

STORIES THAT ILLUSTRATE TEXTS

VOLUME I

Compiled by G.F.V.

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PREFACE.

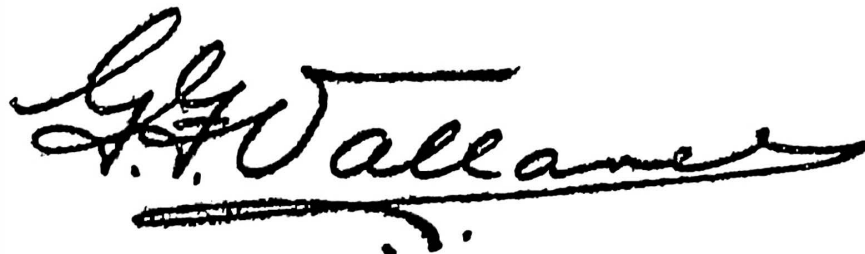
All Preachers and Teachers at some time or another are on the look-out for brief terse illustrations to add point to their message.

So many so-called books of Sermon illustrations need Texts to illustrate the stories but we shall seek in these pages to give the Christian worker real-life illustrations of Texts from the Word of God, which will help him to carry home his theme and leave an impress on the heart and soul of his hearers.

Should any of my readers have any really new and **original** stories that illustrate texts I shall welcome them at all times and if possible will endeavour to use them at a later date.

May writer, and user alike, be blessed, in scattering the Good Seed broadcast and those who hear helped to a better understanding of the Scriptures.

Yours because His,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "G. G. Wallance". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right. The name "G. G." is written above "Wallance".

STORIES THAT ILLUSTRATE TEXTS



"For God 'so loved' the World."

Jno. 3. 16.

"No Sir, it was a big 'un, quite as big as that, but it got away." So said a London Cockney boy to his policeman enquirer who tried to accurately estimate the size of the "fish" which young Tommy declared had been on the end of his line but had slipped away before he could land him.

Of course, we should all be the more inclined to believe the "Man in blue" than our young friend, for it seems to be the privilege of youth to exaggerate. How often young folk and sometimes older ones too are guilty of exaggeration?

When you went for that walk the other afternoon with Jack and Nellie, and mother at tea asked you how far you walked. "Oh," you said, "we walked quite ten miles," and as you were not gone more than an hour and a half, mother just smiled.

Or perhaps when talking with your chums at school and they do a little "bragging," how easy it is to exaggerate then, isn't it? "Yes," you say, "my uncle is worth 'thousands' of pounds and owns 'six' motor cars," when all the time you know he hasn't one!

Perhaps you have been out for the day with father and mother sight-seeing and next day, when describing some of the buildings you saw or some procession, my word, how big they have grown.

But the surprising thing is, that when we come to think about our bad qualities, or the things we have done, which we ought not to have done, we do not then seem so anxious to exaggerate and enlarge upon them. Rather do we try to explain them away and make them appear as small as possible.

A little girlie I know well had been very naughty one evening and had to be put to bed early. When Daddy came home, of course Mummie had to tell him all about their little daughter. Next morning when she crept into Mummie's bed and gave Daddie his good-morning kiss, he asked her what had happened the night before. "Oh, nothing Daddy dear," she said; but when he reminded her of one or two things she had done, she put her two little hands together, and opening them ever such a little she said, "Well, I was *only* 'so' bad."

I am going to ask you all a question: "Who loves Bad Boys and Girls?" Oh, you say, that's not difficult. No one loves really bad children. Well, you are wrong. For firstly, father and mother do. You wouldn't like to really think when you have been naughty, that mother did not love you any longer—would you now? She does not love your evil ways, but she still loves YOU. And secondly, Jesus loves bad boys and girls, too. Of course, He doesn't love their evil ways either, but 'twas for sinners Jesus died. So whether we are "only so bad" as the little girlie

said to Daddy, or “ever such big” sinners—as big as the fish Tommy nearly caught, but missed—Jesus loves us all. And that reminds me of another story about a little girl whose mother once asked her how much she loved her little sister. Opening her hands about two inches, she said “So much.” “And how much do you love your baby brother, dear?” “So much,” she replied, opening her hands wider.

“And I love Daddy so much,” and her little hands extended to about 15 inches. “But you, Mummie dear—well, I loves you ‘ever so much’ ” and she threw her little arms back as far as ever she could.

Now that is how much Jesus loved us “EVER SO MUCH.” John 3. 16 says, “For God so loved . . . that He gave. . . .” We delight to give to those we love, don’t we? And the more we love the more we give and the more costly our gifts. God *so* loved us that He gave the very best Gift He could possibly give—He gave us His own dear Son to die for boys and girls because He *so* loved them. Not because they were lovable or good, but when they were bad and wicked, just because HE LOVED THEM. If God *so* loved us, don’t you think we ought to love Him, *because* He first loved us?

“By their fruits ye shall know them.”

Matt. 7. 20.

A father was one day telling his little boy what manner of man a Christian was. When the lesson was finished the father got a stab that he never forgot, when his boy said, “Father, have I ever seen a Christian?”

“ Lovest thou Me? ” John 21. 15.

When Shackleton, the great explorer, was planning what proved to be his last expedition to the Arctic seas, an interesting incident is said to have occurred. I quote it from memory. Shackleton was seated in an office in London and was speaking to a friend about his forthcoming expedition. The friend said, “ I am surprised at the publicity you are giving to your new venture : it is rather unlike you.” And Shackleton replied, “ I have a purpose in doing so ; I want my colleague, Mr. Wild, to hear about my plans. He has buried himself in the heart of Africa, and has left no address, but I thought that if I could broadcast the news that I was going, it might filter through into the very centre of Africa, and if Wild knows I am going, he will come.”

His friend looked across the table at him and said, “ I am sorry to disappoint you, Shackleton, but Frank Wild was in this very office four months ago, and he told me he had finished with the Arctic regions. He was seeking a warmer climate, and he was leaving at once for Africa to shoot big game. He said he would be away for three years, cut off from the outer world, and that nothing would bring him back.” And Shackleton replied, “ If Wild knows I am going, he will come.” Just then the door opened, a boy came in with a visiting card, and the friend looked at it and said, “ Wild is here ! ”

They both turned, and standing in the doorway was Mr. Wild. It was a dramatic moment as Wild and Shackleton shook hands—the handshake of loyalty. “ I heard you were going,” said Wild, “ the news found its way into the heart of Africa, and when I knew, I dropped my gun, picked up a bit of my baggage and made straight for home, and here I am. What are your orders? ”

Would you do that for Jesus Christ? Would you go to the ends of the earth for Him? Would you drop the job you are doing if He wanted you to? Would you put your hand into His hand and tell Him He can count on you? Would you be loyal to Him? It means trusting Him with your whole life. It means placing your hand into His wounded hand and keeping it there. My friend, will you do it now? G.F.V.

“Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.”

Eph. 6. 18.

David Brainerd and Bishop Hannington were men of prayer in a marked degree, and we know their earnestness made itself felt. Many of us remember the story of the preacher who noticed a poor man breaking stones with a hammer, and who was kneeling to get the better at his work. “Ah, John,” said he, “I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones.” The man replied, “Perhaps, master, *you don't work enough on your knees.*”

“Let your Light so shine before men.”

Matt. 5. 16.

A chaplain in the army during a war was passing over the field when he saw a soldier, who had been wounded, lying upon the ground. He happened to have his Bible under his arm, and he stooped down and said to the man:—“Would you like me to read you something that is in the Bible?” The wounded man said, “I'm so thirsty I would rather have a drink of water.” The chaplain hurried off, and as quickly as possible brought the water. After the man had drunk the water he said:—“Could you lift my head and put something under it?” The chaplain

removed his light overcoat, rolled it up, and tenderly lifting the head, put it as a pillow for the tired head to rest on. "Now," said the man, "If I only had something over me. I am so cold." There was only one thing that the chaplain could do, and that was to take his coat off and cover the man. As he did so, the wounded man looked up in his face, and said :—"For God's sake, if there is anything in that Book that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it."

"Open Thou mine eyes."

Psalm 119. 18.

In the gallery of royal jewels at Dresden there is a silver egg. At first sight it appears to be a piece of solid silver. But a spring, when slightly touched, opens the egg and reveals a golden chicken. This, however, is not all. A skilfully concealed spring in the chicken may be found, which, when pressed, discloses a crown studded with gems. But a still further discovery remains, for the gem-studded crown may be opened by means of a secret spring, and when opened a magnificent diamond ring meets one's astonished gaze.

Even so is it with the Bible. One discovery of the value of its contents leads to another, and the further we proceed the more we learn of the glories and excellences of the One of whom it everywhere speaks. And our discoveries, by the help of the Holy Spirit, are not mere gems or glittering gold. They are **food for the soul.**

"Occupy till I come."

Luke 19. 13.

C. H. Spurgeon called one day on a member of his church, and she was whitening the front steps.

She got up in confusion and said : " O, I did not know you were coming to-day, or I would have been ready." He replied : " Dear friend, you could not be in better trim than you are; you are doing your duty like a good housewife, and may God bless you." She had no money to spare for a servant, and she was doing her duty keeping her house tidy. He thought she looked more beautiful with her pail beside her, than if she had been dressed according to the latest fashion and said to her : " When the Lord Jesus Christ comes suddenly, I hope He will find me doing as you were doing, namely, fulfilling the duty of the hour."

"Being fully persuaded that, what he had promised, he was able also to perform."

Roman's 4. 21.

In one of the public schools of a large city, while the school was in session, a transom window fell out with a crash. By some means the cry of " Fire " was raised, and a terrible panic ensued. The scholars rushed into the street, shrieking in wild dismay. The alarm was extended to the teachers also, one of whom actually jumped from the window. Among hundreds of children with whom the building was crowded was one girl, among the best in the school, who, through all the frightful scene, maintained entire composure. The colour, indeed, forsook her cheeks; her lips quivered; the tears stood in her eyes; but she moved not. After order had been restored, and her companions had been brought back to their places, the question was asked how she came to sit so still, without apparent alarm, when everybody was in such a fright. " My father," said she, " is a fireman, and knows what to do in such a case, and he told

me if there was an alarm of fire in the school I must just sit still." What a beautiful illustration of faith!

"My Father knows."

That little child had implicit trust in what her father had said, and simply because he had said it, she believed; and believing, obeyed.

"And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

Col. 3. 17.

Dr. W. B. Hinson told the story of a cobbler of Edinburgh. One day the new minister was making his initial calls, and he called at the cobbler's shop. He talked loftily to the cobbler, as we preachers are wont to do when certain fits of stupidity possess us! And when the cobbler answered back, the preacher in astonishment said, "Man, you should not be cobbling shoes, you, a man with such thoughts and such a manner of expressing those thoughts! You should not be doing secular work!"

And the cobbler said, "Sir, take that back!"

"What?"

"That I am doing secular work. Do you see that pair of shoes there?"

"I do."

"They belong to Widow Smith's son. Her husband died in the summer. She nearly died too, but she was kept alive by her boy. Now her boy has a paper round to help the widow keep the roof over their heads, and the bad weather is coming on; and God Almighty said to me, 'Will you cobble widow Smith's boy's shoes so that he won't catch pneumonia and die this winter?' And I said, 'I will!' Now you preach your sermons under God Almighty's direction, as I trust you may; and I will cobble Widow Smith's boy's shoes under God Almighty's direction; and

in the day the awards are given out He will say to you and to me the same sentence, ' Well done, good and faithful servant.' ”

That is a high way of cobbling shoes ! Do we not feel as though we wish God would make us cobblers, every one of us, if we could cobble shoes like that? But you in your degree and I in mine as members of the Body must be functioning according to the dictates of the Head, Jesus Christ.

“ We know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the spirit himself maketh intercession for us.”

Rom. 8. 26.

A little heathen boy who had just learned the alphabet, was one Sunday morning seen out on the hillside, with his hands clasped together and his eyes closed. He was repeating the letters of the alphabet over and over. The missionary drew near, and asked him what it meant. He replied, “ I was praying.” “ But why,” replied the questioner, “ did you repeat the alphabet? ” “ Well,” he said, **“ I felt that I must pray, and as I knew no prayer, I just said the letters of the alphabet, knowing that the great God would put them into words for me.”**

“ Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.”

I Peter 5. 7.

A little girl sat at the feet of her mother, knitting. Her mother, who was an expert knitter, was watching her little daughter as she struggled to do her work aright. Several times she was on the point of giving her assistance, but the child seemed determined not to ask for assistance. After several attempts at trying to pick up the dropped stitches, the child turned her face up-

wards, and with tears in her eyes, said, "It's no use, I cannot do it." Her mother, needless to say, soon put her right and told her how she had been watching, and waiting to help, but wanted her little girl to appeal to her.

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Matt. 16. 26.

A Russian farmer added farm to farm, but never got enough to satisfy him. He sold his land and went to a neighbourhood where land was cheaper. With his money he bought a larger estate than he first owned. Then he heard of a place where land was cheaper still. He went into this distant country and hunted up the head man of the tribe, who offered him all the land he could walk round in a day for a thousand rubles. He was directed to put the money on a certain spot, and to walk in any direction as far and as fast as he could. If he were back by sunset, he could have all the land he had encompassed during the day. He placed down the money as directed, and started out at sunrise. The land looked so good that he quickened his pace. He went further than he had intended along the first side; then he turned and spurred himself on along the second side. Before he turned again, the sun had crossed the noonday meridian, and he had two sides yet to cover. As the sun was slowly sinking in the west, he quickened his pace still more, arriving at the starting point just as the sun went down. But he had overtaxed his strength and fell down dead upon the spot. His servant dug a grave for him; he only needed six feet of ground then, the same that others needed—the rest of the land was of no use to him.

“Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.”

Matt. 18. 2, 3.

A little lad knelt down at his father's knee to say his bedtime prayers. After he had repeated “Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,” “Now I lay me down to sleep,” and the Lord's Prayer, the father asked him if he had any other prayer he wanted to make to God.

After some hesitation, the little fellow said : “Dear Jesus, when I grow up, make me big and strong like daddy.”

The words sank deep into the father's heart, and very late that night,—hours after the little boy had gone to sleep,—the father knelt by the bedside and prayed : “My Father, now that I am grown up, make me pure and sweet like my boy.”

“The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want.”

Psalm 23. 1.

A certain elocutionist was reciting a number of well-known poems, which were being greatly appreciated and loudly applauded. An old minister of the Gospel who was present at the gathering, requested the elocutionist to recite the Twenty-third Psalm. He did this very impressively and beautifully, but, strange to say, the audience did not applaud him. The elocutionist then turned to the minister and said : “Will you recite the Twenty-third Psalm?” and the old minister acceded to the request. Measuredly and devoutly this dear man of God gave utterance to this beautiful Scripture, and when he had finished there was not a dry eye in the gathering. The elocutionist then asked the minister how it was that he had been able to move the people to

tears, when his own recital had had no visible effect. The veteran minister turned to the reciter and said: "You know the Psalm, BUT I KNOW THE SHEPHERD." Which experience is yours?

"Follow thou Me."

John xxi, 22.

The story is told of an occasion when a very fierce gale was raging off the mouth of the Mersey, just outside Liverpool. A pilot boat came steaming up the river, with the signal, "Follow me," at the masthead. Following her were eight or nine vessels of varying sorts and sizes. The weather had proved too rough to permit of the ships being boarded in the channel. The pilot, therefore, adopted this plan: the helmsman on each boat was asked to keep his eye on the pilot-boat, and to steer straight in the course it indicated. Every vessel reached its berth in safety.

"Follow Me" is the command of our Saviour and Lord, and they who, in full surrender, obey His call shall not only escape the dangers of life's storms and tempests, and be brought in safety to the eternal Haven, but on the way shall experience a sense of joy and rest, power and victory that can never be known by those who qualify their obedience by a *but*.

"He must have a good report of them which are without."

I 'Tim. 3. 7.

Christ has given us the character of Satan. "He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it" (John viii. 44). Is it not strange men work for such a master? Especially when we know the

only wages he gives "is death" (Rom. vi. 23). What a pity they are not like the boy in the following story who answered a chemist's advertisement. "Have you got a character?" asked the chemist of one of the applicants. "No," replied the lad, "but I can get you one in about a quarter of an hour." "All right," said the chemist, "run and fetch it." The boy returned, not in a quarter of an hour, but in five minutes. "Well," remarked the chemist, "you're back in good time. Did you get your character?" "No," said the lad, turning on his heels with scorn, "but I've got yours, and I ain't a-coming."

"Abstain from all appearance of evil."

I Thess. v. 22.

We have read of a grandma having her little grandson at a museum: the juvenile hung back before a gaping lion.

"Don't be afraid, Harold," the lady said; "that lion is stuffed."

"Yes," said Harold, "but maybe he isn't stuffed so full that he couldn't find room for a little boy like me."

Even a stuffed devil is to be avoided, even the appearance of the old lion.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."

II. Cor. 12. 9.

"The other evening I was riding home after a heavy day's work; I felt very wearied, and sore depressed, when swiftly and suddenly as a lightning flash, that text came to me: 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' I reached home and looked it up in the original, and at last it came to me in this way, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' and I said, 'I should think it is, Lord,' and burst out laughing. I never fully understood what the holy laughter of Abraham was until then. It seemed

to make unbelief so absurd. It was as though some little fish, being very thirsty, was troubled about drinking the river dry, and Father Thames said, 'Drink away, little fish, my stream is sufficient for thee.' Or, it seemed like a little mouse in the granaries of Egypt, after the seven years of plenty, fearing it might die of famine; Joseph might say, 'Cheer up, little mouse, my granaries are sufficient for thee.' Again, I imagined a man away up yonder, in a lofty mountain, saying to himself, 'I breathe so many cubic feet of air every year. I fear I shall exhaust the oxygen in the atmosphere'; but the earth might say, 'Breathe away, O man, and fill thy lungs ever, my atmosphere is sufficient for thee.' Oh, brethren, be great believers! Little faith will bring your souls to heaven, but great faith will bring heaven to your souls."

"And God hath set some in the Church . . . HELPS."

I. Cor. 12. 28.

Expresses going out of St. Pancras, London, have to start uphill: so the locomotive bringing in the empty coaches is expected to give them a pushout for a few yards: and when I saw it done, I felt it was just what we all need at any start: for the beginning of any good thing is always uphill. The start in life will be all the easier if the old hands give the youngsters a push up: and it is specially so in the start for the better life. Young mothers need it, ye matrons. Your mates need it, my brother of experience. The new missionary needs it: and so does the new minister. Start him with a good push up. What a grand push up the Lord gave His Church at her start! (Acts 2. 4.).

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.”
Jno. 5. 24.

Miss Smith was a bright intelligent girl and in her early twenties sought and found the Saviour but she could not get “Assurance” of her Salvation and was in consequence often sad and unhappy.

On her 24th birthday she was married to an excellent Christian fellow and life seemed all that she could desire. As she was leaving the little Chapel on the arm of her husband an old friend stepping forward said, “My very best congratulations Miss Smith.” The young bride pulled herself up smartly and replied, “Not Miss Smith please, I’m Mrs. Brown now.” “How do you know?” asked her friend. ‘Why, because I just said ‘I WILL’ and that made me John’s wife.” “So,” replied her spiritual well-wisher, “when you said ‘I WILL’ to Christ you became ‘HIS’ for ever, in like manner, for He says to you, ‘He that heareth My Word, and BELIEVETH in Him that sent Me “HATH” Everlasting Life.”

“The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.” I. John 1. 7.

A preacher was speaking from the above text. He was stopped by an atheist who asked, “How can blood cleanse away sin?” For a moment the preacher was silent; then he asked the infidel, “How can water quench thirst?” “I do not know,” replied the infidel, “but I know that it does.” “Neither do I know how the blood of Jesus cleanseth away sin,” answered the preacher, “*but I know that it does.*”

“ Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit.” Proverbs 26. 5.

Sir Charles Murray in his “Memoirs” tells an amusing story about William Beckford, author of “Vathek,” and father of the Duchess of Hamilton. Beckford and his daughter possessed extraordinary vocal gifts. The father took it into his head to “practise in a back room the shrill cry of a peacock.” He had noticed that when one peacock screamed, “another on the opposite side of the house generally screamed in defiance.” At last, believing himself proficient, “he gave his peacock cry,” hiding himself behind a tree. To his great delight the peacock on the opposite side of the lawn screamed defiantly. Immediately after this, which occurred just before breakfast, he came into the breakfast-room, saying with triumph to his daughter, “And, Susan, the opposite peacock answered me!” To his great annoyance, instead of congratulating him on his success, his daughter only burst into a loud fit of laughter. Rather provoked at this he said, “Well, I think you might have congratulated me!” And then, though still hardly able to speak for laughing, she said, “Why papa, I was the peacock that answered you!”

“ Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother’s eye, but considereth not the beam that is in thine own eye?” Matt. vii. 3.

How easy it is to blame others, and even talk of correcting their faults, when we are far more faulty ourselves. The following conversation will illustrate. Clergyman (on Sunday afternoon, confronting small boy carrying string of fish): “What? Have you been fishing?” Small boy (readily): “Well, I’ve just been letting these fish see what they get for chasing worms on Sunday.”

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

II. Cor. 9. 7.

A merchant had prospered and built a house, laying out the garden at considerable cost. At his office one morning a collector called upon him to give his name to a subscription list. He replied, "I'm very sorry, but I cannot. I have so many calls." It a little touched him to say it; for he had been liberal, and hardly liked to draw back. When home at night, and wife and children had retired, he sat by the fire meditating. "I do not know if I have done right in building this house : it has cost much and my expenses are increased. We have risen into a higher circle of friends, and the girls want more for dress, I doubt if I have done wisely. And I have been stinting the Lord." It is supposed he fell asleep. The door opened, a stranger meek and lowly. "I have called to ask a subscription for the heathen, who are perishing." "I cannot give you anything," said the merchant, "my expenses are so great." The stranger looked sad, but proceeded, "perhaps you think the heathen are too far away ; but there is a Ragged School in your own city, about to be closed for want of funds; will you give something for that." "My house and my family cost me so much, I really cannot." The stranger brushed a tear from his eye, and said, "Will you give me something for the Bible Society, which is the root of all." "Now do not tease me," said the merchant, "I've told you I cannot."

Then the stranger changed, and became majestic, yet in his face were marks of grief, as He said softly, yet sternly :

"Five years ago that little daughter, with the golden curls, was sick, and you feared would die. You prayed she might recover. Who gave her back into your arms?" The merchant covered

his face, and then the stranger proceeded, "Ten years ago you were pressed in business: many houses broke, and you were near failing. To whom did you apply, and who helped you over your difficulties?" Tears began to trickle through the merchant's fingers. "Fifteen years ago, you felt the burden of your sins, and went about wringing your hands: who spoke the word of comfort?" The merchant sobbed aloud: the stranger said solemnly, "If thou wilt never ask anything of Me, I will never ask of thee." The merchant fell on his face at the feet of his God, and wept, and henceforth became a prince in liberality.

"Occupy till I come."

Luke 19. 13.

It was the other train that was moving; but as I sat in my comfortable compartment, I had the conceit to imagine it was my train that was in motion. Not the only mistake of the kind. When others in a mission are busy, and going forward, those who are perfectly stationary get a notion that they are in motion. Because the leaders are moving, do not conclude that you are. Because some go to the prayer-meeting, the absent ones must not take the credit of bringing down showers of blessing. Thank God, some give; but the danger is that those who do not give praise the excellent collection. Lazy ones are the first to boast of "our church," "our mission," "our society." The same evil creeps into families, and children pride themselves on the achievements of parents. Am I moving? that is the question: and the only way to know is to look at some fixed object: not at others. This was what Paul meant when he said, "*Every man shall bear his own burden*" (Gal. vi. 5).

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ for it is the Power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth." Rom. 1. 16.

One day there stood a man in the crowd—a man whose life was utterly wretched. He had left home that morning after quarrelling bitterly with his wife. For many years they had existed in a state of strife and ill-feeling, which was aggravated by the loss of all their children as the result of an epidemic. Then, when other troubles came, the husband was at his wits' end.

Finally, he determined to end it all and commit suicide. He gathered his assurance policies together and placed them under a chair cushion in a room where his wife would find them when dusting. So he set out for the river.

People were coming and going on the embankment; there seemed no place where he could be unobserved. Eventually the would-be suicide decided to wait for another opportunity. And so, as he turned his steps towards the hubbub of Tower Hill, little did he realise that the gates of mercy were opening before him.

Many voices were clamouring on the Hill. Grievances against legislations and factions of all kinds filled the air. At one meeting, however, there was a band of men who were telling the story of God's love to ruined sinners. A preacher, quite unconscious of the eyes that watched him, was declaring what God had done for his soul.

"And, I am convinced that the day of miracles has not yet passed. Any man here to-day may prove it. . . ."

The man listened and believed. Hope dawned upon his soul. Hurrying through the crowd, he went home, having consciously passed from death unto life. On his arrival he said to his wife,

"Wife' you'll be surprised to see me home so

early to-day. I've been to a Gospel meeting; and I'm converted!"

The news was more than she could believe. She scoffed at the idea and retorted,

"We'll wait and see!"

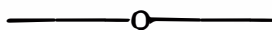
"Well, would you mind going to that chair, and lifting the cushion?" he asked.

She did so, and to her amazement found the life policies.

"What's the meaning of this?"

"That's what I want to tell you," he replied. Then, after relating his early morning intentions of destroying his life, which had been mercifully frustrated, he explained how he had found the life which is life indeed.

This testimony so wrought upon the woman's soul that she too received the Saviour, and man and wife were reconciled to each other and to God. Thus they became "heirs together of the grace of life."



"Go ye . . ."

Mark 16. 15.

"Lo! I am with you."

Matt. 28. 20.

The Late Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig in his story of "How the war was won," says, "The idea that a war can be won by standing on the defensive and waiting for the enemy to attack is a dangerous fallacy, which owes its inception to the desire to evade the price of victory. It is an axiom that decisive success in battle can be gained only by a vigorous offensive." Hence our Commander ordered an attack, saying, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." (Mark 16. 15).

“He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.” John 3. 21.

In a Soldiers' Christian Association Hut, the worker asked: “Will any one who has not knelt in this tent begin to-night.” A bright lad said: “I will.” Next night, asked if he succeeded, he answered: “Yes, but I was so disappointed that there was no candle in the tent, and I don't know if anyone noticed, as they were only striking matches; but I've made sure of two candles for to-night.” How beautifully he illustrated John iii. 20. 21, “For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd.”

“Choose you this day whom ye will serve.” Josh. 24. 15.

A godly brother was let go into one of our leading theatres in London and gave a tract to an actress he saw there. She asked him to accompany her into another room, which he did. In the room there were three ladies and three gentlemen. He gave them each a tract and departed. About a week later he received a letter from the actress, asking him to remember her in prayer, as she was that day going to do a most difficult thing.

A few weeks later another letter came asking for permission to call on him. A day was fixed and this is what the actress said to him, “Your tract led me to the Saviour, and I immediately felt I must leave the stage. But what was I to do? I was the understudy of one of the leading actresses of the day, and was under a seven years' contract. The day you received my letter asking you for prayer, was the day I fixed to see the manager of the theatre. I went to his office, and told him I was converted. Could he release me? The manager, deeply moved, said, ‘Years

ago, when I was a young man, I had to choose between my profession and Christ. I chose the stage, and from that day I have not known what happiness is. I am going to hell, and I dare not take the responsibility of ruining you. I release you from this hour.' ”

That actress, now a child of God, is a missionary in China.

“ Love never faileth.” (I. Cor. 13. 8.

One day one of the gigantic eagles of Scotland carried away an infant which was sleeping by the fireside of its mother's cottage. The whole village ran after it; but the eagle soon perched itself upon the loftiest eyrie, and every one despaired of the child being recovered. A sailor tried to climb the ascent; but his strong limbs trembled, and he was at last obliged to give up the attempt. A robust Highlander, accustomed to climb the hills, tried next, and even *his* limbs gave way and, in fact, he was precipitated to the bottom. But, at last, a poor peasant woman came forward. She put her feet first on one shelf of the rock, then on a second, and then on a third; and in this manner, amid the trembling hearts of all who were looking on, she rose to the very top of the cliff and at last, whilst the breasts of those below were heaving, she came down, step by step, until, amid the shouts of the villagers, she stood at the bottom of the rock with the child in her bosom.

Why did that woman succeed when the strong sailor and the practised Highlander had failed? Why, between her and the babe there was a tie; that woman was the mother of the babe. Let there be love to Christ and to souls in the heart of anyone and they will accomplish wonders, and overcome the greatest difficulties in seeking to save the lost and bring them to the flock of Christ.

"That I may know Him."

Phil. 3. 10.

A tramway was being made up a Welsh mountain. A little boy who lived near, said, "When that tram begins to run I shall get to know the man who drives it." "Why?" "Because then he will take me up for nothing." The way to heaven is upward; but I get to know Jesus, He will take me up for nothing. "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent" (John xvii. 3).

"Thou shalt meditate therein."

Josh. i. 8.

I noticed that the same sheep were only allowed a portion of that rich pasture: the rest was hurdled off. If they had access to more **they** would not have eaten more: they would only have trampled upon it and spoiled it. Better read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest one verse of God's truth, than run over ten chapters. Better feed upon a portion, than merely read a whole book.

"I have seen the wicked in great power and spreading himself like a green bay tree."

Psalms 37. 35.

Queer letters find their way into newspaper offices. Here is one from a farmer to an editor:

"Dear Sir,—I have been trying an experiment. I have a field of corn which I ploughed on Sunday. I planted it on Sunday. I cultivated it on Sunday. I cut it and hauled it to the barn on Sunday. And I find that I have more corn to the acre than has been gathered by any of my neighbours this October."

The farmer sent his letter, sure that the editor could have no answer to the sneer implied in it.

But imagine his feelings when in the next issue of the paper he read his own letter in print, and at the end of it this one sentence :

“God does not make full settlement in October.”

That will bear thinking over.

“Where there is no Talebearer the strife ceaseth.”

Prov. 26. 20.

I’ve heard of a preacher who had on his desk a special notebook labelled

“Complaints of members against other members.”

When one of his people called to tell him the faults of another, he would say, “Well, here’s my complaint book. I’ll write down what you say, and you can sign it. Then when the time comes for me to take the matter up I shall know what I may expect you to testify to.”

The sight of the open book and the ready pen had its effect. “Oh no, I couldn’t sign anything like that.” And no entry was made.

That preacher had his book for forty years, opened it probably a thousand times, and NEVER WROTE A LINE IN IT.

DON’T SAY THAT’S SPLENDID—THINK IT WELL OVER AND ACT ON IT.

“All these things are against me.”

Genesis 42. 36.

Uncle was writing the father’s name upon a wagon : Master Inquisitive was in the wagon watching the performance and forming his own opinion. When all was finished, he gave that opinion publicity, “Why, Uncle Ralph, you’ve done that just upside down.” It seemed so from his assumed position of superior standing, but he was wrong. Sometimes God’s doings seem upside down perhaps ; but it is owing to our lofty survey of things. Let us not charge “God foolishly” (Job i. 22).

“The Lord shall preserve thy going and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.” Psalm 121. 8.

When the plague raged in London, and Lord Craven was about to depart out of it for safety, his “coach and six” being at the door, as he was stepping into it, he heard his postillion (who was a negro), say to another servant, “I should suppose by my lord’s quitting London to avoid the plague, that his God lived in the country, and not in town.” The poor negro spoke this in the simplicity of his heart; the speech, however, struck his lordship very forcibly. “My God,” thought he, “lives everywhere, and can preserve me in town as well as in the country; I’ll even stay where I am. The ignorance of that negro has preached a useful lesson to me. Lord, pardon that unbelief and distrust of Thy providence, which put me upon running away from Thy hand.” Upon this he immediately ordered his horses and carriage to be put away, continued in town, became very useful to his sick neighbours, and *never caught the infection.*

“God is no respecter of persons.” Acts 10. 34

An artist and animal caricaturist was a great admirer of hens. He considerably surprised a farmer of whom he bought several specimens of various breeds by returning one because “he didn’t like its expression.” “Expression!” was the man’s rather indignant comment; “I don’t know anything about that, but she’s the best of the lot, and lays a beautiful brown egg!” They differed in their ideas of a good “sitter.” From an artist’s point of view, expression was everything, but, after all, the practical side was the eggs. In spiritual matters, it is not face, but grace. It was said of Paul, “His bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible” (2 Cor. x. 10). But what works he left behind him!

"If we walk in the Light." I John 1. 7.

A little London girl won a prize at a flower show. Her prize was grown in an old cracked teapot in the rear window of the attic in a wretched tenement house. When asked how she continued to grow so perfect a flower in such surroundings, she said she always moved it around to wherever there was a sunbeam. Perhaps that would be a pretty good recipe for anybody's growth in some directions. We're all a good deal like plants. Walking is the Bible phrase for living.

"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

Phil. 2. 4

"I had got my washing drying," said a taximan's wife, "and was just finishing, when it began to rain. I was a little discomfited; but then I thought, 'My husband is earning money through this'; so it was all right." The shower that wets the wife's sheets may fill her husband's purse, and she may share the profit by and by. The rain that spoils your strawberries may fill another man's sheaves. Don't be so selfish as to imagine the weather is to be regulated to your taste. The Storm that breaks your umbrella, brings trade to the maker.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Psalms 91. 1.

"Once when Felix of Nola was flying from his enemies, he took refuge in a cave and had scarcely entered it before a spider began to spin its web over the fissure. The pursuer passing by saw the spider's web, and did not look into the cave, and the saint as he came out into safety remarked: 'Where God is, a spider's web is a wall; where God is not, a wall is a spider's web.'"

"The Fool hath said in his heart There is no God."

Psalm 53. 1.

A lady who had forsaken God and the Bible for the gloom and darkness of infidelity, was crossing the Atlantic, and asked a sailor one morning how long they should be out. "In fourteen days, if it is the Lord's will, we shall be in Liverpool," answered the sailor. "If it is the Lord's will," said the lady, "what a senseless expression. Don't you know it all comes by Chance?" In a few days a terrible storm arose, and the lady stood clinging to the cabin door in an agony of terror. "What do you think," she said to the same sailor, "will the storm soon be over?" "It seems likely to last some time, madam." "Oh!" she cried, "pray that we may not be lost." His reply was: "Madam, shall I pray to Chance?"

"I beseech . . . that they be of the same mind in the Lord."

Phil. 4. 2.

When a workman wishes to polish a gem, he does not use a chisel and mallet to do it; he does not even use fine steel, the most perfect that ever was made. He does not take the finest sand or emery. What does he do? He uses another diamond, very often small bits of diamond, called diamond dust. Beloved, God is purifying you, by means of all the people you meet with in life. Everyone is polished, not with tools and edges, but with diamond dust. The people that try you, and with whom you are thrown in contact so often, and with whom you have so little real companionship, are the diamond dust God is using for this purpose.

“And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.”
jewels.” Mal. 3. 17.

It is related of Henry Drummond that once whilst James Robertson was preaching he said that the Bible was like a tree, each book a branch, each chapter a twig, and each verse a leaf. “My text is on the thirty-ninth branch, the third twig, and the seventeenth leaf. Try and find it for me.”

Almost immediately Henry slipped from behind him and said: “Malachi iii, 17.”

“Right, my boy; now take my place and read it out.”

Then from the pulpit came the silvery voice: “And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels.”

Mr. Robertson laid his hand on the boy's head, and said:

“Well done. I hope one day you will be a minister.”

“My words shall not pass away.”

Matthew 24. 35.

When Stanley started across the continent of Africa, he had seventy-three books, but as the journey continued through the days and weeks he was gradually obliged to throw away the books until they were all gone but one—the Bible. It is said he read it through three times on that remarkable trip. It is the one Book that lives through the ages, that has stood the test of all centuries and earth's greatest minds. A noted professor in the University of Edinburgh was asked by its librarian to go into the library and pick out all the books on his speciality that were no longer needed. His reply was, “Take every textbook over ten years old and put it in the cellar.”

"Train up a child."

Prov. 22. 6.

Early in 1819, while waiting to see a patient, a young physician in New York took up and read a tract on missions, which lay in the room where he sat. On reaching home he spoke to his wife of the question that had arisen in his mind. As a result, they set out for Ceylon as foreign missionaries. For thirty years they laboured among the heathen, and then went to their reward. Apart from what they did directly as missionaries, they left behind them seven sons and two daughters. Each of these sons married, and, with their wives and both sisters, gave themselves to the same mission work. Already have several grand-children of the first missionary become missionaries in India. And thus far thirty of that family have given 529 years to India.

"Faith without Works is Dead."

James 2. 20.

It was Benjamin Franklin who discovered that plaster sown in a field would make things grow. His neighbours did not believe him. Early the next spring, he went into his field . . . Close by the path where men would walk, he traced with his finger some letters and put plaster into them, and then sowed his seed broadcast in the field. After a week or two, the seeds sprang up. His neighbours were very surprised to see in brighter green than the rest the writing: "This has been plastered." Franklin did not need to argue with his neighbours . . . As the season went on, those bright green letters rose above all the rest until they were a kind of relief in the field: "This has been plastered."

"There is no distinction."

Romans 10. 12.

When the last Prince of Wales visited India there were a number of high-caste people who were waiting to shake hands with him, and there was a big barrier separating them from the masses of the people. The Prince arrived shook hands with those who were presented to him, and then, looking over their heads to the crowds beyond said, "Take those barriers down." They were taken down and anyone who liked had free access and a welcome from the son of the Emperor of India. The next time the Prince came that way ten thousand outcasts were gathered under the banner inscribed "The Prince of the Outcasts." We have a greater Prince, who said, "Take the barriers away."

**"The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son
cleanseth us from all Sin."**

I John 1. 7.

An old warrior went through the Belgian Congo murdering people. One day as he passed a mission station he heard a gospel song. Like an arrow it pierced his heart and conviction seized him. In agony of soul he cried out, "I am a wicked man. I am a murderer. What shall I do to get rid of the smell of blood upon my hands?" He went to the stream and rubbed sand on his hands, but the stain still remained upon his soul as well as his hands. One day he told his wife of his torment and she said, "Bakwala, nothing can wash that away but the blood of Jesus." Quickly he made his way to the mission station, and by faith he plunged into Calvary's stream and came out a new creature in Christ Jesus.

"They took up twelve baskets full of the fragments."

Mark 6. 43.

A teacher was telling her class of girls about the time when the Lord Jesus fed the multitude with five loaves and two fishes. Said she: "And of course you will understand, children, that it does not mean that Jesus actually fed all those thousands with a few loaves and fishes. That would have been impossible. It just means that He so fed the people with His teaching that they lost all sense of bodily hunger, and went home satisfied." "But, Miss ——, what was it filled the twelve baskets of fragments left over?" asked a bright young scholar.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Romans 8. 28.

The poet Cowper was subject to fits of depression. One day he ordered a cab and told the driver to take him to London Bridge. Soon a dense fog settled down upon the city. The cabby wandered about for two hours and then admitted that he was lost. Cowper asked him if he thought he could find his way home. He said that he did and in an hour landed him at his door. When asked what the fare would be he mentioned a sum, but he said that he felt that he ought not to take anything as he had not filled his order. "Never mind," said Cowper, "you have saved my life. I was on my way to throw myself over London Bridge," and he gave him double the usual fare. He then went into the house and wrote the hymn,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

"The people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits."

Dan. 11. 32.

Christ's sustaining, upholding power is infinite; but it is only secured to us "through faith."

A woman was famed for her sanctity and her beautiful life. When people visited her town, if they were interested in divine things, they almost always went to see her. One day some one called and when he was ushered into her room he said, "I am so glad to see you; you are the woman of the strong faith!"

"No, sir," she replied.

"But," he said, "everybody tells me what great things you have done."

"No, I am the woman of the weak faith in the strong Saviour," she said.



"But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased Him."

I Corinthians 12. 18.

I was asked up to Mr. ——'s to have a "bite of dinner." As head of his own house, Mr. —— told me my place, and pointed out the very chair on which I was to sit. But my "mind's eye" ran me far beyond my friend, even unto Christ, who is Son over His own house, whose house are we, etc. (Hebrews 3. 6.). And there and then, perhaps with power unknown before, I saw how each one of His members had a place in the body—a seat in the house; and that it was for me to find out the seat provided by the Lord for me, and to take it.

**"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou
wilt not despise."** Psalm 51. 17.

Mr. Moody once said that on one occasion he was conscious of a cold heart, and had been going through the routine of duty without love or ardor of soul. He felt this must not be allowed to continue and withdrew himself to study all the evidences of love which he could discover in the Gospels of our Saviour's history. At the end of three or four hours he came back to his work again with a broken heart, as one who had obtained a new vision. And it is the broken heart that breaks hearts.

**"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it
holy."** Exodus 20. 8.

It came to pass that a man went to market having on his shoulder a string of seven large copper coins. (Chinese coins are strung on strings and carried on the shoulder). Seeing a beggar crying for alms, he gave the poor creature six of his seven coins. Then the beggar, instead of being grateful, crept up behind the kind man and stole the seventh coin also. What an abominable wretch! Yes; but in saying this you condemn yourself. **You receive from the hand of the gracious God six days, yet you are not content. The seventh you steal.**

**"He that is faithful in that which is least is
faithful also in much."** Luke 16. 10.

When Dr. Robert Morrison, the great missionary to China, wanted an assistant to help him in his arduous work, he requested the secretary to look out for the right kind of man. A young man came for examination.

The secretary said to him, "You are not fit to be an assistant to Dr. Morrison, but they want a servant in the family. Do you care to go as a servant?" He smiled and said, **"Any place in the work of the Lord will suit me."** That young man became the great Dr. Mills, equal in scholarship and fame to Dr. Morrison himself.

"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is."

Hebrews 10. 25.

A church member had been absent for a week or two, and his minister called to see him. When admitted to his room the minister found his friend in an easy-chair before the fire. "Good evening, Mr. _____, I suppose you've come to blow me up?" "No, I want to shew you something." And he thereupon took the fire-tongs, and drew out of the fire a glowing coal. He held it for a short time for his friend to observe. The lesson was so obvious that the man replied: "I see what you mean. I'll be there next Sunday."

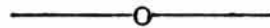
"I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing."

Rev. 3. 17.

An artist was asked to paint a dying church. Did he set upon the canvas a small and feeble congregation in a ruined building? Quite the reverse. He depicted a stately edifice, with rich pulpit, organ, and windows. But in the porch there was hung a small box, with the words above it: "Collection for Foreign Missions"; and just over where the contributions should have gone, the slit was blocked by a cobweb! That was the artist's conception of a dying church. And it was profoundly true.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it Holy."
Ex. 20. 8.

Three men were once together on a vacation trip. They were stopping at a little inn in the highlands of Scotland. Everything about them was as neat as a pin. The host, his wife and the servants were devoted to their needs. One Sunday morning two of the company arose and prepared their sporting gear, evidently intending to go about their pastimes as usual. The third noticed their preparations and remarked: "You fellows better lock up your suitcases before you leave for the day." This was surprising, and one of the others asked why it was said. "If you chaps insist upon breaking the fourth commandment, you can't complain if someone else decides to break the eighth."



"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass."

Psalm 37. 7.

A dear old saint who had seen much trouble, and was in dire need, was asked if she ever felt like murmuring and complaining. "Yes" she replied, "But when I do, I just ask the Lord to put me in my easy chair and keep me quiet." The visitor seeing no easy chair about, asked what she meant. "My easy chair," she said, "is Romans 8. 28. 'All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose.'"

Quiet wisdom is better than loud folly.

"Let each esteem others better than themselves." Phil. 2. 3.

Carey, the missionary, one of the humblest greatest men that ever ministered to the welfare of the world, was never ashamed of the humble position he had once been obliged to occupy; for in that position he had conscientiously ministered to God and served his fellowmen. On one occasion when at the Governor General's table in India, he overheard an officer opposite him asking another in a voice loud enough to be heard by the guests, "Whether Cary had not once been a shoemaker,"—"No, sir," said the great missionary, **"ONLY A COBBLER."**

"They were not able to resist." Acts 2. 4.

"As the Spirit gave them utterance." Acts 2. 4.

Newman Hall stood early one morning on the summit of Snowdon, in Wales, with a hundred and twenty others who had been attracted hither by the prospect of an unusually grand sunrise. They were not disappointed. As they stood watching the sun tinge the mountain peaks with glory, and sparkle in the lakes, Dr. Hall was invited to preach. He was so overpowered with emotion that he could not preach, but felt moved to pour out his soul in prayer. As he supplicated, the tears rolled down the faces of the people. A superhuman stillness possessed them. Quietly, with solemn awe, they descended the mountain and scattered.

Afterwards, visiting this region, the doctor was informed that forty people were converted that morning and had joined the church in that neighbourhood. **"But,"** said he, **"I did not say a word to them; I only prayed."**

"Yes, and more wonderful still, they did not know a word you said, for none of them could speak English, only Welsh."

**“And I, if I be lifted up from the earth,
will draw all men unto Myself.”**

John 12. 32.

A little girl sat with her father on the front seat in a church. The preacher was telling about Jesus being lifted up on Calvary, when suddenly she burst into tears. “What is the matter, dear?” her father asked. “Oh,” she said, “Jesus died for my sin.” How did that little girl know? Because the Creator is still honouring the life and death of His Son by appealing to the hearts of men.

**“Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of
God.”**

I Cor. 10. 31.

When the Emperor Justinian had built the Byzantine Church with a view to his own aggrandisement and glory, on the day of dedication he looked in vain for his own name on the memorial stone. Angel hands had obliterated it, and substituted for it that of the widow, Euphrasia—whose only merit was that out of pure devotion she had strewn a little straw in front of the beasts that drew the heavily laden trucks of marble from the quarry to the sacred pile. Heaven ignored his gift; hers was so pure and lovely that she received the credit for the whole. Alas! how much of our work vanishes because it springs from no motive that can pass muster there.

**“My God shall supply all your need accord-
ing to His riches in glory by Jesus Christ.”**

Philippians 4. 19.

Three of us, all young men, were invited during vacation, to spend a week in a Northern town conducting a tent mission. We determined to trust God entirely for our needs and to expect Him to seal our ministry

with many souls. For a week we prayed, conducted many meetings, never asked for a single meal, and took no collections. At the end of the week we saw scores pass from darkness into light. This was in spite of the fact that the majority were unemployed. We never lacked a meal; indeed, we left a cupboard half full of food to be distributed to the needy. At the last town, we received enough money to travel to York, our next battleground.

“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel.”
Mark 16. 15.

Said Bishop W. F. McDowell: “I would not cross the street to give India a new theology; India has more theology than it can understand. I would not cross the street to give China a new code of ethics; China has a vastly better ethical code than ethical life. I would not cross the street to give Japan a new religious literature, for Japan has a better religious literature than religious life. But I would go around the world again, and yet again, if it pleased God, to tell India and China and Africa and the rest of the world of the love of Christ.”

“I know whom I have believed.”

II. Timothy 1. 12.

A man of subtle reasoning asked
A peasant if he knew—

“Where is the internal evidence
That proves the Bible true?”

The terms of disputative art
Had never reached his ear;
He laid his hand upon his heart,
And simply answered, “HERE.”

“Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.”

Psalm 37. 5.

A perambulator, pushed along the pavement of a city street by a young woman, gave out a screeching noise which jarred on the nerves of many passers-by, and all were glad as it passed out of hearing. The jarring noise was the result of the absence of a little oil. We constantly meet Christians who are inclined to murmur because of the hardness of the way. How different we all might be if by faith and prayer we would commit our way unto the Lord, and trust also in Him. It would certainly take the “creak” out of our lives and enable us to run smoothly.

“Neither murmur ye, as some . . . also murmured.”

I Cor. 10. 10.

The oak was sad because it did not bear flowers; the rose bush because it bore no fruit and the vine because it had to cling to the wall and could cast no shadow. “I am not the least use in the world,” said the oak. “I might as well die since I yield no fruit,” said the rosebush. “What good can I do?” said the vine.

Then the king saw a little pansy, which held up its glad, fresh face while all the rest were sad. And when the king asked why it was so, the pansy replied, “I thought that **you wanted me here because you planted me**, and I made up my mind I would try to be the best little pansy that could be.”

Let us all seek grace to be thus happy where God has put us.

"If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity: but his blood will I require at thine hand."

Ezekiel 33. 8.

George Whitefield, the famous English evangelist, and his companion were much annoyed one night at a hotel by a set of blaspheming gamblers in the room adjoining theirs. "I will go and reprove them," said Whitfield. His companion remonstrated with him but he went. His words had no effect. "What have you gained by it?" his companion asked. "A soft pillow," he replied and soon fell asleep. **His conscience was clear, he had performed the duty of a watchman for the Lord.**

"For the word of God is quick and powerful."

Heb. 4. 12.

A Colporteur in Switzerland relates this fact. "Recently I had a visit from a young man. He said to me, "You, perhaps, remember that forty years ago you sold, at a brick kiln, a New Testament to a man who wanted there and then to burn it? Well, that man was my father. He asked me to tell you so, and to say that book brought him to Christ, that he has been a believer ever since, and that of his nine children, seven of us belong to the Lord, one of us being a pastor in Italy."

The Word of God is still powerful and able to enlighten hearts and bring them to a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, who can save us from sin and keep those who yield to Him.

“He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.”

Luke 16. 10.

Some great workers began with very simple tools. Ferguson made his wooden clock, of marvellous accuracy, with only a penknife. Dr. Wollaston, a famous chemist, was asked to show some visitors his laboratory. He pointed to a corner of his room, where stood an old tea tray, containing a few watch glasses, test papers, a small balance and blow pipe; that was all he had. Wilkie, the great artist, learned to draw on a barn door with a burnt stick. Benjamin West made his first brushes with hairs from the cat's tail. Franklin learned the secret of the lighting with a kite made of a silk handkerchief and a key.

“Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.”

James 5. 8.

Dan Crawford says that when an early start had to be made the next day, the native carriers, after their evening meal around the camp fire in the forest, would repeat to one another the word “Lutanda,” and then fall asleep.

The African word “Lutanda” means ‘the morning star.’ The repetition of the word was the reminder that on the morrow they would have to be up with the early star of morning to pack their loads and resume their march.

But with our understanding of what the hope of our Lord's return implies, what a wonderful meaning we can read into the African word. “Joy cometh in the morning,” and the morning of our eternal joy draws nigh.

**“Train up a child in the way he should go;
and when he is old, he will not depart from
it.”**

Proverbs 22. 6.

“Where did all these learned men come from?” asked Queen Victoria of John Bright, at a dinner table. She had found him very difficult to talk to, and the conversation had been lagging. “From babies,” he replied. At this the Queen burst into laughter. The ice was broken, and from that moment there was no loss for words. It is from the same source that the future members of our church must come, and, therefore, the necessity for beginning to train the young at the earliest possible moment.

**“Evening, and morning, and at noon, will
I pray, and cry aloud: and He shall hear my
voice.”**

Psalms 55. 17.

“I’m not going to pray to-night,” said Lillian, when she was ready for bed. Mother was away.

“Why, Lillian!” exclaimed Amy.

“I don’t care; I’m not going to. There isn’t any use. So she tumbled into bed, while Amy knelt and prayed. The little prayer finished, Amy crept into bed. There was a long silence; then Lillian began to turn restlessly, giving her pillow a vigorous thump and saying crossly, “I wonder what is the matter with this pillow?” Then came a sweet little voice from Amy’s side—“I guess it’s ‘cause there isn’t any prayers in it.”

A few minutes more of restlessness and Lillian was out of bed and knelt in prayer. Then all was quiet and peaceful and the two little girls slept.

**"Look not every man on his own things,
but every man also on the things of others."**

Phil. 2. 4.

"We have learned to say in school," the preacher remarked:

"First person—I

Second person—Thou

Third person—He."

That is wrong in Christian-grammar. So wrong that to put it right one has to turn it upside down. The Christian-grammar is

First person—HE

Second person—Thou

Third person—I.

And "He" means God, the first person, in the first place. Then "thou" means one's fellow-man, and "I" myself comes last.

"I have stuck unto Thy Testimonies."

Psalm 119. 31.

An old Christian once said, "In coming to the word of God, you will do well to remember three things:—

1. Add nothing to it.

(Rev. xxvii. 18).

2. Take nothing from it.

(Rev. xxii. 19).

3. Change nothing in it.

(Prov. xxx. 5).

"Lo, I AM with you alway."

Matthew 28. 20.

"You must be lonely here, Mrs. ———" I said, as I entered her humble dwelling; "you are all by yourself now, you see." "O No, sir," she said, "**Jesus is here**, and He's fine company.' We talked, during the little time at my disposal, about the things pertaining to the Kingdom; and I left, feeling I had been in high quarters that day. The world calls her poor; but she is a daughter of the King.

“Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.

James 1. 22.

In a railroad shop in Pennsylvania, a big machine broke down. The mechanics were unable to start it. Someone suggested they call a young man that helped to install the machine. This young man was a good mechanic but was not working for the railroad company at the time. When he arrived, he gave it the “once-over.” He tapped a little valve with his hammer and said, “Open her up, boys.” It started without a jerk, cog pulling against cog, wheel against wheel.

It is one thing to have a mental knowledge of the Word of God, but it is quite another thing to know how and when to put it in action. James said: “Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.”

“Pray without ceasing.”

I Thessalonians 5. 17.

More than half a century ago George Muller that prince of intercessors with God, began to pray for a group of five personal friends. After five years one of them came to Christ. In ten years two more of them found peace in the same Saviour. He prayed on for twenty-five years, and the fourth man was saved. For the fifth he prayed until the time of his death, and this friend, too, came to Christ a few months afterwards. For this last friend Mr. Muller had prayed almost fifty-two years! When we behold such perseverance in prayer as this, we realize that we have scarcely touched the fringe of real importunity in our own intercession for others.

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities."

Psalm 103. 3.

A woman came to a minister, carrying in her hands a quantity of wet sand. "Do you see what this is, sir?" she said. "Yes, it is wet sand." "But, do you know what it means?" "I do not know exactly what you mean by it. What is it?" "Ah, sir!" she said, "that's me, and the multitude of my sins can't be numbered." The minister asked her where she had procured the sand. "At the Beacon." "Go back then and take a spade with you and dig till you raise a good mound, shovel it as high as ever you can and leave it. Stand back on the shore and see the effect of the waves upon it." The meaning came home to the woman. The blood of Christ would wash all her sins away.



"I believe God."

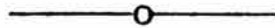
Acts 27. 25.

A good old Christian man was at one time in circumstances of great poverty and distress. One day a friend came to him and said, "A good man has sent you £5." "Praise the Lord," was the answer; "let's go down on our knees and thank Him." But in the midst of his praise his faith suddenly failed him, and breaking off, he turned to his visitor and said, "But, Brother So-and-so, is it true?" Instead of an unquestioning confidence in the promises of God, which would make our praises ever to abound, we indulge in all kinds of suspicions and doubts. The next time the Lord speaks a promise to your heart, don't let the devil tempt you to say, "Is it true?"

"And therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you, and therefore will He be exalted that He may have mercy upon you: for the Lord is a God of judgment: blessed are all they that wait for Him."

Isaiah 30. 18.

They have preserved in Bedford, the door of the goal which was locked upon John Bunyan. For twelve years the bolts of that door stood undrawn. But the delay was fruitful. Dreams were going on behind that door, and the world needed them. When the "Pilgrim's Progress" of which John Bunyan dreamed had taken shape and tangibility, Bunyan's Lord, who had never for an instant forgotten him, swung that gaol door wide open. Let us give God time. Let us trust His wisdom. Sometimes quick answers would be the worst answers: let us learn that "delays are not denials."



"And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."

Mark 13 37.

"PERHAPS TO-DAY."

Shewn into the private office of a country bank manager. I see two words only: "Perhaps To-day." I know what they mean, and a reference to them brings a happy smile to the manager's face, and he gives me an extra squeeze of the hand when I take my departure.

In a large drawing room in the West of London, the words again appear. This time they are neatly framed in oak. A lady visitor touches her friend and points to the motto. The responsive smile shews that both ladies understand the meaning of the words, and that their understanding is a source of happiness to them.

“For I am determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.”

I. Corinthians 2. 2.

“PEAR’S SOAP STATION.”—So said a child, who mistook the advertisement for the name of the place: and little wonder, for the words were more conspicuous than the proper destination. In many places of worship the main thing is often overlooked, because other things are more prominent. What most arrests attention in the sermon? The preacher, his style, his poetry, his musical voice, or is the Christ of his message most noticeable? What most catches the mind in the service? The architecture of the building, the stained window, the organ, the choir, or the solo? Let Christ always be first and most prominent, lest souls miss their destination through our advertising our wares.



“For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?”

Luke 14. 28.

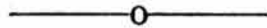
Two soldiers were talking about the service of Christ. One said: “I cannot tell you all that the Lord Jesus is to me, I do wish you would enlist in His army.” “I am thinking about it,” answered the other, “in fact I am counting the cost.” A Christian officer heard the remark and said, “Young man, you talk of counting the cost of following Christ, but have you ever counted the cost of not following Him?”

For days that question exercised the mind of that young man, and he found no rest till he trusted the Lord Jesus Christ.

“For the work of Christ he was nigh unto death.”

Phil. 2. 30.

Queen Victoria herself taught a Bible class made up of the children of the servants in Buckingham Palace. And we are told that in her Scottish home the queen and her people took the holy communion together, her majesty passing the cup on to the humblest who sat by her side. No wonder that a Scottish highlander when told of these facts said, “Did she do that? Isn’t she a woman a man would die for?” There was One, some nineteen hundred years ago, who came to teach queens and children and servants—One who humbled Himself even unto the cross, that He might sit at the communion table with the twelve and might “drink it new with them in the Father’s kingdom.”



“I know whom I have believed.”

II. Timothy 1, 12.

A naval officer was at sea in a dreadful storm. His wife, sitting in the cabin near him, filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure, that she cried out, “My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?” He rose from his chair, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed, “Are you not afraid?” She immediately answered, “No.” “Why?” said the officer. “Because,” replied the wife, “I know that sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me.” “Then,” said he, “I know in whom I believe, and that He who holds the wind in His hand is my Father.”

“As far as the east is from the west, so far has He removed our transgressions from us.”
(Psalm cii. 12).

How far was the east from the west? The sun was 95,000,000 of miles away when he rose in the east, and still 95,000,000 of miles away when he set in the west; but east and west was further off than that. Beyond the sun were other worlds stretching far away into infinite space; but east and west are further away than that. None could measure it, and yet he hath said, “As far as the east is from the west, so far will I remove their transgressions from them.”

“Because I live, ye shall live also.”

John 14. 19.

A vase closely sealed was found in a mummy pit in Egypt by the English traveller Wilkinson. In it were found a few peas, old, wrinkled, and hard as a stone. The peas were planted carefully under a glass and at the end of thirty days they sprang into life, after having lain sleeping in the dust of a tomb for almost three thousand years—a faint illustration of the mortal body which shall put on immortality.

“Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy Law.”

Psalm 119. 18.

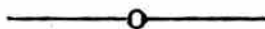
A little boy went to the world's fair with his father. When he had returned home, a neighbour asked the lad what he had seen at the exhibition. After thinking a moment, the boy replied: “I saw the prettiest little dog you ever saw.” There are some men who might travel all the way through God's Book and see nothing more than a dog, for they have no spiritual vision. The unsaved have no power to conceive spiritual truth (I. Corinthians 2. 14), but what is worse, there are some believers who are short-sighted and “cannot see afar off” (II. Peter 1. 9).

**"Behold how great a matter a little fire
kindleth!"**

James 3. 5.

I remember in the physics classroom in the university where I was trained, we found one day an iron beam hanging from the ceiling, held there perfectly passive. And our professor, Professor Tate, took little paper pellets and threw them at the iron beam. It seemed like child's work, and at first nothing happened. But he kept on throwing these little paper pellets, these little nothings, at the iron beam until we saw it begin to vibrate, then to thrill, then to move, and at last to swing.

Now, what created that movement of the iron beam? **Accumulative trifles! Every trifle contributed its little quota and helped to make the movement.**



**"For whom he did foreknow, he also did
predestinate to be conformed to the image of
his Son."**

Rom. 8. 29.

I saw once, lying side by side in a great workshop, two heads made of metal. The one was perfect; all the features of a noble, manly face came out clear and distinct in their lines of strength and beauty; in the other scarcely a single feature could be recognised; it was all marred and spoiled. "The metal had been let grow a little too cool, sir," said the man who was showing it to me. I could not help thinking how true that was of many a form more precious than metal. Many a young soul that might be stamped with the image and superscription of the King, while warm with the love and glow of early youth, is allowed to grow too cold, and the writing is blurred and the image is marred.

“but we will give ourselves continually to prayer.” Acts 6. 4.

Mr. Spurgeon was one day shewing some visitors through the Tabernacle. After taking them to the main part of the building he said, “Come and I’ll show you the heating apparatus.” Not caring to see that, they would have declined; but out of courtesy they consented. Imagine their surprise when he took them to a room where four hundred were gathered in a prayer meeting. His figure of speech was well chosen. The church with warmth of spirit must have the warmth-producing prayer meeting.

“I exhort therefore that . . . prayers . . . be made for all men.” I. Timothy 2. 1.

A minister was praying at the bedside of a dying woman. “Wait a moment,” she said as he started to rise for his knees. “I want to pray for you.” And very tenderly she prayed with her hands upon his head. “For ten years, ever since you became my pastor, I have offered that prayer for you every morning and night,” she told him. The minister went away with tears in his eyes and a strange warmth in his heart. He had known that this woman was sweet-spirited and true, but he had never guessed that he had a place in her prayers day and night.

“He that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life.”

John 5. 24.

One day when Napoleon was reviewing troops, the bridle of his horse slipped from his hand and his horse galloped off. A private soldier ran, and laying hold of the bridle brought back the horse to the emporer’s hand, when he said, “Well done, captain.”

"Of what regiment, sire?" inquired the soldier.

"Of the guards," answered Napoleon, pleased with his instant belief in his word.

"Ye ought to say, 'If the Lord Will' we shall live, and do this or that." James 4. 15.

Before Alexander Mackay with seven others set out for Uganda, a farewell meeting was held. "There is one thing," Mackay said, "which my brethren have not said and which I want to say. I want to remind you that within six months they will probably hear that one of us is dead." He paused and there was a solemn stillness in the room. Then he went on: "Yes, is it at all likely that eight Englishmen should start for Central Africa and all be alive six months after? One of us at least—it may be I—will surely fall before that. But," he added, "what I want to say is this: When the news comes, do not be cast down, but send some one else immediately to take the vacant place."

"Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy Law."

Psalm 119. 18.

Alas, how many there are who read the Bible and do not see much. A man took his wife to see Niagara Falls. A friend asked him afterward what she said when she first saw the grandeur of the falls. She wanted to know, for the tenth time," he replied, "whether I was sure I had locked the kitchen door." Only those who go to the Bible with a prayer similar to that of of God (Psalm 1. 1-3). An old man said he the Psalmist in our text, find delight in the Word loved to sit down and let the Holy Spirit read the Bible to him.

"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Mark 9. 23.

A woman who was anxious about her eternal welfare once told me that she could not believe on Christ. I knew her name, so I said, "Mrs. Franklin, how long have you been Mrs. Franklin?" "Why," she replied, ever since I married Mr. Franklin." "And how did you become Mrs. Franklin?" "Why, when the minister said 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?'" "You said," I interrupted, "'I'll see, or I hope so?'" "No," she replied, "I said, 'I will.'" "Mrs. Franklin, God is saying to you, 'Will you take My Son as your Saviour?'" "My," she exclaimed, "is that all! Is that all! What a fool I have been not to do it before. Yes, I will."

"If ye abide in Me and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." John 15. 7.

When the famous missionary, Hudson Taylor, first went to China, it was in a sailing vessel close to the Cannibal Island, the ship was becalmed and was slowly drifting shoreward. Savages were eagerly anticipating a feast. The captain came to Mr. Taylor and besought him to pray for help of God. "I will," said Mr. Hudson, "provided you set your sails to catch the breeze." The captain declined to make himself a laughing stock by unfurling in a dead calm. "Then I will not pray," said Mr. Taylor. The sails were finally put up, and while Mr. Taylor was engaged in prayer there was a knock at the door of his stateroom. "Are you still praying for wind?" asked the captain. "You'd better stop. We've got more wind than we can well manage."

"He set my feet upon a Rock."

Ps. 40. 2.

A street preacher in London was preaching to a crowd that had gathered around him. It was at the time of the Shamrock races, and every one was talking of the event. A ruffian on the edge of the crowd thought he would have a little fun, so he called three times, "Mr. Preacher! What do you know about the Shamrock?" Finally, the fourth time, not to be silenced, the ruffian called again, "Mr. Preacher! I'm asking you what you know about the Shamrock!" This time the preacher paused. The crowd became very still. Pointing upward with one hand, he said, so clearly and distinctly that every one could hear him, "On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; all other rocks are—sham rocks!"



"He shall be holden with the cords of his sin."

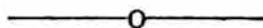
PROV. 5. 22.

Sin always has small beginnings. A friend of mine was standing one day at his window in the house where he had been brought up as a boy. He saw a great gust of wind blow over one of the tall, stately trees. Surprised and distressed, he went out to look at the fallen giant. When he came to the broken trunk, he saw the secret of the fall. And he remembered that, when a boy, one day with an axe he had chopped away some of the bark of that tree, then a young and slender stem. Water had seeped in, a centre of decay had begun, and it had gone on inside the trunk secretly, while the tree grew and spread its leaves. But the weakness was there, and the time of testing brought it to light.

"These things have I written unto you . . . that YE MAY KNOW that ye have eternal life."

1 JOHN 5. 13.

Dr. Campbell Morgan was once about to step into a taxi when he was stopped by a man who told him he had been preaching dangerous doctrines, because during his address he had said he did not know the hour, the day, the month, or the year he was born again. The man insisted that every born-again person should know when the transaction took place. Dr. Morgan said, "Are you alive?" "Certainly I am," replied the man. "Are you sure?" asked the doctor. "Positive," replied the man. "Do you remember the day you were born?" asked the doctor. "No," replied the man. "Then you are not alive," said Dr. Morgan.



"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

ROM. 3. 23.

Marion loved the seashore as all boys and girls do, and it was always her great joy when the summer holidays came round, to hear her Dadda say that they would be going to the coast once again. There was then only one question she *always* asked, and that was, "Daddy, is there nice soft sand there?" She did not like those seaside places which were all shingle and stones.

This particular year, a spot on the East Coast was selected, where the sands were delightful, and many were the happy hours that Marion and her little sister Margaret, spent by the ocean waves. Together they dug deep holes and trenches, and together they built their castles.

Towards the end of the first week, as they

were busy one morning building with the sand, they spied mother in the distance coming towards them; so off both little girlies ran, trailing their spades behind, quite unconscious of the rugged, jagged line they were leaving behind them. By the time they met Mummie there was a horrible crooked line in the sand, and turning Marion round, Mother said: "Look, dear, at what you have done to the lovely sand." Poor Marion was quite disturbed, although, of course, it didn't really matter, and she stood for a moment and wondered what she could do to put it right. Whilst she was thus thinking, Daddie, who had overheard the conversation, came up and remarked: "Yes, Marion dear, and I can see another crooked line you have left behind you, dear." "Where, Daddy?" she asked. "Why, my dear, do you not remember when you were quite tiny, all those naughty little things you did, and how, each year, as you have grown older, you have from time to time disobeyed Mummie and Daddie, and perhaps you have told a lie."

Marion hung her head with shame, for she *knew* she had, and so have you, my young reader, haven't you? And when Mother was not looking, you stole something from the cupboard in the kitchen! All these things in your life have left a very crooked line behind you, called *SIN*, but instead of that being in the sand, it is recorded in God's Book in Heaven.

Marion was a very thoughtful little girl, so she well thought out what her Daddy had been saying, whilst she knelt in the sand to see if she could put right that awfully ugly line she had made. "What a foolish little girlie," you say, for the more she rubbed, the worse it became, and then when little Margaret came and helped too, both of them together *did really* make a mess of it,

and finally gave up the task, in despair. But yet there are many boys and girls, and even men and women who, day after day, are trying to do their best to please God and to rub out the past sins of their lives; but the more they try, the worse they become, for—

“ Not saved are we by trying,
From Self can come no aid.”

Nothing *we* can ever do will rub out of God's Book even one sin which we have committed, and as we can never enter Heaven, so long as one sin is against our Name in God's Record, you see how terrible it is. But what is more, just as Margaret's help made Marion's crooked line worse, so there is no one on earth—not even our best and truest friend, who can remove, or even help to remove sin's stain. God's Word says that “ None of them can by any means redeem his brother nor give to God a ransom for him.”

Poor Marion?—she *was* sad! for she could see that mark in the sand was like her little life—only seven short years, but she knew they were sinful ones and now she could also understand that nothing she could do would ever put right those sins of early years. What, then, could be done for her, for she *did* want to be in Heaven with Jesus by and by, for Mummy and Daddy would be there, she knew, and she was just going to run up the sands to her parents and ask how *they* had *their* sins put away, when the waves of the sea came gently trickling over the sand where she was standing; first one wave, then another, then a third, and as they ebbed out again, ready for a few more to flow in, Marion's face broke into smiles, for there where that horrible mark had been, there was *no mark at all*. What *she* had been unable to do, the *sea had done*, so easily, so smoothly and so beautifully.

“Therefore, being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

ROM. 5. 1.

“Have you made your peace with God?” was the question asked by a religious man, who visited a young artisan as he lay in the surgical ward of a large hospital, waiting for the doctors to perform a critical operation.

Calmly the feeble lips moved and words slowly came—“Thank God, there is none to make; Christ has made peace.” That was his soul’s resting place.

“Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

MATTHEW 25. 23.

Archbishop Trench tells in rhyme the old story of the man who went away from home, leaving in the care of two of his neighbours two sacks of grain. One deposited his in his cellar, the other planted a field.

The man returned after a time and called for his property. The one returned the sack which when opened, disclosed a decayed and putrid mass upon which worms were feeding. The other showed him fields of golden grain ready for harvesting.

The owner expressed his pleasure with the latter, took two sacks of grain, and left the rest as the rightful reward of sagacity and faithfulness.

“Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.”

ISA. xxxii. 20.

A farmer friend tells me that when he engages a new hand, he does not ask, “Can you reap?” but “Can you sow?” that being by far the most difficult operation. This I jotted down as a bit of comfort for those whose work seems chiefly of the seed scattering nature.

“Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say Rejoice.” PHIL. 4. 4.

A certain sundial bears the inscription: “I mark only the hours that shine.” That is what true Christian joy does. It does not take account of the dark hours. It is largely a matter of habit. We see always what we are looking for, and if our mind has become trained to look for trouble, difficulty, ill, and all dark and dreary things, we shall find just what we seek. On the other hand, it is quite as easy to form the habit of looking always for beauty, for good, for happiness, for gladness; and here too we shall find precisely what we seek.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.” PROV. 25. 11.

An old man found delight in carrying with him a little can of oil, and oiling squeaking hinges and rusty latches. They called him queer and cranky but he minded not as he went on with his self-appointed task.

Shall we learn a moral from the strange old man ?

A kind look, a pleasant word, a graceful action may be the oil of kindness to some wearied soul.

“Give others the sunshine,
Tell Jesus the rest.”

“Thou shalt call His Name Jesus for He shall SAVE His people from their sins.”

MATT. 1. 21.

A man from a wrecked motor launch was washed into a cove, where escape seemed impossible. A brave helper was lowered from above, who fastened a rope around the poor fellow; but, alas, it broke. A second attempt met with a similar mishap. A third time the rope was fixed, and again broke, and this time

the waves carried their victim out to sea and he was drowned. His saviour was not able to save. Blessed be God, of our Saviour it is recorded that "He is able also to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by Him." (Heb. vii. 25).

"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."

Mark 8. 36.

"What is the value of this estate?" asked one gentleman of another. "I don't know," was the reply, "but I know what it cost its late owner." "How much," was asked. The reply was, "His soul." A solemn pause followed, and then an explanation. He was the son of a pious man, and himself a professor. He became partner in a mercantile house, gave more and more attention to business, and less and less to the things of the Lord. He grew wealthy and miserly, saying on his deathbed, "*My prosperity has been my ruin.*"

". . . The dumb ass speaking with man's voice forbad the madness of the prophet."

2 PETER 2. 16.

A friend of mine was travelling back to Scotland, and he journeyed with a couple of modern philosophers, who were discussing the Bible. One said: "The Bible says that Balaam's ass spoke. Now, I am a scientific man, and I have taken the pains to examine an ass's mouth, and it is so formed that it could not speak." He was going to toss the whole Bible over because Balaam's ass couldn't speak. My friend said he stood it just as long as he could, and finally he said: "Ah, man, you make an ass, and I will make him speak." The very idea that the God who made the ass could not speak through its mouth!

"Can a woman forget . . . ? Yea, they may forget. Yet will I not forget thee."

ISAIAH 49. 15.

A teacher in one of our public schools put this question to little James in the arithmetic class, "James, suppose your mother made a peach pie, and there were ten of you at the table—your mother and father and eight children—how much of the pie would you get?" "A ninth, ma'am," was the prompt answer. "No, no, James. Now pay attention," said the teacher. "There are ten of you. Ten, remember. Don't you know your fractions?" "Yes, ma'am," was the swift reply of little James, "I know my fractions, but I know my mother, too. She'd say that she didn't want any pie."

The Tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity."

JAMES 3. 6.

"I've driven my car for over a year now," said he, "and I've never run down anybody." "That's nothing," said she; "I've attended the meetings of our sewing circle for five years and have never run down anybody." To know the power of the tongue see Ps. lii. 2, "Thy tongue . . . like a sharp razor"; Job. v. 21, "The scourge of the tongue"; Ps. lvii. 4, "Their tongue a sharp sword"; Jer. ix. 3. 8.

"I hope in Thy Word."

PSALM 119. 114.

A good Christian captain used to tell of a fussy passenger he once had, who all the time wanted to interfere with the course of the vessel; but to all fears and suggestions our captain replied, "I am steering by the chart."

The passenger, in fog or storm, always feared the vessel was going wrong; but the only reply of the captain was, "Sir, I am steering by the chart."

The Holy Bible is the Divine Chart of Life. Let us steer according to its directions, rather than the suggestions of men.

“We are His workmanship; created in Christ Jesus unto good works.”

EPHESIANS 2. 10.

The story is told of a wealthy Englishman who had added to his valuable collection a rare violin which was coveted by Fritz Kreisler. Kreisler begged permission to play it just once. The opportunity was granted . . . and he played as only a genius can play. He forgot himself. He poured his soul into his music.

The Englishman stood as one enchanted until the playing had ceased. He did not speak until Kreisler had tenderly returned the instrument to the antique box, with the gentleness of a mother putting her baby to bed.

“Take the violin,” the Englishman burst out; “it is yours. It ought to belong to the man who can play it as you did.”

“CHRIST Died for Us.”

ROM. 5. 8.

Some friends of mine have a little adopted orphan girl. One fine day they said, “Let us put on our things and go out.” The child ran off and put on her bonnet. When questioned why she thought she was going, she replied, “Oh! I am one of *us*.” It is a little word, but there is room for any number between its two letters. Are you one of *us*? “God hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ” (2 Cor. 5, 18); He “maketh intercession for us” (Rom. 8, 34); “He hath made us accepted in the Beloved” (Eph. 1, 6); “and will also raise up us by His own power” (1 Cor. 6, 14). Faith says. “I am one of *us*.”

For God so loved the world.

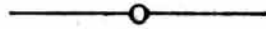
JOHN 3. 16.

Behold what manner of love.

1 JOHN 3. 1.

Standing on the top of the Cheviot Hills, with a little son's hand closed in his, a father taught the message of the measureless love of God. Pointing northward over Scotland, then southward over England, then eastward over the North Sea, then westward over hill and dale, and then sweeping his hand and his eye around the whole circling horizon, he said, "Johnny, my boy, God's love is as big as all that!"

"Why, father," the boy cheerily replied, with sparkling eyes, "then we must be in the middle of it!"



"Thou God Seest Me."

GENESIS 16, 13.

A French painter has recently made a sensation in Paris by the manner of his work. He fitted up a cab for a studio, and drove about the streets, stopping here and there to make sketches of places and things he saw. He thus caught all manner of scenes and incidents in the city's hidden ways. He then transferred his sketches to canvas, and put Christ everywhere among them. When the people saw his work, they were startled, for they saw themselves in their everyday life, in all their follies and frivolities, and always Christ in the midst—every kind of actual life on the canvas, and in the heart of it all, the Christ.

“Abide in me and I in you.”

JOHN 15. 4.

A sceptic, trying to confuse a Christian coloured man, asked how it could be that we were in the Spirit and the Spirit in us. “Oh, dar’s no puzzle ’bout dat. **It’s like dat poker. I puts it in de fire, an’ de fire’s in de poker.**” A profound theologian could not have made a better answer.

“Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee thou wicked servant.”

LUKE 19. 22.

A youth was charged with stealing 2s. from his employer. A detective was called in to keep a watch on the office, and saw the young man go to the safe and take out a florin, which he put in his mouth. The officer then revealed himself, and when the youth began to make a reply the silver coin dropped out of his mouth.

“Where Sin abounded, Grace did much more abound.”

ROM. 5. 20.

DELIVERIES EVERYWHERE.—Such were the words on a coal-truck: and they made me think. Yes, coals from the divine mines of Truth, and excavated by the pierced hands of Him who sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, are delivered everywhere: and delivered free in a sense no Coal Company ever conceived. Where are you? In the far-off country—in the valley of the shadow of death—in the slum of sin—on the broad road to destruction—in town or country? It matters not! God in grace makes deliveries everywhere: and we may be those employed in the delivering. Only, needy one, you must send in the order and confess your own supplies are exhausted. Order at once!

“The Love of Christ Constraineth us.”

2 COR. 5. 14.

In a country church one night, I heard Dr. R. F. Horton, of Hampstead, tell a story of a boy of ten, named Sydney, who presented a bill to his mother one morning. It was worded something like this :

Mother owes Sydney :—				s.	d.
For Running Errands		4
For Being Good		6
For Getting Coal		6
For Minding Baby		2
Total				1	6

The mother quietly took the bill, and on the following morning she placed it, with one-and-sixpence, on Sydney's plate.

But with it was another bill :—

Sydney owes Mother :—				
For taking care of him for 10 years				Nothing
For Nursing him through his last long illness	Nothing
For being good to him	Nothing
For loss of many night's sleep	Nothing
For Doctor's Bills	Nothing
Total				Nothing

The Boy read the bill, tears filled his eyes, and he rushed hastily to his mother and flung himself in her arms, crying, brokenly : “Oh, mother, let me love you and do things for you for nothing.”

Are we not like that sometimes with the Lord Jesus, who has done everything for us and given everything to us?

“We Love Him, because He first Loved us.”

1 JOHN 4. 19.

A young soldier was in India, the home of the Elephant, with his regiment, and a herd of these great animals was hauling timber for the troops.

One afternoon this young soldier noticed that one of the team seemed a little lame, and as the day wore on it walked very badly, until at last he separated it from the others and led it away for treatment. When they had got quietly away, he began to talk to his dumb friend, and like Horses in this country, the Elephants almost seem to understand what is said to them; so gently the kind soldier coaxed the animal to let him look at his foot, and at last the Elephant bent his poor foot up for his friend to see, and oh! it *was* in a sore plight. All cut and inflamed with the day's tramp, and there was no doubt that something had worked its way into the wound.

Getting some hot water the soldier bathed the animal's foot and treated him ever so kindly and gently, and then when all the foreign matter was away, he made a very careful search to see what was really the cause of the trouble, and there, right in the centre of the wound was a terrible thorn, about an inch long; and catching hold of it firmly, he gave one big pull and it was out. The great big animal seemed so grateful that he tried to show his unknown friend his gratitude, in the best way he could. Bending down on his knees he beckoned with his trunk to his back—trying to tell his friend that he wished to carry him back to the Depot.

The sequel came several years later when this soldier was again in India and on some special occasion when the troops were lined up, there was a batch of Elephants standing by them. Suddenly one Elephant came bounding across the square and stopped right in front of one soldier and picking him up by his trunk, lifted him right on his back. It was our soldier friend and the Elephant he had so kindly treated many years before. It has often been said that an Elephant never forgets a kindness shown, and on this occasion it was beautifully illustrated.

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life."

GEN. 2. 7.

Sir William Dawson, the eminent scientific authority, has said: "I know nothing about the origin of man except what I am told in the Scriptures—that God created him. I do not know anything more than that, and I do not know anybody who does." Lord Kelvin, who is said to be the greatest living scientist, declared in his address before the British Association: "There is nothing in science that reaches the origin of anything at all."

"Forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

EPH. 4. 32.

A little blind boy was asked what forgiveness was. He replied, "It is the odour that flowers breathe when trampled upon." The crushed and bruised Saviour on the cross said, "Father, forgive."

"This Man receiveth Sinners and Eateth with them."

LUKE 15. 2.

A wee girl had parents who never frequented public worship, but insisted upon her attendance, and, moreover, bringing home the preacher's text. One morning she rushed home exclaiming, "Oh, my, my name is in the Bible"! "But that cannot be," expostulated her parents. "But it is! Why, the preacher announced it. 'This Man receiveth sinners, and *Edith* with them.'" Only a faulty pronunciation? Ah, more. Can you put your name there? "This Man receiveth sinners, and ——— with them."

"We preach Christ Crucified."

1 COR. 1. 23.

"Which half do I keep?" asked a passenger concerning his return ticket. The half to be retained was marked by a cross, so the ticket collector replied "Stick to the Cross": and received the unsuspected reply, "Praise the Lord, brother, that's it."

"I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid."

PSALMS 32. 5.

A lady who was unable to sleep went to a celebrated physician; but after hearing her case he was unable to prescribe any remedy. "Madam," said he, "the cause of your restlessness is a mystery I cannot solve." As she was leaving she dropped a word which at once aroused his attention. "Will you mind stepping back a moment?" he asked. Then passing his hand down her back, he discovered the secret in a curved spine. She had not told all, and consequently even a clever physician could not give relief. Many an anxious soul seeking rest of the Great Physician commits the same error, with the same result. Concealed crookedness of any kind always prevents rest. David could say, **"I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid"** (Psalms xxxii, 5).

"And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam."

NUM. 22. 28.

"Do you really believe that an ass ever spoke to Balaam?" queried a man who prided himself on his intellect. Coleridge, to whom the question was put, replied: "My friend, I have no doubt whatever of it: I have been spoken to in the same way myself."

“My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you.”

GAL. 4. 19.

Have you ever seen an emperor moth? I saw one hatch out in my study on a Sunday morning, after an hour of struggle to get through the narrow neck of the cocoon. I am reminded of the naturalist who saw one of these magnificent creatures—which measure seven or eight inches from tip to tip of the wings when fully out of the chrysalis envelope—he saw one of these, struggling out of the narrow neck of its encompassing covering, and he thought it was a pity that the creature should have such a hard time getting out. So he took his lancet and slit down the cocoon on the side. At once the moth came out, but it never developed its magnificent hues and tints and colours, but drooped for a little while and died. The naturalist found out that the **struggle** of getting out of the cocoon was necessary to throw the fluids of the body into the wings and to develop all its beauty and strength.

Sometimes we interfere with our trial and attempt to cut short the struggle. We all weary under strife, we cannot see the Divine Surgeon at work. We attempt to add help by employing a human instrument, not knowing that the struggle is for spiritual development and beauty. We cut down the cocoon of our trial, but we take away the colour in our wings. We reduce our strength to soar and succeed. If God has placed you in a place that seems narrow it may be to make you broad. Think on these things and learn to wait on God.

"Awake thou that sleepest."

EPH. 5. 14.

The lady was comfortably resting in a railway carriage, when one of those terrible ticket examiners came on the scene as a disturber of the peace. "Tickets, please," came like a bomb-shell into that quiet retreat, where her ladyship had slept, still slept, and intended sleeping. No wonder she was wroth. But when the rude man looked at her ticket and quietly said, "You have to change here, madam," then the disturbed one was glad she had been disturbed. Does the preacher, the missionary, the lady-worker, disturb your peace? Better be made uncomfortable, than remain comfortable in the wrong train. Don't be cross at the cross. God sometimes disturbs by losses, sickness, and even by death; but better be disturbed than destroyed.

"Repentance towards God."

ACTS 20. 21.

A gentleman once asked a Sunday School what was meant by the word repentance. A little boy raised his hand.

"Well, what is it, my lad?"

"Being sorry for your sins," was the answer. A little girl on the back seat raised her hand.

"Well, my little girl, what do you think?" asked the gentleman.

"I think," said the child, "it's being sorry enough to quit."

That is just where so many people fail. They are sorry enough at the time, but, as one man said, "I kept chopping off one sin at a time for three weeks, until I made up my mind that if I was ever to be a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, I must let Him save me inside and out."

“What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him!”

MATT. 8. 27.

Theodore Cuyler used to tell the story of a ship in the grip of a fierce storm. Fearing they would all soon be destroyed, the terror-stricken passengers appointed one man to go to the pilot house and ask the pilot whether there could be any hope. When the messenger reached the pilot, the storm was roaring so loudly that he could not be heard. But when the great master of the ship saw his distresses he smiled. The man returned to his companions and reported, “All is well; I saw the pilot’s face—and he smiled.”

The storm of trouble may be raging furiously about you. But if you have seen the Pilot’s face, your fears are all dismissed.

“In everything give thanks.”

1 THESS. 5. 18.

“Oh, General, what a calamity!” exclaimed his chaplain to General Stonewall Jackson, when the general lost his left arm in battle. Jackson replied :

“You see me wounded, but not depressed, not unhappy. I believe it has been according to God’s holy will, and I acquiesce entirely in it. You may think it strange, but you never saw me more perfectly contented than I am to-day, for I am sure my heavenly Father designs this affliction for my good . . . Why should I not rather rejoice in it as a blessing and not look on it as a calamity at all? If it were in my power to replace my arm, I would not dare to do it unless I could know it was the will of my heavenly Father.”

"Upon this Rock I will build My Church."

MATT. 16. 18.

One of the Red Republicans of 1793 told a good French peasant. "We are going to pull down your churches and your steeples—all that recalls past ages and all that brings to your mind the idea of God."

"Citizen," replied the peasant, "pull down the stars, then."

The church is built upon a strong foundation—upon Christ Himself.

"Go to the ant thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise."

PROV. 6. 6.

Tammerlane used to relate to his friends an anecdote of his early life. "I once," he said, "was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground; but the insect **persevered**, and the seventieth time it reached the top. This sight gave me courage at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson.

"Except ye repent." LUKE 13. 3.

A French officer whose ship had been taken by Nelson, was brought on board Nelson's vessel, and he walked up to the great admiral and gave him his hand. "No," said Nelson, "your sword, first, please." That is the gospel. Many people would take Christ's hand and say that He is a noble character.

Give up your rebellious will first; admit your guilt; then Christ will take your hand and never let it go.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.” ECC. 11. 1.

One Sunday a visitor to a seaside resort came upon a happy band of Sunday-school children gathered round their teacher on the sea-shore. They were singing a well-known hymn tune with a vigorous enjoyment which gave the visitor great joy. When it was over he moved on, very much touched by what he had seen and heard; for he had composed the tune, and his name was Sir John Stainer. “I want no higher reward than this for all my labour,” he said: “I can only say that I would not exchange it for the very finest monument in Westminster Abbey.” Work brings its own reward.

“He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.” LUKE 16. 10.

Mr. Peters, a somewhat eccentric old merchant, put up a notice in a window of his store that there was a

BOY WANTED

and the card remained there a great while before he found the boy he was after. John Simmons and Charlie Jones, and one or two besides, were taken for a few days, but none of them stood trial.

Mr. Peters had a peculiar way of trying them. There was a huge long box in the attic, full of old nails, and screws, and miscellaneous bits of rusty hardware, and when a new boy came, the old gentleman presently found occasion to send him up there to set the box to rights, and he judged the quality of the boy by the way he managed the work. All pottered over it more or less, but soon gave it up in disgust, and reported that there was nothing in the box worth saving.

At last Crawford Mills was hired. He knew none of the other boys, and so did his errands

in blissful ignorance of the "long box" until the second morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he was sent to put it in order. The morning passed, lunch-time came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peters called him.

"About through?"

"No, sir; there is ever so much more to do."

"All right, it is lunch-time now, you may go back to it after lunch."

After lunch, back he went. All the afternoon he was not heard from, but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him again, he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir," he said, and down at the very bottom of the box I found this." "This" was a five-dollar gold piece, which Crawford handed to Mr. Peters.

After Crawford had said good-night and gone, Mr. Peters took the lantern, and went slowly up the attic stairs. There was the long, deep box in which the rubbish of twenty-five years had gathered.

Crawford had evidently been to the bottom of it; he had fitted in pieces of shingle to make compartments, and in the different tills he had placed the articles, with bits of shingle laid on top, labelled thus: "Good screws," "Pretty good nails," "Picture nails," "Small keys, somewhat bent," "Picture hooks," "Pieces of iron, whose use I don't know," and so on through the long box.

The box was in perfect order at last, and very little that could be called useful was to be found within it. But Mr. Peters, as he read the labels, laughed and said: "If we are not both mistaken, I have found a boy, and he has found a fortune."

All this happened a long time ago. Crawford Mills is an errand boy no more, but the firm is now "Peters, Mills & Company."

“Whatsoever a Man soweth that shall he also reap.”

GAL. 6. 7.

One day the agent mentioned to a tenant farmer that the owner would require the farm for his son. The farmer was greatly upset, and made a number of offers. It was in vain. The day drew near when he had to vacate the home, and then he did something that he had decided upon in his weeks of angry brooding. He gathered seeds of all the pests of the farmer, and moved up and down over that fertile, clean soil, casting into it this rubbish.

Next morning the agent rode up to the door, and informed him that the owner's plan had fallen through and he would be glad to renew the lease. He did not understand the farmer's **“My God, what a fool I've been!”**

“As good stewards of the manifold grace of God.”

1 PETER 4. 10.

I saw a tiny little boy in a candy store. He wandered from case to case with the utmost gravity, studying each assortment with deep seriousness.

His mother, tired of waiting, called to him, “Hurry up, son, spend your money. We must be going.”

To this he replied, “But, mamma, I've only got one penny to spend and I've got to spend it careful.”

That little lad had learned a great lesson of life. If he had had a pocket full of pennies he could have afforded to be careless in the spending of one. But he had only one. That made the problem serious. I wonder if he will spend his life as carefully.

“Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.”

MR. 10. 24.

When Queen Victoria was opening a new Town Hall in the great town of Sheffield she had a little golden key placed in her hand, and was told that she had only to turn the key, as she sat in her carriage, and in a moment the Town Hall gates would fly open. In obedience to directions she turned the golden key, and in a moment the gates of the building were opened. Jesus Christ must know what key it is that opens heaven's gate since over and over again He taught, “Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find.” His authority is surely sufficient to make us confident that the golden key of prayer, when we use it, will surely open heaven's storehouse of riches to every prayerful believer.

“Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance.”

EPHESIANS 6. 18.

Two ministers' wives were sitting on the verandah of a Canadian house, chatting to each other as they mended their husbands' trousers. “I can't understand,” said one of the wives, “why your church is always prosperous, while ours is not.” “Well,” said the other wife, “if you were an observant person, you would have noticed that I am patching these trousers on the knees, while you are putting patches on the seat!” The rest was understood.

Whatever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord."

COL. 3. 23.

Passing the British Embassy, in a continental capital, I saw a rosy cheeked lad, vigorously polishing the brasses on the Ambassador's front door.

"You are putting some energy into your work," I said. He looked up with a pleased smile, and replied: "Yes, I am trying to do my bit."

No one would have mistaken him for the Ambassador. But, in a sense, he was **attached to the Embassy**, though in quite a humble capacity. In like manner we have the honour of being attached to the Embassy. And, whatever the niche that is given to us to fill, in whatever capacity we are called to serve, it is surely for us, like my young friend with the green baize apron, to try to do our "bit."

"God will Provide."

GEN. 22. 8.

Mr. Spurgeon, speaking of his grandfather's experience, says that when the family cow died and the poor pastor's children were left without their staff of life—"What will you do now?" said my grandmother. "I cannot tell what we shall do, but I know what God will do. God will provide for us. The next morning there came £20 for him. He had never made application to the fund for the relief of ministers, but on that day there was £5 left when they had divided the money, and one said, "There is poor Mr. Spurgeon down in Essex." Another £5 was offered by another member, if a like amount could be raised to make it up to £20—which was done. They knew nothing about my grandfather's cow, but God did, you see.

"It is appointed unto men once to die but after this the judgment." HEB. 9. 27.

"If I were lucky enough to call this estate mine, I should be happy," said a young man. "And then?" said a friend. "Why, then I'd build a place." "And then?" "Then I'd hunt, ride, smoke, drink, dance, keep open house, and enjoy life gloriously." "And then?" "Why, then, I suppose, like other people, I should grow old and not care so much for these things." "And then?" "Why, then, I suppose, in the course of nature I should leave all these pleasant things—and—well, yes—die!" "And then?" "O bother your 'thens'! I must be off." Many years after, the friend was accosted with, "God bless you! I owe my happiness to you!" "How?" "By two words spoken in season long ago—'And then?'"

"Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air." 1 THESS. 4. 17.

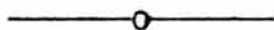
"Fallers," are those apples which fall from the trees before the time comes for the crop to be gathered. There they lie upon the ground. By and by some one will come with a basket and pick them up. But the day will come for gathering the crop that remains upon the trees. Hundreds are still there and will reach the store-room without touching the ground at all.

Do you catch the meaning of my little parable? As the years hasten by, Christian after Christian fades and falls from health and vigour. They become "fallers," and one by one they are laid to rest. But ere long the day of harvest home will dawn. Then, without "falling asleep," the saints will be gathered up to meet Him in the air.

"Among whom ye shine as lights in the world."

PHIL. 2. 15.

In the Arizona desert there is a well fifty-five miles from any other water. Within fifteen or twenty miles of it, bones lie scattered all around of men and their horses that might have reached it had it been possible to know, on that featureless plain, where to find it . . . At the very gateway of the enclosure a prospector was found one morning, lost and dead. Finally an owner erected a light-house. He planted a tall cottonwood pole and strung a lantern upon it, and that has been kept lighted always. Are you and I doing worse—leaving our fellows in a more dreadful danger—neglecting to hold out to them the Light of salvation?



"Consider the lilies, how they grow."

MATTHEW 6. 28.

"I need oil," said an ancient monk; so he planted an olive sapling. "Lord," he prayed, "it needs rain. Send gentle showers." And the Lord sent gentle showers. "Lord," prayed the monk, "my tree needs sun." And the sun shone, gilding the dripping clouds. "Now frost, my Lord, to brace its tissues." cried the monk. And behold, the little tree stood sparkling with frost, but at evening it died.

Then the monk sought the cell of a brother monk. "I, too, planted a little tree," he said, "and see! it thrives well. But I entrust my tree to God. He who made it knows better what it needs than a man like I. 'Lord, send me what it needs,' I prayed, 'storm, or sunshine, wind, rain, or frost.'"

"I remembered Thy judgments of old, O Lord, and have comforted myself."

PSALM 119. 52.

An airman, who was in an observation balloon which burst at a height of 5,000 feet, had just time to trust to his parachute. As he sailed downwards, he repeated the 91st Psalm, which he had learned by heart. Nearing the earth, he saw he was likely to land among the rocks, when a saving breath altered his course, so that he alighted safely in a meadow, proving, after escaping shot and shell, verses 11 and 12, "For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." They who memorise God's Word have it ready in all times of need.

"Ponder the paths of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established."

PROVERBS 4, 26.

A man was visiting a friend in the country. On the second morning he started for a walk, and took the little boy of the host with him. The visitor selected an inviting path through the pasture, fringed with wild flowers. The lad, however, held back. "Why don't you want to go along this path?" the visitor asked. "That path was made by the pigs," answered the lad, "and before you get far you'll get into the awfulest patch of mire and weeds you ever saw." Yet we, like this man, often start on a path without first asking where it leads.

"Only to know that the path I tread
Is the path marked out for me;
That the way though thorny, rough and steep
Will lead me nearer to Thee."

"The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him."

PSALM 34. 7.

Speaking of temptation, Sermonizing Sophie says, "The defel got a permit to try Job, but the Lord put a hedge around : and all the defel could do was to trot round the hedge until he got corns on his feet. . . . When he rings my bell," she says, "I always sends Jesus to the door, He tries to send up his visiting card, 'Discouragement' : but I don't took it."

"Sin shall not have Dominion over you."

ROMANS 6. 14.

A little girl, in the days when the conversion of children was not the subject of as much prayer as now, applied for membership in a Baptist Church. "Were you a sinner," asked an old deacon, "before this change of which you now speak?" "Yes, sir," she replied. "Well, are you now a sinner?" "Yes, sir; I feel I am a greater sinner than ever." "Then what change is there in you?" "I don't quite know how to explain it," she said; "but I used to be a sinner running **after** sin, and now I hope I am a sinner running **from** sin." They received her, and for years she was a bright and shining light, and now she lives where there is no sin to run from.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

MATT. 6. 33.

A Christian employer who was a Quaker, offered his four employees the choice of a Bible or a handsome sum of money as a New Year's gift. Three of them took the money, but the

fourth, a lad of about fourteen years of age, said, "You say the Book is good; so I will take it and read it to my mother." When he opened the Book what was his great surprise to find within it more money than his comrades had received."

"O Taste and see that the Lord is Good"

PSALMS xxxiv, 8.

A tramp was passing a café one day, when I saw a man standing outside give him a bill of the dinners. It was only an announcement, nothing more; but the poor fellow took it and passed on, apparently content. How much of our preaching is merely an announcement of the gospel feast, and how many hungry souls are perfectly content with this mere announcement? It is our duty not merely to declare there is a gospel feast, but we are to set meat before them, and sinners must not only hear the words, "**Behold the Lamb of God**" (John i, 29), but they must do, as the Israelites did in Egypt, eat of the Lamb (Exodus xii, 11). We want to be of those of whom Peter says, "**Ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious**" (1 Peter ii, 3).

"As an Eagle stirreth up her Nest."

DEUT. 32. 11.

The eagle builds her eyrie far up on the rocky heights, and when the wings of her young are ready for flight, and they are too timid to make the venture, and over-fond of the soft lining of the resting place, the mother eagle plants a thorn in the side of the nest to make the little one uncomfortable and more willing to fly. God often plants our resting places with thorns, and frequently thorns of our own cultivation.

“Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.”

ACTS 26. 28.

It was the last month of the year! It was the last week of the month and the last day of the month also. The Old Grandfather Clock in the Hall had kept good time all the year round, and it was now telling that the last hour, of the last day of the last month of the year was here and fast were the closing minutes of that last hour passing.

Upstairs, two little boys were lying tucked up in bed. They had purposely laid awake in order to hear the Old Year OUT, and the New Year IN. They had heard the Old Clock strike every quarter-hour, every half-hour and every hour, and many times sung to its notes :

“ Lord through this hour
Be Thou our guide
Kept by Thy power
No foot can slide ”

since 7 o'clock that evening, and were determined to hear the end of the Old Year. A short time previous, the chimes had pealed forth E-L-E-V-E-N, then a quarter past, half-past, and now a quarter to the Midnight Hour strikes, and but fifteen minutes are left.

But the task proved too great for our young friends, and although with the very best of intentions they had really made up their minds to hear the New Year Sirens and Bells, when mother quietly crept into their bedroom at two minutes to twelve they were both fast asleep, and the first they knew of the New Year was 6.30 the following morning.

Awake within 15 minutes of their desired object, but asleep 2 minutes before it was achieved.

Asleep at

TWO MINUTES TO TWELVE,

seems to speak to me of many a boy and girl, man and woman who ALMOST,—BUT not quite. They get so near BUT fail within two minutes, as it were.

“Your Life is hid with Christ in God”

COL. 3. 3.

A lady recently told a sweet story illustrative of what it is to have Christ between us and everything else. She said she was wakened up by a very strange noise of pecking, or something of the kind, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backward and forward inside the window pane in great fright, and outside a sparrow pecking and trying to get in. The butterfly did not see the glass, and expected every minute to be caught, and the sparrow did not see the glass, and expected every minute to catch the butterfly; yet all the while that butterfly was as safe as if it had been three miles away, because of the glass between it and the sparrow. So it is with Christians who are abiding in Christ. His presence is between them and every danger. We can hardly believe that Satan understands about this mighty and invisible power that protects us, or else he would not waste his efforts by trying to destroy us. He must be like the sparrow—he does not see it, and Christians are like the butterfly—they do not see it, and so they are frightened, and flutter backward and forward in terror; but all the while Satan cannot touch the soul that has the Lord Jesus Christ between itself and him.

"Made us sit together in Heavenly places."

EPH. 2. 6.

CHANGE HERE FOR THE HIGH LEVEL.—Such was the notice put up at the railway station : and the words suggested a higher meaning than the company intended. Every true conversion is a change from a low level to a high level. "Are you high church?" asked one. "Yes," was the reply, "I belong to the church of the Highest." We were on the low level, "by nature the children of wrath, even as others; but God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us; even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved); and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus" (Eph. ii. 3-6). There is no higher level than this. David is called "the man who was raised up on high" (2 Sam. xxiii. 1): for he could say, "Thou also hast lifted me up on high above them that rose up against me" (2 Sam. xxii. 49). On this high level let us go in for high aims and high attainments. "Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known My Name" (Ps. xci. 14).

"Set your affections on things above."

COL. 3. 2.

An eagle, flying over a valley of ice, discovered a carcase, upon which it descended and feasted so long that its wings became frozen to the ice. In vain it struggled to mount upward; a vivid emblem of worldly desires. If you will go to the banks of a little stream, and watch the flies that come to bathe in it, you will notice that while they plunge their bodies in the water, they keep their wings high out of the water, and after swimming about a little while, they fly away with their wings unwet through the sunny air.

Now that is a lesson for us. Here we are immersed in the cares and business of the world; but let us keep the wings of our soul, our faith, and our love, out of the world that, with these unclogged, we may be ready to take our flight to heaven.

“Remember His marvellous works that he hath done.”

PSALM 105. 5.

THE FIRST TELEGRAM.—Samuel Finley Breeze Morse, the inventor of the dot and dash, a Morse alphabet, obtained permission from the Baltimore and Ohio Railway to use their right of way for his telegraph-poles; but only “on condition that the sending of messages did not prove injurious.” Another railroad later advanced the idea that the telegraph would interfere with traffic, for if people could speak with each other so quickly they would not care to meet! We have before us a picture of the first railroad station used in Baltimore, the starting point of the first American railroad, and from this station the first official telegraph message was sent, May 24th, 1844, by Miss Annie Ellsworth. From this little station she tapped off to Professor Morse, sitting in the Supreme Court chamber at Washington, that now historic message, her mother’s selection, “What hath God wrought!” Through all his life he looked to a divine source for help and inspiration. Of his work he said: “I feel that I am doing a great work for God’s glory, as well as man’s welfare. What would Professor Morse say of telegraphs to-day? How few great men own the great God in their great discoveries! The telegraph is great; but prayer is greater, by which a far-off sinner speaks to God and God replies here, through Christ, “What hath God wrought!”

“Be filled with the Spirit.”

EPH. 5. 18.

Over the fire-buckets at the station was the double notification:—“To be kept full,” and, “Not to be let freeze.” Good advice as to the heart. God keep it full of Himself; for a heart full of God, of grace, and of glory, is a useful heart. Vessels of the Lord should be full vessels, full of the water of life—the water is free—the spring is near, and the biggest heart is soon filled.

“Not to be let freeze.” How can freezing be prevented? By not exposing to frost: by keeping in a warm atmosphere: by using where the fire is burning. “How do you account for long days and short days?” was asked in a school. “Please, the days expand with the heat and **contract with the cold,**” was a boy’s scientific answer. Spiritual frost contracts many an otherwise useful life.

“He that hath an ear, let him hear”

REV. ii. 17.

What a man hears determines what he is getting out of life. Evangelist “Dick” Huston tells of two friends who were walking along a busy New York thoroughfare when one of them asked his companion if he heard a cricket. His friend laughed and replied that no one could hear a cricket with the din of trolleys and motor cars and trucks. The other man stopped, lifted up a stone and picked up a cricket and showed it to his friend. “How could you hear it?” the incredulous friend asked. “I will show you,” and taking a coin from his pocket he tossed it in the air. When the coin struck the sidewalk, several men nearby put their hands to their pockets and looked to see if they had dropped any money. “You hear what you are trained to

listen for," the nature-lover observed. "My ears are trained to hear the birds and insects and all the sounds of nature." Our Lord knew all about the many noises of earth that drown out the still, small voice of God's Spirit.

"Open my ears, that I may hear
Voices of truth Thou sendest clear;
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear,
Ev'rything false will disappear."

**"That He might sanctify and cleanse it
with the washing of water by the word"**

EPH. 5. 26.

A lady missionary was complaining to a simple Hindoo woman that it seemed no use teaching her anything. "You forget," she said, "all I tell you. Your mind is just like a sieve: as fast as I pour water in, it runs out again." The woman's reply was this, "It is very true my mind is just like a sieve. I am very sorry I forget so much; but then you know, when you pour clean water into a sieve, though it all runs out again, yet it makes the sieve clean. I am sorry I have forgotten so much of what you told me last week, but what you did tell me made my mind clean, and I have come again to-day."

"We shall see Him as He is."

1 JOHN 3. 2.

A girl returned from a boarding school. Companions were gathered to welcome. The festal night flew quickly by. At last all had departed, and the girl, putting her arms around her mother's neck, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, this is the moment I have been longing for!"

“Fools make a Mock at Sin.”

PROV. 14. 9.

“Which is the nearest way to hell?” asked a scoffer, who was showing off in a railway carriage. The Christian to whom the question was addressed answered, “You open that door and jump out, and you will soon be there. But (he added) you will not be there as an unbeliever, for there are no unbelievers in hell.” They are all believers there, for “the devils also believe and tremble” (Jas. ii. 19). The hand of death will smash all infidel notions, only too late to have them repaired. Far better become a believer at once, and have all the blessings that follow.

“He rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm”

MATT. 8. 26.

A little friend of mine, six years old, went out for a walk with her brother. All was fair and sunny when they started; but a snowstorm came on: and as they trudged along the child of faith said, “If Jesus was here, walking at our side, he would say, ‘Snow stop’: and we should be all right.” That was confidence. May we have it!

“Lazarus, come forth.”

JOHN 11. 43.

It is said that Robert G. Ingersoll used to tell this story: “I was never nonplussed but once. I was lecturing one night and took occasion to show that the resurrection of Lazarus was probably a planned affair to bolster the waning fortunes of Jesus. Lazarus was to take sick and die. The girls were to bury him and send for Jesus. Lazarus was to feign death till

Jesus should come and say, 'Lazarus, come forth!' To emphasise the situation I said, 'Can anyone here tell me why Jesus said, "Lazarus, come forth"?' Down by the door a pale-faced, white-haired man arose, and with shrill voice said, 'Yes, sir, I can tell you! If my Lord had not said, "Lazarus," he would have had the whole graveyard of Bethany coming out to Him!' "

"Thy gentleness hath made me great."

Ps. xviii. 35.

What a blessing that God gives big mercies in small drops, lest their greatness should overwhelm us. Rainfall of half an inch is equal to 100 tons of water to the acre: yet it falls so gently, the grass blades are unbent and the daisies are uninjured.

"It is time to Seek the Lord."

Hos. 10. 12.

At midnight, March 10th, 1911, all Paris clocks were stopped for 9 mins. 21 secs., in conformity with the new Act of Parliament that time in France should coincide with Greenwich time. It was further decided that in the course of the next two or three weeks all railway and other public clocks be put back 9 mins. 21 secs., thereby giving practical effect to the measure in such a way as not to affect the public convenience. Is your time God's? If not, get right with God. Take your time from Him, for His time is right time; and it is no waste time to get timed to divine time. God's time and His whole will can only be taken from His revealed Word, the Holy Scripture.

“If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love.”

JOHN 15. 10.

Travellers among the Alps tell us that they come to have a peculiar feeling, unlike any other, for their Alpine guide. It is not a feeling of companionship, of fellowship, or of friendship alone, but a combination of all three. This feeling, they say, is produced by their obedience to the guide's commands, and the men who have guided them through the Alps always seem to them different from other men. Our Guide once said: “If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love”—that is, in Him. Simple obedience, then, will produce in us a feeling of confidence in Jesus Christ that all the religious zeal and fervour in the world cannot produce without obedience. Obedience is the key that unlocks the door to the indwelling Christ.

“Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you.”

LUKE 6. 27.

J. Stuart Holden asked a big sergeant in a Highland Regiment how he was brought to Christ. The soldier's answer was this: “There is a private in the same company who was converted in Malta. We gave that fellow an awful time. One night, a terribly wet night, he came in . . . very tired and very wet, and before getting into bed he got down to pray. My boots were heavy with wet and mud, and I let him have one on one side of the head and the other on the other side; and he just went on with his prayers. Next morning I found those boots beautifully polished and standing by the side of my bed. That was his reply to me, and it just broke my heart; I was saved that day.”

"Choose you this day."

JOSH. 24. 15.

In 1874, in the city of London, David Livingstone was buried in Westminster Abbey. The streets were lined with people, thousands of them, seeking to pay respect to the memory of that great pioneer missionary. A poor old man was noticed weeping bitterly. He was poorly clad and unkempt. Some one asked him the cause of his grief.

"I'll tell you," the old man replied. "Davie and I were born in the same village. We attended the same day school and Sunday school. We worked at the same loom. But Davie went that way and I went this. Now he is honoured by the nation, and I am neglected, unknown, and dishonoured."

Yes, everyone must choose whether or not he will walk with Christ.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not for such is the kingdom of God."

MARK 9. 14.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, at a Sunday School meeting, the children were repeating verses.

One of them, a little child only four years of age, got up on a seat, but was almost afraid to repeat the verse her mother had been teaching her through the week.

With trembling lips she said, "Suffer little children," and then broke down. She commenced again. "Suffer little children to come," and broke down a second time. She attempted the third time. "Suffer little children to come, and don't any of you stop them from one and all to come."

She had got at least the meaning of the phrase.

"Therefore if any man be in Christ he is a new creature, old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new."

2 COR. 5. 17.

"That man wants a prop on each side of him," said one to another, of some unhappy specimen at a tramp's gospel breakfast.

"No," replied the other, himself a reclaimed drunkard; he wants a new stem right down the middle."

So the Lord works with men. He does not prop us up; He makes anew.

The believer is a "new creature" (2 Cor. v. 18); he sings a "new song" (Psalm xl. 3); he is in the "new covenant" (Heb. viii. 13); has a "new name" (Rev. ii. 17); carries out a "new commandment" (John xiii. 34); walks in a "new life" (Rom. vi. 4); and is going to the "new Jerusalem" (Rev. xxi. 2).

Friend, Have you "a new stem right down the middle?"

"For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own Soul."

MARK 8. 36.

Many years ago, the story got about in America that gold had been found in a thirty-five square mile area in the State of New Mexico. It was winter-time, but in spite of the inclemency of the weather, there was a wild stampede for that region. Thousands of persons threw up their usual occupations, and forced their way over the mountains through blizzards, enduring terrible hardships. All this just for gold! Yet multitudes care nothing for God's salvation, which is "without money and without price"! They are not willing to make even a little effort to read His word, and hear Him telling them of His grace and love."

"Absent from the Body, Present with the Lord." 2 COR. 5. 8.

A little girl whose baby brother had just died asked her mother where baby had gone. "To be with Jesus," replied the mother. A few days later, talking to a friend, the mother said, "I am so grieved to have lost my baby." The little girl heard her, and, remembering what her mother had told her, looked up into her face and asked, "Mother, is a thing lost when you know where it is?" "No, of course not." "Well, then, how can baby be lost when he has gone to be with Jesus?" Her mother never forgot this. It was the truth.

"See that ye walk circumspectly . . . Redeeming the time because the days are evil." EP. 5. 15 & 16.

The story has been told of a soldier who was missed amid the bustle of the battle.

No one knew what had become of him, but it was known that he was not in the ranks.

As soon as opportunity offered his officer went in search of him and found, to his surprise, that the man during the battle had been amusing himself in a flower garden.

When it was demanded what he did there, he excused himself by saying, "Sir, I am doing no harm." But he was tried, convicted and shot.

What a sad but true picture of many who can give no better answer than this, "Lord I am doing no harm."

"He . . . set my feet upon a rock and established my goings." PSALM 40. 2.

A humble Christian woman, as she lay dying, overheard the doctor whisper to the nurse, "She is sinking fast."

"The dying woman smiled and replied: "I'm not sinking; I can't sink through a Rock."

"Thy Name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a Prince hast thou Power with God."
Gen. 32 28.

Many of us will remember the sad account, in English history, of the two young princes that were murdered in the Tower of London.

Some years after this cruel deed, a young man arrived in Ireland who claimed to be Richard of York, one of the murdered princes. He said that at the time when he and his brother were to have been killed, some friends had managed to get him out of the Tower, and had taken him to Flanders, where he had been brought up under a feigned name. He was a youth of princely appearance and strongly resembled his supposed father, King Edward the Fourth.

A great many people believed his story. Queen Margaret of Burgundy received him as her nephew, and treated him with all the honours of a prince. The King of Scotland raised an army to support his claim to the English throne, and allowed him to marry Catherine Gordon, a lady of royal blood.

But at length he was captured by the King's forces and brought to trial. He confessed that he was no prince at all, but that his real name was Perkin Warbeck, and that he was the son of humble parents who lived at Tournay, in France.

He was, at last, sentenced to be executed, and he died on the gallows at Tyburn, confessing his fraud and asking pardon of the King. But it was too late for mercy then! His life had been one long imposture and he had at length to suffer the penalty of his deception.

What would not Perkin Warbeck have given if, while he stood to be tried for his life,

some power had been able to make him into a *real* prince, and in this way to justify him in the eyes of the English people?

Of course, such a thing was impossible in his case; but I can tell you of some one for whom this very thing was done.

Jacob was a very deceitful man. He had imposed upon his father, and had cunningly deceived his uncle Laban. One night God took hold of Jacob, and wrestled with him to show him how foolish he was. When God had convinced him of his weakness and folly, and when Jacob had confessed his name to be "Jacob" (which means "Deceiver"), God gave him another name, "Israel" (which means "Prince").

"Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust." I Peter 3. 18.

In Arizona an Indian boy was ploughing corn. His little sister . . . turned over a stone, and there was a great rattlesnake. It coiled and struck her deep in the flesh of the leg. She screamed aloud; her brother heard in the field and rushed to her aid. Seeing at once what had happened, he killed the snake with the heel of his boot, then took his sister in his arms, and holding his two hands tightly about the wound placed his lips to it, sucked out the deadly poison, and spat it out on the ground. He had saved her life, but he lost his own, for he had a sore in his mouth which the poison entered. In an infinitely greater rescue, the Lord Jesus Christ, God's Son, when we all had been bitten by the old serpent, heard the cry of need. He came down to us from heaven, dealt a blow to the "old serpent . . . the devil," and took the sin poison for us. And it was our sin that caused His death.

"The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Jer. 17. 9.

He was an adopted boy, and was kept as clean as a boy could be kept; but like other boys (and girls too), he often got dirty. One day his mother had tidied him up several times, but he was again in the usual condition, so she said,—

"How is it that you get so dirty? Really you shall not go out again. Come in, and sit on the rug."

He came, and for a time was quiet with his book. Presently he looked up.

"Mamma, I know what makes me dirty."

"What, my dear?"

"Why, mama, you say I was made of dirt, and I 'spects it comes through my skin."

The little fellow was not quite right in his explanation, yet in moral matters he spoke a great truth; for it is the unclean spirit within our bodies that makes us do wicked and defiling things. When Jesus was upon the earth people were often brought to Him with "unclean spirits," and He cast them out.

"He Careth for you." I Peter 5. 7.

It happened that an old lady who seemed very nervous, got into a railway carriage. If they passed a bridge, "Oh!" cried the dear old thing; when a fast train dashed by, "Oh!" she said again. Presently the engine screamed, as if some one had hurt it. "Oh!" screamed the poor, nervous woman, and sighed as if she wished she was safe at home.

The little girl looked at her, and felt a bit sorry for her, though she could hardly keep from smiling as she saw how frightened the poor creature seemed. Young as she was, and weak, and helpless, she was confident and happy.

Suddenly the train popped into a tunnel with a wild shriek, and the trembling dame said "Oh!" louder than ever. Pressing close to her, and looking up in the dim lamp-light, the child said, "You needn't be a bit afraid, for my father is on the engine, and he won't let any hurt happen to mother and me."

The world rushing round the sun is like a train; we are the passengers, and God is the great Engine-driver. Can you say He is your Father? Are you His child, born anew? Then trust His power, wisdom, and love, and never be afraid. An earthly father may fail; our Father in heaven never can fail.

Trust and be happy.

"Neglect not the Gift that is in thee."

I Tim. 4. 14.

A youth was leaving his aunt's house after a visit, when, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang towards him, exclaiming, "No, no; that you never shall. I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet; and I'm sure it shan't be wetted now."

Some folks' religion is of the same quality. It is none the worse for wear. It is a respectable article to be looked at, but it must not be damped in the showers of daily life. It stands in a corner, to be used in case of serious illness or death, but it is not meant for common occasions. We are suspicious that the twenty-three years' old gingham was gone at the seams, and if it had been unfurled it would have looked like a sieve. At any rate, we are sure that this is the case with the boarded-up religion which has answered no useful turn in a man's life.

"Christ died for us."

Rom. 5. 8.

One day an explosion took place in the Lanerch pit: two men, Thomas and Bennet, were in a part of the mine some distance from the accident, but they knew they must hurry to the shaft and get out. On they went, through the dark suffocating passages; but presently Thomas, who was ahead of his companion, found he was alone: his mate was not following. He stopped, retraced his steps, to find Bennet overpowered by the gas. He shook him, raised him, and once more started him upon the way of escape.

"Run, man! Run for your life!"

This time he put him in front, and by a great effort, though half dazed, he reached the cage, and was taken up. But the one who had gone back came not to the surface. the foul gas had mastered him, and Thomas died to save Bennet.

"Set your affection on things above."

Colossians 3. 2.

When Sir Walter Scott was a child one of his legs was paralysed; and when medical skill failed, a kind uncle induced him to exert the muscles of the powerless limb by drawing a gold watch before him on the floor, tempting him to creep after it, and thus keeping up and gradually increasing vital action and muscular force. So God deals with us in our spiritual childhood, and the weakness of our faith. He holds the blessings before us so as to tempt us to creep after them. How weak our efforts! How slow our movements! But spiritual vitality is elicited, developed, strengthened by those efforts and movements, slow and weak though they may be.

"I know that ye seek Jesus."

Matt. 28. 5.

May this be ever our object. A little girl of five had her Bible and was turning over the pages. "I am trying to find Jesus," she said. She could not read, but she searched for the capital J, and was soon able to say with delight, "I have found Jesus." The great thing in reading is to find Jesus. "And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself" (Luke xxiv. 27).

"He first findeth his own Brother, Simon."

Jno. 1. 41.

"What did you preach about on Sunday?" was the question asked of a city pastor the other day.

"I preached about Andrew," was the reply, "and, do you know, I found him a most interesting character."

"What was there about him that was remarkable?"

"Well, I do not suppose you would call him a great man, but the significant thing about him was that every time he is mentioned in Scripture he was introducing someone to Jesus."

This was certainly a beautiful occupation, and yet it does not call for any wonderful talents. *It is work that any one of us can do.*

"In the Beginning, God."

Gen. 1. 1.

A professor asked a student one day, "How does the Bible begin?" "With creation," was the reply. "Mine does not," was the rejoinder, "it begins with God—'In the beginning God.'" Everything is wrong if we do not begin with God. On my desk is a motto in brass. It reads, "GOD FIRST." It helps me to begin the day with God.

"See that ye refuse not him that speaketh."

Heb. 12. 25.

"If thou warn the wicked of his way, to turn from it: if he do not turn from it, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul."

Ezek. 33. 9.

Lord Shaftesbury told the following incident of neglected warning. One winter evening in 1867 he was sitting in his library in Grosvenor-square, when the servant told him that there was a poor man waiting to see him. The man was shown in, and proved to be a labourer from Clerkenwell, and one of the innumerable recipients of the old earl's charity. He said, "My Lord, you have been very good to me, and I have come to tell you what I have heard." It appeared that at the public-house which he frequented he had overheard some Irishmen of desperate character plotting to blow up Clerkenwell Prison. He gave Lord Shaftesbury the information to be used as he thought best, but made it a condition that his name should not be divulged. If it were, his life would not be worth an hour's purchase. Lord Shaftesbury pledged himself to secrecy, ordered his carriage, and drove instantly to Whitehall. The authorities there refused, on grounds of official practice, to entertain the information without the name and address of the informant. These, of course, could not be given. The warning was rejected, and the gaol blown up.

"Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things that were heard, lest haply we drift away from them."

Heb. 2. 1. R.V.

A boy named Joseph Vages of Cuba, was picked up by the S.S. Eldorado. The lad when rescued was lying in the bottom of the boat, naked and delirious, chewing his clothing, part of which he had eaten. It appears that the boy and

two others had been fishing off Havana, when a storm came up and the boat broke loose. His companions swam ashore, but Vages, unable to swim, remained in the boat and drifted out to sea. For nearly a week, exposed to wind and weather, his sufferings were dreadful. When picked up he had drifted 530 miles from Cuba. He only drifted, that was all. He did nothing; but just went with the tide, and that drifting nearly cost him his life. Once get loose from God's Word, and we may drift anywhere.

"From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures which are able to make thee wise."

II Tim. 3. 15.

A little girl in Italy was invited by a priest to go into the Roman Catholic church, but she was a member of the Protestant Mission, so her prompt answer was "No sir, that would be against the will of my father." "You must obey me, and not your father," said the priest. "No, sir," the girl answered; "The Bible teaches me, 'Honour thy father and mother.'" "It is not your business to read the Bible," said the priest, and modestly the little Bible lover answered, "But, Jesus said, 'Search the Scriptures.'" "No, no," replied the priest, "That was to men not to children." "Your mistake, sir," she rejoined, "because Paul said to Timothy, 'From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures.'" "Timothy was educated to be a bishop, and to teach in the church," said the priest. "Oh, sir," cried the child, Timothy was instructed by his Mamma and Grandmamma!" The discomfited priest turned away, exclaiming, "This girl's Bible is enough to poison my whole parish!" The incident reveals an aspect of the Bible that is not always remembered. As light poisons disease germs, as an antiseptic destroys infection, so God's word acts against error.

"In the Beginning, God created."

Gen. 1. 1.

A famous old story tells how a father taught his little boy about the Creator. He planted some seeds in the garden in a trench so drawn as to spell the boy's name. A few weeks later the lad came running to him in great excitement, "Oh Daddy," he shouted, "my name is growing in the garden." "Oh, it just happened so," said the father carelessly. "But Daddy, *it couldn't*. Some one must have done it." From that beginning it was easy for that father to show his son how creation proves the mind of the Maker behind all that is made. It just *couldn't* have merely happened.

"The People had a mind to work."

Neh. 4. 6.

Three lads were pushing a handcart up a busy street in a large town. The two behind got into a discussion and forgot to "push." The lad ahead turned round and tartly exclaimed, "Less talk and more shove." Nehemiah did not waste time by discussing matters with the enemies. He had a great work to do and went about it diligently. "The people had a mind to work."

"Men shall be lovers of their own selves."

II Tim. 3. 2.

"Whom do you like best?" a little girl was asked. "Myself," she answered. Her answer re-echoes the sentiments of thousands of others. "Lovers of their own selves" marks the world away from God. Self love was the condemnation of the Devil and the fall of man.

"See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh."

Heb. 12. 25.

"Stop interfering, I'm busy," was the indignant reply of the wireless operator of the "Titanic" to the repeated attempts of the "California" to warn of dangerous icebergs. A

little while later, and the side of the "Titanic" was ripped open by one of those bergs she could have avoided had she heeded the warning.

"It is a good thing that the heart be established with Grace; not with meats, which have not profited them that have been occupied therein." Heb. 13. 9.

We have heard of a man from a busy centre visiting a quiet village and complaining of the dullness of a place where nothing happened. A native rebuked him thus: "That's where you are mistaken. Why, it ain't so very long since we had an eclipse of the moon!" The only events in some people's lives are the eclipses—their own and those of other folk.

"Where your treasure is there will your heart be also." Matt. 6. 21.

A rich man was down at the river front waiting the departure of an ocean liner. He was joined by an acquaintance, who said to him, "You seem to be much pleased about something."

"Yes," said the man, "I do feel unusually happy to-day. Do you see that vessel at anchor in the North River? Well, I have on that vessel ten thousand dollars' worth of equipment for a hospital in China, and I just came down to see the vessel safely off."

"Well, that is interesting, and I am glad you made that gift," said the friend. "But you know, I also have a gift on that ship. My only daughter is on that vessel, going to China to give her life as a missionary."

The wealthy man looked touchingly into the eyes of his friend and exclaimed, "My dear brother, I feel as though I have given nothing, as I think of what this sacrifice means to you."

"He sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

I Jno. 4. 10.

During the Great War it was the custom in certain American cities for those who had sent a son to the front to put a star in their window. One star meant that one son had been sent; two stars meant two sons. One evening a little boy was going down a busy street with his father, and with delight counted the stars in the windows. "See, father," he would say, "they have sent a son from that home, and two from this home." Suddenly they came to an opening between the high buildings, and the blue sky came into view with the evening star shining brightly. When he saw the star, the little lad cried, "Oh! look! God must have sent His Son too." True, He did send Him. He "sent" His Son to be the propitiation for our sins" (1 Jn. 4: 10). And He proclaimed the fact by a star (Matt. 2: 2, 9).

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

Joshua 24. 15.

At the funeral of David Livingstone, a poor drunkard was seen standing in the crowd weeping. When asked if he knew the great missionary, he replied, "Yes, I knew Davie well. We were born in the same town, went to the same school, worked together in the same weaving establishment. We chummed together, but you see Davie chose that way, all love him, and the nation bows to honour him. I chose this way, and there is only a drunkard's grave for me."

"He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief."

Rom. 4. 20.

When the Elector of Hanover succeeded to the British throne a number of people waited on him seeking certain favours. Several requests were granted and a written document was given confirming the gift. One gentleman, being granted his request, was also offered the written

confirmation. But he begged that the king might not go to this trouble, protesting that he looked upon his Highness's word as the very best guarantee he could have. With this compliment the Elector was highly pleased. "This is the gentleman," he said, "who does me a real honour; treats me like a king. Whoever is disappointed, he shall certainly be gratified." Abram, when he "staggered not through unbelief" of the promise of God, very definitely glorified God. Nothing honours God like simple faith in His word.

"The Gift of God is Eternal Life."

Rom. 6. 23.

"Did you ever think what a billion means?"
"Yes," you say, "a million million."

And how long would it take you to count a billion?

Don't know! I will tell you.

Suppose there was a pin factory, that could make pins at the rate of 100 per minute, night and day: they would only make fifty-two million in a year. They would have to work 20,000 years, at the rate of 100 per minute, night and day, to turn out a billion. Yet that is not eternity: not even a part of it. And you and I are to live *through eternity*. Who can count the cycles of God's forever?

"Sin, when it is finished bringeth forth death."

James 1. 15.

In order to test an electric shock, a girl once grasped the guy wire of a light pole. She was held by the current. She cried for help. Many came, but finally her mother grasped her, only to be held tight with the current coursing through her body. When rescued, her hands were burned, her body wrenched and her nerves gone. *Just a moment of tampering with sin may cause the loss of all that is worth while.* Better let the Devil's traps alone!

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself."

Major Whittle was once marching his men across a very lovely spot, where they rested for half-an-hour. Finding some wild honey, they had quite a feast; but when they were ordered to "Fall in," one man had his hands full of honey. Not wishing to throw it away, and yet unable to pick up his weapon, he innocently asked, "What shall I do with it?" "What did you enlist for?" asked the Major. "To carry a gun," was the reply. "Then put the honey down." He obeyed, shouldered arms, and marched on.

So we must not expect life to be all sweets; we are to be little soldiers, and must deny ourselves, if necessary.

"He which converteth (turneth) the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death."
James 5. 20.

"One day," said my friend, "I was walking near the canal you crossed this morning, when by the side of the full lock I saw a child; he was sitting upon the edge, with one foot in the water, reaching over after something. I fairly shuddered as I saw his danger."

Enough to make any one shudder, was it not? for the water was deep, and one little slip would have been fatal. Are not many dear young people in a like position? So near falling into sin, and perhaps already with one foot in the water, and reaching after something—a pleasure, a folly, a trifle.

"I was afraid to go toward the little chap," continued my friend, "lest any sudden move should send him over, so I whistled. He looked round. Then I called and held up my hand, as if I had got something for him. It was a moment of critical excitement. He lifted his foot from the water, got up, and came toward me."

This is exactly what Jesus does for us. He seeks to win our attention. Then He calls, "Come, ye children" (Psalm xxxiv. 11). "Come unto Me" (Matt. xi. 28).

"God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself."

Many years ago (A.D. 297) there was in Wales a Christian, whose name was Amphibalus, who was greatly persecuted; fleeing to Verulam, he met another Christian, Alban, who gave him shelter. But he was tracked, and could not have escaped had not his friend exchanged clothes with him. For this, Alban was arrested, and sentenced to death, but the executioner shrank from his work, and a second had to be called. This was on Sunday, June 20th, A.D. 303. This martyr was afterwards known as St. Alban. It is by an exchange that we are saved, an exchange of clothes and of life.

"As Newborn babes desire the sincere Milk of the Word."

I Peter 2. 2.

In the old days of the South a negro slave, who was called a negro preacher, had an infidel master, and the master said to the slave one day, "If you are a preacher, you ought to understand the Bible. Now, tell me what does this mean"—and he opened the Bible and read—"And whom He did foreknow them He did predestinate."

"Massa, where is it?"

"It's in Romans," said the master.

"Oh, my dear massa! I will explain dis 'ole business to you. It is very simple. You begin with Matthew and do all the dear Lord tells you to do there; and then you go on to Mark, and Luke, and John, and when you get to that place it is easy enough, but you can't begin there. Look up to Christ, the perfect Saviour, and begin there, and all else will be simple."

**“Call upon Me in the day of trouble;
I will deliver thee, and thou shalt
glorify Me.”**

Psalm 1. 15.

A poor man and his little son were passing along the streets of Manchester; the condition of the boy's boots attracted the eyes of a kind-hearted gentleman, who, after a short talk with the father, said :

“If you step into this shop, we will fit the lad with a pair.”

As they were entering, he heard the youngster whisper to his dad :

“I told yer He'd give me 'em.”

Not understanding to whom the words applied, and half guessing they applied to himself, he stopped, and looking the little chap full in the eyes, said :

“What made you think I would give them to you ? Are you deceiving me ?”

“No, sir,” he replied, with tears in his eyes and an injured look upon his face, “I ain't a deceiving of yer at all; but this morning I asked Jesus to give me a new pair of boots, and I told father I knew as He would, and I was just reminding him of what I said.”

The boy got his boots, and the giver got a lesson in simple faith.

“I will never let go thy hand.”

Heb. 13. 5. (Literal translation).

A nurse seeing that a patient, about to undergo an operation, was afraid, gently held his hand. The touch of that hand, he said, gave him double strength and quieted his fear; it reminded him of the Scripture, “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.” Blessedly true, the “Hand that was pierced on Calvary” gently upholds and leads His own. Never far from me, but always near and ready. Like Job, we too long to be in the joy of this.

"Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect." Phil. 3. 12.

An artist gazed on his latest picture with a gloomy face. "There's no use in trying to get away from the fact," he said sorrowfully, "I can't paint as well as I did ten years ago." "That's not it," said the honest friend to whom he made the confession, "You don't paint a bit worse now. Your taste is improving, that's all." As we rise higher in spiritual perception, we sink lower in self appreciation: hence, he who is highest takes the lowest place.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."
I John 3. 2.

I had seen them on the ground in the greenhouse: poor worthless looking things, but they had life: and though buried for a time, I saw them in resurrection glory, beautiful bright dahlias.

"I Believe God"

Acts 27. 25.

"What is faith?" asked a clergyman of a little girl. "If you please, sir," she replied, "it is taking God at His word, and asking no questions."

"He shall be holden with the Cords of his sins."
Prov. 5. 22.

Willie Smith could not be made to understand that the sentence, "I have went," was wrong, and that "I have gone," was right. Almost in despair his teacher ordered him to write the correct sentence 100 times after school hours. This Willie did, but when he had finished the task imposed upon him his teacher could not be seen. He, therefore pencilled a note at the foot of the slate, and on his return the teacher read the following: "I have written 'I have gone' a hundred times and I have went."

"Whatsoever He saith unto you—Do it!"

John 2. 5.

Some three hundred years ago a poor country lad, a carver of wood by trade, might have been seen making his way to St. Paul's Cathedral, which was being rebuilt at the time, bent on obtaining work from Sir Christopher Wren.

"Well," said Sir Christopher, when the lad had stated his case, "what kind of carving have you been used to doing?"

"Oh," said Hodge, "gate-posts and pig-troughs"; at which answer Sir Christopher roared with laughter, and many workmen nearby joined in the merriment against Hodge.

"Well," said Sir Christopher, "carve me a sow and pigs and bring it here when finished"; and with a laugh he walked away.

Poor Hodge went back to his lodgings very much discouraged and downhearted, and told his landlady all about it.

"Well," she said, when Hodge finished, "canst thou carve?"

"Yes," answered the lad.

"Then take Sir Christopher at his word and model him a sow and pigs," said the landlady, who was a woman of pluck.

"I will," said Hodge, and with almost his last penny he bought a piece of wood and set about his task. Hodge worked diligently for a whole week and then took his "sow and pigs" to St. Paul's for the great architect's inspection.

Sir Christopher did not laugh this time. He was amazed at the splendid piece of work,

and a gentleman who was with him at the time offered Hodge £10 for it, which the young man joyfully accepted.

From that time he was engaged as a carver at St. Paul's. You can see his work there still. Perseverence, diligence, and the determination not to be put down by ridicule were the foundations of his fortune.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

Prov. 15. 3.

There are two detectives who are always watching at the Bank of England. Their position is thus described:—"In the wall which divides the main entrance into two portals is constructed a sitting-box of joinery and glass, and here, facing each other, in constant readiness, the two officers sit throughout the day. The one with his back towards Threadneedle-street can observe every person who leaves the Bank, whether on his right hand or on his left; the other, with his face towards the street, can similarly see every person who enters through the gates. But neither incomer nor out-goer can see the two watchers until he comes almost abreast of the box."

"The Lord hearkened and heard."

Mal. 3. 16.

A friend of mine had been preaching at a mission hall, and he described his efforts as "going at it for all he was worth." Immediately after he was asked to go and see the president of the work, who was an invalid, and unable to be present. To his astonishment he found the absent one knew all about the service: then he learned that a microphone from the hall made known all that went on. And we must soon appear in His presence.

"God meant it unto Good."

Gen. 50 20.

A Christian father and mother were spending a holiday with their son on the northern Scottish coast. The lad, although unconverted, was well-doing, and had a hobby for gathering eggs. One day, in looking for eggs to add to his collection, he espied a rare specimen in a nest on a rather dangerous crag overlooking the angry sea many feet below. The boy was determined to have the egg, and spoke to his parents, who remonstrated, but in the end reluctantly gave their consent that an attempt should be made to reach and capture the coveted egg. The arrangement was that the father should hold his legs while the lad attempted to reach the nest. Meanwhile father and mother were praying earnestly for the lad's safety. Just as he was about to commence the operation a little pebble, loosed from the rock above, and dropping into the nest, broke the egg. "Father," said the lad, "it is useless attempting; the egg is broken." The parents' hearts were filled with joy. God had answered their prayer by breaking the egg. Sometimes God answers our petitions by breaking our plans and purposes, but whatever He does He always means our eternal good (Rom. 8, 28).

"Awake thou that sleepest."

Eph. 5. 14.

"I've dot up," so said a little three-year-old, golden-haired maiden, as she came into her father's room one morning when he asked her to come into the bed with him. She had "*Dot up*," and that was her reason for not getting into bed again. The father could not help thinking that there was a lesson to be learnt from the little one's utterance. By her words she said "I *am* not going back to the position from which I have risen." We would that every professed child of

God could say in truth, "I have got up from the bed of sin and worldliness, and I do not intend going back again. I mean to be awake to my responsibilities and privileges, so that the Lord shall never have to say to me, 'Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead.'"

"I am crucified with Christ."

Gal. 2. 20.

A garrison is not free from danger while it has an enemy lodged within. You may bolt all your doors and fasten all your windows; but if the thieves have even a child within, who can draw the bolts for them, the house is still unprotected. All the sea outside the ship cannot do it damage till the water enters within and fills the hold. Hence, it is clear, our greatest danger is from within. All the devils in hell and tempters on earth could do no injury if there were no corruption in our nature. The sparks will fly harmless if there is no tinder. Alas, our heart is our greatest enemy; this is the little home-born thief. "Lord, save me from that evil man, myself."

"Wine is a Mocker."

Prov. 20. 1.

An old countryman, in a locality we visit, gave an original illustration of the effects of drink. He had found a hedgehog, and was particularly desirous of looking into the self-contained gentleman: so to overcome his conversatism, a woman put him (the hedgehog) into a pan and poured two quarts of water over him. "Bless yer, he opened up at once," said the orator, "and I saw inside him in a moment. So give a man less than two quarts of beer, and he'll open up directly, and let yer know everything." Yes, drink un-arms, but harms, and through it the most prudent become imprudent.

“Thou therefore endure hardness as a Good Soldier of Jesus Christ.” II Tim. 2. 3.

Bishop Whipple tells this inspiring story of Indian courage for Christ :—

One day an Indian came to our missionary and said : “ I know this religion is true. The men who have walked in this new trail are better and happier. But I have always been a warrior, and my hands are full of blood. Could I be a Christian ? ”

The missionary repeated the story of God's love. To test the man he said, “ May I cut your hair ? ”

The Indian wears his scalp-lock for his enemy. When it is cut it is a sign that he will never go on the war path again. The man said, ‘ Yes, you may cut it. I shall throw my old life away.’

It was cut. He left for home, and met some wild Indians, who shouted with laughter, and with taunts said, “ Yesterday you were a warrior, to-day you are a squaw.”

It stung the man to madness, and he rushed to his home and threw himself on the floor and burst into tears. His wife was a Christian, and came and put her arms about his neck and said, “ Yesterday there was not a man in the world who dared call you a coward. Can't you be as brave for Him Who died for you as you were to kill the Sioux ? ”

He instantly sprang to his feet, and said, “ I can, and I will.”

I have known many brave, fearless servants of Christ, but I never knew one braver than this chief.

“ Many are weak.”

I Cor. 11. 30.

And it is the weak ones that go down in time of temptation. In a recent great gale we saw many big trees fallen before the storm ; but in every case we found there was a weak point :

where a branch had been snapped off, there was rottenness at the joint, a cause for the downfall. However strong we may be, if there is a weak point anywhere, the storms of life will find it out and reveal it.

"Everyone that doeth evil hateth the light." Jno. 3. 20.

Sydney, N.S.W., was once visited by a crowd of mammoth nocturnal bats. They menaced the entire fruit crop, and stripped entire orchards in one night. Shot guns and poison failed to overcome them, and so the farmers illuminated their fields. This drove the pests away. Nothing like light for exposing that which is wrong.

"Behold My Hands."

Jno. 20. 27.

The great painting by Peter Paul Rubens entitled "The Incredulity of Thomas" emphasises in a marked way the meaning of service . . . Almost in the very centre there is a human hand. It holds the rapt attention of the figures in the picture and becomes the object of interest to every eye that looks upon the celebrated canvas. It is the hand of Jesus, and He is saying to the doubting disciples, "Behold my hands." There they are, those holy hands, deep scarred with the iron pins that nailed them to the cross still red with the wounds of the crucifixion . . . One quite easily understands the first impression of rebuking the incredulity of a faithless disciple. Did not Jesus say He would rise? But look a little deeper into the canvas and see whether in those hands you cannot read the perpetual dignity and sacredness of unselfish labour.

The use a man makes of his hands is in no small degree an index to his character. Christ said, "Behold my hands. I am among you as he that serveth."

"I have fought a good fight."

II Tim. 4. 7.

Said one man, as his spirit was about to leave the body, "I would gladly give \$100,000 to have it proved to my satisfaction that there is no such place as hell!" And another, looking back upon his past life as his dying hour approached, said: "What a fool I have been!"

But how different is it for the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ! A talented young woman, a daughter of a well-known American student of Bible prophecy, as she passed from earth to heaven only a few years ago, spoke these last words to her father: "I want you to know that I have no fears whatever." Jesus paid the price for my admission at the gate.

"Now faith is assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen."

Heb. 11. 1. R.V.

True faith drops its letter in the post-office box, and lets it go. Distrust holds on to a corner of it, and wonders that the answer never comes. I have some letters in my desk that have been written for weeks. They will never accomplish anything until I let them go out of my hands and trust them to the post-man and the mail. This is the case with true faith. It hands its case over to God, and then He works.

"Look unto Me and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth."

Isa. 45. 22.

A Hindu and a New Zealander met upon the deck of a missionary ship. They had been converted from their heathenism and were brothers in Christ, but they could not speak to each other. They pointed to their Bibles, shook hands, and smiled; but that was all. At last a happy thought occurred to the Hindu. With sudden joy, he exclaimed "Hallelujah."

The New Zealander, in delight, cried out "Amen." These two words, not found in their own heathen tongues, were to them the beginning of "one language and one speech."

"He is able also to Save them to the uttermost."

Heb. 7. 25.

A dying boy was much agitated about his faith. Was it sufficient? Was it the right kind? A friend peeled an orange and put it into his thin hand. A grateful look soon told that the parched lips had been refreshed. Then said the friend, "What slaked your thirst, the hand or the orange?" "The orange," answered the boy. "I see it now. It is not my faith, but Christ that saves. My hand put the orange to my lips, but the orange slaked my thirst. My faith appropriates Christ, but it is He who saves."

"What is that in thine hand?"

Ex. 4. 2.

A poor girl who had nothing but a sewing machine used it to aid a feeble church; all her earnings above her needs were given towards building a house of worship, and in a year she paid more than a hundred others richer than she. So you can do if you will. Think of the widow with her two mites; the woman with the alabaster box; and Dorcas and her garments: you can do as much, and have as great a reward. If you but knew it, you have Moses' rod in your hands—the simple instrumentality of doing good.

"Today shalt thou be with me in paradise."

Lk. 23. 43.

One of the old martyrs said to his persecutors as they were leading him to death: "You take a life from me that I cannot keep, and bestow a life upon me that I cannot lose."

"Not of works lest any man should boast.

Eph. 2. 9.

A lady who was once in deep soul trouble called upon a preacher and told him of her unhappiness. At the same time she informed him of all she was doing for salvation. The preacher told her that nothing that she was doing was of any value, but only what Christ had done. This distressed her greatly. She resolved to visit a converted friend, who in turn repeated the words of the preacher. She retired to her room that night in great agony of soul, and falling upon her knees determined not to arise until she found peace. Presently she became exhausted and fell asleep. She dreamed that she had fallen over a precipice, but had caught hold of a twig. She cried for help, and a voice answered, "Let go the twig." In desperation she let go the twig and fell into the arms of her rescuer. Then she awoke. The lesson from her dream was not lost, for she let go every human twig, and trusted in Jesus.

"Ye have received the Spirit of Adoption whereby ye cry Abba Father." Rom. 8. 15.

A Roman Emperor, after a successful campaign, was returning to Rome. Kings were chained to his chariot wheels, as trophies of his triumph. He did not enter through the gates of the city. That was too common; all men did that. A breach was made in the walls for him to pass through. Crowds welcomed him. A little girl, wild with joy, dashed toward his chariot. Police stopped her, saying "that is the chariot of the emperor, you must not attempt to reach him." The little one replied, "He may be your emperor, but he is my father!"—and in a moment she was in the chariot and in her father's arms. The Lord Jesus Christ will one day be earth's *King*. Can you say "He is my Saviour"?

"I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Job 42. 5. 6.

It was a lovely seat—the moss-covered stump of an old tree: but when I sat upon it, in rottenness it crumbled beneath me, and I found it full of woodlice and other creeping things. Such is the human heart.

"For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain more." I Cor. 10. 20.

Of the pine it is said that a wonderful principle of adaptation is displayed in the different species—adaptation, that is, to the circumstances in which it is placed. In the Arctic regions, for instance, its branches are so pyramidal in shape that snow will not remain upon them, altogether different from the umbrella-shaped pines found in warm climates. There should be more of this in the Christian Church, holding fast to truth indeed, but with more of consideration for varying conditions of life. This is the fulfilling of I Cor. 10, 20.

"Who did hinder you that ye should not obey the truth?" Gal. 5. 7.

"Satan hindered."

I Thess. 2. 18.

A farmer was preparing a new piece of vetches for his sheep: the hurdles were removed that kept them on the bare space eaten during the day: all was clear, but the dog stood in the way, and the sheep dared not come. Such is the position of many a sinner, and not a few saints. They see the Gospel Provision prepared by the Good Shepherd, but something or someone hinders. When the dog was called away the sheep rushed eagerly into the new piece and began eating. Oh that we were as eager to enter upon all that love has provided. What is the "DOG" that hinders you?

“For such are false prophets, deceitful workers transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ.” II Cor. 11. 13.

When we were young, we remember a great explosion of gunpowder near the Zoological Gardens. A visitor, who knew that giraffes are wary creatures, asked the keeper if the explosion did not send them mad with fear. “Not at all,” he said, “they jumped a bit when it happened, but afterwards they went on eating and didn’t mind at all. It isn’t that sort of noise that frightens a giraffe. What they are afraid of most is the softest, gentlest sort of sound, like something creeping up carefully near them. If I wanted to scare every giraffe here into a fit, all I’d have to do would be to take off my shoes and come softly up the corridor in my stocking feet, without letting them see me. Why, they’d dash themselves against the bars trying to get away. They’re wise creatures, too, for they know how softly the lion hunts them in their own land, and how it’s just those little, gentle sounds that mean the worst danger. Any wild animal that’s really after them won’t make a loud noise, so they don’t mind the big noises; they know better.” It is the quiet, subtle, temptations, that we need most to fear. Peter could use his sword against an armed mob: but a maidservant’s tongue mastered him (Luke 22, 50 and 56).

“Why beholdest thou the Mote that is in thy Brother’s eye?” Matt. 7. 3.

At a meeting a man held up a sheet of white paper, with a little black spot on it, and asked his audience, “What do you see?” They all answered, “A black spot.” He then asked, “Why, don’t you see the white? There is so much more white than black.” Isn’t this quite natural? *How easy it is, when looking at others, to see a small flaw before finding the many praiseworthy things!* What kind of eye have you? *Do you see good or evil in others?*

**“Wherefore come out from among them,
and be ye separate, saith the Lord.”**

II Cor. 6. 12.

I once went with a farmer to mark certain sheep for sale and slaughter, and some who were not appointed unto death persisted in getting with the condemned ones. They had to be caught before they could be separated, and reminded me of the redeemed ones, who too often get in among the ungodly, and are only forcibly divided. How blessed to know that not one of the Lord's sheep will be driven away with the goats, but let them beware of intermingling. “For thus saith the Lord God; Behold I, even I, will both search My sheep, and seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day” (Ezek. 34, 11, 12).

“For whom He did foreknow He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son.” Rom. 8. 29. (See also I Jno. 3. 2).

In St. John's College, Oxford, there is a very curious portrait of Charles I., done with a pen, in such a manner that the lines are formed by verses from the Psalms, and so contrived as to contain every Psalm. When Charles II. was once at Oxford, he was greatly struck with this portrait, begged it of the college, and promised in return to grant them whatever request they should make. This they consented to, and gave his majesty the picture, accompanied with the request—that he would return it. God gives us his Son, “the express image of His person” (Heb. i. 3). But it is with the request that we return it in our lives: indeed, all He gives is with this desire.

“Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.”

A young man got saved, but his father was not pleased about it. He said, “James, you should first have gotten yourself established in a good trade, and saved up a little money; then you could pay attention to spiritual matters.” “Father,” said the boy, “the Bible advises very differently.”

“I obtained Mercy because I did it ignorantly in unbelief.” I Tim. 1. 13.

A traveller, lost in the Alps, was wakened, to find a huge St. Bernard dog licking his face. He misjudged the purpose of the dog, which had been sent to rescue him, and drawing his knife he plunged it into the heart of the dog. He found his way back to the Monastery and told his story, only to discover that he had killed a faithful friend. Joseph's brethren later discovered that they had rejected one who was their saviour. How blessed when men find out in time that the Christ whom they have rejected is the sinner's Saviour. Alas! to discover it in a lost eternity.

“He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.” Ps. 91. 11.

A wee lassie was essaying to cross the road just as a fast car was going past. A gentleman saw the danger of the little girl, and he immediately put out his stick, thus kept her back, and saved her from being run over. But the little damsel did not seem grateful for being stopped, for she began to cry most bitterly, and to shake herself. She appeared to say by her action: “Why do you stop me? I prefer to go my own way.” How often do children of a larger growth, when the Lord in His grace interposes, resent His action, and would like their own course, when all the time the Lord is seeking to prevent

them from going into danger. Let us not rebel against the Lord's interventions, for they are but indications of His loving and tender regard.

"When they began to sing and to praise, the Lord set ambushments against these enemies, and they fled." II Chron. 20. 22.

Sir Harry Johnston and his party were once attacked by an overwhelming force of Masai, perhaps the most bloodthirsty, as they certainly are the most warlike, tribe in Africa. There was nothing for it but to fight, and fight he did all day, entrenching himself with baggage and improvised fortifications. The ugly rushes of the hordes of natives were almost more than the Zanzibaris could meet, and towards evening they were losing heart. Then Sir Harry remembered a box of fireworks he had, and, armed with these, he made his way as night fell, up the mountain side, and half way up let off the rockets and Catherine wheels. When the Masai saw streams of blue and red light blaze into the black sky they fled in terror. Try a display of gratitude ; praise will scare the devil himself.

"Leaving us an example that ye should follow His steps." I Peter 2. 21.

It is said that an old coloured man, in reading a well-known hymn which contains the line, "Judge not the Lord by feeble sense," mistook the word "sense" and gave this odd version : "Judge not the Lord by feeble saints." We are not told to study one another, with a view to strengthening our faith through the attainments of others. But we are enjoined again and again to centre our thoughts and affections in the Lord Jesus Christ, the only perfect One, the only One who can never be a disappointment. Are you looking at "feeble saints" or at the all-powerful Lord ?

“The trial of your faith.” I Peter 1. 7.

A jeweller gives as one of the surest tests for diamonds the water test. He says, “An imitation diamond is never so brilliant as a genuine stone. If your eye is not experienced enough to detect the difference, a simple test is to place the stone under water. The imitation diamond is practically extinguished, while a genuine diamond sparkles even under water, and is distinctly visible. If a genuine stone be placed beside an imitation one under water, the contrast will be apparent to the least experienced eye.

There are some who seem confident of their faith so long as they have no trials, but when the waters of sorrow overflow them, their faith loses all its brilliancy. It is then that the true servants of God, like Job, shine forth as genuine jewels for the King.

“That He might be Just, and the Justifier of Him which believeth in Jesus.”

Rom. 3. 26.

After examining the eyes of a poor man suffering from Double Cataract, the specialist remarked: “I am not sure that you can pay the fee. I never accept less than 100 guineas.” “Then I must go blind and remain so, for I have only twenty pounds,” said the man. But the great doctor replied: “You cannot come up to my terms and I cannot come down to yours, but there is another way open to us—I can perform the operation gratis, and that is what I am willing to do.”

So fallen man cannot come up to the conditions laid down for him in the divine law, and God could not in His righteousness and holiness set aside the law and accept even the best that man could give. There was another way open: *God found a way through the Lord Jesus Christ to pay the penalty of man's sin and give him the free gift of salvation through faith in His Son.*

“Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.”

Matt. 10. 28.

John Brown, the Covenanter, of Priesthill, had been surprised and captured on his farm by Claverhouse and a company of his troopers. Within a few minutes he was told to say his prayers, for he must die. Claverhouse gave orders to six of his men to fire, but they stood motionless. Fearing that they might mutiny and disobey his command, he took a pistol from his belt, and himself shot his prisoner through the head. Just before the end John Brown uttered this memorable testimony: “Blessed be Thou, O Holy Spirit, that speaketh more comfort to my heart than the voice of my oppressors can speak terror to my ears.”

“Do the work of an Evangelist.”

II Tim. 4. 5.

Lord Beaverbrook once said: ‘The evangelist is the man who has the greatest capacity for doing good, and, therefore, if I was in a position to influence the life of a sincere young man to-day I would say to him, ‘Rather choose to be an evangelist than a Cabinet Minister or a millionaire.’

“When I was a young man I pitied my father for being a poor man and humble preacher of the Word.

“Now that I am older I envy him his life and his career.”

Here is the considered judgment of one well qualified to estimate values in life. His dispassionate judgment is that the greatest opportunity for doing good in this world rests with the evangelist. In that respect, then, the greatest opportunities are open to us all. Every Christian to whom has been committed the Word of Life should be an evangelist.

"Go and tell him his fault."

Matt. 18. 15.

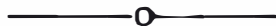
A certain well known evangelist tells of two Christians who fell out. One heard the other was talking against him, and he went to him and said, "Will you be kind enough to tell me my fault to my face that I may profit by your Christian candour and try to get rid of them."

"Yes, sir," replied the other.

They went aside and the former said, "Before we commence let us bow in prayer and ask that my eyes may be opened to see my faults as you will tell them. You lead in prayer, please?"

It was done, and when the prayer was over, the man who had sought the interview said "Now proceed with what you have to complain of in me." But the other replied, "After praying over it, it looks so little that it is not worth talking about. The truth is, I feel now that in going around and talking against you I have been serving the Devil myself, and have need that you pray for me, and forgive me the wrong that I have done you."

That quarrel was settled from that hour.



"I know whom I have believed."

II Tim. 1. 12.

A military officer being in a dreadful storm, his lady, who was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure that she cried out, "My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?" He arose from a chair, lashed to the deck, and drew his sword.

Pointing it to his wife's breast, he said, "Are you not afraid?" she instantly replied, "No, certainly not." "Why?" Because I know the sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me." "Then," said he, "remember, I know whom I have believed, and He holds the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand."

"Now then do it."

II Sam. 3. 18.

A prominent clergyman in New England tells this experience of his. In the course of his pastoral work he was called to conduct the funeral service of a young woman who had died quite unexpectedly. As he entered the house he met the minister in charge of the mission church where the family attended and asked him, "Was Mary a Christian?" To his surprise, a pained look came into the young man's face, as he replied, "Three weeks ago I had a strong impulse to speak to her, but I did not, and I do not know." A moment later he met the girl's Sunday School teacher and asked her the same question. Quickly the tears came, as she said, "Two weeks ago, doctor, a voice seemed to say to me, "Speak to Mary" and I knew what it meant, and I intended to, but I did not, and I do not know." Deeply moved by these unexpected answers, a few minutes later he met the girl's mother, and thinking doubtless to give her an opportunity to speak a word that would bring comfort to her own heart, he said quietly, "Mary was a Christian girl?" The tears came quick and fast to the mother's eyes as she sobbed out, "One week ago a voice came to me saying, "Speak to Mary," and I thought of it, but did not do it at the time, and you know how unexpectedly she went away, I do not know."

“And deliver them who through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage.”
Heb. 2. 15.

A poor old negro was once a hopeless drunkard, and he tried again and again to get free, and others tried to help him, but he could not get rid of his drunkenness until he was converted. When he was converted there was a wonderful change; and someone said, “So you have got the mastery of the Devil at last?” “No,” he said, “*but I got the Master of the Devil!*”

“Trust in Him at all times.”

Ps. 62. 8.

“In God I have put my trust.”

Ps. 56. 11.

“Commit thy way unto the Lord. Trust also in Him.”

Ps. 37. 5.

Two Christians were once speaking of their experiences. One said, “It is terribly hard to trust God and realise His hand in the dark passage of life.” “Well, brother,” said the other, “if you cannot trust a man out of your sight, he is not worth much; and if you cannot trust God in the dark, it shows you do not trust Him at all.”

“Who is that God that shall deliver you?”

Dan. 3. 15.

A fly settled most unceremoniously upon the back of a tortoise. But did the tortoise get in a passion about it? His serenity was undisturbed. I do not think he knew the fly was there. I wish I could be like that serene animal. Flies will settle upon our greatness; but if we carried the right shell, we should not let them disturb us. How calmly God lets the flies insult His greatness! They say, “If He be the Lord, let Him destroy us.” Insignificant insects of an hour, He is too majestic to notice you.

"My God shall supply all your need."

Phil 4. 19.

An old man was one day sitting at his window, very down-cast. His last cent had gone and he had nothing to meet the day's expenses. He had laid his case before God, and sat looking up to the clouds wondering whether God would let him starve. Suddenly a bird fluttered in a window. He caught it and put it in a cage. It began to sing. Before long a servant came to the door asking if he had seen a canary that her mistress had lost. "Ah, that's it!" said the servant; and her mistress sent the old man ten shillings for finding it—or rather, we ought to say

God sent the ten shillings.

"But I will come to you shortly, IF THE LORD WILL."

I Cor. 4. 19.

"For that ye ought to say, 'If the Lord will.'"

James 4. 15.

A friend of mine living near Exeter, had a dog. One day a party were going shooting, but the dog was forbidden to go; however, as he wanted to go, he hid, and when the trap had started he came bounding after it. He had gained his point; but he little thought what danger it would lead him into. In the midst of the shooting his master saw in the long weeds what he thought was a hare, and fired. The hare proved to be the unfortunate dog, who paid for his excursion with his life. If God forbids us to go, it is always dangerous for us to attempt to cross His will: we may gain, but only to be slain. Perhaps the dog thought it was his work; perhaps he went **only** for pleasure: either way, he came to grief; and, be our excuse duty or delight, we shall find the same if we persist in following **when God bids us stay.**

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him."

Rom. 12. 20.

Peter Miller, a Baptist pastor, walked sixty miles to Philadelphia to intercede with General Washington for the life of a man just sentenced to death. He could plead nothing in his favour, but had to say, "I have not a greater enemy living than that man." The General granted the pardon; and Miller at once walked another fifteen miles to stay the execution. The condemned man was being led to the scaffold, and seeing Miller, he said, "There's old Peter Miller. He has walked from Ephrata to have his revenge gratified in seeing me hung." Miller produced the pardon, and secured his enemy's release. Was not that the best kind of revenge?

"The fear of man bringeth a snare."

Prov. 29. 25.

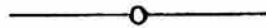
A little child of eight and a half years came up after an open-air meeting, and said she wanted to give her heart to Jesus. A worker said, "Will you tell him so now?" and without any prompting she knelt down before them all and prayed, "Lord Jesus, I want to give my heart to you and be your own little lamb for ever." It was a reproof to us all. For to whom has not "the fear of man" been a snare at times?

"Of His Fulness have all we received."

John 1. 16.

A little gas-burner once grew discontented with his position, and fidgeted and twisted until he fell upon the floor; there he lay, cold and dark, his former bright crown only a memory. "Ah, me!" he sighed, "what a poor worthless thing I am! once I did think I possessed some brightness, but now I

cannot boast one single spark." At that moment I happened to come into the room, and hearing the complaint, felt about in the gloom until I found the fallen murmurer. "Yes," I said, as I raised him. "you are in yourself an empty useless little fellow: all that ever came into you passed out again without making you one bit the fuller. Your only chance is in being connected with a big gasometer. See now"—and I placed him back in his old position, and, by turning, sought to turn him from his evil ways. The unseen power rushed into him, and as I rekindled his brightness, I thought he sang—for he did sing when extra full—"Of His fulness have all we received" (John 1. 16).



"The Word of God abideth in you."

I John 2. 14.

"Be filled with The Spirit."

Eph. 5. 18.

If a boy dances on the top of an empty barrel, it is probable that the top of the barrel will give way and go to the bottom. This is an easy method of getting inside the said barrel. But if that barrel be full, the boy may dance upon the top until he is tired, without making any impression. Its fulness is its strength, and its strength is its fulness. So it is with us: when we are full, the Devil may dance upon us; but he will not be able to force his way into our hearts. John meant something of this sort when he said, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one" (I John 2. 14).

"Our Citizenship is in Heaven from whence also we look for the Saviour. Phil. 3. 20.

I have lately very much enjoyed the thought that Noah had only one window in the ark, and that was at the top. This was a great mercy for him. For had there been any windows at the sides, Noah would most likely have been tempted to look out, to see what was going on around; and then he would have beheld things which would have filled him with sorrow and alarm. The Lord knew this, and, in His love, kept him from doing so, and so provided that he could only look up. This kept Noah in a sweet spirit of dependence, and therefore calm and happy.

God has given us His Son to be the joy of our souls, and the object of our hearts, telling us that we shall soon see Him, and be with Him forever.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing." Gal. 6. 9

One of the little girls at our local school has had infantile paralysis, and is lame. In the playground the other day she stood turning the skipping rope for so long, that the teacher who was in the playground watching the girls began to get anxious. Walking over to her, she said: "Aren't you tired, dear? You've been turning such a long time." "Oh, no," she replied, "I can't skip, but I do love to turn the rope for the others." There are many things which we are unable to do, but there is generally some way in which we may "hold the ropes."

"I was brought low, and He helped me."

Ps. 114. 6.

A fisherman friend tells me there are blessings even in a receding tide. An ingot of copper was lost in the Thames; but when the tide went out, a London mudlark found it, and got a substantial reward. There are favours even when the tide of joy ebbs: lost treasures are often then recovered.

"The Love of Christ constraineth us."

II Cor. 5. 14.

At noon, one day in 1907, the Right Reverend Arthur Ingraham preached an open air sermon to a crowd which filled Wall Street from curb to curb. The Bishop spoke upon the subject, "The pull of Faith." In the course of the sermon, he told of a small boy who was walking along a London street on one of its foggy days, holding a stick and a kite-string in his hand. Someone asked the lad what he had, and he replied, "A kite." "How do you know you have a kite, you cannot see it?" was the question. The lad replied, "No, I cannot see it, but I can feel its pull."

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Job 13. 15.

Our lesson was about the woman of Canaan who besought Christ so long before He would heal her daughter. In questioning the class I asked one little girl, "What would you do if you should call upon Christ and He would not answer you?"

"Keep asking," said she. "But," said I, to prove her, "Suppose He would not answer?"

I expected to receive the reply, "He will if we keep on asking." But instead, looking up smiling she said, "TRUST HIM ANY WAY."

"Let your light so shine . . ."

Matt. 5. 16.

A most remarkable luminous tree grows in Brazil. It is about six or seven feet in height, and is so luminous that it can be plainly distinguished in the darkest night for a distance of more than a mile, while in its immediate vicinity it emits sufficient light to enable a person to read the finest print.

“Nothing shall be impossible unto you.”

Matt. 17. 20.

During the World War a lad at the front was carried back wounded very badly; but all aflame with enthusiasm, he looked up into the surgeon's face and said: “I tell you, Doc., they *do* things out there **that can't be done.**” That is the kind of faith that achieves. Have **you** got faith like *that*?

“If ye endure chastening.”

Heb. 12. 17.

There are three ways in which we may act under the chastening hand of God our Father. We may despise it, say perhaps, “Oh, such things will and must happen”; or we may faint under it—become depressed and begin to doubt the love of God. Or we may be sustained by the grace of the One whose love sees the necessity of the chastening, and in consequence glorify Him.

There are three birds, which each act differently in a rain storm. The duck, which is altogether indifferent to it—it despises it; the hen, which is then the most miserable object imaginable—it faints under it; and the robin, which sings its sweetest note when the storm rages. We are like one of the three; if like the duck or the hen, then the devil has the advantage over us, but if like the robin, then we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. It is faith—true, constant, living faith in Him, that can sing, “All, all is well” even in days of storm and sorrow.

“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God”

Thou shalt love thy Neighbour as thyself.”

Matt. 22. 37. 39.

I remember Bishop Taylor Smith giving us a lesson in grammar at Cambridge. We had

always learnt to say, First Person, I; Second Person, Thou; Third Person, He.

But the Bishop told us that that was wrong—so wrong indeed that to put it right one had to turn it quite upside down. The “Christian’s Grammar” is, First Person, **HE**; Second Person, Thou; Third Person, I.

And “HE” means God, the First Person in the First Place.

And “Thou” means my fellow-man, my father, my mother, my sister, my brother, my friend, my school-fellow. They come next.

And “I,” myself, come last.

“According to your faith.”

Matt. 9. 29.

A little boy sat beside his widowed mother one wintry night. There was no fuel in the fireplace, no food on the table. They read together the story of Elijah and the ravens. The boy rose up and opened the door of the house. The mayor of the town happened to pass by. He was attracted by the sight of the open door. Entering he said, “Why is your door open such a cold night?” The boy answered, “We read about Elijah and the ravens; I am sure God’s ravens are on their way to us now and I opened the door so that they could come in.” Said the man, “I will be God’s raven.” They never lacked from that time on.

“An handful of meal in a Barrel.”

I Kings 17. 12.

The woman spake of a “*handful*” of meal in a barrel, and a “*little* oil in a cruse”; that was sight. God spake of “the *barrel* of meal and the *cruse* of oil”; that is the language of faith. The one was her need that was met day by day. The other was God’s resources that never fail.

“Hold fast the word which I announced unto you as the glad tidings.”

I Cor. 15. 5. 2 (marginal reference).

I remember coming down Renfield Street, Glasgow, in a tramcar, the conductor was one of these very nice fellows, and he shouted out the names of the stopping places. He also passed a few remarks, and when coming near to St. Vincent Street the car drew up rather quickly, and he cried out “Hold tight,” and one poor fellow staggered the whole length of the car shouting “there’s nothing to hold to,” and fell on the floor. There are many people like that to-day who say “there is nothing to hold to” but God’s Word leaves us in no doubt as to what we have to hold fast to.

“Let none of you suffer as a . . . Busy-body in other men’s matters.” I Peter 4. 15.

A lady once made a complaint to Frederick The Great, King of Prussia: “Your Majesty,” said she, “My husband treats me badly.” “That is not *my* business,” replied the King. “But he speaks ill of you.” “That,” replied he, “is none of your business.”

“Yet is he not crowned. Except he strive lawfully.” II Tim. 2. 5.

“Breaking in a horse?” asked my friend of a neighbour, who was starting galloping and then suddenly stopping a new animal! “Going to run him in the races,” was the explanation, and his owner was sure his steed would win, and thought his religious neighbour was missing a good thing when he declined to go and see it done. After the races: “Well, did your horse win?” “Win! No! He bolted, and went away over hedge and ditch on his own account, and was found five miles away. He ran, and ran well, but not to the winning post.” Only those who “run lawfully” are crowned (II Tim. 2. 5).

"If they have persecuted Me they will also persecute you."
Jno. 15. 20.

When Sir Isaac Newton first occupied his house in Leicester Square in London, the lady living next door was greatly puzzled as to what kind of a neighbour she had got. One day a member of the Royal Society called on the lady, and she said, "Do you know, I am certain that a madman has come to stay in the house next door. He is a crazy old gentleman. I'm frightened out of my life. He occupies himself in a strange way. Why, when the sun shines so brightly that I have to pull down the blinds, you can see him seat himself outside with a tub full of soap-suds; then he takes a common clay pipe and blows bubbles, and watches them till they burst. Just come and look through the blinds; I have no doubt but that he is at it now." The member of the Royal Society wondered who the crazy gentleman could be. He went to the blinds and peeping out beheld the greatest man that science ever knew, Sir Isaac Newton, making his famous experiments on the refraction of light. There he is at his soap bubbles; but it is a mighty problem that he is working out.

"Behold yonder is that Shunammite."
II Kings 4. 25.

An old farmer in Scotland wanted to see the landlord about some grievances that he had. He was met at the door by some of the laird's servants who sought to undertake for him. But he waved them all aside, and said in his broad Scotch, "I maun see the laird himsel." The Shunammite had enjoyed the company of the prophet, and would not be satisfied with the servant. She said to Elisha, "I will never leave thee."

"For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." Ps. 103. 13.

A little girl who did not like to use her own feet when walking with her father, said to him, "If I was a big daddy and you was little Edie, I would carry you!" Father took the hint. So did the fond parent, whose little boy said, "Daddy, if you carry me I will carry your bag!"

"Let the Lord do that which is good in His sight." I Chron. 19. 13.

"May I do as I like with those rose trees?" asked the gardener of a friend when he came to do up the garden. "I knew he was an experienced man, so I said he could." Wise woman! "But," she added, "when I came out and saw what he had done, it seemed as if he had cut them all away." "May I do as I like with your rose trees?" asks another gardener. We may safely trust Him, for He has wonderful skill and experience.

"We also should walk in newness of life." Rom. 6. 4.

A small-pox patient died in hospital and in due course the coffin was removed and buried. A week later the dead man's father was astonished to receive a letter from the hospital authorities stating that there had been a terrible mistake, and that the body had been found in the mortuary. The timid employee, afraid to look inside, had screwed down an empty coffin and this had been taken to the cemetery. We always feel there is a similar mistake when a Christian boasts of having buried the old dead nature: too often, after all the funeral rites, the old nature is still found at home.

“Return ye now, every man from his evil way.”
Jer. 35. 15:

My bedroom window looked over the farm-yard, and one of the first sounds I heard in the morning was the guinea fowls saying, “Come back! come back!” Referring to their saying, I misquoted them as crying, “Go back! Go back!” “No,” said the farmer’s wife, “they never say, ‘Go back’; it is ‘Come back.’” If ever I get away from my Lord, He does not drive me with a stern, “Go back,” but woos me with a loving, “Come back.”

“Let us consider one another.”
Heb. 10. 24.

In the London cars, the Company put up notices that “any complaint should be addressed to the Manager.” Good advice to those who wish to find fault with the servants in the employ of Heaven; complain not to the man, but the Manager, if you please.

“Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this. To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction.” Jas. 1. 27.

When Mr. Gladstone held office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he habitually attended St. Martin’s Church, and regularly passed a crossing sweeper. The latter fell very ill, and on the Vicar enquiring if anyone had visited him during his sickness, the lad said, “Yes, sir, Mr. Gladstone.” “Which Mr. Gladstone?” asked the astonished parson. “Why Mr. Gladstone himself. He often speaks to me, and gives me something at my crossing. Not seeing me one day, he asked my mate why I was not there. He told him I was ill, and as my mate gave him my address, he came to see me and talked and read to me.”

(Read I Cor. 15).

Extremes of heat and cold which no animal life could resist seem incapable of affecting the vitality of seeds, said Dr. F. F. Blackman at the Royal Institution. Theoretically they seem to be immortal. Exposure to the heat of boiling water or to 200 deg. of cold do not take away their power of germination. Soaking them in ammonia or corrosive sublimate does not affect it.

Three of ten seeds 87 years old have been found by Dr. Becquerel to be capable of germinating.



“God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Gal. 6. 14.

I remember that on the farm we set a standard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eye on that. We aimed at that. We ploughed up to that. Losing sight of that, we made a crooked furrow. Keeping our eyes on that, we made a straight furrow. Now in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. It is a red standard that God has set at the other end of the field. It is the Cross. Keeping your eye on that, you will make a straight furrow. Losing sight of it, you will make a crooked furrow. Plough up to the Cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece of the Cross, but at the upright piece, at the centre of it, the heart of the Son of God, who bore your sins and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. “Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and Saviour to give repentance.” Oh, plough up to the Cross!

"Ye are our Epistle . . . Known and read of all men." II Cor. 3. 2.

A friend of John Ericsson, famous as the builder of the "Monitor," was giving an illustrated lecture on the great inventor in the city of Philadelphia. A number of military men were present. One of the pictures shown represented Ericsson as a Swedish chasseur. At the conclusion of the address, a Danish officer came up to the lecturer and asked: "Why did you show Ericsson in disgrace? That picture shows Ericsson in arrest; was that a fact?"

"But, my dear sir," said the surprised lecturer, "I did not show Ericsson in arrest."

"Yes," persisted the Danish gentleman, "your slide showed him with his sword on the wrong side, and that means he was in arrest."

A conference with the operator showed that that worthy had reversed the slide in placing it in front of the lens. Ericsson was dishonoured by the presentation given of him. So is Christ by that of many of His followers. Let us see to it that our lives show Him to be our Saviour.

"Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Heb. 11. 25.

A half-witted fellow in a village near by, showed a bit of shrewdness which was unexpected. A gentleman offered him half-a-crown and half-a-sovereign, and told him he might have which he liked. "I don't want to be a hog, I'll take the little one," said he. How often, like Lot, we take the apparently biggest portion, and so lose the golden privileges of Abraham. Moses seemed to choose what was least in Egyptian eyes, but his apparent folly proved real faith.

“Ye are our epistle.”

2 Cor. 3. 2.

What is the Christian in the world to-day ? He is often considered as nothing, if indeed considered at all. He is counted of small value ; his influence is trifling. “ He carries no weight,” says the big man of the world. “ Money is power in these days.” There was a very rich man living in Sussex, whom we knew fairly well by visiting the village where his palatial home was situated. He had a magnificent estate, a vast collection of rich furniture and art treasures. Money seemed to be as water to him. Time brought to him sickness. As he laid on his sumptuous bed, the stillness led him to review his past life. His “ power ” was departing, a reality was facing him. His mind pondered on the life of one of his gardeners living in a humble cottage on the estate. His wonderful treasures, his glorious gardens, his rich investments—what of them ? Could he not think of the greatness of these things ? No. He could only think of the life of one of his gardeners. He sent for him, and, with tears in his eyes, he declared to the simple, pure-minded Christian retainer : “ I wish I had your beautiful life to my credit.” Beautiful life ! What could have been in that humble life that made the rich man say that ? He had watched his hireling ; attention had been drawn to him ; “ Old L—— goes twice every Sunday to his chapel, and they say he prays and preaches.” Is his life all-square with this ? Yes ; his life was a living epistle read and known of all men. He was a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ—he was the salt of the earth.

If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above."

Col. 3. 1.

"The fault is in the chimney," said the expert who had come to see what was wrong with the kitchen range. "A fire has, of course, no draught in itself; it is only its connection with the flue that makes the fire burn and the smoke ascend, and the higher the chimney the stronger the draught. At shops and foundries, where fierce fires are needed, they run their chimney-stacks up to a great height. Your fire clogs and chokes because your chimney is too low. You must build higher." His words reminded us of other fires that burn low and choke too easily: of love and aspiration so often clogged by life's daily worry and fret; of faith that only smoulders instead of flaming bright and bearing away the petty troubles and worries which seek to smother it; of hearts and lives that grow cold and dull because their upreach is not high enough. The upward drawing is not strong enough to give vigour to the flame and to whirl away the refuse. We must build higher.

"Continue in Prayer."

Col. 4. 2.

The story is told of a mother who had six sons. Five of them were Christians, but the sixth had no time for religion, and grieved his mother's heart by his waywardness.

"Why bother about him?" said a neighbour; "you've five good boys."

The mother's heart was stirred.

"I prayed over him in his cradle," she replied, "and have hung on to him all these years, and God will yet have him, suppose he turns the world upside down."

She lived to see the sixth son a Christian.

**“When ye pray, Believe that ye receive,
and ye shall have.”** Mark 11. 24.

When my little son was about ten years of age, his grandmother promised him a stamp album for Christmas. Christmas came, but no stamp album, and no word from grandmother. The matter, however, was not mentioned; but when his playmates came to see his Christmas presents, I was astonished, after he had named over this and that as gifts received, to hear him add,

“And a stamp album from grandmother.”

I had heard it several times, when I called him to me, and said, “But, Georgie, you did not get an album from your grandmother. Why do you say so?”

There was a wondering look on his face, as if he thought it strange that I should ask such a question, and he replied, “Well, mamma, grandma said, so it is the same as.” I could not say a word to check his faith.

A month went by, and nothing was heard of the album. Finally, one day, I said, to test his faith, and really wondering in my heart why the album had not been sent.

“Well, George, I think grandma has forgotten her promise.”

“Oh, no, mamma,” he quickly and firmly said, “she hasn’t.”

I watched the dear, trusting face, which, for a while, looked very sober, as if debating the possibilities I had suggested. Finally a bright light passed over it, and he said:

“Mamma, do you think it would do any good if I should write to her thanking her for the album?”

“I do not know,” I said, “but you might try it.”

A rich spiritual truth began to dawn upon me. In a few minutes a letter was prepared and committed to the mail, and he went off whistling his confidence in his grandma. In just a short time a letter came, saying :

“ My dear Georgie : I have not forgotten my promise to you, of an album. I tried to get such a book as you desired; but could not get the sort you wanted ; so I sent on to New York. It did not get here till after Christmas, and it was still not right, so I sent for another, and as it has not come as yet, I send you three dollars to get one in Chicago.

Your loving grandma.”

As he read the letter, his face was the face of a victor. “ Now, mamma, didn’t I tell you ? ” came from the depths of a heart that never doubted ; that, “ against hope, believed in hope ” that the stamp album would come. While he was trusting, grandma was working, and in due season faith became sight.

It is so human to want sight when we step out on the promises of God, but our Saviour said to Thomas, and to the long roll of doubters who have ever since followed him :

“ Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed.”

“ Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand . . . ”

Isa. 40. 12.

When an old woman was being criticized because she believed that her sailor boys at sea were in God’s care, her critic said that one or all of them might be drowned. Her answer was sublime, “ I trust they are none the less safe for that. It would be a strange thing for an old woman like me to suppose that safety lay in not being drowned. What is the bottom of the sea, sir ? The bottom of the sea is the hollow of His hand.”

"The Ass saw the Angel of the Lord."

Num. 22. 23.

The Earl of Egremont had a team of six asses which used to bring coals from the canal to his house; and I remember seeing a similar team that used to take milk from a farm to the railway. I want to introduce you a team of six asses, which you will find very useful.

Assent to what God says.

Assure your heart by God's Word.

Associate with God's people.

Assemble in God's house.

Assist in God's work.

Assail all God's enemies.

Avoid all Satan's donkeys. Sins are like donkey rides—the pleasure has to be paid for, is of short duration, and may end suddenly.

Donkeys are very particular as to the water they drink, and often step aside to avoid treading in a dirty place. In this we may imitate them.

"Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin."

1 John 3. 9.

It was in the days of Imperial Rome—the dark Pagan, persecuting days—when a Christian, well known and highly esteemed in the city, was arrested and thrown into prison by order of the Emperor. While lying there, uncertain of his fate, a Pagan philosopher of the day craved an audience of the Emperor. "I would ask your majesty," said he, "what you design to do with the Christian who is now awaiting sentence in the dungeons?" "The form of punishment is not yet decided on," replied the Emperor. "What do you advise? I have some thought of ordering the confiscation of his goods." "It would be of no effect," said the philosopher, "he would take joyfully the spoiling of his goods." "Then," said the emperor, "we will imprison him for life." "If you do," said the philosopher, "his

soul will still be free." " Shall we then condemn him to perpetual banishment ?" " Banishment will not hurt him," replied the philosopher, " for wherever he is he considers himself a pilgrim and a stranger." " What **shall** we do with him, then," said the Emperor, with surprise; " cut off his head at once ?" " Whatever you do, do not put him to death," said the sage, " for that would be to send him where he most desires to go, to the presence of his Master." " But what punishment remains," asked Cæsar, " if confiscation, imprisonment, exile, and death itself are useless ? Is there anything that can harm him ?" " There is one penalty, sire, which he will feel, and to suggest it I have come to-day. The only way to punish him is **to induce him to sin.**"

" Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

James 1. 27.

Here is a little story which shows us a great man at his greatest. " Some time ago the aged charwoman at Hawarden Castle had a reckless son who for years had given her great trouble. She begged to be permitted to speak to Mr. Gladstone, and poured her tale of sorrow into his ear. After sympathising with her, he sent a special messenger in pursuit of the youth, who was brought to the castle. Here Mr. Gladstone had a long quiet talk with the widow's son, pointing out the path of rectitude and melting him to tears. When the youth rose to go Mr. Gladstone laid his hand on his shoulder and said, ' We must have a word of prayer before you leave.' The venerable Statesman and the rebellious youth knelt together in prayer, with the result that the mother's heart was rejoiced with the complete reclamation of her son."

**"Set a watch, O Lord before my mouth
keep the door of my lips."**

Psa. 141. 3.

A woman who had the name of being a busy-body went to her pastor and told him of the wrongdoing of a man in the church. The pastor said :

"Does any one else know this ? Have you told any one else ?"

To both questions she said No.

Then the good man replied : "Go home and hide it at the feet of Jesus, and never speak of it again ! If the Lord wants to bring scandal into the church and neighbourhood let Him do it ! Don't abuse your tongue by letting it be the instrument to cause a scandal !"

"... Walk humbly with thy God."

Mic. 6. 8.

Humility always seeks great things, but never for itself. Napoleon was at one time conferring with the leaders of Austria on a proposal for peace. At one end of the room was an elevated platform with a chair upon it. Napoleon said : "Remove that chair. I can never see an elevated chair without wanting to sit in it." Contrast this with that other room where Jesus washed his disciples' feet. Both Jesus and Napoleon were consumed with a great passion, one to get the world for himself, the other to give Himself for the world.

**"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of
wisdom and before honour is humility."**

Prov. 15. 33.

It is said of Dr. Hudson Taylor, the great Chinese missionary, that on one occasion he was travelling with a young missionary who was not so used to roughing it as the more experienced worker, who had grown grey in the service of

his Lord. The first night the young man put his boots outside the bedroom door, forgetting that he was no longer at home, with a servant to clean them. But he found them cleaned the next day. Mr. Hudson Taylor had risen early and had cleaned the boots of the young missionary, who knew nothing about it. That is the kind of greatness that Christ seeks. The greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven is the humblest.

“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.”

Psa. 119. 105.

“I remember,” says one, “being shown a beautiful collection of moths some time ago, and I said to the boy who owned the collection, ‘However did you catch them?’ He said, ‘Why, with a light, of course.’ He went out at night with a butterfly net, put a light just behind it, and they flew straight into the net. That is the way to catch people—with the light of God’s truth.”

Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord.”

Isa. 43. 10.

A little girl who had decided for Christ, and was happy in His love in consequence, was singing in her home, when her father severely rebuked her, and said she was not “to make that row again.” The child promised obedience, but, quite unconsciously, was singing again a short time after the father’s injunction, whereupon her father said to her, “I thought I told you not to make that row again!”

The child replied, “Father, it sings itself. I cannot help it.”

This is always true in relation to the child of God. The life and joy of Christ, when they are in the life, cannot be hid.

"As Jesus passed by."

John 9. 1.

Fanny Crosby (the blind hymn-writer) told this story as an experience of the power of one of her hymns :—

A man approached her one day and said, "I am so pleased to see you, for I have not met you since you were in England with Moody and Sankey."

He would hardly believe me when I told him I had never crossed the Atlantic.

"Well," he insisted, "if I didn't see you I saw your spirit in your songs. In those days I was a young business man of good parents living in Leeds, Yorkshire. I took to drinking, and was going down fast, when I went to one of the Moody and Sankey Meetings, and heard them sing, 'Pass me not, O Gentle Saviour.' I said in my heart 'I wish He would not pass *me* by.' I went to the next night's meeting and the service began with the same hymn :

'Pass me not, O Gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.'

I could resist no longer. There and then I fully surrendered my life to God. The next year I came to America, began life in this city (Pennsylvania) and have been successful. That is forty years ago. It is my custom to carry a copy of your hymn with me every day."

"He that ruleth his spirit (is better) than he that taketh a city."

Prov. 16. 32.

Once a man came to our house red with wrath. He was boiling over with rage. He had, or supposed he had, a grievance to complain of. My father listened to him with great attention and perfect quietness until he had got it all out, and then he said to him in a soft and low tone, "Well,

I suppose you only want what is just and right?" The man said, "Yes," but went on to state the case over again. Very gently father said to him, "If you have been misinformed, I presume you would be perfectly willing to know what the truth is?" He said he would. Then father very quietly and gently made a statement of the other side, and when he was through the man got up and said, "Forgive me, doctor; forgive me." Father had beaten him by his quiet, gentle way.

I saw it and it gave me an insight into the power of self-control.

"Train up a child in the way he should go."

Prov. 22. 6.

There is a fable that once upon a time the fish became disgusted with the "side-wise" motion of the crabs and opened a school to teach them how to move straight forward.

They gathered all the young crabs and carefully instructed them and succeeded in getting them to move right. Then they appointed that day a week for another course of instruction, but when that day came, the fish were disheartened to see the crabs walking just as they had before.

After another course of teaching they had the joy of seeing them get right again. So, to make sure, they set that day a week for one more lesson. But again, disappointment was their portion. The crabs all went "side-wise" as at first.

While they were discussing the subject, one old fish spoke up and said, "The trouble lies here. We have these youngsters for one day only; whereas, they return to watch their fathers and mothers the other six days, and the influence of their example in the wrong direction for six days destroys any good we may be able to effect in one day."

The home is the key to the whole situation.

“Josiah set the priests in their charges, and encouraged them to the service of the house of the Lord.” 2 Chron. xxxv. 2.

Some children were playing soldiers; but one lame boy cried because unable to take part. By way of compensation, a little comforter suggested that the cripple could cry, “Hurrah! when the rest went by”: and he did. If unable to take an active part in spirit war, let us at least shout “hurrah as the rest go by.”

“In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.” John 14. 2.

The Sunday-school superintendent was reviewing the lesson before the school. He asked the children what Christ’s occupation was. Some of them said He was a carpenter; others that He made houses. Upon this answer a good old saint shouted, “*Yes, and He’s building them yet.*”

“Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?”

2 Cor. 6. 14.

A story is told of a gentleman who had a splendid singing canary. A friend wanted to see if he could teach his sparrows to sing by keeping the canary with them. He borrowed it, and placed it in the cage with the sparrows. Instead, however, of teaching them to sing, the poor bird got so timid among the strange birds that it stopped singing altogether, and did nothing but chirp like the sparrows. The owner then took it back, but still it would not sing. It then occurred to him to put it beside another canary which sang well. This had the desired effect, and, regaining the old note, it sang as well as ever. Many Christians go, like the canary, into the strange

company of worldlings, and consequently they not only do not teach the world to sing their happy glorious note of praise, but they cannot sing the old songs of praise in the strange land themselves, and soon they learn the sorrowful note of the world.

"Giving thanks always for all things."

Eph. 5. 20.

I once read of a few friends who came up from the country to visit London. When they had seen various places of interest, they assembled together at a certain place for luncheon. It so happened that by this time they were all (with the exception of one old gentleman) in a complaining mood. The meat was tough, the bread was stale, and the knives were blunt, etc. At length the old gentleman said very quietly: "Well friends, there is one thing, **it is very good mustard.**" This simple illustration teaches us the important lesson of looking on the bright side of life.

May we know what it is to be **full** of the blessing of the Lord. Then shall we be a happy people, and God shall be our portion for ever.

"It was necessary that the Word of God should first have been spoken to you."

Acts 13. 46.

"How is it," asked a man of a minister, "that your religion has been going for nearly two thousand years and has not influenced more people than it has done?" For reply, the minister asked another question: "How is it that water has been flowing for more than twenty thousand years and many people are still dirty?" It is not the fault of Christianity that people go without the remedy for human ill, but the loss is theirs all the same. Christianity is not a failure. The Gospel is not a failure. Wherever it is preached in fidelity it wins. But there are some who "put it from them."

“For where your treasure is there will your heart be also.”

A truly Christian man grew interested in Missions. At first he began to pray, “Lord save the heathen!” After a time he prayed, “Lord, send missionaries to save the heathen!” Later on he prayed, “Lord, if you haven’t anybody else to send, send me!” Then he changed his prayer, “Lord, send me; but if you can’t send me, send somebody!” Finally, he changed and said, “Lord, send whom thou wilt; but help me to pay my share of the expenses.” Then for the first time the Gospel to him became a reality and giving to the missionary cause a pleasure.

“I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.”

Phil. 4. 11.

A wealthy gentleman was stripped of all his means, by a series of calamitous events beyond his own control. He sold his estate to pay his creditors, and removed to a distant part of the country, where he rented a small cottage, and endeavoured to win a maintenance for his wife and himself by labouring in the fields of a neighbouring farm. An old acquaintance sought him out. He found his friend busy digging in a clay pit, toiling on as if, from his youth, manual labour had been his wont.

When the visitor expressed surprise and sorrow at finding one who had been nursed in the lap of luxury, so painfully circumstanced, the reduced gentleman, who was an earnest Christian, looked up to his friend’s face, and with a smile said, as he pointed his finger to heaven—

“ ‘Tis God ordains our daily lot,
And He does all things well.’ ”

Yes, all things, bitter and sweet, “work together for good to them that love God.”

“ . . . As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in Me.” John 15. 4.

Gotthold once visited a man who was in deep trouble and who was continually complaining. When Gotthold reached the house, he was told by the family that he would find the man in the back yard. He was engaged in cleaning a vine of its superfluous leaves.

“Owing to the rains,” he explained, “this vine is overgrown with superfluous wood and leaves, so the sun can’t get to the grapes to ripen them. I have to prune them away that the vine may bring fruit to maturity.”

“Does this vine resist and oppose you?” Gotthold asked.

“No,” was the answer.

“Then why,” he was asked, “are you displeased with the gracious God that He should do to you what your vine must not be displeased that you do to it?”

“The Servant is not greater than his Lord.”

John 15. 20.

In the great old church at Innsbruck in the upper Tyrol, amongst the wonderful bronze figures that are circled about Maximilian I, is one in armour, and the helmet on his head is surmounted by a crown of thorns. What a strange contradiction : the helmet to go forth to fight, and the crown of thorns, as worn by Him who is the Prince of Peace ! We only understand it when we know that the figure is that of Godfrey de Bouillon, who in the Crusades was one of the few successful ones in driving the Saracens from Jerusalem, and his enthusiastic followers wanted to make him king. But he said, “No ! I will not wear a crown of gold where my Master wore a crown of thorns.”

"We are the clay, and Thou our Potter."

Isa. lxiv. 8.

"As the clay is in the Potter's hand, so are ye in Mine hand" (Jer. xviii. 6). Looking at a photo of an Indian potter, I read, "The moulder never takes his hand from his work from the moment he puts it, a shapeless lump of clay on the wheel, till the moment he takes it off finished." The vessel thus made was only worth a half-penny. I am only a clay vessel, but my moulder will not for a moment take away His hand, till His purpose is wrought in me. I noticed that Indian moulder let another turn the wheel; but no other might touch the clay. God lets others, even Satan, turn His wheel; but no hand but that bearing the nail-prints must handle the clay. "All His saints are in thy hands" (Deut. xxxiii. 3). "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever: forsake not the works of Thine own hands" (Ps. cxxxviii. 8).

"The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Rom. 6. 23.

A London pawnbroker exposed for sale in his shop a 300-guinea ring at two shillings and sixpence. For three days the ring remained in the window with price plainly marked 2s. 6d., but nobody purchased it, though thousands passed by. Strange it is that something worth more than diamonds by the millions is offered absolutely free and is spurned. I refer to the salvation of God in Christ. Man can do nothing, for all is done. Nothing can be added to Christ's work for "it is finished." It awaits reception by faith. Oh, man—my friend—know this, salvation lies in giving up all hope of self improvement and looking to the full and finished work of Christ.

“But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.”

1 Cor. 15. 38.

The Rev. Samuel Chadwick told of an old friend, a Lincolnshire farmer, who is a bit of a wag. One day, when Mr. Chadwick was in the house, the farmer was sharpening a carving-knife, and stopped in the middle, remarking: A wonderful old knife, that.” “What is there wonderful about it?” asked the preacher. “Oh,” said the farmer, “we’ve had it ever since we were married. It’s had two new hafts and two new blades, but it’s the same old knife!” “Well,” was Mr. Chadwick’s comment, “that is nothing to you and me. Science tells me I get a new body every seven years. Therefore, I have had nine of them—nine new tongues, nine new brains, nine new pairs of legs, nine new pairs of hands—but ‘same old knife’—same old Sam Chadwick!”



“For ye were sometime darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord, walk as children of light.”

Eph. 5. 8.

Two ministers were standing before the picture that represented Christ as “The Light of the World.” One suddenly exclaimed:

“I should like to see that picture painted inside out!”

“And what do you mean by that?” asked the other.

“Just this: There are many people who have opened the door and let Him in, but they have shut the door again and are keeping Him there as a prisoner. Our Lord wants them to let Him out.”

“Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.” Ephesians 3. 20.

The Rev. James A. Francis, of Los Angeles, had broken in health and was obliged to relinquish his ministry for a long period of absolute rest. But with a limited exchequer how was this to be done?

A former parishioner, in Nova Scotia invited him and his wife to make his house their home as long as desired. But Dr. Francis declined the kindness because, as he remembered the parishioner, he was in receipt of only a small salary, \$1,200 a year, and without either the accommodation or the means to carry out his generous thought.

Nevertheless, the man renewed the invitation and with more urgency, including this time Mr. Francis' library. He was to come and bring his library.

Francis again declined.

Then a third letter was received enclosing \$250 to pay travelling expenses and a friendly threat that if they failed to arrive the friend himself would come and bring them.

This time the invitation was accepted, and when the guests arrived they found a spacious apartment placed at their disposal, a horse and carriage for their private use, and a cheque for \$250 periodically laid on their bureau for incidental expenses.

Unknown to his former pastor, the parishioner had become wealthy, and rejoiced at the opportunity to thus show his gratitude for spiritual blessings previously received.

How slow are some of us to trust God, and to believe that He really means what He says and is able to perform what He has promised!

"I am among you as He that serveth."

Luke 22, 27.

"When you put that advertisement for help in the paper, be careful not to use the word 'servant,'" said a woman to her husband as he was about to go down to the newspaper office to insert a notice calling attention to their need of assistance in the home. There was good reason for the warning, as most young women, and men, too, resent being servants. And yet Jesus has made the word "servant" honourable for all time by teaching that he *who serves most, is greatest.*



"For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass."

James 1. 23.

One day a certain old, rich man, of a miserly disposition, visited a rabbi, who took the rich man by the hand, and led him to a window.

"Look out there," he said.

The rich man looked into the street.

"What do you see?" asked the rabbi.

"I see men, and women, and little children," answered the rich man.

Again the rabbi took him by the hand, and this time led him to a mirror. "What do you see now?"

"Now I see myself," the rich man replied.

Then the rabbi said: "Behold, in the window there is glass, and in the mirror there is glass. But the glass of the mirror is covered with a little silver, and *no sooner is the silver added than you cease to see others, but you see only yourself.*"

“Exhort one another daily, while it is called to-day; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.” Heb. 3. 13.

Staying in the house of a baker, I called attention to the crickets, the “bakers’ canaries,” as they are christened. “I never seem to hear them,” he said. He was so used to the sound, he heard it not. Is it not so with those who long to hear the Gospel without believing it?

“Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father, which is in Heaven.” Matt. 6. 1.

I have noticed that the higher a lark soars, the less it is seen: and the heavier the crop the less visible is the soil that bears it. Is it not so with Christian fruit-bearing and true praise?

“Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.” Eph. 1. 3.

A visitor in the home of a wealthy friend was surprised to discover hanging upon the wall of his host’s bedroom a somewhat faded, water-discoloured life preserver. He asked for an explanation. “That isn’t an ordinary life preserver to me,” explained his host. “It kept me afloat ten hours after the steamer on which I had embarked 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 the first thing in the morning. It helps to keep me thankful and appreciative.” If Christians kept Christ before them more consistently, they would not only be far better Christians than they are, but far more grateful Christians.

“Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.”

1 Cor. 15. 58.

A Moravian missionary, named George Smith, went to Africa. He had been there but a short time and had only one convert, a poor woman, when he was driven from the country. They found this man dead one day. He had died praying for the Dark Continent. Failure? And yet when they celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of that mission, they learned that a company, accidentally stumbling upon a place where he had prayed, had found the copy of the Scriptures he had left. They also found one aged woman who was his convert. They sought to sum up his brief life, and reckoned more than thirteen thousand living converts that had sprung from that life which seemed such a failure.

“If I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.”

Luke 19. 8.

It is said that a farmer once called on an infidel neighbour and told him that he had just awakened to a sense of his sin, and wanted to restore him four sheep that ought to be in his neighbour's pasture, with the offspring of these sheep for the past four years. The infidel was much disturbed and said: “Go away; don't bother me about the sheep; you are welcome to keep them. If you go on this way much longer I will believe there is something after all in your religion. Keep the sheep, and don't disturb my peace of mind.” This is the Gospel our conscienceless age needs.

"Let us now go and see this thing that is come to pass."

Lk. 2. 15.

When preaching a Christmas sermon, the Rev. D. H. Martin brought out a striking fact that has escaped many. He called attention to what the shepherds in the field said to one another after the angel had brought them definite word about the birth of a "Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." They did not say, "Let us go and see *if* this thing is come to pass." They said, "*Let us now go and see this thing that is come to pass.*" What a world of difference between the two ways of taking God's word!

"Have ye never read? Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

Matt. 21. 16.

I come to-day Lord Jesus,
I want to learn of Thee;
Grant now the child-like spirit
Great teacher unto me.

"Daddy," said a little daughter, "our teacher says she knows we have all heard about the moon being made of green cheese, and she wants us to tell her whether we think it is or not, and why. I wish you would help me with the answer please."

But Daddy thought the teacher wanted her pupil to work it out herself. At the evening meal he spoke to the child.

"But, Daddy, I had to give the answer this afternoon," she said. "And did you?"

"Why, yes," was the reply. "And what did you say?" asked the greatly interested parent.

"I said it was **not**, because the moon was made on the fourth day, and the cows were not made until the sixth. The Bible says so."

"And the Fruit Tree yielding fruit, after his kind whose Seed is in itself."

Gen. 1. 11.

A certain professor from London announced as "England's leading evolutionist" and "the world's most learned man," made his appearance in Toronto and challenged a fundamentalist minister to debate evolution. The minister declined, whereupon the *Toronto Daily Star* used a heavy head line to gloat over the fact that no one could meet the professor.

Rev. Smith telegraphed Dr. W. B. Riley, of Minneapolis, to do so, who consented, and wired the challenge:—"Resolved that evolution is a fake and should no longer be tolerated in schools." The professor accepted the challenge, but the *Star* remained silent.

The debate was held in Massey Hall, seating 3,400, with Mr. Smith acting as chairman. The hall was filled to the top gallery. The professor took the ground that evolution was an inference and tried to demonstrate that an inference was sufficient. Dr. Riley proved that there never had been a single incident of the transmutation of species, but that the Bible pronouncement "after its kind" still stood, and that evolution was nothing but a theory, a supposition, not "knowledge gained and verified" and therefore anything but a science.

When the vote was taken more than three-quarters of the people supported Dr. Riley, the audience spontaneously sang the Doxology and the professor walked away and has not been seen since.

"And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."

John 16. 8.

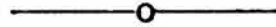
As an Indian evangelist was preaching, a flippant youth interrupted him.

"You tell about the burden of sin. I feel none. How heavy is it? Eighty pounds? Ten pounds?"

The preacher answered: "Tell me, if you laid four hundred pounds' weight on a corpse, would it feel the load?"

"No, because it's dead," replied the youth.

The preacher said: "That spirit too is dead which feels no load of sin."



"Having made peace through the blood of His cross, . . . you that were sometime alienated and enemies . . . now hath He reconciled."

Col. 1. 20-21.

An elder in one of the Western parishes, a Scotsman, lay dying. One of his friends drew near to the dying saint, and asked him, "Weel, Jamie, how lang since is it that ye made yer peace wi' God?" The aged saint said, "Weel, Robin to tell the truth, I never made my peace wi' God." "But, Jamie, ye ken what I mean—how lang since ye sought and found God?" Again he said, "Oh, Robin, Robin, I never sought and found Him." Then the friend said, "Oh, his mind is gane, and he will never recognise us again." But the old saint opened his lips and said, "Listen, not me—not me—I never sought Him—

'Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.'

"Thy Name is as ointment poured forth."

S. of S. 1. 3.

It was against the law, during the days of slavery in America, to teach a slave to read, so that it seemed a strange thing to see a poor Negro woman, after her work was over, sitting with a large open Bible on her knees. She could not read; what were its pages to her? She often went on for a long while, apparently unsatisfied. Then her face would all of a sudden beam with gladness. Her master's little daughter had taught the poor bond-woman to recognise just one word, and, as she looked up from her Bible with her finger on the name she loved, she said: "It 'pears to me as if all is light and joy when I find my Jesus here!" How touching is this trace of the Holy Spirit's teaching in this poor child of Ham's degraded family.

"I Believe God." Acts 27. 25.

The old captain had been telling the story of his being wrecked in the Gulf Stream. "All that we had to eat in that time was some raw corn," he said, with a glow of thankfulness instead of melancholy tones many others would have used. "We suffered much, but we had good courage . . . At first, when great waves swooped down upon us, we cried for mercy. One of the men felt his grasp loosening, and called on God. Jack Lambert said, 'Messmates, let us all pray together, at morning, noon, and night, and thank God as we did on land.'

"'Ay, ay!' we answered back as heartily as we could. After that, God seemed right with us as every voice pleaded regularly with the Almighty. Just at the end of a morning prayer one cried, 'Sail ho!' and we saw the ship that saved us. Jack's plan was Daniel's plan—and God's plan!"

“Satan which deceiveth the whole world.”

Rev. 12. 9.

Thirty years ago a New York humorist played a trick on any gullible English tourist who was about to visit Utah, by handing him a permit, ostensibly signed by the Mormon Brigham Young, to fish in Great Salt Lake. This he alleged to be quite an exceptional privilege. When the tripper cast his line into the fishless lake his chagrin may be imagined. This is exactly what the devil does: he issued privileges to catch fish where no fish exist. “Deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures,” but never catching the promised prize” (Tit. iii. 3). How many are thus bested.

“Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men.”

Acts 24. 16.

Some people say it is enough if we have a good conscience toward men.

In the city of Brooklyn, two or three years ago, a detective went into a drug store, laid his hand upon the shoulder of a man and said, “You’re wanted.”

The man admitted his crime and asked to be allowed to go home to say good-bye to his wife and child. When they went to his home, he met his wife and little child in the parlour and said: “Wife, haven’t I been a good husband? Haven’t I been a good father and worked hard to make a living?”

She replied, “Yes; what do you mean?”

“I mean that I am an escaped convict from the penitentiary.”

He was all right with his wife and child and neighbours, but all wrong with the State of New York. You may be all right with your friends and neighbours but all wrong with God.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

ROM. 8. 18.

"Alas!" cried a diamond to the wheel upon which it was being cut. "Here I have been tortured for the last three days."

"The last stone which came to me," replied the wheel, "was so rough and dull that you could scarce tell it was a diamond; but when I had done with it, it was placed in a king's crown."

"And do you think that I shall ever adorn the brows of a king?" exclaimed the astonished stone.

"It is quite possible; but you will never see the glories of a royal house unless I do my utmost for you."

"Then grind away," said the gem, as it nerved itself to endure the trial.

A little child shall lead them.

Is. 11. 6.

A little girl, named Sarah, went home from church full of what she had seen and heard. Sitting at table with the family, she asked her father, who was a very wicked man, whether he ever prayed. He did not like the question, and in a very angry manner replied, "Is it your mother, or your Aunt Sally, that has put you up to that, my little girl?"

"No, father," said the little creature: "the preacher said all good people pray; and those who don't pray are not going to heaven. Father, do you pray?"

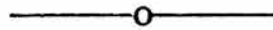
This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was on the way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and began to pray for mercy.

“Feed on his faithfulness.”

PSALM 37. 3 (R.V.)

I once met a poor coloured woman, who earned a precarious living by hard daily labour ; but who was a joyous triumphant Christian. “Ah, Nancy,” said a gloomy Christian lady to her one day, “it is well enough to be happy now ; but I should think the thoughts of your future would sober you.

“Only suppose, for instance, you should have a spell of sickness, and be unable to work ; or suppose——” “Stop !” cried Nancy, “I never supposes. De Lord is my Shepherd, and I knows I shall not want. And, Honey,” she added, to her gloomy friend, “it’s all dem **supposes** as is makin’ you so mis’able. You better give dem all up, and just trust de Lord.”



**An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled
... reserved in heaven for you.**

1 PETER 1. 4.

A wealthy man once called his confidential clerk into his room and said : “I have put your name in my will, and you will get ten thousand dollars when I die. Now I am in good health, and don’t intend to die soon, and so I will help in the meantime by paying you legal interest on the amount. Here is a check for six hundred dollars, to pay the first year’s interest.” The Clerk was doubly gratified. The prospect of the legacy was good news, and the interest in hand rendered the prospect a reality. This is, in a far higher sense, the believer’s position. He does not have to wait for death to receive his inheritance, though the principal does come then, but daily grace is the interest and promise of an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Seek ye FIRST the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.

MATT. 6. 33.

When William Carey, the shoemaker, went about preaching, one of his brethren said to him, "Mr. Carey, you will hardly make any success of your business"—by which he meant cobbling—"if you neglect it and go about preaching." "My business," said Carey; "do you suppose my business is mending shoes? My business is extending the Kingdom of God, and I cobble to pay expenses meanwhile."

Let there be abandonment to the service of God—one aim, and only one. God will care for all subordinate needs if we care for His Kingdom.

Holding faith, and a good conscience; which some having put away concerning faith have made shipwreck.

1 TIMOTHY 1. 19.

In one of our galleries there is a picture of an old derelict vessel, an old battered hulk, on a rough sea with threatening clouds, and forked flashes of lightning shooting across it. It is a picture by Stanfields which he calls "Abandoned." No canvas ever spoke its message with plainer voice. I might describe it. I might comment on it. But down underneath the painting is a verse that tells the whole weird, pathetic story. Listen to the words :

"Storm-beaten, torn and tossed
By night and day;
Lone, lorn, lamented, lost,
Drifting away."

What a picture of many a soul that you and I know!

"Jesus Christ declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness by the resurrection from the dead."

Rom. 1. 5. 4.

Dr. John Robertson was taking meetings in the City Hall many years ago, and there came to the city a great atheist, Charles Bradlaw. He went to the City Hall and met Dr. Robertson. "Are you preaching here to-night?" asked Charles Bradlaw. "I am," replied Dr. Robertson. "What are you speaking about?" asked Bradlaw. "I am speaking about the resurrection of Jesus Christ," answered Dr. Robertson. Bradlaw said, "Surely you do not believe that Jesus Christ rose from the dead?" "Surely I do," replied Robertson, "I believe that God raised Him from the dead." "That means to say," said Bradlaw, "that Jesus Christ is alive; how do you know?" "I had half-an-hour's conversation with Him a few minutes ago."

"That good thing which was committed unto thee, keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us."

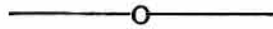
II Tim. 1. 14.

Fidelity to the trust with which we are entrusted, is the first duty of every Christian. A friend told me of a dog, named Rose; one day her master went out in his greatcoat, but finding it warmer than he anticipated, he took it off, folded it up, and putting it under the hedge, told Rose to keep it. But he forgot her until he had been in bed some time. Waking up, he asked his wife, "Have you seen Rose?" "No." "Then she is keeping guard over my coat." Dressing, he hurried to the spot, and there found her true to her charge. "For God is not unrighteous to forget your work of faith and labour of love" (Heb. 6. 10). He forgets not the faithful.

Peace be unto you, and when He had so said He shewed unto them His hands and His side.

JOHN 20. 19, 20.

For over eighty years she had been on pilgrimage to Zion with Heaven's approaching glory. An Anglo-Catholic "priest," under the misapprehension that none of his parishioners could find access to the City unless he unlocked the gate, called to visit her. "Madam," he said, "I have come to grant you absolution." She, in her simplicity, not knowing what the word meant, inquired "What is that?" "I have come to forgive your sins," was the reply. "May I look at your hand?" she answered. Gazing for a moment at the hand of the "priest," she said, "Sir, you are an impostor." "Impostor!" "Yes, sir, an impostor. The Man who forgives my sins has a wound-print in His palm."



Continuing instant in prayer.

ROM. 12. 12.

Suppose you go to buy a pound of loaf sugar, and the grocer puts the lumps into the scale one by one. The lumps pile up, but nothing happens to the scale! But by and by, he puts in one more lump—and down the scale goes! Which lump of sugar moved the scale? The last one? No, the first one he put in was just as important, and so was every single lump that followed. The last lump weighed no more than the rest. It took them all to bump the scale down. So do not be discouraged in prayer, if nothing happens immediately. **Every prayer prayed in the power of the Holy Spirit, along the line of the will of God, is piling up against the hinderer—and the day of his complete defeat is coming.**

"How shall He not with Him also freely give us all things."

Rom. 8. 32.

In our prayer-meeting we often hear the words, "Giving doth not impoverish God." We read of a father who asked his daughter if her sweetheart had any money. She replied, "Of course, Pa—only yesterday he gave me this splendid diamond ring." "I know," said Pater, "What I mean—has he any left?" The reverse is true of God. Having given His greatest gift, will He not give all else?

"Truly my soul is silent upon God."

Ps. 62. 1, Marg.

Out with a farmer friend among his cattle, I observed that there were times when his dog had to lie down and keep perfectly still. Sometimes the command was "Fetch 'em up!" Then the dog ran and barked, and in doing so obeyed: but I think his hardest task was when he was told to go behind and be quiet. But in doing this he also obeyed and helped his master to carry out his purposes. Let us not want to run about and make a noise when the good Shepherd bids us go behind in stillness and silence. Our duty is to obey Him in all things.

"Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided."

Luke 12. 20.

A cartoon in a paper not long ago showed a man in his shirt sleeves in a gutter picking up gold. Behind him as far as could be seen were bags of money—gold he had picked up. Just ahead of him was a cemetery. There he was, with sweat pouring from his brow, working as hard as he could to gather up his riches, but always coming nearer and nearer to the cemetery. This is a true picture of many a man, using hands and mind and strength gathering gold—but on the way to the cemetery.

“For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

2 Cor. 4. 17.

Over the triple doorways of the Cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend,

All that which pleases is but for a moment.” Over the other is sculptured a cross, and there are the words, “All that which troubles us is but for a moment.” But underneath the great central entrance to the main aisle is the inscription, “That only is important which is eternal.” If we realize always these three truths, we will not let trifles trouble us, nor be interested so much in the passing pageants of the hour. We would live, as we do not now, for the permanent and the eternal.

“What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul.”

Mark 8. 36.

A great physician told me how once he was attending the deathbed of a rich man who seemed as if he could not die, for with aimless and nervous restlessness his hands kept moving and opening and shutting over the counterpane. “What is the matter?” asked the physician.

“I know,” answered the son for his speechless father. “Every night before he went to sleep, my father liked to feel and handle some of his banknotes.” The son slipped a ten-pound note into the old man’s hand; and feeling, handling, and clutching it, he died.

Ah me! That ten-pound note grasped in his trembling hand, how much would it avail him before the awful bar of God? Yet how many men die and have nothing better to show God than that!

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Proverbs 3. 6.

An architect complains that many of his clients come and ask him to design a house for them, only to let him very speedily discover that they have already designed it for themselves. What they really want is his sanction of their own plan, and the satisfaction of seeing him draw on paper what they have fully in mind. It is in very much the same fashion that we often go to the Great Architect with our lives. We ask Him for wisdom and guidance, but we have already planned how we will build our fortunes and shape our course; and it is not His way we are seeking, but His approval of our way.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Isaiah 55. 1.

During a certain campaign, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt came to a store of food and medical supplies. "Can I buy delicacies for my sick men?" he asked.

"No," was the reply.

"But they need them; I am proud of my men," said the Colonel.

"And they of you, Colonel," was the reply.

"But we cannot sell Red Cross stuff."

"Then how can I get them?" asked Colonel Roosevelt.

"Just ask, Colonel," was the reply.

"Then give me a sackful, and I'll take them"; and thus the Colonel marched off with a sack on his back, which he could not buy, but got for the asking. So our heavenly Father's wonderful gifts are ours for the asking.

“Then he answered and spake unto me, saying, What are these my Lord?”

Zechariah 4. 6.

It had been announced that Signor Vitelli would play upon his five-thousand-dollar violin, in the great Auditorium at Ocean Grove. . . . The great musician took a violin from the table; drawing the bow across the strings, he made it give out some of the most marvellous music the huge audience had ever heard. Then something seemed to go wrong; he turned one of the tuning pegs of the violin and drew the bow across the strings, but the music did not seem to please him. He touched another peg, and then another. . . . The audience noticed a scowl settling down upon his features. He tried again and again; then suddenly he grasped the violin by the neck and broke it into a hundred fragments over a chair by his side. Half the great audience sprang to their feet, as if to rebuke the man for such an unwarranted display of temper and for the destruction of so costly an instrument. But godly Father Stokes arose and motioned the audience back, and said, “Friends, Signor Vitelli was only trying to teach us a lesson. He wanted us to know that after all, the music is not so much in the instrument as in the master. The violin which Signor Vitelli just destroyed cost \$1.28; he will now play upon his five-thousand-dollar violin.” And then the great artist picked up his own instrument, and although the music was wonderful indeed, it doubtless would have taken a better musician than you or I to have told the difference. It is exactly so in the Christian life. . . . The Holy Spirit is waiting to master your life, to fill and to furnish it with divine equipment. Yield your life to Him, let Him have His way with the instrument, and see what He will do.

“There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.”

Rom. 8. 1.

A minister, while crossing the Bay of Biscay, became greatly alarmed as he beheld what he thought was an approaching hurricane. Tremblingly he addressed himself to one of the sailors : “Do you think she will be able to go through it ?”

“Through what ?” inquired the sailor.

“That awful hurricane that is coming down upon us.”

The old sailor smiled and said : “That storm will never touch us. It has passed us already.”

So, in regard to the believer, judgment as to the penalty of our sins is past. We were tried, condemned, and executed in the person of our Surety, Jesus Christ. The resurrection is the seal of this finished work—God’s mark of approval.

“Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.”

Rom. 3. 24.

As the old saying has it : “Justified means JUST-AS-IF-I’D never sinned.” . . . God looks at the believer through Jesus Christ, seeing him perfect in the Saviour, but God also looks at the believer as he is in his condition, and has provided a series of measures whereby the believer’s condition may be lifted toward his position in Christ.

No condemnation now I dread ;

Jesus, and all in Him, is mine !

Alive in Him, my living Head,

And clothed in righteousness divine,

Bold I approach the eternal throne,

And claim the crown. through Christ my own.

—CHARLES WESLEY.

“But we all, with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image.”

(2 Cor. 3. 18, R. V., margin).

A broken bit of the commonest glass, when it catches the sun's rays, will glitter upon the ground like a jewel. If you run forward and pick it up, it is discovered to be nothing of any value. . . . In this is furnished a parable of soul transfiguration. The redeemed one, though in himself so worthless, may be a mirror that in him may be reflected upon the world the glory of the Sun of Righteousness. Then he becomes changed into His image.

“Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die.”

Leviticus 10. 9.

“A young man entered my store one day,” a merchant told a friend. “He told me that he was starving and almost destitute. While I was talking with him, a man came in who employed a large number of men. He gave his address and promised work to the young man, who said he would go. I then gave him some clothing and money to get under-clothing. Next day his employer came and told me that the poor creature had not come. After five months he came in again, in as bad a plight as before, and I asked him why he had not gone to the shop as he had promised. He said he could not pass a grog-shop without a glass, and he went in and drank till the money I gave him was gone. I tried to reason with him; I told him he had a good example in his father's house. ‘You are mistaken,’ he said. ‘We had whisky at table in my father's house every day, and I learned to love it there.’”

"That ye may know . . . what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe."

Eph. 1. 18, 19.

I remember reading once about Niagara. How for hundreds of years thousands of tons of water had been pouring over that fall year by year; but it was only about fifty years ago that it dawned upon some individual to utilize that power; and I believe today, by means of that power, electricity is being generated which is being used to illuminate some hundred cities. There are many believers who do not know the Niagara in their own lives.

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

Luke 2. 10.

A little street girl was taken sick one Christmas and was carried to the hospital. While there she heard the story of the Lord 'Jesus' coming into the world to save us. One day the nurse came around at the usual hour, and little "Broomstick" (that was her street name) held her by the hand and whispered, "I am having such good times here. S'pose I'll have to go 'way from here just as soon as I get well; but I'll take the good time along—some of it anyhow. Did you know about Jesus being born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "I know. But you must not talk any more."

"You did know? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was going to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her orders in her curiosity.

"Oh, just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum if you knowed about Jesus' being born."

"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." Ps. 91. 7.

J. G. Paton of the New Hebrides and his wife were alone one night in the mission when they heard the natives howling around the house, and they gave themselves to continued prayer, claiming the promises in Psalm 91. At last, tired out, they dropped to sleep toward morning, feeling assured that the Lord had heard their cry. Shortly afterward the chief of the natives (while apparently friendly yet often showing a treacherous spirit) said to Mr. Paton, "Who were all those men you had around your house the night we came?" Mr. Paton told him there was no one there except himself and his wife. "Yes, there was," the native replied. "We came intending to burn the mission and kill you and your wife, but we saw men with drawn swords standing all around the building, and we dared not attack you."

"Thou shalt guide me with thy Counsel." Psa. 73. 24.

Many a time as the steamer has neared the quay, have I watched the little lad take his place beneath the poop, with eye and ear fixed on the captain, and waiting to shout each word he utters to the grimy engineers below; and often have I longed that my will should repeat, as accurately and as promptly, the words and will of God, that all the lower nature might obey. It is for lack of this subordination that we so often miss the guidance we seek . . . Hand yourself over to Him to work in you to will and to do of His good pleasure . . . So shall you be able to detect His guidance.

“And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whatsoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”

Rev. 22. 17.

A little boy who saw for the first time the sign, “Common,” in Boston at the entrance of the great park known as Boston Common, called out joyfully, “It doesn’t say, ‘Keep off the Grass’; it says ‘Come on’!”

And this is the gospel invitation—not “Keep off,” but “Come on!”

“But God who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ.”

Eph. 2. 4.

No human merit could earn this blessing; no works of the flesh could purchase this treasure, “for by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God” (v. 8). How blessed to be able to say, “Once I was blind BUT GOD touched me. Once I was lost BUT GOD found me. Once I was under wrath BUT GOD loved me. Once I was under guilt BUT GOD forgave me. Once I was dead BUT GOD gave me life. Once I walked according to the course of this world BUT GOD turned me and now I walk as He walked. Once I walked according to the prince of the power of the air BUT GOD stopped me and now I followed the Prince of Peace. Once I had my manner of life in the lusts of the flesh and mind BUT GOD gave me a new life and Christ liveth in me. Once I was by nature the child of wrath BUT GOD has begotten me into the family of love.” And all of this is the free gift of grace if one will by faith in God’s Son come to that second birthday, the beginning of a new life that opens with those two precious words: “BUT GOD. . . .”

"Now he hath planteth and he that watereth are one: and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour."

1 Corinthians 3. 8.

Three stone-masons working on a cathedral were asked in turn what they were doing. The first answered: "I am waiting until five o'clock"; the second replied: "I am making ten dollars a day"; while the third replied: "I am building a cathedral." The first was a slave; the second, a mere money-maker; the third, a man of vision. While these three men were working on the same building, they were living in different worlds.

"For ye are bought with a price therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

1 Cor. 6. 20.

There is a story of a small boy who spent many hours making a toy boat. One day as he played with it, the boat got away from him and was carried down the river and far out of his sight. He grieved much over the loss of his precious boat. One day, however, in the window of a pawn shop in a big city, he saw the boat he had made long before. He went in and claimed the boat in the window. The man replied that it was now in his possession, and that if the boy wanted the boat, he would have to pay one dollar and twenty-five cents to redeem it. So the boy worked hard for several days, and at last had the money to buy it back. He went to the pawnbroker and gave him the money, and this time came away with the beloved boat again in his possession. As he carried it away with him, he held it close to him, and said, "Little boat, you are twice mine. In the first place I made you, and in the second place, I redeemed you."

“For God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” John 3. 16.

A little girl one morning was reading with her mother the verse: “For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Stopping for a moment in the reading, the mother asked, “Don’t you think it is very wonderful?”

The child, looking surprised, replied in the negative.

The mother, somewhat astonished, repeated the question, to which the little daughter replied, “Why, no, Mama; it would be wonderful if it were anybody else; but it is just like God.”

“At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.” Matthew 11. 25.

It is said that when Thorwaldsen had finished his statue, “Christus Consolator,” he showed it first to a little girl of whom he was very fond, and asked her who it was.

She said, “Some great man.” Thorwaldsen was greatly disappointed, but went to work again, and again brought in his little friend, and asked her who it was.

She said, “It is ‘Suffer little children to come unto me,’” and Thorwaldsen was satisfied.

A traveller looking at the statue in the church at Copenhagen one day expressed his disappointment, and was overheard by a little girl who told him, “You must go up close, kneel down, and look up into His face.”

"He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

Ps. 40 2.

An old Welsh lady when she lay dying was visited by her minister. He said to her, "Sister, are you sinking?"

She looked at him incredulously. At last, rising a little in her bed, she said, "Sinking! Sinking! Did you ever know a sinner to sink through a rock? If I had been standing on the sand, I might sink; but, thank God, I am on the Rock of Ages, and there is no sinking there."—C. H. Spurgeon.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's."

Exodus 20. 17.

Carolone, Queen of George II, lived in St. James Palace, and thought that the adjoining St. James Park, belonging to the public, would make a desirable palace ground. She asked the prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, what it would cost to shut it up and make it a royal garden.

"Oh, a trifle, madam," answered the cynical premier . . . "I believe the whole will cost but three crowns."

The queen, seeing that Sir Robert meant the crowns of England, Ireland, and Scotland, answered, "Then I will think no more about it."

The awful cost of covetousness is very often not only human life and earthly honor and position, but eternal life and heavenly crowns as well.

“And Asa cried unto the Lord his God, and said, Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power: help us, O Lord our God; for we rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, Thou art our God; let not man prevail against Thee.” 2 Chron. 14. 11

An observation balloon over the lines of the Allies was suddenly attacked by a German aeroplane firing “tracer-bullets,” which, if they pierced the balloon, would set it on fire . . . Watching from beneath, we saw two black shapes drop like stones out of the car. They were observers. For two or three awful moments it looked as if they would be dashed to pieces. Suddenly a white cloud opened above their heads, and their fall stopped. It was their parachute, a frail thing of fine silk, but they cast their weight on it, the air filled it, and it sustained them . . . I said to one of the officers, after the safe landing, “Isn’t it rather awful, wondering whether your parachute will open and hold you up?”

“Not a bit,” he replied. “It always works; you know it will.”

So faith is not believing a lot of things about God; it is trusting yourself to Him as completely as the observer trusts himself to the invisible air and the parachute.

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.”

Matt. 5. 6.

A little puny child was brought to a London hospital for treatment, and on his arrival the nurse gave him a glass of milk. Before lifting the glass to his lips, the little fellow asked anxiously, “How deep may I drink, Miss?” How much that question told of the poverty of a home where a glass had to be

shared among many! He could hardly believe the nurse when she told him to drink it all. How deep may we drink in our thirst after righteousness? God made us for righteousness: we shall be filled; wherefore we are blessed.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honour."

John 12. 26.

A missionary friend records the following incident for us:

Once when I was working in India, I went to a place near Poona. On Saturday night when I entered the hotel dining room, I found seated at the same table with me a naval officer, an infantry major and his wife, and a sergeant major and his wife. When the conversation started, the naval officer said: "Why don't these missionaries stay at home and mind their own business? You can get all the converts you want at a rupee a head."

It was the time of the Armenian massacres, and there were rumours that the British fleet might be ordered to Constantinople. I turned to the naval officer and said: "Suppose you were ordered to take your battleship to Constantinople tomorrow, and I would say, 'Why don't you stay here and mind your own business? There is no sense in your going to the Bosphorus.'"

The man's eyes flashed fire as he said, "I would tell you to mind your own business; if we were ordered to go we must go, even if every ship is sunk and every sailor killed."

I said, "Quite right, my friend, and I have marching orders from the divine Government to preach the gospel to every creature, and the primary question is whether I am going to obey the last command of my Lord."

“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chicken under her wings, and ye would not!”

Matt. 23. 37.

Blucher, who helped at Waterloo, was invited by the old hero, Wellington, to come to London. Wellington wanted to show him the city, and he took him into the dome above St. Paul's. The old warrior looked around the city, and at last Wellington said to him, “Well, what do you think of it?”

“What a city for pillage!” he exclaimed.

I have read of another man looking on another city, and the tears were rolling down His cheeks as He said, “Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together!” What is the city to **you**? A place for pillage—to get your own—to advance your own interests? Or do you look, like your Master, upon the great needy city and reach out your hand to help it?

“Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.”

Rom. 12. 17.

Christians should be truthful because the unsaved expect it of them. A Malay merchant asked a sea captain for gospel tracts. The captain asked, “Why do you want them? You cannot read them.”

The Malay explained, “If one comes to trade with me, I give him a tract. If he treats it with respect, I take it that he is honest and will not cheat me. If he throws it down with an oath, I have nothing to do with him. He cannot be trusted.”

He expected Christians to be honest.

“And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” Matt. 22. 39.

T. DeWitt Talmadge said: “When I was but a small boy, I heard words from the lips of a saintly old man in a prayer meeting which have kept by me ever since, and have been of no little help to my Christian experience. He was the kind of Christian who praised God in his daily life as well as in the prayer meeting. At the close of a wonderful testimony, he told us, in four simple words, the secret of his life’s happiness. They were these: “I just love everybody.” How that man went up in my opinion! At that moment there was born within me the hope that I might one day say those same words with the same fervour and spirit.”

“And being fully persuaded that, what he had promised, he was able also to perform.”

Rom. 4 21.

David Livingstone came to Loanda exhausted and seriously ill . . . Riding most unexpectedly in the harbour there, was an English ship whose captain offered to take him to the dear homeland. He longed to go, but he had promised his black followers who were with him that he would take them back to their homes. So without any hesitation he started back to trudge on aching feet two thousand miles more and be lost to communication with home for two long years more. Did he not earn fairly the title which the natives gave him of “The Man Who Keeps His Word”? “We trusted you,” said certain of the blacks who had been left at another time with a promise of his return. “The Terte often taunted us by saying, ‘Your Englishman will never return’; but we trusted you, and now we shall sleep.”

“His Lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” Matt. 25. 21.

The small scullery maid at my boarding house was scouring pots with a vim and vigour which were bound to bring results, and all the while her face was as shining as her finished work.

“Do you like them, Alice?” I asked.

“No, I hate them,” she replied emphatically.

“What makes you smile so over them, then?” I asked, curiously.

“Because they’re ‘character pots,’” the child replied at once. “You see, I used to only half clean them. I often cried over them, but Miss Mary told me as how, if I made them real shiny, they’d help to build my character. And ever since then I’ve tried hard; and oh, it’s been so much easier since I’ve known they were ‘character pots’!”

Everyday life is brimful of disagreeable duties. Why not turn them every one into “character pots”?

“It is the Lord that advanced Moses.”

1 Sam. 12. 6

Moses was a great man, but he was not a self-made man; it was the Lord who made him. He first made Moses safe; next He made him humble; and then He made him obedient. He overcame his objections; and, after that, He made him successful. Archbishop Hannington Lees divided the life of Moses into three chapters of forty years each. The first forty years he was learning to be somebody. The next forty years he was learning to be nobody. The last forty years he was learning to help everybody. And the same Lord who made Moses can make us and use us in His service today.

“He that rebuketh a man afterwards shall find more favour than he that flattereth with the tongue.”

When Napoleon marched after the retreating Russians as they led him as far as Moscow, he brought with him a marble statue of himself crowned with laurel, which he intended to erect in the most conspicuous place within the city to proclaim himself the world's conqueror. Providence, however, decreed that the piece of marble folly should become the property of Russia by military conquest, for Napoleon retreated through the deep snows leaving one hundred and seventy-five thousand brave soldiers scattered along the route. Today, in the Kremlin Museum, the traveller is shown the marble statue to illustrate the vanity of selfish pursuits and mad ambitions.

“Behold, thou desireth truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.” Psa. 51. 6.

A sweet little six-year-old girl looked up suddenly at her mother and said, “Mother, I think that Jesus was the only one who ever dared to live His inside out!”

The mother was fairly dazed by the little one's thought. Well she might be. It carried one of the profoundest thoughts suggested by lifelong study of that divine character. But here it was out of the mouth of almost a babe. She had heard His story. She had seen that He was so pure in all His soul that there was nothing there that He needed to conceal from anybody. Was not He the only one in all the history of mankind of whom that could be truly said?