabbard in which it is sheathed. The scabbard may be finely fitted, and beautifully embellished, bound with the finest gold, and glittering with jewels of polished diamonds; but it is not the garnished scabbard, it is the drawn sword, which the Spirit wields, and which, when wielded by Him, is quiet and powerful, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart.

TWO ADVOCATES.—There are two sorts of advocates: the one plead before the judges; the other are consulting advocates, who instruct and advise their clients. Jesus is an Advocate of the first of these classes. He is our pleading Advocate before the Judge. But the Holy Ghost is our chamber Councilor, who advises, instructs and comforts us; gives us courage to address ourselves to God, boldness to speak to Him, so that we may prevail. Happy are we in having two such Advocates,—one of whom pleads for us in Heaven; and the other teaches us to form our requests on earth.

MINER'S LIGHT.—A man has lost his way in a mine. By the light of one candle he is groping for the road to sunshine and to home. That light is essential to his safety. The mine has many winding passages. Here and there marks have been made on the rocks to point out the true path, but he cannot see them without that light. There are many deep pits into which he may suddenly fall, but he cannot avoid the danger without that light. Should it go out, he must soon perish. Should it go out, that mine will be his tomb. How carefully he carries it! How anxiously he shields it from sudden gusts of air, from water dropping on it, from everything that might quench it! The case described is our own. We are like that lonely wanderer. Quench not the inner light—the Spirit.

COMMON MARK.—The indwelling of God the Holy Spirit is the common mark of all believers in Christ. It is the Shepherd's mark of the flock of the Lord Jesus, distinguishing them from the rest of the world. It is the goldsmith's stamp on the genuine sons of God, which separates them from the

dross and mass of false professors. It is the King's own seal on those who are H's peculiar people, proving them to be His property. It is the earnest which the Redeemer gives to His disciples, while they are in the body, as a pledge of the redemption to come.

50. Satan

Satan

INSPIRING CAUSE.—In general, we may observe that as no good is done, or spoken, or thought by any man without the assistance of God working together in and with those that believe in Him, so there is no evil done, or spoken, or thought without the assistance of the Devil, who works with energy in evil men. Thus he entered into Judas, confirming him in the design of betraying his Master. Thus he put it into the heart of Ananias and Sapphira to lie unto the Holy Ghost. And, in like manner, he has a share in all the actions, and words, and designs of evil men. As the children of God are workers together with God in every good thought, or word, or action, so the children of the Devil are workers together with him in every evil thought, or word, or work.

FACING A SERPENT.—Perhaps very few know how a man feels when, for the first time, he finds himself within a few inches of a serpent—when he sees it rear its head ready to strike, and knows that one stroke of those fangs is death. That moment he experiences a varied passion, impossible to describe. Fear, hatred, loathing, the desire to escape, the desire to kill, all rush into one moment, making his entire being thrill. Now take two men: one is in the face of that serpent; the other is in the presence of the old serpent called Satan, the Devil; one is in danger of the sting; the other is in danger of committing sin.

SATAN MISREPRESENTED.—Bishop Villiers once spoke about the dangerous tendency of those pictures, so familiar to us all, and so often exhibited to children, in which Satan is represented as some grim, dark, ugly monster, the very sight of whom was terrible to behold. A broad-shouldered Scotchman, looking at Scheffer's painting of the "Temptation of the Lord," said in substance: "If the Devil came to me in such an ugly shape, he could not well deceive me."

TRAITS OF SATAN.—Satan is compared to a raging lion, going about the world seeking whom he may devour. Again, he is likened unto a bird of prey. The raven croaks and flaps his wings above corruption, and riots in luxury on the carcasses of the dead; so Satan feeds his infernal appetite upon the corrupt and sinful hearts of mankind.

CRUEL ROBBER.—Tradition tells us of a certain robber named Scirion, who, after intimidating the strangers that he met, would make them wash his feet, and while they were performing the act would push them into the sea.

DEVIL ATTACKS HEART.—Inasmuch as the heart is the most important part of man,—for out of it are the issues of life,—it would be natural to expect that Satan, when he intended to do mischief to manhood, would be sure to make his strongest and most perpetual attacks upon the heart. He will be sure to bring out his great guns, and levels his deadliest malice and his most furious strength against the heart. Into the heart he thrusts the seeds of every evil thing, and does his utmost to make it a den of unclean birds, a garden of poisonous trees.

KING CANUTE'S PROMISE.—King Canute promised to make him the highest man in England who should kill King Edmund, his rival; which when one had performed, and expected his reward, he commanded him to be hung on the highest tower of London. So Satan promises great things to people in pursuit of their lusts; then he puts them off with great injury.

51. All Have Sinned

All Have Sinned

NOTHING BUT WHALES.—A sea-captain came to a mission-station on the Pacific; and the missionary talked with him upon religious subjects. The captain said, "I came away from Nantucket after whales; I have sailed round Cape Horn for whales; I am now up in the Pacific after whales. I think of nothing but whales. I fear your labor would be entirely lost upon me, and I ought to be honest with you. I care for nothing, by day, but whales, and I dream of them by night. If you should open my heart, I think you would find the shape of a whale there."

SMALLPOX REVEALED.—A lady went to the photographer's for the purpose of having a picture taken. After she had sat for it in the usual way, the photographer retired with the plate to examine it, but as the lines gradually developed in the chemical bath, a strange sight was revealed. In the portrait the lady's face appeared covered with a number of dark spots; but yet no one looking at her that day was able to detect the slightest trace of them in her face! But the next day the explanation came. The spots had then become distinctly visible. The lady was ill of smallpox, of which she died. The faint yellow of the spots, some time before human eyes could discern it, had been marked by the pure light of the sun, and traced in darkened spots on the photographic plate, revealing the disease that already, though as yet invisible to human eyes, was there.

CRIMINAL AS THOUGHTS.—If a man covets, he steals. If a man has murderous hate, he murders. If a man broods dishonest thoughts, he is a thief. If a man harbors sharp and bitter jealousies, envies, hatreds, though he never express them by his tongue, or shape them by his hand, they are there. There are many good-seeming men, who, if all their day's thoughts and feelings were to be developed into acts visible to the eye, would run from themselves.

MURDERED BRIDEGROOM.—There was a man who committed a murder in a Scottish castle upon a young bridegroom, at whose - marriage festivities he had hypocritically assisted. The assassin took horse in the dead of night and fled for his life through wood and winding path. When the sun dawned he slackened his pace and behold! he was emerging from a thicket in front of the very castle whence he had fled, and to which, by tortuous paths, he had returned. Horror seized him; he was discovered, and condemned to death.

SAVED HIS FATHER.—A regiment in the Austrian army was guilty of mutiny. They did not wish to inflict the penalty of death upon the whole regiment, so decided that one man in every ten should be shot. There was a father and a son. The son knew he could be spared better than his father. He was so anxious that he watched the officer, and saw that the lot would fall upon his father. As the officer came nearer, the son stood behind his father and pushed him into his own place, and took the place of death himself.

DIVER SAVED.—A diver observed at the bottom of the sea an oyster on a rock, with a piece of paper in its mouth, which he detached, and commenced to read through the goggles of his head-dress. It was a gospel tract, and, coming to him thus strangely and unexpectedly, so

impressed his unconverted heart that he said, “I can hold out against God’s mercy in Christ no longer, since it pursues me thus.” He became, in the ocean’s depth, a repentant, sin-forgiven man.

52. Penitence

Penitence

PORTRAIT'S EYE.—A girl went into her master's room to steal. There was a portrait in the room; and the eyes of the picture seemed to follow her wherever she went; and, in order that she might steal without this rebuke, she took down the portrait, and cut the eyes out. Had she been able to pluck out God's eye, she might have stolen without remorse.

MEASURE WAS FULL.—An Italian prince became celebrated for his forbearance, also for his severe punishment when aroused to do vengeance. He had an offending servant, who was repeatedly admonished. With every pardon, he became more reckless and impudent. One day he entered the presence of the prince with his hat on, and, when rebuked, said he had a cold. His much-enduring master said: "I will take care that you never catch a cold again." He immediately ordered the man to prison, and that the executioner should nail his hat to his head. One of the prince's friends expressed surprise at this severe sentence, because the servant had been pardoned for more serious crimes. The prince took a goblet, and, having half filled it with water, requested his friend to put an apple into it. This made the water rise to the brim. The prince then told his friend to drop in a coin. This made the water to run over. "How is it?" the prince asked, "that the small coin caused the water to run over, whereas the large apple raised it only to the brim?"

BRUISED REED.—A bruised reed is an expressive emblem of the soul, broken and contrite on account of sin, weeping and mourning for transgression. Christ will not break it; that is, He will not be haughty, unforgiving and cruel; He will heal it, pardon it, and give it strength.

WELDING IRON.—Take the cold iron, and attempt to weld it into a certain shape. How fruitless the effort! Lay it on the anvil, seize the blacksmith's hammer with all your might, let blow after blow fall upon it, and you shall have done nothing; but put it in the fire, let it be softened and made malleable, then lay it on the anvil, and each stroke shall have a mighty effect, so that you may fashion it into any form you may desire.

BURNED THE LIQUOR.—A liquor-seller in Iowa, during a religious revival, made up his mind to lead a new life. He had a stock of liquors on hand, but he did not sell it or send it elsewhere to do its mischief, but he carted the whole stock down in front of the meeting-house, and there made a bonfire of it.

LET GO, DON'T FEAR.—A residence was on fire. All the inmates but one boy escaped, and the flames cut off egress by the stairway. He could be seen by the fire in the room; but the thick black smoke kept him from seeing the people below. He heard their voices; and he cried, "Oh, save me!" "Here I am, my son!" said the father. "Drop down; and I will be sure to catch you." Charles crept out of the window, but hung fast by it. He knew it was very high from the ground; and he was afraid to let go. "Drop down, my boy!" cried the father. "Oh! I can't see you, father." "But I am here. You can trust me; I will save you." "I am afraid, father, I shall fall." "Let go, don't fear!" cried the people.

“Your father will be sure to catch you.” He was certain that, if he hung there, he should be burnt. He knew that his father was strong, that he loved him, and that he was waiting to save him; then he let go his hold, and in a moment he was in his father's arms.

53. Salvation for All

Salvation for All

BEAUFORT'S LAMENT.—"Wherefore should I die, being so rich?" said Cardinal Beaufort. "If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it or by riches to buy it. Will not death be bribed? Will money do nothing?"

LUTHER AND MONEY.—The enemies of Luther were no strangers to his contempt for gold. When one of the Popes asked a certain cardinal why they did not stop that man's mouth with silver and gold, his enemies replied, That German beast regards not money! NOT A MERCHANT, BUT A KING.—A poor woman greatly desired a bunch of grapes from the King's conservatory for her sick child. She took half a crown, and went to the King's gardener, and tried to purchase the grapes, but was rudely repulsed. A second effort, with more money, met like results. It happened that the King's daughter heard the angry words of the gardener, and the crying of the woman, and inquired into the matter. When the woman had told her story, the princess said, "My dear woman, yon were mistaken. My father is not a merchant, but a King; his business is not to sell, but to give," whereupon she plucked the grapes from the vine, and gently dropped them into the woman's apron.

RICHARD'S WHOSOEVER.—A man said; "I thank God for that word 'whosoever.' If God had said there was mercy for Richard, I am so vile a sinner that I would have thought He meant some other Richard; but, when He says whosoever, I know that includes me, the worst of all." If I could come to you from the upper sanctuary, with a letter of invitation with your name and address on it, you would not doubt your warrant to accept it. Well, here is the Bible,—your invitation to come to Christ. It does not bear your name and address; but it says, "Whosoever;" that takes you in. It says, "All;" that takes you in. It says, "If any;" that takes you in. What can be surer and freer than that?

COME THIS WAY, FATHER.—A pleasure-party started for an excursion off the New Hampshire coast. A short distance out, a young lady and a little boy of the party desired to be left on an island till the others returned; which was done. Fog and darkness came on before the boat returned; and the company knew not which way to go. After some hours' search for the island, the father shouted out the name of his boy. Shortly the answer came through the fog, "Come this way, father! steer straight for me! I'm waiting for you." The island was reached and the boy and lady were taken off, but in two short weeks both were laid in the grave. The father says, "I seem to hear the voice of my boy calling from the bright shore, 'Come this way, father! steer straight for me.'"

MOTHER'S BURNED HAND.—"Mamma," said a child to her mother when she was being put to bed, "what makes your hand so scarred and twisted, and unlike other people's hands?" "Well," said the mother, "when you were younger than you are now, years ago, one night, after I had put you to bed, I heard a cry upstairs. I came up, and found the bed was on fire, and you were on fire; and I took hold of you, and I tore off the burning garments, and while I was tearing them off and

trying to get you away I burned my hand, and it has been scarred and twisted ever since, and hardly looks any more like a hand; but I got that, my child, trying to save you.”

54. How to Believe

How to Believe

I WANT TO TELL.—At the battle of Williamsburg, a soldier who had the artery of his arm severed by a fragment of a shell, and was fast bleeding to death, saw a surgeon going to the front for orders; and, lifting his bleeding member, cried, “Doctor, please!” The surgeon dismounted, bound up the vessel, and gave all possible relief. As he started on, the man said, “Doctor, what is your name?” The reply was, “No matter.” “But, doctor,” said the wounded man, “I want to tell my wife and children who saved me.”

BRIDGING NIAGARA.—When the suspension bridge across the Niagara was to be erected, the question, was how to get the cable over. With a favoring wind, a kite was elevated, which alighted on the other shore. To its insignificant string, a cord was attached which was drawn over, then a rope, then a larger rope, then a cable strong enough to sustain the iron cable which supported the bridge, over which heavily laden trains passed in safety. This could never have been done but for the little kite-string, which may represent a weak faith, yet reaches to Christ and Heaven.

JEW'S DYING CONFESSION.—A little girl was sent to the Evangelical school at Jerusalem. Her father was a poor Jew who depended for his living on the alms given to him by the Rabbis. When it was known that his daughter went to the school, they threatened to take their support from him, but the father chose rather to lose the alms than to take her away. Not long after, the old man was taken very ill. Bishop Gobat, hearing of his sad case, sent a doctor and other support. In the last days it was noticed that so soon as the girl returned from school she was shut in with her father for some hours. Later it was known that she read the Bible to her father. On his deathbed the poor Jew sent for the Rabbis and some Christians, when, raising himself, he said, “I have sent for you all that you may hear my last confession. I die in the faith of Jesus of Nazareth.”

LINKED TOGETHER.—God has linked faith and salvation together by more than “hooks of steel.” No decrees of God are more certain than these: “He that believeth shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned.” He that believeth is passed already from death to life, while he that believeth not is condemned already. “Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” “Being justified by faith, we have peace with God.” **NOT QUANTITY.**—It is not the quantity of faith that shall save. A drop of water is as true water as the whole ocean; so a little faith is as true faith as the greatest. A spark of fire is as true fire as a great flame. A sickly man is as truly a man as is a well man. So it is not the measure of faith that saves,—It is the blood that saves. The weak hand of a child, that leads the spoon to the mouth, will feed as well as the strong arm of a man; for it is not the hand that feeds, but the meat. So, if we grip Christ ever so weakly, He will not let us perish.

SHE TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.—A Christian was sent for in great haste to visit a woman who was said to be dying. He said to her, “You seem to be very sick?” “Yes,” she said; “I am dying.” “And are you ready to die?” She lifted her eyes with a solemn and fixed gaze, and, speaking with

great difficulty, replied, “Sir, God knows—I have taken Him—at His word—and I am not afraid—to die.”

55. When to Believe

When to Believe

GIRARD, ASTOR, GOULD.—Stephen Girard, when surrounded by immense wealth, wrote thus to a friend: “As to myself, I live like a galley-slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped in affairs, and worn out with care. I do not value fortune. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day that, when night comes, I may be enabled to sleep soundly.” It is said that when Mr. Astor was once congratulated for his wealth, he replied by pointing to his pile of bonds and maps of property, at the same time inquiring, “Would you like to manage these matters for your board and clothes?” Jay Gould said he was kept on the drive from morning till night, the money he had made having enslaved him. NO TIME TO WASTE.—A gentleman friend of Professor Agassiz, an eminent practical man, once expressed his wonder that a man of such abilities should remain contented with such a moderate income. “I have enough,” was Agassiz’s reply. “I have no time to waste in making money. Life is not sufficiently long to enable a man to get rich and do his duty to his fellowmen at the same time.”

SPONGES HARDEN.—A sponge is, in one period of its history, a soft thing; but sponges become flints by a peculiar process. There are in sponges particles of flint or silex; these are ever attracting particles to themselves, until, in process of time, the whole mass is silicious matter and the once soft sponge has become perfectly hard.

WHY IS IT.—A man said to Moody, “I wish you would tell me why I can’t find the Lord.” Moody replied: “I can tell you why you can’t find Him.” “Why is it?” “Why, you haven’t sought for Him with all your heart. Now, my friend, I can tell you the day and hour you are going to be converted,” said Moody. The man looked at him, and perhaps thought he was a little wild. Moody continued: “The Scripture tells me: ‘Ye shall find me when ye seek for me with all your heart.’”

DELAY HARDENS.—An aged sinner said, “When I was young, I said, ‘I cannot give up the world now, but will when I have passed the meridian of life; then I shall be ready to attend to the concerns of my soul.’ But here I am an old man. I feel no disposition to enter upon the work of salvation. In looking back, I often feel as if I would give worlds if I could be placed where I was when I was twenty years old. There were not half so many difficulties in my path then as there are now.”

CHRIST KNOCKING.—In Hunt’s picture, “The Light of the World,” is represented an august person standing with a lamp in his hands under a midnight sky, on the outside of a walled enclosure, the entrance gate of which is barred. He stands as one who has knocked over and over and over again, and received no answer; and you observe that the wild vine and bramble have grown over the gate, showing how long and resolutely it has been closed.

GOD CAN CHANGE ME.—A little boy once said, “How hard it is to do right!” and so hard did he find it that, after a while, he added, “It’s of no use trying.” But he had learned to read and understand the Bible; and one day he thought to himself, “Why, I have been trying to change

myself all this time; and here I read that only God can change me. How foolish I have been not to ask Him."

56. Our Assurance

Our Assurance

GRAIN BY GRAIN.—An old writer says, “Suppose a little bird is set to remove this globe by taking from it one grain of sand at a time, and to come only once in a thousand years. She takes her first grain, and away she flies on her long and weary course. When a thousand years have rolled away, she comes panting back for one more grain of sand; and this globe is again lessened by just one grain of its all but countless sands. So the work goes on. That little bird will one day have finished her task, and the last sand will have been taken away; but even then Eternity will have only begun. Its sands are never to be exhausted.”

IF I COULD COME BACK.—Summerfield, when dying, said to a friend in the room, “I have taken a look into Eternity. Oh, if I could come back and preach again, how differently would I preach from what I have done before!”

KNEW NOT VOICE.—A traveler once asserted to a Syrian shepherd that the sheep knew the dress of their master, not his voice. The shepherd, on the other hand, maintained it was the voice they knew. To settle the dispute, he and the traveler exchanged dresses, and went among the sheep. The traveler in the shepherd's dress called on the sheep and tried to lead them, but “they knew not his voice,” and never moved. On the other hand, they ran at once at the call of their owner, though thus disguised.

WHAT PERSUASION?—A soldier lay dying. A visitor asked him, “What church are you of?” “Of the church of Christ,” he replied. “I mean of what persuasion?” “Persuasion,” said the dying man. “I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus.”

BROTHERLY LOVE.—Thomas Samson was a miner. The captain of the mine said to him, “Thomas, I've got an easier berth for you, where you can earn more money; will you accept it?” “Captain, there's our poor brother Tregony. He is not able to work as hard as I am. I fear his toil will shorten his life. Will you let him have the berth?”

YES, I KNOW HIM.—A woman, lying on a bed in a dreary infirmary ward, said: “If you heaped up my bed with gold and silver, if you could give me the queen's carriage and horses, and her palace and her garden, and all her beautiful flowers, and health and strength to enjoy it all,—I would not take them, if they would hinder me from going home to my Saviour. They talk of the pains of dying; what will they be to me? They will but hurry me to Heaven and to Jesus.”

LUTHER'S LAST WORDS.—As Luther lay dying, Br. Jones said to him, “Do you die firm in the faith you have taught?” He opened his eyes, which were half closed, looked fixedly at Jones, and replied, firmly and distinctly, “Yes.” He then fell asleep. Soon after, those nearest saw him grow paler and paler; he became cold, his breathing was more and more faint; at length he sent forth

one deep sigh, and was dead. His last words are given as, "Take my soul up to Thee, Father; into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

COOKMAN'S ASSURANCE.—As Alfred Cookman was dying he said: "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb."

57. Confessing the Master

Confessing the Master

CALAIS LIGHTHOUSE.—The keeper of the lighthouse at Calais was speaking of the brightness of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues at sea; when a visitor said to him, “What if one of the lights should chance to go out?” “Sir,” said he, pointing to the ocean, “there are ships going by to all parts of the world. If tonight one of my burners went out, within six months would come a letter, perhaps from India, perhaps from America, perhaps from some place I never heard of, saying, such a night, at such an hour, the light of Calais burned dim. Ah, sir! sometimes in the dark nights in stormy weather, I look out to sea, and feel as if the eyes of the world were looking at my light.”

MOODY SAID:—“In a prayer-meeting at Boston I once attended, most of those who took part were old men, but a little tow-headed Norwegian boy, who could speak only broken English, got up and said: ‘If I tell the world about Christ, He will tell the Father about me,’ That wrote itself upon my heart, and I have never forgotten what that little boy said.”

SPEAKING WELL OF CHRIST.—Two ministers met one Saturday in a station as they were going to preach in their respective places on Sunday. “I hope,” said one to the other, “the Great Master will give you His face tomorrow.” “Well, if He does not,” was the reply, “I will speak well of Him behind His back.” NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.—A young convert once got up to say something for Christ in the open air. Not being accustomed to speak, he stammered a good deal at first, when an infidel came along and shouted out, “Young man, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, standing and talking like that.” “Well,” the young man replied, “I’m ashamed of myself, but I’m not ashamed of Christ.”

MINISTERIAL BOLDNESS.—A minister without boldness is like a smooth file, a knife without an edge, or a sentinel that is afraid to shoot. One of the reformers, on being told, “All the world are against you,” replied, “Then I am against all the world.” When the body of John Knox was laid in the grave, the Earl of Morton said: “Here lieth a man who never feared the face of man.”

LUTHER’S BOLDNESS.—“Ah!” said some to Luther when on his way to Worms, “there are so many cardinals and bishops at Worms! They will consume your body to ashes.” “Although they should make a fire that should reach from Worms to Wittenberg, and that should flame up to Heaven, in the Lord’s name, I would pass through it.” Again he was warned that he must not think of entering Worms. Luther looked steadily at the messenger, and replied, “Go tell your master, that, even although there were as many devils at Worms as there are tiles up on the roofs of the houses, I would enter it.” When told that Duke George would certainly arrest him, he reviled, “If it rain Duke Georgia for nine days together, I will go.”

DEATH OF MARTYRS.—They died in torments; and their torments were embittered by insult and derision. Some were nailed on crosses; others sewn up in the skins of wild beasts, and exposed to the fury of the dog’s; others, again, smeared over with combustible material, were used as torches to illuminate the darkness of the night. The gardens of Nero were destined for the melancholy

spectacle, which was accompanied with a horse race.

58. His Keeping Power

His Keeping Power THIS IS SUFFICIENT.—When Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, came out of the Tower of London and saw the scaffold on which he was to be beheaded, he took out of his pocket a Testament, and, looking up to Heaven, he exclaimed, “Now, O Lord, direct me to some passage which may support me through this awful scene.” He opened the book, and his eye glanced on the text, “This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.” He instantly closed the book and said, “Praise be the Lord! this is sufficient for me and for Eternity.”

PROMISES ALIKE TO ALL.—When Watts was almost worn out by infirmities, he observed, in conversation with a friend, that he remembered an aged minister used to say that the most learned, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the gospel for their support as the unlearned; “and so,” said he, “I find it.”

INDIAN MOTHER LOVE.—A touching story is told to us of a squaw, the wife of one of the chiefs of Indians on Manitoulin Island. She had wandered too near the edge of the shore-ice at a time when thaws had loosened it. The block on which she stood parted from the rest, and a wind carried it out into the open water. She was found dead from the cold, but her last care had been for her baby, and it was found to have perished also, but had been covered by the mother with everything she had which might give it warmth; and when she had herself lain down in the icy blast to die, she had arranged her body so that even in death it might be a shelter for her infant against the storm.

MOTHER’S TOUCH.—A young man wounded in the war lay in the hospital. His mother came a great distance to see him. She was told that her son was sleeping, and that his state was critical. “Let me at least go and look at him while he sleeps,” she pleaded. The doctor hesitated, but at length yielded and permitted her to stand by the bedside. When she saw her son’s pallid face her motherly instincts were too strong for her, and, in spite of the doctor’s warning, she placed her hand gently on the invalid’s brow to wipe the death sweat away. The sufferer recognized the touch in a moment and murmured, “That’s mother’s hand.”

DYING DRUMMER BOY.—A drummer-boy lay dying. Psalms 23:4 was read to him. “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.” He desired it repeated again and again. Blindness was upon him; and he desired to have his hand placed so that he could feel the words which he could not see. Then he wished to have the promise laid on his breast, so that he could press it to his heart. Thus clinging with both arms to the promise, he went down into the valley, and passed to rest.

I’LL PAY FOR HIM.—Some children had a beautiful white pet lamb, which was stolen from them, and sold to the butcher. The children discovered the lamb first as it was being led to the slaughter. They tried to get possession of it, but the butcher would not give it to them. A gentleman, seeing the grief of the children, said, “Give them the lamb; I’ll pay for him.” The price was paid, the lamb was saved. This is what Christ has done for us. The lamb was helpless; the children could not

redeem it, but a generous man did.

59. Delay Fatal

Delay Fatal

LOST IN CAVE.—A man entered a dark, winding cave, carrying with him a lamp, and a ball of twine. That he might find his way out of the cave, in case his light went out, he fastened one end of the twine outside, and unwound it as he walked into the cave. In this manner, he had gone a long distance into those dark recesses. At length, he entered a large apartment, and for a moment set down his lamp and ball, to break off a stalactite of peculiar beauty. Suddenly his lamp went out. He immediately endeavored to find his ball; but all his efforts were vain. His lifeless body was found long afterward in the dark cavern.

BURIED IN HER GRAVE.—At West Bend, Wis., a clergyman started for a small country place, a few miles away, for the purpose of conducting the funeral service of a lady who was that day to be interred. On the way, the horse ran away, throwing the preacher from the cutter, and killing him instantly. The funeral was in consequence delayed; and a while after the time when it would, but for the accident, have taken place, the lady rose from the coffin, having been in a trance for two days. The unfortunate minister was buried in the grave which had been made to receive the lady's supposed dead body.

IF I ONLY HAD.—A man who had charge of a swing-bridge opened it just to oblige a friend, who said there was plenty of time for his boat to go through before the train of cars came along. But a moment after the express came thundering on, and dashed into the dark waters below. The bridge-keeper, whose neglect had caused the disaster, lost his reason, and his life since has been spent in a madhouse. The first and only words he uttered when the train leaped into the open chasm were, "If I only had;" and he has gone on constantly repeating the vain regret. Ah! that will be the cry of the lost in another world,—"If I only had." THE FOOL.—There was a nobleman who kept a fool or clown, to whom he one day gave a staff, with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Not many years after, the nobleman fell sick, even unto death. The fool came to see him. His sick lord said to him, "I must shortly leave you." "And whither art thou going?" said the fool. "Into another world," replied his lordship. "And when will you come again?—within a month?" "No." "Within a year?" "No." "When, then?" "Never." "Never!" said the fool. "And what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there, whither thou goest?" "None at all." "Here, take my staff; for, with all my folly, I am not guilty of any such folly as this."

NEGLECT SUFFICIENT.—Neglect is enough to ruin a man. One who is in business need not commit forgery or robbery to ruin himself; he has only to neglect his business, and his ruin is certain. A man who is lying on a bed of sickness need not cut his throat to destroy himself; he has only to neglect the means of restoration, and he will be ruined. A man floating in a skiff above Niagara need not move an oar, or make an effort, to destroy himself; he has only to neglect using the oar at the proper time, and he will certainly be carried over the cataract.

LATCH AND ROOF.—It is said that a man threatened to oil a latch every day for forty years. Its squeaking every day appealed to his memory, but he died without doing it. This was much like the man who did not mend his roof in fair weather because then it did not leak.

60. Infidelity

Infidelity

DYING TESTIMONIES OF INFIDELS.—Voltaire, addressing his doctor, said, “I am abandoned by God and man. I will give you half of what I am worth if you will give me six months of life.” The doctor answered, “Sir, you cannot live six weeks.” Voltaire replied, “Then I shall go to Hell, and you will go with me;” and soon after expired. Spira, an Italian apostate, exclaimed just before death, “My sin is greater than the mercy of God. I have denied Christ voluntarily; I feel that He hardens me, and allows me no hope.” Charles IX, who gave orders for the massacre on St. Bartholomew’s Day, expired, bathed in his own blood, whilst he said: “I am lost forever; I know it.” Newport.—“Oh, the insufferable pangs of Hell and damnation!” Hobbes.—“About to take a leap into the dark!”

INFIDEL AND SERPENT.—A converted man, once an infidel, said to a friend: “One Sabbath morning while in South America I went into the woods in search of game. After a while I sat down on a log. My attention was drawn to a neighboring tree by the cries of a bird, which was fluttering over her nest, apparently in great distress. On looking round I saw a snake creeping along toward the tree, with his eye fixed on the bird and her nest. Presently I saw the male bird fly quickly away, as if anxious to get something. In a little while he returned with a twig, covered with leaves, in his mouth. Perching near the nest, he laid the twig very carefully over his mate and her young, entirely covering them, and then, taking his place on one of the topmost branches of the tree, he awaited the arrival of the enemy. By this time the snake had reached the tree. Twisting himself around the trunk, he climbed up; then gliding along the branch till he came near the nest, he lifted his head as if he were going to dart upon the poor bird. He looked at the nest for a moment, and then, suddenly throwing back his head, made his way down the tree as fast as he could and went off. Climbing up the tree, and examining the leaves of the twig, which had been such a shield and defense to that helpless bird, I found that it had been broken off from a bush which is poisonous to the snake, and which it is never known to touch. In a moment the question arose in my mind: Who taught this bird its only weapon of defense in such an hour of danger? And quick as thought came the answer, None but God.

INFIDEL AND FLOWER.—An unbeliever, in Texas, read that “God works according to the rules of geometry.” “I always thought,” said he to himself, “that things were made by chance. Is there a rule about everything?” Just then he saw close by a sweet little flower known as the “Texas Star.” He picked it up and began to examine it. He counted the petals; he found there were five. He counted the stamens; there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower; there were five of them. Then he examined another flower. It was the same with that. Another and another were examined. It was the same with all. There were five petals and five stamens, and so on, in every case. “How is this?” he said to himself. “If these flowers were made by chance, some of them would have three petals, and some two, and some none. But now they all have five; never more, and never less. Here is work done by rule. If it is done in this way, there must be some one to do it. And who can that be? Oh, I see.” And then he picked up the little flower and kissed it, and

said, “Bloom on, little flower; sing on, little birds; you have a God, I have a God; the God that made these made me.”

61. Backsliding

Backsliding

WITHERED.—As the fig-tree began to wither, so his gifts begin to wither, as if a worm was still gnawing at them; his judgment rusts like a sword which is not used; his zeal trembles as though it were in a palsy; his faith withereth as though it were blasted; and the image of death is upon all his religion. After this, he thinks, like Samson, to pray as he did, and speak as he did, and has no power, but wonders, like Zedekiah, how the Spirit is gone from him. Now, when the good Spirit is gone, then comes the spirit of blindness, and the spirit of error, and the spirit of fear.

SHEPHERD'S DOG.—Like as if a sheep strays from his fellows, the shepherd sets his dog after it, not to devour it, but to bring it back again; even so our Heavenly Shepherd, if any of His sheep disobey Him, sets His dog of affliction after us to bring us home to a consideration of our duty toward Him. His dogs are poverty, sickness, death, war, loss of goods or friends, etc.

LINCOLN'S MERCY.—Abraham Lincoln's doorkeeper had standing orders from him, that no matter how great might be the throng, if either senators or representatives had to wait, or to be turned away without an audience, he must see, before the day closed, every messenger who came with a petition for the saving of life.

RETREAT IMPOSSIBLE.—At the battle of Nieuport, in the year 1600, Prince Maurice sent away his ships, that there might be no means of retreat for his troops. In leading them to engage, he said, "My friends, yon have Nieuport behind you, which is in possession of the enemy, the sea on your left, a river on the right, and the enemy in front; there is no other way for you to pass but over the bodies of these men." By this heroic resolution, he gained a battle which saved the republic. When Cortez set out to conquer the Aztecs, or Indians of Mexico, he caused his ships to be burned in sight of his men, so that all might see that there was no hope for them except in victory.

PLAY A RETREAT.—Among the prisoners taken captive at Waterloo, there was a Highland piper. Napoleon asked him to play on his instrument, which is said to sound so delightfully in the mountains and glens in Scotland. "Play a march," said Napoleon; and the Highlander played. "Play a retreat." "No, no!" said the Highlander, "I never learned to play a retreat."

WHY, AT ONCE.—"I was a Christian once," said a man, "but I fell." "But have you never been restored?" said the one addressed. "No," he replied; "I have been miserable about it, and would give anything to be what I once was." "Would you like to be restored at this moment?" was asked; "for as surely as God lives you may be." He looked in amazement. To help his mind it was said, "Suppose that you had a daughter who had sinned against you, and given you great sorrow; last night, however, she came, saying, 'Oh I am so ashamed of myself for having given such anxiety and sorrow; do forgive me.' I ask, can your daughter restore herself, or must her restoration be your act?" "Mine," he replied. "Now, how soon would you restore her—in twelve years?" "Surely no," he added. "Well, in twelve months?" "No," he replied. "Well, in three?" "No," he said. "Then how soon would you restore her?" I asked. "Why, at once," he rejoined. "What!" I said, "are you

prepared at once to restore your child, and do you think that our Father in Heaven is not prepared upon confession to Him to restore immediately?"

62. Confessing Sin

Confessing Sin

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.—A hunter was shot dead in the forest by some unknown hand. Twenty years after, his son shot at a stag, but, missing it, hit an unseen man. As he lay dying, he said to the huntsman, "I am the man who shot your father, just here, under this oak. The very ground where we now are was dyed with his blood: and it has evidently been destined that you, son of the murdered man, should on this precise spot, without any thought or intention of such a thing, avenge the act on me. God is just," he exclaimed, and presently expired.

TWO FLAGS.—When the old Romans attacked a city, it was sometimes their custom to set up a white flag at the city gate. If the garrison surrendered while the white flag was up, their lives were spared; after that, the black flag was run up, and every man was put to the sword. **FROM JUSTICE TO MERCY.**—A woman arraigned before Alexander the Great, and condemned, said, "I appeal from thee, O king!" Alexander said, "Thou art a mad woman! Dost thou not know that every appeal is from a lower judge to a higher? But who is above me?" She answered, "I know thee to be above thy laws, and that thou mayest give pardon; and therefore I appeal from justice to mercy."

COLOR TEST.—They tell us that cloth which has been dyed red can never be restored to its original purity. But when a piece of red cloth is viewed through ruby glass, the color is lost. So sins—red like crimson—are lost when the blood of Christ is interposed.

WILLING.—Macdonald once addressed an old man who had lost his sight, saying it would be well if his mental eyes were opened. "I trust they are," he said. "But what do you see?" "That I am blind—that in myself I am a ruined sinner, but Christ is an Almighty Saviour." "But what if He is not willing?" "Willing! Would He die for sinners if he were not willing to save them? No, no!"

PAID HIS DEBTS.—Thomas Oliver was a cobbler, who spent his time working, carousing and contracting debts. He congratulated himself on his skill in defrauding his creditors. He was at last rescued, and became one of Wesley's itinerant preachers. So great had been his wickedness that his friends thought he must have had some terrible fright. His uncle said to him, "Thou hast been so wicked, thou hast seen the Devil." He resolved to pay the last cent with money due him from the estate of one of his kindred. He bought a horse and started on his memorable journey from town to town, preaching Christ, and paying his debts.

NAILED OVER DOOR.—An Oriental custom tells that when a debt had to be settled, either by payment or forgiveness, it was the usage for the creditor to take the canceled bond and nail it over the door of him who had owed it, that all passers-by might see that it was paid. Oh, blessed story of our remission! See Jesus our bondsman. As the nail goes through His hand, it goes through the bond of our transgressions to cancel it forever.

MARTYR'S ADVOCATE.—Hugh McKail, a Scottish Covenanter, executed at Edinburgh, prayed the night before he suffered, "Now, Lord, we come to Thy Throne—a place we have not been

acquainted with. Earthly kings' thrones have advocates against poor men, but Thy Throne hath Jesus an Advocate for us."

63. Temptation

Temptation

FEELS THE PULSE.—The Devil knows the hearts of men; he feels their pulse, knows their temper, and so, accordingly, can apply himself. As the husbandman knows what seed is proper to sow in such a soil; so Satan, finding out the temper, knows what temptation to sow in such a heart.

SELL HIM FOR THAT.—The smallest thing can tempt. As poor John Bunyan said once, something kept tempting him to sell Christ. If he stooped to pick up a pin the voice said, "Sell Him for that! sell Him for that!" And men sell their honor for things as cheap. A pin will do it; a sweet smile; a fair face; the ruby wine; the love of money. Ah! for what has not a man sold his soul!

WHISKEY IN SAWDUST.—A liquor seller in Brooklyn spread sawdust over the sidewalk in front of his saloon, and then saturated it with whiskey. A reformed inebriate, passing by this doorway to Hell, inhaled the enticing fumes, yielded to the old tempter, entered the saloon, drank, and was ruined. He should have fled from the polluted spot as a man flies for his life.

DEVIL A PIRATE.—Satan, like a pirate, sets on a ship that is richly laden; so when a soul hath been laden with spiritual comforts, now the Devil will be shooting at him to rob him of all, and he dislikes to see a soul feasted with spiritual joy. Joseph's colored coat made his brethren envy him, and plot against him. After David had the good news of the pardon of his sin, Satan presently tempted him to a new sin in numbering the people.

HOOPER'S TEMPTATION.—When at the stake he (Hooper) listened to the bitter laments of the common people, who greatly loved him; a pardon was offered him if he would recant; but he exclaimed, "If you love my soul, take it away!"

SNAKE AND FROG.—Pullen, while in Africa, watched a snake in the water, which had fixed its eye upon a frog sitting amongst the grass on the bank. The frog, though greatly alarmed, seemed unable to stir, until Pullen gradually pushed a rush growing near, so that it intervened between the eyes of the snake and its intended victim; when the frog as if suddenly liberated, darted away.

LUTHER'S TEMPTATION.—Luther says, "The Devil came to me and said, 'Martin Luther, you are a great sinner, and you will be damned.'—"Stop, stop!" said I, 'one thing at a time. I am a great sinner; that is true, though you have no right to tell me of it. I confess it. What next?' 'Therefore you will be damned.' 'That is not good reasoning. It is true I am a great sinner; but it is written, "Jesus Christ came to save sinners;" therefore I shall be saved.' So I cut the Devil off with his own sword."

THE SECRET.—A contented man was asked to give the secret of his state. The venerable old man replied, "It consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes. In whatever state I am I first of all look up to Heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a place I shall occupy in it when I die and am buried; I then look abroad in the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are in all respect more unhappy than myself; thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our

cares must end, and what little reason I have to repine.”

64. Testing Ourselves

Testing Ourselves NOT REPAIRING.—Conversion is no repairing of the old building; but it takes all down, and erects a new structure. It is not putting on a patch. The sincere Christian is quite a new fabric,—from the foundation to the top stone, all new. He is a new man, a new creature. All things are become new. Conversion is a deep work, a heart-work; it turns all upside down, and makes a man be in a new world.

CHANGE SOMEWHERE.—A Scotch girl was converted under the preaching of Whitefield. She was asked if her heart was changed, and gave the beautiful reply, “Something I know is changed; it may be the world, it may be my heart. There is a change somewhere; for everything is different from what it once was.” A ROMAN’S CUSTOM.—Seneca tells of a Roman that kept his soul as clean as the best housewife keeps her house, every night examining his own soul: “What infirmity hast thou healed? What fault hast thou done, and not repented? In what degree art thou bettered?” Then he would lie down, exclaiming, “With how welcome sleep, and how quiet rest do I entertain the night!”

MEDITATIVE ENGINEER.—Whoever has pondered long over a plan which he is anxious to accomplish, without distinctly seeing at first the way, knows what meditation is. It was in this way that one of the greatest of English engineers is said to have accomplished his most marvelous triumphs. He threw bridges over almost impracticable torrents. Sometimes a difficulty brought all the work to a pause, then he would shut himself up in his room, speak to no one, abandon himself intensely to the contemplation of that on which his heart was set, and at the end of two or three days would come forth serene, walk to the spot and give orders which seemed the result of superhuman intuition.

REPENT IN YOUTH.—If a man sets about climbing a steep cliff when he is young and active, and has the free use of his limbs, he has a great advantage; the old and the crippled are pretty sure to fail. So it is with repentance. The young can mount the hill, if they set about it in good earnest, with much less effort. But they who are old in sin, they whose souls have become stiff through years of wickedness, and have grown double, so to say, by looking earthward,—how much more difficult it is for them!

HEART A RESERVOIR.—The heart is the reservoir of man. Life may flow through different outlets,—the mouth, the hand, the eye; but still all derive their source from the central reservoir, the heart; and hence the great necessity that exists for keeping this reservoir—the heart—in a proper state and condition. A BASKET OF THOUGHTS.—Suppose a man should find a great basket by the wayside, carefully packed, and on opening it, he should find it filled with human thoughts, all the thoughts which had passed through one single brain in one year or five years,—what a medley they would make! How many would be wild and foolish, how many weak and contemptible, how many mean and vile, how many so contradictory and crooked, that they could hardly lie still in the basket. And suppose he should be told that these were all his own thoughts, children of his own brain, how amazed would he be! How little prepared to see himself

as revealed in those thoughts! And how would he want to run away and hide, if all the world were to see the basket opened and see his thoughts!

65. Meekness and Humility

Meekness and Humility

AUGUSTINE'S ANSWER.—Augustine, being asked “What is the first article in the Christian religion?” replied, “Humility.” “What the second?” “Humility.” “The third?” “Humility.”

SOON GONE.—The anger of a meek man is like fire struck out of steel,—hard to be got out, and, when got out, soon gone. Meekness not only gives great peace of mind, but often adds a luster to the countenance. We read of only three in Scripture whose faces shone remarkably,—viz., Christ, Moses and Stephen, and they were eminent for meekness.

GAINED BY YIELDING.—There is nothing lost by meekness and yielding. Abraham yields over his right of choice: Lot taketh it, and, behold! Lot is crossed in that which he chose; Abraham blessed in that which was left him.

RALEIGH'S MEEKNESS.—Walter Raleigh, a man of courage, was insulted by a hot-headed youth, who challenged him, and, on his refusal, spat upon him in public. The knight, taking out his handkerchief, made him this reply: “Young man, if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience as I can this injury from my face, I would this moment take away your life.” The youth was struck with a strong sense of his error.

PAUL'S GROWTH.—It has been remarked that in A. D. 59, soon after Paul was converted, he declared himself unworthy to be called an apostle. As time Tolled on, and he grew in grace, in A. D. 64, he cried out, “I am less than the least of all saints”; and just before his martyrdom, when he had reached the stature of a perfect man in Christ, in A.D. 65, his exclamation was, “I am the chief of sinners.”

HAUGHTY PREACHER.—A certain minister had a somewhat lofty manner of expressing himself. In the course of visiting, he called at the cottage of an elderly female, who invited him to “come in and sit down.” The doctor, who wanted a salutation of more flourish, said, in stately tones: “Woman, I am a servant of the Lord, come to speak with you on the concerns of your soul.” “Then ye'll be humble like your Master,” replied the old woman.

HEAVY BRANCHES.—Those boughs and branches of trees which are most richly laden with fruit bend downwards and hang lowest. Generally those that have the most grace and the greatest gifts, and are the most useful, are the most humble, and think the least of themselves.

SAFER TO WALK.—A general riding on horseback at the head of his troops heard a soldier complain and say, “It is very easy for the general to command us forward while he rides and we walk.” Then the general dismounted and compelled the soldier to get on the horse. Soon a bullet from a sharpshooter struck the rider, and he fell dead. Then the general said, “How much safer it is to walk than to ride.”

HALL'S EXPERIENCE.—When Hall first appeared to address an audience, he discoursed for a few minutes with great propriety and eloquence; and then his ideas all seemed to desert him, and he was forced to cover his face with his hands, and sit down in unutterable confusion. A second attempt was equally unsuccessful on the following week. “If this does not humble me,” he remarked on retiring to his room, “the Devil must have me.” Afterward it was often remarked that he was as noted for his humility as for his great eloquence and power.

66. Working for Souls

Working for Souls

GREATEST OF ALL.—When Beecher was on his dying-bed, a brother said to him, “Dr. Beecher, you know a great deal; tell us what is the greatest of all things.” He replied, “It is not theology, it is not controversy: it is to save souls.”

CROWDING THE END.—It is related of Nordheimer that he foresaw his death, and, calculating pretty well when it would come, gave double recitations as long as he could sit up, so that his class might lose nothing. Hannah More commenced an enterprise in her old age, and thus wrote to Wilberforce: “For the night cometh; and it is a comfort to think that though I may be dust and ashes in a few weeks, yet by that time this business will be in actual motion.”

SISTER DORA.—It is said of Sister Dora (Miss Pattison), that no matter at what hour the hospital doorbell rang, she used to rise instantly to admit the patient, saying: “The Master is come and calleth for thee.”

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT.—When Williams, the martyr missionary, went to the South Sea Islands, he took with him a single banana-tree. And now, from that single banana-tree, bananas are to be found throughout whole groups of islands. Before the negro slaves in the West Indies were emancipated, a regiment of British soldiers was stationed near one of the plantations. A soldier offered to teach a slave to read, on condition that he would teach a second, and that second a third, and so on. This he faithfully carried out. Being sent to another plantation, he repeated the same thing there, and when at length liberty was proclaimed, and the Bible Society offered a New Testament to every negro who could read, the number taught through this slave's instrumentality was no less than 600.

GO AFTER THEM.—Sportsmen do not stop at home and wait for the game to come and be shot at; neither do fishermen throw their nets inside their boats and hope to catch fish. Traders go to the markets; they follow their customers, and go out after business if it will not come to them; and so must Christian workers.

GAMING WITH SATAN.—Some of you may have seen the painting by Retsch, in which he has portrayed a game of chess between Satan and a young man, who has staked his soul on the issue. The different expressions in the faces of the players; the gay, heedless look of the young man, all unconscious of his peril; and the cunning, hellish leer of the Fiend, as the chances seemed to turn in his favor, can never be forgotten by any who have once beheld them. But how much more graphic and solemn is the scene which the Divine pencil has drawn—Christ and Satan battling for the soul of man! **THE TIMELY LIGHT.**—During a voyage to India, a man sat one dark evening in his cabin, feeling thoroughly unwell. Suddenly the cry of “Man overboard!” made him spring to his feet. He heard a trampling overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest he should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the man. “What can I do?” he asked himself, and instantly unhooking; his lamp, he held it near the top of the cabin and close to the bull's-eye

window, that its light might shine on the sea. In half a minute's time, he heard the joyful cry, "It's all right; he's safe!" The next day, he was told that his little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life; it was only by the timely light which shone upon him that the rope could be thrown so as to reach him."

67. The Tongue

The Tongue THE PHONOGRAPH.—There is a little machine known as the phonograph which is able to catch the wave-motion of the air when any one speaks and record it, so that at any time afterwards the words of the speaker may be reproduced. Think of bottling up all your careless talk, and keeping it against you! Would you be willing?

EAGLE AND CRANE.—The heights and recesses of Mount Taurus are said to be much infested with eagles, who are never better pleased than when they pick the bones of a crane. Cranes are prone to chatter and make a noise (Isaiah 38:14) and particularly so while they are flying. The sound of their voices arouses the eagles, who spring up at the signal, and often make the talkative travelers pay dearly for their chattering. The older and more experienced cranes, sensible of their besetting weakness, and the peril to which it exposes them, take care before venturing on the wing to pick up a stone large enough to fill the cavity of their mouths, and consequently to impose silence on their tongues, and thus they escape the danger. **NOT ALONE SONG.**—Madame Sterling, when asked to go on the stage, replied: “I cannot; I stand by every word I utter when I sing, and I feel I must to the death. It is not alone song with me—melodious sounds; it is the lesson inculcated; hope in the future, bright joys to come, the mercy of an all-wise God. I would not sing a wicked or a frivolous word before an audience for anything on earth.”

PENDLETON AND SAUNDERS.—While Pendleton and Saunders were conversing about the persecution, in the reign of Queen Mary, Saunders showed much weakness; but Pendleton said to him: “What, man! there is much more cause for me to fear than for thee, forasmuch as I have a big and fat body; yet will I see the utmost drop of this melted away, and consumed to ashes before I will forsake Christ and His truth.” Yet, not long after, faint-hearted Saunders sealed the truth with his blood, while confident Pendleton apostatized to Rome.

STOP A WHILE.—Burridge was visited by a very talkative young lady, who engrossed all the conversation with small talk concerning herself. When she arose to retire, he said: “Madam, before you withdraw, I have one piece of advice to give you; when you go into company again, after you have talked half an hour without intermission, stop a while, and see if any other of the company has anything to say.”

THOUGHTFUL DINING.—A number of friends were dining together. To prevent the introduction of sinful or idle conversation, one of them said: “Let us discuss the question, whether we shall one and all get to Heaven.” This most unexpected motion induced all that were present to serious thoughts and to examine themselves. One thought, “If one of our number be lost I shall be the one.” So thought another, and a third, and so every one of the company. Even the waiters at the table became serious and thoughtful. It subsequently appeared that this word gave the start to the conversion of all.

SWITCHING.—A single word is often like a switch on a railroad, which, although it is a point almost too fine to be seen, yet is sufficient, when turned, to change the course of the train from

one track to another, and perhaps from one road to another. Single words have often switched men off from bad courses, or off from good ones, as the case may be.

68. Worldliness

Worldliness

SNARES.—Hunters dig pits in the earth, then cover them over, and place a bait near them to attract the prey, that they may venture upon the treacherous place and fall in. Thus the Devil makes this world his fatal vault, which he strews over with pleasures and delights; the way seems smooth, but it is slippery.

SLAIN THOUSANDS.—As you love your souls, beware of the world: it has slain its thousands and ten thousands. What ruined Lot's wife?—the world. What ruined Achan?—the world. What ruined Haman?—the world. What ruined Judas?—the world. What ruined Simon Magus?—the world. What ruined Demas?—the world. And "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

CLOWN AND WIT.—Grimaldi, a noted clown, consulted a physician to obtain a cure for his melancholy, and was advised to go and listen to his own performances. What mockery! "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." Disraeli tells of meeting a most miserable and squalid man, who was then amusing all London with his witty verses. Thomas Hood, the witty comic poet, found the world only a gilded cheat. All who have chosen the world and have had it, have been disappointed with their portion.

TENACIOUS LEAF.—As you will some, times see a sere and yellow leaf hang upon the tree all through winter, tenacious of its hold, whirling in the wind, out of beauty, out of grace, out of season! so you sometimes may see some wornout, godless old sinners clinging to this world.

DOG'S MASTER.—When you see a dog following two men, you know not to which of them he belongs while they walk together; but let them come to a parting road, and one go one way and the other another way, then you will know which is the dog's master.

GIVE, GIVE.—Could you change all the pebbles on the beach into minted money, or conjure into bank notes all the leaves of the forest; nay, could you transmute the earth into a single lump of gold, and drop it into the gaping mouth of avarice,—it would only be a transient comfort, enabling it to cry "Give, give!"

CRATES' GOLD.—Crates threw his gold into the sea, saying, "I will destroy thee lest thou destroy me!" If men do not put the love of the world to death, love of the world will destroy them.

WORLD A STAGE.—The world is a great show, which presents us various scenes and fantastic characters,—princes, politicians, warriors and philosophers, the rich, the honorable, the wise, the learned, and, with these, the servant and the beggar, the poor, the weak and the despised. Some seldom come from behind the scenes; others, adorned with honor and power, are followed by a shouting multitude, and fill the world with the noises of their actions. But in a little time, the scene turns, and all these phantoms disappear. The king of terrors clears the stage of these busy actors, and strips them of their fictitious ornaments, bringing them all to a level, and sending them down to

the grave; all the actors in a drama return to their private character when the play is over.

LOCKE'S TESTIMONY.—Mr. Locke, before his death, declared: "This life is a scene of vanity that soon passes away, and affords no solid satisfaction but in the consciousness of doing well and in the hopes of another life."

69. God's Ways

God's Ways

LUTHER REPROVED.—Luther said: “At one time I was sorely vexed and tried by my own sinfulness, by the wickedness of the world, and by the dangers that beset the church. One morning I saw my wife dressed in mourning. Surprised, I asked her who had died. ‘Do you not know?’ she replied; ‘God in Heaven is dead.’ ‘How can you talk such nonsense, Katie?’ I said. ‘How can God die? Why, He is immortal, and will live through all Eternity.’ ‘Is that really true?’ she asked. ‘Of course,’ I said, still not perceiving what she was aiming at, ‘how can you doubt it? As surely as there is a God in Heaven, so sure it is that He can never die.’ ‘And yet,’ she said, ‘though you do not doubt that, yet you are so hopeless and discouraged.’ Then I observed what a wise woman my wife was, and mastered my sadness.”

OCEAN LIES BEYOND.—A young child, who has hitherto fancied that the rim of the sky rests on the earth a few miles away, and that the whole world lies within that circle, sails down the river and sees the river-banks gradually widening, and the river passing into a bay. When he comes back, he tells his young companions how large the ocean is. Poor boy! he has not seen the ocean, it lies beyond—only the bay. Just so with all creature-knowledge of God. Though all the archangels were to utter all they know, there would still remain an infinity untold. **YOUR FATHER IS RICH.**—An aged Christian who had long been an invalid, and was dependent on Christian charity for her support, on sending for a new physician who had just come into the place, said to him, “Doctor, I wish to put myself under your care, but I cannot do it unless you will trust my Father.” “Well, ma’am,” replied the physician, “I believe your Father is rich; I may safely trust Him.” **OUR FATHER.**—Christ revealed God as a Father. In His first and last words, Christ calls Him “Father.” As a Father, God thinks of us, loves us, works for us, cares for us, protects us, provides for us in the future. “Father” is the most endearing appellation in which He is made known unto us. “I should have been an atheist,” said Randolph, “had it not been for one recollection; and that was when my mother used to take my hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, ‘Our Father which, art in Heaven.’” “I never fear,” said a little child, “when Father is with me.”

NOW I KNOW.—The supplies of a missionary among the Indians were reduced, for three persons, to one small piece of meat and three potatoes. It was winter. They laid their case before God in prayer, and claimed His promise, that the trusting shall be fed. The last morsel they had was spread on the table, when an Indian came in with a quarter of venison, saying, “I come to feed you.” When the Indian heard of their extremity and prayer, he said, “Wow I know why, when I killed my deer, seven miles away, something said to me, ‘Go quickly, and carry a piece to the missionary!’” **THAT EYE.**—Lafayette, the great man who was the friend of Washington, tells us that he was once shut up in a little room in a gloomy prison for a great while. In the door of his little cell was a very small hole cut. At that hole, a soldier was placed day and night to watch him. All he could see was, the soldier's eye; but that eye was always there. Day and night, every moment when he looked up, he always saw that eye. “Oh!” he said, “it was dreadful.”

70. A Real Change

A Real Change

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS.—The wife of a drunkard found her husband with torn clothes, matted hair, and bruised face, asleep in the room, having come home from a drunken revel. She sent for a photographer, and had a portrait of him taken in all his wretched appearance, and placed it on the mantel beside another portrait taken at the time of his marriage, which showed him handsome and well dressed. When he became sober he saw the two pictures, and awakened to a consciousness of his condition, from which he arose to a better life. The office of the law is not to save men, but to show them their true state as compared with the Divine standard. It is like a glass, in which one seeth himself. **NOT SURGICAL HELP.**—A wounded soldier in the hospital, when informed that the surgeon was coming, said, “It ain’t such help that I want. I am a dreadful wicked man.” The Christian nurse tried to comfort him with the promises of the Bible. At length he read, “For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish.” He grasped at the word “whosoever.” He was assured, that he, hardened and wretched, was included in it. He went into the vale of death, supported by it.

MUST BREATHE CONTINUALLY.—The acts of breathing which I performed yesterday will not keep me alive today; I must continue to breathe afresh every moment, or animal life ceases. In like manner, yesterday’s grace and spiritual strength must be renewed, and the Holy Spirit must continue to breathe on my soul from moment to moment.

HIT THE NAIL.—Rowland Hill was introduced to an aged Scotch minister somewhat resembling himself in piety and eccentricity. The old man looked at him for some time very earnestly, and at length said, “Weel, I’ve been looking for some time at your face.” “And what do you think of it?” said Mr. Hill. “Why, I am thinking that if the grace of God had na changed your heart you would have been a rogue.” Mr. Hill laughed and said, “You have hit the nail on the head.”

CONVERSIONS.—The Holy Spirit comes like a rushing wind upon the disciples, and in an hour they are new men. The jailer hears and believes in a night. Luther, while toiling up the stairs, holding to salvation by works, drops that scheme, and lays hold of salvation by faith. Ignatius Loyola, in a dream, has sight of the Mother of Christ, and awakes a soldier of Jesus. It is often so. We do not so much grow into the possession of new spiritual truths as we awake to them.

I HAVE FOUND IT.—If Archimedes, upon the discovery of a mathematical truth, was so ravished that he cried out, “I have found it, I have found it!” what pleasure must the discovery of a divine truth give to a sanctified soul! “Thy words were found of me,” says Jeremiah, “and I did eat them; and Thy word was to me the joy and rejoicing of my heart.” Truth lies deep, as the rich veins of gold do; if we will get the treasure, we must not only beg, but dig.

TRUTH AND THE SCRIPTURES.—Jansen, the leader of the Jansenites, was an ardent seeker after the truth. His advice to his followers was to study the Bible on their knees. “No means of conversion,” he used to say, “can be more apostolic than the Word of God. Every word of

Scripture,” he says, “deserves to be weighed more attentively than gold.”

71. Faith and Trust

Faith and Trust

ONE SCRIPTURE I DARE GRIP—James Durham, when on his death bed, was for some time under considerable darkness respecting his spiritual state, and said, “After all that I have preached or written, there is but one scripture I can remember, or dare grip; tell me if I dare lay the weight of my salvation upon it? ‘Whosoever cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.’” He was told: “You may depend upon it, if you had a thousand salvations at hazard.” NOT SEEN, YET BELIEVED.—When Dr. Arnold was suddenly stricken with his mortal agony, he was seen, we are told, lying still with his hands clasped, his lips moving, and his eyes raised upward, as if engaged in prayer, when all at once he repeated, firmly and earnestly, “And Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed.”

INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.—When Aaron entered the most holy place, he was bound to carry the names of the tribes of Israel upon his shoulders and upon his breast—on his shoulders, in token that he bore the burden of their wickedness and their infirmities; upon his breast, in token of his love and care for them as next his heart. Such a High Priest is our Advocate. “We have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.” He died to make satisfaction. He lives to make intercession. We are on His shoulders, to have our burdens borne for us. We are near His heart, that He may both die and live for us. It is a most glorious thought: we have in Heaven One we can think of, know, believe, love, delight in; One whom no accident can disable, no quarrel can estrange, no death remove: for He ever liveth to make intercession for us.

PARTNER WITH CHRIST.—As merchants who are partners are partakers of all the profits, losses and damages which grow of their business, so Jesus Christ, by reason of that society we have together with Him, gives us a part, and we, likewise, give Him of all that we have and possess. The difference is in this, that the gains and losses amongst men are equal and common amongst them all; but here we gather up all the fruits that arise of the righteousness of Jesus Christ: He, on the contrary part, chargeth Himself with all the damages and losses that come of our sin and disobedience.

TRUSTING ARAB GUIDE.—A man, on visiting the Great Pyramid in Egypt, learned an illustration of complete trust. The ascent of the “Great Gallery” was difficult, but the descent was much more so along a narrow and slippery shelf, the only light being a bit of candle held by one of the Arab guides. At length they came to a sharp corner, the path beyond being several feet lower, narrower, and still slippery, and over a deep chasm; and, to make it worse, the candle had gone out. Here he was required to trust himself to an Arab, to be carried on his shoulders round the corner over the chasm, and set down on the other side. This he hesitated to do. “Let me rest one hand on the rock, and the other on you,” he said. “No; you must rest both on me,” was the answer. “I will try myself, and you shall help me.” “No; you lean all weight on Arab,” he continued. “But wait till I see what

you are standing on.” “No; you are quite safe resting on Arab.” “But I am heavier than yon think.” “You quite safe if you trust all to Arab.” He saw there was no alternative, and did as he was told and was carried safely to the other side.

72. Divine Correction

Divine Correction

LIGHTENS THE STROKE.—One in affliction, when asked how he bore it, said, “It lightens the stroke to draw near to Him who handles the rod.”

GOOD AFTER EVIL.—It is the manner of God’s proceeding’s to send good after evil, as He made light after darkness; to turn justice into mercy, as He turned water into wine.

GOD’S DIVINITY SCHOOL.—A minister was recovering from a dangerous illness, when one of his friends addressed him thus: “Sir, though God seems to be bringing you up from the gates of death, yet it will be a long time before you will sufficiently retrieve your strength and regain vigor enough of mind to preach as usual.” The good man answered, “You are mistaken, for this six weeks’ illness has taught me more-divinity than my past studies and ministry.”

REFINING SILVER.—A few ladies who were accustomed to meet and read the Scriptures, and converse upon topics suggested, were reading the third chapter of Malachi, when one of them observed, “There is something remarkable in the expression in the third verse: ‘He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.’” They agreed that possibly it might be so, and one of the ladies promised to call on a silversmith and report to them what he said on the subject. She went accordingly, and, without telling the object of her errand, begged to know the process of refining silver, which he described to her. “But, sir,” she said, “do you sit while the process of refining is going on?” “Oh, yes, madam,” replied the silversmith; “I must sit with my eyes steadily fixed on the furnace, for if the time necessary for refining be exceeded in the slightest degree the silver is sure to be injured.” **THE PAINTER’S PERIL.**—Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral. Both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose, some distance from the floor. One, so intent upon his work, forgetting where he was, stepped back slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the edge of the plank on which he stood. At this moment his companion, just perceiving his danger, seized a wet brush, flung it against the wall, spattering the picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter turned upon his friend with fierce upraidings, till made aware of the danger he had escaped.

IMPROVING ROSES AND BIRDS.—Sorrow seems sent for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing. It is said that gardeners, when they would bring a rose to richer flowering, deprive it for a season of light and moisture.

EXCHANGING CROSSES.—One complaining of the burden of life is represented as receiving instruction from an angel in a dream. She was taken to a place where lay myriads of crosses, and told that she might exchange her own for any she chose. She laid aside her own, and took up a jewelled cross, but soon began to totter under its great weight; and was glad to lay it down, and take up another of chased gold. This was even heavier than the other. She next chose a cross of flowers; but its thorns pierced her flesh, and became unbearable. She said, “Why need I have any cross?” The angel answered, “No cross, no crown.” She soon discovered a plain cross, with the

word “Love” engraved upon it in letters of gold, took it up joyfully, saying, “I can wear this.” She found that she had chosen her own old cross again.

73. Peace and Comfort

Peace and Comfort

ROOTS UNAFFECTED.—The wind which blows over and about the fruit-tree does not apparently affect the roots and lower part of the trunk. All it does is to shake the branches, break off the rotten ones, blow away dead leaves, and shake off the ripe fruit for use. So, when trouble comes from God, the soul maintains the roots of its faith and love in the Rock of Ages unmoved. All that it does is to destroy what is superfluous and corrupt, and to draw from us the manifestation of the graces of the Spirit.

TRIALS UNIVERSAL.—Let a man be in the most favorable circumstances, he is sure to have something to pain his heart. Naaman was a great man, but he was a leper; Paul a great apostle, but he had a thorn in the flesh; David a mighty sovereign, but his house was not right with God. Man looks to new relationships, and fancies they will be a beautiful garden, on which the sun will shine, and the dews descend; but he will find a grave there. He looks to new departments of business as a garden; but he will find a grave there. There is some cloud on every landscape, a mildew on every flower.

TWO-FOLD LEGACY.—The very fact that you have troubles is a proof of His faithfulness; for you have got one half of His legacy, and you will have the other half. You know that Christ's last will and testament has two portions in it. "In the word, ye shall have tribulation;" you have got that. The next clause is, "In me, ye shall have peace." You have that too. "Be of good cheer: I have overcome the world." That is yours also. **THE SHEPHERD'S RIGHT.**—A shepherd was mourning over the death of his favorite child, and bitterly complaining that what he loved most tenderly, and was in itself most lovely, had been taken from him. Suddenly a stranger of grave and venerable appearance stood before him, and beckoned him forth into the field. It was night, and not a word was spoken till they arrived at the fold, when the stranger thus addressed him: "When you select one of these lambs from the flock, you choose the best and most beautiful among them. Why should you murmur because I, the Good Shepherd of the sheep, have selected from those which you have nourished for me the one that was most fitted for my eternal fold?" The mysterious stranger was seen no more, and the father's heart was comforted.

CONSOLATION IN OLD AGE.—"I am on the bright side of seventy," said an aged man of God; "the bright side, because nearer to everlasting glory." "Nature fails," said another, "but I am happy." "My work is done," said the Countess of Huntingdon, when eighty-four years old: "I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." "Eighty-and-six years," was Polycarp's answer when required to deny the truth, "have I served my Saviour, and He hath never done me any harm; and shall I deny Him now?"

CHIEF'S TESTIMONY.—An Oneida chief, named Skenandon, having yielded to the instructions of a Christian, and lived a reformed man for fifty years, said just before he died, in his hundred and twentieth year, "I am an aged hemlock; the winds of one hundred years have whistled through my

branches; I am dead at the top” (he was blind); “why I yet live the great good Spirit only knows. Pray that I may wait with patience my appointed time to die; and when I die, lay me by the side of my minister, that I may go up with Him at the great resurrection.”

74. Christ Was Divine

Christ Was Divine THE TRUE GOD.—Two gentlemen were discussing the divinity of Christ, when one of them affirmed that, if it were so, it should have been more explicitly stated in the Bible. The other said, “How would you express it?” He replied, “I would say that Jesus Christ is the true God.” The other answered, “You are happy in the choice of your words; and they are the very words of inspiration. John, speaking of Christ, says, ‘This is the true God and eternal life.’”

BEVERIDGE’S TESTIMONY.—When dying, Bishop Beveridge failed to recognize his wife and children. Then some one asked: “Do you remember Jesus Christ?” That name seemed to recall the spirit, hovering for a moment, ere it took wing to Heaven. Touched as by an electric influence, and, with a smile in which the soul took its flight to glory, he replied, “Remember Jesus Christ! dear Jesus Christ! He is all my salvation and all my desire.” **MY LORD AND MY GOD.**—The fourteenth chapter of John’s Gospel was pointed out to a physician who held Unitarian sentiments, with the request that he would read it through, first according to his own views, and then, divesting himself of prejudice, read it again as one would who believed in the divinity of the Saviour, and see with which view it best accorded. The physician rose up as he concluded his second reading of the chapter, saying with Thomas, “My Lord and my God.”

WEBSTER’S ANSWER.—A gentleman, passing a church with Daniel Webster, asked him, “How can you reconcile the doctrine of the Trinity with reason?” The statesman replied by asking, “Do you understand the arithmetic of Heaven?”

THREE LIGHTS.—The light of the sun, the light of the moon, and the light of the air, in nature and substance, are one and the same light; and yet they are three distinct lights; the light of the sun being of itself, and from none; the light of the moon from the sun; and the light of the air from them both. So the divine nature is one, and the persons three.

JULIAN’S ADMISSION.—In the days of his prosperity he (Julian the Apostate) is said to have pointed his dagger to Heaven, defying the Son of God, whom he commonly called the Galilean. But when he was wounded in battle, he saw that all was over with him, and he gathered up some of his clotted blood, and threw it into the air, exclaiming, “Thou has conquered, O thou Galilean!”

BETTER THAN THAT.—A man over ninety years of age was asked by his pastor: “My dear aged friend, do you love Jesus?” His deeply furrowed face was lit up with a smile that sixty-seven years of discipleship had imparted, and said: “Oh! I can tell you something better than that.” “What is that?” “Oh’ sir! He loves me.”

MEN DIE, HE LIVES.—Luther was once found, at a moment of peril and fear, when he had need to grasp unseen strength, sitting in an abstracted mood, tracing on the table with his fingers the words: “He lives! He lives!” It is our hope for ourselves, and for His truth and for mankind. Men come and go; leaders, teachers, thinkers, speak and work for a season, and then fall silent. He abides. They die, but He lives. They are lights kindled, and therefore sooner or later quenched; but He is the true light from which they draw all their brightness, and He shines for evermore.

75. Angelic Beings

Angelic Beings

BIBLE-RECORDED VISITS.—When angels have come they have spoken to a patriarch in the door of his tent—to a distressed husbandman threshing his wheat under an oak—to persecuted apostles in prison. But can you think of an instance of divine or angelic visitation to a king on his throne—to a nobleman in his palace—to a rich man surrounded with splendors? An angel once came to a seer who was trusting to his own wisdom, and trying hard to outwit Omniscience; but it was with a drawn sword. An angel once came to a king on a throne, but it was to smite him with worms, so that he gave up the ghost.

THEY STAND ABOUT ME.—Dr. Fowler said: “I went once to see a dying girl whom the world had roughly treated. She never had a father, she never knew her mother. Her home had been the poorhouse, her couch a hospital-cot, and yet, as she had staggered in her weakness there, she had picked up a little of the alphabet, enough to spell out the New Testament, and she had touched the hem of the Master’s garment, and had learned a new song. And I never trembled in the presence of such majesty as I did in the majesty of her presence, as she came near the crossing. ‘Oh, sir!’ she said, ‘God sends His angels, I have read in His Word, “Are they not ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?” And when I am leaning in my cot they stand about me on this floor; and when the darkness comes, and this side aches so severely, He comes, for He says, “Lo, I am with you,” and He slips His soft hand under my aching side, and I sleep, I rest.”’

TWO CUPS OF WATER.—A dying Christian soldier requested the nurse to bring two cups of water, one for himself and another for his friend, who, he said, had come a long distance, and must be tired. The startled nurse said, “I don’t see anybody here.” “Don’t you see him?” said the soldier, pointing into the vacant air. “There is some one standing by the bedside.” Soon the soldier’s freed spirit and its angel escort sped towards the deathless land.

MARY J. HOWES.—“Hark, mother! hark! They’re singing. Oh, such singing! I see angels! They all have long white robes and golden crowns.”

DR. BATEMAN.—“I surely must be going now, my strength sinks so fast. What glory! the angels are waiting for me.”

CLEMENT BROWN.—“I see one, two, three, four angels waiting their commission. I see them as plainly as I see you, Hester. They are robed in white.”

PASTOR H. Y. HUMELBAUGH.—“I was alone when four angels came and stood there at the foot of my bed. After standing and looking upon me they went up again. Yes, I was wide awake. I tell you I did really see them. Farewell, pulpit, farewell, brethren.”

BAUDICON OGUIER, A MARTYR.—“Be of good courage, father. Behold, I see the Heavens opened and millions of bright angels ready to receive us.”

PASTOR JOHN OXTOPY.—"Oh, what have I beheld? Three shining forms stood beside me, whose garments were so bright, and whose countenances were so glorious that I never saw anything to compare with them."

76. Christian Union

Christian Union THE JUDGE'S RUSE.—A man in India was accused of stealing a sheep. He was brought before the judge, and the supposed owner of the sheep was present. Both claimed the sheep, and had witnesses to prove their claims; so it was not easy to decide to whom the sheep belonged. Knowing the habits of the shepherds and the sheep, the judge ordered the animal to be brought into court, and sent one of the two men into another room, while he told the other to call the sheep, and see whether it would come to him. But the poor sheep, not knowing the “voice of a stranger,” would not go to him. In the meantime, the other man in the adjoining room, growing impatient, gave a kind of a “chuck,” upon which the sheep bounded away towards him at once. This “chuck” was the way in which he had been used to call the sheep, and it was decided that he was the owner.

BIRD UNION.—It is quite common in Africa for the serpents to ascend the trees and take the young birds and eggs from their nests. You will then see birds collect together, of different hues, different characters, and different sizes, from the water-wagtail to the hawk, all assembling to scream and to roar,—however these birds hated each other before, they now unite together, showing they are all in earnest to get the serpent to descend.

UNITY IN A COAL-MINE.—When seven men imprisoned in a Pennsylvania coal-mine were rescued after five days' imprisonment, they were asked if they hoped to escape. “We prayed for it,” was the reply. “We prayed together. Some were Protestants, and some Catholics, but when death is close you think only of God.”

JULIAN'S FALL.—One of the two reasons assigned for the apostacy of Julian is, that when he saw the dissensions of the Christians and their rancour against each other, he took refuge from their broils in the quiet of Paganism.

EMPEROR'S EXPERIMENT.—Charles V, Emperor of Germany, at the close of his active and stirring life, retired to a monastery, where he amused himself by constructing clocks. The Emperor is said to have expressed no less regret than astonishment at the remembrance of his own folly in having used such violent measures to make about twenty millions of people agree in their religious sentiment, when he found, after repeated experiments, with all his skill, he was unable to make two clocks go exactly alike for any length of time. HAD TAMED THEM.—Bishop Massillon showing his gardens one day to a stranger, who expressed his surprise at their beauty, promised to show him in a sidewalk something more astonishing. The alley was shaded and his guest wondered to see nothing in it worthy of notice. “What!” said the bishop, “do you not perceive a Jesuit and an Oratorian playing bowls together? See how I have tamed them!”

POWER OF UNION.—Union is power. Thread, when sufficiently multiplied, will form the strongest cable. A single drop of water is a weak and powerless thing; but an infinite number of drops, united by the force of attraction, will form a stream, and many streams combined will form a river; till rivers pour their water into the mighty oceans, whose proud waves, defying the power of man,

none can stay but He who formed them. And thus forces, which, acting singly, are utterly impotent, are, when acting in combination, resistless.

77. Fellowship Divine

Fellowship Divine

I TALK TO HIM.—“I talk to Him until I fall asleep,” Mme. Louise said, It was asked whether He answered her. “Oh yes,” she replied; “the ear of my heart hears His answer.” A converted heathen said, “I open my Bible and God talks with me; I close my Bible and talk with God.”

MEDITATION IN DEATH.—Foster the essayist’s natural tendency to solitary meditation never showed itself more strikingly than in his last hours. Aware of the near approach of death, he requested to be left entirely alone, and was found, shortly after he had expired, in a contemplative attitude, as if he had thought his way to the mysteries of another world. AS THE HART PANTETH.—Once a king, in crossing the desert in a caravan, was parched with thirst. The sands were strewn with the wrecks of caravans, the skeletons of men who had died of thirst, lying in that dread cemetery. The cry arose, “Water, water I there is no water!” It was a fearful moment. Eyes hopelessly looked up to the skies along the plain, while overhead was the red-hot copper sun. Then said one, “We must let loose the harts,—the light, fleet harts.” They bounded in all directions. Keen in their instinctive scent of water, the spring was found; and then, when they sat to rest beside the beautiful pool, the king took his tablets and wrote, “As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.”

HE REMAINS.—On every Mohammedan tombstone the inscription begins with the words, “He remains.” This applies to God, and gives comfort to the bereaved. Friends may die, fortune fly away, but God endures—He remains.

TALKING TO JESUS.—In the days of American slavery, a man said to a slave woman: “Did you ever go to meeting?” “Never but once,” she replied. “I walked five miles to go.” “So you ever hear the Bible read where you live?” “No.” “Do you ever pray?” “No.” “Do you know what prayer means?” “No; never heard tell of it before.” The visitor began to explain it to her by saying that prayer was just talking to God—speaking to the Lord Jesus. Her dark face lighted, the stupid look left it, and she exclaimed eagerly, “Talking to Jesus! I knows what dat means. When I’s here all alone I just tells de Lord Jesus all my troubles, and de darkness goes away. I don’t feel lonely no more.” “And do you love to talk to Him?” “Deed I do; it’s all de comfort I has. ‘Pears like He’s standing close by and hears ebery word I say.” WAS MOTHER’S FRIEND.—“What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?” asked a child who had a mother of one who had none. “Mother told me whom to go to before she died,” answered the little orphan. “I go to the Lord Jesus; He was mother’s friend, and He’s mine.” “Jesus Christ is in the sky. He is away off, and He has a great many things to attend to in Heaven. It is not likely He can stop to mind you.” “I do not know anything about that,” said the orphan. “All I know, He says He will; and that’s enough for me.” WHO SPEAK WITH THE KING.—Animals could not converse with men unless they had a rational nature put into them; nor can men converse with God until, being made new creatures, they partake of the divine nature. Communion with God is a mystery to most. Not every one that hangs about the king’s court doth speak with the king; only those who are near to him by a peculiar

relationship or privilege.

78. Grace of Giving

Grace of Giving

I MAY BE DEAD.—A missionary in the West Indies having called on the people for help in spreading the gospel, a negro man came forward, and putting his hand in one pocket, pulled out some silver, saying, “That’s for me, Massa;” and another parcel from another pocket. “That’s for my wife, Massa;” and another still—in all, upwards of twelve dollars—“That’s for my child, Massa.” When asked if he were not giving too much, he said, “God’s work must be done, Massa, and I may be dead.”

BLIND GIRL’S OFFERING.—A poor blind girl brought a clergyman thirty shillings for the missionary cause. He objected, “You are a poor blind girl, and cannot afford to give so much.” “I am indeed blind,” said she, “but can afford to give these thirty shillings better, perhaps, than you suppose.” “How so?” “I am, sir, by trade, a basketmaker, and can work as well in the dark as in the light. Now, I am sure in the last winter it must have cost those girls who have eyes more than thirty shillings for candles to work by, which I have saved.”

GIVING PAYS.—A rich merchant, who was supporting several native missionaries in India, was asked how he could do it. He replied, “At my conversion, I promised to give away a certain part of what business brought in; and, every year since, it has brought me in about double what it did the year before; so I keep on multiplying my gift to Christ’s cause.” WHERE IT WAS.—When a gentleman who had been accustomed to give away thousands of dollars was supposed to be on his deathbed, his presumptive heir inquired where his fortune was to be found. He replied that it was in the pockets of the poor—a deathbed confession of very rare occurrence in modern times.

CREDIT SEEMED LONG.—A wealthy gentleman was waited on by the advocates of a charitable institution, for which they solicited his aid, reminding him of the Divine declaration, “He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again.” To this he replied, “The security, no doubt, is good, and the interest liberal; but I cannot give such long credit.” Poor rich man! Not a fortnight had elapsed before he received a summons which he could not refuse. He died.

ALMS ON HIS BACK.—Rabbi Abba is held up as a pattern in the Talmud. To avoid embarrassing the poor he carried a bag of alms on his back, from which they might help themselves.

WANTED HER TO LEARN.—Seeing a father send his little girl with a few pence to a poor man, a person asked the father why he sent the child to give the pence. He replied, “I want her to learn to do nice things while she is a little one.” Is not this one great reason why our Heavenly Father allows us to be givers, that we may learn to do kind, godlike things while we are surrounded by those who need them in so many forms. THE LAST TEARS.—A poor and almost friendless old man had been making his home with a young couple. The times were hard and their limited resources made him a burden. One night they sat up late and talked over the matter as to what should be done with him. Before retiring, they concluded to look into the old man’s room. But alas!

the spirit had fled, and the tears that had flowed from his eyes, and now stood upon his cold cheeks, seemed to prove that he had overheard their conversation.

79. Life and Walk

Life and Walk HIS LIFE A FAILURE.—A gentleman of high standing, a lawyer, a politician, a man of talents, and, as the world estimates, a man who was successful in all his undertakings, was suddenly arrested by disease, and brought to the close of life. He was asked by a friend how he felt as he looked back upon his past life. "With all its success, I now see and feel that my life has been a failure. I have not gained one of the great ends for which life was given, and now it is too late to gain them."

LESSON FROM FLIES.—If you will go to the banks of a little stream, and watch the flies that come to bathe in it, you will notice, that, while they plunge their bodies in the water, they keep their wings high out of the water; and, after swimming about a little while, they fly away with their wings unwet through the sunny air. Now, that is a lesson for us. Here we are immersed in the cares and business of the world; but let us keep the wings of our soul, our faith, and our love, out of the world, that, with these unclogged, we may be ready to take our flight to Heaven.

SOLDIER KNOWN BY WALK.—"That man's been in the army," said a gentleman to his friend the other day, as a stranger pass-ed them in the street; "I know a soldier by his walk." Men ought to know Christ's soldiers by their walk.

SAVED, YET LOST.—In Glasgow a man who was dying cried out, "Lost, lost, lost!" His mother heard him, and asked, "Is it possible that you have lost your faith in God?" "No," said he; "I have a hope of Heaven, but I have lost my life. I have, lived twenty-four years, and have done nothing for the Lord."

TESTING SANITY.—It was an ancient custom, when an heir was impleaded as an idiot, to put before him an apple or a piece of gold, and try which he would take; if he took the apple and not the gold, he was cast for a fool, as unable to discern the true worth of things. This is the way with all who prefer trifles to realities.

LIGHT WHERE IT CAN BE SEEN.—On the north coast of Cornwall and Devon is a lighthouse, which was first placed high up upon the cliffs, where the mists and the fogs often obscured and hid its brightness from the passing mariner. So they took it down and built it on the rock out at sea, amid the waves of that dangerous coast, there to shine where it was most necessary. A virtue should shine in cities, not in solitudes. The Christian's duty is here among men, and the nearer he draws to his fellowmen, so that his Christianity be real and true, the more good he is likely to do them.

LIGHTS DON'T SOUND.—I would not give much for your religion unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong; and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by all your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious.

YOU CAN LET GO.—A soldier was bleeding to death, and he was informed that there was no hope. The verdict was received patiently and courageously, some direction given by which his mother could be informed of his death, and then he asked, “How long can I live?” “Only so long as I keep my finger upon this artery.” A pause ensued. He broke the silence at last, and said: “You may let go.”

80. Cross for All

Cross for All

EVIL SPEAKING.—“Is she a Christian?” asked a missionary in the East of one of the converts who was speaking unkindly of a third party. “Yes, I think she is,” was the reply. “Well, then, since Jesus loves her in spite of that, why is it that you can’t?”

CROSS AT EVERY DOOR.—A widow-lady, almost in despair, complained, “No other roof is so constantly beset with misery as mine.” It pleased God to teach her a lesson through a dream. One night, she dreamed that a whole town stood before her, and every house in it bore a cross against its door; on one it was a very large one; on the next it was of less size; and, on others, it was but a small one. Among all the crosses, none appeared to her so light to carry as that at her own door. She awoke a new creature. She prayed God to pardon her for her murmuring spirit, and to release her from it. THE GOODLIEST SPECTACLE.—Augustine has said, “One of the goodliest spectacles, able to attract angels to the gates of Heaven to behold it, is neither theaters, amphitheaters, pyramids, nor obelisks, but a man who knoweth how to do well and bear ill, and to vindicate himself from ill by doing well.”

CONVERTED PRIZE-FIGHTER.—A soldier—a stout, lion-hearted man—had been a noted prize-fighter, and a terror to those who knew him. That man sauntered into the mission chapel, heard the gospel, and was converted. The change in his character was most marked and decided. The lion was changed into a lamb. Two months afterwards, in the mess-room, some of those who had been afraid of him before began to ridicule him. One of them said, “I’ll test whether he is a Christian or not;” and, taking a basin of hot soup, he threw it into his bosom. The whole company gazed in breathless silence, expecting that the lion would start up, and murder him on the spot. But after he had torn open his waistcoat, and wiped his scalded breast, he calmly turned round, and said, “This is what I must expect if I become a Christian. I must suffer persecution.” His comrades were filled with astonishment.

WHY IS IT SO?—Why must Christ be chastised for my peace? How is it that the ground has to be turned by spade and plough, and put, as it were, to the torture, under harrows, before it will produce bread-corn for us? How is it that, when the corn is produced, it must also be subjected to torture,—must be bruised under millstones, ground and reground,—before it will make bread for us? Why is animal life slain for us? Why does every creature come into the world through the gate of suffering? How is it that all things are secreted within chaff or skin or shell, and that violence must be done to chaff, skin and shell in order to reach the hidden good? How is it that plants, flowers and fruit yield their latent virtue only when bruised? Finding the answer to these questions will help to the opening of the other question. NO OTHER CAUSE.—An honest and Godfearing man once told another that though he lived peaceably with every one, hurt no man, was ever quiet, yet many people were his enemies. His friend comforted him in this manner: “Arm thyself with patience, and be not angry though they hate thee. What offence do we give the Devil? What aids him to be so great an enemy? Only because he has not that which God has; I know no other

cause of his hatred toward us.”

81. Vanity of Riches

Vanity of Riches

HAPPY, ME HAPPY!—"You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild," said a gentleman who was sharing the hospitality of his home, and who was marking its superb appointments. "Happy! me happy!" was the reply. "What, happy, when, just as you are going to dine, you have a letter placed in your hands saying, 'If you do not send me £500, I will blow your brains out!' Happy, me happy!"

EARTH ON TABLE, HEAVEN ON SHELF. —Elliot was once on a visit to a merchant, and finding him in his counting-house, where he saw boobs of business on the table and all his books of devotion on the shelf, he said to him, "Sir, here is earth on the table, and Heaven on the shelf. Pray, don't think so much of the table as altogether to forget the shelf."

GOLD IN THE HEART.—Mr. Fuller was one day taken into the Bank of England, where one of the clerks, to whom he had occasion to speak, showed him some ingots of gold. He took one of them into his hand, examined it with some care, and then, laying it down, remarked to his friend, "How much better to have this in the hand than in the heart."

PAULINUS' TREASURE.—Paulinus, when he was told that the Goths had sacked Nola, and plundered him of all that he had, lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and said, "Lord, Thou knowest where I have laid up my treasure!"

USE OF THE HOG.—It is a common saying, that a hog is good for nothing while he is alive; not good for use, as the horse; nor to draw, as the ox; nor to clothe, as the sheep; nor to give milk, as the cow; nor to keep the house, as the dog; but only for the slaughter. So a covetous rich man, just like the hog, doth no good with his riches whilst he liveth; but when he is dead, his riches come to be disposed of.

VANITY OF RICHES.—A distinguished man lay on his deathbed, when a great mark of distinction and honor was brought to him. Turning a cold glance on the treasure he would once have clutched with an eager grasp, he said with a sigh, "Alas! this is a very fine thing in this country; tout I am going to a country where it will be of no use to me." THE MISER'S CAVE.—A French millionaire, in order to make sure of his treasures, dug a cave in his wine-cellar, so large and deep that he could go down with a ladder. At which, on shutting, would fasten itself. After the entrance was a door with a spring lock, a time, he was missing. Search was made for him, and the door to the cave in the cellar was discovered. At last he was found lying dead on the ground, with a candlestick near him; and, on searching farther, was discovered the vast wealth which he had amassed. He had gone into the cave, and the door, by some accident, shutting after him, he perished for want of food. He had eaten the candle, and gnawed the flesh off both his arms.

ARAB'S DISAPPOINTMENT.—An Arab once lost his way in the desert, and was in danger of dying from hunger. At last, he found one of the cisterns out of which the camels drink, and a little leather bag near it. "God be thanked!" exclaimed he, "Ah! here are some dates or nuts; let me

refresh myself.” He opened the bag, but only to turn away in disappointment. They were pearls. What value were they to one who was, like Esau, “at the point to die”!

82. Prayer

Prayer

PUMP CONDITIONS.—When a pump is frequently used, the water pours out at the first stroke, because it is high; but, if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low, and when you want it you must pump a long while; and the water comes only after great efforts. It is so with prayer. If we are instant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desire and words are always ready; but, if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray; for the water in the well gets low.

MUST WIND UP.—As those who keep clocks wind them up daily, lest the weights should run down, and the clock stop; so we must set apart some portion of every day for meditation and prayer, lest our hearts should so far descend, through the weight of the cares of this world, that our course in goodness should be stopped.

EGYPTIAN BREVITY.—The ancient Christians of Egypt were in the custom of using very short and frequent prayers, fearing that in using longer the fervor of their affection might suffer. **AT MASTHEAD.**—"Where do you find a place to pray in?" was asked of a pious sailor on board a whaling ship. "Oh!" he said, "I can always find a quiet spot at the masthead." "Sam, do you find a spot for secret prayer?" asked a minister of a stable-boy. "Oh, yes, sir! that old coach is my closet."

PRAYED UP AND OPEN.—Standing by his grave, one said of him (Gossner), "He prayed up the walls of an hospital, and the hearts of the nurses; he prayed mission-stations into being, and missionaries into faith; he prayed open the hearts of the rich."

CUNARD LINE.—People ascribe the success of the Cunard line of steamers to business skill, and know not the fact that when that line of steamers first started, Mrs. Cunard, the wife of the proprietor, passed the whole of each day when a steamer sailed, in prayer to God for its safety and the success of the line.

OFFERED TO MAN.—A heavy sentence of condemnation was passed upon a minister when it was flatteringly said that his prayer was the most eloquent ever offered to a Boston congregation. As parents take more pleasure in their children's stammering than in the eloquence of others, even so the Lord takes more pleasure in the weak and broken prayers of His children than in the finely worded prayers of mere eloquence. **NOT WHAT I WANT.**—When Archbishop Seeker was laid on his dying bed, his friend Mr. Talbot came to see him. He felt it was their last meeting together; so he said, "You will pray with me, Talbot, before you go away?" Mr. Talbot rose, and went to look for a prayer-book. "That is not what I want now," said the dying prelate; "kneel down by me, and pray for me in the way I know you are used to doing."

SOME WITNESSES.—Luther, when most pressed with his gigantic toils, said, "I have so much to do, that I cannot get on without three hours a day of praying." Gen. Havelock rose at four, if the hour for marching was six, rather than lose the precious privilege of communion with God before

setting out. Sir Matthew Hale says, "If I omit praying, and reading of God's Word, in the morning, nothing goes well all day." Fénelon used to say, "I spend much time in my closet in order to be prepared for the pulpit."

83. Bible

Bible

THAT'S MY NAME.—The Dutch farmers in Africa held the black natives in great contempt, the same as American planters despised their slaves. As one of these farmers was riding out, he saw one of these blacks sitting by the roadside, reading, when he jeeringly asked, "What book have you there?" "The Bible," replied the Hottentot. "The Bible I Why, that book was never intended for you." "Indeed it was," replied the black, "for I see my name here." "Your name? Where?" asked the farmer, getting down from his horse; "show it to me." "There!" said the poor fellow, putting his finger on the word "sinner," "there! sinner! that's my name. I am a sinner; so that means me." A **SEARCH-WARRANT.**—A Roman Catholic priest discovered a peasant reading the Bible, and reproved him for daring to peruse a book forbidden. The peasant proceeded to justify himself by a reference to the contents of the book, and the holy doctrines which it taught. The priest replied that the doctrines could be understood only by the learned, and that ignorant men would wrest them to their own destruction. "But," said the peasant, "I am authorized to read the Bible; I have a search-warrant." "What do you mean, sir?" said the priest in anger. "Why," replied the peasant, "Jesus Christ says, 'Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me.'" The argument was unanswerable.

INEXHAUSTIVE MINES.—It is said of some of the mines of Cornwall, that the deeper they are sunk the richer they prove; and though some lodes have been followed a thousand and even fifteen hundred feet, they have not come to an end. Such is the Book of God. It is a mine of wealth which can never be exhausted. The deeper we sink into it the richer it becomes.

PRINTED UPON HIS HAND.—During one of the European Wars a soldier who was wounded managed to crawl away from the place where he fell and reached his tent. When he was found he was on his face. Beneath him was the Bible, and on its open pages his hand rested. When his hand was lifted, it was found to be glued by his life's blood to the book. The letters of the page were printed upon his hand and read thus: "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." It was with this verse on his hand that he was laid in a soldier's grave.

WEBSTER'S TESTIMONY.—Daniel Webster said: "Prom the time that, at my mother's feet, or on my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. If there be anything in my style or thoughts to be commended, the credit is due to my parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures." **AS I EXPECTED.**—A clergyman prepared a certain sermon with great care. It was preached with effect, and he came down from the pulpit full of hope. A widow woman stopped him and begged a word. "Ah!" he said to himself, "it is coming as I expected." Then to the widow, "What part of the sermon struck you most—the beginning or the ending?" "Well, sir," she replied, "I do not know much about the beginning or the ending; but you said, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

The Doctor was struck to the heart. All his fine words forgotten, but one of God's words made effectual!

84. Our Model

Our Model

WILD MAGGIE.—A fallen girl of New York, called Wild Maggie, had frequently attended the services of the city missions, and the superintendent had obtained considerable influence over her. After being missed for some time, he heard that she was in the hospital, dying of consumption. He visited her several times, to her great joy. The last time, a little before her death, both conversed as if they should see each other no more. “I’m dying!” she said. “Would you—be willing to stoop down and kiss my forehead?” “Most certainly, my child,” was the reply; and he reverently kissed the face of the dying girl. “Thank God!” said she; “if men on earth can so forgive, why should I not trust my Father which is in Heaven?”

KING IN PRISON.—The story goes that Henry the Eighth, wandering one night in the streets of London in disguise, was met at the bridge by some of the watch, and not giving a good account of himself, was carried off to prison, and shut up for the night without fire or candle. On his liberation, he made a grant of coal and bread for night prisoners. Experience brings sympathy.

CONDESCENSION OF JESUS.—The most delicate and sensitive being, trained from infancy in a home of purity and love, sheltered from the very breath of pollution, and then forced to live in some haunt of iniquity, among the shameless and abandoned, would not undergo the transition with such shrinking abhorrence as did Jesus that transition which he underwent for us.

I HAVE REVENGE.—A young girl in South Africa was seized by a savage enemy of her father’s, who cut off both her hands, and then sent her, bleeding, home. Many years passed; the poor girl recovered from her wounds. One day, there came to her father’s door a poor man who asked for alms. The girl knew him at once as the cruel man who had cut off her hands. She went into the hut, ordered a servant to take him bread and milk, as much as he could eat; and sat down and watched him. When he had done, she dropped the covering that had hid her hand-less wrists from view, and, holding them up before him, uttered a sentence meaning) “I have had my revenge!”

CANNOT I WAIT?—It is said that the astronomer whose genius discovered the laws which govern the movements of the planets, saw his great labors despised. Reduced to extreme misery, he was on his deathbed, when a friend asked him if he did not suffer in dying thus without seeing his discoveries appreciated. “My friend,” replied Kepler, “God waited five thousand years for one of His creatures to discover the laws which He has given to the stars, and cannot I wait also until justice is done me?”

I WILL NOT DIE A MOSLEM.—A Turkish grandee in Hungary made a Christian nobleman his prisoner, and treated him with the utmost barbarity. He was yoked with an ox, and compelled to drag the plough. But the fortune of war changed, and the Turk fell into the hands of the Hungarians. The Turk, supposing that he would be tortured to death, had already swallowed poison, when a messenger came from his former Christian slave, telling him to go in peace; he had nothing to fear. The Moslem was so impressed with this heavenly spirit, that he proclaimed

with his dying breath, “I will not die a Moslem; but I die a Christian; for there is no religion but that of Christ which teaches forgiveness of injuries.”

85. The Vale Between

The Vale Between

GREAT QUESTION.—When we consider that it is as natural for us to think and reason as it is to breathe, how natural that within us rise deep soul questions, such as: What is the soul? What is that mysterious something within me which thinks, wills, reasons and hopes and longs for immortality? What shall I be after death? Shall I know my dear ones? Will they know me? **THE TRULY REAL.**—The mind is the measure of the man, and not his mere bodily proportions. The spirit, the soul, is the truly permanent, and the body is the frail and vanishing. The unseen is the real and lasting, and the seen is the temporary and fading. We are the dead; our bodies are little more than caskets and graves. The departed, the invisible, are the truly living. Our bodies at best are little more than soiled and tattered garments, the outside shell or covering of that mysterious something, which is our real self, that which thinks, reasons, and yearns for immortal life, and which, shall live for ever.

THERE WERE TOO MANY OF YOU.—A preacher in Australia was sent for to see a dying man. The visit was made, and on his return through the lonely bush, he became fearful that he might be waylaid by robbers, for he carried in his saddle-bag's a large sum of money, belonging to the dying man he had been to see. This fear of robbers grew upon him so that at one place in the road he dismounted, and stood by the side of his horse, and prayed for faith and courage. Becoming calmer and more assured, he mounted his horse and reached his destination in safety. Some time later he was again called to visit a sick man. This individual told him that he did not want to die without confessing that on a certain day he had followed him, intending to rob and murder him, but could get no opportunity. And this particular day was when the preacher was traveling with the money, and the particular time was when he stood in prayer by his horse. The preacher then wanted to know why the man did not kill him when he stood by his horse. "I could not then, there was too many of you," was the reply. "What do you mean?" asked the preacher. "I was quite alone in the bush standing with my head resting against my horse's side for a long time. You could have killed me then." "You were not alone," said the robber, "I saw you standing as you describe, but there was a man on each side of you." Certainly there had been no other men with the preacher when he cried to God, but it may be that God opened the robber's eyes to see protectors sent from the other world.

WATCHED BY INVISIBLE EYES.—If we have a guardian angel or spirit, it may be that our every act and word is known to them, yea, even our thoughts. It may be that when we cross the border into the spirit world, we shall find beings who are well acquainted with all that we have ever done. To angel eyes, floors, walls and doors, are doubtless transparent, and nothing of earthly bars can shut us out from their view. Then, if heavenly eyes are watching us, if unseen guides and messengers are round and about us, how it behoves us to live right!

MOTHER, I SEE A DOOR.—Mrs. Mattie Campbell thus relates the death of her sister: "With mind clear and composed she waited for death. 'Hark,' said she, 'I hear music; don't you? And mother, I

see a door. It is open. I see inside. It is a beautiful palace. It is Heaven. I see forms clothed in white. Many, yes, a multitude of beautiful beings, their hands upraised. Why, there's Pa! Come, dear Lord, I am ready."

86. Shortness of Life

Shortness of Life

TURKS' BELIEF.—The ancient Turks believed it was written on every man's forehead at his birth, when he should die. Hence, they exposed themselves recklessly to every danger in war or pestilence, and perished by thousands.

WESLEY AND IGNATIUS.—The diligence of Wesley in redeeming time was often noticed. One day his chaise was delayed beyond the appointed time. While waiting at the door he was heard to say by one that stood near him, "I have lost ten minutes forever." Ignatius, when he heard a clock strike, used to say, "Now I have one hour more to answer for." **HAVE NOT ANOTHER.**—A little girl was asked why she was working so very hard. She replied, "My candle is almost burned out; and I have not got another." Life is as a candle burning out. Sometimes there is a thief in it, a disease consuming it more quickly; or it may be blown out, suddenly extinguished.

EGYPTIAN PEA LIFE.—A vase closely sealed was found in a mummy-pit in Egypt, by the English traveler Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian, having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it a few peas, old, wrinkled, and as hard as a stone. The peas were planted carefully under a glass, on the 4th day of June, 1884; and, at the end of thirty days, these seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried, probably, about three thousand years ago, perhaps in the time of Moses, and had slept all that time, apparently dead, yet living, in the dust of the tomb.

GREEK POPPY.—Among the refuse ore left by the ancient Greeks of over 2,000 years ago, the seed of a species of poppy was found. In a little while after the seeds had been brought up, the germ of life within them sprouted, and there suddenly arose a crop of plants bearing a yellow flower unknown to modern botany.

TOO LATE.—How often we hear the mournful exclamation, "Too late!" from men who come up to the doors of a bank just as the key has turned in the lock; or up to the gates of a railway depot just as they swing to, and tell the tardy traveler he has lost his train; or up to the post-office just as the mail has been dispatched; but how should we tremble, if our ears could hear the despairing cry of unsaved souls whom the stony gaze of death has fixed forever!

NEVER RECOVERED.—Lost wealth may be restored by industry, the wreck of health regained by temperance, forgotten knowledge restored by study, broken friendship mended, even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue; but whoever recalled his wasted time?

MUST I LEAVE THESE?—A celebrated actress had spread out upon the coverlid of her dying bed all the jewels given to her by the various crowned heads before whom she had performed; and she wept as she looked upon the sparkling gems, and said, "Must I leave all these?"

MARTYRS FEARED NOT DEATH.—A Butch martyr, feeling the names, said, "Ah, what small pain is this, compared with the glory to come!" When another was threatened by his persecutors, he

replied, "There is nothing visible nor invisible that I fear. I will stand to my profession of the name and faith of Christ, come of it what will." Hilary said to his soul, "Thou hast served Christ these seventy years, and art thou afraid of death? Go out, soul, go out!"

87. Resurrection

Resurrection

WORLD A GRAVE.—The grave is a bulwark cast up between time and Eternity. Our eye may not pierce it. Below works corruption, and the form which once contained a beloved spirit is crumbling into earth. We also are following after. Soon our dust will rest there too; the dust of our children and of our children's children will soon be added. Generations bloom and generations fade; those who enter upon the surface of the earth are sinking again below it. The world is nothing more than one single, great grave. As it swing's around the sun in its accustomed orbit, like a true mother it carries the dust of her child in her bosom!

PALERMO VAULT.—Madame de Gasparin visited a great vault at Palermo, where thousands of skeletons, in every variety of position, were seen. There were the mingled bones and the nameless dust, an indistinguishable mass! She took a handful of the dust, gazed upon it, and was filled with doubt of the possibility of the resurrection of the dead. She hastened back into the daylight, when she suddenly saw the symbol I.N.R.I.; and a voice echoed in her heart, "Believest thou that I am able to do this?" She responded. "Yea, verily, Thou wilt do it;" and from that day forth never doubted the doctrine of the resurrection.

SNOW-COVERED SOLDIERS.—An army chaplain tells of having bivouacked with his brigade upon an open field, each soldier wrapped in his blanket, but with nothing over him but the cold, cloudy sky. On arising next morning, all over that field were little mounds like new-made graves, each covered with a drapery of snow, which had fallen two or three inches deep during the night, and covered every sleeping soldier, as if in the winding-sheet of death. While he was gazing upon the strange spectacle, here and there a man began to stir, rise, shake himself, and stand forth in momentary amazement at the sight. It was a symbol of the resurrection.

EMBLEMS OF THE RESURRECTION.—God has filled all Nature with continual emblems of this doctrine. What is night but the death of day? What is morning but its resurrection from the shades of darkness? We see the insect-tribe give their evidence—sometimes crawling, as a worm, then lying in apparent torpor; then bursting the shell, and, with wings of beauty and activity, skimming the atmosphere.

RETAIN IDENTITY.—As, when different seeds are cast into the ground together, each produces its proper herb; so the bodies of men, though mingled in the dust, shall each receive its own identity in the resurrection. NO GRAVE HIDDEN.—Alaric, the King of the Goths, had a curious grave. He had besieged, and levied an enormous tribute upon Rome, and was proceeding to Sicily, when he died suddenly. It is related that his victorious army caused their captives to turn aside the course of the river Busentinus, to make his grave in the bed of the river; and then, when they had buried him in it, and restored the waters to their former channel, they slew upon the spot all who had been engaged in the work, that none might tell the secret to the Romans.

MONICA'S CONFIDENCE.—When friends of Monica, mother of Augustine, expressed their wonder that she did not fear to leave her body so far from her country, she said: "Nothing is far from God, and I do not fear that He will not know where to find me at the resurrection."

88. Future Recognition

Future Recognition

SCRIPTURE BASIS OF RECOGNITION. —That identity of person and recognition after death are facts, may be comprehended from the position of man in the sight of God. “Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name.”—Isaiah 43:1. “I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before His angels.”—Revelation 3:5. Paul speaks of those whose names are in the book of life; and James of those whose names are not in the book of life. The deduction is obvious; where individuality exists, recognition is a necessary consequence.

OH, JESUS, I HAVE POUND YOU AT LAST!—A dying mother’s last words to her little girl were: “Jessie, find Jesus.” After the mother had been buried she started out to find Jesus. In answer to her request, “Please tell me where Jesus Christ is,” a young man, coming out of a saloon, and almost stumbling over her, replied: “I don’t know, child.” At length in her wandering’s she met a Jewess, whom she asked, “Do you know Jesus Christ?” The woman turned fiercely upon her, and exclaimed: “Jesus Christ is dead.” A rude boy snatched her little basket and threw it into the street. While endeavoring to regain it, the horses of a passing car trampled her under foot, and she knew no more till she found herself upon a hospital cot. The doctors knew she could not live till morning. During the night she suddenly opened her eyes, and with a glad smile, said before her lips were hushed in death: “Oh, Jesus, I have found you at last!”

AH, THERE THOU ART, AT LAST!—In the death of Carnaval was an affecting instance of spiritual recognition. His reason had been unsettled by the early death of the object of his tender and devoted affection. For a long time he wandered about the streets of Paris, not fully comprehending that she was dead, and spent his life in the vain search for her. When the ebbing tide of life was almost out he started as from a long reverie, his countenance illuminated with sudden joy, and, reaching out his arms as if clasping some object, he uttered the name of his long lost love, and with his last breath exclaimed: “Ah, there thou art, at last!”

THEY ARE NOT STRANGERS.—A little girl lay dying. She had always dreaded death and now in the face of it she cried out: “Don’t let me die, don’t let me die. Hold me fast! Oh, I can’t go.” “Jennie,” said a dear one at her side, “you have two little brothers in the other world, and there are thousands of tender-hearted people over there who will love you and take care of you.” But she would not be reconciled, and again cried: “Hold me fast! Don’t let me go!” But even as she said this, the little hands eagerly went up, the blue eyes gazed upward and grew brighter and brighter as they filled with the light of recognition, and then she exclaimed: “Mamma, mamma, they are not strangers. I am not afraid,” and then sank down among the pillows and the spirit was gone.

MOTHER.—A little girl of ethereal spirit, who lost her mother before she could remember, would say to her devoted friend. “Now tell me about my mamma.” She listened with delight to the oft-told story. Then her request would be to be taken where she could see her mother’s portrait, upon

which she would gaze for hours. As she was dying, her attentive friend whispered, “So you know me, darling?” but awoke no response. Just at the last, while gazing upward, she cried, with transport in her tone, “Mother!” and passed to her mother’s embrace.

89. Sifting Time

Sifting Time

MEMORY A WITNESS.—At the Judgment, the human soul, willing or unwilling, will take the witness-stand. Memory will identify every deed done in the body. The drowning recall everything. Lines written with invisible ink become legible when exposed to light. Earthly life will be read again, not a line or word erased.

DRAWING THE NETS.—The world is not unfitly compared to a fishing-net, and the end of the world to the drawing up of the nets. While the nets are down, there is nothing said to be caught; for the nets may break, and the fish escape. But at the end of the world, when the nets are drawn up, it will then evidently appear what every man hath caught; and then those that have fished for riches and power over their brethren, for the honors and preferments of this world, may say with Peter, “Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing.” But those that have here fished for peace, and for the honor of God, may say, “Lord, at Thy word we have let down our nets, and have caught abundantly; we have fished for godliness, and have gotten life eternal.”

BRUTUS’ STERN JUSTICE.—How rigid was the justice of Brutus, the Elder, who, in spite of all the love of a father, passed sentence of death upon his own sons, for conspiring against the liberty of their country! While the youths stand trembling and weeping before him, hoping that their tears would be the most powerful defence with a father; while the senate whisper for the moderation of the punishment, and that they might escape with banishment; while the multitude trembles and expects the decision with horror,—the inexorable Brutus rises, in all the stern majesty of justice, and, turning to the executioners, says to them, “To you I deliver them.” In this sentence he persisted, notwithstanding the weeping intercession of the multitude, and the cries of the young men, calling upon their father by the most endearing names. They were seized, stripped, bound, and their heads then cut off; Brutus looking on the bloody spectacle with unaltered countenance.

FATAL DIVIDING PATH.—Many years ago there were bloody times in France. So many were killed that in some places the streets ran with blood. In one village the soldiers bade all the people come out of their houses and stand on the green, that they might look at them and decide who were to be shot and who were to be saved. A path ran across the green; and as the soldiers decided what to do with each, they put those who were to be saved on the right side of the path, and those they meant to kill were sent to the left. When all were thus parted the soldiers made those on the left side stand in rows, ten abreast; and loading their guns, stood a little way off from their unhappy victims, and fired till all were killed. A day is coming when we shall all be parted on two sides by God.

FEARFUL COMPANY.—If you were to spend a whole life and never be separated from the vile and loathsome a single instant, what a gloom would it spread over your mind! Hell is the place where there are many such—where all the inhabitants are such: “Without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie,”

whatever is abominable. Without the fire, the worm, the blackness and darkness of Hell, there is Hell enough in that presentation of it that it is the common sewer of all that is depraved; the one common eddy where everything polluted is together.

90. Reward Beyond

Reward Beyond

ACTIVITY IN HEAVEN.—Heaven, to be a place of happiness, must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching mind of Newton ceased its profound investigations? Has David hung up his harp? Has Paul, glowing with God-like enthusiasm, ceased itinerating the universe of God? Are Peter and Cyprian and Edwards and Payson and Evarts idling away Eternity? Heaven is a place of activity, the abode of never-tiring thought. David and Isaiah will sweep nobler and loftier strains in Eternity, and the minds of the saints, unclogged by cumbersome clay, will forever feast on the banquet of rich and glorious thought. Go on, then; you will never get through. An Eternity of untiring action is before you, and the universe of thought is your field.

QUESTIONS ABOUT HEAVEN.—A little girl was going to bed. Her sister used to sleep on the pillow beside her. “Mamma,” asked she, “whom do you think Fanny sleeps with now in Heaven?” “There is no night there,” answered her mother. “Mamma,” asked the little girl, “does a soul have eyes to see with? Will Fanny know us when we come?” “The Bible tells us that we shall see as we are seen and know as we are known,” replied mother. “We shall see then,” said the little girl; “but our eyes will not be crying eyes, will they, mamma?” “No, my child. God will wipe away all tears,” said her mother. “And we shall not keep wanting thing’s,” said little Jane. “No, my darling,” said her mother, taking her little girl in her arms; for, “we shall be satisfied, when we awake, with His likeness.”

SWEETER BECAUSE OF DEPRIVATION.—A poor blind woman intimated in conversation, “Heaven will be sweet to me, because I have never seen the light of the sun, nor the green fields, nor the human face. And oh, when light bursts on me for the first time, and I see Jesus and the glories of Heaven, it will be sweet to me.” NO NIGHT, NO GRAVES.—A little child filled the heart of a grieving mourner with joy, by saying as she pointed to Heaven, “There are no graves there.” Upon the tombstone of a girl, blind from her birth, is this inscription, “There is no night there.”

WHAT WILL NOT BE THERE.—Of the positive joys of Heaven we can form no conception; but its negative delights form a sufficiently attractive picture: no pain; no thirst; no hunger; no horror of the past; no fear of the future; no failure of the mental capacity; no morbid imaginations; no follies; no insulted feelings; no wounded affections; no despised love; no hate, envy, jealousy, or indignation; no falsehood, dishonesty, dissimulation, hypocrisy, grief, or remorse.

DURATION OF HEAVEN.—Suppose the whole world were a sea, and that when every thousand years expired, a bird must carry away or drink up only one drop of it. In process of time, it will come to pass that this sea, though very huge, shall be dried up; but yet many thousand millions of years must be passed before this can be done. Now, if a man should enjoy happiness in Heaven only for the space of time in which this sea is drying up, he would think his case most happy and blessed; but behold! the elect shall enjoy the kingdom of Heaven not only for that time, but, when it is ended, they shall enjoy it as long again; and, when all is done, they shall be as far from the

ending of this their joy as they were at the beginning.

91. Hell a Reality

Hell a Reality

HELL A REALITY.—One thing is certain, there is a Hell, a place of punishment for those who reject salvation. It is the Lake of Fire, the abode of the damned, that Jesus warns us against; be that Hell place or condition, the punishment corporal or mental, it will be the doom of lost souls. He who, instead of coming merely to deceive with idle tales, came to “seek and to save the lost,” most emphatically warns of punishment for the wicked in this solemn language: “Everlasting fire,”—“Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth,”—“Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.” We can dispose of Hell for the unsaved only by saying that Christ did not mean what He said.

I AM IN THE FLAMES.—Mr. W., an infidel residing in the state of New York, was bitter against the cause of God. He once held up his hand and said: “Show me a hair on the palm of my hand, and I will show you a Christian.” At the age of seventy-four, he came to face death. About fifteen minutes before his departure he cried out: “I am in the flames—pull me out, pull me out!” This he kept repeating until the breath left his body.

HELL FIRE.—Whether or not the fire referred to is to be literal may be a question, but certainly God could give the mind or spirit such a degree of mental anguish and suffering as could equal, or even exceed, the pangs of mere literal misery. To be forever shut out from all that is good, and pure, and true, would, of itself be a fearful Hell. “Without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.”—Revelation 22:15. Hell will be where the inhabitants will be such. It will be the vast cesspool of all that is vile, abandoned, profane, false, cruel, reckless, God-hating, murderers, depraved, and filthy.

I CAN SEE THE DEVIL.—A man, whom we shall call Mr. B., was accustomed to mock at Christianity, but old age came on, and he passed the seventieth year. On his deathbed he said to one who called to pray and read: “I can see the Devil here on the bed with me, and he takes everything away from me as fast as you read it. It is too late, too late! Oh! see the stream coming up! See the river rising higher and higher! Soon it will be over me and I will be gone!” Soon after, he died.

I AM LOST, LOST FOREVER.—As Miss A., of Georgia, who had lived in the pleasures of sin and the fashions of the world, came to the close of her life, she called her father to her bedside and said: “Your heart is as black as Hell. If you had taught me to live for God I might have been saved.” Then she cried: “Oh! the Devil is coming to drag my soul down to Hell! I am lost, lost forever!”—then died.

SATANIC COMPANY.—Bunyan said: “In Hell thou shalt have none but a company of damned souls, with an innumerable company of devils to keep company with thee. When thou hast been in Hell so many thousand years as there are stars in the firmament, or drops in the sea or sands on

the seashore, yet thou hast to lie there forever.”

I SEE A HIGH WALL.—An infidel in Michigan who had hated the cause of Christ came down to his deathbed. With a look of despair he said: “I see a great high wall rising around me, and am finding, when it is too late, that it is easier to get into Hell than it will be to get out.” In a few moments his spirit was gone.

92. Two Worlds Linked

Two Worlds Linked

DEATH CONNECTS TIME AND ETERNITY.—As you take the hand of a loved one and see the light of the eye go out, you feel as though you were standing on the line between time and Eternity. I cannot believe that there is any lack of consciousness; I cannot believe that there is any lack of interest in the loved ones left behind. To me, as I grow older, the other world seems nearer, more and more of my friends are crossing. So many that took you and me by the hand in other days have crossed the river, but they may not be far from us. Are they not interested in us yet? Do they not love us still? THE DEAD LIVE.—On a day or night sad and dreary to us, the dear ones, with radiant faces kissed us, and said “Good-bye.” They were dead. Kind neighbors came and carried them out of our homes and we saw them tenderly laid beneath the earth. We returned to the vacant house which could never again be the same house. Our hearts were broken. Time moves on, but the dear ones do not return. We hear their voice no more. Are they really dead? No. They live; we cannot tell where, whether far or near; we cannot tell in what form, but they live. They are more beautiful than when we knew them, and purer, and holier, and happier. They are not sick nor weary now. They are not alone. They have joined others. They may think and talk of us. They may make affectionate inquiries for our welfare. They may be waiting for us. THE DEAD SPEAK.—They speak by their lives, by their works, by their words. The friends we have loved pass away from our sight but they live in our memory and our hearts, while their voices come back to us with a power that they never had when we saw their moving lips. Your eye may rest upon some memorial of the past: perhaps it is the little shoe that you took off once with a smile and a kiss, which shall never again be worn by the little foot now in the grave. Perhaps it is a garment that you wrapped around a loved, form for the last time. It may be the worn cane that no longer is needed by him who has gone to the spirit world. Perhaps it is a glove that you last saw on a dear one's hand. Anything is enough to call up memories both hallowed and sad.

HOPE FOR IMMORTALITY.—A strong argument for immortality is the earnest hope for it in the human breast. God knows the human heart. He knows its best impulses, and will not allow them to be misdirected and baffled completely, forever. Is not the very fact that we have this soul-longing for immortality a proof that it is light and that it comes from the source of light? A belief in the soul's immortality has ever prevailed among mankind. Never has any nation been discovered so rude and barbarous that it did not cherish the hope of a life beyond this life. Would such a desire be found in the human breast unless God had put it there?

DEATH LEADS TO REBUILDING.—When a man is about to rebuild an old and tottering house, he first sends out its occupants, then tears it down and rebuilds anew, a more splendid one. This occasions no grief to the occupants, but rather joy, for they do not care for the destruction of the old house, but look forward with anticipation to the new house which is to come, though not yet seen. When God is about to do a similar work, He destroys our body, and removes the soul which was dwelling in it, as from some house that He may build it anew and more splendidly, and bring

the soul into greater joy.

GREAT CHANGE.—Our bodies must be changed. In a few years all that will remain of you will be a few handfuls of dust. Your mode of existence will be changed. Your disembodied but still living spirit will pass into a new state of being. Your place of residence will be changed. The places which know you now will soon know you no more. Other people will dwell in your houses. Other names will glitter over the mart of business, and yours will be transferred to the tombstone. When this world has lost you, another will have received you. After you are dead and forgotten here, you will be alive and happy, or miserable, elsewhere. So, as we contemplate this strange mystery of life, it seems that, when we move out of this body, we are born into some state of being that is higher.

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