

# WINDOWS IN WORDS

ILLUSTRATIONS AND. PEN-PICTURES

USED BY

HAROLD P. BARKER



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## P R E F A C E

THOSE who were privileged to listen to the preaching of H. P. Barker, will always associate with that ministry the apt illustration, the luminous pen-picture, and the *bon mot*—features that made his messages at once arresting, impressive, and retentive.

In his closing days, Mr. Barker indicated his desire that this illustrative material, collected over the long years of Christian service, should be given permanent form. The contents of this present volume, therefore, are a first selection of some five hundred anecdotes taken from three closely-written loose-leaf note books. The anecdotes are not all original, but all are those which Mr. Barker found to be of most use throughout an extensive Christian ministry in many lands.

For convenient reference, each of the stories quoted has been given a title, and all have been arranged in alphabetical order. These may or may not have been the settings in which the illustrations were originally placed, but, conscious that they are not of private interpretation, the reader will find herein adaptable material that may be widely used to the furtherance of the message and the glory of God.

This is more than a book of anecdotes. It is a tribute, a fitting tribute, to one who excelled in the difficult art of sermon illustration. Doubtless Harold P. Barker will live again in the minds and hearts of many who read these pages. May they challenge all who use or hear to clearer thinking, simpler testimony, and more devotional living. Nothing better would please the author as his works do follow him.

HAMILTON,  
SCOTLAND,

October, 1953.

J. HISLOP



## A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

By P. T. SHOREY

HAROLD PRIMROSE BARKER was born on the 10th August, 1869. He was the son of Mr. William Barker, an evangelist and teacher, whose preaching of the Gospel and spoken and written ministry were greatly blessed. H.P.B. was intended for the medical profession, but deafness, which became more serious as time went on, prevented the continuance of his studies. On the death of his father in 1915, Mr. Barker took over the editorship of a monthly magazine known as *Simple Testimony*, and continued until 1925, when he joined the present writer in editing *Marching Orders for Young Soldiers*, which happy partnership was maintained until 1936, when Mr. Barker was invited by the Editor of *The Harvester* to undertake the giving of Answers to Questions in that magazine. This valuable service continued until his death on the 18th April, 1952, shortly after his arrival in Jamaica.

During the sixty years of his public ministry, many hundreds of helpful articles from his pen have appeared in magazines published on both sides of the Atlantic, as well as several volumes of an expository character, the best known being *Christ in the Minor Prophets*, *Review and Reward*, and *Christ's Vicar*, a singularly helpful volume on the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit.

With Mr. Barker's devotion to his Lord and Master, there was profound reverence for the Holy Scriptures and a great love for the Lord's people. His preaching and ministry were characterized by clearness of thought and utterance and a remarkable gift of apt illustration. A few notes upon this gift, and the subject and purpose of this volume, may not be out of place here.

Some years ago, a few Christian men, well-known as preachers of the Gospel and ministers of the Word, found

themselves discussing the methods and characteristics of some of their comrades in the holy warfare. One member of the group seemed to be able to express in a word or two the special quality which seemed to him to characterize the man under discussion. "What would you say is the special characteristic of X. and his preaching?" "*Dauntless courage*," replied Mr. A., as we will call him. "And what of Y. and his preaching?" "I should say, *Graciousness*," replied Mr. A. "And Z. and his ministry?" "*Profundity*," was the reply. "And what of Harold Barker and his preaching and ministry?" "I would say, *Luminousness*." One of the friends, anxious to have a fuller description inquired: "You mean lucidity, in thought and expression, I presume?" "No," replied Mr. A. "There is certainly *that* in his preaching; but there is much more. He, by his method of exposition and apt illustration, illumines the subject and makes its meaning unmistakably clear to the hearer. No! 'luminousness' is the word."

Perhaps it was this quality which endeared H.P.B. to the thousands, young and old, in many countries of the world, who heard him and received help and blessing through his ministry and who will remember a story, told perhaps in a few sentences, which threw light upon some perplexing problem or some Scripture "hard to be understood."

And this, perhaps, is the reason which has prompted a friend—to whom we are all greatly indebted—to collect and arrange in helpful fashion some notes which H.P.B. left and which are now available in this Volume.

Our Lord and Master, in His public ministry and in conversation with individuals, used many illustrations, similitudes and parables. Indeed, we read in Matthew 13: 34 and Mark 4. 34 that "without a parable spake He not unto them." A parable, we have been taught from our childhood, is an earthly story with a heavenly meaning or, if you prefer, a story or similitude which illustrates and illuminates spiritual truth.

The Christian man or woman who is desirous of winning

others for Christ and of helping and encouraging fellow-believers, will do well to note with care and follow with diligence the method of the Master in dealing with individuals and companies. If our Lord illustrated His teaching by the narration of a story or a parable, the servant cannot do better. "It is enough for the servant that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord" (Matt. 10. 25).

It is to be hoped that the readers of this book will regard it, not only as a conveniently accessible store of useful illustrations, but as a helpful guide to them in seeing and noting in the happenings of everyday life, illustrations of things in the spiritual realm, which illustrations will give lucidity to their thinking, their preaching and their teaching. When H.P.B. was walking through a Liverpool street one evening, he saw outside some business premises a notice which ran something like this:

JOHN BROWN,  
*Builder and Decorator.*  
 Residence above.

He noted it with gladness as he thought of *our* "residence above," the Home prepared by our Lord Himself for His own, to which we shall be translated when our work down here is done and He comes to call us Home.

How blest a home! the Father's house!  
 There love divine doth rest;  
 What else could satisfy the hearts  
 Of those in Jesus blest?

Oh, what a home! But such His love  
 That He must bring us there,  
 To fill that home, to be with Him,  
 And all His glory share.

The Father's house, the Father's heart,  
 All that the Son is given  
 Made ours—the objects of His love,  
 And He, our joy in heaven.

"Residence above" indeed! Mrs. Trench's grand hymn, part of which we have quoted, enables us, in some measure, to anticipate the rest, peace and joy of the Home above.

Let us then, in our thinking, our conversation, our writing, our public service, be like men "instructed unto the kingdom of heaven" and bring forth out of our storehouse things new and old (Matt. 13. 52).

P. T. SHOREY

BRENTWOOD,  
ESSEX, ENGLAND,  
*October, 1953.*



## A

**Acceptance in Christ.** An Indian convert in a prayer meeting in London, began: "O God, we come into Thy presence in the Shoes of Christ." It was explained that an Indian servant, on entering his master's presence removes his shoes. But a son keeps them on. J. RITCHIE

**Accounts, God's.** "Sir," wrote an infidel farmer to an American paper, "I have been trying an experiment. I have a field of Indian corn which I ploughed on Sunday. I planted it on Sunday; I did the cultivating on Sunday; I gathered the crop on Sunday, and on Sunday I hauled it into my barn. And I find I have more corn per acre than has been gathered by any of my neighbours during this October." The Editor added nine words as a footnote: "*God does not always settle His accounts in October.*"

**Adorning the Doctrine of God our Saviour.** How can you adorn the doctrine of God? What can we do to add to the doctrine of God? It cannot mean that, because we cannot add anything to it. But we can illustrate it, and I always think of that word carrying the meaning of 'illustrate.' It is the all-round Christian that illustrates the teaching of God.

There is a certain magazine which carries every month—I suppose it does so now—descriptions of recent inventions, but letterpress only: there are no illustrations. It requires great mental effort to try and picture the machine or the gadget that is being described, without any illustration to help. One often wishes there were just an illustration so that one could say, "Yes, that is just where that wheel is. 'A' is that particular wheel, and 'B' is that particular spindle." It would make it so much easier to understand. That is why we illustrate school books for children, that they may understand them better. So to you and to me is given the privilege of illustrating the doctrine of God our Saviour, so that others may understand, who otherwise would never understand it.

**Ambassadors for Christ:** A well-known American missionary in Turkey was offered a consulship in one of the chief Turkish cities at what would be to him a princely salary. He declined, and was asked why. "I declined to step down from an ambassadorship to a consulship," he replied.

**Amusements—Influence of Worldly.** "I think a Christian can go anywhere," said a girl, who was defending her continued attendance at a very doubtful place of amusement. "Certainly," replied her friend, "but let me tell you what happened when I went with some friends to explore a coal-mine. One of the party was dressed in a white gown. Her friends remonstrating, she appealed to the guide, an old miner. "Can't I wear a white dress down into the mine?" "Yes, Miss," replied he, "there's nothing to prevent you from wearing a white frock down there, but there'll be everything to keep you from wearing a white one back!"

**Appearances—Keeping up.** One asked in a children's meeting: "If this gold watch will not go, of what use can it be?" A boy called out, quite seriously, "To swank with." What is keeping up a show of spiritual appearances when the power has gone but swank?

**Assurance.** A woman who 'hoped to be saved' said: "The older I grow, the more doubtful I get." In secular things how true this is! At a certain age one knows everything! But we become less sure. Not so in the things of God.

**Assurance in Life's Storms.** A ship was drifting upon a rock-bound coast one stormy night. The passengers were below, paralysed with fear. Among the passengers was Mr. Stevenson, father of the famous writer R.L.S. Mr. Stevenson went on deck. There was the pilot, erect and firm, fighting inch by inch to turn the ship from the dreaded rocks. The pilot, seeing Mr. Stevenson, looked up and smiled. Not a word was spoken; the look was enough. It spoke of victory and safety. Going below to the trembling passengers, he said: "It is all right; *I have seen the pilot's face,*

and he smiled." "Thank God!" was the reply. They needed no further assurance that all would soon be well.

**Atheism—Folly of.** (a) In the churchyard at Tewin, Hertfordshire, is the tomb of Lady Anne Grimston, a notorious atheist, who died more than 200 years ago. "It is as likely that I should rise again," she had said, "as that a tree should grow out of the middle of my coffin." A tree *has* done that very thing. Indeed, two trees, an oak and a sycamore. The vault is square, of granite and brick. The trees filled the interior before they could find a way out. When they burst through the masonry, they so spread as to envelop the grave completely. They broke the iron railings, grew round them, and carried them skywards in their growth.

(b) The infidel Countess of Hanover was a violent opposer of Christianity. She had her tomb erected out of solid granite, and had inscribed on one of the great granite blocks:

THIS TOMB SHALL REMAIN UNDISTURBED  
THROUGHOUT ETERNITY

Years after, God looked down at that tomb, and said to the frost, "Mock this infidel and her boastful assumption." And the frost heaved and heaved till in the masonry of the tomb there was a crack. Then God said to the wind, "Mock her"; and the wind blew loose soil into the crack filling it up. God said to the rain and the sun, "Mock her," and the rain and sun worked and prepared the ground for a seedling which the birds dropped, and in time a tree lifted its trunk above the tomb, carrying with it the granite block with the inscription. And to-day in that cemetery can be seen the tree holding up the block with the arrogant inscription.

**Atheist—Confession of.** Proctor, the great astronomer, dying of yellow fever in a hospital in New York, after a generation of boasted atheism, cried: "There is a God! there is a future! there is a hell!"

**Atheist Confuted.** A preacher in Hyde Park had just finished what he had to say, when a man stepped from the crowd and addressed the company in this strain:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have been listening to this chap talking about God, Heaven, and Jesus Christ. He has had a lot to say about sin and death, the devil and hell. I hope you won't believe a word of it. I don't. I refuse to believe what I cannot see." And in this manner he went on for some time ridiculing faith in anything that could not be seen.

As he finished, another man elbowed his way forward and on this wise he, too, addressed the company.

"Friends, I hear that not far from here runs a river. I don't believe it. Many declare the grass hereabouts is a beautiful green. I don't believe it. And some also say that by these walks are pretty shrubs which yearly blossom forth to please the eye of man and make pleasant the surroundings. Again, let me declare, I don't believe it! By all of this, however, I am sure that most of you standing here will decide that I am talking like a fool. Really, I am serious.

"I have never seen the river. I have never seen the grass; never looked upon a beautiful flower, for I was born blind. The more I talked to you in this strain, the more it would appear to you that I must be blind, and unless sight is given to me, I shall never see the flowers, the grass, and the river flowing silently to the sea.

"But that does not justify my insisting that what I cannot see I will not believe? Certainly not!"

Turning in the direction of the other man, the blind man went on: "You, sir, by your statements, disprove nothing that has been said. What you do prove, however, is that you are blind—spiritually blind—and that is why you do not understand what many people here know to be true."

## B

**Babes and Sucklings—Revelation to.** The great Earl of Chatham once went with a Christian friend to hear Mr. Cecil preach. The sermon was on the Holy Spirit's work in the hearts of believers. On coming out, the statesman confessed that he had not understood it at all, and asked if

his friend supposed that anyone in the audience had. "Why, yes," he replied, "there were many plain, unlettered men and women, and some children, who understood every word, and heard it with joy."

**Backsliding—Cause of.** "Why did you fall out of bed, sonny?" a small boy was asked. "Because I stayed too close to the getting-in side."

**Backsliding—Description of.** A preacher called upon a Christian who had been neglecting the week-night meetings, and went to the fireplace, and with the tongs removed a live coal and placed it on the hearth by itself. He watched it as it changed from the red glow to a cold, black mass. The other carefully observed, and said: "You need not say a word, I'll be there on Wednesday evening."

**Backsliding—Remedy for.** A certain general had a horse of which he was very fond. One day it ran away with him, and he was unable to check it. On, on it rushed, towards an awful precipice. Twenty yards from the brink he drew his sword, slew the horse, and saved his life.

*Slay the thing that is heading you to spiritual disaster.*

**Backsliding—Tragedy of.** Two lovers got separated, and lost their reason in consequence. Both were in the same asylum, and often passed each other when walking in the garden, but did not know each other though they once had been all in all to one another.

**Baptism—its meaning.** A missionary in Central Africa, who had been used to the conversion of a young chief, broached the subject of baptism. To his surprise, he grasped the truth readily. Later he said: "You know, *we* practise baptism. When a chief dies, all his wives are shut up till the funeral rites are over. Then they are taken to the lake and immersed in the water, after which they are reckoned to be dead to the old chief, and may marry again."

**Baptism—what age?** A missionary in India was requested to visit a distant village where some people were

desirous of being baptized and forming a Christian Church. Immediately on his arrival, more than fifty men and women came together and were catechized.

Then, noticing a lad standing by, the missionary went up to him and said: "Well, my boy, and why have you come?"

"To be baptized, sir," he replied.

"You are very young, and I fear that you may not understand what it means," the missionary said. He then asked the boy a few questions, which he answered quite satisfactorily.

"You seem to understand," he added, "but I think it will be better for you to wait until I come again, and if you are still of the same mind, you shall be baptized." On hearing this, some of the men came forward and said: "Sir, all that we know about Jesus, that boy has taught us." And they went on to explain that no missionary had ever visited that village, but that the boy had once gone to a distant town to work, and there he had heard the Gospel message, and received a Bible, which, on his return, he had read to them, with the result that they believed the message; and they hoped that the boy might be baptized and become a member of the new church.

Needless to say, the missionary decided that the boy should be the first to be baptized.

### **Best—the Way to God's.**

*God has His best things for the few, who dare to stand  
the test;*

*God has His second choice for those, who will not have  
the best!*

*It is not always open sin, with which our souls are  
pressed;*

*The better sometimes is the foe, that keeps us from the  
BEST.*

**Beyond!** On the ancient coinage of Spain, when she was one of the great world-powers, you may see the two pillars of Hercules, which were then considered to be the western limit of the habitable earth. With these there were, as her national motto, the Latin words, *Ne plus ultra*—nothing beyond. But

there was one man who did not accept that as final. Away over the trackless Atlantic went Columbus, leaving the pillars of Hercules and the fancied end of all things, to discover a new land of wealth. Spain has had to alter her motto, so that today it reads *Plus ultra*. And in the ancient capital of Castile Valladolid, there stands a modern monument, depicting the lion of Castile striking the negative from the national motto, tearing away the word that stood as a veto upon enterprise and discovery.

**Bible—a Mirror.** The story is told in Spanish history of a young prince who was smitten in early years with smallpox. He was cured, but permanently and badly scarred. His parents, thinking to spare him a good deal of self-depreciation, removed every mirror from the palace in which he lived, with the consequence that he grew up filled with self-importance. He became arrogant in the extreme. At last the servants thought of a way in which to cure him of his arrogance and his overbearing attitude to others.

One evening when the prince had retired to his room, they put outside and opposite his door a large mirror. When the prince stepped out next morning he had the greatest shock of his life. He who had heretofore thought of himself as some great one, to be admired and respected, discovered that he was in himself a most abhorrent creature. If we are wise, we shall hold the mirror of God's Word before us every day.

**Bible—Attitudes to It.** The writer of a certain book divides people into three classes, according to their attitude to the Bible:

- (1) Those who neglect it altogether.
- (2) Those who try to put it right.
- (3) Those who wish it to put them right.

**Bible—Best Book.** Some men of infidel principles were wont to ridicule the Scriptures when in one another's company, and at last decided to burn the Bible. A large fire was prepared, and the task was voted to a very gay and vivacious

young member. After a drink or two of spirits he took up the Bible and walked toward the fire. But as he looked at it he was seized with a strange trembling; he returned to the table, laid down the Book and said: "Gentlemen, we will not burn that Book till we get a better."

**Bible—Fruit of an Uninspired.** "In our garden, in North Africa, for years we had a prosperous vine, which produced an abundance of fruit. Then one year it failed; there were no grapes. The following year it wilted, and the third year found it dead. We had consulted native and European gardeners, but their remedies produced no effect, and the problem remained unsolved. We decided to put in a new vine. When digging a hole for this purpose my man struck a layer of boards. When these were removed we found a pit some fifteen feet deep. Then we knew why the vine had died. Its roots and feeders had found their way into this pit, and being unable to reach its bottom, or throw themselves across to the other side to grip the soil there, were hanging in a tangled mass in the vacuum created by the pit. Not a few churches are wilting and dying, because they have pushed their feeders into the empty pit of a Bible to which they deny Divine inspiration.

**Bible—Guidance of the.** A man wandering in the woods was overtaken by night. Feeling certain he was going in the right direction, he neglected his compass. At last he consulted it. It showed he was going west, when he believed he was going east. Disgusted, he was about to throw it away, but thought: "It has never deceived me yet: I'll trust it now." He did so; turned round; followed its guidance, and came out right.

**Bible—In Practice.** A Christian in a Korean village learned the whole of the "Sermon on the Mount" by heart, and then tramped 100 miles to recite it to the missionary. When he had finished, he was exhorted to put it into practice. "But that is the way I learned it," he replied. "At first I tried simply to commit it to memory, and it would not stick.



So I tried this plan: I would learn a verse, and then go out and find a heathen neighbour and practise that verse on him. Then I found that it would stick!" T. H. DARLOW

**Bible—"It Works Out all Right."** A mechanic was engaged by an astronomer to do some work in connection with instruments in his observatory. He was several days upon the task. One day during dinner-hour he brought out a well-worn Bible, and was reading its pages when the astronomer came in, and seeing the Book, asked him what he was reading. With a smile on his face and a light in his eyes, the man replied: "The Bible, sir."

The astronomer lifted his eyes in astonishment.

"The Bible! An intelligent man like you reading the Bible! Why, you know it is scientifically obsolete."

"I didn't know that, sir."

"Do you know who wrote the Bible?" asked the astronomer.

"I can't say I do," was the man's reply. "I believe that Moses wrote the first five books, and then there are fine passages by Isaiah, David and Daniel—"

"Daniel!" said the astronomer. "Daniel never wrote the book of Daniel: that is a legend."

"Well, it is fine writing, anyway," said the man.

"I am surprised," the astronomer went on, "that you should read the Bible when you do not know who wrote it."

"May I ask you a question, sir?" responded the man.

"Certainly."

"I suppose you use the multiplication table in your calculations?"

"Yes," was the reply, "of course we do."

"Will you tell me, then, who wrote it?" pursued the mechanic.

The astronomer was surprised and annoyed. "That is a stupid question," he said. "I don't know, and I don't think anybody knows."

"I am surprised," said the mechanic, "that you rely on something of whose authorship you know nothing."

"That is altogether different," said the astronomer. "We use the multiplication table—well—because it works out all right."

"Yes," said the mechanic, "and for the same reason I believe the Bible. It works out all right."

**Bible—its Contradictions.** It is common in Courts of Law to hear statements which seem to be contradictory, but which on explanation are found to be quite consistent. A barrister who had for many years listened to evidence in the courts, remarked that *apparent* contradictions in the Bible would not at all tend to shake his belief in its inspiration.

**Bible—its Promises.** The promises of God scattered throughout the Bible are like stars in the firmament; if it were always day we should not know that the sky is so full of them, but when night approaches they begin to shine. When the night of affliction overtakes the child of heaven, the promises of God are seen to shine forth one after another in the firmament of His Word.

**Bible—Knowing it at First Hand.** At a meeting of Bible students, a Christian gentleman referred to something that had happened in his early youth. "I remember," said he, "in my boyhood an old minister asking me a question, which did me much good, though it greatly annoyed me at the time. I had had little or no access to general literature, but my father's house was rich in religious and Biblical literature. It was no merit of mine (for there were no counter-attractions); I had to read that or nothing. So, for a youth, I had read a good deal on Scriptural subjects; and I suppose, in my folly, I had been parading my remarkable learning in this department, no doubt to the great amusement of the old minister. Presently he said: 'My boy, you seem to have read a lot *about* the Bible; but, tell me, do you ever by any chance read *the Bible itself*?' That was an annoying question, because he had put his finger on something I had not noticed. I knew a great deal of what people had said and written about

the Bible, but I knew very little of personal, first-hand touch with the Bible."

**Bible—Power of the.** Bishop Taylor Smith, when speaking at Keswick, told of the 'stage fright' he had when for the first time he was asked to read a lesson in church. He said: "So great it was, that I retreated into the vestry as the service was proceeding, and kneeled down, and asked that I might be helped to read that lesson. And then I came back and read it, and the lesson was from the Epistle to the Romans: 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.' A few weeks afterwards the vicar told me that the churchwarden had been converted through the reading of that lesson! I realised the power of God's Word as never before, and I think I can say that I have never read a lesson in church from that day to this without first reading it over, praying over it, and having confidence that God can bless His own Word."

**Bible—Reading of the.** A minister in Australia noticed in a railway carriage a young lady reading her Bible. He asked if he might look at it. On the title-page the words 'in churches' were crossed out, and the word 'everywhere' substituted.

**Bible—Reading the.** A young lady asked her friend what is meant by 'devotional reading' of the Bible. She replied: "Yesterday I received a letter from my fiancé. I will confide to you that I have read it five times; not because I did not understand it at the first reading, nor because I expected to commend myself to the writer by frequent reading. It was not a question of duty. I read it so many times because I am deeply attached to the one who wrote it."

**Bible—Reading the.** Dr. Gray, the well-known Bible teacher, prayed for guidance as to how best to read. The answer came through a Christian friend who said: "I was going to spend Sunday with my family in the country. In the afternoon I lay down under a tree and read the Epistle to the

Ephesians right through twelve or fifteen times. When I got up, not only was I in possession of the Epistle to the Ephesians, but it was in possession of me." Dr. Gray began applying this principle to the whole Bible, beginning at Genesis; and read and mastered each book before beginning work on the next.

**Bible—Tested.** Which crucible tests the Scriptures most severely? Not that of unholy criticism. In those 'refining pots' the precious metal is treated as if it were dross. The severest test to which the precepts and promises, and the revelations of Holy Writ, can be put is the test of our experience.

**Bible—Words of the.** An Irishman picked up the leaves of a torn Testament, and read: "And Jesus said . . ."; "Jesus answered and said. . . ." He thought: "What! Has the blessed Saviour said so many things and I don't know them?"

**Birth—the New.** A little girl had a birthday book and whenever anyone came to see her father and mother she brought out her book and got them to write their names in it and in that way obtained quite a number of signatures. One day a Christian gentleman came to the home, and, as usual, the birthday book was brought out and the gentleman was asked to write his name in it. After he had done so the little girl put out her hand to take the book back again but instead of handing the book back at once the gentleman said: "Wait a moment, I have another birthday." The little girl watched with astonishment as the gentleman turned over the pages of the book and when he came to another date wrote his name over against it adding the words, "Born again." Then he handed the book back to the little girl who was so surprised that she forgot to say, "Thank you." Not long after that an aunt came to visit the little girl's parents and she also was asked to put her name in the birthday book. She did so, and then offered the book to the girl. But instead of taking it from her aunt the little girl just looked at her and

said: "Please write your name opposite your other birthday." Astonished beyond measure the aunt said: "My other birthday! What do you mean?"

"Oh," replied the little girl, "Mr. So-and-So has two birthdays; I'll show you." She opened the book and showed where the gentleman in question had written his name and then she turned over the pages and pointed out the other entry with the additional words, "Born again."

"Now," said the little girl, "please write your name opposite your other birthday." That was the arrow of conviction that entered into the conscience of that aunt. She knew something of the Gospel message, and understood, in a little measure at least, the necessity of the new birth, but had not yet received Christ as Saviour and Lord. But shortly afterwards she did so and then was able to write her name twice in a birthday book.

**Blessing Shared.** Huber, the great naturalist, says that if a wasp discovers a deposit of honey or other food, it returns to its nest and imparts the good news to its fellows, who then sally forth in great numbers to partake of the fare discovered for them.

C. H. SPURGEON

**Blindness Removed.** A little girl lost her sight when a baby. She was loved and cared for in a special way by her father. Years later, a clever surgeon operated upon her and her sight was restored. When the bandages were removed, she ran to her father, gazed on him, and exclaimed: "To think I had this splendid father so many years, and never knew him!"

**Blotting Out Our Sins.** Little Chrissie was very naughty and rude to her mother before she left for school one morning. During the later part of the day her mother was taken so ill that no one was allowed to see her. Chrissie was told when she came home that she could not see her mother, and her misdeeds of the morning caused her some agitation. Would her mother die without forgiving her? Nurse suggested that

she should send in a message on her slate, and this is what she wrote:

"Dearest Mother,

"I am so sorry you are sick, and I am sorry I was such a naughty girl. Will you please forgive me? If you can't talk to me and say you forgive me, just rub this all out and I'll know you do.

"With fondest love,  
"Chrissie."

A little while later the slate came out clean. That is just what Jesus does when He forgives our sins, and that knowledge brings peace.

**Building Wisely.** A child builds a sand castle. The tide comes in and demolishes it. He builds another beyond the reach of the tide.

## C

**Calm—Spiritual.** In the harbour of a large port you may see ocean liners moving majestically along, and round them a swarm of tiny craft scurrying here and there on trivial errands. He who is assured of God's will move calmly along amid the fussiness of others.

**Calvary.** A minister was reading the story of the crucifixion to an old woman, who exclaimed: "It's very sad; let's hope it isn't true."

**Care—God's.** Luther saw a little bird preparing for sleep. "See," said he, "how it teaches us a lesson! He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to take care of him."

**Casting all Your Care Upon Him.** In the French New Testament the word for 'casting' (1 Peter 5. 7) may be rendered 'unloading.' Did you ever see a cart unload? The man takes out a little iron pin, then with a slight pressure on

the cart, it tips back and lets the whole load slide to the ground. Just take out the little pin of your endeavours to help-matters, and with hands of faith and committal unload the big burden upon Him.

**Character Revealed.** A certain painter was noted for his ability to discern the character of a person and to portray on canvas the impression made on his mind. He sometimes made enemies because of this. A handsome Boston (U.S.A.) lady had her portrait painted by him, took it to her room and studied it closely. She recognized that the artist had laid bare her true character and indignantly cut out her face from the canvas and destroyed it. She did not want that nature of hers to be confronting her from the wall all the time.

**Chastening—Divine.** She and her husband lived in a village in Surrey, and whilst they lived there an epidemic of scarlet fever and diphtheria broke out in their midst. Both had worn themselves out in attending to the people, and just as the epidemic was abating their own three children were stricken down suddenly. Within a fortnight the three were dead—Griselda, Irene, and Launcelot. When the last child died, the Bishop led his heartbroken wife into the garden on that soft summer evening. Speech was difficult, whilst sorrow was sore. He finally found his voice and whispered, rather than spoke, these words: "My wife, there is one rope to which we must cling stedfastly, in order to keep our heads above water amid these overwhelming waves of sorrow. It has three golden strands. It will not fail us. GOD—IS—LOVE." Continuing her narrative, she said: "The house was empty. There was no more patter of little feet; no children's merry voices shouting about the house. The three little graves in the churchyard bore the names Griselda, Irene, and Launcelot; and on each we put the text, spelt out by the initials of our darlings' names: GOD IS LOVE. We were sustained by the certainty of the love of God."

The record of this story by the widow of the Bishop was the means, in God's good pleasure, whereby Rodney Steele came

to put his trust in Christ for salvation. We cannot always see the purpose of the dealings of God, but it is sometimes evident to us that 'whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth' (Heb. 12. 6). At present our view is generally that which may be likened to viewing the rear side of a piece of fancy woven fabric. The side we see shows a variety of coloured threads, but the design on the face is hid from us. 'Now we see through a glass darkly.'

**Chastening—Effect of.** At a Palestine Exhibition in London, a missionary, dressed in native shepherd's costume was telling about pastoral life in the East. He said: "You may wonder why the shepherd carries a sling and stones. Not so much to defend from wild beasts. A wandering sheep, nibbling the grass, leaves the flock. How to get it back? To send the dog would perhaps drive it farther away. As he browses heedlessly, crack goes a stone against the rock beyond. The startled sheep jumps, turns, and looks towards the flock. Crack! Another stone, now close behind. Scared, the sheep begins to run towards the flock. The fusilade continues; the cracks of stone against rock, always behind the sheep, afford sufficient stimulus to bring the wanderer safely home. But is not that rather a cruel discipline for one silly sheep? That last stone went so close that it almost struck it! Yes; almost, but not quite! And it brought the sheep right back to the place where the shepherd wanted it."

**Chastening—Fruit of.** A celebrated artist, whose children had sometimes to be punished by being made to stand in a corner, with his own hands painted fair pictures in those corners, so that, even when under punishment, they might look upon proofs of their father's love and wisdom.

**Chastening—Fruit of.** Two countrymen were discussing a sermon on 'Divine Chastening,' to which they had listened. "What does it mean?" asked one of the other. Pulling out a great old-fashioned silver watch, he replied: "I can't say much about the matter except this: Do you see all these



beautiful lines on the case of my watch? Well, they call that *chaste* work. And I think what we call chastening is the Lord putting the marks of beauty in our character and lives." He was not far wrong!

**Chastening—Wisdom in.** The cocoon of an Emperor Moth is flask-shaped. A lady once watched a moth striving to squeeze through the narrow opening. It seemed to struggle in vain. With the point of her scissors she enlarged the opening a little. Immediately out crawled a swollen body with shrivelled wings. The tiny opening is a provision of nature for forcing the blood into the wings. The moth never flew; it crawled through its brief life painfully. But for the lady's misguided interference it might have flown on rainbow-coloured wings.

**Chiding—Necessary.** Some Christian natives in South Africa used to go for prayer to a spot away among the bushes near their huts. Their constant tread wore paths in the grass. A Christian woman said to another: "Sister, I fear you are getting cold in your heart." It was said lovingly and meekly, and was not resented. But the other asked how she knew. "Because the grass has grown over your path to the bush."

**Children—Conversion of.** Savonarola, the Italian reformer, used to say: "We must fish with nets that have meshes small-enough to catch the smallest fish."

**Chosen to be Servants.** A preacher, much discouraged by apparently fruitless toil, was inclined to give up. He dreamed that he was hired to break stones. But, after hitting away, the stones would not break. He gave up in despair. His employer called to him: "Did I not hire you to hammer stones?" "Yes." "Don't I pay you for hammering stones?" "Yes." "Then go and hammer them." He did; and by and by the stones cracked and broke. He awoke and cried: "O God, I will go back to my hammering." He did; and soon the stony hearts began to break, and there was a wave of blessing.

J. MANAHAN

**Christ—Always in View.** I have heard of a gentleman who had a faded, water-stained lifebelt hanging on his bedroom wall, and when asked the reason, said: "That isn't an ordinary lifebelt to me; it kept me afloat for ten hours after the steamer on which I was sailing had been sent to the bottom of the ocean by a submarine. I keep it where I can see it last thing at night and first thing in the morning. It helps to keep me thankful and appreciative." And if we Christians kept Christ more clearly and constantly before us, we would be far better Christians, and more grateful.

**Christ—Appreciation of.** Dr. Stuart Holden was admiring Thorwaldsen's statue of Christ in Copenhagen Cathedral. The Dean said: "You have not yet seen it at its best. You must *kneel down* if you would see its real beauty."

**Christ—Desire of.** A lady was disturbed by continued tapping on the door. She opened it and found her wee girl there. "What do you want?" "Nothing; only to come in and be by you."

**Christ—His Claims.** Theodosius, Roman Emperor in Fourth Century, favoured the Arians. He made Arcadius, his son, aged sixteen, partner with him on the throne. The great people of the Empire came on the appointed day to offer their congratulations. Among them came Amphilocus, an old bishop who had suffered much in the Arian persecution. He made a very handsome address to the Emperor and was about to leave when Theodosius exclaimed: "What! Do you take no notice of my son? Do you not know that I have made him the sharer of my throne?" Upon this, the old bishop went up to young Arcadius, put his hand on his head, and said: "The Lord bless thee, my son." The Emperor exclaimed: "What! Is this all the respect you pay to a prince that I have made of equal dignity with myself?" He replied: "Sire, do you so highly resent my apparent neglect of your son because I do not give him equal honours with yourself? Then, what must the eternal God think of you, who have given leave to have His co-equal and co-eternal

Son degraded in His proper divinity in every part of your Empire?"

The Emperor held the reproof to be just, and gave orders to have all the Arian chapels shut up, and would not suffer one to exist.

**Christ—His Demands.** We are walking with a friend. He stops, and we ask: "Is this your house?" "Yes." He takes us into a room, and we soon realize that it is the only part of the house that is his. He has no right of entry to any other room; nor can he give orders in that house. Has Christ got houses like that? He has entry into the room called 'Faith,' but what about the room called 'Love'? What of the Library? Does He choose the books? What of the room where consultations are held and decisions made? Is He asked to be present?

**Christ—Hope of Glory.** In a cherry orchard in Kent each tree is clothed in the glory of its beautiful blossom. If we had stood there some months before, in winter, the trees would have had bare, leafless limbs. Could we have asked them what was their hope that some day they would be clothed with the splendour of spring blossom time, they might have answered: "The cherry life in us is our hope of glory."

**Christ in You.** A gardener removed a wild briar from the ditch. The briar said: "What is he doing this for? Doesn't he know that I am a worthless briar?" But the gardener took it to his garden and planted it among his flowers. The briar said: "What a mistake he has made, planting an old briar like me among these lovely roses!" But the gardener came again, and made a slit in the briar, and grafted into it the stem of a choice rose. When summer came, sweet roses were blooming on the old briar, and the gardener said: "I took you, and planted you, not for anything that I could get out of you, but for what I could put into you."

**Christ Liveth in Me.** You probably know the old illustration about a man conscripted to serve in Napoleon's army.

Being a married man, an unmarried friend took his place. After some time, the substitute died in battle, and a further conscription taking place, the original man was again called up. When he did not put in an appearance he was challenged, but he stated what had happened and said that he had died in the person of his substitute.

There was a sequel to this of which you may not have heard. The matter was referred to Napoleon, who decided in his favour, saying his legal position was unassailable, but that he could not have it both ways. He could not claim to be legally dead in the person of his substitute, and yet go on living *as before*. He decreed that he must change his name. Both he and his family had henceforth to live in the name of the man who had died for him. That illustrates my point, but with us it has to go much deeper than a mere change of *name*. There has to be a change of *life*—‘Christ liveth in me!’ The One Who died—the One in Whom crucifixion was an actuality—that One is now going to live in those for whom He died.

**Christ—Moral Influence.** A young Christian lieutenant finding in officers’ messroom indecent and filthy pictures on the wall, just hung up a picture of the head of Christ by Leonardo da Vinci. One by one the others disappeared.

**Christ—our Receipt.** A man was in prison for something done in his unconverted days. He had not been able to pay the fine. Some Christian friends joined to pay it for him. One of them saw the Governor of the prison and paid the money. Instructions were given for the prisoner to be brought from his cell, and he was told that he was free. Mr. — asked the Governor for a receipt. He replied: “You don’t need one; the living man is your receipt.”

**Christ—Possession of.** When I say a thing is mine, I mean one of two things. I may mean that it belongs to me as ‘my handkerchief.’ Or I may mean that I belong to it, as ‘my native town,’ ‘my country.’

**Christ—the True Centre.** The old astronomers found the motions of the planets quite inexplicable because they regarded the earth as the centre of the solar system, if not of the universe. Not till a bold, free mind (Galileo) travelled forth into space *and found a new centre* were harmony and order seen to reign where all had seemed confusion before.

C. A. COATES

**Christian—Building.** A miser lived in his little shack on a large corner site in the best part of an American city. Many offers had been made for his property; but he asked an exorbitant price, and went on living there. The roof leaked, floors were broken and the windows were stuffed with rags. The agent of a millionaire called on him and asked him his price for the lot. “£100,000,” he replied.

“Then sign this paper; here is a cheque for £10,000 to bind the contract, and I’ll be back here in ten days with a cheque for the remainder.”

The old miser’s conscience hurt him for asking such an exorbitant price, and he set about making improvements. When in ten days’ time the agent came, accompanied by the purchaser, and witnesses, he called the new owner’s attention to the fresh paint, new boards in floor, glass in windows, etc.

“But,” said the purchaser, “I am going to pull the shack down.”

“But, why? I have spent money and time in repairing it.”

“I don’t want the shack. What I want, and what I have paid this tremendous price for, is *the situation*, and on it I am going to erect a building to my own taste.” PAUL RADER

**Christian—Carnal.** The chicken, living on the land, eats one kind of food. The fish, living in the water, eats another type. But the duck, like some carnal Christians, tries to feed in both realms; but, unlike that fowl, the carnal Christian never flourishes on the dual diet.

**Christian—Clear Cut.** We have seen coins whose superscription had been so worn away as to become illegible.

Such coins have diminished value. Place two coins side by side, one battered and misshapen, the other fresh from the mint with the image and inscription standing out in relief, and let us decide to be 'clear cut Christians.'

**Christian—Dummy.** Special meetings were being held at Nanking, and there was a deep realization of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. At one meeting a man rose as if in prayer. He was a believer, well-known among the brethren there. Those present were surprised to hear him begin to cry out with groans and tears. When at length he found utterance, he prayed: "O God, forgive me, I have been a DUMMY CHRISTIAN. I have thought that as there were preachers to do the preaching I need not trouble about it. So all these years I have been a dummy Christian living in ease while souls have been lost."

J. GOFORTH

**Christian—Earth-bound.** A certain Christian, very consistent in his life, and looked upon as a very holy man, was described by one who knew him as "an aeroplane that never rises from the ground."

**Christian—Inconsistencies of a.** A gentleman was conversing with an atheist when another man passed. "That gentleman," said the atheist, "is the founder of our Atheist Club." "Why! that is Mr. So-and-So, an influential man in the Church!" "Yes, I know; but his inconsistencies have driven many of us into atheism, and led to the founding of our Club."

**Christian—Judging.** I was taken round a famous school by a very inky little boy, whose heart swelled with pride as he told me: "We've got six scholarships this year." When I asked if he had got one, he scornfully replied that he was not the sort of boy who would get a scholarship! Though the school had five hundred boys he wished me to concentrate on the six unusual ones if I wished to know what kind of school it was. Similarly we must not judge of Christians by the 494, but by the six, and above all, by the ONE.

**Christian—Make-believe.** A gentleman went aboard a big liner. In a sitting room he saw a fire of leaping and dancing flames. He put out his hands to warm them, but felt no warmth. It was make-believe. Electric lights were made to play on pieces of glass shaped like logs.

Is our Christianity real or make-believe?

**Christians—Outlook of.** Many Christians seem to have much the same attitude as a postal clerk who, discovering a Christmas card bearing the words, "Rejoice evermore," in the space reserved for the address, stamped it: "Contrary to regulations."

**Christian—Perpendicular.** When the great obelisk in front of St. Peter's at Rome was being raised by the combined strength of hundreds of slaves, the men pulled and hung upon the ropes with all their might, and stretched them almost to breaking point, but could not do more than raise the great pillar to within a few degrees of the perpendicular. There was a danger of its falling and breaking, perhaps killing many in its fall. Dead silence fell on the assembled throng. An old sailor cried out: "Drench the ropes with water." This was done; the ropes absorbed the moisture and tightened up, and thus brought the obelisk to the perpendicular.

**Christian—the Reflector.** You stand gazing at the reflection of the moon on the surface of a pond. Some one flings a stone at it, and the reflection is shivered. Do you cry out: "Oh, the moon is broken to pieces." If so, some one would say, "Look up! What has happened to the reflection of the moon has not affected the moon!"

**Christian—Rocking-Horse.** Imagine one in a rocking-chair singing "Onward, Christian soldiers." Onward, then backward! Onward at meetings, backward at home or in business. Don't be a rocking-chair Christian!

**Christian—Too Busy.** A busy woman, entering her room at dusk, sat down to write, and wrote on and on. At

last she leaned back, and, turning her head, saw her dearest friend there. "You here! Why did you not let me know?" "You were so busy; you did not speak to me!"

**Christian—Too Cool.** Two metal figures are seen in a workshop—one perfect, the other marred. In the case of the latter, the metal had been allowed to grow a little too cool. Many a new-born soul might be moulded into the likeness of Christ, but, allowed to cool, the image is blurred.

**Christian—Types of.** Some Christians are like canal-barges—they only go when towed. Other Christians are like sail-boats—they wait for favourable winds. The best kind of Christians are like steamboats—they travel through all waters and all weathers because they have the 'power' within. May you and I be the latter by the power of the indwelling Spirit.

**Christian—Value of a.** It used to be a custom in India, and is sometimes done to-day, to celebrate the 25th birthday of a native ruler, or the 25th year of his reign, by weighing him against gold; and distributing the weight in gold among the poor. The Aga Khan weighed twelve stone; that weight of gold is worth about £25,000. People were all anxious to know how much he weighed. How much do I weigh in the balances of the sanctuary? How much am I worth to the assembly of which I form a part.

**Christian—Value of a.** Mrs. Ralph Norton, of the Belgian Gospel Mission, had a beautiful stone, found in the deserts of Arizona, a fine agate, glowing with colours of purple and gold. She took it to a jeweller and asked that the stone should be given a simple silver setting. As he regarded it, he sniffed superciliously, saying: "It has no commercial value." It was beautiful, but of no worth in the markets of the world.

**Christian?—What is a.** What is a Christian? Well, how do you spell the word Christian? Take the 'a' out and you



read 'Christ in.' A Christian is a boy or girl, man or woman with CHRIST IN. You see, you must have either HIM or Sin in your heart, and of course you know that you cannot have a place in Heaven if you have Sin there.

**Christianity—Divorced from Christ.** Out in Boston, there appeared before a minister's conference the head of a settlement in the midst of the poorest class of people, among which population the name of Jesus was not used. The use of that Name prejudiced the Jews, and kept the infidels from permitting their children to come. "So," he said, "we do not use the name of Christ at all. We have to go down there and teach these wicked people what fatherhood means. You speak of fatherhood, and they will think of a drunken, wicked father; that is all they have known from infancy. They have been raised in the midst of drunkards. And we go down and live with them. After we have lived there as Christians a few years, those children will know what fatherhood means." Someone made a very wise reply, and said: "My brother, go down into that neighbourhood, get those children together, and preach Jesus Christ to them, 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father'; they will then learn more about fatherhood in half-an-hour than studying for ten years." To cut off Christianity from Christ is to kill Christianity.

Dr. DIXON

**Christianity—False.** Private James Henry put on his fatigue uniform and went about his business. The first private he passed snapped him a salute. Private Henry thought that was odd, but he returned the salute.

After about ten more privates had saluted him in the same way, he became suspicious. He soon discovered that his fatigue jacket bore a shiny gold bar on the shoulder. An officer had worn it and forgotten to remove his insignia. So everyone who saw him thought he was a Second Lieutenant.

And in the same way, many people to-day are being saluted as Christians when they are not really Christians at all. They may have joined some church, and possibly may live a

decent, respectable life; attend all the meetings and support the good cause; and still not be 'born again.' They may even teach a class and preach in the pulpit, and not have 'eternal life' themselves. For these things do not make people real Christians any more than the little gold bar on Private Henry's jacket made him a Second Lieutenant.

**Christianity Fully Appreciated.** A lady was returning from India with her child when the grey cliffs of England came into view she lifted the child so that she might see the country of which she had heard so much.

Looking through the cold, grey mist, the child said: "Is that England? It doesn't look much."

It *was* England, but it was not *all* England. We might say: "You must land and explore it; North, South, East and West. You must visit her great cities; her beautiful rivers and hills; the lanes of Devonshire, the gardens of Kent, the orchards of Worcestershire. You must see her ancient castles and stately cathedrals. You must get to know the home life of her people in town and village."

So Christianity must be known from the inside. Some have looked at it and thought that its essence was renunciation rather than appropriation. While they have left the far country and come to their fatherland, they have known little more than its grey cliffs.

**Christianity—Immune to Real.** Sometimes we are so innoculated with a weak dose of Christianity that we become immune to an attack of the genuine thing.

**Christianity—Influence of.** "How is it," asked a man of a Christian, "that your religion has been going for nearly two thousand years and has not influenced more people than it has done?" For reply, the Christian asked another question: "How is it that water has been flowing for more than 6,000 years and many people are still dirty?"

**Christianity—Inward Principles in.** As the weights of an old-fashioned clock move all the wheels, many Christians

are moved and influenced by things without them. They want an inward principle.

**Christianity—Living Faith.** A converted Moham-  
medan was charged before the authorities with forsaking the  
faith of his fathers for Christianity. He begged permission  
to ask a question. "I am travelling," he said, "and I look for  
some one to direct me. There are two persons, one dead, the  
other alive. To which should I go for direction?"

"To the living, of course," they replied.

"Then why require me to go to Mohammed who is dead;  
instead of to Christ, who is alive?" He was dismissed.

**Christianity—Proof of.** A man who did menial work  
in the house of a rajah was converted. After conversion,  
he went to a missionary and said: "While in the rajah's  
service I stole some gems and buried them in the palace  
grounds. Now I am a Christian I must confess. And if I do,  
I may lose my head." The missionary advised him to follow  
the dictates of his conscience. He journeyed to the rajah's  
capital. The rajah thought him crazy, but remembered the  
loss of the jewels. "They are buried at the foot of the large  
tamarind tree, your Majesty." The rajah gave instructions  
to his servants to dig, and the jewels were found. "What  
made you tell me," he asked the man, "when no one in the  
world knew but yourself? Why have you thus put yourself  
in my power?"

"I confessed because I am a Christian. There is no peace  
of heart to a Christian who hides sin in his life."

The effect upon the rajah was immediate. He said: "Go  
and tell your missionary to send some teachers here, and make  
some Christians for me if this is what your religion does for  
you."

**Christianity—Responsibility of.** "Yours must be a  
very responsible position," said a Christian to a man of  
some eminence.

"Yes, but nothing compared to yours as a Christian!"

**Christianity—Works.** In a room in Chelsea Barracks a few N.C.O.'s and men were discussing the Bible. One was very clever in trying to prove that Christianity is all wrong. When he had finished, a soldier who had been a miner in the north of England said with a yawn: "Well, all I know is, *it works!*"

**Christian Life—its Goal.** During a march for the conquest of Mexico, the Spanish soldiers of Fernando Cortes became disaffected. He drew them up in a line, and said: "Men, some of you are grumbling, and want to know what rewards you will have. This is my answer." Then he drew a line upon the ground with his sword, and pointing to the east, he said: "On that side of the line are ease and comfort, home and friends in beautiful Spain." Then, pointing westward: "Yonder are sickness, privation and hunger. But yonder is the golden capital of the Montezumas. Choose as befits Castilians."

**Church—Function of.** A picture in a Canadian paper shows a hand holding out a loaf. Inscription under the picture: "She has nothing else to offer." Hand labelled "The Church"; loaf marked "Christ."

**Church and World.** "I looked for the church, and I found it in the world; I looked for the world, and I found it in the church."  
H. BONAR

**Cleansing Blood, The.** An old herdsman was dying in a hospital in London. His grandchild used to go and read to him. One day she read 1 John 1. 7. The old man raised himself up and stopped her, saying with great earnestness:

"Is that really there?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Then read it again; I never heard it before." She did so. "Now read it again." She did.

He then said: "If anyone should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of those words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin.'"

**Cleansing Blood, The.** John Williams stood by the death-bed of poor, blind, old ME, who had formerly been a famous warrior in Raiatea and, in the days of his heathenism, a terror to all. "I saw an immense precipice," said the dying ME, "with steep sides up which I tried to climb; but when I had got to a considerable height, I lost my hold and fell to the bottom. Perplexed and exhausted, I sat down and wept. While weeping, I saw a drop of blood fall on that mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved. That mountain was my sins, and the drop which fell on it was one drop of the precious blood of Jesus, by which the mountain of my guilt was melted away."

**Cleansing Blood, The.** "We don't want any black boys with us." So said the boys at a school to one who had come from India. He was shut out from their games and walks, and one day excluded from a picnic.

He went for a walk by himself, and saw an advertisement: "Matchless Soap: splendid for the complexion. Gives a beautiful white skin." He eagerly sought and found a shop, bought a cake of it, and ran back to the school and up to the bathroom. Imagine his disappointment!

Another day, on a lonely walk, he noticed a crowd of people. They were singing, "Whiter than the snow." He listened, and followed into a hall to hear how black skins might be made white. Afterwards the preacher finding him in tears, drew his story from him, and said: "Do you know you have something blacker than your face? It is your SINS" (The verse 1 John 1. 7 was quoted). Preacher and boy knelt in prayer and the boy sought cleansing.

He went back to the school and told the whole story, adding: "I have come to Christ."

Which of those English schoolboys would have had the courage to do that? One by one their hearts were touched, and before long several of them were led to trust the Saviour.

**Coal—The Lesson of.** A lump of coal may be dealt with

so as to make it give: (1) light and heat, or (2) only soot and smoke.

God deals with a man one way, the devil in the other.

**Come!** Old Mr. F—— was very ill. A Christian was asked to visit him. He began: "St. John says . . ."

"I don't want to hear about St. John and what he says."

"Well, the Apostle Paul . . ."

"I don't want to hear about him."

"Then let me tell you of what the Lord Jesus said: 'Him that cometh unto Me, etc. . . .'"

The invalid lay motionless and silent, evidently thinking.

"Very good, I'll come," he said at last; *and he did.*

**Coming of the Lord.** A widowed mother stands on the pierhead of a seaport, eagerly gazing seaward. She has heard that transports, bringing troops home from a war in a distant land, are soon to arrive, and in one of them she ardently hopes to see her much loved son. Preparations for a grand review, to take place soon after the men have landed, are being made on a magnificent scale. And her boy is to have part in all the honour. She will be there to see it. But just now she is waiting for *him*, to take him to her home and have him all to herself, for the day or two preceding the review. Day and night since he departed she has looked forward to his return. She will rejoice to see him honoured, but the thought uppermost in her heart is—"He is coming."

GEORGE CUTTING

**Coming of the Lord.** During Nansen's last attempt to reach the North Pole, he was lost to the world for many weeks, marooned in a wilderness of ice and snow. It was thought he must be dead. One day a little bird flew in through the window of Nansen's home and dropped into his wife's lap. It was a carrier pigeon bringing news that her husband was alive and hoped soon to return.

**Coming of the Lord.** Experience should teach us that the world will not be converted in this age. Take any

street in any city and send a score of picked Christian workers to preach there, will the whole street be converted? By God's grace many may be saved, but experience, as well as Scripture, shows that 'men love darkness rather than light.'

**Coming of the Lord.** Harry Brown, formerly in Jamaica, was walking down the corridor of a train and saw the Emperor of Abyssinia, Haile Selassie, sitting alone in a first class compartment. He was so taken by surprise that he stood still, looking at the Emperor. The Emperor looked up, and perhaps observing Mr. Brown's clerical collar, beckoned to him, and after some conversation asked for his name and address, and said he might call on him. Mr. Brown told his young people at home, and for quite a while afterwards they kept the house very tidy, and spick and span, thinking the Emperor might come. He never came. But Christ will.

**Coming of the Lord.** In Swansea, old brother MacArthur—whose life was a bright testimony for Christ—crippled, maimed, semi-paralysed, was greatly sustained by the words of the motto card, 'Perhaps To-day,' hanging on the wall by his bedside. Do you know them?

**Coming of the Lord.** When the Duke of Windsor was Prince of Wales, he paid a visit to Kingston, Jamaica. The Mayor issued a call for a 'Clean up' and 'Brighten up' campaign. You should have seen how busy the people got, cleaning, tidying, painting, etc.

**Company—Bad.** A farmer saw a lot of birds picking up seed he had sown, and went out with his gun to shoot. All flew away except one that lay wounded. It was his own pet parrot which had escaped from its cage. Its wing was broken with the shot. He picked it up gently, saying: "Ah, Polly, this comes of your keeping bad company." He put it under his coat and took it home. His little girl, when she saw it, asked what had happened. Before he could reply, the parrot put its head out and said: "Bad company! Bad company!" Don't keep company with crows!

**Companions—their Influence.** Sophronius had a fair daughter named Eulalia, and she asked his permission one day to visit the gay Lucina. "I cannot allow it," said the Greek father.

"Then you must think me exceedingly weak," said the daughter indignantly.

Sophronius picked up a dead coal from the hearth and handed it to his daughter, but she hesitated to accept it. "Take it, my child; it will not burn you."

Eulalia obeyed, and the milky whiteness of her hand was instantly gone.

"Father, we cannot be too careful in handling coals," said the vexed daughter.

"No," said the father solemnly, "for even when they do not burn, they blacken."

So it is with evil companions and communications, as Lot found to his cost.

**Confession of a Sinner.** A young man, a millionaire, who sought satisfaction at earth's springs, committed suicide, and before ending his life wrote his own obituary notice: "DIED OF OLD AGE AT 21."

**Contentment with Second Best.** A child from one of our big cities was having a day in the country, and while walking along the road saw some heather which someone passing along before had gathered and dropped. She picked it up and carried it quite contentedly, although it had lost its freshness, and was seemingly unaware of the vast stretches of beautiful fresh heather close at hand which she might have gathered. Some may say: "Foolish child," yet so many of us are content with a little truth second-hand. We go through life poverty-stricken, our lives stunted and warped, while always within reach are the unlimited resources of the eternal world on which to draw.

**Conversation—Chill of Worldly.** Chill after warmth is always dangerous. How many, after being warmed up at



a meeting, directly it is over begin some worldly conversation, and lose all the warmth.

**Conversion—a Change.** After his conversion, one of Augustine's old companions in sin met him with a smile and said: "Augustine, it is I." He looked at her and replied: "But it is not I," and turned away.

**Conversion—a Change of Flag.** In the Napoleonic wars there were more than once encounters between one British and one enemy warship. Usually the British ship was victorious and the enemy surrendered. What transpired? The enemy-ship changed masters; it took sailing directions to *a new destination*—some British port. But it had placed on board it a British officer, and as many men as were needed to dispossess the old captain and crew from any effective control of the vessel, by assuming control themselves. The illustration is easy of application. Each of us when converted changed our flag, owning Christ now as our Lord.

**Conversion—Effect of.** A visitor asked an old, bed-ridden woman, who said she was trying to be a Christian: "Are you trying to be Mrs. C?"

"No, I am Mrs. C."

"How long have you been Mrs. C?"

"Ever since this ring was put on my finger."

"That is how it is with me. I do not try to be a Christian. I have been one ever since I put out my empty hand and received Christ as my Saviour."

**Conversion—Individuality of.** At a grand reception, given by the wife of an American ambassador, some Chinese princesses were attended by their retinue of no less than 461 attendants, all of whom had to be entertained according to the laws of Chinese hospitality. People seem to think they must secure a large retinue (of prayers, efforts, etc.) before they come to Christ. The opposite is the case. You are invited. Dismiss your attendants!

**Conversion—a Revolution.** A minister who was a bachelor was presented with a shining oak bookcase. He was a man whose mind was his kingdom, who was more at home among thoughts than things. Certainly no one would ever have called him house-proud. But the gift set him a problem. It seemed to put the rest of the room to shame. Not till then did he notice how shabby were his old bookshelves, how worn his carpet, how faded his wallpaper. The new bookcase worked a revolution in his study. Sheer decency demanded the refurnishing and redecoration of the whole room.

A similar revolution takes place in the inner life of everyone who honestly faces the claims of Christ.

**Conversion—Sudden.** If you were to listen to a French sergeant drilling his troops, you would hear him say: “*Convertissez!*” (right about face). Suppose one of the soldiers said to the sergeant: “I don’t believe in sudden conversions; could we not do it gradually?” What do you think that sergeant would say?

**Converts—Counting:** After preaching one night, D. L. Moody was asked how many converts he had got. He replied: “Two and a half.”

“I suppose you mean you got two grown-ups and a child?”

“No; I got two children and one grown-up.”

“How do you make that out to be two and a half?”

“The two children have got a whole life before them, whereas a grown-up person has only got half a life before him.”

**Cost—Counting the.** “How much should you say this estate is worth?” said one friend to another as they passed a lovely park. “I don’t know; but I know how much it cost the owner.” “How much?” “*His soul!*”

**Courage.** Captain Scott met his death in returning from the South Pole. Months later his frozen body was found. Beside him was a letter he had been writing to Sir James

Barrie, the well-known writer. The last word penned was 'courage'.

The letter was brought home and given to Sir James. Not long after he lost the use of his right hand, and was helpless and unhappy. Feeling very low, he took up the letter and said to himself: "If Scott could write about courage when things were so bad for him, why can't I have it, and learn to write with my left hand?" And he did. Five times 'Be of good cheer' in the Bible equals 'Take courage.'

**Creation—a New.** In an old cathedral, a valuable stained glass window, shattered by the storm, lay on the marble floor in a hundred fragments. These were gathered up, put in a box and stored in a cellar. One day a visitor came to see the window. Hearing of its fate, he enquired for the fragments, and asked if he might have them. "Take them; we can do nothing with them." He carried them away.—Weeks passed, and an invitation came to the custodians of the cathedral to view a work of art by a famous artist, celebrated for his skill in glass work. In his studio they stood before a veil of canvas, which dropped and displayed a stained glass window surpassing in beauty anything they had ever seen. "This window," said the artist, "I have wrought from the fragments of your shattered one, and it is now ready to be replaced." Once more a great stained glass window shed its beautiful light into the ancient building. But the splendour of the new far surpassed that of the old, and its fame spread far and wide.

PAUL RADER

**Creator.** Many years ago in the old town of Utrecht two men were engaged in earnest conversation. The elder of the two, silver-haired and venerable, was known as Father Martin. The younger was Van Bremen, a student at the University.

"Now, let me hear what your difficulty is, Mr. Van Bremen," said the old man.

The student replied: "Why, it appears to me that the whole teaching of Christianity is at variance with the most simple

rules of order and proportion. You allow that this globe is but a speck in the immeasurable universe, and that there are myriads of others a thousand times greater than ours. Can you really believe that the Creator Himself has visited this small, insignificant world, and that He has actually chosen out this little ball, which swims among the gigantic heavenly bodies like a drop in the ocean, that He might manifest Himself in a remote corner of its surface?"

"I know," replied the aged man. "It is not the first time that the Gospel has been accused of this. A learned astronomer, fifty years ago, had a conversation on this subject with my cousin, Peter. Shall I tell you the story?"

"Yes, if you please, Father Martin."

"My cousin for more than thirty years had been employed as steeple-watch in the tower of the cathedral. Do you see yonder small window on the first gallery? That is the window of the cosy little room where he spent nearly two-thirds of his life. His Bible was his inseparable companion. He knew this precious book from its first page to its last page, yet he said he read it every day with fresh delight.

"It happened" one winter evening that my cousin Peter was sitting in his little parlour with his open Bible on the table, and his stove burning by his side. To his surprise he heard steps upon the stone stairs, and the door was opened by a gentleman, breathless from fatigue and shivering with the cold. It was none other than the famous astronomer, Dr. B——.

"Why, Doctor!" said Peter, rising to greet his unexpected visitor, "How is it you are here so late, and in such weather?"

"The doctor said: "I have a task in hand that must be done to-night, for such an opportunity will not return for 200 years."

"What opportunity, sir?" asked Peter.

"Why, a conjunction of certain stars will take place at 12.30 to-night, and I would rue it all my life if I missed so rare a sight. It is 11.30 now, so I must go up and fix the telescope."

As the doctor spoke he viewed the comfortable little room.

"A snug little place this, Peter, but how can you be happy living here all alone?"

"I am not quite so lonely as you suppose, sir. You know I am fond of reading."

"Yes, I never come here but I find you at your Bible. How can you fill up your whole life with the contents of that one book? Only compare this small volume with the infinite book which I peruse. The whole firmament lies open before me, and every day new discoveries delight me. But you know nothing of the stars, Peter. Do you really believe that the Creator of all these magnificent orbs lowered himself to become a man? Can you suppose that the Prince of Heaven would pass by those magnificent worlds to take interest in such a paltry particle of the universe as this earth?"

"Sir," answered Peter, "I read that a shepherd will leave his sheep to seek one that is lost, and such is Christ. The sun may be a large body, and the earth a small one; but would God be truly great if He could not care for the former except by neglecting the latter? And if no way to save His fallen creatures could be found but by Himself taking their place and bearing their dues, He is great enough to do it, even though it cost Him His life."

Just then the heavy blows of the clock hammer striking midnight reminded the astronomer that the precious moments were flying. He seized his lantern and began to climb the steps that led to the top of the tower.

Scarcely fifteen minutes had gone when Peter was again roused by a violent push at the door. The Doctor in great agitation stood before him.

"Quick, Peter," he cried, "there is not a moment to lose. Bring your lantern and help me to search. A small screw slipped from my cold fingers when I was fixing up my instrument. It must have fallen on the balcony outside this room."

"A little screw, sir? In what direction did you drop it?"

"Round the corner at the north side. Be quick, I beseech you, for unless that screw be found all will be lost!"

They hurried out. The lantern was put on the floor, and

the two men got down and groped over the cold stone pavement of the balcony. The Doctor, unmindful of the keen, frosty wind that was chilling him to the bone, rubbed over the stones with his hands as if he were polishing them. At length, after crawling and groping for some minutes, he came upon the object of his search.

"Ah, here it is!" he cried, and, jumping up, he bounded up the steps to his telescope.

An hour passed. The tower clock struck one, and the Doctor appeared. "I have seen it all," he said, "it was most beautiful. I shall get a report printed that will interest the whole astronomical world."

"I am glad, sir," said Peter, "for I feared you would miss it altogether through that screw. And how surprised I was to find you making such an ado about a tiny screw!"

"Why surprised?" asked the astronomer, "did you not understand?"

"Well," said Peter, "I said to myself, there is that famous Dr. B——, the most learned and wealthy man in this town, one to whom everybody bows respectfully, running down our stairs, panting and coughing, at this late hour of the night, and all for the sake of a little screw."

"Well, well," cried the Doctor, "don't you see, you simple fellow, that everything depended on that little screw? My telescope would have been of no use, and my investigating would have been a failure without it. I shall now have the honour of publishing the report of this remarkable phenomenon—an honour which I would have lost but for that screw."

"Then, sir," said Peter, looking at the Doctor with an expression of deep earnestness, "you yourself have experienced what a man will do to recover what he has lost, insignificant in itself, but connected with the delight of his heart and the honour of his name. And if you, the noblest and wealthiest inhabitant of Utrecht, have not hesitated to lower yourself to the dust of this pavement for the sake of a lost piece of brass, why do you wonder that the great Creator

should have humbled Himself to find and save His lost creatures, however insignificant and worthless? Can you be surprised that the Son of God, for His glory and His wonderful purposes, did not shun even the death of the cross to rescue a portion of His universe which He loved, and which otherwise would have been eternally lost?"

The Doctor was silent—a tear glistened in his eye, and he seemed absorbed in thought. Then rising, he took Peter's hand and with an expression of deep feeling he said: "Peter you are better and wiser than I. Your Book teaches you higher things than the stars ever taught me!"

With this, Father Martin's tale was finished.

The student rose and, taking his hat, said, "I thank you, Father Martin. Your cousin Peter was a better astronomer than the Doctor."

**Critic, The.** Sergeant Broome looked critically at the rusty rifle, and then at the "rookie" private who carried it.

"Darling, has all my talking been in vain?" demanded the sergeant. "Clean that gun and be quick about it, or else K.P. looms."

In a few minutes Private Darling returned from his quarters with a shiny rifle for the sergeant to inspect.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have that filthy rifle clean already?" challenged Sergeant Broome. "Impossible."

"No, sir," meekly replied Private Darling. "You see, sergeant, I picked up the wrong rifle by mistake. This one is mine."

"And who owns the other one?" pressed the sergeant.

"You, sergeant," came the reply.

This incident, which happened recently at our local Army camp, illustrates a spiritual truth that is sometimes lost sight of. For it is often the case that people overlook their own sins and shortcomings, but they are quick to see and condemn other people's sins.

**Cross—Effect of the.** A missionary in Africa was telling a native audience the story of Christ and His love for us. And



how He died on the cross for our sins. He had told them of His perfect life, and he told them how the people rejected Him and led Him forth to crucify Him. Out in the open the crowd was gathered. In the front row sat the native chief, listening intently to the 'old, old story.' The preacher graphically pictured Calvary. They could almost see those soldiers drive the nails. Just as the missionary reached the climax, in which he told of Christ saying: "*My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?*" the African chief jumped to his feet, and cried out: "*Stop! Stop! Take Him down from the cross, I belong there, not Him.*"

**Cross—Image of the.** Some one bought a house in Scotland. The previous owner had laid out the front garden in the form of a large cross. As the weeks passed, he noticed that the outline of the cross began to fade, and soon was difficult to trace. Nothing had happened save that weeds and tufts of grass were springing up and obliterating the cross.

**Cross—Meaning of the.** John Beck, missionary to the Eskimos, was discouraged, for the people were becoming increasingly hostile. He was working at translation, when a group of men burst in. Kayarnak, the roughest and most repulsive, seized a sheet of manuscript and asked the meaning of the 'black marks.' Beck explained that they were words, like the words they were speaking. After passing round 'the talking paper,' Kayarnak demanded: "Make the paper speak, let us hear its words." Beck read bits from the Gospels, and was in the middle of the story of the Crucifixion when he became conscious of a dead silence. Looking up, he saw tears pouring down Kayarnak's face. "Go on," he cried, "I want to know more about this Jesus." Beck, greatly astonished, went on to explain in the simplest way the meaning of the Cross. Kayarnak accepted the Saviour there and then, and proved a most valuable ally, helping in the translation of the Scriptures. Before long, conversions took place by scores,



and people would come twelve, fifteen, eighteen miles to attend the services.

**Cross—Obstacle of the.** Napoleon was looking at a map of Europe. Placing his finger on Great Britain, he remarked: "Were it not for that red spot I would have conquered the world." Even so may the devil speak, when he thinks of the Cross.

**Cross—Significance of the.** A critic was standing in Turner's studio examining one of the latest of the great artist's productions. Apparently he was perplexed; the picture seemed all mist and cloud, hazy, indefinite and incomprehensible.

But Turner was a master of his art, and the critic did not venture to express his opinion as freely as he would have done if he were surveying the work of a less famous man. He could, however, make nothing of the picture, and was about to turn away discomfited, when Turner himself stepped forward and with his brush added *a single dot of scarlet* to the picture.

The result was startling. That scarlet dot brought all the parts of the picture into proper relation to one another, suggested the proper point of view, and made the whole work intelligible.

**Cross—Triumph of the.** On the roof of Keble College, Oxford, is the carving of a dragon with its mouth wide open. An angel is about to thrust a sword in the shape of a cross down its throat.

**Cross—Value of the.** Frances Ridley Havergal tells of seeing a woman kneeling beside a cross of flowers, while she was passing an almshouse. At first she supposed the woman to be a deluded follower of some superstitious system or false cult. When she drew nearer she heard the woman saying, abstracted in devout reverie: "*Enough for God, enough for justice, enough for me.*" What a summary of the cross of Christ! Yes, Calvary is enough to satisfy all the claims of

God against sin and the sinner; Calvary is enough to satisfy all the claims of Justice and the Law against the sinful souls of men; Calvary is enough for me to rest on for all eternity.

## D

**Danger—Conscious of.** During a voyage of the S.S. *Scotia*, the night was calm and the sea very smooth. But there was a shade of anxiety on the Captain's face, and he often went to consult the thermometer. Ship was going at half-speed, but the captain gave orders to go 'Dead slow.' Asked why, he said: "The thermometer has been sinking rapidly all the evening. There must be a large quantity of floating ice near." Before midnight the ship was surrounded by immense icebergs. This danger, real and imminent, was foreknown by one who consulted the instrument and had faith in it, while others on board were entertaining themselves without a thought of danger.

**Danger—Unconscious of.** In a crowd gathered in front of a hall where a large meeting was to be held, a mother lost her little girl. She sent a request to the preacher to announce: "Mary Moore is lost. If she is in the company, will she please stand up." No one rose, and they sent word to the mother that the child was not in the hall. The mother got a bell-ringer to go round the town, announcing the loss of the child. An hour passed, and the poor woman became frantic. But all this time Mary was on the front seat at the meeting. "Why did you not rise when your name was called out?" they asked her.

"*Because I was not lost; I thought it meant some other Mary.*"

**Dead to Sin.** Two Christian girls, shortly after their conversion, were invited to a worldly amusement to which they felt it would be disloyal to their Lord to go. So they replied: "We are unable to come, because *we died* last Tuesday week."

A. LINDSAY GLEGG

**Death—Empty-handed at.** Alexander the Great directed that when dead his hands should be placed across his chest palms outward. "Why?" he was asked. "To let all who look at me in death see that the man who conquered the world went out empty-handed."

**Death—A Living.** There is a graveyard in Ayrshire where once a stranger was buried; and it greatly distressed the folk in that parish; so much so, that they had a notice put up to the effect that "This graveyard is exclusively reserved for the dead who are living in this parish!" There are many people like that. Jesus said: "I am come that they might have life."

**Death—A Transition.** Sir James Simpson, the famous physician, had a butterfly carved on the tombstone over his child's grave, not to speak of the shortness of life, but to suggest that death is only a transition, like that from the chrysalis to the butterfly.

**Death of Christ.** On that quiet Easter morning something absolutely unique in the world's history took place, a breach was made in the mighty wall of death through which there has been pouring ever since the boundless ocean of incalculable power, lifting men and women in every corner of the earth above the pollutions, pursuits, pleasures and perils of this world.

**Defence Against Satan.** A certain tree is exceedingly obnoxious to venomous serpents. A gentleman once observed a mother bird carrying leaves of this tree and surrounding her fledglings with them. As she rested on a limb above, he noticed a poisonous serpent circling around the tree and slowly ascending until, with glistening eyes and extended fangs, its head was stretched out towards its helpless prey. As it came in contact with the leaves, it dropped as if shot.

Constantly surround yourself and your children with those associations offensive to that old serpent, the devil.

**Demands of Christ.** After the American Civil War, the Southern representatives offered concession after concession. To all, Lincoln's unvarying reply was: "Gentlemen, this Government must have *all*."

**Demas, Tragedy of.** In the Doge's palace at Venice there is a long line of fine portraits of bygone Doges. One space is empty, and a dark curtain hangs before it. From that covered panel once looked out the face of one afterwards found to be a traitor. In the grand catalogue of those who served with Paul there is an empty space. Hanging before it are these words: "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world."

**Depression—A Cure for.** At one time Luther was sorely tried and became depressed almost to the point of despair. He came down one day and found his wife dressed in black—the kind of black that means mourning for some one. He asked who it was. "Do you not know," said Catherine, his wife, "that God is dead!" "What nonsense!" said Luther, how can God die?" To which she replied, "and yet you are so hopeless and discouraged." Luther learned his lesson and thanked God for his wife's wisdom.

**Differences Among Christians.** Toplady, the saintly writer of "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," wrote a pamphlet about John Wesley whom he called "an old fox tarred and feathered." Fancy one servant of Christ speaking of another in such terms! John Berridge and Fletcher of Madeley also said cruel, bitings things of each other. But it is good to know that in later years Berridge (Calvinist) received Fletcher (Wesleyan) at his house with open arms, saying as tears rolled down his cheeks: "How could we write so about each other, when we each aimed at the same thing, the glory of God and the good of souls?"

**Discernment—Spiritual.** A man is sitting in his room writing. His wife comes in and says: "How stuffy it is in here!" He has not noticed it, for he has been in that atmos-

phere as it gradually deteriorated. *She* had been out of doors, enjoying the pure air, and at once discerned the state of the air in the room.

**Discipleship—the Cost.** Up in the Midlands a man came to a Convention meeting, and he realised that if he was going to come into the real blessing it was going to mean telling the truth! He was a salesman of second-hand cars and he used to make his money by “telling the tale,” and passing off cars which were in a defective condition. He knew if he was going to face up to things it would cost him half of his income. At the end of the meeting he had to face it. “Is it going to be £400 a year telling lies, or £200 a year at the cost of telling the truth?” He faced it, and it did cost. His income went down by half; yet at the end of the year he gave this glad testimony, that he would willingly have let it go down to a quarter, for he was walking with the Saviour victoriously and in spiritual health.

**Discipline.** A lady saw on a Swiss mountain a sheep lying on straw with its leg broken. “How did it happen?” The shepherd said, “I broke it. It was most wayward, and was always leading other sheep astray. So I did that. The first day I went to it with food it tried to bite me. I let it lie alone for two days. Then I went back to it, and now it not only took the food, but licked my hand, and showed every sign of submission and even affection. It will soon be well, and it will be the model of the flock, hearing my voice quickly and following closely at my side.” RUSSELL ELLIOTT

**Disunity—Folly of.** A notice board on a bridge in Ohio reads: “Processions in crossing this bridge must break step.” The impact of every right and every left foot, striking at once, so multiplies the force exerted on the bridge as to endanger its stability. Why do we not achieve greater results? Because we “break step.”

**Disunity—Folly of.** In an old monastery near Bebenhausen (Germany) one may see two pairs of deer's

horns interlocked. They were found in that position many years before. The deer had been fighting; their horns got jammed together and could not be separated; so they died. Dr. Kerr, who tells the story, says: "I would like to carry those horns into every house and school." Yes, they would have a message for many a church!

**Disunity—Folly of.** Nelson, the day before the battle of Trafalgar, took two captains, Collingwood and Rotherham, who were at variance, and showed them the enemy's fleet. "Yonder," he said, "is the enemy. Now shake hands and be friends."

**Divisions—their Danger.** Ministers of three denominations were in a boat on the Rhine. They began to discuss where they should land. One wanted to land at a certain place; another said it would be better further down; the third thought they should cross to the other side. While debating, they were drifting along and presently struck on a rock, thrown into the water, and were only saved by the skin of their teeth.

**Drink Deep!** An undernourished child was taken into a New York hospital. Soon the nurse came to her with a large glass full of rich milk. The girl had been brought up in extreme poverty; she was one of a family of several children. So when the nurse offered her the glass of milk the girl asked her: "Nurse, how deep may I drink?" In her home, the one glass of milk had been divided among several, and each one was permitted to drink to a certain point down the glass. The nurse cheerfully told her: "Drink deep, child, there is plenty; you can have all you want!"

## E

**Earth—Pull of the.** In the old days of gas balloons, before the modern aeroplane was thought of, they were anchored to earth by strong ropes. One, destined to rise higher and higher, would reveal a certain amount of restless-

ness to be free for its flight, but, no matter how it tugged and swayed, it was held a prisoner till the ropes were released. One wonders if the earth pull is not too strong in some lives.

**Earth—Riches of.** A travelling Russian bought a very large pearl from an Arab trader. Neither had any idea of its value. When the Russian reached his home at St. Petersburg he showed it, a dirty little ball as it appeared, to a man who offered him a substantial profit on his purchase. Its new owner had indeed secured a prize. He kept it in a strong box on a marble table, and people came from far and near to see it, among them the Tsar himself, who offered wealth and rank to the owner for it, but this was refused. Then came trouble. He was accused of complicity in a plot. He fled with his treasure, and made his way to Paris. There he declined to show the pearl to anyone. At length, yielding to urgent requests, he fixed a day for exhibiting it to a select company of bankers and traders in gems. He opened the box before them. His face turned deadly pale. The pearl was found to be badly diseased, and soon it crumbled to powder. His immense fortune was a heap of dust!

**Earthly Interests Shutting out Christ.** A man built a house on a spot commanding a beautiful view. Then he said: "I must have trees to make it more lovely." So he planted a number of fine trees, which grew up and were much admired. Their branches interlaced and shut out the distant view. Men gather earthly interests about them, until after a while the glorious highlands of spiritual experience are shut out, and heaven itself is hidden from the soul's view.

**Ends—Contrasted.** When the godly Haldane stood by the bed of his dying wife, as she closed her eyes in death, a single tear gushed from her eye and ran down her pale cheek. He tenderly wiped it away, saying: "It is the last tear she will ever shed; God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

A young lady lay dying, her friends around her. Dipping



her finger in a glass of water, she let the drop at the end of it fall on her tongue, saying: "That is the last drop of water I shall ever have. I shall want it, but shall not have it."

**Environment—Our True.** Away in the North a gentleman found an eaglet lying at the foot of a high cliff, helpless. He could not replace it in the nest, and had not the heart to leave it to die. He took it home and put it with some chickens at the same stage of life. The mother hen took kindly to it, and it was soon full grown. One morning the gentleman thought: God never meant an eagle to be shut up in a hen house! He took it out into a field. It stretched its wings, mounted up and soared away.

**Envy—its Reward.** A great preacher once pictured a little wrist watch, envious of the position of Big Ben, being raised to that height and being thus completely lost to view. "It's elevation," said he, "had been its annihilation."

**Estimate—God's.** A little boy was on the scales. Being anxious to outweigh his playmate and create an impression, he puffed out his cheeks and swelled himself out almost like a little frog. But his wiser young friend only said in scorn "That doesn't make any difference; you only weigh what you are." Lesson: Let us have done with make-believe. What I am in God's sight is what I really am.

**Eternal—Importance of the.** Over the triple door of Milan Cathedral there are three inscriptions, which in English read thus:

- (1) "All that pleases is but for a moment."
- (2) "All that troubles is but for a moment."
- (3) Over the central arch: "That only is important which is eternal."

**Evangelical or Evangelistic.** We must be evangelistic as well as evangelical. 'Evangelical' is a reservoir of pure water without a pipe running anywhere. Climb the embankment and you will get a good drink. But 'evangelistic'



is the reservoir with a pipe to every heart and nation in the world. 'Evangelical' may mean truth on ice; 'evangelistic' means truth on fire. 'Evangelical' sings "Hold the fort for 'I am coming'; 'evangelistic' sings, "Storm the fort, for God is leading." The need to-day is not evangelicalism as a thing to fight *for*; but evangelism as a force to fight *with*.

**Evolution Confuted.** Dr. Alfred R. Wallace, co-adjutor of Darwin, cast aside the Evolution theory when at the age of 87, and returned to his earlier faith in creation as told in Genesis I. He left two statements on record:

(1) "Nothing in evolution can account for the SOUL of man. The difference between man and the other animals is unbridgeable."

(2) "An honest scrutiny of Nature forces upon the mind this certain truth, that at some period of the earth's history there was a CREATION, a giving to the earth of something which before it had not possessed, and from that gift, the gift of LIFE, has come the infinite and wonderful population of living forms."

**Example—Bad.** The head of a large firm often went to the railway station in connection with the arrival and despatch of goods. He came to use as much freedom as the officials in crossing the line. One day, having crossed, he was in the act of stepping up on to the platform when he heard a scream from the waiting passengers and, turning, he saw his own child cut to pieces by an engine. The child had followed him, and met his death by walking in his father's footsteps.

**Example—Influence of.** A mother was telling her minister about her two daughters: "I cannot understand why they are so different. Both have had the same education and home training." But it transpired that in the bedroom of the elder girl was a picture of Florence Nightingale; in that of the younger, the picture of an ill-famed actress of past days.

**Example—Influence of.** In a European gallery there is an old Greek statue, a beautiful figure of physical perfection. A visitor stood watching others. If one stood long enough before it, almost invariably he would begin to straighten up. He did not *try* to be straight, but did it unconsciously.

**Example—Influence of.** Mr. Spurgeon at Mentone used to saunter and sit in the beautiful Casino grounds. One day the manager addressed him and expressed his pleasure in seeing him there. "But you derive no revenue from me, for I never enter the Casino."

"But many who see you enter the grounds follow your example. They do not, however, stop where you do! They enter the Casino, and contribute to its business. So I trust, sir, that you will not imagine that you are an unpaying guest."

Mr. Spurgeon left the grounds as quickly as his rheumatism would allow, and never entered them again.

**Example or Saviour?** A man said to a minister of the Gospel. "I don't like your preaching. You are far *too morbid*. Instead of constantly harping on the death of Christ you would do much more good by emphasizing the challenge of Jesus as Master and Example."

"Would you, then, be ready," he was asked, "if I preached Christ as Example, to follow Him?"

"Yes, I would follow His steps."

"Good. Let us take the first step. Here it is: 'Who did no sin.' Can you take that step?"

"No, I sin; I admit it."

"Then you do not need Christ as Example, but as Saviour."

**Exponents—Living.** In fashion magazines are descriptions of dresses. The writers are expositors, and they illustrate their expositions with pictures. But in the great saloons of the West End of London, and of Paris, you can see the dresses worn by living *exponents* (mannequins).

**Eyes Fixed on Christ.** When a twenty-one-year-old youth was brought into a court on a charge of driving at ninety

miles an hour, he readily admitted his guilt, but he had a good excuse ready.

"When I drive fast," said he, "I watch the road and nothing happens. But when I drive slow, my eyes wander about, and I get involved in accidents."

This is also true in a spiritual sense. For when we keep our eyes fixed on Christ, we make good progress, and really get somewhere spiritually. But when we slow up spiritually, and do not keep our eyes on Him, our eyes begin to wander about; we take more interest in the things of the world, and before we realize it, we are involved in temptations of one kind or another.

## F

**Face of Christ.** There is a well-known picture, "The Death Sentence." A doctor has just told a young fellow he is in the grip of an incurable disease. The look of despair on the young man's face is not the most noticeable feature, but that on the face of the kindly doctor, who knew what was wrong, but was unable to deal with it. You never see that look on the face of Christ!

**Faith in Father.** Botanists, collecting rare specimens in the Alps, saw through their glasses one they wanted down a precipice. They offered £5 to a boy if he would consent to be lowered with a rope. The boy ran off and returned shortly with his father. "I'll go down if my father holds the rope."

**Faithfulness—Reward for.** When Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great, expressed a wish that Caligula might some day sit on the Roman throne, Tiberius was angered. He threw Agrippa into a loathsome dungeon. There he languished, month after month. But when at length Caligula ascended the throne, he went in person and opened the gates of the dungeon. He robed Agrippa in royal purple, and gave him a palace in which to live. He had his heavy iron chains

weighed, and for every heavy link of iron he gave him a heavy link of gold.

**Father Knows.** A child sat in a bus. When the conductor came for fares, he said: "I haven't any money."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know. But father's on top; he has the money, and knows all about where I am going."

**Feet Shod with . . . Gospel of Peace** (Eph. 6). A lawyer in America, tired, sat down on a bench in a park and slipped off his shoes. He dozed off, and on waking found they were gone. So he had to walk back to his office, nearly a mile, 'pussy-footing,' as he described it. A writer, recording this, says many Christians seem to have nothing to say about the Gospel. The devil seems to have stolen their shoes while they were asleep, and now they are just 'pussy-footing' along.

**Fellow-labourers.** The first man who dug a shovelful of earth for the foundations of Cologne Cathedral and he who fixed the last stone on the topmost pinnacle a thousand years later (for the Cathedral took 1,000 years to complete) were fellow-labourers.

**Fellowship in Church.** A certain minister preached on "The Recognition of Friends in Heaven." During the following week a letter came to him: "Dear Sir, I should be much obliged if you would make it convenient to preach to your congregation on the recognition of friends *on earth*, for I have been coming to your church for nearly six months, and nobody has taken any notice of me."

**Flower without Fruit.** I saw a tree laden with beautiful blossom, and asked the owner what it was. "A flowering cherry tree," she answered.

"A flowering cherry tree!" I said, in my ignorance, "and what is the difference between a flowering cherry tree and an ordinary cherry tree?"

"This one only flowers," she replied, "but the other also fruits."

And how like some of us that is! During some special services, or under the influence of a good sermon, the blossom bursts forth rapidly.

**Fool for Christ.** A man stood in Piccadilly Circus with a bag in his hand. On one side were painted the words "A fool for Christ." Before long he had a big crowd round him, making fun of him. Then he suddenly turned the bag round, showing the other side, on which was painted: "Whose fool are you?" (I had rather be a fool for Christ's sake than a fool of the devil).

**Forgiveness.** In a Scottish town a doctor had died, leaving in his books certain accounts across which he had written in red ink: "Forgiven; too poor to pay." His widow, finding these accounts unpaid, sued the debtors. The judge asked if the words in red ink were in her husband's handwriting.

"Yes."

"Then," said the judge, "there is not a court in the world that would uphold your claim, since your husband, to whom the money was owing, has himself written 'Forgiven'".

**Forgiveness.** On New Year's Eve a Headmaster invited the boys to a party and had a huge bonfire in the playground. He produced a book, "The Detention Book," where the names were put of all who had failed to do their lessons, or in their behaviour. He cast it into the flames, saying: "This is the last day of the year; all the past is going to be forgiven and blotted out."

**Formalism—Curse of.** Ghandi told the story of how he was exercised as to Christianity, and attended a Methodist church in South Africa. Services and sermons seemed very lifeless; congregations just a lot of worldly people, going there out of conformity to custom, and many were doing nothing. So he wanted no more.



**Freedom from Law of Sin and Death.** When the time comes for the fledglings to leave the nest and enter upon true bird life, the mother bird rises and hovers above them, giving them a peculiar call. They see her there, the one on whom they had hitherto been dependent, and affection for her, or instinct, or whatever it may be, makes them want to be with her. And lo, without a thought of it, a new power works in them, their newly-feathered wings begin to flutter, and they are where she is. Thus are we set free from the law of sin and death.

**Fulness of God—filled with the.** Stand on the wall of a lock on a river leading from one of the great American lakes. At your feet, lies the empty lock, waiting to be filled. Yonder lies the great lake, with its abundance of supply, *also waiting*, waiting for something to be done at the lock before it can pour its fulness into it. The lock-keeper touches a lever, and the gates are opened. The water rises and rises, and soon the lock is full and a huge ship floats in. Here are God's children, alas, often empty and dry. And there is the abundance of God—of life, of joy, of power, of blessing. All waiting, as the lake waited; waited for something to be done by us. Nay; waiting for two things to be done. First, waiting for the gates to be closed that would let the water run away; then, for the gates to be opened that we may receive of all the fulness that waits to flow in.

## G

**Gift, A Love.** A Duke of Brittany, during a long imprisonment made a vow that if he regained his liberty he would give to the Church of Notre Dame his weight in gold. He placed himself in the scales clad in war armour, and had the opposite scale piled with gold till it had attained his weight.

But when Don Carlos, son of Philip II of Spain, lay ill, he vowed to give, on his recovery, his weight in gold to the Virgin. The restored prince placed himself in the scale clad in damask and fur.

Love never asks "How much *must* I do?" but "How much *can* I do?"

**Giving Heartily.** When, in Queen Victoria's time, the Punjab came under British rule, the young Maharajah, a mere boy, sent as an offering to his new Sovereign, who had been proclaimed as Empress of India, the Koh-i-noor diamond, and it was placed with the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London. Some years later, the Maharajah, now a young man, came to England and went to Buckingham Palace to pay his respects to the Queen. He asked to see the diamond, and the Queen had it brought under armed guard. He took it with great reverence and carried it to the window. Then he knelt at the Queen's feet and said: "I gave you this jewel when I was a child, too young to know what I was doing, and now, in the fulness of my strength, I give it to you again with all my heart."

**God—Character of.** A dying Mohammedan sheik cried: "O God, if Thou art just, I am lost; if Thou art merciful, I may be saved."

**God—Character of.** An atheist said if ever he were taken ill, he would rely on the mercy of God (if there were a God), as he had never done anything very bad. But, taken seriously ill, he began to think: "God must be just, as well as merciful; and what reason have I to think He will treat me with mercy rather than with justice?" A Christian visitor showed him that his is the very difficulty which the Gospel removes, as it shows how mercy can be exercised in perfect consistency with the strictest demands of justice. The atonement of Christ is the explanation. It was this that convinced the sceptic.

**God—Character of.** A man was driving a team through the streets of an American town when the horses became frightened and ran wildly, endangering the lives of pedestrians, and especially the life of the driver. A judge was passing by at the time and being a man of great strength he dashed

into the street and succeeded in grasping the horses bridles and bringing them to a standstill. The man in the wagon was deeply grateful, and thanked his deliverer most heartily, saying that he had in all probability saved his life.

Years passed, and in the course of the official duties of the judge, a man was brought before him for crime. The evidence was all against him, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty. A short time later the convicted man stood before the judge to receive his sentence. He was asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him. He made several attempts to speak, and finally said: "For God's sake, Judge, have mercy on me! You saved my life in a runaway years ago."

The Judge himself was deeply moved, but with blanched face said: "Yes, I do recognize you now. That day I was your saviour; to-day I am your judge and must do my duty." He then pronounced the sentence of death upon the wretched man.

**God—Character of.** "How can a God of love send a man to hell?" asked a fellow-traveller of John Seddon in the train.

"I will ask you another question by way of reply," said he. "How can a God of righteousness take a sinner to heaven?"

**God—Knowledge of.** "Johnny, don't you think you have as much as you can carry?" said Frank to his small brother, who was standing with open arms, receiving the bundles placed on them. "You have more than you can carry now."

"Never mind," said Johnny, "Father knows how much I can carry."

How long some of us take to learn that lesson!

**God—In Touch with.** "You will have to be much with God in secret," said a wise elder brother to a younger one who was going overseas for a period of ministry. "You will find much superficiality and worldliness among the children



of God, and a tendency to make going to meetings the chief part of their Christianity. You will easily slip down to that level unless you keep in very close touch with God."

ALAN REDPATH

**God—Our Giving.** Once there was a poor woman standing before the window of a royal conservatory which looked into the public street. It was in the dead of winter, and no flower was to be seen in the gardens, and no fruit on the trees. But in the hothouse a splendid bunch of grapes hung from the glass ceiling, basking in the bright winter sun. And the poor woman gazed at it till the water came into her mouth, and she sighed: "Oh, I wish I could take it to my sick darling!" She went home and sat down to her spinning-wheel, and wrought day and night until she had earned half-a-crown. Then she went to the king's gardener and offered him that sum for the bunch of grapes; but the gardener received her unkindly, and told her not to come again. She returned home, and looked round her little cottage to see whether there was anything she could dispense with. It was a severe winter, yet she thought she could do without a blanket for a week or two, so she pawned it for half-a-crown, and went to the king's gardener and now offered him five shillings. But the gardener scolded her, and took her by the arm roughly and turned her out. It just happened, however, that the king's daughter was near at hand, and when she heard the angry words of the gardener and the crying of the woman, she came up and inquired into the matter. And when the woman had told her story, the noble princess said with a kindly smile: "My dear woman, you were mistaken. My father is not a merchant, but a king; his business is not to *sell* but to *give*," whereupon she plucked the bunch from the vine and gently dropped it into the woman's apron. So the woman obtained as a free gift what the labour of many days and nights had proved unable to procure her. So it is with the salvation of the soul. It is the gift of God as a King.

DR. GUTHRIE

**Goodness—Proof of.** Picture a sower, flinging out his seed like a shower of gold upon the soil. One asks if he is qualified to sow; whether he knows all about the nature of the seed, the physiology of its growth and the process of its development.

"No, sir; I do not," he replies.

"Then how do you know it is good seed?"

It is good to see the sower then! His face lights up with a smile.

"Why! I have been feeding upon it for months past! I had my breakfast off it to-day, as fine a bit of wheaten bread as ever I wish to eat."

MARK GUY PEARSE

**Gospel—Application of the.** A pill vendor, in one of our busy market-places, declared with the greatest possible assurance that his pills would cure any and every disease from which mortal bodies can suffer. Near to him stood an open-air preacher, whose powerful voice evidently annoyed the purveyor of medicines, who turned sharply upon the preacher and said: "What's the good of your preaching or your religion? After nineteen centuries and more, they are played out, and people are not converted—or saved, as you call it."

Replying to this attack, the preacher said: "Well, friend, what about your pills? You say they cure all manner of diseases and complaints, and yet I know scores of people who are still suffering from these very things. According to your argument, your pills must be a failure!"

"My pills a failure!" retorted the indignant professed physician, "it's plain enough why people are not cured. It's because they won't buy my medicines, and take them."

"That's the reason they are still suffering!" was the preacher's answer. "I understand. It's all in the application. And that, my friend, is just the case with the Gospel. It has not failed, for it is 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' The reason why men and women are still unsaved is because they have failed in the application."

**Gospel—Application of the.** A soap manufacturer, not a Christian, was walking with a minister. Said the soap-maker: "The Gospel you preach hasn't done much good, for there's still a lot of wickedness, and preaching hasn't prevented war." The preacher made no immediate reply, but they soon passed a child making mud pies. He was exceedingly dirty. It was then the preacher's turn and he said: "Soap hasn't done much good in the world, I see; for there's still much dirt and many dirty people."

"Oh, well," answered the manufacturer, "*soap is useful only when it's applied.*" "Exactly," was the minister's reply, "*so it is with the Gospel we proclaim.*"

**Gospel—Attitudes to the.** The strange tale of a man then known as 'Mr. X' was told in an issue of the *Toronto Globe and Mail*. Two days previously he had swept through a military hospital in that city showering \$100 bills on the astonished patients and attendants. He came unannounced and at once began his fairy-like bestowals, spending only a few minutes to visit the wards and leaving in his wake, a group of men, happy to the tune of about \$5,000. A newspaper reporter visited the hospital later and related some interesting incidents.

One patient told how the generous visitor went through his ward while he and some of the other inmates were gambling for pennies. The patient had won thirty-five cents and was just about to pick them up when one of the players swept them to the floor, exclaiming: "Whee! Let's not worry about chicken-feed. We don't need it!" for just at that moment he noticed the stranger approaching, distributing the big bills. When the reporter asked the winner of the thirty-five cents what happened to the pennies, he remarked, "Why, we forgot all about them."

Another patient told how he slept all through the visit of the kind stranger and confessed it was "my most expensive sleep." That sleep cost him \$100 at least, but many to-day who are spiritually sleeping are risking the loss of their precious souls for all eternity.

It was also reported that 'Mr. X' accosted a nurse in the corridor and proffered her a handful of money, but, treating the whole matter as a joke and thinking the money was 'phoney,' she exclaimed, rather petulantly, "Oh, go away." Well, he did, and shortly after the nurse learned that she had missed what the newspapers called a 'Golden Opportunity.'

**Gospel, Power of the.** Have you ever heard anyone say, "I was an unhappy drunkard, the shame of my family and a disgrace to society, but I set myself to the study of mathematics, botany, or a book of morals, since then I have been a changed man?" Well, I can show you not one, nor ten, nor one hundred, but thousands of men who say: "I was miserable, without peace and without hope until the day on which I came to know the marvellous power of the Gospel. It has changed my life, I have been delivered from my sins, and peace has entered my heart and my home." Such are the miracles that the Gospel performs daily!

**Growth—Continual and Fruitful.** Longfellow, at the age of eighty, was asked how he kept so vigorous mentally. Pointing to an apple tree, he said: "That tree is very old, but it grows a little new wood every year, and out of the new wood the blossoms and fruit come."

**Growth—Hindrances to Spiritual.** Columbus was sorely tried by his seamen. Even when the ship was at the threshold of the New World his mutinous crew sought to steer back again, and the peril was only averted by the great captain's resolution. So, within each voyage to heaven is a mutinous crew, a set of cowardly unbeliefs and perfidious lusts.

**Growth in Christ.** A farmer has seed in his granary. Though making no present use of it, he will on no consideration part with it. He intends to sow it in a certain field, and only waits for the harvesting of another crop, one of very peculiar interest, growing in the same field. He has a stake in both, and both he will preserve. But it is the *growing* crop that engages his special attention for the time being.

GEO. CUTTING

**Guidance.** A business man thought of moving to a city where prospects seemed brighter. He prayed for guidance and went. The result was financial impoverishment. A man who knew about it taunted him. He was brought low, but an opportunity opened out of service for Christ of a kind for which he was specially fitted. It was greatly blessed, and though he never regained material prosperity, he was cheered and blessed of God.

**Guidance.** The difference between a God-guided life and the haphazard kind of life that some people seem to lead is like the difference between a beautiful mosaic, where all the stones fit in with one another, and a mere heap of stones.

## H

**Hand of Jesus—Missing the.** After one of Gipsy Smith's meetings a mother brought her little boy to shake hands with him. The boy held out his left hand.

"Anything the matter with your right hand, sonny?"

"No, sir."

"Then put out your right hand."

Still the boy kept his hand behind him. He had three marbles clasped in it.

(Many a man misses the hand of Jesus, not because of anything wicked, but because of his playthings).

**Hand—the Nail-Pierced.** A Christian gentleman was being shown over some big engineering works by the manager. On saying farewell he took the manager's hand to thank him. It was soft, limp and flabby, so the visitor dropped it. The manager said: "You must excuse my hand. In my apprentice days I had a nail accidentally driven through my hand, and I have never been able to close it since." Shaking hands again the visitor said: "2,000 years ago One came down from heaven to save sinful men. They put Him on a cross with nails through His hands. He has never closed His hands since. His hands are ever open to every sinner who comes to Him: open to receive them, and bestow the best blessings of heaven.

A. LINDSAY GLEGG

**Hands without Heart—Repair of.** A negro took the hands of a clock to be repaired. He was asked: "Where's the clock?" "Nothing the matter with it; only the hands." "I must have the clock!" "You only want to run up a big bill," replied the negro, "give me back the hands." God cannot repair hands without the heart. Are we afraid of the price?

**Harm—Is there any?** A young woman once asked me if there was really any harm in going to a concert. In reply, I said: "Supposing your mother died, and the day after her funeral some one asked you to go to a concert, what would you think?" "Oh!" she said, "I should be horrified." I said, "Why?" "Because the shadow of my mother's death had not left the home." Then I said, "Do you know that God has not yet lifted up the shadow of the death of Christ from this world!"

**Harmony—Spiritual.** Sir Michael Costa, the celebrated conductor, was holding a rehearsal. As the mighty chorus rang out, accompanied by hundreds of instruments, the piccolo player ceased playing, thinking perhaps that his contribution would not be missed amid so much music. Suddenly the great leader stopped and cried out: "Where is the piccolo?" The sound of that one small instrument was necessary to the harmony, and his ear had missed it.

*Scripture Truth*

**Hearer—Kinds of.** There are four kinds of hearer, like:

- (1) A *sponge*, which sucks all up, but lets it run out again;
- (2) A *sandglass*, those who receive at one ear, and let it out at the other;
- (3) A *strainer*, which lets out the good and retains the bad;  
and
- (4) A *sieve*, which lets go the chaff and retains the wheat.

**Heaven—Language of.** We are informed that Julius Streicher, the German war criminal, spent his last days



studying the English language. This seemed rather strange to be busy studying another language just before his execution.

So one of the guards at the trial asked Streicher why he was studying English.

"Why, this is obviously the language we will speak in heaven," replied Streicher.

So evidently this bloodthirsty criminal who is credited with butchering a multitude of people inside Germany, fully expects to go to heaven. But we need not be surprised at this. For practically everybody expects to be in heaven some day; the rich and the poor, the good and the bad, the oppressor and the oppressed, the murderer and the murdered—all expect to turn up safely in heaven at last.

Not only do they expect to get to heaven, but they say they don't believe there is a place called hell, anyway. "Well, where did you get the idea there was a place called heaven?" we ask them.

"Why, it is in the Bible, of course," they reply.

"You are right. But remember this: the Lord Jesus had about ten times as much to say about hell as He did about heaven. So if you don't believe what He told us about hell, then why do you believe what He said about heaven?"

It is really amazing that people can be so inconsistent. They would know nothing about Heaven but for the Bible; but when Jesus uncovers the pit of hell and warns them about it time after time; oh; no! they don't believe that. And sad to say, the reason they don't believe it is because they themselves are on their way to that fearful place. "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment," said the Lord Jesus Himself (Matt. 25. 46).

**Heaven Rejected.** In India the swan is considered a sacred bird. They have a legend there that one day an old crane was out on the beach looking for snails, and down came a big white swan. The crane stretched out its great long neck, and said to the swan, "Where do you come from?"

The swan said: "From heaven."

"Heaven?" said the crane, "I never heard of that place. Is it far away?"

"Oh, yes."

"Is it a good country?"

"Oh, yes."

"Is it better than this?"

"Oh, far better," and the swan went on exclaiming about heaven, about its lakes and its rivers, and its fountains and its climate.

The old crane stood there listening, and when the swan was through, said: "Have you any snails there?"

The swan drew itself up and said: "No, vile things! They wouldn't have them in heaven."

"Well, then," said the crane, "you can have your heaven. I don't want it. I want snails."

**Help—Timely.** At Crecy, where Edward, the Black Prince, led the army, the King (his father) drew up a strong party on a hill, and there witnessed the battle. The Prince, being sharply charged, sent to the King for help. The King delayed to send it, and another messenger was sent, urgently craving assistance. The King replied: "Go, tell my son I am not so inexperienced a commander as not to know when help is needed, nor so careless a father as not to send it. Let the young man win his spurs." He intended the honour of the day should be his son's. *Current Anecdotes*

**Hindrances Removed.** An artesian well doubled its outflow after an earthquake, because the things that hindered were broken up!

**Home—Lights of.** During a fierce storm on one of the great lakes of North America, a steam tug, towing a barge, began to sink. The captain and crew took to a small boat. All the night they tossed up and down, in peril of their lives. In the morning they were rescued by a passing ship. The captain afterwards said that all the long night there was one thing that nerved their arms and kept their hearts from



sinking in despair. Shining through the darkness and the storm, *they saw the lights of home.*

**Home—Pull of.** We may be roused by a stirring word, but incentives of this kind do not give power for *endurance*. They are like the crack of the whip, which makes the old horse mend his pace for a few yards, but he is soon back at his old jog trot. But turn his head towards home, and see how he will go!

C. A. COATES

**Homeward Bound.** Mark Guy Pearse in his visiting brought cheer to many a suffering saint. Sometimes the one visited could not bear to listen to much talk. Mr. Pearse would draw from his pocket a sheet of white paper, and draw a distant landscape on one side. Then as the invalid closely watched, a sketch of the homeland was drawn on the other, with a wide stretch of sea between. Then a bird, tired of wing, but heading steadily towards the home side. Only two words need to make the meaning clear: "Homeward bound." Mr. Pearse departed leaving the glowing thought of the heavenly home before the dimming eyes of the weary saint.

**Honour.**—During the American Civil War, certain changes were made in the commands, and General Howard was placed at the head of a special division. After the war, a grand review was to be held. Commander-in-Chief Sherman said to General Howard: "The political friends of the officer you succeeded are determined that *he* shall ride at the head of the division, and I want you to help me out."

"It is my command," said Howard, "and I am entitled to ride at its head."

"Of course; but, Howard, you are a man that can stand a disappointment."

"If you put it on that ground, there is but one answer. Let him have the honour."

"And *you* will ride by my side at the head of the whole army!"

**Humanity of Christ.** A Buddhist, studying Christianity, said: "I cannot believe the supreme God would degrade Himself to become man." He noticed an ant-hill, and thought: "I would like to be able to make those ants understand that I would not hurt them, but am interested in, and even love them." He thought if he could only become an ant, while retaining the mind of a man, he would be able to communicate with them. It flashed on him that that is what God had done.

**Humility—Path to.** This story concerns a Persian shepherd, Ayaz, who by his devotion and faithfulness to his king, Mahmoud, came into prominence and ultimately was appointed Prime Minister. This appointment was the cause of sore distress to the other ministers over whom he had been placed, and they decided to send a deputation to His Majesty, their king, to point out how unfair it was that this man, a peasant, a shepherd, one who was not of high rank or birth, should be exalted above them and made Prime Minister. They told His Majesty their feelings. He listened and replied: "He is my most faithful and trustworthy servant, and I have every confidence in the Prime Minister. But in order to satisfy your minds you may watch his ways, and if there is anything that is not right and you think it should be brought to my notice, you are free to do so." After watching for some time they noted that once a week he went into a room, the door of which was always kept locked, and usually spent about an hour in it, then came out and locked the door again. Ah, they thought, we have come across something here. We are quite sure this man is taking advantage of the king. We are sure he is hiding some of the king's treasure or doing something he ought not to do. We think we had better tell the king this, and off they went and told him. He did not believe their story, but he gave them permission to burst open the door of that room when the Prime Minister was not there, and make a search. This they did, and to their astonishment, all they could find was a parcel, and in it an old dress

as worn by the peasants of the country, and a pair of old shoes. This puzzled them immensely and they could not understand it, but that was all they could find. However, they sent their report to the king. He sent for the Prime Minister and presented the parcel to him, saying, "Tell me, Ayaz, what this means." And this was his reply:

"Those are the shoes and that is the dress I used to wear when I was a shepherd. I open them out and look at them once a week lest I should forget what I once was and how unworthy I am of all the kindness and honour your Majesty has bestowed upon me."

## I

**Idleness—its Peril.** In the early days of Christianity, just after the turn of the First Century, the Roman legions, who had been left in Spain to hold that land for their Emperor, were employed on engineering works of benefit to the country. They built an aqueduct in Segovia, so that a good supply of water might be available not only for themselves but also for the inhabitants then living in that hot and dusty town. They did their work so well that for nineteen centuries the aqueduct stood and conveyed the refreshing water.

About the end of the nineteenth century or beginning of the twentieth, more care for ancient things began to move the minds of thoughtful Spaniards, and it was decided that the aqueduct ought to be preserved for posterity, and therefore it ought to be relieved of the weight and wear of the water. So they laid pipelines after the modern manner, and they stopped the flow of the water, that for many centuries had gushed along overhead.

Very soon after this the result began to appear. The hot sun dried the mortar and made it crumble. The aqueduct began to fall apart as stones slipped and fell. Soon it became a ruin, interesting, but useless. What the centuries could not destroy so long as it was in service, idleness disintegrated very swiftly indeed.

Here is a parable that may well be considered by every

Christian. Diligent service for the Lord may be shorn of much of its value by being defective or misguided or unintelligent. Yet idleness is worse, for not only is it without any value at all, but it works much mischief in the character and life of the idler; since disintegration sets in.

And what is true of individuals is also true of gatherings of God's saints. Lack of service, in other words just plain idleness, has often been the cause of their disintegration.

**Idols—Conquest of.** A child had a china doll which she named Euphemia Forbes. One day she said to her smaller sisters: "I've got an idol." "What's an idol?" they asked. "Something I love better than father and mother, even better than God. But I am going to sacrifice my idol." She got the hammer from the kitchen, laid Euphemia on a stone, and with one blow broke her in pieces. She buried the pieces in the garden.

**Idols—Conquest of.** A great conqueror invaded a country in the Far East. One day he entered a temple where stood an idol so beautiful that none of his followers were willing to destroy it. "Then," said he, "I will smash it myself." He lifted his battle-axe, and with a mighty blow smashed the idol into a thousand pieces. From its interior a rich store of golden coins, thousands of them, poured like a stream at his feet.

**If.** One of the shortest answers ever sent by one State to another was sent by the Lacedaemonians to Philip of Macedon. Philip had sent a message: "If I enter Laconia, I will level Lacedaemon to the ground." All the answer sent back was the little word, of two letters in their language, as well as in ours: "If." Romans 10. 9.

**Ignorance—its Fruit.** An order is given "*All employees to enter by side door.*" One ignores order, and goes in by the front door as usual and thus misses seeing a notice that a certain room is not to be used. Not having seen the notice, he goes to that room and begins to work. Presently a big

patch of plaster falls on him. Two things are true of him: he is *disobedient* and *defiled*, being covered with dust and débris.

**Ignorance—its Fruit.** I am out in the country and have lost my way. I have a general idea of the direction in which I should go, and finding a path going that way, I climb over a gate and quicken my pace. But the darkness overtakes me. As I grope along, I see a light ahead; a man with a lantern. He tells me that I am trespassing on private property, and asks for my name and address. When I get home, I discover I am splashed with mud. My 'sin of ignorance' has (1) exposed me to prosecution, and (2) had a defiling effect upon me.

**Ignorance—its Sorrows.** Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh University, was lecturing to a new class, with whose personnel he had a very slight acquaintance. A student rose to read a paragraph, with his book in his left hand. "Sir," thundered Blackie, "hold your book in your right hand," and as the student tried to speak, "No words, sir! Your right hand, I say!" The student held up his right arm, ending piteously at the wrist. "Sir, I have no right hand," he said. Before Blackie could open his lips, there arose a storm of hisses, through which his voice could not be heard. Then the professor left his place, went down to the student he had so unwittingly hurt, put his arm around the lad's shoulder, and drew him close until the lad leaned against his breast. "My boy," said Blackie—he spoke very softly, yet audibly—"My boy, you'll forgive me that I was over-rough? I did not know! I did not know!" How much of the sorrow of the world comes from lack of comprehension of the conditions which beset our brother's life!

**Ignorance—its Unbelief.** Amazing ignorance. Years ago an English mining prospector named Courtenay, aged seventy years, arrived at Los Angeles. For fifteen years he had been hunting for gold in the deserts of Arizona. He

asked after Queen Victoria and was astonished to hear she was dead. As a motor car passed along he jumped into a doorway in alarm. When told about the wireless he flatly refused to believe it and said people were trying to fool him! He had been out of touch with civilization while hunting for gold.

**Influence—Evil over Good.** When you store your apples, leave one rotten one among forty good ones and you will soon have 41 bad ones. But does goodness work that way? Suppose I have a cupboard full of rotten apples. How delightful if by putting one good one among them they all become good! The greengrocers would soon flourish if they could turn all their bad apples into good ones by putting one good apple in their midst.

F. B. HOLE

**Influence—on Others.** Soon after Herschel discovered the sixth planet, Uranus, some astronomers, studying the new discovery, observed that whenever Uranus came to a certain point in its path round the sun, it behaved in a peculiar way. Instead of continuing evenly in its orbit, it turned aside in a manner that the astronomers could not understand at all. At last it struck them there must be some other body, near enough to Uranus to act upon it, and pull it out of its course. By certain calculations they fixed upon the exact spot in the sky where the suspected body ought to be. On turning their powerful telescopes to that spot they beheld, for the first time, the planet Neptune.

**Influence—on Others.** When climbers intend to scale a dangerous peak they bind themselves together with a long rope, as a safeguard against accident. A party started to climb a very difficult mountain in the Alps. As they were crossing a narrow ridge, however, one of the party slipped. His sudden fall jerked the others off their feet, and they rolled over the precipice, one dragging the other down, and all were dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The rope that was meant to help became the means of destruction. Thus it may be with our influence.



**Inheritance—Earnest of our.** At a wedding in New York, the bride, daughter of a millionaire, received from her father the present of a latch key. There was a stir among the guests, and several expressed surprise. But the bride smiled and took possession of the key. The actual present was a substantial mansion, beautifully furnished. The key was a token that the mansion was hers, and also the means by which she could possess it and all that it contained.

**Inheritance—Enjoying Our.** A working man inherited a grand estate, worth many thousands of pounds, with a lovely mansion, surrounded by a park. But he did not know what to do with it. He had only been used to a small weekly wage. When a friend came to see him he found him living at the entrance lodge, sitting in his shirt sleeves and having his tea. He was not going to live in a big house where he might lose himself! The property was his own by right and title, but he did not make it experimentally his own by enjoying it.

**Inheritance—Unclaimed.** A man, emigrating to California, secured three acres, which he planted with cabbages. A visitor, finding him among the cabbages, said, "Give me a spade." Turning up a handful of earth, he showed him gold dust enough to pay for all the cabbages.

**Inheritance—Unclaimed.** For services rendered during the War of Independence, an Indian spy received from General Washington a parchment entitling him to a considerable pension. He hung it round his neck as a charm, and many years after, when dying in great poverty, it was found there. He had never drawn a cent of the money, and had been no better off for having the document.

**Invitation—God's Glorious.** Private R—— was transferred to the Marine barracks at Quantico, Virginia, near the nation's capital. But he couldn't find a place nearby for his wife and himself to live.

So he sat down and wrote a letter to his Congressman in

Washington and complained about it. You can imagine his astonishment when he received a reply from his Congressman, Mr. G——, inviting the R—— family to come and live with them in their Washington home until they found a place. But they did not accept the gracious invitation. They found quarters in Alexandria, Virginia.

The soldier reminds us very much of some unsaved people. When they get in serious difficulties and don't know which way to turn for help, they finally look to God and cry to Him to help them out.

And in His great love, God not only offers to help them out of their present difficulty, but He gives them a wonderful invitation to a Home.

**Isaiah 42. 6.** Miss Frances Ridley Havergal's last words. A friend was reading Isaiah 42. When verse 6 was reached, she stopped her, and whispered: "Called, held, kept, used! Well, I will just go home on that!" And so she did.

## J

**John 3. 16.** Old John Dickson, captain of the historic *Merrimac*, was an inmate of the Pennsylvania Soldiers' Home. He was a sceptic. Time after time the chaplain tried to induce him to read the Bible. He would not. At last the chaplain said: "Captain, read it, and mark in red anything that you don't believe. Begin with the Gospel of John." The Captain, with a glitter in his eye, took up the challenge. He was sick at the time, and confined to his bed. Every few hours the chaplain, passing his door, would come in and say, "Captain, have you marked anything yet?" The old captain would grin, but say nothing.

After a day or two, when the chaplain came in, there lay the old Captain dead, with his open Bible! The chaplain turned the pages of the Gospel of John. Nothing was marked in all the first chapter, nor in the second, nor in the third, until he came to John 3. 16. Beside this verse was written in red: "I have cast my anchor in a safe harbour, thank God!"



**John 3. 16.** There are 25 words in the verse. "Son" is the middle one. The previous twelve words all relate to God; the twelve that follow all relate to man.

**John 3. 16.** "Would you pay twenty shillings in a shop for something worth only a shilling?" Of course not. If you paid twenty shillings for anything it will be because you want it very much. Then, if God gave *His Son* for you and me—He must have wanted us very much!

**John 11.** When I stand by the grave and see four men lower the coffin into its resting place, the scene is not unlike that where four men from the roof of a house in Capernaum let their friend down out of their sight, but into the immediate presence of Jesus. They cover up the roof, assured that their friend is all right, and will walk out another way, liberated, and with new life. Gone will be the poor, palsied life. So we cover up the grave. Our dear one is in the presence of Christ, and by the word of His mighty power he will come out another way, liberated and glorified.

**Judas—Tragic.** There is a tree called the Judas tree. Its blossoms are of a brilliant red, and their fatal beauty attracts insects. "Every bee wandering in search of honey that alights on its blossoms imbibes a fatal opiate and drops to the earth. Beneath this enticing tree the earth is strewn with the victims of its fatal fascination. DR. CUYLER

**Judgment of Another.** A lecturer fastened up before the class a large sheet of white paper, on which he had put one fair-sized black spot. He asked each what he could see. All replied, "A black spot." Not one said, "A large white sheet."

**Judgment Seat.** A college student, owing to a physical disability, never opened his mouth in the class. But he gained the first prize for his work when the examination day came.

**Judgment—True.** We are told we must not judge people and say they are, or are not, Christians. What would they

say if a person paying their garden a visit, were so very polite that he called the weeds beautiful flowers and the thorns apple trees? We must not call the twilight daylight.

H. F. WITHERBY

## K

**Key—Wrong.** Passing along to business the other morning, I came upon a Christian neighbour trying hard to open his shop door, an effort which seemed to beat him. I offered to assist him, and on inserting the key he was using, I soon found that it did not suit the lock.

"Are you sure that this is the right key?" I asked, upon which he put his hand into his pocket and drew forth several keys, one of which he picked out, and holding it up, said: "What a foolish thing, to be trying to open the door with the wrong key?"

Putting the right key into the lock and giving it a gentle turn, the door opened at once and he stepped inside, remarking with a laugh: "It's an old habit of mine to work with wrong keys; I did it when I was seeking salvation by works and prayers and religion for many a day, but when I applied the key of FAITH the door was opened and I walked in to enter on a joyful possession of God's salvation."

**Kindness—Warmth of.** A gentleman, leaving a railway station, saw a little fellow selling newspapers. "How many have you left?" "Four, sir." "I'll take them all." He paid for them, and as he was putting them in his pocket, he remarked: "It's a cold night, sonny." "Yes," said the boy, "but it's much warmer since you came, sir!"

**King—Born to be.** After the murder of Louis XVI and his queen, the mob rushed back to the palace and seized the little prince, to drag him to the guillotine. But one said: "No; turn him over to old Mag," a vile woman who would train him in all that was devilish. She tried to make him do vile things, but he clenched his little fist and said: "I will not do it; I was born to be a king; I will not defile myself."

**King—Having Features of the.** After the death of Gustavus Adolphus, the Swedish representatives met to consider the situation. Some wanted a republic. Oxenstiern, the Chancellor, said: "Let there be no talk of that; we have the heir of Gustavus with us, a girl of six." Larsen, a peasant representative, said: "We have never seen her. We do not know that the king has left an heir. How do we know that you are not tricking us?" The Chancellor went out and returned with the child, Christina. They pressed near to gaze, and Larsen turned and said: "I see in this child the features of the king. Look at her eyes, her nose, her chin. She is indeed the child of our king." The world presses up to us, and if they do not discern in us the lineaments of Christ, they will pronounce us pretenders.

**Knowing Him.** John Bunyan had a blind daughter, who was his constant companion, and of whom he was very fond. She never saw his face; she was incapable of reading his pages, and she could only dimly recognize his genius; she did not know him visibly, intellectually, technically, logically, or critically, but if anyone in the world knew John Bunyan it was his little blind daughter. She knew him deeply and truly, as no biographer, historian or critic knew him.

## L

**Ladder to Heaven.** A certain man, an office-bearer in the church which he attended, had a dream one night. He dreamed that he saw a ladder, standing on the earth but apparently stretching up to the sky. He dreamed that he was ascending this ladder, and that its steps were composed of all the good things that he had done. When he thought of all the services that he had attended, he felt he was ascending rapidly. Then he thought of all the money he had contributed to the offertories, and that made him feel that he was getting quite near to heaven. But as he climbed he noticed that the ladder began to sway. He went on climbing, thinking of his good, moral life, and his gifts to the poor and needy

but the ladder swayed more and more. It seemed to be getting top-heavy. By and by, as he continued climbing, the ladder fell to the ground with a crash, and the dreamer awoke with a cry on his lips: "My God! It was not hooked on at the top!"

**Lamp of Christian Life.** In Southern Germany is a little chapel far up on a hill. It is called 'The House of Many Lamps.' It is said that 400 years ago a nobleman built it and purposely omitted to provide it with lights. "Each person must bring his own light," he said. One asked: "What if some one does not bring one?" "Then some corner in God's house will be dark," he replied. To this day the villagers go up the hill to that chapel, each carrying his own lamp. Is our local church one of many lamps? Do we always bring our contribution of joy and worship?

**Laughter—God's.** S—— was a tap dancer comedian. He was a top-notcher, drew a large salary, and was greatly in demand. He lived a thoughtless, careless, heedless life and was interested only in making people laugh. His actions, his queer jests, and unusual quips kept the audience in an uproar.

But trouble came into his life. Those he loved the most grew to care for him the least. Sorrow filled his soul. Disappointment crushed his spirit; still he must make the people laugh in order to have an income.

One day he passed a store room. He heard music coming from this room. He heard a beautiful song which seemed to soothe his heart somewhat. He paused to listen but did not enter. The words struck home to his heart and reminded him most forcibly of his need of the Saviour. He went to his room in the hotel, found a Bible, opened it at random since he did not know where to read, and found the second Psalm lying before his eyes. He read the Psalm and was greatly struck with verse four. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh." He remembered that he was making the people laugh; that was his business. But this was strange. God

would be laughing at him some day when distress overwhelmed his soul. Somehow or other, the Holy Spirit used this thought to send him to his knees and there he accepted the Lord Jesus Christ of Whom he had heard in his boyhood days.

Now he is making people's hearts glad with his messages about his living Lord. He lost his position, he gave up his salary, but he has been loyal to the One who put a song in his heart.

**Laughter—Its Danger.** A coroner's jury decided that a hearty laugh over a dinner-table joke led to the death of a man in Prince Rupert, British Columbia.

"His stomach was filled with food," said the coroner, "and created a pressure on his heart which caused it to stop beating when he leaned forward during his laugh."

And so the poor man literally laughed himself to death. Others are actually laughing themselves to death spiritually. They are trying to get all the fun they can out of this life, and they care little about what happens to them after this brief life is over.

**Law and Liberty.** In London streets may be seen three kinds of dog:

(1) The dog that has *liberty but no law*; the stray dog that runs about with no master and no home. It may think it is having a good time but it is liable any day to be caught by the police and killed.

(2) The dog that has *law but no liberty*. It is led by a chain fastened to a collar round its neck. It is always pulled back when it wants to run after other dogs, or across the street.

(3) The dog that knows the *law of liberty*. When taken out, he does not say: "Off I go, you see me no more." He bounds to and fro, but ever returns to his master. To all appearances, he is as free as the air. Yet in reality he is bound by a stronger chain than any sold in an ironmonger's shop, the invisible chain of affection.

Dr. A. T. SCHOFIELD

**Leading Men to Christ.** Away over in China, in the province of Hunan, it was the custom of the missionaries at regular intervals to hold a service to which beggars were invited. It was customary at the close of each service to present each beggar with a gift, taking care to see that no man received two presents. At the close of one such service, almost the last to leave was an aged and totally blind man. It was pathetic to see the vacant stare as he held out his empty hands. First, he stretched them out in front of an attendant, but he had no gift for him. Then he stretched them out to another missionary, but he also had no gift. Then he stretched them out to another missionary, but he also had no gift. Again and again, the eager hands were stretched out, but his efforts were unavailing. At last, a young lady worker, perceiving the old man's plight, laid a gentle hand on his arm and led him to the side of the one who was distributing the gifts. Thus she took the hand that groped and led it to the hand that gave. That is exactly what the preacher of the Gospel tries to do.

**Learn How.** A small boy, skating, had many falls. A friend said to him: "You must be hurting yourself; why not come off?" Tears were rolling down the boy's cheeks, but he struggled to his feet and said: "I didn't get new skates to give up with. I got them to learn how with."

**Life—a Clock.** Our life is like the dial of a clock. The hands of God pass over us again and again. The short hand is the hand of discipline; the long hand is the hand of mercy. Slowly and surely the hand of discipline moves over us; but the hand of mercy, which moves over it, moves twelve times as swiftly. Both hands are fastened to one secure pivot—the unchanging heart of God, who is Love.

**Life—a Controlled.** A negro on ship during the war was asked by another: "Whar you gwine?" The other answered: "I ain't gwine. I'se being took!"

**Life—a Crucified.** In South America some engineering

works had to be abandoned because of malaria. Before leaving, the engineers set fire to a broad belt of land, hoping thus to cleanse the infected area. For months it was smouldering. Two years after, workmen returned to resume operations, and were surprised to find the blackened ground covered with a new and unknown type of plant with an exquisite blue flower. Specimens were gathered and sent to the Botanical Gardens at Washington and elsewhere, but no one could identify this apparent product of the action of the fire—a crucified, cauterized life.

H. ST. JOHN

**Life—a Day at a Time.** “I can remember once,” says an old man, “when I was a little boy, helping mother to store away apples. I put my arms round ever so many of them and tried to carry them all. I managed for a step or two. Then out fell one, and another, and two or three more, till they were all rolling over the floor. Mother laughed. ‘Now, Daniel,’ she said, ‘I am going to teach you a lesson.’ So she put my little hands tight round one apple. ‘There,’ she said, ‘carry that, then fetch another.’” Don’t go trying to put your arms round a year! Nor even try to carry a whole week! Say to yourself: “Another day has come. Lord, help me to live it for Thee. Help me to cleanse my way and walk in Thy fear, just to-day.”

**Life—Eagle.** A pair of captive eagles in U.S.A., captured when two weeks’ old, were kept in a large cage. They grew into huge birds. Some boys opened the cage when the owner was away. The eagles got out, but had never learned to fly. One fell into a stream, and both were killed by the boys. How different from eagle life as God planned it!

**Life—Future Review of.** A rich landlord cruelly oppressed a poor widow. Her son, a boy of eight, knew. He became a painter, and painted a picture of the dark scene. Years after, he set it where the oppressor saw it. He turned pale, trembled, and offered to buy it at any cost. There is an



invisible painter depicting on his canvas all the passions and deeds of our history on earth. We must meet our earth-life again.

*Bate's Illustrations*

**Life—Hollow Attractions of.** Some workmen were excavating and came across a very old coffin. Lifting the lid, they saw the beautiful face of a lady. They bent their heads to examine more carefully such a wonderful example of preservation, and their very breath blew the face into dust. So much seems attractive, but a gust of wind from the realm of reality reveals its frailty.

**Life—Influence of a Christian.** "Experience had proved over and over again that the most potent influence for spreading the saving truths of Christianity . . . was not the preaching of the missionary or his trained assistants, but the altered lives and humble witnessing of unsalaried, often illiterate, native brethren."

Dr. W. CAMPBELL

**Life—Lived for Others.** Browning has a story of one, Ferishta, who earnestly sought to know God's will for his life. He saw an eagle circling round its nest, dropping food into the open mouth of an eaglet. He said: "I am to open my mouth wide, and God will fill it." So he gave himself much to prayer and meditation. But all seemed to go wrong. He dreamed an angel came and asked what he was doing. Ferishta told him about the eagle and his conclusion. The angel said: "You have quite misunderstood. You are to be the eagle, not the eaglet. Go and live for the good of others."

**Life—Meaning of.** A preacher held up before his audience a text worked with silks on perforated cardboard, with its back towards the people. All they could see was a tangled mass of various coloured silk threads. Then he turned the face of the text towards them and they read: "God is Love."

**Life—Pattern.** In the Palace of Justice, Rome, there is a remarkable room. The ceiling, walls and floors are covered with frescoes, strange, grotesque, and lacking in



harmony; just a bewildering mass of confusion. But there is *one* spot on the floor where, when you stand there; every thing falls into place, and the artist's conception stands out in perfect perspective and beauty. S. D. GORDON

**Life—Plan of.** The engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge was confined to bed when the bridge was in process of construction. Day by day, looking from his window, he saw its piers rise, and the spider's web of cables cunningly formed. It had all been planned, and held in his mind's eye. And when it was finished, being asked how it looked, he said: "It is precisely what I expected it to be."

**Life—Possibilities for Christ.** An artist, imprisoned on a false charge, was allowed to have his brushes and paints, but had nothing on which to paint. He asked for something, and they tossed him an old, dirty handkerchief. On it he painted what he conceived to be the face of Jesus. When finished he showed it to a man. Its marvellous sweetness touched his heart and tears ran down his cheeks. What might Christ do with our poor soiled lives if we handed them over to Him?

**Life—Proper Estimate of.** A Christian had a Latin word, '*Linquenda*,' meaning 'Some day I must leave it behind,' inscribed in letters of gold above the portal of his house. That seems to be a suitable word to apply to everything that here below we call our own. Are you in possession of a house? Write *Linquenda* on it, some day I must leave it! Are you in possession of a safe with treasure? Write *Linquenda* on it, I must leave it! Student, write it over your library; shopkeeper, write it on your shop; captain, write it on your ship; bride, write it on your trousseau.

**Life—Ruined.** A magnificent forest giant lay prostrate after a storm. The trunk was hollow. For years it had only been the shell of a tree. A worm had eaten its way into its heart, and laid its eggs. Soon hundreds of worms were eating away its life. When a man crashes, it is the result of a long process of self-indulgence in some sinful thing—an idol,

**Life—Second-best.** D. L. Moody, when living at Evanston, asked his small daughter if she would like to go to Chicago with him. When there, she espied a basket full of little china dolls,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, in the front of a store. She begged her father to buy her one. He said: "You don't want one of these miserable little dolls." She persisted, and finally he got one for her. Then he said, "Why do you think I asked you to come to Chicago with me? To get you a big doll with flaxen hair and blue eyes; one that would go to sleep, and say Papa and Mama?"

"Oh, I should like that; do get one for me."

"No; you have your little china doll. You have had your own way."

**Life—Something lacking in.** Two men, one a famous musician (a violinist), the other the inventor of the screw-propellor (for steamers) were friends in early life, but drifted apart, and did not meet again till both were famous. The musician invited the inventor to hear him play. He declined, saying he had no time to waste for music. Repeated invitations met with the same result. Finally the musician said: "If you won't come, I'll bring my violin down to your shop and play." The inventor laughingly replied: "If you do, I'll smash it to pieces."

One day the musician called at the inventor's workshop. He removed the strings and called the inventor's attention to certain defects, asking about the scientific and acoustic principles involved. Finally, to illustrate his meaning and questions he replaced the strings and began to play. The workmen dropped their tools and listened with wonder. The musician played on and on. By and by the inventor lifted his bowed head. His eyes were moist, and he said softly: "Play on; don't stop. I never knew before what it was that was lacking in my life."

**Life—Tangle Unravelled.** A story is told of a king who encouraged his people to weave, telling them to come to him in any difficulty. At the end of the day, all but one had made

many mistakes. "How did you manage to do it so correctly?" they asked. "Because I went to the king directly I found a little tangle."

**Life—Under God's Control.** You have stood in some great railway station and seen trains arriving and departing every few minutes and wondered perhaps at the quiet confidence of the driver as his engine rolled out into the darkness through a labyrinth of rails and crossings. But you understood why. Everything was laid down for him. He had only to obey his signal and keep his engine going. The track was laid. The care of the switches and signal lights was for others, not for him. His part was only to go forward, and stop when bidden. Some one will say, perhaps: "I don't like that picture. It takes away my independence, my freedom of will. It leaves me little to say about my own life." Well, suppose we change the picture. Imagine the train going out of the station without regard to any time-table, any prearrangement of time and track by which it shall proceed. Have you bettered the case? Is a man any better, more dignified, or more secure, striking out into the world on his own responsibility, and with only his own wisdom? What is the meaning of the innumerable wrecks that we encounter on every hand? There are no wrecks along the lines or in the lives in which God has complete control,

**Life—Unyielding.** There was a farmer who, in his early days, was engaged in transport-riding. On one occasion he met a man who offered him a large farm in exchange for a waggon and span of oxen. It seemed a small thing to ask in exchange for a farm, but my friend did not consider the farm worth even that; so he hugged tightly his own little possession. To-day, in his old age, he is in just a comfortable way, but no more. On what he believes to be the same despised farm, however, now stands the great and wealthy city of Johannesburg—the 'Golden City.' And it might have been my friend's. It might have been—if only he had yielded his little all.

**Life—Ways of.** Dr. Macmillan has left it on record that, when he was a boy, there were two ways of going to the village school. One was by dusty roads, the other through fields where sweet flowers grew. There was no need to ask a boy by which way he went to school. If he went by the road his shoes and clothes were dusty; if by the fields, he carried in his garments something of the fragrance of the flowers.

**Life—Ways of.** Lot had to choose; so do we. We have ascended the hill YOUTH and tried to get a bird's eye view of the plain called LIFE. Three main roads lead to it and through it. The WAY OF THE WORLD offers prospect of wealth, pleasure, ease. The conditions are, we must accept the world's standards and values, and acknowledge her ruling on all questions of conduct. There is the WAY OF SELF. In this there are no restrictions; unhindered 'self-expression,' every choice and action dictated by self-interest. There is the WAY OF CHRIST; it may be a difficult path, one of reproach, self-denial, loss, but it is the way of peace and joy; of purpose in life which is really worth while; of His friendship and a great future reward.

**Life—Well Directed.** A sea captain has his moments of anxiety, but he would never dream of relying on his feelings as to the course of his vessel. By the chart he judges where he ought to be ; by the sun he judges where he is. And these tests may either confirm his feelings or reverse them.

GEO. CUTTING

**Life—With and Without God.** Captain Prior of the Church Army, was visiting prisoners in Maidstone Prison infirmary and was asked if he would like to see Horatio Bottomley. He asked Mr. Bottomley if he would mind if he told him the story of his conversion. "Not at all; fire away." Captain Prior went on: "I was at a meeting in Bristol during a mission conducted by Canon Hay Aitken. I felt I must decide to accept the call of God, and came to Christ as my

Saviour." Horatio Bottomley then said: "That is most remarkable; I was at that meeting and was impressed with the necessity of deciding. I decided to go my own way, and have lived my life without God. It has been a wasted life, as one without God must be." "Would you be prepared to sign a statement to that effect?" "Yes," and he wrote: "A life lived without God is a wasted life," and signed it.

**Lights in Line—Guidance of.** Near a big lighthouse a visitor saw a small, black iron pillar. "It also is a light-bearer," said the keeper, "and in that iron basket at the top a fire is kept burning when the fishing boats are expected home." "But surely," said the visitor, "it cannot be necessary to have a small, insignificant light like that when there is this powerful light in the lighthouse." "The little light," replied the keeper, "helps to make even the lighthouse more useful. When the little light is in a line with the bright light, they know they are steering straight for the harbour entrance."

**Light—Moral Influence of.** Gaslight was first introduced in 1807, but was greatly opposed. It was, however, declared that it had done more for the reduction of crime than all the laws passed by Parliament since the days of King Alfred.

**Light of the Holy Spirit.** A girl, aged sixteen, had suffered all her life from partial blindness. At last a delicate operation was performed, and she gained perfect sight. How strange everything seemed! One evening, a week after her recovery, she went into the open-air after nightfall. She quickly ran back into the house, the joy of a great discovery lighting up her face. "Oh, come out quickly," she exclaimed, "and see what beautiful things have appeared in the sky." Her friends hastily followed her out, wondering what she had seen. They saw nothing unusual. "What do you mean?" they asked her. "Look, don't you see those bright things sparkling all over the sky?" "My dear child," said one, "those are the stars." Till her eyes were opened

she had never seen them. Just so, God's Holy Spirit is a bright and shining light. Not till He shines into men's hearts can they see His truth, love, and holiness.

**Light—Giving and Absorbing.** A man bought a radiolite watch, so that he might tell the time in the dark. The hands and figures were covered with some white substance. He tried it out in a dark closet, and the hands and figures could only be seen very dimly. That evening he laid it, face upward, under an electric light for three or four hours. When he switched off the light, hands and figures were blazing. During the night he looked at it several times. There was no doubt about its showing the time in the dark. But to give light, it had first to absorb light.

**Light-Giving—Effect of Collective.** In the Province of Auckland, New Zealand, is to be found one of the natural wonders of the world. This is the Waitomo Cave, which is wonderfully rich in stalactite and stalagmite formations and is actually lighted by millions of glow-worms! Hundreds of tourists visit the cave every year to catch a glimpse of this amazing sight of living illumination made by Nature's strange creatures, for the insects line the roof and do not twinkle. Glow-worms and fireflies are, of course, common enough in all tropical districts where it is sometimes possible to read a newspaper by the light they give off; but there is nothing on earth so marvellous as the New Zealand cave which is lighted by millions of little creatures.

The lesson is obvious. We may each have a very little light to give out, but if each Christian in a community shines in conjunction with the others there will be a brilliant glow which even the most adverse critic will not be able to gainsay.

**Likeness to Christ.** A girl at a college in U.S.A. had beautiful auburn hair, and could sit down at a canvas with paint and brushes and sketch anything, so easily. The other girls asked: "How did you get that lovely head of hair?" And she would tell them what she washed it with, etc.

Then they asked how she did those sketches, and she said she practised for ever so long. One day her mother came to visit Dora. When she got off the train, here was the same auburn hair. The girls looked at Dora and said: "Now we know where you got it!" The mother sat in the room with her pencil, while three of the girls were singing, and made a perfect picture of them. They said: "Now we know where you got it!" One look at Christ will tell you where I got all I have!

PAUL RADER

**Link—the Vital.** I once read of two workmen who, tired after their day's work, arrived at a railway station and seated themselves in the first carriage they came to. After a few minutes a porter came along and said: "Go farther up the train, please." Unwilling to be disturbed, they replied: "Why can't we stay here?" "You can stay there if you like," answered the porter, "but you won't get anywhere, because you are not linked on to anything that matters."

**Litter of Life.** Sometimes when Spring is drawing on, a strange sight may be seen in some of the great forests of Eastern Europe. Great heaps of litter have accumulated, which choke the new, pulsing life below. The foresters set fire to all this dry litter. The trees are guarded against injury, while all the useless undergrowth and scattered leaves are burned up. When rain falls, millions of seedlings in the ground, no longer suffocated by the rubbish, spring up and carpet the ground with colour and verdure. The blessing and help of God are always for us, but sometimes they are too suffocated by the things with which we are occupied for us to be able to respond. Then God helps by sending His fire, some fiery trial that consumes the rubbish, and frees the throbbing life of the soul.

**Look—No Upward.** Walking by the seashore in St. Kitts, C. F. Brown noticed a peculiar appliance used for catching fish, a large wicker cage capable of holding many fish. There was a large opening in the middle. This 'pot' is placed in the



sea with bait in it. Mr. Brown asked the fisherman: "Do they stay in it?" for it looked as if it were the easiest thing to get out again. They had only to look up and swim straight out. "Yes," said the man, "but they never look up; they swim about in the pot and dash themselves against its side, but *they never look up.*"

**Look up!** A young officer was going through his drill at the riding school; he had been lately converted. He was known as No. 2. As he was trotting round he heard the riding master call out: "No. 2, look up! Hold up your head, No. 2." As the young officer pulled himself together and looked up, he thought: "Here is an unsaved man telling me, the son of a king, to look up! I will indeed look up and praise my Lord." And so he did, from that moment on.

**Lordship of Christ.** Jesus is sometimes trusted as Saviour, but not fully recognized as Lord. He is taken on board more as a passenger than as Captain of the ship. The Captain has authority from stem to stern; everything about the vessel and her voyage is under his control.

C. A. COATES

**Lord's Supper—Appeal of the.** To a loving heart an appeal is as effective as a command. Thus, our practice in the frequency of breaking bread becomes a test of affection for the One we remember. Young men leaving home for war are asked by wives or mothers to write often. The test of true love is found in how often they do write home. A believer remarked that he thought every week was too often for Christians to come together to break bread in remembrance of the Lord's death as it would tend to become 'common'. He thought once a quarter, or at the most once a month, was enough. This depends on one's state of heart. Once a quarter is too often for some professing Christians; they prefer once a year at Christmas or Easter, if at all. It is like letters home. Once a week, or once a month, or once a year, reveals the state of true love or the lack of it.



**Lord's Supper—Attraction of the.** A man in the North of Canada walked alone, dependent on his gun, 275 miles to be present at the Lord's Supper. For eighteen months he had had no opportunity. He could not go back by the land route. Right out on to the solid ice of Hudson's Bay he struck. When night came he wrapped himself in his deerskin robe, and lay down on the ice. The second night he spent in the same way, and then got ashore, and reached 'home' after tramping 550 miles for this one purpose.

**Lord's Supper—Centre of the.** A Spanish artist was painting a picture of the Supper. It was his object to throw all the sublimity of his art into the figure and countenance of the Master. But he put on the table in the foreground some chaste cups of great beauty. When his friends came to see the picture, every one said: "What beautiful cups!" "Ah," said he, "I have made a mistake; the cups divert the gaze from the Master." And he took his brush and effaced them from the canvas.

**Lord's Supper—Meaning of the.** A vessel on Lake Superior caught fire two miles from shore. The only means of escape was by the boats, but when filled almost to sinking, there were still left on board a man, his wife, and little daughter. He looked at the distance to the shore and said: "I think I can do it." He got his wife to take hold of his shoulders with the child, and started to swim. After a while he was exhausted, and said: "I cannot save you both." Without a word the wife loosened her hold and sank to her death. By tremendous effort he managed to keep the child afloat till they were rescued. In after years a young woman used to sit and gaze at a large portrait which hung on the wall at her home, and with tears in her eyes she would say to herself, "She gave her life for me."

**Lord's Supper—Possible Tragedy of the.** When a former Queen of the Belgians died, her last words were: "My people no longer remember me; it is time to go." What a tragedy!

**Lost, and didn't know it.** We were travelling over the prairie once, a small company of us, on a beautiful autumn day, entertaining one another with jest and story and song. The stretch of prairie seemed boundless. There was not a tree or shrub in the entire vision, not a living creature except a few birds and ourselves, and our team. Suddenly one of party caught at the reins and called on the driver to stop. "I believe we are lost," he said, gravely, as he faced his companion, who was still smiling over some repartee. We stopped the horses and began to take account of our surroundings. After deliberate consultation, we were forced to agree that we were off the stage road which was the track to our destination, and probably, while occupied with our story-telling, we had let the horses take some abandoned wagon trail that branched off from it. We gazed helplessly about us. The sun was just going down. There was absolutely no sign of a house or of any mark of human habitation anywhere. We retraced our way in an effort to find the stage road, and after going back over fifteen miles, we found it, and reached our destination next morning. More than once during those fifteen miles, as we trudged at the head of the horses in order to keep to the faint outlines of that old wagon road, one of our party repeated the words, "We were lost all the time and didn't know it."

**Lost without knowing it.** A Glasgow gentleman was crossing Argyle Street, in Glasgow, one day and saw the policeman on duty at the corner of Argyle Street and Stockwell Street laughing as heartily as the dignity of his position as an officer of the law would permit. Looking along Argyle Street in the direction in which the laughing policeman was looking the gentleman saw one of the policeman's colleagues standing on the edge of the sidewalk, and written on his back in large letters was the word L-O-S-T.

A mischievous boy had caught the policeman sleeping on his beat and had written that ominous word on his big broad back. The gentleman who was a Christian, had some

tracts in his pocket, and he approached the laughing policeman with a view to handing him a tract, but before he did so, he happened to glance at his back and to his amazement and amusement saw the same word, *Lost*, there. The little boy had made a good job of it, and had marked the two policemen with the one piece of chalk. The one policeman was laughing at the predicament of the other not knowing that he himself was in the same fix.

**Love Brought by Jesus.** An acquaintance of the late Mrs. Astor, whose charities were as secret as they were wide, spoke of her habit of taking out friends who were ill or not able to afford the luxury of a drive. "She did not send the carriage," remarked a friend. "She went with it. The drive was not a charity. It was a pleasure to herself." Jesus did not send His love; He brought it.

**Love—Drawn by.** A boy was asked: "Why do you go all the way across the city to that small Sunday School, when there are better ones much nearer?" "Well, you see," was the reply, "they love a fellow over there."

**Love—Drawn by.** Christ is a wonderful bond of union, and we are *drawn* to Him. An aged man, standing fascinated in a picture gallery before a picture of Christ, murmured, as if to himself: "Bless Him; I love Him." A stranger, standing near, overheard and said: "I love Him too," and clasped his hand. A third caught the sentence and said, "I, too, love Him," and soon in front of the picture there was a little group, utter strangers to one another, but clasping hands drawn together by their love to Christ.

**Love—A Father's.** Two men were talking. One had very wayward son. "How is your son," asked the other. "Worse than ever, I'm afraid," was the reply. "I wouldn't have him in the house if he were mine," answered the first. "No, nor would I, if he were yours, but you see, he's *mine*."

**Love—its Reward.** A rich man in U.S.A. lost his only son. After the father's death no will could be found. The State Attorney ordered his property to be sold, and the estate to be settled up. At the auction, an old woman, who had once nursed the boy, bought his picture for a shilling. One day, when repairing the back of it, she found a document. It was the old man's will, leaving all his property to anybody who had loved his son well enough to buy his picture at the sale.

**Love of God—Around Us.** An old woman lived in a cheerless, leaky cottage. A kind man thought he would make her a present of a couple of blankets. He took the parcel, but the old woman bade him begone. It appears she was very deaf. He untied the parcel and showed them to her. This made her more angry, and she said: "Why don't you go away?" Then he took one, unfolded it and threw it round her. The meaning of it burst on her and she timidly said, "A gift?" He nodded. "For me?" she asked. Another nod. She felt the warmth of it, and laughed and cried for happiness, and grasped his hands and thanked him with all her heart. Let God wrap His love round you!

**Love of God—its Depth.** When Nansen was searching for the North Pole he found very deep water. His line would not touch the bottom. He entered in his log book the date and length of line, adding, "Deeper than that." One day he collected all the cord on the ship and made one long line, and again had to write: "Deeper than that."

**Luke 10. 20.** Christ said to His disciples: "Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."

A young lady who had a costly fan, one side of which was covered with a beautiful picture of the starry heavens, asked the Emperor William I, who lived and died in the last century, to write his name on that side of the fan. The Emperor, who was a Christian man and very old, took the fan, admired the painting, and said: "Yes, my lady, my earnest wish and

prayer is that my name be written in heaven." He then wrote his name across the starry sky on the fan.

**Luminaries and the Light.** During an eclipse of the sun the stars came into sight. When the sun reappeared the stars vanished. In the absence of sun they are wonderful luminaries, but pale before the greater brightness of the sun.

## M

**Master—In Tune with the.** There is one small town in England said to be more musical than any other. There is scarcely a family without some child gifted with musical voice or ear. It is said that this love and skill are due to the fact that the church bells are singularly beautiful in tone, and always ring in perfect tune and time.

It has also been said that many of the boys in the streets of one part of London were at one time always whistling out of tune. The great Westminster bells were found to be out of tune!

**Master—Touch of the.** A gentleman, passing a cottage, heard most exquisite music. Next day he made bold to call and ask if he might see the lovely piano. The mistress said: "We have no lovely piano here." "But I heard the most beautiful music, and stood outside the house enraptured as I listened." "Oh, we had Herr Mendelssohn here last evening. The piano is a poor affair, but certainly it was he who was playing on it."

**Master—Touch of the.** A strange instrument hung on an old castle wall. No one knew its use. Its strings were broken and it was covered with dust. One day a traveller entered the ancient hall. His eye saw the neglected object on the wall. He took it down, gently brushed the dust away and reset its broken strings. Then chords long silent woke beneath his touch, and all hearts were strangely thrilled as he played. It was the master, long absent, who had returned to his own.

**Master—Touch of the.** It was announced in a summer gathering at Ocean Grove, U.S.A., that a celebrated violinist would play on a violin that cost \$5,000. Ten thousand people gathered in the great auditorium. He rose before the crowd and played so magnificently that the vast concourse broke into a storm of applause. Suddenly the violinist stood up, and raising the instrument above his head, smashed it to bits on the back of a chair. Women shrieked; men groaned; all felt shocked. But he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, that violin cost just \$1.50" (six shillings). He then took up the \$5,000 one and played. He meant to say that violins do not make music. It is the man that holds them. What cannot God do with a six-shilling instrument!

**Mediator—Christ our.** There are two kinds of intermediaries. One, the representative of some great man, through whom alone I can approach him, may do his best to keep me away. The other, my friend, tries to get access for me to the great man from whom I want something. Jesus is not only the best Friend to me, but He is God's true Representative. He knows it is for God's pleasure to have me there, speaking with Him and to grant my requests.

**Meeting God.** In the Glasgow Royal Infirmary a young girl, very ill, was rapidly sinking. One of the nurses brought the screens to put around her bed. The sick girl realized what it meant, and cried to the nurse: "Take away the screens, I canna die; I am not prepared." The chaplain sat by her bedside, and sought to point her to the Saviour. The poor girl looked into the nurse's face and said: "Nurse, I can meet my father and mother" (though she had sinned grievously against them) "but I canna meet God." And with this she passed into eternity.

**Men—Kinds of.** There are three kinds of men: (1) Those who spit sin out. (2) Those who swallow it down. (3) Those who do neither, but roll it under their tongue (Job 20. 12, 13).

THOMAS FULLER

**Mercy and Grace.** A young lady, who was a pianist of considerable skill, sometimes found it difficult to secure engagements and earn her living as she desired. She was going to give a recital in a continental city and she fell into a very sad temptation. She was to play some of the works of the celebrated Abbé Liszt, and she felt that if she could somehow get the prestige of his name (he was at the height of his popularity at that time) it would greatly help her. So she had herself advertised as being a pupil of the celebrated man, although she had never even seen him. However, when she arrived at the town a day before and booked her room in the hotel, she was astonished to see the name of Abbé Liszt in the hotel register. The great man was himself actually in the town. She had an anxious night, overwhelmed with horror and remorse. She thought: "Whatever shall I do? I am ruined. He will refute me. I am caught indeed." After breakfast the next day she sought an interview with the great man; she told him the truth and broke into tears. He said: "My dear young lady, what has possessed you to do a thing like this? Why wreck your fair name at the beginning of your career?" She told him of her struggles and of how she was tempted to do it. At last he said quietly: "My dear young lady, I forgive you. We will say no more about it."

That was good, was it not? It was mercy to forgive her; but he was going to show her grace. So he said: "What were the works of mine you were going to play?" "Oh," she said, "so-and-so and so-and-so." He said: "I would like to hear you play them on the piano." In the presence of the master she had to play a piece. He said: "Yes, very good, but I should rather play it like this." And he played the piece so that she might get the idea. Then she played it again, and he listened and suggested this and that. Suddenly he said: "Look here, mademoiselle, you are my pupil for I have just given you a lesson; and as I happen to have a free evening, with your permission I am coming to your concert and I will introduce you to your audience." That was handsome, was



it not? He had redeemed the situation, and she found her concert a brilliant success.

**Mercy of the King.** Louis XII of France was imprisoned and cruelly treated by his enemies. When he came to the throne he had a list made of all who had conspired against him, and a cross put against their names. They, hearing of this, fled. "Of course," they said, "it means he is going to punish, perhaps execute us." But he called together as many as he could, and assured them he had put a cross opposite each name that he might be reminded of God's mercy and forgiveness, and he was going to be merciful to them, as God is to us.

**Messenger of Christ.** King George V was to speak over the radio on peace, and was to be heard in the U.S.A. Just as he was due to begin, a connecting wire in the studio was accidentally broken. The operator, Harold Vivian, seized the broken ends of the wire, one in each hand, and he being insulated, the King's message passed through his body, and was heard by tens of thousands. Vivian's hands were seriously burned as he continued to grasp the wires. But he held on till the speech was ended, then he had to be taken to hospital for treatment. The transmission of the Gospel message has cost thousands of Christ's messengers' their very lives.

**Millionaire—End of a.** In New York an American millionaire was dying, and called for his gardener, who was a Christian. "Pray with me." The gardener did. "Now sing for me. Sing: 'Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, weak and wounded, sick and sore.'"

**Motto—a Christian.** Some boys were looking at a rock, 500 feet high, upon which many names were cut. The boys proceeded to cut their own names, and all climbed to a good height. But one aimed at putting his name even above the highest, which was that of George Washington. His friends shouted, but he took no notice. He got so high that he could



not get back. His father called from below: "Hold on, and look up." He held on till at last a rope was thrown to him from the top.

F. J. CROSS

**Motto—a Good.** A boy at college had a motto: "I am willing to be third." Another boy asked what it meant. He replied: "My mother gave it to me and said that if I would live a true life I must put God first, others second, self third."

**Mountain-top—Experience of the.** There is an Indian legend of a tribe which lived in a forest at the foot of a high mountain. One day the chief summoned the youths of the tribe to climb to the top, and win the renown of its conquest. It would test their mettle, for it was many a day since anyone had mastered that cloud-piercing peak. The youths started; hours went by, and they began slowly to return. One brought moss as a token of the height to which he had climbed. Another brought a twig from a tree growing higher up than the moss. Another came with a flower that grew only near the summit, but not at the very top. After a while all were back but one. For hours they waited for him. At last he burst into the fire-lit circle of the camp. He brought no token, but the glow on his face made questioning unnecessary. It was lighted with the glory of vision, and he exclaimed: "I have seen the sea!"

**Music of our Lives—how obtained.** An English teacher had as his pupil a young lady whose voice was well nigh perfect. His interest in training and teaching her was great and when he had done all he could, he took her to a famous Swiss master to have her training completed. She sang most beautifully, before the Swiss master. "What do you think of that?" enquired her English teacher. "She only lacks one thing." "Lacks one thing? Whatever can it be?" "A broken heart," he replied.

**Music of our Lives—how obtained.** A great pianist practised eight hours a day. When people expressed surprise

that such continued practice should be necessary for one so eminent, he said: "If I ceased to practise one day, I myself would be aware of it; if I ceased for two days, my friends who know me best would be aware of it; if I ceased for three days the whole world would know of it."

**Music of our Lives—how obtained.** A musician was tuning up his instrument before beginning to play, and the onlookers noticed that he held it before the fire for a few seconds. In reply to an enquiry, he said: "I can't get any music out of it while it is cold."

## N

**Name—Significance of a.** A poor man, the father of a family, was out of work and at his wits' end how to procure bread for his starving children. A kind friend hearing of his distress handed him a cheque for £5, telling him to present it for payment at the local bank.

With a light heart he went out, cheque in hand. On his way to the bank, however, the thought flashed into his mind: "What have I done to deserve this £5? How can I lay claim to the money until I have in some way shown that I am worthy of it?"

The farther he goes the more unhappy he becomes. He looks at his threadbare clothes and much-worn boots, and says to himself, "What presumption of me to think that the cashier at the bank will give the money to such as I am."

Thus dwelling upon his own unworthiness he grows more and more despondent, and when he reaches the bank he can hardly persuade himself to enter. Summoning up courage, however, he steps up to the counter and hands the cheque to the clerk.

Observe now what takes place: The thought of the man's worthiness or unworthiness never enters the clerk's head, nor does he regard for a moment the man's woebegone appearance. What he looks at is the signature upon the cheque. He recognizes the name as that of one of the bank's best cus-

tomers; and because of that name he pays the money to the applicant without question.

**Name—Whose are we writing?** Charles Dickens had a great friend, John Foster. One day when Dickens was signing a letter, his mind was on other things, and instead of signing his name he wrote his friend's. This might have been taken for a forgery, but he explained that he was so constantly thinking of his friend, and getting his point of view, that without knowing it he had written his friend's name.

William Osler, the author, did the same kind of thing. He had a friend, James Bovell, and if ever William was trying a new pen, he would find that almost without knowing, he had written all over the paper the name of James. Once he was leaving U.S.A. for a visit to England, where he was to give a lecture. He spent much time in preparation, and when he had finished writing it out, on looking at the title page, he found he had written "By James Bovell." Quite unconsciously he had given his friend the credit of the work, because he was always thinking of him.

There was a girl who had a passion for scribbling her own name everywhere—inside, upstairs, downstairs, everywhere. After she had stayed at a certain house, the lady of the house had to go all over it trying to wash it out.

Whose name are we writing?

**Need—Acknowledgment of.** In a factory where delicate fabrics were woven, when the threads at any time became tangled the operators were required to press a button and the superintendent would come and rectify things. On one occasion, however, though a boy had just a little while before pressed the button and received assistance, a man who was an old hand at the work thought he 'knew how' and could get along without the superintendent's assistance. The threads became inextricably mixed and much damage ensued. To the superintendent he said, "I did my best." To which he replied, "Doing your best is sending for me."

## O

**Obedience the Basis of Fellowship.** There is a notice in the park: "Do not walk on the grass." Some do, and ask me why I am so disagreeable and narrow-minded as not to walk with them. I do not say they are not in the park. But they are disobedient while not on the path, so I cannot walk with them. Obedience must be the basis of fellowship.

**Old Testament Illumined.** Centuries ago a fine palace was built in Florence, and a room was set apart for a chapel. A famous artist adorned its walls with beautiful frescoes. But there was no window in the room; it was lighted by the yellow light of a lamp. After many years the wall was pierced above the altar, and the sun's rays streamed in, revealing the beauty so long hidden. The Old Testament was like the unlit chapel till Christ came.

**Opportunity—Commentary on Lost.** A Bible teacher called on a girl who was in her class, but felt it wiser to wait for a fuller acquaintance before speaking to her about her soul. Months later she learned that the girl had written in her diary: "My teacher came and went away, and never gave me a chance to tell her that I wanted to be a Christian."

**Opportunity—Lost.** An English business man was returning from a European trip before the war of 1914-1918. He got into a Pullman car at Basle, and found the only other occupant of the car was a pleasant-looking gentleman in the opposite corner. He thought it would be nice to get into conversation, but being reserved by nature he did not do so. But as the train drew up at the terminus in Brussels a roll of carpet was brought to the carriage door and as the gentleman stepped out there were shouts of "Vive le Roi." It was King Albert! The Englishman, telling his friends, said: "I could have kicked myself. I had been for hours in the train with a king who would have been quite ready to talk with me. But I missed the opportunity."

**Opportunity—Lost.** A young girl was seated in a boat one evening, as her friend rowed her on the lake. She wore a string of pearls, and in a fit of abstraction had taken them off, and was holding them in her hand, and dipping the hand that held them in the water. She did not know that the string had broken, and pearl after pearl was slipping away until, when she raised the string from the water, every one of them was gone.

**Opportunity—Lost.** I have just read the story of a boy who saw a horse and trap standing in a lane. The horse started to walk on without its master, and the boy could have stopped it with a word, but did not do so. It began to trot, and even then the boy could have stopped it. Then the horse began to run, until it smashed the trap and broke his leg and had to be shot. The boy is a man now, but he has never ceased to regret that he failed to stop that horse, and he can never forget the grief of the owner, who was a poor man.

**Opportunity—Lost.** Ian Maclaren was at the seaside, watching the fishing boats as they returned in the evening. They would remain outside the bar till the tide rose high enough for them to enter the harbour. One night a boat missed the entrance. The men were careless, or they did not tack properly. The others were all inside. A feeling of pity for that boat, as if it had been a living creature, came over him. He got up in the night and looked out of the window. It was still there; it had missed the tide.

**Opportunity—Remorse of Lost.** Dr. Chalmers called on a man eighty years of age. He talked with him on secular matters and went home, only to be summoned in the night with the tidings that the aged man was dying. He hurried back, but too late. Dr. Chalmers said: "I called the household about me and asked their forgiveness. I walked the woods day and night saying: 'If only I had spoken! If only I had spoken of eternity.'"

**Outlook—Christian.** Some pigeons were given to a man who put them in a large wire cage. Most of them hopped about, quite satisfied. Food and water were there for them, and their heads were mostly down, engaged with what was round them. Another one was a handsome, strong-winged, homing pigeon, a princely bird. To it food and water were only of use for its bare needs. It mounted to the top of the cage and its longing eye ranged the expanse of the heavens. Surrounding things had no interest. To be off and away seemed to be its great desire.

## P

**Pardon—Divine.** Sir H. Crawford, when Under-Sheriff of London, once found it necessary to decide, almost at a moment's notice, the fate of a criminal condemned to death. The day for execution had come, when a letter of reprieve was received at Newgate Gaol. It was in due form, and was written on Home Office paper. The Under-Sheriff, however, noticed that the envelope was stamped with the Board of Trade mark. This showed that the paper had not come from the proper source, and he gave the order to proceed with the execution. Inquiries made later proved the 'reprieve' to be a forgery. Its writer was traced and sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

The pardon offered to us bears the hall-mark of its Divine origin.

**Pardon Refused.** In 1830 George Wilson was sentenced to death for murder committed during a robbery. The President of the United States exercised his right, and sent him a pardon, which Wilson refused! The matter was referred to the Supreme Court, and the Chief Justice gave this decision: "A pardon depends on its acceptance by the person implicated. It is hardly to be supposed that one under sentence of death would refuse to accept it, but a pardon refused is no pardon." So George Wilson was executed.

**Parents—Negligence of.** We read a letter recently from a soldier boy who had just been home on leave. He thought his mother was the finest woman in the world; was sure that she would be praying for him, and would be interested in seeing him saved.

But when he arrived home, his parents did not mention the Lord once to him. So finally he brought up the subject himself and several times he asked them something about how to be saved, hoping that they would talk to him about the Lord. But even then he did not get any response.

When the time came for him to return to camp, he broke down and cried like a baby—not because he had to leave home, for he did not mind that so much. What hurt him so much was to realize that his dear parents did not have the least interest in his salvation. Then he pleaded with the preacher to do or say something that would wake up the fathers and mothers of America to see that their boys and girls needed to be saved, and that their parents should be the ones to help them.

**Parting of Ways.** Near the Jaffa gate of Jerusalem is a small terrace, on the top of a watershed, so level that the rain, as it falls on it, seems undecided as to which way to go. But part of it is carried by a faint breath of wind over on the west side, and runs down into the Valley of Roses, and so to the beautiful plain of Sharon. Fertility and beauty spring up in its wake, and finally the odour from the fragrant blossoms of the flowers give pleasure to multitudes. Another part of it finds its way to the other side of the terrace, and descends through the dark Valley of Tophet, where it helps to produce the bitter 'apples of Sodom,' and is finally lost in the waters of the Dead Sea.

**Parting of Ways.** Senator T——, of Georgia, was not a Christian and lived a godless life. His wife was a Christian, and he loved and venerated her profoundly. One day a friend said to him: "Something is going to happen after a while that will go mighty hard with you, T——."



"What's that?"

"You and your much-loved wife will be separated. She is going to heaven, and you to hell."

T—— was silent for a few minutes, and then said: "I can't stand that; I never could stand such a thing." It led to his conversion.

**Password—the Correct.** In the American War, the Honourable George Henry Stuart, passing through a camp, was challenged by the sentry. He gave the wrong password. The sentry said: "Mr. Stuart, it is my duty to shoot you dead, but I know you; go to the General, and get the right word." Mr. Stuart did so, came again, gave the word, and was allowed to pass. He then turned to the soldier and said, "You were very properly anxious about my having the right password; may I ask, have you the right password for eternity?"

He said: "Yes, I have."

"What is it?"

"The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' You gave it to me in Sunday School, twenty years ago."

**People that Cannot be Saved.** A short while ago the writer heard a preacher make a statement which seemed at variance with facts, inasmuch as it was quite contrary to the declarations made by other ministers of the Gospel who proclaim the Lord Jesus Christ as the propitiation for our sins and for the sins of the whole world. God's ability and willingness to save are stressed by earnest gossellers who tell of the cleansing power of the blood of the Son of God, that it is an infallible remedy for sin; yet the speaker referred to above stated emphatically, "There are some people whom God cannot save."

Memory passed in review many cases of persons who had sunk deep in degradation and sin, but found a refuge and cleansing at Calvary. Scriptures were recalled wherein sinners of differing positions in life, with varying degrees



of guilt, are shown as cleansed from their defilement, transformed in character, and changed to be noble men and women.

The preacher went on to illustrate his assertion by giving instances of sheep which were lost on a certain farm. In the summer and early autumn the sheep fed on the hills safe and secure. As the winter approached, the dogs went out to bring them to the homestead and usually returned with the whole flock, but sometimes one or more were missing. Then like the shepherd of Luke 15, the farmer went himself in search of them. He called, but there was no response, so the quest went on. In some cases, a sheep was discovered in a deep crevice between the hills where it could be seen feeding on the succulent grasses growing down there, and then lying down, satisfied, ignorant of the fact that when that growth was devoured there remained no way out; and that death was inevitable. The animal was lost, but knew it not. At other times, when the dogs were on their errand of mercy, a sheep ignored their barking and their endeavours to bring it home where there was abundance of food and shelter from the coming storms; it would not come. Eventually the rains came, then the snow fell, covering the pastures, and the sheep perished of cold and hunger.

These are the pictures of the people God cannot save.

**Place—Filling one's.** At Baalbek a great temple was built, Some of the pillars still stand. In a quarry nearby, dressed ready for its place in the temple, is a large column, 70 feet long. A vacant place in the temple awaited it, yet for 4,000 years it has lain there, never occupying the place for which it was designed.

**Place—Filling one's.** "I amount to nothing," said a small stone, as it rolled from its place in the dam. That night a town was flooded. *Fill your God-given place.*

**Plan of Life.** Have you watched a skilful knitter? Then you have seen the knitting needles making mimic warfare

one against the other. At least, so it seems. One will gain all the wool, then the other will recover everything it lost and more besides. The operation might appear strange to one who does not understand the art. But the knitter knows what she is doing, and what object she has in view.

**Plans—Making our.** “Make your plans with pencil, so that God can rub them out.”

**Possessions—Possessing our.** A man, acting on behalf of fifty friends whom he is going to settle in Australia, purchases some land. The condition is that the land must be occupied and put under cultivation within two years. He goes out alone, takes possession, signs documents and occupies the land on behalf of his fifty friends.

**Possessions—Possessing our.** A man on the great Texas oil-fields said: “I know the man that used to own this land. He could scarcely make a living. Speculators bought up his land for a small price. They sank oil wells, and to-day the land is worth millions.” At one time the farmer owned every drop of that oil. But he did not possess the wealth, though all was his.

**Potter and Clay.** George Macdonald puts into the mouth of one of his characters, a sufferer, the petulant cry: “I wish I had never been made.” To which her friend replied: “My dear, you are not made yet; you are only being made, and you are finding fault with the Maker’s process.”

**Power—Condition for Spiritual.** An electric train carries no power of its own. Unless it is kept in touch with the flow of current from the generating station it is more useless than a coster’s barrow. But there is another thing. Just as the driving power for the train is only available on the lines laid down, so with the power of Christ. It is only available for us in the way of God’s will. GEO. CUTTING

**Power of Christ—attractive.** Some drops of ocean one day looked up to the blue sky and the fleecy clouds, and the

glorious sun, and they sighed: "Oh, that we could join you there!" Try as they would, they failed. By no struggle or effort of their own could they achieve their object. By and by a storm arose, and in the height of the storm those drops of ocean were often lifted up on the crest of the waves, dashed against the rocks and borne upwards into the air in the form of fine spray. Although they seemed to be about to achieve their object of reaching the blue sky, down they fell again into the ocean, and they sighed and said, "It can never be!" Have you had that experience, dear reader? Have you wept over it? You meant to be so different, but you found sin to be dwelling within you. You thought to find deliverance in your own strength, but time and again you failed and you said, "It can never be!" By and by the sun came out and the ocean lay warm and placid under its rays. Then a wonderful thing happened. Those drops of ocean, without any struggle of their own, found themselves rising up as imperceptible vapour, and in this way they joined the sun, and the fleecy clouds, and the blue sky! How did they secure this? By giving up their own efforts and simply yielding to the attractions of another.

**Power of Christ—overcoming.** A sceptic, denying the possibility of miracles, said: "If I let go this knife it will fall; no power can suspend the law of gravitation." The Christian replied: "Watch me let go my knife," and he flicked it up, and it stuck in the ceiling. He said, "You see, I let it go, and it did not fall." "But you did something to it!" "Yes; and that is what Christ did. He was able to do it."

**Power of Christ—transforming.** If you take a bar of iron worth £1, and beat it into horseshoes it becomes worth £7; if into needles, £100; if into watch-springs, £1,000. The transforming power of Christ; from glory to glory.

**Power of God.** An Edinburgh professor was addressing a large company of students. Holding up a letter, he said: "Gentlemen, I have here a letter from one of your number

in which he tells the story of his life, a record of shame and sinful indulgence. He asks, 'Can God save such a one as I am?'" The speaker went on: "Coming along this afternoon I saw a beautiful, fleecy cloud spreading itself like a thing of glory in the sky. If that cloud could speak as to its origin, it would say something like this: 'I come from the low, vile places of the city. The sun's rays from heaven reached down and lifted me up, and transfigured me with their shining.' I can say to the writer of this letter that my Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, can reach down from heaven to the lowest depths into which a soul can sink, and can lift you up till He shines in you, and through you, and transfigures you with the light of His love and glory."

**Power of Life.** The first gunboat built by the Chinese to protect their rivers from pirates had been launched, and the day came for the trial trip. Many were invited on board for the occasion. The Captain gave the order for the engines to be started. The lever was pulled, but nothing happened. In their hurry and excitement they had forgotten to put the fire under the boilers. They had all but one thing, and that was POWER.

**Power of Life.** There went three brothers from England to Virginia, across the Atlantic. They took their church and house with them, bricks and all, and erected a beautiful structure on a great farm. One of them in his will provided that his grave should be dug in the churchyard, and around it should be placed a great wall, twelve feet high, and a foot and a half thick, with a massive iron door, and after his burial the sheriff of the county was to lock the door, and throw the key into the Rappahannock, a great river near by. He did not want any strange feet ever to desecrate his grave. When I stood beside it several years ago there were three big poplar trees about two feet in diameter growing within that wall. They had pushed the wall down, and had lifted the gravestones six inches, and the cattle were grazing on the grass that grew round about. It was all done by the

power of life in three little seeds that just fell over and took root and grew.

**Power of Life.** W. P. Nicholson went for electrical treatment and was set on a chair on an insulated platform while the doctor read a newspaper. After a while Mr. Nicholson asked that the treatment might begin. "You are undergoing it now," said the doctor; and he took a board with several electric bulbs on it, and placed it against his chest. Instantly the bulbs glowed with light. The doctor said: "There is enough power passing through your body to run the tram on the street." Yet he felt nothing.

**Power to Shine.** A man rigged up an electric battery to ring his front door bell. Then he thought he would run a wire to his bedroom and use the battery for a light. After failing, he called in an electrical expert, who smiled and said, "Don't you know that it takes more power to shine than to make a noise?"

**Prayer.** A mason, coming down from a roof by a long ladder, found a little boy close by, who said: "Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?" and before he had time to answer, added: "I know why—you had prayed to God before you began your work." The man never forgot to pray each morning after that.

**Prayer.** The father of the well-known Dr. Talmage, when a youth, asked leave of his mother to spend the night at a nearby town. She knew the place he wanted to go to was questionable, so she refused. Finally he said: "I don't care; I will go." "Very well," said his mother, "every single moment you are out of the house I shall be in prayer for you." He went, but could not enjoy himself, and at 3 a.m. he tramped back to his home in the country. He saw a light in his mother's window, and looking in, saw her on her knees. He put his ear against the glass, and heard: "O Jesus, keep my boy." He stole round the house, slipped into his mother's room, dropped on his knees by her side, and said: "Mother,

I've come back." As the result of his conversion fifty boys in the neighbourhood were converted, and a revival swept over the state of New Jersey.

**Prayer—Answering one's Own.** A son, hearing his father pray that the wants of the poor might be supplied, said: "Father, I wish I had all your corn." "Why?" "Because then I would answer your prayer."

**Prayer—Conditions for Answered.** The late Dr. H. A. Ironside, of Chicago, had a young woman in his church who at one time was very spiritual, and then began to drift, becoming very worldly, and interested in balls, dances and theatre parties. Just then her father died, and a few days after the doctor met her. "Doctor," she said, "I don't know where I am spiritually. When my father was taken to hospital for his operation, I knelt down in my bedroom and took my Bible, and it opened at John 15. 7, 'Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' With my finger pressing on those words, I said, 'O God, bring my father safely through the operation'; and he died on the operating table."

The sympathetic friend said to her: "I know your feelings are lacerated just now, but I would not be faithful to God or to you if I did not say what I want to say. If William Smith found a cheque payable to the order of John Brown, and put the name of John Brown to it and cashed it, what would he be?" "He would be a forger," she replied. He said: "My dear young lady, that is what you tried to do at Heaven's Bank; but no forger can be successful there. Let me read you the whole verse: 'If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' Were you abiding in Him, and was His Word abiding in you when you were frequenting balls and theatres and dance parties?"

"Oh!" she said, "I have been responsible for my father's death." "No, you have not," he replied. "You are going to the other extreme now. If you had been abiding in Christ and His Word abiding in you, you would have knelt and

resigned your father into His hands to do what seemed good in His sight."

**Prayer—Conditions for Answered.** A Mrs. Cobley, of Leicester, was a devoted hospital visitor. One day in the wards the doctor was announced, and she rose to leave. Near the door a young doctor accosted her with: "Well, Mrs. Cobley, I suppose you have been telling these people that God answers prayer."

"Yes."

"I am very glad to hear it, for I am very hard up. Do you think if I asked God for a five pound note that He would give it me?"

The group around awaited her answer with some curiosity. She said: "Suppose you were introduced to the Prince of Wales to-day, doctor, do you think you could at once ask him for a five pound note?"

The doctor haltingly replied: "No; I suppose I should need to wait till I got to know him better."

"Yes; and you will have to know my Father better before you can ask Him for five pound notes." W. Y. FULLERTON

**Prayer—Secret of Public.** One night, during the American War of Independence, a Highland soldier was caught creeping stealthily back to his quarters out of the woods. He was taken before his commanding officer and charged with holding communication with the enemy. He replied that he had only gone into the woods to pray by himself. The officer was a Scotsman himself, a Presbyterian, but he had no sympathy with the prisoner. "Have you been in the habit of spending time in private prayer?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "Then, down on your knees and pray now. You never before had so much need of it."

Expecting immediate death, the man knelt and poured out his soul in prayer in such a way that proved that he knew what dealing with God in secret meant. When he had done the officer said: "I believe your story; you may go. If you



had not been often at drill you could not have got on so well at review."

**Prayer—True Character of.** When we pray we are sometimes like sailors in a boat who have flung their anchor on to a rock, and who, as they pull on the rope, seem to be pulling the rock to themselves, when really they are pulling themselves to the rock.

**Prayer—Unheard.** Shakespeare says of a certain kind of prayer: "Our words fly up, our thoughts remain below; words without thoughts never to heaven go."

**Prayer Meeting—Attendance at.** Michael Faraday was lecturing to a large audience in London. After the applause had subsided, the then Prince of Wales arose and proposed a motion of appreciation and congratulation to the lecturer. But when they looked round for him, they found he had hastily left the hall after concluding his lecture. His intimate friends knew that the hour of the weekly prayer meeting had arrived. That was where Faraday had gone. He said he could not afford to miss the prayer meeting. This is the man believed by many to have had the most massive intellect ever existing in this world!

**Preaching—Powerless.** A man, giving his testimony at a meeting, said his feet were standing on the Rock of Ages. "No, they're not," said a voice, "they're standing in a pair of shoes that are not paid for!" It was the voice of the shoemaker!

**Preaching—Secret of Effective.** A clergyman was called to minister in a rural part of Scotland and preached learned and eloquent discourses. One of the congregation placed near the Bible in the pulpit a paper on which was written: "Sir, we would see Jesus." It led to a complete change in his life and ministry. Many were converted, and believers edified. Another, wanting to express appreciation of the change that had come about, placed in the pulpit



another paper on which was written: "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

**Preaching—Travailing in.** "In my preaching, I have really been in pain, and have, as it were, travailed to bring forth children to God. If I were fruitless, it mattered not who commended me; if I were fruitful, I cared not who did condemn."  
JOHN BUNYAN.

**Procrastination.** On the afternoon of the day when King Alexander of Serbia was assassinated, the Minister of War received a letter giving details of the plot. He was about to open it when the king sent for him. He put it in his pocket and forget all about it. He, too, was murdered, and the letter was found in his pocket by the conspirators, still unopened. ON business, no engagement, no pursuit can be of sufficient importance to serve as a reason for putting off decision for Christ.

**Procrastination.** On the night of the great Holmfirth flood, which caused such disaster some years ago, a man on the bank of the reservoir saw the water rise to a dangerous height. He paced up and down for twenty minutes watching, hesitating, and asking himself the question, "Shall I give the alarm?" The fatal moment came; the warning had not been given. The waters rushed over the banks and spread destruction on every hand. Decision twenty minutes before would have saved many lives and thousands of pounds worth of property.

**Procrastination.** Senor Canalejas, a Spanish Prime Minister, who was shot in the streets of Madrid, is said to have been sorely tried by the habit of procrastination, so common to the people of that country. "To-morrow, to-morrow," he once exclaimed, "to-morrow will be the ruin of the country."

**Prodigal Son.** In one of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's meetings a man rose and gave the following testimony: "I

got off the train at the Pennsylvania depot one day as a tramp, and for a year I begged in the streets for a living. One day I touched a man on the shoulder, and said: 'Mister, please give me a dime.' As soon as I saw his face I recognized my old father. 'Father, don't you know me?' I asked. Throwing his arms around me, he cried: 'I have found you! I have found you! All I have is yours!' Men, think of it, that I, a tramp, stood begging my father for ten cents, when for eighteen years he had been looking for me, to give me all he was worth!"

**Profession—the Pity of Christian.** A Danish fable explains the origin of the bat. There was a war between the birds and mice. One bird would not take a stand with its fellows, but wanted to be on both sides. When peace was made, it was despised by both sides, and condemned to be half bird, half mouse, for ever. The fable adds that it is now so ashamed of itself that it never ventures out except after dark. Few things are more pitiful than the professing Christian, who would fain keep company with those who "mount up with wings," but cannot forego the pleasures of those who are "of the earth, earthy."

A. GOOK

**Profit—What shall it.** A young student distinguished for his mathematical attainments was fond of challenging his fellow students to a trial of skill in solving difficult problems. One day one of them came to his study with a folded paper, and said: "Here is a problem I wish you could help me solve."

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 into atoms, and turned again to his books. But he tried in vain to shake off the impression the solemn words had left, and he found no peace till he found it in believing in Jesus. In after days he became a preacher of the Gospel, and often based

his faithful appeals upon these words, which had been so eminently blessed to his own soul.

**Profit—What shall it?** What shall it profit a man if he passes his university examination with honours; yet fails to pass from death unto life? What shall it profit a woman if she be arrayed in costly raiment, cut in the very latest Paris fashion, if she does not possess the robe that will make her fit for the presence of God?

**Promises of God.** A postage stamp can only be used once for postal purposes, whereas a banknote retains its original value, no matter how many times it passes through other hands.

It is infinitely more so with God's promises than with a Bank of England note. Take, for example, the Lord's promise: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Countless believers have brought it before the Throne of Grace, yet the promise is there for you and for me, as if it had never before been used, or were perfectly new.

**Provision—too late!** A young man lay very ill in India. Some years before he had gone from his home and had wasted his life. Finding himself at length reduced to abject misery he wrote home and begged his father to send money. In due course he received a letter from his father. Eagerly he opened it to see if it contained cheque or money order. Finding none, he threw it aside without reading it. Becoming much worse, and realizing that he was dying, he asked someone in the house to try and find the letter and read it to him. The letter expressed his father's longing desire for his return home and said that he had arranged for a Bank in the place where the young man was to supply him with all the money he needed for the journey. All he had to do was to apply for it. But it was now too late.

**Psalm 23.** An actor at a drawing-room function was asked to recite.

"What shall I recite?" he asked.

"The 23rd Psalm," said an aged Christian who was present.

"Yes. I'll do that if, when I have finished, you also will recite it."

"I? But I am no elocutionist. However, if you wish it, I will."

The actor began; his intonation was perfect. The audience was spellbound and burst into applause.

Then the old Christian rose; his voice and intonation were very ordinary. When he had finished there was no applause. But there was not a dry eye, and many heads were bowed.

The actor rose again and said: "The difference between him and me is that, while I know the psalm, he knows the Shepherd."

**Publican—Character of a.** Publicans were hated by the Jews as traitors to their race. Their money was tainted and would not be accepted in the synagogue. Their oath was absolutely worthless; they could not be witnesses in any court of law. If a man promised to do a thing for a publican under oath, he was not bound to keep his pledge.

**Purity.** An artist went to see a young friend at Oxford. He was grieved to find, from the kind of pictures on the wall of his room that he had wandered far from the paths of purity. He made no remark, but when he got home he packed up one of his pictures and sent it as a present. When the student put it up, this beautiful picture made short work of the theatrical and sporting prints. It seemed at once that there was something incongruous between the two kinds of pictures; those lewd ones and the pure loveliness portrayed by the artist. The former came down.

## R

**Reckoning for God.** Mayor Gaynor was offered the Democratic nomination for the Governorship of New York. His popularity was at its height, partly on account of an attempt on his life. He declined the nomination. A friend

urged him to reconsider it. "It will be a stepping-stone to the Presidency of the United States," he said. Mayor Gaynor replied: "After a man has gone down into the valley of the shadow, as I have, and there faced the great realities, all those things seem mighty small."

**Refuge—the Eternal God.** "The eternal God is thy refuge." This word is an unusual one in Scripture. It has more the meaning of 'home' (see R.V.). You are caught in a sudden storm in a public park, or on the sea-front, and you run for the shelter. It is an acceptable refuge, but not a home. You are crossing a main street in a city. There is an island refuge half way across. That refuge in the midst of the surging traffic is welcome, but it is not a home. God is our home.

**Rejection of Christ—Wilful.** Three young men were seated together on the last night of the year. Two were Christians and were pleading with the other to come to Christ. He grew impatient, and said, "I don't want to be saved; if there is a hell I am willing to go to it." One of the two took out his watch, and said: "Do you decide here, in the sight of God, on this last night of the year, to reject Christ as your Saviour?" He answered: "I do."

**Religion Defined.** The Commissioner for Education in Soviet Russia said: "I find that religion is like a nail. The harder you hit it, the deeper you drive it in."

**Religion Made Easy.** Dr. Parker wrote opposite 1 Kings 12. 28 in his Bible "Religion made easy." Beekeepers say that when a certain moth attacks the wax in the comb, the young bees can get out without the usual struggle, their wings are useless, and they soon die. Imagine what Paul would have said if some dapper Jeroboam had tried to persuade him to live on the level that seems to satisfy some!

**Religion—Sunday.** There is a little box, you touch a spring, and a tiny bird springs up and pours forth a flute-like

song. Then you press it down and close the lid. People stand up on a Sunday and sing. Monday comes, and down goes the lid, and they are shut into a prison of worldliness and self-seeking for another week.

**Responses of the Unsāved.** . A drunken man went to hear a certain preacher: he went merely to scoff. In the opening prayer something touched his hardened heart. The text: "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come to thee" moved him still more, and he turned to God in repentance. God called a poor drunkard. . And he responded.

**Responses of the Unsāved.** During a war, in which Spanish soldiers were fighting in the ranks of the German army, many of them passed through towns where godly Christians and earnest preachers were witnessing, and were truly converted. God called them by means of the vicissitudes of war. And they responded.

**Responses of the Unsāved.** An antheist in Chicago heard a little boy singing, "There'll be no sorrow there." He stopped and asked the boy, "Where?" The boy sang, "In heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there." The man hastened on, but the simple words lodged in his mind. It was the message from the lips of a child by which God called him. And he responded.

**Responses of the Unsāved.** In the town of Perugia there have been for many years quite a number of Protestants. A man there did not believe in God.- He tried to believe in the devil and love him. He read eagerly all he could find about Satan, and even prayed to him. One day, the Roman Catholic priest announced that the town was infested with Protestants: "monsters of wickedness, who have renounced Christ and worship the devil." "Splendid!" said the atheist, and that very day he went to the meeting of these so called worshippers of the devil. There he heard the good news and was led to the Saviour. God called him in this strange way. And he responded.



**Rest.** There were two painters, and each painted a picture to illustrate his conception of rest. The first chose a still pool of water among lonely mountains. The second depicted a thundering waterfall, with a fragile birch tree bending over the foam. At the fork of a branch, almost wet with the spray of the cataract, sat a robin on its nest.

**Resurrection.** A Mohammedan guide, showing a Christian the reputed site of the tomb of Jesus, said with a cynical smile, "We Mohammedans can visit our sacred city, and worship the bones of our prophet, but you have nothing but an empty tomb."

**Resurrection—News of.** I was standing before a shop window where a picture of the Crucifixion was displayed. A little lad, a sort of street arab, was also gazing at it. I asked him: "Do you know who it is?" With a look of surprise and pity at my ignorance, he explained: "Yes, that's our Saviour. Them's the soldiers and that woman crying there is His mother." Then after a pause, and with a subdued voice: "They killed Him, mister; yes, they killed Him." I asked him: "Where did you learn all this?" "At the mission Sunday School." I resumed my walk, leaving the lad still looking at the picture. I had not walked a hundred yards when I heard his childish treble calling: "Mister, mister!" I turned. He was running toward me. Up went his little hand, and with a triumphant ring in his voice, he said: "I wanted to tell you, He rose again. Yes, mister, He rose again." He smiled, waved his hand, turned, and went his way.

T. R. TESKEY.

**Resurrection—Proof of.** A scientific student came to President Faunce one day and said: "I want to know whether you can prove to me that Jesus Christ arose from the dead." He replied: "I think I can, but it is a great deal better to let Jesus Christ Himself prove it to you. I could indicate the line of evidence that establishes the resurrection of Christ as an historic fact, but it will be far better for you

if you will ask Jesus Christ Himself to prove to you that He lives. I advise you to study His life and to ask Him to prove Himself thus." She went away, and after several weeks she reported the result of her experiment. She came with a face glowing and radiant with a joy not of the world, and said: "Oh, President Faunce, Jesus has answered my prayer and has proved to me Himself that He lives, and I am rejoicing in the power of His resurrection."

**Resurrection—unpalatable.** "What I detest are the post-mortems," said a medical student. That is easily understood; but how intensified that feeling will be if you are ever called forth to the post-mortem examination of a corrupt life, and that life your own! It is the natural recoil from this that makes men welcome any theory that explains away the resurrection of the wicked.

**Revival—Beginning of.** David Dodge, in conversation with a devout Quaker who, like Dodge was eager to see a revival, agreed with him as to the need of more enthusiasm, more prayer, more consecration. Finally the Quaker broke in with: "Friend Dodge, suppose thee and I make a beginning!"

**Revival—Spiritual.** In the days of ancient Rome there flowed, close by the Forum, a little stream, the 'Maiden's Fountain.' Centuries passed. The Rome of Romulus and the Tarquins became the Iron Republic that filled the earth with the tramp of armed men. This, in its turn, became the Imperial Rome of the Caesars, and later the Rome of the Popes. Amid all these changes the little fountain and stream became choked and covered with débris. Had it not been celebrated in the songs of poets, no one would have known of its existence. Further centuries rolled by, and the accumulated rubbish was piled ton upon ton over the site where once the Maiden's Fountain had sparkled beneath the Italian sky and sang as it danced on its sunlit way to the Tiber.

At last the day came when, in recent times, the remini-



scences of the ancient city were revived. Excavations were made in the historic sites, and the walls of long buried buildings again saw the light of day. A party of workmen was employed amid the ruins of the Forum. By degrees the accumulations of the centuries were cleared away. Deeper and deeper sank spade and pickaxe till one day, at the stroke of a labourer's pick, there sprang into the air, with a murmur of joy, a jet of water, crystal clear. The Maiden's Fountain again! And to-day the visitor to Rome may stand beside that famous fountain and the stream that flows from it, may see it sparkling as in the ancient years, may hear it bubbling and singing as in the days of long ago; its ancient melody restored, its ancient ministry revived.

**Reward.** A dream. An angel came with a crown of marvellous beauty, blazing with diamonds, and said: "This was the crown designed for you when you were young, but you refrained as a young Christian from laying your life at Christ's feet, and it is gone for ever." The angel went away and returned with a plainer one, beautiful, though with far fewer jewels. "This was designed for you in middle age, but you gave your days then to an ordinary, indolent life, and it is gone." The third time the angel came with a plain circlet and no jewels, and said: "This is your all, for eternity."

**Riches—Danger of.** A fire broke out in a building in New Jersey in which a man and his wife occupied a flat. They made their escape; then the man missed his wife. He remembered they had \$350 in a drawer up there, and thought she might have gone back for it. He went to see, but was driven back by the flames, but not till he had seen her lying helpless on the stairs. Next day her charred body was recovered, the burned fragments of the money tightly grasped in her hand.

**Riches in Christ.** A poor boy in London, whose parents were dead, lived a miserable life in the care of a drunken

woman. His greatest, almost his only, pleasure in life was to look at the fine things in the shop windows. He knew they were not meant for him, for there was always the glass between him and them. He was greatly fascinated by some toy soldiers; but there was always the glass between. One day he was run over and taken to hospital. When better he had some toys to play with, and some toy soldiers. Slowly he put out his hand till he touched them, and cried out, almost incredulously, "There isn't any glass between!"

**Romans 7 and 8.** A devout coloured woman heard a preacher speaking on the conflicts and distresses of experience such as are described in Romans 7. She said to the preacher: "It seems you don't understand those chapters. You talk as if we were to live in the 7th and pay little visits to the 8th." "Why, yes, don't you think so, too?" "Bless your soul, no! Why I *live* in the 8th."

## S

**Sacrifice—Accepted.** I once saw two paintings in Amsterdam. The first was a picture of the ancient Temple in Jerusalem, with the priest officiating. The sacrifice was on the altar and under it a burning fire; but the remarkable thing was that the smoke did not rise, but fell to the ground. Thereby the artist wanted to indicate that God does not accept such sacrifices. Why not? The second painting gave the answer. It showed Christ on the cross. The Old Testament sacrifices have lost their meaning, because He is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. At best they were only shadows; Christ is the reality.

**Sacrifice—Living.** A noble youth of Rome, discovered that the Son of God had loved him and given Himself for him. Realizing something of the greatness of this love, that had been set upon him apart from any merit of his own, he asked of Hermas: "What can I do in return for such love as this?" The old Christian took the young convert and showed him something of the sins of Rome, showed him the need of

souls, and the need of a Saviour such as he had found. "Here," said he, "you will find an altar and here you may become a sacrifice."

**Safe and Happy.** Boy of 8, full of fun and happiness, knocked down by a motor and died. Happy, but not safe.

**Saint—a definition.** A little boy was attracted by the stained glass windows in Westminster Abbey and the lovely colours they reflected on the floor. He was told the figures in the windows were those of old time saints. Some time after he was asked who *saints* are, and replied: "People through whom the light shines."

**Saint—a definition.** A Sunday School boy's definition of a 'saint.' "A bloke who does good when nobody's looking."

**Satan—Influence of.** In California two men were working, some distance apart, at an outcropping of coal in a mountain canyon. One of them noticed a break in the ledge of earth overhanging the place where they stood, and knew an avalanche of soil would fall. He shouted to his comrade to run, and jumped himself to a place of safety. Looking back, he saw the other had not moved, but stood gazing at something on the side of the hill. The ledge fell, burying him under it. He managed to dig him out alive, but seriously injured. A large rattlesnake had thrust its head out of a crevice in front of him, and its gaze had hypnotized him and made him helpless to move. *He knew his danger* but was paralysed under the spell of the snake's eyes.

—Current Anecdotes

**Satan—Proof of his Defeat.** No nation can do as it pleases in, or demand a passage through, another country (compare Israel and Edom) until it has conquered it. Christ meeting us in the air is proof of the overthrow of Satan.

**Scorner Silenced.** A young sergeant, speaking in the mess room of a Glasgow barracks, was proclaiming loudly

his scorn for what he called religion, and affirming that he did not believe in God at all, when a lad at the back stood up and said: "Would you mind telling me, Sergeant, who it was I saw you praying to on the shore off Narvik?" The truth, however unwelcome at the moment, could not be denied, and only confirms the fact that "there are times when we all pray."

**Sects—Religious.** On a high road near Penrith I met a large flock of sheep. After this flock had passed me, I noticed a man running towards me at full speed, waving his arms and shouting wildly. Thinking a wild bull was following him, I went forward. He tore past me at a tremendous pace, and joining the shepherd of the flock, they opened the nearest gate and drove the sheep into a field. I thought I might assist, being alarmed at the evident urgency of the case. Now what do you think was the danger? Mad bull, or runaway horse? Neither. Another lot of sheep and lambs, travelling in the same direction was coming, and the shepherds were afraid lest they should join, and walk together for the rest of the journey as one flock. RUSSELL ELLIOTT

**Seed—unwittingly sown.** Thorwaldsen, the celebrated Danish sculptor, returned to Denmark with wonderful works of art chiselled in Italy. When unpacking, straw was scattered. Next summer flowers from gardens in Italy were blooming in Denmark from the seeds thus unwittingly sown. Do we sometimes feel like straw?

**Self—Battle with.**

Epitaph at Chichester:

"Here lies an old soldier whom all must applaud:  
He suffered much hardship at home and abroad:  
But the hardest engagement he ever was in  
Was the battle with self, for the conquest of Sin."

**Self-centredness.** An American preacher said: "I was on a high mountain with a company of people on the look-out tower, and a vast panorama of country spread out around.

Suddenly a high-pitched feminine voice cried out: 'That's where I live'—pointing to a little speck of a house hardly discernible. People could not but laugh at the ridiculous self-centredness." It was like the giving out of a hymn about one's own personal joy and peace at the Lord's Supper.

**Self-centredness.** Miss Gordon-Cumming tells how, when travelling in Japan, one night as she and others stood on the steps of the hotel, they heard a call that came again and again out of the forest, like me, me, me. They called it the Me-bird. (There is a Me-bird that is calling in every heart, the Me-bird that is always wanting some one to stroke it down, the Me-bird that never likes to see any one in front of it). After a while, on enquiry, they found that what they had thought was a bird was only a crawling insect that made the curious sound with its wings. (We have thought of the life of self cultivation as a bird with wings that was going to carry us up into the blue, and it is only a crawling insect that grovels on the ground). HARRINGTON C. LEES

**Selfishness.** Switzerland and Afghanistan are landlocked countries; no sea, no harbours, no ships sailing away or coming in, carrying goods or passengers. Some people are landlocked; selfish; bound up in themselves; no outgoing to others.

**Self-satisfaction taken for Devotion.**

"Jesus, I am resting, resting, In the joy of what I am,  
I have overcome my temper, And become a lamb."

**Sermons—Brilliant but Fruitless.** The story is told of a famous English surgeon who, on one occasion, visited France and was asked by a notable surgeon of the country how many times he had performed a certain wonderful feat of surgery. He replied that he had done it thirteen times. "Ah, but Monsieur, I have done it one hundred and sixty times," said the Frenchman. He then asked: "How many lives did you save?" "I," replied the Englishman, "saved eleven out of thirteen. How many did you save out of one hundred and

sixty?" "Ah, Monsieur, I lost them all; but the operation was very brilliant."

This can be truly said of many to-day who set themselves up as "ministers of the Gospel." You ask them how many souls have been saved, and they reply: "Oh, none, but the sermons were wonderful—yea, brilliant."

**Service—Glow of.** Two ploughshares, made by the same blacksmith, were bought by a farmer. One was used at once, the other was laid by and became rusty. One was bright through being used.

**Service—Too big for.** During the American War of Independence some soldiers were labouring to raise a great log of wood. Some one came along, and, seeing a soldier standing by, asked why he was not helping them. Drawing himself up, he answered: "Don't you know that I am the Corporal?" He was too big to serve. The visitor said: "If you won't, I will." The job was soon finished, and the Corporal asked: "And who may you be?" "I am General Washington."

**Service by Proxy.** A Christian man lay dying. Conversing with a Christian visitor, he said: "My life has been a mistake. I have given an occasional pound to help on the Lord's work at home and abroad. But I have tried to serve the Lord by *proxy*. I have generally been at my place at meetings, and been interested more or less in hearing what others are doing, but I have had no heart for His service myself."

**Signs of the Times.** A little boy, whose parents were abroad, was told that they were coming home in the autumn, when the leaves fell from the trees. When autumn came it was his delight to walk in the woods, kicking the fallen leaves, and thinking: "They will soon come now."

**Signs of the Times.** An elderly woman finds that it is beyond her failing strength to keep house for herself, and

gratefully accepts the offer of a home in the beautiful residence of a friend. She is told that any day the motor may be sent to take her to her new home, so that she must be prepared for the move at any time. She is further informed that her kind friend has bought not only the cottage in which she had lived, but the whole row of which it was a part, and that all are to be pulled down to make room for some purposed improvements. The old lady is assured, however, that the work of destruction will not be begun until she is safe in the house of her friend.

The days pass, and the motor has not come for the poor old lady. But one morning she notices that a couple of ladders have been laid on the ground near the end cottage. Further down there is a pile of planks, and half a dozen wheelbarrows. During the day a cart arrives with a score or more of men with picks and shovels. What is happening? It is evident that preparations are being made for the destruction of the cottages. These preparations have nothing to do with the old lady's removal to her new home. That promise stands good, whether the cottages are away or not. But it happens that the workmen are just about to begin their work of clearance. The ladders, planks, barrows, picks and shovels are "signs of the times," though they have nothing to do with the old lady's removal. They show that what is *to follow* her removal is about to take place. She concludes, therefore, that the motor which is to fetch her will now not be long in coming.

**Sin—Besetting.** A Christian gentleman said he was the victim of a besetting sin. "When I don't want to yield to it," he said, "I go to God, and He always strengthens me to resist. But sometimes I want to yield. Then I banish the thought of God, only to be filled with gnawing remorse afterwards."

**Sin—Doom of.** A man was spraying some fruit trees with a liquid to save them from the blight. One tree, *covered*



with the blight, he passed by. "That tree will have to be burned," he said, "it is past curing." A tree that cannot be saved from the blight cannot be saved from the flames. A person who cannot be saved from the love of sin cannot be saved from the doom of sin.

**Sin—Effects of.** A workman stole a radium capsule from an industrial welding and testing laboratory. That person had virtually signed his own death warrant and was certainly endangering others. A radium expert said that anyone who carried the radium in his pocket for even fifteen minutes would almost certainly die within a year from the effects of the deadly rays.

None of us is carrying a deadly radium capsule in his pocket, but we have within us something even more deadly; something which attacks our soul and leads us eventually to eternal destruction. It is sin which permeates our whole nature, alienates us from God, subjects us to His wrath and punishment.

Sin appears just as harmless as that little radium capsule. Its effects are not evident at once. Sin slumbers within us. We live with it every day. It seems so harmless because it apparently causes us no discomfort or trouble at all.

**Sin—Marks of.** One of the most famous pictures in the world is *The Last Supper*, by Leonardo da Vinci. The artist sought long for a model for the Saviour, and at length found one in Pietro Bandinelli, a chorister in the Cathedral. Soon after, Pietro went to Rome to study music, and fell among evil companions, and gave way to drink and all manner of vices, which left their mark on his once noble countenance. The painter went on with his picture till all the Apostles were painted in except Judas. He wanted a thoroughly evil, debased-looking man, as a model for him. At last he met one particularly villainous, and secured him as a model. After painting in his face, he learned it was the same Pietro. Grace does the opposite; it transforms and beautifies the life.

**Sin will find you out.** Willie and his sister had had a quarrel, and it ended with his mother coming and sorely chastising her son, much to his sister's satisfaction. He thought, however, he would have his revenge upon her, so when the opportunity arose he stole her doll. To get rid of it was the problem, so he took a spade, dug a hole and buried it. Questioned over and over again, he said he knew nothing of its whereabouts. A short while after came the rain, and it was followed by bright, warm sunshine. Under this influence, the doll began to grow, to his mother's surprise and Willie's consternation. His sin had found him out, for the doll was stuffed with oats. He was faced with his theft and lies, and he learned his lesson: "Be sure your sin will find you out."

**Singlemindedness.** In the old days of slavery in the United States, when men escaped from their masters, they knew that the Pole Star would lead them north to Canada and freedom if they followed it. They had to travel by night for fear of being captured, and therefore they learned little of the geography of the country. As they hastened through the woods they did not stop to collect botanical specimens. As they flitted through the towns, they had nothing to do with municipal politics. They minded one thing, the Pole Star.

**Sonship—Privilege of.** The Danish missionaries at Malabar set some of their converts to translate part of the Scriptures. When they came to the passage that says believers are sons of God, one of them was so startled that he laid down his pen, exclaiming: "It is too much; let me rather render it: 'They shall be permitted to kiss His feet.'"

**Soul—Influences on the.** Many men's souls are like omnibuses, stopping to take up every interest that beckons to them from the footpath.

**Soul-Winning—Effective.** A preacher prepared a sermon for a sceptical lawyer in his congregation. He was converted

and the preacher, delighted, asked what in the sermon had specially touched him. "Not your sermon at all. I was going over a brief while you were preaching. But after the service old Aunt Chloe had hard work getting down the icy steps. I helped her, and when we parted she said: "O massa, I do wish you loved my dear Lord Jesus." I could not get that out of my mind. I went to my office; it still clung to me. I threw myself on my knees and gave myself to Christ."

**Soul-Winning—Effective.** In his early days Samuel Chadwick, best known as Principal of Cliff College, was sent as a lay pastor to a small town in Lancashire. The Chapel was derelict and the congregation was very small. He had been told that if he preached good sermons he would soon attract the people. This advice was followed but nothing seemed to happen. On one particular Saturday night he went over the sermon prepared for the following day when God spoke to him.

Attending to His voice, the sermon was burnt and in complete dependence on his Lord he preached, with the result that seven souls were saved. This was the start of a period of blessing in the place. Among the convicted was a young man from Lincolnshire.

He was unable to read or write, but was anxious to pull his weight in the great work that was going on, so he went to Mr. Chadwick and asked him to help him. He was given some form of service and made a mess of it. Other tasks followed, but in all he proved himself to be incompetent. Nothing daunted he again asked for work, but this time Mr. Chadwick as a wise man said: "*Go to your Master and ask Him to set you on.*" Some time later he turned up at the 7.0 a.m. prayer meeting on a Sunday and asked those present to pray for the task he was just about to undertake. It was to go to the house of some notorious blackguards and invite them to the service that evening.

**Soul-Winning—Effective.** At a Gospel meeting a timid old lady felt that she ought to speak to two young men, but

hesitated. Finally she did, but so awkwardly that they laughed at her. They were room-mates and in the night one heard the other sigh. "What's the matter?" "I am disgusted with myself for the way I treated that old lady. It was a hard thing for her to come and speak to us." The other agreed, and both knelt, and were converted. One became a preacher; the other a business man who radiates a Christian influence all around him.

**Spirit—Energy of the.** The difference between a Christian who lays hold of God and is energized by His Spirit, and one who does not, is the difference between a springing well and one which is choked by some obstruction.

**Spirit—Gift of the.** Said a friend: "I would not give you my spirit if I could." "Why?" he was asked. "Because you would know too much about me if I did. But God has given to us His Spirit that we might know all about Him."

**Spirit—Indwelling of.** A lady said she was longing and praying for the Holy Spirit. Her friend replied: "The other morning I was searching for my stocking, till suddenly I discovered that I had it on!"

**Spirit—Power of.** A young man flung himself down on a lawn near a fountain, and watched the jet of water sparkling in the sunlight. Said he to himself: "That stream of water is like my life. I seem to get the better of my habits; I rise up to a certain height in my endeavours; but then I come down again. Again I try with might and main to overcome my evil tendencies, and I succeed for a while, then down I come again."

Then he looked higher than the stream of water, to the clouds hanging suspended in the sky. And he mused: "Those clouds were once dirty water lying in the ponds and elsewhere; but the mighty power of the sun descended on that dirty water, and has lifted it up and keeps it up in the form of vapour. O for a power," he added, "that will lift my life up, and keep it up!"

**Spirit—Sealing of the.** In Morocco sacks of corn in the market, when bought, are *sealed* by the purchaser while he goes for his donkey. Then he returns, claims them, and carries them off.

**Spirit—Sealing of the.** When a beseiged city capitulated to the Roman army, before a general looting was permitted, some commissioners passed through the place and sealed certain desirable things for the Emperor, thus marking them as his personal property, destined for the palace.

**Spirit—Striving of the.** A talented pupil of Raphael was painting a beautiful picture. He was unable to portray the delicate features of the person he was painting. Discouraged and weary, he sat before the canvas and went to sleep. Raphael entered the studio, saw the young man and the picture, and understanding his difficulty, took the brush and painted the beautiful features. When the young man awoke he saw what had happened, and was grateful though ashamed.

When we are sad and discouraged, because we so imperfectly portray the Master in our lives, and the noble qualities—gratitude, patience, gentleness, unselfishness—are hardly discernible, it is then that the Holy Spirit strives to reveal the image of Christ to us.

**Spirit—Striving of the.** A kind-hearted doctor sat by the bedside of a youth, and told him his end was near. With a despairing expression, he said: "I have missed it at last."

"What have you missed?" asked the doctor.

"The salvation of my soul."

"Oh, don't say that. Do you not remember the thief on the cross, how he turned to the Saviour at the last moment?"

"Yes; I remember him, but he never said to the Holy Spirit, 'Go Thy way,' but I did. And now He is saying to me, 'Go *thy* way.'"

He lay there gasping and with vacant, staring eyes, con-

tinued: "I was awakened, and anxious, but I did not want to be saved *then*. Something seemed to say: 'Do not put it off; make sure of salvation.' I said to myself: 'I will postpone it for the present.' And I did. I have missed it at last."

And so he died.

**Star in the Window.** The American Civil War to suppress slavery cost thousands of lives. Every family which gave a son was entitled to put a card with a star in a window of the home. A boy gazed up at the stars and said: "Father, did God give a Son, too?" "Yes, my boy, and for the same cause as those in whose windows you see stars: to emancipate slaves."

**Storm—Beyond the.** Two friends were on holiday in Switzerland. One decided to remain at the hotel at the foot of the Rigi. The other went up to the top of the mountain by the railway. A heavy tempest swept the valley; the one who remained there telegraphed: "Awful storm raging here." The answer came: "Come up here; we are above the storms."

**Stranger—The.** There is a pleasing story of how the father of Matthew Henry, the Commentator, won his bride. He was a Presbyterian Minister; she, an only daughter, heiress to a considerable fortune. Her father objected. "You see," he said, "he may be a great scholar and an excellent preacher, but he is a stranger; we do not even know where he comes from." "True," replied the girl, "but we know where he is going, and I should like to go with him."

**Subjection to God.** God made light to *rule* the day and the night. He would teach us subjection to Himself and to His word, and that we are under authority. The lawlessness of man is a sorrowful contrast to the obedience of the day and night to the lights which God set over them. H.F.W.

**Sun—Facing the.** Alexander the Great had a wonderful horse, Bucephalus, which no one could tame. The sooth-sayers predicted that the man who could tame and mount

Bucephalus would become conqueror of the world. Alexander—then a young man—took him in hand, and, after many attempts, discovered the secret of his restiveness. He could not bear to see his own shadow; it made him start with fright. So Alexander turned his face to the sun; then he could not see his shadow, and thus the horse was tamed.

**Sun—Transforming Power of.** Ruskin remarks on the latent possibilities of thick, black mud on the road outside a busy manufacturing town. It is composed of soot, clay, sand and water. The *clay* particles may become sapphire, reflecting lovely blue rays of light. The *sand*, with its silica, may be opal. *Soot* may be transformed (but not by human means) into diamonds, and *water* into a snowflake. Wonderful power of the sun to do all this.

**Surety for Us.** A visitor wished to spend three weeks in Tokyo. On the second day a question came from the police: "Who stands for you?" He had to have a well-known Japanese to stand as surety who, if he broke the laws, would be punished, even if his crime merited death. (No "if" with us!)

**Surrender—Peace of Complete.** You possess a priceless jewel and are burdened with anxious care, and will continue to be as long as you keep it. You commit it to a safe deposit vault, and are relieved. Something has happened to the jewel, and to you. But you have other valuable property stocks and bonds, etc., and you are worried about them. You take these also to the vaults, and your worry ceases. When you make a complete committal you will have complete peace.

## T

**Teaching of Christ.** In one of the public buildings in the United States there is to be seen a reproduction of the Declaration of Independence, the momentous document in which was set forth the hopes and ambitions of the States when they became united.



The visitor, as he reads the impressive words, notices some irregularities in the lettering which puzzle him. A friend suggests that he should stand back and read again. Then to his amazement he finds that he is looking on an outline of the face of the great George Washington.

It is sometimes like this with us. We find parts of the Bible hard to understand; we read and are perplexed. But when under the guidance of the Holy Spirit we see things in a new light, and find Christ there.

*Hearing His voice in every line  
Making each faithful saying mine.*

**Tears in Sowing.** A captain of the Salvation Army found the town where he was working terribly hard. He wrote to headquarters saying he could make no impression at all. Old General Booth sent a message back "Try a tear, Captain!"

**Tears—Voice of.** Two young fellows went out for a row on Sunday. One was the son of a Christian mother. Both were ill at ease, for they knew it was not the way to spend the Lord's Day. Next time they met, one said: "I shall never go out on a pleasure trip again on Sunday. When I got home mother was there. She said nothing to me about where I had been, but the tear on her cheek nearly broke my heart." That tear was more powerful than speech, it was used to save the friend of the son from spiritual drift.

**Temptation—Avoiding.** A man asked an Eastern sage how to avoid temptation. "Take a vessel brimful of oil and carry it through the streets without spilling a drop." When he returned, the wise man asked: "Whom did you meet?" "I noticed no one; I was only thinking of the oil." "Then you have learned how."

**Test of Action.** A traveller remarked on the great number of spiders' webs on the grass by the roadside. "Yes," said his companion, "the dew brings them out." How may I know whether there is harm in this or that. Let the dew (the Word of the Spirit) bring them out.

**Testimony—Bad.** One night a motorist was run down by a train at a level crossing. The signalman in charge of the crossing had to appear in court. After a severe cross-examination, he was still unshaken. He said he had waved his lantern frantically, but all to no avail. The following day a friend said to him:

"You did wonderfully well yesterday, Tom. I was afraid at first that you might waver."

"No," replied Tom, "but I was afraid that old lawyer was going to ask me whether or not my lantern was lit!"

**Testimony—Failure in.** A young married woman, having professed full allegiance to Christ, had given up cinemas. One evening her husband came home saying that he was going to see a good, clean film, and pressed her to come with him. His parents, with whom they were living, urged her on and at length she consented to go. On leaving the house she found that her husband was leading her in the wrong direction, and she said: "This is not the way to the pictures. Where are you going?" "I don't want to go to the pictures," he replied, "I only wanted to test you and see if you were firm, and then I would have come to the Saviour you profess to love. But you have failed, and everything looks black for me now. I thought you had a *real* Jesus."

**Testimony—Glorious.** A Colporteur in Central China was reading to a group about Jesus healing the blind and the sick. Suddenly, with smiling faces, they said: "Oh! we know him; he used to live here. We will show you his grave. When the great plague came, he would not leave us. He gave us things out of a bottle that made us well. We had babies that were blind; he washed their eyes and made them see. Oh, we know him well; he has often walked down our streets." The colporteur said: "That cannot be; He lived in a land far from here, hundreds of years ago." But they showed him a grave, and on enquiry he found it was that of a young doctor who had gone 600 miles up the Yangtze to this little town. He had lived among them after such a manner

that when they heard the story of Jesus, they cried out: "We know Him; He lived here."

**Testimony—Glorious.** A little Jewish girl in Palestine had been to see two missionary ladies. She could not remember their names, nor where they lived, but said: "I've been to see the two ladies who live *next door to God*."

**Testimony—Poet Laureate's.** An intimate friend of Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, was walking with him through his beautiful grounds. He was anxious to know, after all the beautiful things the poet had written about Christ, how far he had a personal interest in the Saviour. So he said: "What is the Lord Jesus to you?" The poet plucked a daisy from the lawn, and said: "All that the sun is to that flower, giving it life, strength, beauty and fragrance, the Lord Jesus is to me."

**Text—Framed.** Many homes we enter are adorned with framed texts. They remind me of an old lady in Devon, formerly Matron in a War Hospital, to whom a grateful French Officer presented a beautiful engraved paper as a memento. She had it framed, and hung up in her room. One day a friend saw it and explained that it was a French banknote worth £400. So she took it down and cashed it. I sometimes wonder if those beautiful framed texts have been cashed by their owners.

Dr. A. T. SCHOFIELD

**Thanks.** A father, whose boy was at College was found weeping by his daughter, who asked the cause. "Mary, look at these letters: 'Send me \$50.00 for this, \$75.00 for that.' Always begging, and never a word of thanks or appreciation of all I have done for him, or of all my love for him. It hurts me."

**Thanks—Giving.** There was once a good king of Spain called Alfonso XII. When it came to the ears of the king that the pages at his court neglected to ask God's blessing on their daily meals, he determined to rebuke them. He invited

them to a banquet. The table was spread with every kind of good thing, and the boys ate with evident relish; but none of them remembered to ask God's blessing on the food.

During the feast a beggar entered, dirty and ill-clad. He seated himself at the royal table and ate and drank to his heart's content. At first the pages were amazed, and they expected that the king would order him away. But Alfonso never said a word.

When the beggar had finished, he rose and left without a word of thanks. Then the boys could keep silence no longer. "What a miserable, despicably mean fellow!" they cried. But the king silenced them, and in clear, calm tones he said: "Boys, bolder and more audacious than this beggar have you all been. Every day you sit down to a table supplied by the bounty of your heavenly Father, yet you ask not His blessing nor express to Him your gratitude."

**Theology—Humanistic.** Emil Brunner does not disdain the homely and familiar—a proof that weds scholarship to wisdom! He likened a cheap optimistic and humanistic theology that ignored righteousness and penalty to a woman diligently sewing but *with no knot in the thread!* Nothing to hold, nothing permanent.

**Time for Recovery.** When Napoleon went on to the field of Marengo it was late in the afternoon. He saw the battle was as good as lost, but, looking at the westering sun, he said: "There is just time to win the day." And giving his orders with characteristic rapidity, he turned defeat into victory.

"**Touch Not!**" "Isn't that lovely!" exclaimed a girl, holding up a most elaborately worked table centre. "Very pretty indeed," said her friend. "It must have taken you a long time to make."

"Indeed it did," replied the girl; "I kept an exact account of the time that I spent on it, and it amounted to four weeks, allowing eight hours to each day." Later in the conversation, it came out that this young lady had given up her class in the

Sunday School on the ground that she "simply had not time to prepare the lessons."

**Tradition—Foolishness of.** A Czar of Russia once posted a sentinel where none was needed. For two centuries afterwards the spot was guarded because no order came to stop guarding it.

**Tradition—Foolishness of.** On the coast of Maine, U.S.A., is an island that used to have a hotel and a post office. The hotel was burned down, and not a single person remained on the island. But the post office survived, and still (for all I know) survives. The steamer stops at the deserted wharf every day, and the postmaster rows over from his home to meet it. Then he, and a man from the steamer gravely hand to one another an empty mail sack!

**Trial Controlled.** A sheep dog, being of a wolfish nature, takes delight in pursuing sheep. The shepherd knows how to make good use of it, and what it imagines it is doing for its own pleasure is really for the welfare of the flock. But the shepherd keeps a keen eye; and should the dog be inclined to bite or harass, he instantly and energetically *over-rules*.

GEO. CUTTING

**Tried in the Fire.** King George V visited some china works to see some special china being made for use at Buckingham Palace. A girl was painting some cups black. She explained that under the black was gold, and when the cups passed through the fire, the black would be burned off, and the gold would be burned in.

RUSSELL ELLIOTT

**Tried in the Fire.** Two vases in the same works were shown to the King. Both were of the same material, and both painted in the same manner. But one was a beautiful ornament, and the other burned and unsightly. One had "taken the fire"; the other had not.

RUSSELL ELLIOTT

**Trifles—Quarrels over.** A few Christmases ago our children received a few parcels and toys as gifts. In less than

half an hour after opening the packages, they fell to quarrelling among themselves over the wrappings, ribbons, and seals. Toys were forgotten in the dispute that arose over the tissue-paper, etc.!

**Trinity—The.** It is said of Augustine, the great saint of God, that he was once walking upon the seashore, while he was greatly perplexed about the doctrine of the trinity—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, equal in wisdom, power, and glory, yet three in one. As he meditated, he observed a little boy with a sea shell running to the water, filling his shell and then pouring it into a hole which he had made in the sand. "What are you doing, my little man?" asked Augustine. "Oh!" replied the boy, "I am trying to put the ocean in this hole." Augustine had learned his lesson, as he passed on he said: "That is what I am trying to do; I see it now. Standing on the shores of time I am trying to get into this little finite mind things which are infinite."

**Trust—Simple.** A poor coloured woman, who earned a precarious living by daily labour, was a joyous, triumphant Christian. "Ah, Nancy," said a gloomy Christian lady, who almost disapproved of her constant cheerfulness, and yet envied it, "it is all very well to be happy now, but I think that thoughts of your future would sober you. Suppose you should have a spell of illness, and not be able to work; or suppose your present employers should move away, and no one else should give you any work; or suppose—" "Stop!" cried Nancy, "I never suppose. De Lord is my Shepherd: and I knows I shall not want. It's all them *supposes* that is making you so miserable. Better give them all up, and just trust in the Lord."

**Truth Tested.** A boy has gone to bed. Father comes home, and goes up to say "Good-night" and show him a new mechanical toy. The boy wants the morning to come to see how it works. If we get blessing or new light, tomorrow will test how it works.



**Tuned in to Distant Fields.** Many have heard of the sinking of the great ship the *Titanic* when hundreds of lives were lost. There was a vessel within a few miles of the disaster, near enough to rescue every passenger, but it never went to the rescue. The explanation was given later that the instruments on board the vessel for receiving calls were so keyed as to receive only calls from a distance of 100 miles or more, and the S.O.S. that went out through the fog was unheard and unheeded by a vessel close at hand. Surely, we ought to be 'tuned in' to hear the call from lands near to our own. Just across the narrow waters there are countries where the Gospel is almost unknown. We are conscious of the need of far off lands, but, perchance, we have almost forgotten the needs of people of countries that lie almost at our doors.

## U

**Unbelief—Darkness of.** Dr. Taylor to Mr. Newton: "I have collated every word in the Hebrew Scriptures seventeen times and have not found the doctrine of the Atonement held by you." "I am not surprised," replied the other, "I once went to light my candle with the extinguisher still on it."

**Unbelief—Folly of.** With twenty ships Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel was on his way home. It was foggy and squally. One of the seamen told the officer of the watch that unless the ship's course was altered, she would soon be on the rocks of Scilly. The Admiral sent for him and questioned him. Finding he held fast to his opinion, Sir Cloudesley was so angry that he had the man hanged at the yard-arm. His body still swung there when the flagship struck a rock and went to pieces, only one out of her 800 men surviving. Three other ships following struck another reef, and altogether 2,000 British seamen perished.

**Unforgiveness unto Death.** "I am dying of consumption, Judge, and I know that my sentence can have but little effect on me," and she coughed a hollow, vacant cough. The



expression on the face of the judge remained unchanged, but his eyes dropped, and he did not raise them as the woman continued: "Three years ago I was admired of all the gay society around, I was my father's pride, but a man came and professed affection for me. My father said he was bad, and contrary to his wishes I ran away and married him.

"Father said I should never come home again. My home—how I longed to be there, just to tell him all." She coughed, and caught a flow of blood on a handkerchief which she held to her lips. "My husband became addicted to drink. He abused me. I wrote again asking my father to let me come, but the answer came, 'I do not know you.' My husband died. Homeless and wretched I went out into the world. My child died, and I wept over a pauper's grave. I wrote again, but the answer was, 'I know not those who disobey my commands.' I turned from that letter hardened; I embraced sin; I rushed madly into vice. Now I am here." A crimson tide flowed from her lips; they caught her as she fell, but she was gone. The Judge had not raised his eyes. He, too, was dead. The woman was his daughter.

**Unity through Warmth of Love.** While the Forth Bridge was building it was found difficult to get the two spans of the structure to unite, and the opening ceremony was to take place the following day. All that hydraulic power could achieve had been tried in vain. During the night a marked rise in the temperature occurred, which so acted on the metal of the parts concerned, that all came into place, and the whole was united.

**Up or Down.** A gentleman went to visit someone in a mental hospital. Standing in a balcony, high above the ground, a strong man seized hold of him and said: "Jump down!" With great presence of mind the visitor replied: "Why, any fool can do that! Come with me, and I will show you a far better trick." The big man followed him down to the garden. "Now," he said, "jump up there; that's the thing for a man to do." The lunatic tried, in vain, of course. Any fool

can go down to hell, but Christ enables you to do what no one can do by his own power, to go *up* to heaven.

## V

**Vacuum—Spiritual.** A schoolboy answered the question: "What is a vacuum?" thus: "A large empty place where the Pope lives." It is to be feared that it is a large empty place where many Christians live!

**Vessel—Another.** One day, when the celebrated chemist, Michael Faraday, was absent from his laboratory, a workman accidentally knocked a silver cup into a jar of acid. He was greatly perplexed; it was an utter mystery to him where the cup had gone. When Faraday returned and heard about it, he threw some chemicals into the jar and the silver was precipitated. He recovered it and sent it to a silversmith, where it was recast into a beautiful cup.

**Victory—Using a.** One of Hannibal's generals said to him: "You have the secret of winning victories, but not the secret of *using* a victory that has been won."

## W

**Warning Spurned.** A warning was sent from S.S. *California* to the ill-fated *Titanic* of the presence of icebergs. But the wireless operator on the *Titanic* refused to take the warning because he was busy with his accounts.

**Warning—Timely.** Years ago there was an earthquake in Japan, and an old man who had been through many earthquakes looked toward the sea and saw a wave 30 or 40 feet high rise up and recede from the land. Knowing what it meant, he raced out of the village to the high ground where the rice shocks were and set fire to them. When the people saw their fields burning they rushed up, and were about to stone him. "Look!" he said, pointing to the village. They looked and saw it submerged by the waves. If they had not

been brought out by the burning fields they would all have been drowned. The old man soon found himself the hero of the village.

**Ways—Different.** Years ago (in 1895) two young Poles, who had emigrated to America, left the Romish Church. One of them met a Christian, who gave him some Gospel papers which were the means of leading him to Christ. He became an active worker for Christ among the Poles in U.S.A. His name was Treckojenski. The other met a man who gave him evil political literature that filled him with hatred of everything that bears the name of God. He was Leon Czolgosz, the murderer of President McKinley.

**Ways of God.** A little child's pity for "that poor man" (a criminal) is aroused. She can't believe her dear, kind father, who is the judge, will punish him. But he says: "Can't you *trust* me to do what is right?" She says, "Yes," and is told that one day she will understand.

**Ways of God.** I saw the other day a painting of a large boat laden with cattle that were being ferried across an angry, swollen river in time of storm. The artist had so cleverly pictured the dark, threatening clouds and the play of the treacherous, jagged lightning that I immediately concluded that the freight of poor, dumb cattle was marked for destruction. But the title of the picture was simply, "Changing Pastures." Many times we imagine that God's plans mean disaster and affliction, but He is simply "changing pastures," for our good.

**Wealth of Heaven.** Very poor people occupy tenements, the backs of which overlook the Royal Mint, in London, with its perpetually flowing money. "I once remarked," said a Christian, "to an old couple, that while a wall separated them from the millions of the Mint, no such barrier separates them from the wealth of heaven."

**Weights.** Alexander the Great was marching on Persia, and it looked as if the great empire was about to crumble, as later it did, before his armies. There was a critical moment, however, which nearly resulted in disaster. The army had taken spoils of gold, silver, and other treasures in such quantities that the soldiers were literally weighed down with them. Alexander gathered all together in one great pile and set fire to them. The soldiers were furious, but it was not long before they realised the wisdom of their leader. It was as if wings had been given to them—they walked lightly again. The campaign proceeded to victory.

**Weights.** Two parties in the town of Chamonix prepared for ascent of Mont Blanc. One young Englishman disregarded all the counsel of guides, and loaded himself with a case of wines and delicacies, a camera, note-books and a blanket. Off he started with his party. Six hours later the second party started. At the inn where they spent the first night they found the case of wine. Further up they found the camera and books. Still higher, the blanket. At the top they came to the young man, exhausted. He had encountered storms and had had to lay aside his 'weights.' Some, when they find they can't reach the top with their loads, let the ideal go, and settle down on a lower level.

S. D. GORDON

**Wiles of Satan.** When the partridge or the corncrake is rearing its young, the parent bird tries to divert the attention of anyone who intrudes too near. She will flutter close to your feet, and tumble over in her flight as if she could easily be caught, but all to decoy you away. Follow her slowly or quickly, and the little deceiver's end is gained.

**Witness—Secret of Christian.** A husband brought home a matchbox as a souvenir for his wife. It was phosphorescent, supposed to glow in the dark. He turned out the light, but there was no shining. He concluded that he had been cheated. The wife looked it over next day and found some

fine lettering: "If you want me to shine at night, keep me in the sunlight through the day." So she put it out in the sunshine. After dark she brought it in, turned out the light, and there was a brilliant glow.

**Witness—Worth While.** A young man told his Army chaplain that when he knelt to pray the other men laughed loudly and threw boots at him. "Well, suppose you leave praying till you are in bed, and then *silently* lift up your heart to God." A week or two later they met again. "Did you take my advice?" asked the padre. "For one or two nights I did, but it seemed to me like denying my Saviour, so I did as before—knelt at my bedside." "And what followed?" "Not one of them laughs now, and all the lot, fifteen, kneel and pray too." "I felt ashamed of the advice I had given," said the padre telling the story.

**Word—Keeping one's.** Runjeet Singh, one of India's warrior princes, had laid siege to the fortress of Kussak. His plans had been made, guns and men had been placed in position, and the word of command given that the place was to be taken by storm. The fortress of Kussak stands high on the spur of a mountain range. For hundreds of years brave chieftains, with their vassals, had maintained their independence in spite of repeated attacks. The onslaught of Runjeet Singh's army was resisted as bravely as those in bygone days had been. Weeks passed, and the beseigers had made no headway. At last Runjeet Singh gave up hope of success by ordinary means. So he sent a message to the lord of Kussak, undertaking to treat him with princely honours if he would surrender, and promising to give him certain villages for a possession.

The lord of Kussak, however, did not want villages. He desired to maintain his independence and to guard his mountain stronghold. But there was one difficulty that confronted him, namely, the failure of his water supply. They had neither wells nor springs in the fortress. They had large tanks to catch the rain, but of what use were they when

no rain had fallen for months? The tanks were almost empty. The garrison could not hold out without water. What should they do?

There was no sign of rain. So at last the lord of Kussak sent an envoy to Runjeet Singh, promising to surrender the following morning.

That very night, however, the clouds gathered in the sky and the rain began to fall. Before morning dawned the tanks were filled to overflowing. The soldiers came to their commander and said: "Don't let us surrender; we have plenty of water now."

Sadly, but firmly, he answered: *I have promised, and I must keep my word.*" And at the time fixed he marched out with his troops and surrendered to Runjeet Singh.

It was a brave and honourable act. The keeping of the promise meant loss. But he had given his word and would not go back on it.

If God commends His servants for keeping their word it is because in this they resemble Himself. If Samuel was mentioned as 'honourable,' it was because his *word* was to be depended upon .

**Working with the Sovereign.** In the days of Queen Victoria a small boy was left one day in charge of a hillside hut near Balmoral, used by the royal hunting parties. Proud of thus working for the Queen, he carefully followed the instructions he had received, and when a lady appeared to prepare a meal for some of the guests, he helped most diligently. When all was ready, the lady said: "That will do, my boy, but before you go I wish to give you my photograph," and handed him a sovereign. He thus discovered that he had not only been working *for* the Queen, but she had been working *with* him. He carries with him the image of his fellow-worker, and afterwards reckoned that sovereign was worth more than fifty times its intrinsic value.

**World—Getting it Right.** Did I ever tell you the story of little John? He had a wonderful box of bricks. These

bricks, when formed in the right order, made an outline map of the world. One day John's uncle, who was on a visit, saw the bricks and tried to put them together, but although he tried to do so many times, he failed, and at last gave up the task as hopeless.

Then John suddenly appeared on the scene. He soon got the map right. "How's it done?" asked uncle. "Well," said little John, "it's simple enough. At the back of the bricks is an outline drawing of a man's head, and I know that *if I get the man right then I get the world right.*"

**World—Influence of.** An eagle was hovering over Chautauqua Lake, and its graceful flight was watched by several persons. Suddenly it darted with lightning swiftness towards the water. There was a clash, and a splashing of feathers and fins, then the great bird rose in the air with a maskinonge two feet or more in length, and weighing probably 10 lbs., still wriggling in its talons. When at a height of about 1,000 ft., the bird, still clinging to the fish, began to sink slowly toward the lake again, gaining speed as it descended and finally fell with a splash into the water. Later, the bird and fish were found together, dead. The eagle had evidently found the fish too heavy to carry, but had been *unable to withdraw its claws*, and as its strength gave way, it sank into the water and was drowned.

**World—Influence of.** Bees, though they live amid honey and wax never let anything sticky touch their wings.

**World—Influence of.** Bishop Taylor Smith had a young friend who showed him a piece of copper, and asked: "Do you know what this is?" "A piece of copper hammered out," replied the Bishop. "It is a penny I put on the rail and watched to see what would happen when the train went over it." The image of the king was destroyed, and the coin made useless. Angels are watching to see if we let the world go over us, and with what result.

**World—Influence of.** In the story of Sinbad the Sailor, a magnetic rock lifted its head just above the surface of the



water and silently unfastened every clamp, and drew out every bolt from the ship's side till it went to pieces and sank. The world does this; draws out every clamp of holy resolution, and leaves the life a wreck.

**World—Influence of.** Members of a party going down a coalmine saw a perfectly white flower. A man threw a handful of coal dust on it; not a particle adhered. It had a wonderful natural enamel on it, to which not the smallest particle would stick.

**World—Influence of.** The earth seems to spoil everything that touches it. The clouds drift across the sky gorgeous to behold, but when they touch the mountain tops they change to a dreary drizzle. The snow descends as a shower of pearls, but the earth turns the white beauty into slush. The sea far away is crystal in its clearness but, as it touches the shore, it is fouled with slime and weed.

**World—Ways of.**

“What is the world? A wildering maze,  
Where sin has traced ten thousand ways  
Her victims to ensnare;  
All broad and winding and aslope,  
All tempting with perfidious hope,  
All ending in despair.”

**Worship.** “My wife and I stood looking down on Niagara Falls. We noticed that from below a fine spray, or mist, rose up, that actually reached the spot where we stood on the ledge above the Falls. I said to my wife: ‘This is like worship: God’s mighty love and grace pouring down upon us; then our love and praise ascending back to Him the Source of all our blessing.’”

H. A. IRONSIDE

## Y

**Years—Lost.** “Lost! Lost!” cried a dying man. A Christian friend, startled said: “I thought you were saved.” “So I am; it is fifty years that are lost.”



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