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POINTED ILLUSTRATIONS
By William Moses Tidwell

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INTRODUCTION

It would be sheer presumption for me to attempt an introduction to the compiler of this book of illustrations. Most of the readers into whose hands this volume will come know Rev. W. M. Tidwell better and will remember him longer than they will most of his contemporaries.

One reason for this is that Brother Tidwell has traveled far and wide in convention and revival work. His fame as pastor of Chattanooga First Church of the Nazarene has spread across the country. His success as pastor of this one church for more than forty years does entitle him to some distinction in a denomination where long pastorates are not as common as they should be.

I first met and heard Rev. W. M. Tidwell at a convention in Indiana some fifteen years ago. I was impressed with his congeniality, his courtesy, his glowing spirit, his unction in preaching, and his all-around likableness. What I am trying to say is that Brother Tidwell had something which endeared him to me. Since then I have been with him in numerous conventions and assemblies. These meetings have never failed to increase my regard for him and my confidence in him.

Much of Brother Tidwell's popularity as a preacher is due to his dramatic style and the way he makes truth graphic by means of pointed illustrations. In this book he shares with his fellow minister in particular, some of these sermon "windows."

P. H. Lunn

* * * * *

001 -- APOSTASY

Go Out, Old Ship, Go Out

An old gentleman states that when he was a small boy, he lived on the coast. One morning after a great storm he saw an old ship stranded. The storm had blown her in, and she was badly damaged and deserted by her crew. He said that often, when the tide would come in strongly and surround the old ship, she would almost be loosed from her moorings and go out. He stated that often he would go and stand by her and hope she would go out. He would say, "Go out, old ship; go out with the tide." But she never did. Finally, one morning after a severe storm he went down to look at the old ship, but the storm had blown her to pieces. Only the floating pieces of the old wreck were to be seen. She had many an opportunity, but she never went out. How like many a backslider and sinner! The tide of the revival has risen and it seemed they would go out; but they settled back and never went out. Sinner, you had better go out while the tide is in.

* * *

Aroused the Hard Way

It is stated that when the terrible earthquake was raging in Charleston, South Carolina, a proud, worldly, dead congregation was in service. They were very formal, with never an amen or note of praise. But when the building began to shake and many were falling, these formalists began to weep, scream, and pray at the top of their voices. Their dignity was forgotten. Every time a new quake came, they would cry more vociferously.

Finally an old colored woman, who was very devout, came up to the front of the auditorium, and with much pleasure, was looking in on them as they wailed and prayed. Then when the tremors would subside and the people would calm a little in their praying, the old woman would pray aloud and say, "Shake 'em agin, Lawd, shake 'em agin." And it seemed as if the Lord and the intercessor were seeking to arouse them.

It does look as though such a procedure is about the only thing that would awaken some today.

* * * * *

002 -- BACKSLIDING

Preparation for Backsliding

It is related that a certain young lady would get reclaimed at practically every revival. Finally, at a certain meeting, she was blessed again. Before this, when she was reclaimed, she would gather up all her fingernail polish, lipstick, and makeup and put it in the trash can. But after

the service that night she was seen storing all this away in a drawer. When asked, "Why do you not put it in the trash can as before?" she replied, "Well, it costs me so much to have to get a new supply every time; so I decided to store it away, and then, if I backslide again, I will have it on

she did not have far to go.

* * * * *

003 -- BAPTISM

Skeptical of His Own Doctrine

It is related that in a certain community there lived a very wicked man. However, there was a certain minister who insisted that he should be baptized. The wicked man insisted that he was not a Christian and was not ready to be baptized. But the minister insisted that he would become a Christian when baptized and would then be all right. The man declared that he was desperately wicked and full of the devil and he feared it would require more than water baptism to fix him up. Still the minister insisted. Finally the sinner replied, "Well, I will comply with your request. I will let you baptize me, and I can tell if any change has taken place in me. I will know. And if there is a change and I am all right, I will consider myself a member of your church; but if there is no difference, and I am still wicked inside, I am going to beat you up right there on the spot for deceiving me." The minister answered, "Well, I fear you are not ready for baptism now!" He doubted his own doctrine.

* * * * *

004 -- BEER

He Got His Beer

One of our young men gave me the following experience. He said, "An old gentleman and a young man, who was the driver, stopped at Ringgold, Georgia, to get a lunch. They asked for a certain type of beer. They were informed the proprietor did not have this brand; so they left the restaurant and went to another. They gave their order with the call for this same beer. On being informed that they did not have it, they left in a rage. The young man angrily said, "We will have it [calling the brand] if we have to go to hell to get it." They then drove rapidly away toward Atlanta. In making one of those curves their car collided with a beer truck loaded with the brand he had demanded, and there was a fearful wreck and crash. They were both instantly killed and buried in broken bottles of the beer the young man had demanded."

He got his beer, and doubtless went to hell in so doing. Some things God will not stand for.

* * * * *

005 -- BENEFICENCE

"Are You God's Wife?"

A lady visited New York City and saw on the sidewalk a ragged, cold, and hungry little girl gazing wistfully at some of the cakes in a shop window. The lady stopped and, taking the little one by the hand, led her into the store. She was aware that bread might be better for the cold child than cake; yet, desiring to gratify the shivering and forlorn one, she bought and gave her the cake she wanted. She then took her to another place where she procured her a shawl and other articles of comfort. The grateful little creature looked the lady full in the face and, with artless simplicity, said, "Are you God's wife?"

* * * * *

006 -- THE BIBLE

The Wrong Medicine

It is related that at a fair people were selling various wares. Among them was a woman selling medicine and a man selling Bibles. Some wicked young men came to the woman and jestingly said, "Do you think your medicine will cure us?" To this she replied, "What is the matter with you?" They sarcastically replied, "Oh, we have the devil in us." The woman replied, "No, my medicine will not cure you." Then pointing to the man selling Bibles, she said, "He has the medicine that you need, and it will cure you.

* * *

What's in the Bible?

"So you attend Sunday school regularly?" the minister said to little Nell. "Oh, yes, sir." "And you know your Bible?" "Oh, yes, sir." "Could you tell me something that is in it?" "Indeed, I can tell you everything that is in it." "Do tell me," replied the minister. "Sister's beau's photo is in it," said little Nellie promptly, "and Ma's recipe for vanishing cream is in it, and a lock of Grandmother's hair is in it, and the insurance papers are all there."

* * *

A Good Reply

A skeptic in London said, in speaking of the Bible, that it was quite impossible in these days to believe in any book whose authorship is unknown. A Christian asked him if the compiler of the multiplication table was known. "No," he answered. "Then, of course, you do not believe in it?" "Oh, yes, I believe in it, because it works well." "So does the Bible," was the rejoinder, and the skeptic had no answer to make.

However, the Author is known, for any Christian can prove that only God could give unfulfilling promises and prophecies; and the very majesty and power of the Bible also point out who wrote it. -- Selected.

* * *

Grounds for Worry

It is said that two infidels were talking, and one said to the other, "There is just one thing that worries me. If it were not for that, I would be profoundly happy. But that one thing stands before me and haunts me day and night." "Pray," said the other infidel, "what is that one thing?" He replied, "I am afraid the Bible might be true." Yes, he had grounds for worry. The thing that worried him makes the Christian shouting happy. He knows the Book is true.

* * *

A Little Girl's Investment

A little girl was lying sick, nigh unto death. Beside the bed her father was watching and weeping. "How much do I cost you, Papa, every year?" asked the dying child. Again and again she pressed the question, until her father named a certain sum, and asked, "Why do you ask this?" "Because," said the dear child, "I thought maybe you would lay that amount out this year in Bibles for poor children to remember me by." With heart swelling with deepest feeling, the father kissed the cold brow and replied, "I will, my child. I will do it every year, that you may draw others after you Heaven." -- Selected.

* * *

Love in the Bible

A converted African went to Robert Moffat, the missionary, and told him that his dog had torn his copy of the New Testament and swallowed some of the leaves of it, and that he was grieved about it, for the dog was very valuable. "But," said the missionary, "why do you grieve so? You can get another Testament, and the leaves will not hurt the dog." "Ah!" said he, "that's what I fear. He is a good hunter and a good watchdog, and the New Testament is so full of gentleness and love that I am afraid he will never be of any service again."

* * *

John Wanamaker's Bible

When John Wanamaker, the merchant prince, was eleven years old, he purchased a Bible. In later years he said of this purchase, "I have, of course, made large purchases of property in my time, involving millions of dollars; but it was as a boy in the country at the age of eleven years that I made my greatest purchase. In the little mission Sunday school I bought a small red leather Bible for \$2.75, which I paid for in small installments. Looking back over my life, I see that that little red Book was the foundation on which my life has been built and the thing which has made possible all that has counted in my life. I know now that it was the greatest investment and the most important and far-reaching purchase I ever made."

* * *

Unopened Bible

It is said that while Elizabeth Barrett Browning was in Italy for fifteen years, she wrote her parents letter after letter. They were very affectionate. She poured out her soul in tender affection to them, but for all those long years she never received a word in answer to her letters. At the end of fifteen years she received a large box from her parents. When she opened it, she found every letter she had written returned to her -- all unopened. Imagine the suffering of her heart all those years, only to learn that not one letter had ever been read.

But think of the wonderful letters our Father in heaven has written us, and how many just leave them unopened! How shamefully wicked!

* * *

He Didn't Believe That Part

John Grant, about six years of age, is one of our very fine Sunday-school boys. He is a great lover of the church and the Bible. His father and mother have taught him the doctrine of longsuffering and not resisting. Recently he came in from school, reporting that he and another boy had come to blows; and John had got the better of the fight, according to his report. His father said, "But, Son, don't you know that you should not fight, and that the Bible says, if they smite you on one cheek, turn the other?" "Yes, sir," said John, "but that is one part of the Bible I don't believe!" And John is not alone here. Many may not be quite so frank as he to confess it, but they show by their actions that are either rebellious or just do not believe the part that condemns them.

* * * * *

007 -- BLASPHEMY

The Infidel Son

The young man was on his vacation from school. His parents spoke to him about his soul as he was about to leave home for school. His answer was, "I will never be guilty of founding my hopes for the future upon such a mess of trash as is found in the book you call the Bible. Talk of its being the production of a divine mind! Why, a half-witted child ten years of age could have told a better story. I believe it to be the biggest mess of lies ever imposed upon the public. I would rather go to hell (if there is one), than have the name of bowing to that impostor, Jesus Christ."

The brokenhearted parents replied by saying, "Beware, my son, beware. While He is merciful, many have been suddenly cut down when blaspheming God."

His answer was, "Very well, Father, I'll risk all the cutting down that I shall get for cursing that book, and all the agonies connected therewith. Let it come; I'm not at all scared. Yes, I know what I am about, and I mean it all."

The parents were crushed. He immediately left home and took the train for his destination. The train had gone only a short distance when there was a wreck. As fate would have it, it seemed, at the moment the wreck took place the young man was passing between the coaches and was fatally hurt. His limbs were broken and his skull fractured. He was fearfully mangled. He was the only one hurt in the wreck. Soon his mangled body was back at the old home, where he had so fearfully blasphemed God. His parents were grief-stricken. Skilled physicians did their best, but all was in vain. His body was mangled, but his mind was strong.

Some of his classmates reached his home before he passed away. When he saw them he raved and cursed them, saying, "You helped to bring me to this. You helped to damn me." He sought to reach them and, as he gnashed upon them as if to tear them to pieces, he raved, "May the curses of God abide upon your heads!" Then he wailed, "O Mother, I am lost, lost, lost, damned, damned, damned forever! O Mother, get some water to quench this fire that is burning me to death. The fire that shall burn me forever has already begun. O Mother, devils have come for me. Take me in your arms and don't let them have me." As she drew near he sought to bury his face in her bosom, and with a shriek he cried, "They are dragging me to hell," and he was gone. God bears long, but at times His judgments come quickly.

* * *

Blaspheming the Holy Ghost

Rev. C. B. Cox related the following sad incident: A boy, whose father was very wicked, was graciously saved and wished to be baptized, and was baptized. After the service the father said to his son, "Now the preacher has baptized you, and I am going to baptize you also." The boy insisted that he should not, but he started. So he began by saying, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father." All was well. Then the wicked man said, "I baptize thee in the name of the Son." Nothing took place. Then he reached the climax and said, "I baptize thee in the name of the Holy Ghost." And just as he ended this blasphemous statement, he screamed like a lost soul, and said, "O Son, what was that I heard? Something seemed to strike me, and something left me. Oh, what was that, what was that?" Then he began to wail like a lunatic. He never became normal. He lived a few days, talking in incoherent sentences, and wailing, "I am lost, I am damned," and then passed into a Christless eternity. Yes, it is a dangerous thing to trifle with the Holy Ghost.

* * *

Punishment of Blasphemy

In 1812, at a public house in Rochester, England, two wicked sailors in a tavern began to curse and swear, when one, in a tempest of passion, swore that he would kill the other. The landlord said to the sailor who made the threat, "What if God of a sudden should strike you dead, and sink you into hell with His curse upon you?" The sailor replied with a terrible oath, "The

Almighty cannot do that. Give me the tankard of beer -- if God can do it, I'll go to hell before I drink it up." With an awful oath he seized the tankard, but instantly he fell down and expired!

* * *

Quick Judgment

A young man had purchased a fine motorcycle of which he was very proud. One evening when he had finished his work, he proudly mounted it and started off at great speed. As he did so, he hilariously said to those who were standing by, "I will ride her home or to hell in fifteen minutes." He had gone only a short distance when he lost control, plunged into a tree, and was instantly killed. He was nearer hell than he thought.

* * * * *

008 -- THE BLOOD

No Song

A man lay upon his deathbed. He was a good, moral man, but had not become a Christian. Many talked to him about the future, and his answer always was, "I work hard, provide for my family, am good to the poor, and pay my debts; and I think my chances for heaven are as good as anyone's." One day a Christian worker said to him, "Do you ever think about heaven?" "Yes, it must be a wonderful place, and I believe there will be lots of singing there." The worker said, "What do you think they will sing about in heaven?" He said, "I never thought of that." Then the worker said, "Let us turn to the Bible and see." Here they read that they will sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, and how Christ loved them and washed them in His own blood. Then the question was asked him, "What will you sing about?" After a thoughtful pause he said, "I won't have any song to sing about, will I? My morality will not be enough." Here he saw his need of Christ and was saved by His blood.

* * * * *

009 -- BOASTING

General Montgomery and Churchill

In the midst of the North African campaign General Montgomery was asked to explain, for the benefit of his soldiers, how he kept so fit for his duties. He replied, "I do not smoke, I do not drink, I go to bed at ten o'clock except when duty forbids, and I am 100 per cent fit"

Immediately thereafter Prime Minister Churchill said, for the benefit of those same soldiers, "I smoke, I drink, I never sleep, and I am 200 per cent fit." Not long afterward he was down with pneumonia. In time he was up again, but within a few months he was making a fight for his life, with all the allied world holding its breath lest he should not survive. He did, but it is reported that his doctors had forbidden all use of either tobacco or rum. From London came the

report that he had admitted to his cabinet that he was ill at Teheran and unable to judge issues and facts with his usual acumen. -International Religious News Service

* * * * *

010 -- CARNALITY

He Got It All at Conversion

"There was a Methodist steward who insisted that he got it all at conversion, that he did not need any further cleansing. He bitterly opposed holiness and sought to have me removed from the pastorate of the church. He finally left the church and united with another. One day he was pulling logs out of the river with his tractor up a steep bank, when suddenly the tractor seemed just to stand on end and then fell backward, falling upon this man and crushing him to pieces. He died, as far as we knew, full of bitterness." -- Lawrence B. Hicks.

* * *

Danger of Carnality

Rev. Lawrence Hicks tells of a devout woman and her daughter who were members of his church. They saw the danger of carnality and their need of holiness. One night in the revival they were under conviction and said, "We are going to get the blessing, but not tonight." Soon they ceased coming to church, and in one year from that time the mother had fallen into awful sin. Two homes were wrecked. One man from one of the broken homes died an awful death. From the other home the man went to the insane asylum. The woman took her daughter and plunged into unnamable sin. Carnality is dangerous.

* * *

A Dog with Wolf in His Blood

We have heard of a man who had a very fine dog, except for a strain of wolf in its blood. It was unusually fine looking and intelligent, but it acted very strangely at times. It would sit with a faraway look in its eyes. There were wolves in the community, and when it would hear them bark, it would howl and act as if it was about to join them. One morning it was gone and could not be found. Some weeks later, it was seen leading a pack of wolves. It had joined the pack, and actually become the leader.

This reminds us of unsanctified souls. They love the Lord, but there is that "strain" of sin in them, that depraved nature. That "Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it" Carnality is dangerous. I have seen them with that "faraway look," that "bent to backsliding." And sad to say, we have seen them leave the people of God and join the "pack," and often become leaders. Recently we saw a woman who loved the Lord and was faithful in the service of the Lord, but she deserted and joined the pack. She once dressed very neatly. When we saw her, she was attired like a woman of the street. Her scanty clothing, painted cheeks, lips, and fingernails, bore mute testimony that she had joined

the "pack." Thank God, there is a remedy for sin. He can take the devil nature out and fill with divine love.

* * *

Suppression of Carnality

I heard of a man in the Civil War who was playing dead when the enemy came along. He had on a new pair of boots. The enemy was taking them off, and the poor soldier wanted them to hurry and get them off; so when the enemy had one boot off, he raised his foot for them to take the other one off. But that didn't pay; and it won't pay to play dead with carnality in our heart at the judgment or when Jesus comes.

* * *

Tragic Results of Carnality

A man living a short way from me got to arguing with his wife one time and told her that she was not going to town. She told him that she would go to town, and she did so. She brought her sister with her when she came back. Her husband had a shotgun loaded, and was waiting for her when she came home. When he saw them coming he shot his wife and her sister and killed them both. Then he threw his shotgun down, picked up his wife, and said, "I have killed the best friend that I have ever had on earth." What was wrong with him? That dynamite went off; that closest neighbor (carnality) rose up and caused him to do it. -- Thomas Hayes.

* * *

The Need of Holiness

Thomas Hayes relates the following: "A man went to town one day to get his plow sharpened. He took his little boy with him. He told his son to sit there on the spring seat while he had the plow sharpened and bought some things in the store. He told his son he would bring him some candy when he returned. But when he returned he had forgotten the candy. The little boy began to cry. The father slapped him very hard, and the boy fell back on the sharpened plow and hurt his head. The father picked him up and put him back on the seat. The little fellow hushed crying but was very sick. The wife and mother soon called them to supper, but the little fellow said, 'I am too sick. I can't eat.' He grew worse and the mother called the doctor. His fever was high. The doctor came and examined him and said, 'Did he get a lick on the head some way?' The father said, 'Not that I know of.' The doctor examined further and found the wound. He insisted that he had had a terrible blow. Finally the father broke down and confessed that he had slapped him off the seat and he struck his head on the sharpened plow. The doctor said, 'You have killed your boy. He will be dead before sundown.' The father got down on his knees and asked his dying child, his wife, and God to forgive him. The boy died before sundown and the father was brokenhearted." Carnality is a dangerous thing.

* * *

A Murder

Two men had lived together as congenial neighbors for years. One day they were driving to town in a wagon. They talked of World War I. The American insisted that the Germans were completely beaten. The other man, who was German-born, declared he was mistaken. The argument grew heated and bitter. Finally the American said, "I know one American that can whip one German." The team was stopped and they began fighting. Finally the German knocked the other man down; but as they fought the American got the finger of the German in his mouth and was chewing it off. He refused to let go. The German found a piece of brick and beat the head of his antagonist into jelly, and then dragged his body out into a pond. He was conscience-stricken. He went on to town and confessed to the officers what he had done. He, as well as the other man, was a highly respected citizen. The officer insisted that the man had not done what he declared he had. But he took them to the pond and waded in and dragged the body out. A gruesome sight! He just had one thing to say, "Oh, I murdered my neighbor, I murdered my neighbor." This he continued to do until the time when he was electrocuted.

Sin will cause one to do what cannot be undone. We had better get rid of sin or it will ruin us. -- Elbert Dodd.

* * *

A Domestic Squabble

We knew a husband and wife who seemed really to love the Lord. They gave evidence of having been saved, but they were both beset with carnal anger. One day the wife asked her husband to remove the ashes from the grate. He insisted that there was not a sufficient amount to need removing and that he would when necessary; so he refused. Whereupon the wife indignantly did the job herself, reminding him as she did so that he was lazy and of little account. He then became enraged and went out in the alley where she had emptied them, brought them back, and put them into the grate. Of course, this was wicked, and enraged her more than ever. She repeated her performance of removing them; and he, of bringing them back. This procedure continued until the house was strewn with ashes and they were both about damned. She finally won from the standpoint of ashes, but what about their souls?

* * *

A Gruesome Crime

A man was in dire circumstances and borrowed one hundred dollars to take care of the situation. He put the money into his vest pocket and left his vest hanging on a chair while he went out of the house for a few minutes. He came back and discovered the money was gone. They searched and finally the little child, about three, said, "Me put it in the fire." They searched and found the corner of one of the bills which had not burned up. The father was so enraged that he grabbed the little child, took it out to the woodshed, and took an axe and laid its hands on the block and chopped them both off. The news spread, and soon a mob formed and took the man out to hang

him. Finally one of the mob said maybe they should not, suggesting that many of them had given way to temper. The man said, "Go ahead and hang me. I want to die. I should die. Oh, my little darling baby! why did I do it?" The answer is that it was carnality, sin.

* * *

Almost Killed His Baby

Rev. Harold Daniels relates the following: We were conducting a revival; and, while many were getting saved and sanctified, we saw one man in the congregation who seemed very angry and defiant. He and his wife were both professed Christians and members of the church. After some days of this angry defiance, in one of the services this man was greatly agitated and simply ran screaming to the altar. After agonizing for some time he arose and, with great emotion, said, "I must make a confession." Then he said, "As you know, some months ago my wife was away from home. When she returned, I told her our baby had fallen from the cradle and was badly hurt. We took it to the doctor, and he stated that it had concussion of the brain and that the only hope was to get it to California to a brain specialist. We had no money, and you here at this church made up quite a sum of money to pay expenses. I was in the army and the army furnished a nurse. The specialist performed the operation, and it was partially successful. Our child will never be fully normal, but it will live. But here is my confession: The baby did not fall at all from the cradle. It was crying, and I gave way to a fit of anger and struck it a blow with my fist. I did it myself; but what can I do? I have lied to my wife, to you, and to the army." At this time his wife screamed and said, "Husband, you did not do it!" But he insisted that he did. After long praying and confessing, he seemed to get through.

The carnal mind, the root of bitterness, may cause one to commit sins and then to seek to lie out of them.

* * *

Carnal Jealousy

Two prosperous farmers possessed adjoining farms. The families were special friends. The wife and mother of one of the families died suddenly. The other family and the neighbors were grief-stricken and did all possible to comfort the husband and help care for his children. Several small children were in the bereaved home. One day the father of the neighboring home, who was making a special effort to help, came in with the baby of the stricken family in his arms and said to his wife, "We must take this baby and rear it." The mother was doubtful and protested, which she had a right to do. But after some heated discussion the father said, "Well, if you will not, I will." This was probably a mistake. But the mother became very bitter and jealous. As she saw her husband caring for the beautiful baby, it was almost more than she could bear. She began to make plans to do away with the baby. One night the father had tucked it into the cradle and gone on to another room. This was her opportunity. She quickly placed the blanket tightly over the head of the baby. The next morning the father came in and found the baby dead-smothered. He was grief-stricken, but of course, he thought the baby had in some way pulled the cover over itself.

Fourteen years later this poor mother made the full confession, telling how she did the dark deed. Then she said, "I have been miserable. Conscience has haunted me. We have moved twelve times during the fourteen years. All I can see are those beautiful blue eyes looking up at me as I smothered it to death." Carnal jealousy is fearful and the judgment will be an awful day.

* * *

A Bad Situation

Dr. R. V. DeLong relates that a colored man went to the doctor for an examination. The doctor said to him, "Your salivary glands have all dried up; your liver is torpid; and you will have to be very careful or you will crack up most any time." When the man came out of the office, his friend who was waiting on the outside said, "Well, Mose, what did the doctor say?" Mose very solemnly replied, "Well, he said my salvation glands had all dried up, that I had a torpedo in my liver, and that I was liable to blow up any time!"

That seems to be about the predicament with many carnal Christians.

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011 -- CHARITY

Christian Charity

"Mr. Whitefield," said one of his ardent admirers, who was bitterly opposed to Wesley, "do you think we shall see John Wesley in heaven?" He replied, "You ask me whether we -- that is, you and I -- shall see Mr. Wesley in heaven. Certainly not." "I thought you would say so. Thank you, sir. But stop, my friend. Hear all I have to say about it. John Wesley will be so near the throne, and you and I will be so far off, that we cannot expect to see him."

* * * * *

012 -- CHRIST

Too Wide

In the mountains of the West, it is related, there is a place called "The Death Leap." It is far up in the mountains where two rocks protrude. The distance between them is about thirty feet. The deer had been chased by the hounds and came to this "death leap." There was no way around. It is said the deer came to this fearful pass and stopped and listened to the oncoming dogs. Then it backed up some distance and came bounding for the leap. But, as it came near and saw the yawning precipice, its courage failed. Again it listened to the oncoming hounds, which were much nearer. It was cross or die. The second time it backed up even farther than before, and with a mighty bound it sought to reach the other side; but the distance was too great. The deer fell and was crushed on the rocks more than two hundred feet below.

We may love the world and reject Christ. But one day, when the end comes and we look across the mighty, yawning chasm, we will need Christ. He said, "I am the way." He is the Way across. We will need Him and want Him then.

* * *

Living or Dying

An aged Scotchman, while dying, was asked what he thought of death, and he replied, "It matters little to me whether I live or die. If I die, I will be with Jesus; and, if I live, Jesus will be with me."

* * *

Trampling on Christ

I once heard of a father who had a prodigal boy who had sent his mother down to the grave with a broken heart. One evening the boy started out as usual to spend the night in drinking and gambling. As he was leaving, his old father said, "My son, I want to ask a favor of you tonight. You have not spent an evening with me since your mother died, and now I want you to spend this night at home. I have been very lonely since your mother died. Now, won't you gratify your old father by staying home with me?" "No," said the young man; "it is lonely here, and there is nothing to interest me, and I am going out." The old man prayed and wept, and at last he said, "My boy, you are just killing me as you have killed your mother. These hairs are growing whiter, and you are sending me, too, to the grave." Still the boy would not stay, and the old man said, "If you are determined to go to ruin, you must go over this old body tonight. I cannot resist you; you are stronger than I. But if you go out, you must go over this body." He laid himself down before the door, and that son walked over the form of his father, trampled the love of his father underfoot, and went out.

That is the way with sinners. You have to trample the blood of God's Son under your feet if you go down to death, to make light of the blood of the Innocent, to make light of the wonderful love of God. -- Moody.

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013 -- CHRISTIAN LIVING

John Wesley's Standard of Christian Living

A Methodist is one who has the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him; one who loves the Lord his God with his heart, mind, soul, and strength. He rejoices evermore, prays without ceasing, and in everything is full of love to all mankind, and is purified from envy, malice, wrath, and every unkind affection. His one desire and the one design of his life is not to do his own will, but to do the will of Him who sent him.

He keeps all of God's commandments, from the least to the greatest. He follows not the customs of the world, for vice does not lose its nature through becoming fashionable. He fares not sumptuously every day. He cannot lay up treasures upon the earth, nor can he adorn himself with gold or costly apparel. He cannot speak evil of his neighbor any more than he can tell a lie. He cannot utter unkind or evil words, nor does corrupt communication ever come out of his mouth.

He does good unto all men -- unto neighbors, strangers, friends, and enemies. These are the principles and practices of our sect. These are the marks of a true Methodist. By these alone do Methodists desire to be distinguished from other men. -- John Wesley.

* * *

It Is Reported

Paul had the oversight of all the churches; but the one at Corinth gave him more trouble than any other, though they excelled in gifts.

Now if Paul came to one of our churches today, what would he say? I imagine him, with his keen discernment, saying, "It is reported, and I partly believe it, that there are divisions and prejudice in your midst. This will grieve the Spirit away more quickly than worldliness in dress.

"It is reported that you have members who are too loose and familiar toward those of the other sex. If you want a revival, you must deal with such persons.

"It is reported that some of you have gotten careless about family worship.

"It is reported that many of your members do not tithe, or pay their full share toward the cause of God. No marvel, then that God's work drags and we lack the holy joy and blessing. A missionary church will not only grow and glow, but someone will go. They are inseparable!" -- E. E. Shellhamer.

* * *

Clocks and Christians

It is interesting to be in the clock shop, especially at noon, when the clocks all strike the longest. Such a frightful sound! Dogs often become scared and run. Children are frightened. My, such striking -- some fast and some slow! Some little clocks get through almost before the big one is well started. Some are out of order and make only a "buzzing sound." (You have heard that in the testimony meeting.) Some are out of fix and never strike. Some strike too much. It just seems they will never stop. (We've seen that in the meeting.) Some too often, some too loud, some too low, some not plumb (something under them -- not level). Some are run down and need winding (need to go to prayer meeting and get wound up).

A man took the hands from his clock, which was out of order, to the clockmaker to get the clock repaired. He needed to take the works. God is an expert on human clocks. He can fix us up. What kind of clock am I?

* * *

Trifling Among the Sanctified

Rev. W. E. Shepard relates the following: "There was a man who was gloriously sanctified and, of course, was definitely convicted of his tobacco smoking and gave it up. Many years passed, but one day he decided to smoke just one cigar to see how it would taste -- just out of curiosity. This he did but, sad to say, in a few days an incurable sore developed on his lip just where he held the cigar. The doctor pronounced it cancer. The last time I saw him, he had a fearful cancer on his lip. I lost track of him, and do not know what the final results were." Anyway we would say that God means what He says. Holy Ghost light is always light. Whatever is put on the altar must be left there, and whatever is given up must remain discarded if we are to keep the victory. We fear there is much trifling among the sanctified. This is dangerous. It may damn.

* * *

He Kept His Song

It is related that there was a Methodist minister whose "circuit" was large and whose salary was small. His favorite song was

No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness;
A pilgrim and a wayfaring man am I;
I seek a glorious home on high.

A rich man felt sorry for him and gave him a lovely home and one hundred acres of rich land. He was happy and went to church and sang his song, but he had no blessing. He felt he was singing a lie. He went home discouraged and told his wife that he feared the farm had ruined his song. But he tried it once more,

No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness;
A pilgrim and a wayfaring man am I;
I seek a glorious home on high.

His song fell flat. He reported to his wife that he could never try it again under these conditions. This song was much of his stock in trade.

He went to his benefactor and explained his appreciation to him, surrendered the deed, and came home singing hilariously,

No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness;
A pilgrim and a wayfaring man am I;
I seek a glorious home on high.

Anything that comes between God and our experience is too expensive. "If thy right hand offend thee (cause thee to stumble), cut it off."

* * *

Being Somebody

"What is the use of being in the world unless you are somebody?" George asked Henry. "You are right," Henry replied, "and I am somebody." Then George asked, "Who or what are you?" "I am a Christian," Henry joyously answered, "and that is the greatest somebody in the world." Henry was right. You cannot all be handsome, or mental giants, or rich, or judge, governor, or President; but you can all be children of God. Christians, not just nominal Christians or church members, must be genuine. Christ is spoken of as "the heir of all things" (Heb. 1:2). Then we are told that we are "joint-heirs with Christ." A joint-heir is an equal heir. Think of it! Equal heir with Christ! That makes us a well-to-do somebody. Heir of heaven, with all that that means!

* * * * *

014 -- CHURCH ATTENDANCE

Feed in the Rack

An old farmer who was attending a church convention chuckled to himself as he read over the subjects of the program. "See here, parson," he said to his pastor, "you've had papers and discussions all day on how to get people to attend your meetings. I've never heard a single address at a farmers' convention on how to get the cattle to come up to the rack. We put all our time on the best kinds of feed. I sort of have a notion that, if you put more time on discussin' what to put in the rack, you wouldn't have to spend all that time discussin' how to get your folks to attend."

* * *

Attending Church

It is said that a gentleman spoke to an elderly lady near the entrance of the church and said, "Well, I see Grandma is still able to come to church!" To which she replied, "Grandma comes to church whether she is able or not."

* * *

He Went to Church

All his life Old Bill had never gone to church. No matter how much we coaxed, we could not persuade him to attend even on Christmas or Easter. "When it freezes in June," he would say, "then I'll go to church."

One year it was unusually cold and stayed that way till late spring. In the first part of June the mercury dipped to freezing for several nights. I thought about Old Bill and what he had said. Perhaps this phenomenon would bring him to church. It did. One Sunday Old Bill made his first appearance in church. While the organ played softly, six men carried him in. -- Selected.

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015 -- COMFORT

Failure in Business

Some few years ago a merchant failed in business. He went home in great agitation. "What is the matter?" asked his wife. "I am ruined; I have lost my all!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his forehead. "All?" asked his wife. "No, I am left." "All, Papa?" asked his eldest boy. "Here am I." "And I too," said his little girl, running up and putting her arms around his neck. "I'm not lost, Papa," repeated Eddie. "And you have your health left," said his wife. "And your hands to work with," said his eldest, "and I can help you." "And your two feet, Papa, to carry you about, and your two eyes to see with, Papa," said little Eddie. "And you have God's promises," said the grandmother. "And a good God," said his wife. "And heaven to go to," said his little girl. "And Jesus who came to fetch us there," said his eldest.

"God forgive me!" said the poor merchant, bursting into tears. "I have not lost my all. What have I lost compared to what I have left?" He took comfort, and began the world afresh.

* * * * *

016 -- CONFESSING FAULTS

A Case of Healing

It is said that a farmer was sick and prayed earnestly for his recovery. Somehow he felt it was the will of the Lord. But, after much prayer, neither he nor any of his friends seemed to be able to have any faith for his healing, and he became resigned to go. He was expected to die at any time. However, as he lingered, his children and friends returned to their near-by homes and places of work on the farm. It was agreed that, when his attendants felt that the end was about there, they would ring the bell, and this was to be the signal to assemble for the last good-by. Finally, one day he said to his wife, "Ring the bell." She replied, "Are you worse, and do you feel the end is near?" He simply said, "Ring the bell."

The bell was rung, and soon all the children stood weeping around the bedside. Then he began confessing his failures. He would address the children, one by one, and speak of his faults, and how he had been impatient, or wronged them in some way. There was weeping and confessing

all around. It was like a camp meeting. Finally he was through, and amid tears and shouts of joy he said, "Now, just one more thing; please get my clothes and let me out of here, for the Lord has healed me." And out he came. God does say, "Confess your faults one to another . . . that ye may be healed." Sometimes this might go a long way toward physical healing, or toward bringing spiritual healing to a home or church. This might precipitate a revival.

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017 -- CONFESSION

Deathbed Confession

Some time ago, \$180,000, the largest amount ever stolen from the United States mails by a postal employee, was recovered. The money had been stolen over a year before. A Mr. M_____ was suspected and arrested, but strenuously denied his guilt. It could not be proved, but the authorities were confident he was guilty. When dying, he sent for the postal authorities and began to make his confession. He did state that he had stolen the money, and then began to tell where it was. He began: "It is buried -- " and then choked and died without ever telling where. However they dug in his back yard, and nine feet underground they found the stolen money.

How dreadful! It was too much for him to make the statement. It choked him. But what about the judgment? God says He will "bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing." All will come to light, no matter how deeply or securely buried or hidden. We had better confess now and make it right.

* * *

Two Confessions

Sam Jones said, "Two of my members were up for drunkenness. One got up and said, 'I went to town the other day and did not eat any dinner, and I took one little drink and it flew to my head and made me a little tight. Will you forgive me?' The church did. But I said to the brethren, 'He will be drunk again the next time he goes to town, for he has told two or three lies in his confession.' And he did get drunk the next time. The other fellow got up and said, 'Brethren, if I may call you that, I went to town and made a brute of myself and got drunk and disgraced myself, Christ, and the church. I have been begging God to forgive me and, if you can forgive me -- the wretch that I am -- by the help of God I will never do it again.'" Sam said, "I will go his security; you can count on him." And he was true.

* * * * *

018 -- CONSCIENCE

An Accusing Conscience

When Professor Webster was awaiting his trial for murder, he is said to have complained of his fellow prisoners for insulting him through the walls of his cell, and screaming to him, "You are a bloody man!" On examination the charge was found wholly groundless. The accusing voices were imaginary -- merely the echoes of a guilty conscience.

* * *

A Guilty Conscience

Rev. W. F. Dalls relates the following: There lived a man in Arkansas on a little farm. He and his little family seemed very happy. But one evening just after a gentle rain, the man and his wife were sitting at the window, just as the sun was setting. As he looked upon the sunset, a very sad, strange look came suddenly over him. His wife, seeing it, asked him what it was that caused that strange look. He insisted that it was "nothing special." But when they retired he could not sleep. He walked the floor, uttering sad groans, about all night. This continued a few days. Finally, with his strength almost gone, he called his wife and said, "I must make this confession to you before I die. When I met you I told you my wife died back in Kentucky, but I did not tell you the whole truth. The facts are that I choked her to death. She was an invalid and sat in a wheel chair. One evening just after a gentle rain I came in and said, 'Wife, I am going to get you out of the way.' She insisted that she was ready to go, but said, 'If you kill me, that sun [pointing to the bright setting sun] will tell on you some day.' But I choked her to death and buried her body in a grave in the garden. And the other evening when we were sitting at the window and looking upon the setting sun, the whole scene came before me, and I remembered that my dying wife had said, 'That sun will tell on you one day.' And now I am dying and must meet my wife at the judgment." Then he died in agony.

* * *

Accusing Conscience

Lorenzo Dow, on the way to church one morning, met a man who was distressed. Dow asked, "What is the trouble?" "Oh," said the man, "someone stole my ax last night." "Never mind," said Dow, "come with me and I will find your ax." Before entering the church Dow picked up a large rock and, in the height of his sermon on sin coming to light, he lifted his hand with the rock in it and cried, "Right now, there is someone here who has stolen a poor man's ax, and I shall punish him now." Then he made a strong motion as if throwing the rock, and the guilty man dodged and ducked almost under the seat. Dow then said, "There is the man who stole your ax," and the man made full confession.

* * *

Guilty Conscience

Some chickens in the neighborhood had been stolen, and the thief could not be detected. The eccentric preacher, Lorenzo Dow, fell upon the following plan to locate the guilty party. Nearly all the neighborhood had gathered for church. and likely the thief was in the crowd. So

Dow decided to expose the culprit this way: He had a rooster placed under a large kettle. Then he asked all to pass the kettle and touch the bottom with their forefingers, stating that the rooster under the kettle would crow when the guilty person touched the kettle. After all had passed, he lined them up in a row and asked all to hold up the forefingers. Everyone claimed to have touched the kettle, but one finger was clean. Then Brother Dow exclaimed, "There is the thief."

* * *

A Seared Conscience

The pirate Gibbs, who was executed in New York, said, "When I robbed the first vessel, my conscience made a hell in my bosom; but after I sailed the black flag for many years, I could rob a vessel and murder every passenger on it and sleep soundly."

* * * * *

019 -- CONVERSATION

A Soft Answer

According to the biographers of John Wesley, he was a man of very sweet spirit. Yet on one occasion John Bradford got the better of him. He asked Bradford, his fast friend, to post a letter for him. Bradford replied, "After the service." Wesley said, "No, post it now." Bradford replied, "I will not until after the service." "Then," said Wesley, "our friendship ceases." "Very well," said Bradford, "it suits me."

Wesley preached; Bradford listened. After the service they went home to spend a restless night. The next morning Bradford came to Wesley and said, "John, must we part?" Wesley replied, "It is for thee to say." "Wilt thou ask my pardon?" said Bradford. Wesley answered, "No, never, never." "Then," said Bradford, "if thou wilt not, I will." Then he took the blame, and they were both broken up and were good friends till death.

Yes, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

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020 -- CONVICTION

Repentance and Conviction

Two brothers started to go West to seek their fortunes. One had money; the other had not. When they got to the frontier, the one without money murdered the other and, taking his money, fled to California. Doctors took the head of the murdered man and preserved it in alcohol. No proof of the murder could be found. No one was present when the deed was done. The brother was accused, but he declared his innocence. No eye was there but his and God's. He was brought

before judge and jury, and declared his innocence. The dead face of his brother was brought into court. He gazed on it, fainted, fell to the floor, and confessed his sin.

There is a time when all these unconfessed sins will come in before us -- tramp, tramp, tramp -- till they all come back. When a man comes and throws himself on his knees in the inquiry room, there is hope for him. -- Moody.

* * *

Relief from Conviction

A young man whose soul was passing through the deep waters of conviction retired to a grove to pray. Ease from his heavy burden was all he desired, and he deliberately asked God to give him quiet by taking the Holy Spirit from him. It was a fearful prayer, but it was answered. He arose with all his burden gone.

For twenty years he lived on, careless and unconcerned, and when death came to him he related this fact in his history to a friend standing beside him. "I know," he said, "that I shall soon be in hell. Nothing can save me. My doom is sealed, and yet I am quite indifferent to the future. -- William Jones.

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021 -- COURTESY

Courtesy Paid Dividends

Brother Joseph H. Smith related the following experience: He was preaching holiness to an aristocratic crowd. Brother Smith was trying to be all things to all men, that he might win some. Only one man in the town professed holiness. He was very eccentric and wore a tin sign on his hat. He would come to the meeting, sit on the front seat, and vigorously "amen" Brother Smith. He was very considerate of the man. Finally the meeting closed, and Brother Smith was at the depot almost ready to leave when the eccentric man with the tin sign on his hat came in and said, "Brother Smith, you have been a great blessing to me, and I have had a great burden of prayer for you; and, in my praying for you, the Lord seemed to impress me that you had a great affliction." He named the affliction just exactly. Brother Smith said that this almost shocked him, for only two or three of his close friends knew of it. Then the man went on to say, "I had a similar affliction, and a certain remedy [naming it] cured me completely, and I felt I must tell you." Then he bade the evangelist adieu. Brother Smith said, "I was so impressed that I immediately obtained the medicine, took it, and was completely cured."

The Word says, "be courteous."

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022 -- CRITICISM

Critical

Rev. George Stewart relates the following experience. He said a man was walking down the street one day in company with a brick mason. They passed a new brick building, and the mason undertook to show his friend a flaw, a small crook in the wall. His friend insisted that he could see no flaw, but finally he saw it. Then after that it was easy to see. That was about all he could see. Then he stated that every time he passed that building, the first thing and about all he saw was the crook in the wall. He said it seemed to get worse and worse, until finally he made it a point to walk on the other side of the street for fear the building might fall on him!

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023 -- DANGER

Losing God Is Dangerous

Bishop Moore told of a young man who leaped from the sixteenth story of a building to the sidewalk. His body was broken to pieces. The bishop said to a friend standing by, "Why would a young man do a thing like that?" The friend replied, "When a young man loses God, what else is there to do but to leap?"

Eighty high school students committed suicide in one year. Saul fell on his own sword and committed suicide after God had departed and heard him no more. Tragedy is in the pathway of every young man and woman who willfully rejects Jesus Christ. One never knows what he will do when Christ is not enthroned in the life. -- Selected.

* * *

The Main Thing Forgotten

It is related that a lady whose house was burning was frantic. She ran into the burning building and got her silverware and took it out to a safe place. Then she did likewise with her fine paintings and Oriental rugs. Finally she seemed to come to herself and cried, "Oh, where is my darling baby?" She frantically ran around to the room where the baby was and, looking through the window, she beheld the burning room and the bed where her baby was. She broke the window open and began to enter the room, but just then there was a mighty crash as the building caved in and buried her baby in the flames. She screamed and ran about, wailing most piteously, "Oh, I have saved my goods, but I have lost my baby!"

That is what multitudes are doing. They are neglecting the main thing. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

* * *

Selling the Soul for a Dress

In an old-fashioned revival, a young lady was under deep conviction. She was weeping bitterly. Her parents saw her and were disturbed about it. They insisted that, if she would remain away from the meeting, this agitation would soon pass. Also they promised to give her a trip she had desired, adding that she should go to town and buy the most beautiful suit she could find. All of this she did. But she was soon stricken with a fatal fever. When she was dying, she said, "Mother, please go to my wardrobe and bring my new suit and hang it up where I can take my last look at it." The mother did so. As the young lady breathed her last, she said, "There hangs the price of my soul." Anything that costs us God and our soul is too expensive.

* * *

Reproved and Cut Off

It is related that a merchant and his wife went to a camp meeting. The wicked husband did not like the spirit of the place. He said, "I am going home immediately." His wife insisted that he remain, but he angrily answered, "I hate this place and, if I knew that my going would damn my soul eternally in hell, I would not stay here." Thus speaking, he left immediately in a rage.

On his return he entered his store. He saw a piece of bread and butter on the counter and, being hungry, he ate it. In a few minutes his partner came and asked, "Where is the bread and butter I left here?" "I ate it," he replied. "Ate it?" asked the merchant. "Dear me! it was poisoned for rats. You are a dead man." The doctor was summoned and antidotes administered, but all was in vain. He was dying in agony. "Have you any word for your wife?" asked his distressed partner. "Yes," said he, "carry my body back to the campground and tell them my soul is in hell." Then he sank back and was gone.

* * *

What Then?

A good man was living at a university when a young man ran up to him with a face of delight and told him that what he had long been wishing for was at length fulfilled, his parents having just given him leave to study law. He ran on a long time and, when at last he came to a stop, the good man asked, "Well, when you get through your course of study, what do you mean to do then?" "Then I shall take my doctor's degree," answered the young man. "And what then?" asked he. "And then," continued the youth, "I shall have a number of difficult, knotty cases to manage; shall catch people's notice by my eloquence, my zeal, my astuteness; and gain a great reputation." "And what then?" repeated the holy man. "And then," pursued the young lawyer, "I shall live comfortably and honorably in wealth and dignity, and shall be able to look forward quietly to a happy old age." "And what then?" "And then," said the youth, "I shall die." Here the holy man again asked, "And what then?" Thereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head and went away. The last "And what then?" had pierced his soul, and he could not get clear of it.

Soon after, he forsook the study of law, gave himself up to the ministry, and spent the remainder of his days in godly words and works.

* * *

Why Will Ye Die?

While pastor of a church in the Ohio valley, I lived near the railroad and three miles below a large railroad yard. About ten o'clock one night a long freight came up the line and stopped on the main line for a few minutes before it was properly switched into the yards. During the day a man employed by the railroad company went down the river several miles on a motor car to do some work and did not return until late that night. He was traveling rapidly on the same track as this parked train. Three miles down the road from the train a station agent switched on the red signal light as a warning to him that there was danger ahead. The motorcar did not even slow down, but flashed past the danger signal at forty-five miles an hour. When it was within one mile of the caboose, the flagman, who had walked down the track a short distance, heard the sputtering sound of the approaching motor. He walked farther down the track and, when the car came within view, waved his red lantern across the track as a warning. The flagman was surprised when the car did not slack its speed and stated that he ran frantically down the track, waving his lantern. As the motor passed, the flagman called loudly to the man on the car, but he ignored all warnings and plunged into the rear of the train to his death. -- J. F. Simpson.

* * *

Danger

In a mine explosion forty miners were entombed. After some days they were reached, but all were dead. Thirty-nine of them were in a sitting position. They were sitting on a ledge of rock, leaning back against the wall with arms folded and heads bowed -- dead. One had fallen and died some little distance away. The inspector of the mines, after careful examination, decided that they came to their death by the black damp, or poisonous gas, which had filled the mine. It seemed that they had made strenuous efforts to escape, but all in vain. They had constructed fans to keep the air circulating and used every effort, but to no avail. The doctor said that there were three stages in their death. First, they became discouraged. The poisonous air grew worse. Breathing became more difficult. They gave up and sat down. Then there was a state of coma. And, finally, death came.

As we read this, we thought of the danger confronting Christians during these trying days. It is said that the bandits of some of the large cities now have a method of going to a house after the inmates are in bed and asleep. They put a rubber tube through a keyhole or some other opening and pump gas into the house until the inmates are doped and cannot be aroused. Then they enter the house and do their dastardly work. It seems today that it is difficult to keep awake spiritually. The devil has so doped the Church that it is hard to keep it awake. We get aroused and then, if we are not careful, we will soon be drowsy again. It is said, "While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept." God help us to see the danger lest Christ, coming suddenly, should find us sleeping. Jesus said, "Watch."

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024 -- DEATH

Tell Us How to Die

The following incident, related in the Gideon, occurred on shipboard just after the Pearl Harbor disaster had become known. Mr. C. J. Pietsch relates the incident.

"Early the next morning I received word from the chief steward that some of the sailor boys down below would like to see me at ten o'clock. When I arrived, these boys were sitting on the edge of the bunks in tiers five high, and all of them seemed to be quite concerned. My estimate would be that there were four hundred boys. They had a spokesman, who stood at the entrance. Looking at me, he said:

"Mr. Pietsch, we sent for you because many of us have been heartsick, homesick, and seasick; and after what happened last night, we were all concerned. Our country has provided for us, giving us food, clothing, a place to sleep; but no one has told us how to die. We would like for you to tell us. Many of us may never come back."

It is not difficult to believe the report that many of these boys, so concerned about their souls, found the Saviour in the service that followed.

* * *

He Was Not Afraid

The storm was raging. A little boy was away from home visiting. The parents in the home where he was visiting were away. He was in the home with other small children. He was so afraid. The lightning would flash and the thunder roar. He would cry, shudder, and say, "I wish I were at home." But still the storm raged on! Finally, about midnight, the little boy looked out into the darkness and saw a light. It was someone coming toward the home with a lantern. Nearer and nearer the light bearer came. It was the brother of the little boy. He said, "Little brother, I thought you might be afraid, and I came to lead you home." The big brother took the little brother by the hand, and as they walked home the storm raged, but the tears had dried from the eyes of the little brother. He was not afraid as the big brother led him home.

Yes, amid the storms of life and at the end of the way we will need our Elder Brother to lead us. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me."

* * *

The Dying Miser

You may be a millionaire here but a pauper in hell. Dives was such. A miser was dying, and the only way those about him could pacify him was to keep his hands full of gold and silver.

When this was removed, he would cry like a damned soul. Finally death came, and his hand relaxed. Death is a relaxation. We will relax our hold when the end comes, no matter how tenaciously we have held on to the things of this world. So it will be, "Good-by, money, and good-by forever."

* * *

Fear of Death

A little girl of eight years was on her dying bed, and weeping friends were gathered about her to watch the outgoing of her young life. She had reached the margin of the river of death. She became much agitated at what seemed to her a broad and impassable flood. After a little she grew calm, a smile of confidence lit up her face, and she said, "Oh, it is only a little brook." She passed joyously to the shining shore.

* * *

Dying Words of Sinners

"I am suffering the pangs of the damned." -- Talleyrand Perigord.

"Give me laudanum that I may not think of eternity." -- MIRABEAU.

"I am abandoned by God and man! I shall go to hell! O Christ! O Jesus Christ! -- Voltaire.

"What blood, what murders, what evil counsels have I followed! I am lost; I see it well!" -- Charles IX, king of France.

"I would give worlds, if I had them, if the Age of Reason had never been published. O Lord, help me! Christ, help me! It is hell to be left alone!" -- Tom Payne.

"Oh, that I were to lie upon the fire that never is quenched a thousand years, to purchase the favor of God and be reunited to Him again! But it is a fruitless wish. Millions of millions of years will bring me no nearer to the end of torments than one poor hour. Oh, eternity, eternity! forever and forever! Oh, the insufferable pangs of hell!" -- Francis Newport.

* * *

Dying Words of Saints

"The chariot has come, and I am ready to step in." -- Jordan Antie.

"Eternity rolls up before me like a sea of glory." -- Margaret Prior.

"How bright the room! How full of angels!" -- Martha McCracken.

"I wish I had the power of writing; I would describe how pleasant it is to die." -- Dr. Cullen.

"The sun is setting; mine is rising. I go from this bed to a crown. Farewell." -- S. B. Bangs.

"Can this be death? Why, it is better than living! Tell them I die happy in Jesus." -- John Arthur Lyth.

"I am in perfect peace, resting alone on the blood of Christ. I find this amply sufficient with which to enter the presence of God." -- Trotten.

"Oh, that I could tell you what joy I possess! I am full of rapture. The Lord doth shine with such power upon my soul. He is come! He is come!" -- Mrs. Mary Frances.

* * *

Advice to the Lost When Dying

We would say kindly to every backslider and sinner who will go on to live and die in sin, "When you come to the end, there will be some things you will never taste, hear, feel, or see again. It will be "good-by forever." I would make, if you will permit, this kindly suggestion, "Enjoy them all you can, for this will be the last." Often at the state prison, when a man is to be electrocuted and he comes to his last day on earth, at his last meal he is told to order anything he likes. He is told to enjoy it, for this is his last. So, careless soul, if you go on and die without Christ, we would suggest that on your dying couch you enjoy all you can, for this will be your last. Don't forget, sinner, to have some music at the end, for this will be the last you will ever hear.

* * *

Beyond the Gate

A man was seriously ill and insisted that the doctor tell him the facts in the case. He asked, "Doctor, will I improve for a brief time; and, if so, will I have another similar attack?" The doctor replied, "We hope you will improve, and then you may have another attack. But you must not worry, for we must all pass through the gate someday." Then the sick man sorrowfully said, "But, doctor, can you tell me what is beyond the gate? That is what is worrying me." The doctor could not answer that, but the Bible does. What is beyond the gate will depend on our relation to Christ and our spiritual condition. Death is an immediate entrance into one of the two worlds, heaven or hell. Paul said, "Absent from the body and present with the Lord." The rich man died, and his body was buried; immediately in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments. What would death mean to me just now?

* * *

A Strange Death

Two little brothers, Willie and Frank, got into bed one night without saying their prayers. Willie got up and prayed. Going to bed again, he said, "Brother, if I should die tonight, I would not be afraid; I don't think it's hard to die. Nurse says the angels have crowns of gold, and harps, and they play such beautiful music! Oh, how I wish Papa and Mama and you would learn to pray!"

The next morning Mother asked, "Where is Willie?" "He is asleep yet: I spoke to him; but he did not wake up," Frank said. After telling a strange dream, Frank said, "When I awoke, his eyes were only half closed: that made me think at first he was awake, and his lips were parted. I whispered, 'Willie! Willie!' but it did not wake him. Then I laid my hand on him, but he was so cold! So, when I found he did not get warm all night, I put the bedclothes tight around him, and did not try to wake him again."

The mother's heart understood it. She ran to Willie's bedroom and found him cold and pale in death. He lay down to sleep and awoke in heaven.

* * *

Nearer than They Knew

A group of boys passed down the road, hollering to some other boys as they passed. They shouted, "We are on our way to hell." Someone heard them and said, "They may be nearer than they think." They were on their way to a mountain climb. They soon reached a high altitude where there were some very steep and high precipices. The leader of the group took a way a little different from the others. He was higher up the mountain than the others. Finally the others heard a cry and noise and, looking up, they saw him falling over a precipice of almost five hundred feet. His body was mangled beyond recognition. He was nearer hell than he knew.

* * *

Closer than He Knew

We were conducting a meeting at Cedar Creek schoolhouse. A group of people were graciously saved. But one young man was defiant. One Saturday afternoon he was up in the town of V., Tennessee, drinking and cursing. He went into an undertaker's establishment and, while leaning on a coffin, he was raving blasphemously. The following Sunday night the house in which he was stopping burned, and this young man was practically consumed. They raked a few of his bones and pieces of burned flesh from the fire and placed this gruesome sight in a coffin. It proved to be the same casket on which he was leaning and cursing a few hours before. He was nearer eternity than he knew.

* * *

The Uninvited Guest

While friends of John Farmer, sixty-five-year-old engineer of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, were planning to celebrate his birthday, his train was wrecked. The train struck some

cows, and the engine and some coaches were derailed. Mr. Farmer and his fireman were killed. The Cake with sixty-five candles was on the table. He lacked just one hour of being home, but death came unexpectedly and uninvited.

* * *

Draped Chairs

It is related that a minister was being shown through a prison where he was to preach the next day. As the warden was showing him through, he saw two chairs draped in black. He asked the warden, "What does this mean?" The warden answered, "The two men who will occupy these two chairs tomorrow are to be electrocuted a few hours later. This is their last service to attend."

How often this is true, if we only knew it! How many times men are sitting in "draped chairs," as it were, in the service!

* * *

Deathbed Confession

Rev. Shepard relates the following sad experience: A man crossing the Blue Ridge Mountains into an adjoining state sold his farm and collected the money. He was crossing the mountains, returning home, when he stepped into a trap which had been set for bear and large animals. The trap held him fast. The trapper and his fifteen-year-old son set out to see if they had any game and found the poor man in the trap. After they learned that he had the money in his possession, they killed him and placed his body in a deep pit. Then, securing the money, they returned home. Of course, there was never a suspicion. It was never known what became of the man.

But a few years went by, and the son was dying and made a full confession of the cruel deed. Thus, was fulfilled the Word of God, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

* * *

The Other Man Died

Rev. Roy Stewart tells of a man in the penitentiary in South Carolina who was to be electrocuted. The electrocution was to take place the following day. Every preparation had been made for an early execution. The condemned man's head had been shaved.

The guard was showing the visitors through the prison yards and the place of execution. He seemed so lighthearted and carefree! He talked just as glibly as if nothing serious were about to take place. But a strange thing occurred. That night the governor granted a pardon for the condemned man, and he is still living; but the "Sheriff of the skies" came along that very night and arrested the guard, who was called out to meet God. We never know just where the grim reaper will strike.

* * * * *

025 -- DECEPTION

Reversed Transfusion

Dr. O. J. Nease tells of a sad mistake relative to transfusion. You know the former method of transfusion was to place a well person beside the sick one, insert a tube into the arm of the well person and one into the arm of the sick one, and then, through a mechanical process, pump the blood from the well to the sick person. But on one occasion the device did not work properly, and in some way the pumping was reversed from what was expected. They pumped the blood full of deadly germs into the arm of the well person. A whole pint had been transferred before it was known. The results were disastrous. It looks as though the devil has succeeded often in these days in injecting the deadly poison of deception and damning counterfeits.

* * * * *

026 -- DELAY

Habit of Delay

An aged sinner said, "When I was young I said to myself, 'I cannot give up the world now but will by and by when I have passed the meridian of life. Then I shall be ready to attend to the concern of my soul.' But here I am an old man. I feel no readiness nor disposition to enter upon the work of my salvation. In looking back I often feel as if I would give worlds if I could be placed where I was when I was twenty years old. There were not half as many difficulties in my path then as there are now."

* * * * *

027 -- DELIVERANCE

Deliverance in the Furnace

Furnace fires sometimes start up about us with startling unexpectedness. What then? Let us remember Jesus Christ. The hottest flames cannot hurt Him. We are in Him and He in us. Three young men had a glorious experience in a burning fiery furnace, for which they praised God the rest of their lives -- for "the form of the fourth . . . like the Son of God," was with them. And what else happened? One has well said: "God caused the flames to burn with a wonderful discrimination, so that, though their bonds were consumed in an instant, not a hair of their heads was singed, nor did the smell of fire pass upon them." God can still control the flames of every sore trial and affliction.

In the furnace these boys also had an interview with the Son of God -- no doubt the outstanding event in their lives. It is better to be in the midst of a burning, fiery furnace with Christ than to be outside without Him. -- Selected.

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028 -- DEPRAVITY

Snakes

A worker once said in speaking to children, "Children, are there any snakes in Kansas?" "Yes, yes!" "What kind? Any striped snakes?" "Yes." "Adders?" "Yes." "Copperheads?" "Yes." "Now, suppose you had a nest of snakes in the cellar, what would you do with them?" "Kill them, kill them," the children answered. "But would you let them grow up to be large snakes?" "No." "What then?" "Kill them while they are small."

Then the worker said, "Well, children, some of you, I am afraid, have snakes in your bosoms. Did any of you ever disobey your parents?" "Yes." "No." "Yes." "Ah! there's a snake there! Did any of you ever tell a lie?" "No." "Yes." "No." "Yes." "There's a snake there, too. Now, children, I want you to kill these snakes, destroy them while they are small. Tear them out of your hearts. Let Jesus save you and destroy the snakes."

* * * * *

029 -- THE DEVIL

An Answer to the Devil

A minister asked a little converted boy, "Does not the devil tell you that you are not a Christian?" "Yes, sometimes." "Well, what do you say?" "I tell him," replied the boy, "whether I am a Christian or not is none of his business."

* * * * *

030 -- DRINK

The Evil Day

"Preacher, talk to my boy about drinking," said an anxious father. "He came home last night and fell sprawling on the floor, too drunk to get up. His mother cried the rest of the night; in fact, she has been crying ever since."

"Why don't you yourself talk to your own boy and urge him to give up drink?" the preacher questioned.

"Preacher, I can't talk to my son about it because I am to blame. I wanted him to be a man, and I thought it wouldn't harm him to drink. When I gave him his first glass of liquor, I didn't dream that he'd ever become a drunkard. Please speak to my boy. I can't talk to him."

* * *

A Boy Teetotaler

A bright boy, who had been taught the nature of strong drink and who had promised to shun it, one day visited a rich uncle, who offered the boy a glass of wine. He declined. Wishing to see how far the boy could be tempted, the uncle urged him to drink, and finally offered him the gift of a watch if he would drink. The boy declined, saying, "Please do not tempt me. If I keep a teetotaler, I can someday buy a watch of my Own; but if I drink and take your watch, I may later on have to pawn it to get bread."

* * *

Better than Mastery

A poor old Negro was once a hopeless drunkard, and he tried again and again to get free. 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've got the Master of the devil!"

* * * * *

031 -- ETERNITY

Whither Bound?

When the old-fashioned ships would pass each other on the high seas, the trumpeter would call out, "Whither bound?" We would call to you, O fellow traveler to eternity, "Whither bound?" Heaven or hell? Yes, eternity draws apace. Hear her solemn footsteps.

* * *

The Poorest Man

The railroad magnate was dying. His son stood by his bedside. The dying man said, "Son, take my hand." This he did, and his father said, "Son, you are holding the hand of the man who has made the greatest failure of any man in all the world." The son replied by saying, "Father, why do you thus speak? You are president of a railroad. You are worth millions of dollars. Your word is as good as your bond. You number your friends by the thousands." Then he replied, "I have lived for time and not for eternity. I have made no preparation for the next world. I must leave all I have. It is all dark and cold." And then he quickly passed into eternity. Yes, he was a poor man. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

* * *

Home in Eternity

I heard of a man who was dying some time ago, a man of great wealth. When the doctor told him he could not live, he sent for a lawyer to come to make out his will. The dying man's little girl, only about four years old, did not understand what death meant; and, when the mother told her that her papa was going away, the little child went to the bedside and looked into her father's eyes and asked, "Papa, have you got a home in that land you are going to?"

The question sank deep into his soul. He had spent all his time and all his energy in the accumulation of great wealth. He had a grand home and had now to leave it; and how that question came home to him! -- Selected.

* * *

A Graveyard Inscription

Passing through a country graveyard, I was struck by the inscription on a tombstone. The stone was by the side of the path where everyone could see it. It had been placed there in memory of a young man who died at the age of seventeen. It was, "Reader, stop and think; I am in eternity! and you are on the brink." In eternity! A young man, only seventeen years of age, in eternity! In a fixed, a changeless state, heaven or hell! And yet many have gone to hell before they were seventeen years of age.

* * *

Preparation for Eternity

There was a certain nobleman who kept a fool, to whom he one day gave a staff, with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Not many years after, the nobleman fell sick, even unto death. The fool came to see him. His sick lord said to him, "I must shortly leave you." "And whither are you going?" asked the fool. "Into another world," replied his lordship. "And when will you return? Within a month?" "No." "Within a year?" "No." "When, then?" "Never!" "Never?" asked the fool. "And what provision hast thou made for thine entertainment there, whither thou goest?" "None at all." "No!" exclaimed the fool, "none at all? Here then, take my staff; for, with all my folly, I am not guilty of any folly such as this." -- Bishop Hall.

* * *

Busy Here and There

It is said that an old lady was to take a train journey of about fifty miles through a most beautiful country. For months she contemplated the trip. She was anxious to enjoy the beautiful

scenery. The day came and she boarded the train. After getting her seat, she began arranging matters. She wanted everything just right. She began placing her bags, fixing her lunch box, adjusting the shades, and getting everything ready to enjoy the trip to the full. But, sad to say, just as everything was adjusted and she settled back, the conductor called out her station. She had to hurry around and gather up her belongings. "Oh, me!" she said, "if I had known we would get here so soon, I would not have wasted my time fussing around."

That is a fair picture of multitudes. We are so busy with the transient things of earth that we have little time to prepare for the next world. About the time we think we are all fixed for this world, the death angel will call out, "Eternity."

* * * * *

032 -- EXAMPLE

Paternal Example

A man was walking through the deep snow when he heard the voice of his oldest son saying: "I'll step in Father's tracks." He was trying to do it, and two younger brothers were at the same thing. The father went to the house of prayer to seek God that evening, thinking, "If I lead my sons thus, I'll make tracks for heaven."

* * * * *

033 -- FAITH

The Moffats' Faith

On the banks of the Kuruman, in the density of African heathenism, Robert and Mary Moffat toiled on for ten years without a single convert. Four hundred miles beyond the frontier of civilization, alone in the midst of savages, their faith never faltered. At a time when there was "no glimmer of the dawn" a letter was received from a friend in far-off England, asking if there was anything of use which could be sent. The significant answer of Mary Moffat was, "Send us a communion service; we shall want it someday." It came three years later, the day before the first converts were baptized. That faith was "assurance of things hoped for."

* * *

Faith and Works

Two gentlemen were one day crossing the river in a ferryboat. A dispute about faith and works arose, one saying that good works were of small importance and that faith was everything, the other asserting the contrary. Neither being able to convince the other, the ferryman asked permission to give his opinion. Upon consent he said, "I hold in my hand two oars. That in my right hand, I call 'faith'; the other, in my left, 'works.' Now, gentlemen, please observe. I pull the oar of faith and pull that alone. See! the boat goes round and round, and the boat makes no progress. I do

the same with the oar of works with precisely similar results -- no advance. Mark! I pull both together. We go on apace, and in a very few minutes we shall be at our landing place. So, in my humble opinion neither faith without works nor works without faith will suffice. Let there be both, and the haven of eternal rest is sure to be reached."

* * *

What Is Faith?

Mr. Wesley was once engaged in a very important conference with some of his leading associates. The subject of discussion was faith. No one was able to furnish a definition satisfactory to himself or to anyone present. In the midst of their perplexity, Mr. Wesley said, "Let's call in Mrs. ," naming an individual of strong good sense and of very deep piety. "She," continued Mr. Wesley, "can tell us just what faith is because she has consciously exercised it." When asked to tell what faith is, her reply was this, "It is taking God at His word." "That will do," exclaimed Mr. Wesley. And that will do for us all.

* * *

Training the Faith

You must train the faith. Is that possible? Yes, I will give you an instance. Richard Cecil one day went into a room where his little girl was-bright-eyed and happy as she could be. Somebody had just given her a box of very beautiful beads. The little child ran to her papa immediately to show this little gift. "They are very beautiful, my child," he said; "but now, my dear, throw them behind the fire." The little girl looked for a moment. It was a great trial. "Now, I shall not compel you to do it; I leave it to you. But you never knew Papa to ask you to do a thing that was not kind to you. I cannot tell you why; but, if you can trust me, do so."

It cost a great effort, but the little child began in her own way to think, "Father has always been kind to me: I suppose he is right." And she took the box and, with a great effort, threw it behind the fire. The father said no more for some time. The next day, however, he presented her with something far more beautiful, and which she had long desired. "Now," said he, "my child, I did this to teach you to trust in that greater Father in heaven. Many a time in your life He will require you to give up and to avoid what you cannot see the reasons for avoiding. But, if you trust that Father as you have trusted me, you will always find it best." That was training the child's faith.

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034 -- FAITHFULNESS

Faithful Preaching

It is said that the Rev. Dodd preached a scathing sermon against Sabbath desecration, which was very prevalent especially among the great and wealthy. One of the noblemen who was a ringleader in the profanation of the Lord's Day came to Rev. Dodd after the sermon and said, "You

have offended my lord today." To this Rev. Dodd replied, "I should not have offended your lord except he first offended my Lord; and if your lord is offended because I have preached the truth and spoken in behalf of my Lord, just let your lord be offended."

* * *

Faithful unto Death

I feel that I would like to be like the heroes of the Alamo. When their intrepid leader explained that it would be impossible to hold the fort against the superior forces of the enemy, he said it was possible to surrender, to seek to escape, or to fight and finally die. Said he, "I have chosen to do the latter." And, making a mark on the floor with his sword, he asked that all who elected to stand with him in this decision come across to his side of that line.

All the able-bodied came across at once, while one who was sick of fever and too weak to cross cried to his comrades not to forsake him, but to lift his cot across the line, that he might die even though he could not fight.

* * *

The Postage Stamp

Have you become discouraged? Don't give up. If your loved ones do not seem interested and attempt to discourage you and refuse to attend church or Sunday school with you, remember the little lesson from the postage stamp.

First, it is torn away from all those stamps to which it was attached and then it gets licked, stuck away in a corner, and pounded; but it holds fast. Later it is canceled and disfigured by black ink. Does it give up, and let go? No, indeed! It still holds fast. -- Selected.

* * *

Years of Service Lost

It is related that a young man was distributing gospel tracts. He handed one to a gentleman who received it courteously but said to the distributor that he doubted if it did much good, that he himself had once distributed tracts but never saw any results and finally gave it up.

The tract distributor was somewhat discouraged by the remark but remembered that he had been converted, years before, because someone had handed him a tract. This he related to the gentleman. He said, "Many years ago, when I was quite a young man, one dark, rainy evening I was passing a mission hall and a young man gave me a tract as I passed. I went into the hall and was converted."

After hearing this the gentleman asked, "May I inquire where this took place?" The tract distributor named the street, the hall, and the night. Then the gentleman grasped his hand and said,

"It was my work for many nights, when a young man, to stand at the door of that mission and hand out tracts. I remember that stormy night and the fine boy to whom I gave a tract. I am that tract distributor. It has been twenty years since that time, but I got discouraged and ceased my work. Now I shall begin again, but see how much time I have lost!"

* * *

Did I Do My Best?

It is related that one fearfully stormy night a boat was wrecked. As the dawn came, many were seen out in the icy waters, holding on to anything that would prevent them from sinking. Ed and Will Spencer came to the scene. Ed was a fine swimmer. He swam out and out again until he had rescued many, and was almost exhausted. He saw a woman holding on to a piece of board and crying for help. They said, "Ed, you'd better not go." But it was too much for him. He swam out into the icy waters and brought her to shore. Then he swooned. He was taken to the hospital. After some hours, he became conscious and said to his brother Will, "How many were drowned?" Will replied, "I do not know." Then he said, "How many did I save?" Will replied, "Ed, you saved seventeen." But Ed sadly said, "Did I do my best?" He would become unconscious, and every time ask the same question when he would revive. "Will, did I do my best?"

Have we done our best? We fear we are playing at religion and soul winning.

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035 -- FALSE DOCTRINES

The Fallacy of Eternal Security

Here in the city is a fine old gentleman, a returned soldier. Recently, he states, he went to hear a preacher who is rabid on unconditional eternal security. It was the 11:00 a.m. service. The minister brought forth one of his typical sinning-religion, eternal-security messages. At the close of the sermon the doctor who had just delivered this sermon saw this distinguished-looking gentleman with his wife and family. He went to them immediately, expressing his appreciation for their coming to his church. After this greeting he seemed to pause, waiting for the compliments of his visitors.

He received the compliments in about the following language: "Doctor, I am so happy. You have surely helped and relieved me of all my concern about getting to heaven. I know I have been saved; but I always thought until today that, even though you had been saved, you had to pray, serve the Lord, live right, and be faithful to make it in. But I find all my fears have been groundless. No matter what I do, or how I live, I am as sure of heaven as if I were there. If I never pray, go to church, nor live right, it is all the same. Doctor, you have surely helped me." He said the doctor turned abruptly away without saying a word. I should think there was not much to say. It is the devil's doctrine that will damn multitudes in hell.

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036 -- FORGIVENESS

A Mother's Forgiveness

It is said that a young man became very profligate. He almost broke the hearts of his parents. The mother was actually about to die from the strain. Finally, one day he acted so shamefully that his father said to him, "We have done everything in our power for you. You have disgraced the family and are killing your mother. All that we do for you is in vain. I am sorry, but I must ask you to leave our home and never return." The young man left.

The months and years went by. Finally the boy became so miserable and homesick it seemed he could not stand it. So he wrote his mother this letter: "Dear Mother: I am ashamed of my fearful conduct in the home. I can hardly stand to think I must never see you again. However, I do not know whether or not Father and you can forgive me. But I will be on train No. 2 that passes your home at 10:00 a.m. [Then he gave the day.] Now if you can forgive me and will take me back, I want you to hang a sheet out on the clothesline. I shall look as the train passes and, if I see the sheet, I will know that you will forgive me, and I will get off at the next station, just below the house, and come home."

Well, what do you think she did? Not only did she hang out one sheet, but every sheet, towel, pillowcase and everything else white that she had. The clothesline, fence, and rosebushes were covered with sheets, towels, etc. Of course he came home, and, oh, such a welcome! It was forgiveness in abundance.

* * *

No Forgiveness for the Impenitent

A man had committed a fearful crime and had been sentenced to the penitentiary for life. After he had served many years, some friends felt he should be pardoned and liberated. A petition for this purpose was signed by many of the best citizens. The pardoning judge interviewed him and, after asking him a number of questions, said, "If you were pardoned and freed, what would you do?" He defiantly answered, "The first thing I would do would be to kill the prosecuting attorney and jury that found me guilty; then I would hunt up the judge that sentenced me and shoot him." Of course he was not pardoned.

So it is with God. He will not and cannot forgive the impenitent.

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037 -- FORMALISM

Professing Christians

A small ship was seen among the icebergs of the arctic regions. It did not seem to be moving when seen at a distance. Another ship hailed the vessel with a loud, "Ship ahoy," but there was no response. On entering the craft, it was found that all on board were frozen and dead. The captain was sitting at a table as if writing. The book on the table contained a record of conditions. They had been out of fuel for weeks, according to the diary, and were just drifting. From the last entry of the diary, it was found that they had been frozen, dead, and drifting for about thirteen years!

Multitudes of professed Christians and churches have been in that condition for many years. They retain the form but are dead.

* * *

Awfully Dead

The evangelist made this statement: "This is the deadest place I have ever seen. It is so dead that, if I were a buzzard, I would never stop here." Many were offended and insisted that he would have to apologize and retract. He was thus informed and promised to do it.

So that evening when he arose to preach, he said, "I understand that many are offended at my remark relative to the deadness of this place. When I stop to think of it, I believe they are right. To be so dead that a buzzard would not stop is very dead. And I want to retract my statement and say that, if I were a buzzard, I would stop right here!"

Lord, save us from deadness and formalism in the church! Sam Jones said, "Many times when I walk down the aisle, I feel like saying, 'Tread easy, old fellow, for you are among the dead!'"

* * * * *

038 -- FRIENDSHIP

Showing Friendliness

The Quaker was at the creek, watering his horse, when the new neighbor came along and inquired, "What kind of people live around here? Are the neighbors good or bad?" The Quaker inquired, "What kind did thee leave where thee came from?" The answer was, "Terrible. That is why I left." Then the Quaker replied, "Thee will find the same kind here."

A few days later the same Quaker was at the same creek watering the same horse, when another newcomer asked the same question the other one had asked a few days before. The Quaker asked the same question, "What kind did thee leave where thee came from?" The newcomer's answer was different. He said, "The best in the world. It almost broke my heart to leave them." Then the Quaker answered, "Thee will find the same kind here."

Yes, the Bible says, "A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly."

* * * * *

039 -- GOD

Impossible to Outdo the Lord

A few days ago a good lady, a widow and member of our church, came to me, stating that she had some tithe money which she wished me to put into the church for her. The amount was two hundred forty dollars. Her husband, while in the employ of the government, had been killed in an automobile accident. She received some money from this, but was not sure that it had been tithed. The two hundred forty dollars was this amount. The good lady only had twenty-seven dollars besides this amount. We hardly knew what to do. We knew she was greatly in need of this money. We hesitated to take it, but feared to refuse.

Mrs. Tidwell and I went to see her in the afternoon after she had given the money. When we arrived, she seemed very happy. She immediately went over to a little drawer and picked up a government check and said, "Brother Tidwell, look at that!" It was a check for seventy-eight dollars for the month. Also, she is to receive this amount for life! Think of it! Also a friend handed her fifty dollars that same day. Yes, God always makes good. He says, "Them that honour me I will honour." You can't outdo the Lord.

* * *

Safe in His Care

An old lady in England who had stood the bombings with amazing fortitude was asked the secret of her calmness in the midst of such frightful danger. She replied, "Well, every night I says my prayers and then I remembers how the parson told us God is always watching; so I go to sleep. After all, there's no need for both of us to stay awake!"

* * *

Confidence in God

Two boys were conversing about Elijah being taken to heaven in a chariot of fire. One said, "Would you not be afraid to ride in a chariot of fire?" The other replied, "No, not if God drove."

* * *

Putting God First

A few days ago Douglas Thompson, one of our finest boys, came home from the army on furlough. His family did not know of his coming until his mother, who was getting ready to come to Sunday school and church, saw him coming up the front walk. Well, you can imagine about what

took place. I think we never saw a mother more devoted to a son than this mother. But what did she do? Did she abandon the idea of going to church and remain at home with her son? He was so tired and worn that it was about impossible for him to come. No, she did not stay at home. She quickly fixed him a lovely breakfast and arranged for him to get some rest, and she came on to the house of God, so happy that she was just touching the high places. The Bible says, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." It also says, "Them that honour me I will honour." She did both of these. Her family have great respect for her salvation, and she can pray and claim the promise of God.

* * *

Omniscience of God

A man went to steal corn from his neighbor's field. He took his little boy with him to keep a lookout, so as to give warning in case anyone should come along. Before commencing he looked all around, first one way and then the other; and, not seeing any person, he was just about to fill his bag when his son cried out, "Father, there is one way you haven't looked yet!" The father supposed that someone was coming and asked his son which way he meant. He answered, "You forgot to look up!" The father, conscience-stricken, took his boy by the hand and hurried home without the corn which he had designed to take.

* * *

God Sees

How dreadful is the eye of God to the sinner! It is said that Lafayette, the great friend of Washington, related the following experience. He stated that he was shut up in a gloomy room in prison for a great while. In the door of the small cell there was a very small hole cut. At that hole a soldier was placed to watch him. All he could see was the soldier's eye; but there it was every moment. "Oh!" he said, "it was dreadful." There was no escape, no hiding. There is no escape from the eye of God.

* * *

The Omniscience of God

An infidel said to a little Christian girl, "If you will tell me where God is, I will give you an orange." To which she replied, "If you will tell me where God is not, I will give you two." He did not get the oranges.

* * *

Love for God

A little boy had a canary bird which he loved very much. His mother was taken ill, and the singing of the bird gave her great annoyance. The boy was told by the mother that his little bird

gave her pain by its singing. He went at once and gave the bird away to his cousin, and then came home and told his mother that the canary would not disturb her any more, for he had given it to his cousin.

"But did you not love it very much?" said the mother to him. "How could you part with it?" "It is true, I loved the bird, Mother," he replied, "but I love you much more. I could not really love anything that gave you pain." We must love God as this boy loved his mother, more than we love anything else; and also everything that grieves Him we must give up, however much we may like it.

"You love me," said a mother to her little child, as she leaned over her in bed, "don't you?" "Yes," said the half-asleep child, "but I love God much more."

* * *

God's Will Best

A farmer near London wrote to the Scripture Gift Mission enclosing a five-shilling (\$1.25) offering. In his letter he requested prayer that no bombs should drop on his small farm. His harvest had not been good, and his farm was very dry, with no water, and he had to buy water. The secretary of the Mission wrote back and said he could not ask that, but instead would pray that God's will might be done.

Soon afterwards Hitler's biggest bomb came down on this man's farm. It broke all his windows, but no one was hurt. It was so big that it went down very deep and unearthed a spring. The spring not only watered his farm well, but it enabled him to let others have water too. Last year, therefore, he had a very good harvest, and he sent a fifty-pound check as a thanksgiving offering. The Lord had done "exceeding abundantly above all" he asked or thought. How good and how wise is our God in all His ways!

* * *

"I Am with Thee"

At one time a man of refinement was sentenced to spend twenty-four hours in an underground cell in an old English prison. The steps of the wardens died away in the distance. The man felt that before long terror would drive him mad.

Then suddenly there came the sound of footsteps above, and in a quiet tone the chaplain called him by name. "God bless you," gasped the poor fellow. "Are you there?" said the chaplain, "and I am not going away from here until you come out." "Why, I don't mind it a bit now, with you there like that." The terror was gone while his friend was so near, unseen, yet just above.

And so beside us all is the unseen yet loving Saviour. -- Selected.

* * *

God Sees

A girl went into a room to steal something. There was a picture on the wall and the eyes of the picture seemed to be gazing at her at every turn. Finally, in order to steal without being rebuked, she took down the picture and put out the eyes. But the eyes of God cannot be plucked out. The Bible says, "Thou God seest me."

* * *

God Is Always Awake

A little girl was timid in bed when the lights were turned off. By and by she saw the moon shining. "Is the moon God's light?" she asked. "Yes," her mother said, "the moon and the stars are all God's lights." "Will He blow out His lights and go to sleep?" "No," replied her mother, "God's lights are always burning." "Well, Mother," said Ethel, "while God's awake I'm not afraid."
-Selected.

* * * * *

040 -- GRATITUDE

Rescued by a Dog

A lady was on a lake steamer when her little girl fell overboard, and she was almost frantic. A gentleman on the boat had a large Newfoundland dog. The dog was directed to leap into the water and save the child. He did so and swam ashore with the little girl, part of her dress in his mouth, I suppose. The mother seized her saved child, and kissed her again and again. Then turning to the dog, she hugged and kissed that dog, with a heart full of gratitude to the animal.

That's more than some people have ever done for Jesus Christ, although He hung on the cross to save them from sin and hell.

* * *

Unrecognized

It is said that a poverty-stricken old lady in Europe was complaining that her son in America, who was very wealthy, was very cruel and ungrateful. "Does he never send you any money?" she was asked. "Never a penny," she replied. "He sends me some pictures quite often, but I do not need pictures; I need money." The friend said, "Do you have any of these pictures?" "Oh, yes, I have them all. They are in the old Bible." When examined, the "pictures" were found to be fifty- and hundred-dollar bills, all new and fresh! Pathetic! Starving with abundance in hand.

So it is with many. God has abundant grace for all, but they fail to recognize it.

* * * * *

041 -- HABITS

A Boy's Idea

It is said that a little boy was often chased by the ganders of a flock of geese. Their outstretched necks and hissing greatly terrified the little boy. He lived in mortal fear. Finally some goslings were hatched out from the flock, and one day the boy was out among them, knocking them in the head and killing them on every side. His mother scolded him and said, "Son, what are you doing?" He replied that the old ganders bit him, and he was killing the goslings. She said, "But, Son, these are not ganders; they are just goslings." He answered, as he continued to slay the goslings, "No, they are not now; but they will soon grow up to be ganders and will hiss at me and bite me."

He was wise. We say, "We have habits." But that is not true. The habits have us. Better get rid of bad habits before they master you.

* * * * *

042 -- HEAVEN

The Way to Heaven

"I know the way to heaven," said little Minnie to little Johnnie, who stood by her side, looking on a picture book that Minnie had in her hand. "You do?" said little Johnnie. "Well, won't you tell me how to get there?" "Oh, yes! I'll tell you. Just commence going up, and keep on going up all the time, and you'll get there. But, Johnnie, you must not turn back."

* * *

Beckoning Hands

Bishop Taylor tells of a village in Africa where he called for a day with his little missionary boat but was not able to remain or leave a missionary with them. They were bitterly disappointed and long entreated him to alter his purpose and leave a teacher among them. But it was beyond his power, and he sorrowfully left them. As he sailed up the river he saw them standing on the bank, beckoning him with eager entreaty. Two days later he returned, sailing down the stream. As they passed the village, the natives were still upon the banks watching for him. As they saw that he did not intend to land, they became wild in their gesticulation and cries, waving their arms, leaping high in the air, shouting and trying in every way to attract his attention. He felt the appeal in every fiber of his being, but he could do nothing. He had no one to leave, and as he sailed down the river his heart was broken with the sight.

* * *

Living Above

Over the door of a cabinet maker's shop in London there hangs this sign: "Living above." It is a notification to customers that he can be found above his shop if the door is locked.

It is a great thing for a worker to be able to say he is "living above" his work, that his dreams and hopes and real life are above the level of his day's toil. He may have to work amid the clods and clutter, but at least he can "live above." No matter how lowly a man's work, his life can be above it if his life is hid with Christ in God.

* * *

Adjustment in Heaven

An aged Christian paused to rest himself from a heavy load on a warm summer day. An acquaintance accosted him as a splendid carriage in which a haughty man rode rolled past. "What do you think of the providence of which you sometimes speak?" said the acquaintance. "You know that that is a wicked man; yet he spreads himself like a green bay tree. His eyes stand out with fatness, he is not plagued as other men; while you, believing that all the silver and gold is the Lord's, serving Him and trusting in His providence, and toiling and sweating in your old age, get little more than bread and water. How can you reconcile this with a just providence?"

The aged man looked at the questioner with amazement, and with the greatest earnestness replied, "Couple heaven with it! couple heaven with it, and then?"

* * *

The City That God Built

Abraham looked for a city that had foundations, whose Builder and Maker was God. Well, he surely found it. It cost him a lot, but it was a paying proposition. Wonderful city! It has twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels. On the east, three gates; on the north, three gates; on the south, three gates; and on the west, three gates. The gates shall not be closed by day; so they are never closed, as it is an eternal day. There are plenty of gates. We can enter if well prepared.

But the gates are well guarded by the angels. Nothing that defileth shall enter into the city. It is quarantined against sin. It is a holy city for holy people. In this city there are no more tears, pain, sorrow, or death. There are no hospitals or graves. The inhabitants never say, "I am sick." They never grow old.

Here the river of life flows, and the tree of life bears twelve kinds of fruit and yields her fruit every month. God's servants serve Him, and they see His face, and His name is in their foreheads. It is the city Abraham set out to find and, thank God, he succeeded. It is the place Christ went to prepare for His own, and from which He will come again and receive us unto himself. It is our eternal home. Christ is the only way to it. May we not miss it at any cost!

* * * * *

043 -- HEAVEN OR HELL

No Rest in Hell

We like to think of heaven as a place of rest. Job said, "There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest." Charles Wesley sang, "There I shall bathe my weary soul in seas of heavenly rest, and not a wave of trouble roll across my peaceful breast." Think of taking a bath in a sea of heavenly rest. But in hell there is no rest. In Revelation 14:11 we read, "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever: and they have no rest."

We can imagine some lost soul inquiring, "Where can I find some rest?" To this plaintive wail we may hear a hopeless response from the damned who have been there longer, "This is hell. There is no rest in hell."

* * * * *

044 -- HELL

No Christians in Hell

Several Christians were greatly concerned about the salvation of a young man. Efforts were made to win him. He became enraged and said, "I will get away from these troublesome Christians." But everywhere he went he found Christians. Finally in desperation he said to some stranger, "Where can I go to get away from these Christians?" The answer came back, "You can go to hell; no Christians will be there."

* * * * *

045 -- HOLINESS

Holiness Indispensable

We were coming from Memphis to Chattanooga. As we waited for the train to leave Memphis, we were talking to my good friend, Brother Bond, as he was checking the tickets of the people entering the train. He had one thing to say to all as they entered, and that was, "Tickets, please."

As he did so, we saw a tall, somewhat grouchy-looking fellow appear. Brother Bond said, "Ticket, please." The fellow looked at him as though he felt he was interfering with his business and growled, "Well, don't you think I have a ticket?" To this Brother Bond kindly replied, "Well, I just imagine you have a ticket." Then he seemed to calm down a little and answered, "It is just a matter of form; is it?" To this Brother Bond, looking him squarely in the eye, very positively said, "No, sir, it is not a matter of form at all. It is just the rule of the company."

So it is with regard to holiness. Without holiness "no man shall see the Lord." Holiness is just the rule of the company.

* * *

Cleaning Out the Old Well

We remember, when a boy, seeing Father and other men cleaning out an old well which had not been used for many years. All kinds of rubbish had been thrown into it. It was about ninety feet deep. After the larger pieces had been gotten out, they began to get the filth out near the bottom. They let a man down in a large basket; but before he reached the bottom, they heard a faint cry from him. They quickly pulled him up, and he seemed to be dead. They worked frantically for some time, and finally he revived and gave a report of the poisonous gas that had settled there. They called it "black damp" or "choke damp." They were bewildered. Then they decided to contrive means of driving this gas out. They had a kettle, and in it they built a fire and let it down; but before it reached the bottom, the "damp" put the fire out. But they persisted by letting down one fire after another. Finally they would fill the kettle with red-hot coals and let it down. This was kept up until the poisonous gas had been consumed and driven out. Then they let a man down, and all was well.

The poisonous gas of hell, carnality, and sin has settled in the soul of man. His only hope is a miraculous purging or cleansing by the baptism with the Holy Ghost. Christ will baptize with the Holy Ghost and fire.

* * * * *

046 -- HUMILITY

Too Rustic?

Dr. Robert Morrison, missionary to China, cabled home for assistance. His board thought of a young man of Aberdeen who wished to devote his time to missionary work. But when he came to meet the board for examination as to his qualifications, his appearance was so unpromising that they decided he would not do. "He is too rustic." Then they thought he might do for a servant. One member of the committee was to contact him in private and tell him the committee's decision to see how he would react to it and also to make known to him the proposal to make him a servant. On being asked if he was willing to act as a servant, he replied without hesitation and with a bright smile, "Yes, sir, most certainly I am willing to do anything, just so I am in the work. To be a hewer of wood and drawer of water is too great an honor for me while the Lord's house is in building." That unpromising young rustic became the famous Dr. Milne.

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047 -- HYPOCRISY

A Pretending Christian

There was a very pious family. In it was a daughter and sister who seemed very devout. She was a regular attendant at church, participating in all the parts of the services -- singing, praying, and the Lord's Supper. All believed her to be genuine. Finally she was taken suddenly and seriously ill. A minister was informed of her serious illness and, at her request, came to see her. He expected to find a happy, victorious Christian; but not so. The sick young lady asked him to have a seat, saying, "I am glad you came, for I cannot bear to go out of this world a deceiver and a hypocrite without telling someone." Then she said, "I cannot afford, for the sake of my loved ones, to tell you all of the sham, deceitfulness, and hypocrisy of my life. I have talked about religion, have professed religion, and pretended to be a Christian; but I am not and have never really loved the Lord or His service. Now I must die without any of the prospects of religion and be shut out of heaven forever."

Then the minister spoke of the mercy and grace of God. "Yes," she replied, "but that is not for me now. I have been a worthless hypocrite, and God is justly my enemy. My character is finished. What I am, I shall be forever. The tree is even now falling, and it is too late now." In a few minutes she went out to meet God. It will be a fearful thing to come to the end of the way and find it dark.

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048 -- INDIFFERENCE

Important Matters

It is said that Demosthenes was speaking upon a very important subject. As he spoke, his hearers became very drowsy and uninterested. He suddenly stopped and said, "My hearers, I have a very important matter to relate." Then he said, "A gentleman hired a donkey from another man. They were to make a trip from Athens to Megara on a very hot day. They both desired to rest in the shadow of the donkey. The man who hired the donkey insisted that, when he hired the donkey, this included the shadow. The Owner of the donkey insisted that he hired only the donkey and not the shadow." Then suddenly he stopped, but the crowd was so interested that they insisted that he explain further. Then Demosthenes turned upon them and said, "O ye Athenians, ye are greatly interested when I speak of the shadow of a donkey, but you go to sleep when I speak about solemn matters."

* * * * *

049 -- INFIDELITY

Advice of an Infidel

Colonel Ethan Allen, leader of the Green Mountain Boys, was a notorious infidel. His wife was a pious woman, and taught her daughter the gospel. This daughter sickened, and her father was sent for to hear her dying words. "Father," she said, "I am about to die. Shall I believe the principles which you have taught me, or shall I believe what my mother has taught me?" After

waiting a few moments to calm his extreme agitation, he answered, "Believe what your mother has taught you."

* * *

An Infidel Converted

A young man of sixteen entered college and in due time graduated with the highest honors. His most intimate friend was E___, who was very bright and witty but a confirmed infidel. The ambitious youth came fully under the influence of his gay and brilliant companion; and, when he left college, he too could ridicule the Bible and crack his jokes at the expense of weak-minded (?) people who believe it to be the Word of God.

While traveling he stopped at a country inn, and the landlord apologized for the necessity of putting him in the room adjoining an apartment occupied by a young man who was extremely ill and in a dying condition. The youthful infidel smiled at the apology, for what was death to him? However, in the stillness of the night he heard through the thin partition the groans of the sick man -- groans, it seemed to him, of despair. He was ashamed to find that these hollow and hopeless groans not only disturbed him, but appalled him, and he covered his head with the bedclothes in profound mortification when he reflected that the intellectual, witty, and sarcastic E would laugh him to scorn if his weakness were discovered. At last all was still, and he fell into an uneasy sleep. When he awoke, descending to the office with an assumed indifference, he inquired after his fellow lodger.

"Dead," was the blunt reply of the landlord.

The infidel was startled, but again asked in a careless tone, "Do you know who he was?"

"Oh, yes, he was a graduate of P- College and a fine fellow. His name was E -- , and it's a pity he died so young, for he would have made his mark."

And so the groans that made the young stranger think of as a refuge for his unmanly fears, were the groans of E- himself, the wicked and mocking deist, in his dying hour. This young skeptic afterwards became the devoted and distinguished Dr. Adoniram Judson, the great missionary to Burma. -- Selected.

* * *

Not Settled in October

An infidel published the statement that he had an acre of Sunday corn which was the best in the community. He said that he broke the ground on Sunday, planted the corn on Sunday, plowed it only on Sunday, and that it was the finest in the neighborhood. By the middle of October he would have it harvested and safe in the crib. This was done on Sunday. He was ridiculing the idea of there being a God and declared his success in this matter proved it.

As he was thus boasting and defying God to one of his Christian neighbors, the neighbor quietly replied, "Yes, but God does not always square accounts with mankind by the middle of October."

* * * * *

050 -- INFLUENCE

What He Could Not Pack

"Having no evil thing to say of you."

A young minister was leaving a North County town, and was bidding an old lady good-by. "Well, sir," she said, "you'll be busy packing up your belongings, I expect." "Yes," he replied, "I have only a few things to get into boxes now."

"There's one thing you won't be able to pack up, sir," said the old lady. "You'll have to leave that behind." "I don't know -- whatever is that?" questioned the minister. "You can't pack up your influence, sir," she answered quietly.

That is true: whether influence is good or bad, we leave it behind when God's call comes.
-- Christian Herald.

* * *

The Influence of Sunday-School Teachers

Robert Goodwin, a four-year-old pupil, came home one Sunday and said, "My teacher, Miss Baker, told us today of the Hebrew children the king put into the fiery furnace." He described some of the details and then said, "There were three of them, and their names were Shadrack, Haystack, and Abillygoat!"

His parents sought to prove to him that their names were Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego; but, no, sir, it was all in vain. He insisted to the last, "My teacher said their names were Shadrack, Haystack, and Abillygoat." Much responsibility rests on the Sunday-school teacher.

* * *

A Little Clock

A little clock in a jeweler's window in a certain Western town stopped one day for half an hour at twenty minutes after eight. School children, noticing the time, stopped to play; people hurrying to the train looked at the clock, and began to walk more slowly; professional men, after looking at the clock, stopped to chat longer in the sunshine; and all were late because one small

clock stopped. Never had these people known how much they had depended upon that clock until it had led them astray.

Many are thus unconsciously depending upon the influence of Christians. You may think you have no influence, but you cannot go wrong in one little act without leading others astray. God's Word says, "None of us liveth to himself."

* * * * *

051 -- INGRATITUDE

Base Ingratitude

At the battle of the Alma, in September, 1854, a wounded Russian was calling piteously for water. Captain Eddington, whose heart was kind and charitable, ran up to him and, stooping, gave him the much-desired beverage. The wounded man revived. The captain ran forward to join his regiment when the wretch, who had just been restored by his kindness, fired and shot him who had been his friend in the time of need. -- Biblical Treasury.

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052 -- JOY

Joy in Martyrdom

John Bradford in Newgate is to be burned the next morning in Smithfield, and he swings himself on the bedpost in very glee and delights, for tomorrow is his wedding day. And he says to another, "Fine shining we shall make tomorrow when the flame is kindled." And he smiles and laughs, and enjoys the very thought that he is about to wear the blood-red crown of martyrdom. Is Bradford mad? Ah, no! but he has the peace of God that passeth all understanding.

* * * * *

053 -- THE JUDGMENT

Indifference to the Judgment

When Channing was a boy of ten years, he heard Dr. Hopkins preach a forceful sermon on the reasonableness of a future judgment. He was deeply impressed and expected his father, who was a deacon of the Congregational church, to speak to him about his soul's salvation. He did not utter a word in regard to the sermon or his danger but, on reaching home, sat down to read.

Dr. Channing says, "I made up my mind that my father did not believe one word that he had heard. He was not alarmed; why should I be? I dismissed the whole subject from my thoughts." His father's thoughtlessness drove him into the ranks of heterodoxy, and he became the champion of Unitarianism.

* * *

The Burden of Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress"

The thought of judgment to come was the burden of Christian in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Bunyan pictures Christian standing in the field, his face from his own home, clad in rags, with a burden on his back and a Book in his hands. He walked to and fro in the field, distressed in mind, as he attempted to read the little Book that he held in his hand. He looked this way and that way as if he would run, yet did not, for he knew not which way to flee. He wept bitterly. An evangelist approached him and said, "Wherefore dost thou cry?" "Sir," said he, "I perceive by this Book in my hand that I am condemned to die, and after that to come into judgment; and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second. And the thought of these things makes me cry. Yes, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment"; and surely the thought of these things is quite sufficient to make men cry.

* * *

Awards of the Judgment

There is a machine in the Bank of England which receives sovereigns, as a mill receives grain, for the purpose of determining wholesale whether they are of full weight. As they pass through, the machinery, by unerring action, throws all that are light to one side and all that are of full weight to another. That process is a silent but solemn parable for me. Founded as it is on the laws of nature, it affords the most vivid similitude of the certainty which characterizes the judgment of the great day. There are no mistakes or partialities to which the light may trust: the only hope lies in being of standard weight before they go in.

* * *

The Lonely Grave

When I was a boy, there was an old road that ran from Bristol to Memphis, Tennessee. It was known as "the old stage road." It was built before the days of trains, and stages ran over it. One day when my father and I drove along "the old stage road," he related to me the following experience:

One night at a little inn on the old road a Mr. Cotman, from Bristol, spent the night. He was going from Bristol to Memphis, and it was known that he was carrying a sum of money. A strange thing happened. Just as Mr. Cotman had put his horse in the barn and was entering the house where he was to spend the night, he saw one of his close neighbors ride by. The neighbor did not speak but passed rapidly on. Mr. Cotman was worried. Why should this neighbor, whom he had left a few hundred miles away, be passing at that time?

The next morning Mr. Cotman arose early, ate his breakfast, saddled his horse, and rode on. In a very short time his horse came running back to the barn where he had spent the night, but

the rider was gone. The men went down the road in search of Mr. Cotman. They found him dead by the roadside. He had been robbed. The men had heard Mr. Cotman speak of the neighbor's passing. They were suspicious. They went in search of the man, and found him many miles down the road. He was arrested, but he proved an alibi. He was too far away. Anyway, there is the lonely grave by the old stage road, known as "Cotman's grave." He was buried there. You say, "It will never be known who murdered Mr. Cotman." No, you are mistaken. There is coming a day when the hidden things will come to light. It will all be clear in the "Great Day."

* * * * *

054 -- LIFE

Life's Little Day

One secret of a sweet and happy Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think of life as a whole, running on before us. We cannot carry this load until we are threescore and ten. We cannot fight this battle continually for half a century. But really there are no long stretches. Life does not come to us all at one time; it comes only a day at a time. Even tomorrow is never ours till it becomes today, and we have nothing whatever to do with it but to pass down to it a fair and good inheritance in today's work well done and today's life well lived. God says, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

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055 -- LIGHT

Gazing at the Light

A company of boys one day decided to see which one could look at the sun the longest. One looked only a few moments and said, "Oh, it hurts too bad." He was out of the contest. One by one they dropped out. But one lingered. He said, "At first it hurt, but not so much now." So he gazed on and on. Finally he said, "It does not hurt at all." But he soon discovered he was totally blind. The light had put out his eyes. No, light is not made to gaze at but to walk in.

* * *

Letting Our Light Shine

G. Campbell Morgan says, "My father came into my house soon after I was married and looked into every room, and then he said to me, 'Yes, it is very nice; but nobody will know, walking through here, whether you belong to God or the devil.' I went through and looked at the rooms again, and I thought, 'He is quite right.'"

* * *

Is Your Light Burning?

Be sure, when you rush to the need of a brother, that you have the answer to his cry. You may arrive and yet be powerless and useless in the critical hour. When thinking of this, one remembers the story of the flagman in Colorado. Two swift passenger trains were to meet at a siding in the mountains. When the first train arrived, it found a long freight already occupying the siding. And when the passenger train ran in on the siding, four or five coaches were still left out on the main track. The flagman was swiftly sent out that he might flag the oncoming train, which could then turn slowly in by the siding and release the freight behind it at one end of the siding, that the other passenger train might clear the main track thereby.

Swiftly up the track the flagman went, his lantern in hand. Dusk settled quickly in the shadow of the great mountains. He heard the shrill whistle of the oncoming passenger train. He saw its headlight swing around the curve of the track before him. He lifted his lantern to give the signal when, with sickening horror, he suddenly discovered that his light had gone out! -- Selected.

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056 -- LONGSUFFERING

Stephen Merritt's Example

Almost all have heard of Stephen Merritt, the devout and wealthy Christian businessman of New York City. It is said that one day he went to one of the missions financed by him where the hungry were fed. When he entered, he laid his tall silk hat upside down on the folding organ. Then he began helping to feed the crowd of hungry men. Possibly these men were a little envious of him and, as they ate, they threw scraps of bread, meat, etc. into this silk hat. Mr. Merritt was to speak to them after the meal. This he did. He spoke very tenderly and told of the love of God and concluded by thanking the men for their thoughtfulness in not throwing the scraps on the floor and thus saving the mission workers a lot of work. Then he closed, went over, and picked up his hat, emptying its contents into the garbage can. Then he told the men good-by.

At his room he soon heard sounds as if a number of men were there. He opened the door, and there stood a crowd of these ruffians who had so treated their benefactor. They were weeping bitterly and saying, "Mr. Merritt, we are sorry and ashamed of the way we treated you. We want you to forgive us, and we want to be saved." It is said that they practically all found the Lord.

* * * * *

057 -- LOST

Lost in a Mine

It is said that a man was lost in a mining section. There were shaft mines -- great holes hundreds of feet deep and very thick. The man realized his danger. He knew that if he continued on, seeking to find his way out, he was very liable to step into one of these holes and be crushed hundreds of feet below.

So he decided not to take another step. He stopped immediately and lifted up his voice with all his might and cried, "LOST! LOST! LOST!" He was heard by some miners, who came with their lanterns and rescued him. This was a wise decision.

Sinner, you are lost, lost now! Another step may plunge you into the pit of damnation. Stop, and cry, "Lost!" He who came to seek and save the lost will lead you out.

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058 -- LOST OPPORTUNITY

Quick Judgment

We were in a tent meeting between Chattanooga and Rossville. Large crowds were attending, and many were finding the Lord. On one particular night many came forward for prayer. They just kept coming and praying through, and the call was continued. As the service went on, we saw a company of young people leave the tent in a rather hilarious mood. In a few minutes after they left, we heard the siren of the ambulance as it dashed past the tent down the boulevard.

When the service was over, we learned that the young people who left the tent had gotten into their car and sped down the highway at sixty or seventy miles an hour. One young lady stood out on the running board, having a great time. As they sped on she leaned out from the car, but she leaned too far. The car swerved a little and her head struck a telephone pole which splattered her brains on the ground.

This was quick judgment. She was dead and, doubtless, in hell even before the altar call had closed. God says, "He, that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." And He means it, too.

* * * * *

059 -- LOVE

Enduring Hardness

We recently saw an article which described the Chinese soldiers marching to help their hard-pressed fellow soldiers. The writer said he saw them hungry and almost starved. They were footsore and weary. Their eyes were sunken, and many had to lean on others to march at all. Many died as they walked. The road was hot and dusty. In many places after they had marched over the road, instead of dust there was bloody mud, made so by the bleeding feet of the Chinese. They did this for the love of country.

What are we willing to suffer for Jesus and the gospel, for the sake of souls?

* * *

Souls or Gold

If Mr. Henry Ford would come and promise us \$1,000 for every soul we honestly and sincerely seek to win to Christ, would we be more concerned than we are? Mr. Ford, you know, is well able to do it. If Adam had lived until today and saved a dollar an hour, solid time, night and day, of course he could not be classed with Mr. Ford financially. But if Mr. Ford should make this offer, what would we do? I think I know what many would do. I can, in my imagination, see us going out into the hills and hollows, streets and lanes of the cities. We would say, "I will get \$1,000 for every soul I try to win; not for those I win, but for all I sincerely try to win." That looks like we care more for gold than souls.

The Lord pity us! Jesus declares that one soul is worth more than all the world. Oh, that we might have some idea of the value and preciousness of a soul! It is indestructible. It can't be burned or drowned. It will live on through an incomprehensible eternity, either with Christ and the redeemed in heaven or with the devil and the damned in hell.

* * *

A Heart of Love

When Joseph Parker was a young minister at Banbury, he had a public debate with George Jacon Holyoke, who was what they called in those days a secularist. Holyoke closed his attack on the Christian faith with the apparently crushing question: "What did your God do for Stephen when he was stoned to death?" The audience felt the force of the argument, for it gathers up into itself all our prejudice for bodily welfare. But they were simply electrified and thrilled with awe when young Parker made the simple rejoinder, "This is what my God did for Stephen in the hour of his stoning: He enabled him to pray, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.'" -Selected.

* * *

Love Tested

"I do love God," said a little girl to her papa one day when he had been talking to her about loving God. "Perhaps you think so, Maria." "Oh, I do, indeed I do, Papa!" "Suppose, my child, you should come to me and say, 'Dear Papa, I do love you,' and then go away and disobey me? Could I believe you?" "No, Papa." "Well, dear, how can I believe you love God when I see you every day doing those things which He forbids? You know, the Bible says, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.'"

* * *

Love for an Enemy

At Hanover C. H., two wounded soldiers lay near each other. One of them, a Confederate from North Carolina, suffered much from thirst and cried, "Water! Water!" The other, a Federal,

managed to crawl to a stream and fill his canteen. Returning with it, he held it to the lips of the dying man. He in return gave the other his Testament, the thing he most prized, and in a few moments entered the land whose inhabitants thirst no more.

* * *

An Example of Love

Dr. Halbeck, a missionary of the Church of England in South Africa, from the top of a neighboring hill saw lepers at work. He noticed two, particularly, sowing peas in the field. One had no hands; the other had no feet, these members being wasted away by disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying upon his back the other, who wanted the feet. He, in turn, carried the bag of seed and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his feet. And so they managed the work of one man between the two.

Such should be the true union of the members of Christ's body, in which all the members should have the same care one for another.

* * *

Proverbs About Love

Nobody's sweetheart is ugly. -- Dutch. People in love think other people's eyes are out. -- Spanish. Love is blind. -- English. Faults are thick where love is thin. -- Welsh. To love and to be wise is impossible. -- Spanish. True love never grows heavy. Who would be loved must love. Love warms more than a thousand fires. Love rules without law. Love is master of all arts. -- Italian. Love subdues all but the ruffian's heart. -- French.

* * *

Love in Word Only

The young man wrote his sweetheart, "I love you devotedly. I would be willing to walk around the world, to crawl on my hands and knees across the country, or to suffer any way just to be in your lovely, enchanting presence." And then he closed his letter by saying, "I will see you tomorrow night if it does not rain." -- Selected.

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060 -- LYING

A Lie Is Forever

A little girl came very early one morning to her mother, saying: "Which is worse, Mamma, to tell a lie or to steal?" The mother replied that both were so sinful she could not tell which was the worse. "Well, Mamma," replied the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I

think it is ever so much worse to lie than to steal." "Why, my child?" asked the mother. "Well, you see, Mamma, it's like this," said the little girl. "If you steal a thing you can take it back 'less you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it, you can pay for it. But" -- and there was a look of awe in her face -- "a lie is forever."

* * * * *

061 -- MINISTERS

Unfaithful Ministers

A dying nobleman sent for the clergyman whose ministry he had attended and said to him, "Do you know that my life has been licentious? Yet you have never warned me of my danger." With some hesitation the clergyman replied, "Yes, my lord, your manner of living was not unknown to me, but your kindness and my fear of offending you deterred me from reproofing you." "How cruel! how wicked!" said the dying man. "The provision I made for you and your family ought to have induced care and fidelity. You have neglected to warn and instruct me, and now my soul is lost." These were the last words of one whose case is too often paralleled.

* * *

Qualified

During the World War, Bishop J. Taylor Smith, of Great Britain, examined candidates for army chaplaincies. It was his custom to focus upon one point in his examination. He would take his watch in his hands and say, "I am a dying soldier. I have just three minutes to live. I want you to tell me how I must be saved." If the candidate knew how to deal with a soul about to face God, the bishop recommended his appointment. Why should any other kind of man be recommended as a shepherd of souls?

* * *

Preaching

In answer to the question, "Can a sermon be preached the second time?" the answer is, "Yes, if it has been born again. The trouble with many sermons is that they were never born -just made. Many sermons are just the outflow of human intellect such as a politician or lawyer might produce. They feed or stir the minds of men, but do not reach the soul. They are natural and merely human utterances of human conception. They were made and not born. Sermons must be born and not manufactured.

* * *

Blindness of Ministers

Robert Hall was conversing with a clergyman who had obtained a lucrative living by a change of religious opinions. Mr. Hall pressed him hard upon the subject of church reform. The gentleman's constant answer to the argument addressed to him was, "I can't see it," "I don't see it," "I can't see that at all."

At last Mr. Hall took a letter from his pocket and wrote on the back of it with his pencil in small letters the word "God." "Do you see that?" "Yes." He then covered it with a piece of gold. "Do you see it now?" "No." "I wish you good morning, sir," said Mr. Hall as he left the clergyman to his meditations.

* * *

Well Qualified

An old Negro preacher of the deep South who never had to worry about empty pews always prayed this prayer before his sermon.

"O Lawd, give Thy servant dis mawnin' de eye ob de eagle and de wisdom ob de owl; connect his soul wid de gospel telefome in de central skies; 'luminate his brow wid de sun ob hebbin; saturate his heart wid de love ob de people; turpentine his 'magination; grease his lips wid 'possum oil; loosen him wid de sledge hammer ob Thy power; 'lectrify his brain wid de lightnin' ob Thy Word; put 'petual motion in his arms; fill him plumb full ob de dynamite oh glory; 'noint him all ober wif de kerosene oil ob salvation an sot him on fire! Amen!"

* * *

It Worked

I heard the story of a young Methodist preacher who had never had any experience of preaching at a conference. He was asked to preach on a Sunday morning to a large group of Methodist preachers. It is a big job to preach to a group of preachers. A lot of preachers will not sympathize with you like laymen. They will see all your mistakes and pick you to pieces. They will find your grammatical errors. This young preacher preached to the cabbage heads all week at home, and on Sunday morning how he did preach to this group of preachers! After the service was over several came around and asked how he was able to preach so well. The young preacher said, "Well, all week long I have been preaching to cabbage heads just as if they were Methodist preachers, and today I preached to you Methodist preachers just like you were a bunch of cabbage heads." Glory to God!

* * *

Literal Interpretation

In the days of the pioneer preachers the new pastor drove up to the home of one of his parishioners in a vehicle drawn by two horses. The little boy in the home eyed the preacher and the two horses with much curiosity. Finally he said, "Minister, I see you are driving two horses.

Do you do this all the time?" To this very sincere question the minister replied, "Yes, Sonny, I drive two all the time. But why do you ask that question?" The boy, still looking greatly perplexed, replied, "Well, Pa said you were just a one-horse preacher." It was then all clear why the boy was so perplexed!

* * *

A New Preacher Desired

It is related that a minister concluded his message with the statement, "No man can live above sin. No one can keep the commandments. I break them all every day and every hour." He then called on one of the faithful, old brethren to close with prayer. The brother prayed: "O Lord, have mercy on us. Thou hast said, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not kill.' But, Lord, here is a man that breaks every one of these every day and hour. Lord, do please have mercy on us and send us a better preacher. Amen." This was an appropriate prayer.

* * *

A Bloody Preacher

It is related that a young minister preached a very earnest sermon, and during the service a young man was deeply impressed and convicted. After the service the minister, in company with the young man and others, walked to a home where they spent some time. The young man, under conviction, hoped he would have an opportunity of expressing his feelings to the minister and obtaining more information as to how to be saved. But instead the young minister and others spent the time in telling such singular tales, amid roars of laughter, that the convicted young man was discouraged and went away perplexed, wondering if there was really anything to it. Some years later the same young minister was invited to the bedside of a dying man. He sat down and the sick, dying man looked up, regarded him closely, and said to him, "Do you remember preaching at such a place?" "I do," said the minister. "Well, I was one of your hearers and was deeply impressed with your sermon." "Thank God for that," said the minister. "But wait a minute," said the dying man. "Don't thank God until you hear it all. You may change your tone before I am done." Then he said, "Sir, do you remember after the service I, with others, walked home with you? Do you remember the coarse jokes you told? Well, I went out of that building and stamped my foot on the ground and said that you were a liar and a hypocrite; that, if you could talk that way in the pulpit and then act as you did, Christianity was a sham. And I have been an infidel from that day to this, and now I am dying and damned, and at the bar of God I will charge my damnation to you. My blood is upon your head." And with a dreadful shriek he died.

* * *

One Listener

One of America's greatest preachers came one Sunday in midwinter to an appointment. The day was unusually stormy and bitterly cold, and he found the building empty. However, he took his

seat in the pulpit and waited. One man came in, and at the appointed hour the preacher stood up and opened the service. At its close the solitary auditor departed without waiting to face the minister. About twenty years later, the same preacher was accosted by a stranger. "Do you remember," he asked, "preaching years ago to one man at such a place?" "Yes, I do, indeed," replied Dr. Lyman Beecher. "If you are that man, I have been wanting ever since to meet you." "I am the man," was the answer. "That sermon saved my soul, and led me into the ministry. The converts of your sermon, sir, are all over Ohio."

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061 -- MISSIONS

Jap Christians Hate War

Not all Japanese are ruthless heathen. During the fighting in New Guinea an allied soldier was left for dead by the side of a trail. Later he recovered consciousness and lay there helpless, expecting every moment that Japanese soldiers would arrive and finish him off. Finally four Japs did arrive. To his surprise, however, instead of killing him, they lifted him gently and carried him to the side of a track in another part of the forest. Before leaving him, one of them said, "You will be quite safe here. Some of your countrymen will arrive soon and pick you up. We are Christians and hate war."

* * *

Your Neighbors

It is said that Dr. Skinner was taking an offering for foreign missions when one man arose and said, "I do not believe in foreign missions, only in home missions." Then the doctor said, "I presume you desire to help your neighbors." "That is right," replied the gentleman. "But who are your neighbors?" asked Dr. Skinner. "Why, those around me," answered the man. "I presume you mean those whose land joins yours." "Yes," said he. "Then," said the doctor, "how much land do you own?" "About 300 acres," he replied. "And how deep, how far down do you own it?" asked Dr. Skinner. "Well, I suppose about half way through," he answered. "Then," said Dr. Skinner, "I am taking this offering for the Chinese; and, since your land joins theirs at the bottom, that makes them your neighbors. I hope you can give a good offering." The objector replied, "Well, I had never thought of that." But the report is that his offering was good.

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062 -- MONEY

Rules for Use of Money

John Wesley says, "Get all you can, save all you can, give all you can. Permit me to speak of myself as freely as I would of any other man. I gain all I can without hurting my body or soul. I save all I can; not wasting anything, not a sheet of paper, nor a cup of water. I do not lay out

anything, not a shilling, unless a sacrifice for God; yet by giving all I can, I am effectually secured from laying up treasures upon earth. Yea, and that I do this, I call upon both friends and foes to testify."

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063 -- MOTIVE

Pure Motives

A father was coming in on the train. His three little girls went to the station to meet him. The two older were strong physically and mentally. The youngest was not strong either way. As they went along they decided to gather a bouquet for Daddy. The strong ones gathered a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers. When the train came in, the strong ones outran the youngest and presented their lovely bouquets. The father said, "Thank you so much for the nice flowers." But when the youngest came, she had gathered a bunch of sticks, leaves, and a few unsightly flowers. She said, "Me too, bouquet for Daddy." What did he do? He took her up in his arms and kissed her tenderly and said, "Beautiful flowers for Daddy." When he entered the house the bouquet of leaves, sticks, and flowers was given the place of honor in the cut-glass vase on the mantel.

Our service may be poor; but, if it is done with a pure motive, God will be pleased.

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064 -- PARDON

A Pardon Almost Missed

Mr. Moody relates how in a certain prison it was decided to grant a pardon to five men who had been long in prison and were sentenced for life. The day came. The governor, the commissioner, and the chaplain stood on the platform with 1,100 convicts in the audience. They were told that five of them were to be given pardons. The quietness was like death. The commissioner went on to tell how the pardons were obtained. They were granted by the governor, who then stood on the platform holding the pardons.

He said, "The first name is Reuben Johnson, and Reuben will now come forward and get his pardon." But no one came. The real Reuben Johnson was near the front, and he with others looked around. Finally the chaplain pointed to him and said, "Reuben, you are the man; please come." Reuben rose reluctantly, still looking around. Then, after receiving it, he went back to his seat. Finally, when all had received their pardons and the convicts were marched back to their cells, Reuben fell in with them, going back to his cell where he had been so long. The chaplain had to call out, "Reuben, come this way; you are a free man."

* * * * *

062 -- PEACE

God, the World's Only Hope

"Why will our Christian leaders not believe in and work according to God's plan for world security, peace, and happiness? Why reject or ignore the prophetic scriptures? The only hope of the world, according to the Word of God, is the second advent of Christ. He and He alone can right earth's wrongs, and He does so by first binding the devil and casting him into the bottomless pit and setting a seal upon him 'that he should deceive the nations no more' (Rev. 20:1-3). Until that happens there will never be any real security, peace, or happiness on the earth.

"I would plead with all religious leaders: Do not hold out false hopes of coming world security as a result of the operations of the Church, or of another League of Nations; for if the Word of God is to be relied upon, those hopes are doomed to be dashed to pieces until Christ comes." -- Selected.

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063 -- PEACEMAKERS

Don't Pass It On

A certain small girl proudly announced, "I was a peacemaker today." "Were you, my dear? Did you settle somebody's quarrel?"

"No, I wasn't that sort of peacemaker. I just knew something and didn't tell." -- Anonymous.

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064 -- PERFECT LOVE

Bought a Lawsuit

There was a dispute which had grown into a lawsuit between two farmers as to just where the line between them was and where a fence should be. Finally one of the farmers sold out, and the purchaser moved in. Soon he met Farmer Smith, who was agitated and said to his new neighbor, "They tell me you have bought this farm, and I just want to inform you that you have bought a lawsuit." He was asked to explain, and said, "Well, the fence, being located where it is, cheats me out of two feet of my land." "Then," said the newcomer kindly, "we will move it back four feet." "No," said Farmer Smith, "that is more than I ask." "But," said the new neighbor, "I would rather have peace with my neighbors than a few feet of earth!" "Then," said Farmer Smith very quietly, "if that is the way you feel, the fence stays just where it is and the lawsuit is all off."

The Bible says, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

* * *

Firsthand Knowledge

It is over four hundred years since brave Columbus sailed the wide, treacherous Atlantic and discovered the new world. Before this there was a belief through much of Europe that there was another land "somewhere." There was much talk and many theories but no facts. After much discouragement Columbus set sail upon the unknown, untried seas. His men were discouraged and secretly determined to throw him overboard if he did not return. But he had just one word, "Sail on, sail on, sail on."

Finally the coveted land was reached. They were profoundly happy and gave thanks to God. When he returned, after having actually seen the wonderful land, slept upon its shores, and eaten its fruits, his words were not as those of other men. They could theorize and speculate as to its existence or its nonexistence, but it was different with Columbus. He spoke with authority. Men gathered around him to listen.

So it is with the real Christian and with those who have entered the Canaan of perfect love. Others may doubt and scoff, but he has been there. He has met Christ, the great Deliverer from sin.

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065 -- PERSONAL WORK

The Torn Tract

Leigh Richmond was traveling by coach in England. He and the passengers got out of the coach to walk up a steep hill to save the horses. While so doing, he gave each passenger a tract. One man was angry and threw it, twisted, on the ground. One of the passengers said to Mr. Richmond, "Well, you lost that one." To this Richmond answered, "Maybe not. Anyway, God will take care." Soon they looked back and saw the wind had blown the tract over into the field where some haymakers were at work. They had carefully smoothed out the tract and were reading it.

The devil had done his work imperfectly. A whole band of haymakers were reading it; and the man himself, who had acted so rudely, saw that it was being read by a number of men, became convicted, and as a result was converted. Later he became a tract distributor. We are to sow "beside all waters," and God will give the increase.

* * *

In the Well

In the West some men were boring a well. The machinery was taken out for repairs. A little girl fell in -- down about thirty feet. A rope was let down, and she was told to take hold and they would draw her up. But the answer came back from the bottom of the well, "My hands are fastened down between the wall and me." Other efforts were made, but all in vain. Finally there was no answer as they called to her. All night long men dug and rolled back the sandy earth. In the dawn of the morning they reached her, but she was dead. The mother became deranged. If your child were

in the well, what would you do? How would you feel? No, he is not in the material well, but many are in the pit of sin, and we are so little concerned. Tragic!

* * *

How God Called

A missionary explained to a gathering how he came to enter the mission field. He said: "In coming home one night, across the vast prairie, I saw my little boy John hurrying to meet me. The grass was high on the prairie, and suddenly he dropped out of sight. I thought he was playing and was simply hiding from me, but he did not appear as I expected he would. Then the thought flashed across my mind, There's an old well there, and he has fallen in. I hurried up to him reached down into the well, and lifted him out. As he looked' up in my face, what do you think he said? 'O Papa, why didn't you hurry?' These words never left me. They kept ringing in my ears until God put a new and deeper meaning into them and bade me think of others who were lost, of souls without God and without hope in this world. The message came to me as a message from the Heavenly Father: 'Go and work in My name'; and then from that vast throng a pitiful, despairing, pleading cry rolled into my soul as I accepted God's call: 'Oh, why don't you hurry?'"

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066 -- PILGRIMS

Reminders of the Pilgrimage

A father with his little son is journeying overland to California; and when at night he pitches his tent in some pleasant valley, the child is charmed with the spot and begs his father to rear a house and remain there. And he begins to make a little fence about the tent, and digs up the wild flowers, and plants them within the enclosure. But the father says, "No, my son. Our home is far distant. Let these things go; for tomorrow we must depart."

Now God is taking us, His children, as pilgrims and strangers, homeward; but we desire to build here and must be often overthrown before we can learn to seek "the city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

* * * * *

067 -- PRAYER

Sincerity

Harry, a little boy who had had some trouble with Lizzie, the domestic, at night offered his usual prayer, "God bless Papa and Mamma and Lizzie, for Christ's sake. Amen." He arose, but soon fell on his knees again, and said, "O Lord, never mind Lizzie. Amen."

* * *

Prayer and Conduct

There is an intimate relation between prayer and conduct. This we see in the words of our Saviour, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." The first part of this verse cannot be divorced from the last half. It is the abiding.

We can see that there is an intimate relation between prayer and conduct. "The . . . prayer of a righteous man availeth much." You see, not only the right kind of prayer is necessary, but the right kind of man is also needed. So if we are to accomplish anything by prayer, we must pass the first test -- the test of righteousness. The thing required of us here is within our reach.

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Any Need, Anywhere, Anyhow

As Dr. Wray says, "You can pray for any need -- for lengthened life, as Hezekiah did; for help, as Daniel did; for light, as Bartimaeus did; for mercy, as David did; for rain, as Elijah did; for a son, as Hannah did; for grace, as Paul did. You can pray, too, anywhere -- in the deep, like Jonah; on the housetop, like Peter; on your bed, like Hezekiah; on the mountain, like Jesus; in the wilderness, like Hagar; in the street, like Jairus; in the cave, like David; on the cross, like the dying thief.

"You can pray, too, anyhow -- short, as Peter and the publican did; long, like Moses at the consecration of the Tabernacle, or Solomon at the dedication of the Temple. You can pray in silence, as Hannah did in the Temple; in your secret thoughts, as Nehemiah did before Darius; or aloud, as did the Syrophenician woman; in tears, as Magdalene did; in groans or songs, as David did. You can pray any time -- in the morning, as David did; at noon, as Daniel did; at midnight, as Paul and Silas did; in childhood, as Samuel did; in youth, as Timothy did; in manhood, as the centurion did; in age, as Simeon did; in sickness, as Job did; or in death, like Jacob and the dying Christ."

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Shut the Door

It is said that a man was standing in a telephone booth, but he could not understand his friend to whom he was trying to talk. He kept saying, "I can't hear you; I can't understand you." Finally the man at the other end shouted rather sharply, "If you will shut the door, you can hear!"

Jesus said, "Enter into thy closet, and . . . shut thy door." A man who often prayed a long time was asked, "Why do you pray so long?" He replied, "It takes me so long to get the door shut." That is the trouble. We do not take time to get the voices of the world and the clamorings of our own souls sufficiently silenced for God to speak. "Take time to be holy."

* * *

Answering Own Prayer

A man prayed fervently every morning at family worship for the poor in the community, but he was never known to give anything to the poor. One morning at the conclusion of the family worship, after the usual prayer had been offered for the poor and destitute, his little son said, "Father, I wish I had your corn-crib." "Why, my son?" asked the father. "Why, because then I would answer your prayer myself." -- Selected.

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068 -- PREACHING AND PRACTICING

No Results

A man said to his pastor, "Your sermons are too short." The pastor replied, "If you will practice all I preach, you will find them quite long enough." A man whose life was immoral was urging his sister to go and hear his minister preach. Her answer was, "I do not care to go, for I do not see that you are any better for hearing him preach."

It may be if we were more affected by the preaching we hear, we could more effectively invite people to church.

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069 -- PRESUMPTION

Buried Alive

As we passed through the city of Fort Worth some time ago, we found that the river which intersected the city was at full tide. It had overflowed its banks for miles, and great destruction of property was the result. But that which attracted our attention was the account of a woman who had been buried alive. At one place where the river had receded somewhat from its greatest height, the police authorities had stretched ropes along the bank, supposing that people would understand that beyond the rope there was possible danger.

Crowds of people went out to the scene of destruction to see the wonderful flow of the river; and, as they looked out beyond the ropes, the ground appeared as solid and safe as that upon which they were standing. Several persons stepped over the rope. But, as they stood there, the earth where one of the women was standing suddenly gave way. She was sucked down and covered up by the sand before they could snatch her away. She disappeared in an instant, never to be seen again, while people were left standing on both sides of her. -- Selected.

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070 -- PROCRASTINATION

Not Caskets but the Holy Ghost

A young lady attended a revival meeting. The Holy Ghost was striving with her. She was all broken up, but she was not willing to pay the price. She resisted through the meeting. Soon after the revival she was taken ill with fever. Finally the doctor said, "It is only a few hours." Then she became alarmed and sought to pray. But she said, "My heart is so hard! The feeling I had in the meeting is all gone." Finally she asked her father to get her shroud and casket. This he did. She was dressed in her shroud and placed in the coffin. It was one of those old-fashioned country caskets with a glass top. She lay there and stroked her shroud and would tap on the glass in the top of the coffin. But still she said, "Oh, the feeling I had is all gone. My heart is like stone."

No, it is not shrouds and caskets that tender the heart; it is the Holy Ghost. The Bible says, "My spirit shall not always strive with man." Again, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near."

* * *

Delayed

A bright boy heard and was deeply impressed by the text, "My son, give me thine heart." Satan whispered, "Time enough yet," and he put it off.

Ten years later a brilliant young collegian heard the same text under circumstances which seemed to make that the time of his salvation. Again the tempter whispered, "Time enough yet."

Twenty years later a statesman of no mean renown listened to the same text from an aged bishop, and felt it to be a message to himself. This time the tempter said, "Visit foreign countries before you give God your heart."

A traveler in Paris was stricken with cholera. His greatest suffering was agony of soul because he was not prepared to die and had not now time to get ready. His last words were, "Too late."

The boy, the collegian, the statesman, and the traveler were one. Procrastination is Satan's best game.

* * *

A Heart Hardened

We were conducting a meeting in west Tennessee. The Holy Spirit was moving upon the people. Hands would be raised for prayer, and seekers would come to the altar without much persuasion. But there was one young man, possibly about thirty, who seemed unmoved. Nothing touched him. One day we sought him out and said, "Mr. S, others seem concerned and seek the Lord, but you do not seem concerned." Then he said, "Yes, as you know, my father is a Methodist

minister. When I was just a child, under his preaching I would be greatly wrought upon, but I refused to move. This continued for years. My heart was tender and tears would flow. But as I continued to say 'no,' my heart became harder and harder. Tears ceased to flow, and now my heart is as hard as a stone. I have no feeling, and am confident I have crossed the dead line and am damned forever."

* * *

How Long?

A mother said, "Dr. Nettleton, I do wish you would talk to Caroline. She doesn't care anything about the salvation of her soul." Dr. Nettleton turned round to the young girl and asked, "Now, just tell me, Miss Caroline, don't they bother you amazingly about this thing?"

She, taken by surprise, answered at once, "Yes, sir, they do. They keep talking to me all the time, till I am sick of it." "So I thought," said Dr. Nettleton. "Let's see -- how old are you?" "Eighteen, sir." "Good health?" "Yes, sir." "The fact is," said Dr. Nettleton, "religion is a good thing in itself; but the idea of all the time troubling a young creature like you with it! I wonder how long it would do for you to wait." "That's just what I've been thinking myself," said Caroline. "Well," said Dr. Nettleton, "suppose you say till you are fifty?" "No, that won't do -- I attended the funeral the other day of a lady fifteen years younger than that." "Thirty -- how will that do?" "I'm not so sure it would do to wait quite so long," said Caroline. "No, I do not think so either. Something might happen. See now, twenty-five, or even twenty, if we could be sure you would live so long? Or a year from now, how would that do?" "I don't know, sir." "Neither do I. The fact is, my dear young lady, the more I think of it, I am afraid to have you put it off a moment longer. Besides, the Bible says, 'Now is the accepted time.' We must take this time. Had we not better kneel right down here, and ask God for mercy?"

The young lady, perfectly overcome by her feelings, knelt on the spot. In a day or two, she was rejoicing in hope.

* * *

An Hour Too Late

A young lady at Rose, New York, whose parents were church members, came with them to a revival meeting. Near the close of the service a pious aunt who was present became greatly distressed and burdened for the salvation of the young lady. At last she went to the young lady's seat and earnestly pleaded with her personally, but she refused to seek God. At the close of the meeting the young lady started for home with her parents. A few rods from the church the team became frightened and ran out of the road, overturning the sleigh. The young lady was thrown out with great violence, her head striking a telegraph pole, and she was instantly killed. She was one hour too late!

Oh, to be a year too late, or a month too late, or a day too late, or an hour too late is to be forever too late and forever lost!

* * *

Danger of Procrastination

A recent discovery at Pompeii has brought to light the fact of a priest fleeing from the temple when the warning of the city's approaching doom came. But the treasures of the temple -- why should he leave them? He is supposed to have returned to obtain them. Again he set out, but had not proceeded far before the destruction came and he was lost. Had it not been for the treasures, his life might have been spared. -- Biblical Treasure.

* * *

The Last Trip

An engineer who had been in the service for over forty years decided to retire. He had been successful, never having had a serious accident during those long years. The last day and the last trip had come. He said to his wife on leaving, "I will be back in the evening. When I reach the curve, I will blow the whistle that you may know I am coming in on my last trip." The run was made successfully up to that time. He reached the curve and reached for the cord to blow the whistle when suddenly the mighty engine, which was moving swiftly along, left the track and turned over. Coaches were piled up. The wreck was terrible. When the engineer was reached, he held the throttle with one hand and the whistle cord in the other -- but he was dead!

* * *

I've Missed It

A young man had stubbornly resisted the Spirit and was dying. He was entreated to pray and seek the Lord. But each time his answer was, "It is too late now. I have missed it, I have missed it." Then he would be reminded of the mercy and longsuffering of the Lord, but his only answer was, "It is too late for me. I have missed it. I have missed it." Those were his dying words.

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071 -- PROMISES

Unclaimed Promises

An aged and ragged Indian wandered into one of our Western settlements, begging for food to keep him from starving. A bright-colored ribbon from which was suspended a small, dirty pouch was seen around his neck. On being questioned, he said it was a charm given him in his younger days. Opening it, he displayed a faded, greasy paper, which he handed to the interrogator for inspection. It proved to be a regular discharge from the Federal Army, entitling him to a pension for life, and signed by General Washington himself! Here was a name which would be honored almost anywhere and which, if presented in the right place, would have insured him

support and plenty for the remainder of his days. Yet he wandered about, hungry, helpless, and forlorn, begging bread of the charitable to keep him from famishing.

What a picture of men with all the promises of Jesus in their hands -- and of Christians, too, with the charter of their inheritance in full possession, yet starving in the wilderness!

* * * * *

072 -- PROVIDENCE

Calamity or Blessing

The story is told of an only survivor of a wreck who was thrown on an uninhabited island. After a while he managed to build himself a hut, in which he placed the little all that he had saved from the ship. He prayed to God for deliverance and anxiously scanned the horizon each day to hail any passing ship. One day on returning from a hunt for food, he was horrified to find his hut in flames. All he had was going up in smoke! The worst had happened, it appeared; but that which seemed to have happened for the worst was in reality for the best. To the man's limited vision it was the worst. To God's infinite wisdom it was the best, for which he had prayed. The next day a ship arrived. "We saw your smoke signal," the captain said. -- Selected.

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073 -- REAPING

The Cry Baby

There was a baby which cried practically all of its waking hours. The cause could not be discovered. One day the doctor was examining it, and while doing so he was smoking. Shame on him! But as he did so, he blew the smoke into the face of the baby, and it smiled. He did this a few times, and it ceased crying and fell asleep. The doctor said to the parents, "Oh, yes, I know now what the trouble is. It is a marked baby." The parents, while very young, were inveterate smokers. The baby had inherited this abnormal desire for nicotine. Shame on the parents! A baby born almost damned! They had been sowing, and now must reap. We must reap, and reap what we sow.

* * *

Sowing and Reaping

While I was preaching in a certain town, there was a boy who would come into the back part of the church and lie down and go to sleep. He was drunk. His father, who was a good Christian man, would take him home.

One morning after one of these experiences, the boy came downstairs. The father met him and said, "Hold on, Son. I want you to go to church with me and be a Christian." The son said,

"No, Father, I do not want to be a Christian. I am not going to church. Please get out of my way, for I am going to town."

The father pleaded tenderly and said, "Son, your mother has slept little for nights. She is almost dying. You are killing us all. Please go and become a Christian like your father has." But the son glared at him and said, "Do you know who the man is who gave me my first drink?" The father answered, "No." Then as he rushed past him and out of the door, he angrily said, "You are the man, sir." The father said that if the boy had shot him through the heart, it could not have hurt more. Yes, we reap what we sow. -- Sam P. Jones.

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074 -- REDEMPTION

Twice the Lord's

A little boy had made a little boat, all painted and fixed up beautifully. One day someone stole his boat, and he was distressed. In passing a pawnshop one day he saw his boat. Happily he ran in to the pawnbroker and said, "That is my little boat." "No," said the pawnbroker, "it is mine, for I bought it." "Yes," said the boy, "but it is mine, for I made it." "Well," said the pawnbroker, "if you will pay me two dollars, you can have it." That was a lot of money for a boy who did not have a penny. Anyway he resolved to have it; so he cut grass, did chores of all kinds, and soon had his money.

He ran down to the shop and said, "I want my boat." He paid the money and received his boat. He took the boat up in his arms, and hugged and kissed it, and said, "You dear little boat, I love you. You are mine. You are twice mine. I made you, and now I have bought you."

So it is with us. We are, in a sense, twice the Lord's. He created us, and we got into the devil's pawnshop. Then Jesus came and bought us at awful cost -- not silver and gold, but His precious blood. We are the Lord's by creation and by redemption. We are twice the Lord's. Shame on us to refuse to become Christians and love and serve Him.

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075 -- REGENERATION

When Uncle Bud Robinson Got Saved

I am relating this, as nearly as I can, from hearing him tell his experience. He said: "I went to the camp meeting and sat down in the back of the tent with a redheaded girl. I had a six-shooter in' one pocket and a deck of old, greasy cards in the other. I was set for a big time. A little man with a short coat preached, and an old woman with a shining face came back and asked me to go to the mourners' bench. I laughed at her, but soon found myself under awful conviction. I started, and they said, "Give that man a place to kneel, for he is deeply struck."

"As I lay there, stretched across the altar, all the watermelons I had ever stolen seemed to be grinning at me and saying, 'You stole me.' 'Yes,' I said, 'but I will never steal another.' Then all the lies I had told seemed to sting me like bald-headed hornets, and you do not know what that means unless you have thrown a rock into a hornets' nest and had about three hornets sting you in the back of the head.

"Suddenly the load lifted, and the glory from heaven filled my soul. I leaped and shouted and climbed the tent pole. I do not know how I ever got down, but I know I did. That night I lay under a wagon and praised the Lord about all night. The Lord called me to preach that night as I lay under the wagon."

* * *

Hog in the Spring

A gentleman stood by a spring branch, waiting for it to clear up, but the muddy water kept flowing. Finally he resolved to go up to the spring, the source, and see what was the cause. On arriving, he found a big old hog in the spring, taking a bath.

I gave this illustration one time when preaching to children. I asked them the question, "How can we get the spring branch clear?" One little fellow immediately piped out, "Get the hog out of the spring!" He was right. We can never live right until our hearts are made right.

One day a man asked Jesus to see that he got his part of the estate. Said the man, "Speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me." But Jesus answered, "Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?" No, that was not His mission. Jesus was not a social reformer, but a heart transformer.

* * *

I Am Different

A young woman lived under very discordant conditions at home. She was dissatisfied, and her discontent was manifest in her face, her manner, and the tone of her voice. Trifles irritated her; and, had it been possible, she would gladly have traveled to the end of the earth to get away from her disagreeable environment.

Some time after, a friend met her and saw in her smiling face that a change had taken place. "How are things at home?" he inquired. "Just the same," was the reply, "but I am different."
-Selected.

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076 -- RELIGION

A Different Kind

It is related that a man was arrested for shouting and disturbing the neighbors. The judge asked him why he made so much noise and shouted so much. He replied, "Well, it is my religion. I get so happy about it that I just shout." To this the judge replied, "Well, I have religion, but it does not affect me like that." The happy man answered, "Well, it may be you have a different kind from mine!" There might be much truth in that.

* * *

Touches of Religion

A gentleman said to an old lady who was rather deaf, "Do you still have religion?" She thought he asked about her rheumatism, so she answered, "Yes, sir, I still have touches of it, and it is awfully painful!"

That seems to be the way some people's religion affects them.

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077 -- REMORSE

Suicide

We were conducting a tent meeting in Chattanooga. A man was under deep conviction, but his wife seemed unconcerned. We will never forget one night when he came to the altar. We will not forget that pathetic look as he looked at his wife and insisted that she come with him. She refused. He was gloriously saved and was very happy. She remained indifferent. He made a hard fight and remained true for a few weeks. He pleaded with his wife, but all in vain. One day he secured a bottle of carbolic acid and drank it all. He was dead in a few minutes. We had a call to come to his home. When we arrived, the undertaker had arrived and had the body in a casket. Some things we will forget, but not this one. The acid had turned his body black. The wife had her face down in the casket against his dark, cold face; and such deep moans and groans we think we have never heard. This she did most of the time until the funeral the next day. She refused to leave. While we preached the funeral she continued this. The funeral was over, and she was pulled away and placed in the car to go to the cemetery. On arriving at the cemetery, she was lifted from the car. She started out to the grave but soon swooned and fell to the ground, where she lay and moaned while the grave was filled. We saw her a few times after that, and such a look of sadness we seldom have seen. We have known husbands to refuse to go with their wives, but rarely does a wife refuse to go with her husband. Wife, if your husband will be a Christian, you had better encourage him.

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A Convict's Punishment

A convict, on being removed from one prison to another, was asked how he liked his new house. "Not at all," was the reply. "Are you not clothed and fed as well here?" "Yes, better." "Is your labor harder?" "No, not so hard." "Are you not treated with kindness?" "Yes." "Then, why not like it?" "Because I am allowed to speak to no one. I go to the table and sit and think. I go about my work all day to think; and at night the iron door shuts me in my solitary cell to think, think, think. I cannot endure it!"

* * *

A Boy's Remorse

A boy became very nervous and sick. Appetite and sleep departed. The doctor could not find the cause. In his delirium he could be heard to moan, "Oh, those eyes, those eyes!" When questioned what he meant, he said, "The other day I saw a toad hopping along, trying to get away from me; but I overtook him, and with a sharp stick I pinned him to the ground. I stuck the sharp stick right through his back down into the ground and left him there. Then a day or so later I went back to see him, and he was still alive and looked right up at me, and, oh, those eyes! He seemed to say, 'You did it.'", Then he explained that, when he tried to eat or sleep, he could see those accusing eyes.

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078 -- RESISTING THE SPIRIT

Danger

A young man went to work in a boiler shop. He entered a boiler to do some inside work. The air hammer began pounding away. The sound was terrible and painful. The young man came out and said, "I can't stand it." They laughed at him and called him "sissy." He went back and said, "I will stand it." He did; and soon it was not so painful, and finally there was no pain at all. Then the lunch hour came, the hammer stopped, and the men called for him; but there was no answer. One went in and pulled him out. He was deaf. How many have heard the call of God, and were aroused by it, but they gave no heed and now are spiritually deaf?

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079 -- RESPONSIBILITY

A Chinaman's Lament

Many years ago we heard Mrs. Todd, who had with her husband spent many years in China, relate the following experience:

"One day an old Chinaman who had just been saved came to the missionaries and said, 'Did your father and mother know about this Jesus?' He had heard that Jesus was the only Saviour. They answered him, 'Yes, they knew about this Jesus.' Then he wailed piteously, 'Then, why did

they not come and tell my father and mother about this Jesus so they too could have been saved? But it is too late now." Yet many are still waiting who have never heard, and we are still waiting to go or send.

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080 -- RESTITUTION

An Infidel Makes Restitution

It is related that there were two infidel neighbors. One of them was gloriously saved. He went to his neighbor and said, "I have been converted." "Yes," said the other, "I heard you had gone forward for prayers. I was surprised at you." "Well," said the other, "there is a little matter I want to speak to you about. It is this: Two years ago four of your sheep came with mine. They had your mark on them, but I changed it and put my mark on them. They are in my field now, and I want to pay you for them." "No," said the other, "you just go away and keep the sheep." He realized something had happened. "No," said the converted man, "I have not slept for several nights for thinking about those sheep and I must pay for them." "Then, if you must, pay what they were worth when they came with 6 per cent interest; but please go away and let me alone."

The man paid and left the neighbor. But the neighbor was convinced that something had happened that was real, and he soon found his way to the house of God, where he was saved. Yes, the real thing works.

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081 -- RESURRECTION

Do Any Footsteps Lead Out?

Eternity is described by Shakespeare as "that undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns."

First, if no traveler has returned, then it is illogical to declare that beyond the grave there is nothing. If no traveler has returned, then the question remains open. But the poet does not tell the truth. Christianity says, "One Traveler has returned: Jesus died and is risen again." If one traveler has returned, it is a strong presumptive proof that other travelers continue in existence, and we may entertain the blessed hope that they too will return. "All that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth." An ancient writer represents the fox going out one day to condole with the sick lion on his illness. Presently he came to the mouth of the cave, from whence issued a voice inviting him in. But the fox, having first examined the entrance, answered, "Not today, for I see the footsteps of all creatures leading into the cave, but I see the footsteps of none leading out." That cave represents to our imagination the grave. The way of the whole earth led into it. Are there any footsteps leading out? Christianity answers with a firm, unflinching voice, "Yes, all that are in the graves shall come forth."

* * *

Different

It is reported that at the close of the Battle of Waterloo, upon the issue of which hung the destinies of Europe, the English people were anxiously awaiting news of the result. Their only means of communication was a system of signal lights flashed across the English Channel. The fog became so dense that only a part of the message was made out. It read, "Wellington defeated." Gloom settled upon the English. But imagine their joy when the fog lifted and they received the whole message, "Wellington defeated the enemy."

When Christ was crucified, His disciples were so enshrouded by the fogs of doubt that they saw but one meaning to the sad event, "Christ defeated." All hope was gone; Christ was dead. But Easter morning brought the glorious fact of the risen Lord, and the message read, "Christ defeated the devil." How glorious! By dying, Christ conquered the grave; by ascending, Christ made possible our ascension even to heaven. Hallelujah! "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

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082 -- REVENGE

Danger of Revenge

We heard of a little boy who was so very naughty that his mother had to administer a sound spanking. He was greatly peeved and all the afternoon seemed to long for revenge. Finally he said his good-night prayer, praying earnestly for every member of the family by name except his mother. Just as he climbed up into his bed, he looked back toward his mother with a rather triumphant grin and said, "Well, I guess you noticed you were not in it!" Revenge is a very dangerous thing.

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083 -- REVIVALS

Finney on Revivals

I have supposed, and do still suppose, that the great reason why revivals of religion have not been more deep, permanent, and sin-subduing is that the Spirit has been unable to proceed beyond a certain limit in His work without meeting with a certain resistance on the part of multitudes of professors of religion. They seem, in their unbelief, to have prescribed certain limits within which revivals should be kept, to have formed certain notions of order, and to have endeavored to confine the Spirit whenever He should step over into what they suppose to be the region of disorder.

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084 -- REWARD

Unselfishness Rewarded

It is said that a certain king was troubled about the carelessness and thoughtlessness of his servants. To seek to arouse them he fell upon the following plan: He took a large stone and placed it in the middle of the road. Then he retired out of sight to watch. Soon a gentleman on his fine horse came along but turned aside with a rather critical feeling, wondering why the king did not have his roads better cared for. Several passed with the same actions and feelings. Finally a poor peasant with a heavy load came along. It was difficult to get his load back on his back when once put off, but he said to himself, "This rock may cause someone to fall and get hurt." So he put his burden aside and rolled the huge stone off the road, feeling happy. But after rolling the stone away he looked where it had been and saw a little package neatly tied up. It was under the stone. He opened it and found it contained many gold coins and a note from the king which read, "The contents of this package is for the one who was sufficiently interested to remove the stone."

Selfishness is a fearful sin, but unselfish deeds pay a rich reward.

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085 -- RIGHTEOUSNESS FIRST

Henry Clay

It is said that Henry Clay had some political ideas that he felt would be beneficial to the country. He was presenting them to a friend. The friend, after hearing them, replied, "Well, they are very nice, but they will ruin your chance for being President." To this Clay answered, "Are they right?" The friend answered, "Yes, they are right." Then Mr. Clay answered, "I would rather be right than be President."

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086 -- SABBATH OBSERVANCE

Brought It with Him

Dr. Talmage told of a ninety-nine-year-old man he knew. The man said: "I went across the mountains in the early days of this country. Sabbath morning came. We were beyond the reach of civilization. My companions were planning to spend the day in games and other amusements. I said, 'No, I can't join you today. It is Sunday.' They laughed and said, 'Why, there isn't any Sunday here.' 'Oh, yes,' I said, 'there is! I brought it with me over the mountains.'"

* * *

Fate of the Sabbath-Breaker

A worldly man living on the shores of a beautiful lake built a yacht for pleasure excursions. The minister called upon him and expressed his fears that it would demoralize the young people and prove a Sabbath-breaker. The man said, defiantly, "That is just what I'll name my boat. She shall be called the Sabbath-Breaker." She was launched upon a Sunday, and her trial trip was made also on a Sunday. Many were invited to the excursion. Her ill-omened name floated on the flag, and caused many to refuse to go on board. A large company went, and mirth, music, and dancing were the order. But this blasphemy was too much for God; the "Sabbath-Breaker" was wrecked, and many were drowned.

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087 -- SACRIFICE

His Life for Others

Many years ago in Canada a young man, his wife, his two children, and another young man were pursued by a large pack of hungry wolves. When about to be overtaken, they shot some of the wolves. This stopped the wolves a short time while they devoured the dead ones. Again about to be overtaken, they cut the lead horse of the three-horse team loose. The wolves pounced upon him and devoured him. The people were trying to reach the place of safety; but, before they could do so, the wolves were upon them.

The young man who was with the other young man and his family said, "The only hope is for me to give myself to the wolves." Then he immediately leaped from the vehicle into the pack of wolves. Of course he was devoured immediately. Just as they reached the place of safety, the wolves were again upon them; but the family rushed in and was safe. They could scarcely rest. They said, "Our friend gave himself for us. We are living because he is dead." So it is with us. Christ did not save himself. He gave himself. He is our Substitute.

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088 -- SAINTS

Aunt Sarah

None but God can change a single human from evil to good, and one such change is conclusive proof of the Christian faith.

A relative of America's outstanding infidel, Robert Ingersoll, known in the family as Aunt Sarah, was a devout Bible student and a beautiful Christian. One day she received by mail a package which proved to be a copy of one of R. G. Ingersoll's books, an attack on the Bible. On the flyleaf were written these words over Ingersoll's signature: "If all Christians had lived like Aunt Sarah, perhaps this book would never have been written." Aunt Sarah alone was proof enough.

* * *

Saint's Influence

A friend of mine, says a writer quoted in the Sunday School Times, who had been a gangster and kidnaper for twelve years, met Jesus Christ in prison. Christ said, "I will come and live in you, and we will serve this sentence together"; and they did. Several years later he was discharged, and just before he went out he was handed a two-page letter written by another prisoner. After the salutation it said in effect, "You know perfectly well that when I came into this jail I despised preachers, the Bible, and everything. I went to the Bible class and the preaching service because there wasn't anything else interesting to do. When they told me you were saved, I said, 'There's another fellow taking the gospel road to get a parole.' But, Roy, I've been watching you when you were in the yards exercising, when you were working in the shop, while we were all together at meals, on the way to our cells, and all over; and now I'm a Christian, too, because I watched you. The Saviour who saved you has saved me. You never made a slip." Roy said to me, "When I got that letter and read it through, I came out in a cold sweat. Think what it would have meant if I had slipped, even once.

"Ye are . . . the epistle of Christ . . . written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God" (II Cor. 3:3) -Selected.

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089 -- SALVATION

The Devil Has None of These

One day A. J. Gordon met an old man singing. "Friend," said Dr. Gordon, "why should an old man be so cheerful?" "Not all are." "Well, then, why are you?" "Because I belong to the Lord." "And are none others happy at your time of life?" "No, not one, my friendly questioner," said he, and his form straightened. "Listen to the truth from one who knows, and no man of threescore and ten shall be found to deny it: The devil has no happy old men!"

* * *

Refused Admittance

Refugees sailed six thousand miles of stormy seas in their battered fishing boats, only to learn that the quota from that country had long been filled and that they must go back. They were taken into custody until they could be sent back. They wept bitterly and, when asked what they were going to do, they only shook their heads and said "We don't know. Others have been admitted, but there does not seem to be room for us." They had crossed the mighty ocean at great cost of suffering and danger to seek a place of liberty. Thank the Lord, if the sinner will repent and come to Christ, he will be received.

* * *

If I Should Die Tonight

It is related that a young man and his wife were attending a revival meeting. The Spirit was striving, but they were inclined to reject Him. As they were leaving the church the minister asked them to take a piece of paper just before they retired that night and write these words on it and pin it on the headboard of the bed, "If I should die tonight, my soul would spend eternity in hell." They agreed to do it. As they were in the act of retiring, the young wife brought the pencil and paper and gave them to her husband. He began to write, but wrote only two words, "If I." Then his hand became unsteady, and he said, "Wife, I can't write it. I can't go to sleep with an inscription like that on our bed. Wife, get the Bible, and let's see if we can find some help." This she did, and they opened the Bible in the chair, one kneeling on one side and one on the other.

They read and searched and found scriptures that condemned them, and then promises of salvation to all who would repent and believe. After long searching and praying, they trusted Christ and were gloriously saved. But why? It was because we must meet God personally. Salvation is a personal matter. "If I." Not the other person, but myself.

* * *

Taste and See

A Sunday school teacher was wending her way homeward. On the road she saw a little girl who was eating an apple and apparently enjoying it. I'll just catch up with her and see what she knows, the teacher thought. "Little girl," she said, as she came up to the child, "what does that apple taste like?" The child for a moment did not know what to say. She turned the apple over again and again and said, "Taste it!" Is not that like the Christian's experience? We are having good enjoyment out of it; but, when we are asked, we cannot explain the peace and pleasure we have in serving God. Sinner, if you want to know what it tastes like, just taste and see for yourself.

* * *

Possibilities

Longfellow could take a worthless sheet of paper, write a poem on it, and make it worth \$6,000 -- that is genius.

Rockefeller could sign his name to a piece of paper and make it worth millions -- that is capital.

Uncle Sam can take gold, stamp an eagle on it, and make it worth \$20 -- that is money.

A mechanic can take material worth \$5.00 and make an article worth \$50.00 -- that is skill.

An artist can take a fifty-cent piece of canvas, paint a picture on it, and make it worth \$1,000 -- that is art.

God can take a worthless, sinful life, wash it in the blood of Christ, put His Spirit in it, and make it a blessing to humanity -- that is salvation. -- Copied.

* * *

The Disused Harp

A disused harp had long lain in a front room of an old house in Kentucky. No one in the family could play it; but since it was a family relic, care was bestowed upon it. Sometimes, indeed, it had been in the way, and there had been talk of throwing it out on the dust heap. But still it remained in its place, no one liking to do the deed of destruction.

A weary man on his journey stopped at the house and was granted hospitality for the night. Supper was over, and he found his way with others into the front room. There he noticed the old instrument and, taking it up, looked carefully upon it. At once he became deeply interested and began with masterly skill to tune its strings. Then most lovingly he swept his hands across them and produced the loveliest music! All who heard were entranced with the sweet sounds, and for a long time he kept them silent and absorbed with the rapturous strains. When at last he ceased, and all were expectant that he would say something about it, he remarked, "This was my grandfather's harp. His mark is inside. He gave it to me as a boy and taught me to play it. My grandfather played for the king in the old country. During the great Civil War the enemy raided our home, and our harp was never seen again."

That instrument, made for a musician, had been silent for years. At last it was found by its owner and used with great effect. You were made for God's glory. You were designed that upon you there might be played the music of the praise of God. Is this music being played in your life, or are you silent? Oh! put yourself into His hands.

* * *

Getting on Too Fast

A pious old slave had a wicked master. This master had much confidence, however, in the slave's piety. Sometimes the master would be serious and thoughtful about religion. One day he came to the old slave with the New Testament in his hand and asked if he would explain a passage for him. The slave was willing to try and asked what it was. "It is here in the Romans," said the master. "Have you done all that it tells you to do in Matthew, Mark, and John?" inquired the slave, seriously fixing his eye upon his master's. "No, I haven't," he said. "Then you're getting along too fast, too fast, master. Go back to the beginning of the Book; do all it tells you till you get to Romans, and you will understand it easy enough then, for the Book says, 'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.'"

* * *

Examples of Salvation

When native converts of the island of Madagascar used to present themselves for baptism, it was often asked of them, "What first led you to think of becoming Christians? Was it a particular sermon or address or the reading of God's Word?" The answer usually was that the changed conduct of others who had become Christians was what first arrested their attention. "I knew this man to be a thief; that one was a drunkard; another was very cruel and unkind to his family. Now they are all changed. The thief is an honest man; the drunkard is sober and respectable; and the other is gentle and kind in his home. There must be something in a religion that can work such changes."

* * * * *

090 -- SANCTIFICATION

He Had It

Uncle Bud Robinson relates the following: A preacher came to me and asked me if I had ever seen anyone who was sanctified, stating that he did not believe anyone had it. I said, "Yes, Dr. Godbey has it." Then said he, "How do you know he has it?" I answered, "By the way he acts." "How does he act?" "Well," I said, "they cussed him on the street, and he did not talk back; and they broke stale eggs all over him, and he did not even wipe them off; and when he went to preach, he did not even mention the way he had been treated; but he just preached and shouted as if nothing had happened." Then said the preacher, "I would say a man like that is crazy." My answer was, "No, he is not crazy; he is sanctified."

* * *

When Uncle Bud Was Sanctified

Uncle Bud Robinson relates the following concerning when he was sanctified: The only way I can describe my feelings is that envy boiled up, and the Lord skimmed it off; anger boiled up, and the Lord skimmed it off; pride boiled up, and the Lord skimmed it off. Then I said, "Lord, there won't be anything left of me." And the Lord said, "There will not be much left, but what is left will be clean." Then waves of glory rolled over me and I got down on the ground and stretched myself out and said, "Lord, if you don't let up a bit there will be a dead man in the cornfield." And from that day until this I have been convinced that the Lord can kill a man just as quickly with glory as with lightning.

* * * * *

091 -- SATISFACTION

The Dissatisfied Clown

It is related that a man went to consult a doctor about his health. He stated that he suffered from such overwhelming depression that life was almost unbearable. After the examination the doctor insisted that what he needed was some lively amusement and suggested that he read some

thrilling novel. The man shook his head as if doubtful of the prescription. Then the doctor prescribed the theater. To this suggestion he shook his head. "Then," said the doctor, "I can think of but one other thing or person; and, if that fails, I am unable to help you. Go see the great clown, Grimaldi, as he is now in the city, and drawing great crowds with his merriment." But again the depressed man shook his head sadly and replied, "I am that clown."

No, it is not the empty thrills of the world, which at last bite like a serpent and sting like an adder, that satisfy; but it is the Christ, who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

* * *

Old Shep and His Bone

When I was a boy we had an old dog whose name was Shep. We would give him a bone, and he would chew on it for a while and then sneak off and bury it. Then every once in a while he would go off and scratch it up and chew on it some more. If you molested him, he would growl. He did not want to be disturbed with his bone. He gave us to understand that it was none of our business. Why did he do this? Simply because he was a dog with the dog nature. We simply let him have it. If one of the children had taken a bone and chewed on it and then gone out in the back yard and buried it, we would have been alarmed. Why? Because they had something better and knew better.

Some people, in digging up old grudges, remind us of old Shep. There is not much we can do with the unsaved and even baptized worldlings but just let them alone. The sinful pleasures of the world are all they have. Thank God, the Christian has something better than the bones of the world. Jesus satisfies.

* * *

Satisfied

Dr. J. B. Chapman relates the following: A man testified that he was satisfied with Christ and salvation. Another who heard him insisted that this was a very dangerous condition, saying, "If one is satisfied, there will be no urge to press on in the things of God as we are exhorted to do." Then Dr. Chapman gave the following incident: A rather poor boy, who did not have the luxuries of life, came to visit some well-to-do friends. After the evening meal they passed around a large bowl of fruit. Johnny promptly passed up various kinds and helped himself to a lovely apple. Some time later the fruit was passed again. Johnny again passed up every other kind and took another apple. Finally, just before they retired, the fruit, with an increased variety, was passed; and Johnny again took an apple. The hostess turned to him and said, "Well, Johnny, I hope you get satisfied with apples." Then he quickly replied, "I am satisfied with apples, and so well satisfied with them that I do not desire any other kind of fruit." So when we say we are satisfied with Christ and salvation, that does not mean that we do not desire more of the same, but that we are so well satisfied that we do not desire anything the world can afford. We just want more of the same kind.

* * * * *

092 -- THE SECOND COMING

Jesus Is Coming

"Seeing that ye look for such things," "what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?"

There has never been a more solemn moment in the history of the age than the present time. "Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." Mortal man has reached the end of his six days of "wicked works." "Man's day" of six thousand years is speedily coming to a close. We are nearing the Saturday evening of time. The shadows have already begun to lengthen, the darkness falls, the storm clouds are gathering, the waves are rolling high, the tempest is raging.

"And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." His coming may be very near, and will be the greatest event in the course of time.

* * * * *

093 -- SECRET ORDERS

Lodge Membership

We believe there are some who are members of the lodge who have been saved and are Christians. However, my observation has been that those who are Christians, if they walk in the light, finally discard the lodge. We have conducted, to the very best we have been able to keep account, about 4,600 funerals in and close around Chattanooga. We think quite a bit over two hundred of these have been members of some lodge. Many of these men we have known in life, and have seen them dying. We have talked extensively with lodge members; and, after reading the Bible carefully and after having had this experience with lodge members, if we were dying, we would testify that it is dangerous and unscriptural for a Christian to be thus identified. A large number of those whose funerals we have conducted were unsaved and some very wicked -- never made any profession of religion. Many said, "If I live up to the rules of my order, I am all right." We have heard, many times, the officiating members of the order declare that the "brother has gone to the grand lodge above." We have heard prominent church members engage in the blasphemous practice. They gave the lie to the teaching of Jesus and the whole Word of God. The Bible says, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers . . . Wherefore come out from among them." The lodge is the yoke that unites the professed Christian with the unbeliever.

It is related that a minister who had united with a certain order was asked to close the meeting with prayer. He did so, closing as usual, "All this we ask for Christ's sake." After the meeting, the great master of ceremonies said, "Did you not know that some of our members do not

believe in Christ, and therefore we must not use His name?" "Then," said the minister, "if I cannot mention the name of my Christ here, I am through." He left, never to return.

Some of the lodge members, doubtless, are relying upon Christ; but multitudes with whom we have talked are relying upon their lodge and will find they were deceived at the judgment. Christ said, "I am the way" -- not one of the ways. He is the only way to God. He also said, "He that . climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

* * *

Tenacity of Selfishness

In some countries there is a rat known as "the Hamster rat." It is said that its bite is very painful and poisonous, but one of the worst things about it is that when it bites it absolutely refuses to relax. It holds on tenaciously. It may be beaten severely. Its eyes may be knocked out, but still it holds on. Death is the only deliverance.

So it is with the sin of carnal selfishness. It may be dealt with severely, but it is absolutely incurable. The only deliverance is death by crucifixion.

* * * * *

094 -- SIN

The Charm of Sin

When a small boy, we were out on the hillside one warm spring day. We heard a strange, excited chirp of a bird. We looked down the hillside a little way and saw a large snake coiled up, with its head lifted up probably a foot and a half above the ground. We then saw the chirping bird as it nervously circled around the snake. We will not soon forget the eyes of that snake. As the bird flitted around the snake, the head of the snake moved round and round, and the fearful eyes of the snake seemed to pierce and hold the bird. The bird was nervous and excited and seemed to be charmed and held.

As we watched the bird, it seemed to be getting closer and closer to the widely opened mouth of the serpent. Just a few more revolutions and it would be close enough to be caught and swallowed by this monstrous reptile. We could stand it no longer, and with a large stick we struck the snake a fatal blow. The little bird was liberated and flew away. This is a graphic picture of Satan and sin. But, thank God, Jesus can set us free.

* * *

Memorial of Sin

A rich landlord once cruelly oppressed a poor widow. Her son, a little boy of eight years, saw it. He afterwards became a painter and painted a life-likeness of the dark scene. Years

afterwards he placed it where the man saw it. He turned pale, trembled in every joint, and offered any sum to purchase it that he might put it out of sight. There is an invisible painter drawing on the canvas of the soul a life-likeness reflecting correctly all the passions and actions of our spiritual history on earth. Eternity will reveal them to every man. We must meet our earth-life again.

* * *

Is Nobody Going to Help Me?

Mrs. Anna H- was electrocuted in the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary. The last minute appeals had failed. The final moment came, and she slowly stood up and was led to the electric chair. As she passed through the death house corridor, twelve men who were soon to be electrocuted stood at the front of their cells, watching her. She said to them, "Good-bye, all of you." As she came to the door of the execution chamber she collapsed, and was picked up by the guards, and placed in the chair. As she revived, she pleaded with the warden, "Mr. Woodard, don't let them do this to me. Think of my boy. Can't you think of my baby?" Then she cried, "Isn't there anyone who will help me? Is nobody going to help me?" The warden said, "I'm sorry, but we have to do it, Mrs. H___." At this moment the current was turned on and she went into eternity. Sin will place us where our best friends can't help us.

* * *

Rats Kill Baby While Mother Drinks

A mother put her baby into the bed and went to a tavern and drank and danced for several hours. When she returned home and turned the lights on, she saw her baby was severely mutilated, all covered with blood, dead. She made investigation and found that rats had killed her baby while she drank and danced. Sin is awful.

* * *

Drunkenness and Sin

Near Sanford, Kentucky, a drunken father came home. His little daughter, Maxine, four years of age, greeted him thus, "Daddy, what did you bring me?" The mother said the drunken husband and father became enraged and threatened to kill the whole family. She grabbed Maxine and ran; but as she did, the father shot the child through the head. She died instantly. The father escaped but was killed later in the night by the sheriff's officials who sought to arrest him. The two bodies, child and father, lay in the funeral home while the mother and wife sobbed bitterly. Sin is to blame.

* * *

Sin Coming to Light

Rev. Shepard relates the following experience: A young cashier in a bank was engaged to be married to the banker's daughter. Before the marriage the banker suddenly died. The cause was unknown. He was buried, and the young man and the banker's daughter were married. Many years passed, and the body of the banker had gone to dust. Finally the townspeople decided to remove the old cemetery where the banker was buried. The bones of the banker were taken up, and someone examined the skull and found that there was something in it that rattled. It was found to be a nail that had been driven through the skull. A detective took the skull, with the rattling nail in it, and went to the fine home of the banker and his wife. After a little conversation he pulled the ghastly object from behind him and showed it to them, whereupon the daughter of the murdered man shrieked, "My God, Charlie, we are found out at last!"

* * *

Trifling with Sin

A young lady saw a heavily charged wire hanging from a light pole. She said, "I believe I will just touch it and see if I can get a slight shock." But when she touched the wire, her hand was suddenly contracted by the current and she could not let go. There she stood, gripping the wire and crying, "Help me. I am burning up, and I can't turn loose." Her mother came to her rescue and tried to pull her loose, but the current threw her to the ground. A man came along and cut the wire and freed the girl, but not until she was almost burned to death. Many have got hold of the devil's live wires and can't turn loose. We had better be careful how we tamper with sin.

* * *

The Insidiousness of Sin

A gentleman saw a great eagle swoop down, fasten its talons upon a weasel, and soar into the heavens for some time. Finally a strange thing happened. He saw the stately flight suddenly interrupted, and the eagle suddenly began falling, never stopping until it was prostrate on the ground. The man made examination and found that the weasel had begun gnawing at the very vitals of the eagle and had reached its heart. The eagle was planning for a sumptuous repast, but instead it was destroyed. How often men and women fasten upon some sin that seems charming! But the sin soon proves their destruction and, at last, "It biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

* * *

Horrible Situation

A man was out hunting and came across a large hole in the ground. Seizing a pole he thrust it into the hole. But, to his dismay, the ground under him suddenly caved in and, before he realized what had happened, he found himself in a den of hissing, squirming, biting snakes. He was unable to extricate himself from these fearful creatures or to combat them. He cried piteously, and his cries brought his companions. They threw him a rope and he clung to it while they pulled him out, but he was badly bitten.

We should be careful how we tamper with sin and play around the devil's dens. --
Selected.

* * *

The Slavery of Sin

It is related that a man was walking along the beach while the tide was out. He slipped, and one of his limbs became jammed in a crevice. He tried in vain to pull it out. He called loudly and piteously for help, but all in vain. The tide was coming in. It rose to his waist, his neck, and finally stifled his last cry. He was held fast until the last.

Sin enslaves.

* * *

Sin Exposed in Death

Rev. Peter Cartwright relates the following: There was a wealthy family where Brother Simon Carlisle stopped when preaching at a certain place. The father and mother were devout but had a very profligate son, who became offended at Brother Carlisle and swore he would have vengeance on him. Brother Carlisle came again to preach after the young man became so offended. Brother Carlisle insisted that he had better not go home with them, as the young man was so bitter; but the family pressed him. The young man refused to come in and just sulked about the place. This young man had a pistol and slipped into the room and put it into Brother Carlisle's saddlebags. When the preacher had gone, he claimed to miss his pistol and declared Carlisle had stolen it. The father and mother insisted that it was not true, but he secured a writ and officer and pursued Carlisle. Brother Carlisle insisted that he was innocent, but the saddlebags were searched and the pistol found. He escaped imprisonment only by the father of the young man going on his bond.

Conference came on, and Carlisle declared he was innocent but insisted that he be suspended from conference as he was under sentence. The conference reluctantly did it, declaring that God would vindicate him. A few months later the young man was taken with a deadly fever. Soon the end was near. The young man called his parents and said, "I can't die until I confess that I put the pistol in Brother Carlisle's saddlebags," and immediately died without hope.

* * *

Defending Sin

A lawyer undertook the defense of a robber on the promise of a thousand crowns' reward. He won his case, and his client brought him the coveted money. The night being stormy, the lawyer invited him to lodge in his house.

At midnight the robber arose, gagged his legal defender, retook the thousand crowns and, gathering all the treasure he could find, bade his helpless host good-by. Such is the deceit of sin and the reward of iniquity.

* * *

The Degradation of Sin

An artist was asked to search the town and make a picture of the most innocent being he could find. As he passed along a nice street he saw a little blue-eyed, curly-haired boy playing, and made his picture, which was put up in the gallery.

Twenty years later the same artist was asked to make a picture of the most degraded human being he could find. So, as he passed down an alley, he saw a young man with bleared eyes and bloated cheeks lying in the gutter, drunk. He took his picture, and they put it up beside the picture of innocency in the gallery in order to show the contrast.

Soon an old lady came down the aisle in the gallery, looking at the pictures. Her eyes fell upon these two pictures, "Innocency" and "Degradation." She stood and gazed at them, weeping bitterly. Someone said, "Mother, what makes you weep so?" She sadly replied, "Those pictures are the pictures of the same boy; and the boy is my boy. Sin has done this."

* * *

The Allurement of Sin

Roland Hill began his sermon one day by saying: "My friends, the other day I was going down the street and saw a drove of pigs following a man. My curiosity was aroused, and I decided to follow him. This I did, and to my surprise I found he was leading them to the slaughterhouse. I asked the man how he managed to get them to follow him. The man answered, 'Oh, did you not see that I had a basket of beans under my arm, and I continued to drop them along, and so they followed me?' So it is with the devil. He is dropping his bait, which may look and taste good to the sinner, but it will lead him to hell."

* * *

Allurements

It is said that visitors at Niagara Falls often have their attention called to a certain cliff, over the boiling current below, where a young lady some years ago lost her life. She was delighted with the beautiful scene and anxious to pluck some wild flowers from a cliff where no human hand had ever ventured. She climbed the cliff and grasped the flowers; but as she gazed down upon the surging waters below, she became dizzy, and with a wild shriek she plunged like a falling star to her death below.

* * *

The Chains of Sin

A certain tyrant sent for one of his subjects and said to him, "What is your employment?" He said, "I am a blacksmith." "Go home and make me a chain of such a length." He went home. It occupied him several months, and he had no wages all the time he was making it. Then he brought it to the monarch, who said, "Go and make it twice as long." He brought it up again, but the monarch said, "Go and make it longer still." When he brought it up at last, the monarch said, "Take it, bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into a furnace of fire." These were the wages of making the chain.

Here is a meditation for you tonight, ye servants of the devil. Your master, the devil, is telling you to make a chain. Some have been fifty years welding the links of the chain, and he says, "Go and make it still longer." Next Sabbath morning you will open that shop of yours and put another link on. Next Sabbath you will be drunk, and put another link on. Next Monday you will do a dishonest action, and so you will keep on making fresh links to this chain. When you have lived twenty more years, the devil will say, "More links on still!" And then, at last, it will be, "Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into a furnace of fire." For "the wages of sin is death."

* * *

The Undertow Got Him

It is related that a boy was going down to the river for a little swim. As he was leaving the house his father said, "Be careful, Herbert; the river looks fair and sparkling, but there is an ugly eddy beneath that may prove too much for you. I have tried it and know it is dangerous. It nearly overcame me. Be careful, Son; there is danger." Herbert went on and was careful for a time, but the river looked so smooth and peaceful he soon ventured out farther. His companions, who were in bathing with him, admonished him to be careful. But he called back and said, "I can swim; there is no danger." So he ventured out still farther. But soon he was heard calling for help. The undertow had him. He frantically cried for assistance, but all in vain. He went down. So it is with sin. It may look harmless, but there is the undertow.

* * *

The Cancer of Sin

The thing that the world needs is to have sin dealt with by drying up its source and delivering men from its power. Unless you do that, you but pour a bottleful of cold water in Vesuvius and so try to put out the fire. You may educate, you may cultivate, you may refine, you may set political and economical arrangements right in accordance with the newest notions of the country; but what then? Why, the old thing will just begin over again, and the old miseries will appear over again, because the old grandmother of them all is there, "the sin" that led to them. You may have high education and beautiful refinement of culture and manners; you may give everybody

"a living wage." But the world will groan still because you have not dealt with the taproot of all the mischief.

You cannot kill an internal cancer with a plaster on the little finger; and you will never stanch the world's wound until you go to the Physician, Jesus Christ, who takes away the sin of the world. What each of us needs before he can see the Lord is that something shall lay hold of us, utterly change our natures, and expel from our hearts that black drop that lies there, tainting everything. -- Alexander Maclaren.

* * *

Sin Degrades

Sam Jones told about a drunk man who fell into a hog pen while trying to stagger home. The next morning he had not sobered up completely. The hogs were going, "Boo, boo, boo" (as it sounded to him). He said, "You needn't 'boo' at me, for I am just as good as the rest of you."

* * *

Sin Will Out

Rev. W. E. Shepard tells how a man and his wife were convicted by an ape. He said, "A certain circus owner had been murdered while feeding this ape. When the ape, which was the only living witness to the murder, saw the murderers he flew into a rage. Every time he saw either the man or the woman, he would have these actions. This caused them to be arrested. The ape was brought into trial and, when he saw them, he acted just as he had been doing. This greatly impressed the jury and the judge. After further questioning, the murderers were convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Yes, sin will be brought to light, even though sometimes by an ape.

* * *

Unseen, but There

A lady went to the photographer and had her picture taken. After she had sat in the usual way, the photographer retired with the plate to examine it. As the lines gradually developed in the chemical bath, a strange sight was revealed. In the portrait the lady's face seemed covered with dark spots, yet they were not visible at all before. The next day she developed a case of malignant smallpox, from which she died in a few days.

The deadly disease of sin may not be visible to us, but God sees it. We had better have Him turn on the light before it is too late.

* * *

The Power of Sin

A great bar of steel weighing five hundred pounds, eight feet in length, was suspended vertically by a small chain. Near by, a common cork was suspended by a silk thread. The plan was to show that the cork could set the steel bar in motion. It seemed impossible. The cork was swung gently against it, but no sign of movement. It was done again and again, until at the end of ten minutes the bar gave evidence of uneasiness; a slight tremor was noticed. At the end of half an hour the great bar was swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a clock. -- Selected.

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095 -- SINCERITY

Naughty Inside

A little girl one day said to her mother, "Papa calls me good, Auntie calls me good, and everybody calls me good; but I am not good." "I am sorry," said her mother. "And so am I," said the child, "but I have a very naughty 'think.'" "A naughty what?" "My think is naughty inside of me." Upon inquiring she said, "Why, when I could not ride yesterday, I did not cry or say anything; but when you were gone, I wished the carriage would turn over and the horses run away. Nobody knew it; but God knew it, and He cannot say I am good."

* * *

A Shameful Report

The first Protestant missionary to Japan was so effective that the emperor declared that, if what the missionary said could be proved true, he would make Christianity the state religion. The emperor sent five of his leading men on a tour of Europe and America. When their trip was nearly ended, the saintly Bishop Moule asked them, "Tell me, gentlemen, what report will you take back to your emperor?" They replied, "We will tell him much -- that the Book is all right, but that it does not work."

* * *

Cheap Building Material

Brother E. W. Martin tells of a young man who was employed by his father, a building contractor. The son was dissatisfied with his wages. One day the father came to him and said, "Son, here are some blueprints. I want you to have entire charge of this job. Do your best on this house; it is for a special friend." The son thought to himself, "This is my opportunity. I will use shoddy material and cover it up with paint; Father will never know, and I will put the difference in my pocket." This he did.

Finally the house was complete. It looked good on the surface. The young man had just been married. A few days later the father came to the home of his son and said to him and his

bride, "Son, I know your wages have not been large, but I had it in mind all the time to give you this house. Here is the deed. It is yours." Then the son was ashamed. God says, "Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it . . . by fire." What kind of material are we using? "Gold, silver, precious stones" or "wood, hay, stubble"?

* * *

A True Dream

A minister relates the following: I was quite weary, and retired to get a little rest out in my garden. While there resting, I soon fell asleep and dreamed I heard deep sighs and groans coming from a distant part of the garden. I went to the place from which these groans came and there saw one of my best ministerial friends, who was known for his zeal for the work of the Lord. He was usually very happy, but now he looked terribly dejected and remorseful. I asked him the cause of his sadness. His answer was, "What time of day is it?" I answered, "It is twenty minutes past four." Then he sorrowfully said, "I have been dead just one hour and am damned -- damned, not because I have not preached the gospel, but because I have loved the praise of men more than the honor of God." I awoke, and it was all a dream. As I left the garden and went toward the house, I met a neighbor who said, "Have you heard the sad news?" "No," I answered, "what is it?" He answered, "Oh, Rev. [calling his name] is dead." "What time did he die?" I asked. He replied, "He died at twenty-five minutes past three this afternoon."

* * *

Sideboards Raised

The sharecropper was gathering his corn. The landlord was to receive one-third for the rent of the ground. But Mr. Smith, in gathering the corn and loading the wagon, would, when his turn came, lift the sideboards, which would make the wagon hold several more bushels. The landlord, Mr. Jones, saw it, but said nothing. Soon the revival was on. Brother Smith, as usual, was greatly blessed and, while shouting hilariously, declared that he was so full that he could not hold any more and did not know what he was to do. Mr. Jones, the landlord, arose and called out across the congregation, "Say, Brother Smith, I will tell you what to do; just lift the sideboards." That was sufficient. Brother Smith was calm and easily contained his blessing.

The sheep will bleat and the oxen will low when we testify if we fail to live right.

* * *

Just One Life

A little girl was working very hard and could not be induced to stop and rest. This was before the day of electric lights. When asked, "Why do you not stop and rest?" she replied, "I have just one little candle, and it will soon be burned out. I wish to do what I can while the candle burns." So it is with us. Our little day will soon be gone. May we do what we can while the candle burns.

* * *

In Doubt

A little boy came home and said to his mother, "Well, Mother, Johnny was at the altar seeking religion, but I don't think he will get it." The mother anxiously replied, "Well, Son, why do you not think Johnny will get saved?" The boy solemnly said, "Well, he only got on one knee when he knelt." He felt that it would require more sincerity than Johnny manifested.

* * *

Not Under That Head

Recently a man came to the door selling patent medicine. It was a "cure-all." He informed Mrs. Tidwell that it would cure just about any ill known to man. But the man himself seemed weak, sick, and fearfully ill. Mrs. Tidwell said, "Well, if the medicine is so wonderful, since you look so sick, why do you not take some of it yourself?" He rather sadly replied, "Well, my disease does not come under this head." Mrs. Tidwell made no purchase.

Can the world see that salvation has done something for us? Will they desire what we have?

* * * * *

096 -- SORROW

Real Trouble

Mr. Sam Jones relates the following sad experience: One day a dozen ladies decided to rehearse their sorrows. One after another had spoken of their sorrows except one pale, sad woman. They then said to her, "Tell us what your troubles are." She said, "After having heard your troubles, I have decided you know nothing of real sorrow. I had a happy home, a husband, and four lovely children. One night I awoke and dropped my hand outside the bed, and it dropped into water. I awoke my husband, and we found the water was a foot deep in the house. The children were carried to a small raft near by. My husband took the baby and me across the raging waters to a hill. He told the other children to remain and he would come back for them. I watched him in the light of the moon. I saw the small raft that he was using swept away, and he sank out of sight, but that was not trouble. Then I saw the rapidly rising waters sweep away the youngest child that was waiting, but that was not trouble. Then I saw the next youngest swept away, but that was not trouble. Then I saw the oldest carried away by the rising flood, but that was not trouble.

"I was left a widow with my baby boy. I worked hard and sent him to college; but he dissipated, and went from bad to worse, and I have just received letters and papers from Texas announcing that my poor boy was hanged upon a gallows. He died a criminal's death, and went to a criminal's hell" Then she said, "Ladies, that is real trouble!"

* * * * *

097 -- THE SOUL

Soul Not Insured

A little boy who had just been saved climbed upon his uncle's lap and said, "Uncle George, Papa said you had your house, car, and barn insured, but he feared you did not have your soul insured. Uncle George, do you have your soul insured?" Uncle George replied, "No, Son, I fear I do not have my soul insured." He left the house immediately for the barn. After some time he returned and, with a beaming face, said to his nephew, "Now, Son, I have my soul insured."

* * *

Unsolvable, Unanswerable

A very brilliant young man who specialized in mathematics had just finished his university and graduate work. He was very proud of his attainments. He insisted that he could solve any problem given him. An old gentleman, hearing his remarks, said "I have a problem I wish you to solve for me. It is this, 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'"

It struck conviction to his heart, and as a result he found the Lord. No, this is one question that man, devil, angel, or God himself cannot answer. It is unanswerable. There is no answer.

* * * * *

098 -- SOUL WINNING

A Burden for the Lost

A very devout girl was greatly concerned for the salvation of her father. She prayed for him and sought every possible opportunity to get him to go to church and hear her pastor preach. But it was all in vain. Finally she was taken seriously ill, and it soon became evident that she had only a few hours in this world. She sent for her pastor and said to him, "As you know, I have been greatly burdened for my father and have sought in vain to get him to come and hear you preach. Now I will soon be gone and I know he will come to my funeral. You do your best, and I believe he will be saved. I will gladly die to get him to come to church and be saved." She soon happily passed on to be with the Lord. The funeral was held, and the father came and heard the message. He was all broken up and was soon beautifully saved.

* * *

It Makes a Difference

It is related that a hard-working physician was taking a vacation, and in order not to be molested he sought to hide his identity as a physician. While the ship on which he was sailing was docked in a tropical port, a boy fell overboard. Finally his body was fished out. They worked hard and the traveling doctor looked on casually, from a distance. But finally, through curiosity, he drew near and saw that it was his own four-year-old son. All was then changed. He threw aside his careless indifference and worked with all his might until his son was restored. Yes, it makes a difference.

* * *

It Depends

It is said that some people were undertaking a missionary project which would cost a million dollars. The speaker who was raising the money said, "If just one boy should be saved, it would be worth the entire amount." After the meeting someone said, "Do you think one boy is worth a million dollars as was suggested tonight?" A thoughtful father replied, "Yes. if that boy should be my boy."

Some lost boy might not be our boy in the flesh; but when we take him on our heart and begin to fast and pray for him and seek his salvation, he becomes "our boy."

* * *

Fifty Souls for Christ

It is said that one morning Dr. Gifford of Boston said, "Anyone who is really saved can win souls." After the service one of the members said: "Dr. Gifford, you are usually so kind; but this morning you said, 'Anyone can win souls if he is really saved.' But you know I am a poor widow and remain at home, making my living by sewing." Her pastor said, "Does anyone ever come to your home? Do the milkman, the grocery boy, the paper boy, and others ever come to your home?" She replied, "Yes, they come every day." Then he said, "Good-by." She began thinking and praying and resolved to speak to the milkman the next morning.

When the milkman came, she said, "Are you a Christian?" He sadly replied, "No, I am not: I am lost." Then she spoke to him about his soul and then knelt and prayed him through. Dr. Gifford states that, before the year had passed, this woman had led fifty souls to Christ.

* * * * *

099 -- SOWING AND REAPING

A Son's Ingratitude

It is said that a man threatened his aged father and proposed to send him immediately to the poorhouse. The aged, sick man left the house and went down to the orchard and sat by a tree, while the cold autumn wind blew and the rain fell. As he sat thus, his little grandson, coming from

school, asked why he was there. He tearfully related the circumstance. Then he requested the grandson to go to the house and bring him a quilt which his departed wife had made, that he might be somewhat preserved from the cold while he waited. The boy was indignant and went to the house to secure the quilt, but cut it in half. Then he went to his father and indignantly said, "Dad, I am taking half of this quilt to poor old Grandpa, who is about to freeze. But I want you to keep this other half until you are old, for I am going to drive you from my house to sit in the cold and the rain while you wait for them to come and take you to the poorhouse." This was too much for the man. He saw and was convicted of his sin. He went immediately and confessed to his father and brought him back and cared for him.

* * *

Wild Oats

A young man came to an eye specialist to have the eyes of his baby examined. After careful examination the doctor said, "It will be only a few weeks until your baby will be totally blind; there is nothing medical skill can do." The young father and mother were brokenhearted and sorrowfully asked the doctor the cause. He hesitated, but finally said, "The child has inherited a disease from you, Father, which is incurable." The young man had contracted a disease when young, while sowing his wild oats. The young man wailed, "Oh, must my child live in total darkness all of its life because of my sin?" Yes, he had sown and must reap.

* * * * *

100 -- SPIRITISM

Demons or Fallen Spirits?

In a Western city there lived a pious, Methodist family of three: father, mother, and son. The young man was taken suddenly ill and died. Nothing could ease their suffering. Their faith in God faltered. Next door there lived a family of spiritists. Seances were often held there in the dimly lighted room. The bereaved parents were invited, at first refused, but finally accepted the invitation. Here they learned of the ouija board and its uses. With this they began in their own pleasant home. It must be harmless, and if genuine (they thought) it would seem to support the Christian doctrine of life after death. They took care to make the sitting in the same room and at the same time each evening. Immediately results attended their efforts. Messages of affection and instruction were received, beyond question, from their dead son. They were very happy. Soon they found the ouija board was no longer necessary. It was discarded and messages flowed freely. Uninvited voices came day and night, many talking at once and sometimes quarreling. Vile, blasphemous voices were heard constantly. All attempts to silence these seemed to increase their torrent of verbal filth. The parents could stand the mental strain no longer. They went to a physician and were pronounced insane. They were taken to an insane asylum. The husband died eight months from the time he began with the ouija board. His wife died a few months later. When they first began they were warned by some friends, but they insisted that what they heard and saw was proof of its genuineness. Sad! They were in communication, doubtless, with demons or fallen spirits of some kind. God says, Beware.

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101 -- STUBBORNNESS

A Child's Stubbornness

The mother put the boy in the closet for punishment. After some time she opened the door. He was not penitent at all and looked out at her defiantly. She said, "Son, what are you doing?" He angrily replied, "I 'pit on your shoes, and I 'pit on your dress, and I 'pit on your coat, and I am just standing here waiting for more 'pit, and I will 'pit on something else."

* * *

Not Sitting Down on the Inside

A mother, so Rev. James Hamilton relates, was punishing her boy by making him sit down. She said, "Now, Johnny, you sit right there in that chair and don't you get up until I tell you to." The mother went out for a time and when she returned, she said "Johnny, you are still sitting down, are you?" "Yes," replied Johnny, "I am sitting down on the outside, but I am not sitting down at all on the inside."

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102 -- SUBMISSION

Jewels

It is related that two little children died very suddenly of cholera. The mother laid them tenderly upon the bed and spread a sheet over them. When her husband came home, she met him and said, "Husband, a person lent me some jewels, and now wishes them returned. What must I do?" "Why, return them at once," he said. Then she took him to the room, removed the sheets and said, "God is the Person, and these are the jewels."

* * * * *

103 -- SUBSTITUTION

Dying for Friends

At Ragenbach, Germany, one afternoon a great number of people were assembled in the large room of the inn. The room door stood open and the village blacksmith, a pious, brave-hearted man, sat near the door. All at once a mad dog rushed in, but was seized by the smith with an iron grasp and dashed on the floor. "Stand back, my friends," cried he. "Now, hurry out while I hold him. Better for one to perish than for all." The dog bit furiously on every side. His teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let go his hold. When all the

people had escaped, he flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall and left the room and locked the door. The dog was shot, but what was to become of the man? The friends whose lives he had saved stood around, weeping. "Be quiet, my friends," he said; "don't weep for me. I've only done my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love. Now pray for me, that God will not let me suffer long or too much. I know I shall become mad, but I will take care that no harm comes to you through me."

Then he went to his shop. He took a strong chain. One end of it he riveted with his own hands around his body; the other end he fastened around the anvil so strongly that it could not work loose. Then he turned to his friends and said, "Now it's done! You are all safe. I can't hurt you. Bring me food while I am well, and keep out of my reach when I am mad. The rest I leave with God." Soon madness seized him, and in nine days he died -- died gloriously for his friends. But Jesus died for His enemies (R. Newton) . -- W. W. Glenn.

* * *

Volunteered for Punishment

In a school for the poor and underprivileged there was a rule that, if certain things took place, the offender was to be stripped and receive so many lashes. One day a very poor boy broke this rule. He was called and stripped to receive his punishment. He had had little to eat, and was almost a skeleton. The teacher and others grieved. Finally the teacher asked if anyone would like to volunteer and take the punishment instead of this poor, sick boy. One fine fellow stepped up and said, "I will." His back was bared and he received the lashes. The poor boy who had broken the rule stood by and looked on and wept. When it was over, he was so broken up he could hardly speak. He begged forgiveness, thanked his substitute, and vowed he would never disobey again.

But there is another who "was wounded for our transgressions" and "bruised for our iniquities." It seems we should surely love and obey Him.

* * * * *

104 -- SUFFERING

Value of Suffering

A bar of iron worth 1 pound, when wrought into horseshoes, is worth 2 pounds. If made into needles, it is worth 70 pounds. If into penknife blades, it is worth 650 pounds. If into springs for watches, it is worth 50,000 pounds. What a drilling the poor bar must undergo to be worth this! But the more it is manipulated, the more it is hammered and passed through the fire, and is beaten and pounded and polished, the greater its value.

Those who suffer most are capable of yielding most, and it is through pain that God is getting the most out of us for His glory and the blessing of others.

* * *

Not Where but What We Are

When Rutherford was imprisoned at Aberdeen, he wrote to a friend, "The Lord is with me; I care not what man can do. No person is better provided for than I am. My chains are even gilded with gold. No pen, no words -- nothing can express the beauty of Christ."

When in prison in Vincennes, Madame Guyon wrote, "The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. The stones in my prison looked in my eyes like rubies." -- C. S. Utting.

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104 -- SUPPRESSION

I Feel Him Rising

A rather severe fight was in progress between two boys. One large boy was fighting a smaller boy. The smaller was getting, at least for the time being, the better of the fray. But as the struggle became more and more serious, he was heard to call out, "Help! Help! Help!" Someone came to his assistance and said, "Why, boy, why are you calling for help? You are on top." "Yes," he replied, "I know I am; but I feel him rising!" Suppression is a dangerous undertaking. God says, "Crucify," "Put off the old man."

* * * * *

105 -- TACT

Lack of Tact

We heard this experience related in Oklahoma: A gentleman committed suicide by hanging himself in the attic. He was a very prominent man, and there was much concern in the neighborhood. One day a lady said to her sister, "I feel it is our Christian duty to go over and see Mrs. A- to encourage her." Her sister said to her, "Well, if we go, you will make some remark that will remind the lady of the recent tragedy in her home," as she was known to be very tactless. She declared that she would be careful and certainly would not hurt the lady. So they went, and after some minutes there was a lull in the conversation. Then this tactless lady somewhat hilariously said, "Well, it is surely a rainy, damp day, and we just could not wash because we had no place to dry the clothes; but with you it is quite different. Your attic is such a good place to hang things in!"

* * * * *

106 -- TESTIMONY

He Started Out Too Soon

A physician saw a man one day who was terribly afflicted with rheumatism. The young doctor felt that, if he could cure him, it would enhance his fame. He insisted that the rheumatic, who was terribly drawn and bent, come to his office for treatment. The sick man was very poor and insisted that he could not come, as he had no money with which to pay the bill. But the doctor informed him that there would be no bill, that he could help the man, and that after he was cured he could help the doctor. So he came and took a treatment and, although there were no visible results, he started out immediately telling of the wonderful doctor. The doctor heard what he was doing and remonstrated with him, saying, "Now, I know you mean well, but you have started too soon. In your present condition you will hinder me. You must wait till they can see a change."

If we witness for Christ and are not saved ourselves, it will hinder the cause.

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107 -- THEATER

Rule for Attending the Theater

Some years ago, two ministers were walking in front of the Old Park Theater. One of them said to the other, Dr. Charles Hall, "I was never in a theater in my life; and I want to go once and see a tragedy performed by a great actor. I want to see and hear what constitutes the power of the stage." To this Dr. Hall replied, "I would like to see the same thing, but I have made up my mind never to go to any place where I would be unwilling to die. Now, I should be very sorry to die while seeing a play in a theater."

* * * * *

108 -- TIME

So Little Time

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" (Psalms 90:12). Life is short. There is so much to be done! Many deeds of mercy await our attention. Assuming the life span of a man to be fifty-seven years, someone has figured how we spend our time. We sleep eighteen years and seven months. Fifteen years and five months we work. Eight years are spent in cultural pursuits. Five years are required for meals, and five more for travel. Three years we are sick, and we spend two years getting dressed. We have so little time! Eternity is so vast! Should we not give one day out of seven to the Giver of eternal life? Here is a good question: "What portion of our precious time is devoted to God?" -- Selected.

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109 -- TITHING

You Can't Get Ahead of God

It is said that during the depression a jobless man heard that work might be secured in a town some distance away. The ticket to this place cost one dollar. He had just one dollar and planned to make the trip Monday morning. But fifty cents of the dollar was unpaid tithing money; so, when the plate was passed on Sunday, he promptly put in fifty cents. Monday he took the other fifty cents and bought a ticket just halfway to the town. He got off the train, preparing to walk the remainder of the way. The devil whispered to him, "You are just a fool," and it did look a little that way from the human standpoint. But as he was about to start, he saw a sign, "Men wanted," giving the name of a place in that town. He went over and secured a job at five dollars per week more than the other place would have paid. God says, "Them that honour me I will honour," and He always makes good.

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110 -- TOBACCO

"I Don't Want Smokers"

"I've got a boy for you, sir." "Glad of it; who is he?" asked the master-workman of a large establishment. The man told the boy's name and where he lived. "Don't want him," said the master-workman. "He has a bad mark." "A bad mark, sir! What?" "I meet him every day with a cigar in his mouth. I don't want smokers."

* * *

Not God

It is related that an aviator was entertaining the people by his daring flying in writing the name of some cigarette in smoke letters across the sky. One little girl was so astonished she said, "Oh, it is God." Another replied, "No, it's not God. God would never advertise a cigarette."

* * *

Selling Tobacco

Mr. Morehouse relates the following: I began a small grocery business. The patrons began asking me if I were going to sell tobacco. I replied that I was so planning. And, while I had some misgivings about it, there were several things that made it look as though it was about the only thing I could do. My wife said, "I guess you had better sell it." Then some of my best customers would ask about it, and I found I would lose them unless I did. Finally the decision was made, and I purchased a stock of cigars, fine cut, coarse cut, plug, pig tail twist, and other brands. And to help my conscience I remembered that I bought it from a prominent church member. But before I unpacked it, a poorly dressed woman came into the store and said, "My husband spends more for tobacco than for bread."

I spent a restless night. The next morning I came in and found my wife in tears. I said, "Honey, what is the matter?" She replied, "Oh, I wish this old tobacco was out of our store." Then

I said, "It shall go out." So I took it back. I realized I could not sell tobacco and win souls at the same time. Then I was happy, and the Lord blessed us as never before. God says, "Neither be partakers of other men's sins.

* * *

Deliverance from Tobacco

Brother Mitchel Mason had used tobacco for many years. He also drank. He was wonderfully saved and delivered from the drink habit, but the tobacco craving continued. He became deeply convicted that the use of tobacco was positively sinful. He had made efforts to quit, but all in vain. Finally he went to the Lord and said, "Lord, I am through. Never again, by Thy help, will I touch it." The battle was on. He lost strength and had to go to bed. The appetite raged, and the devil tempted; but he said, "Lord, if I die, I will die clean." The struggle was fierce; but after about three days, when much of that time it seemed he would die, suddenly the Lord came and instantaneously set him free. He was gloriously delivered.

That has been about ten years. He is one of the greatest men in prayer I have ever known. Often in the service, as if moved by a mighty impulse of the Holy Ghost, he will rise and pour forth such a message of power, glory, and fire that it blesses and electrifies the whole congregation. Yes, God will give complete deliverance from the desire or give grace to overcome.

* * * * *

111 -- TOO LATE

A Train Wreck

A train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. It was just a few minutes late. A sharp curve was ahead. Beyond this curve was a station where trains usually met. The engineer hoped to reach that station. The train rushed on, but suddenly a locomotive dashed in sight right ahead. A shriek, a shock, a collision, an awful wreck! Many were hurled into eternity, all because an engineer was a few minutes late.

* * *

Rebellion in Scotland

In order to quell a rebellion in the north of Scotland, the English king issued a proclamation to all the rebel chiefs to appear at a given place on or before the thirty-first of December, 1691, and take the oath of allegiance to the king. Those who did not appear were to be treated as outlaws, liable to execution as traitors to the crown. Although humiliating, it was useless to rebel with such small numbers.

One by one gave way, and all had affixed their names to the paper except one. Mac Ian was the leader of the smallest yet haughtiest tribe. He did not intend finally to resist, but he hoped to be

the last of the Scottish chiefs to submit. A day or two before the thirty-first, he started. A severe snowstorm impeded his way, and he did not arrive till nearly a week after the king's messenger had returned to London. A band of soldiers immediately sought the Valley of Glencoe, and Mac Ian and his followers became victims of his proud obstinacy.

How many in our day hazard their souls, as Mac Ian hazarded his life, by refusing to obey the commands of the King of Kings!

* * * * *

112 -- TRANSMIGRATION

"What Will Become of Me?"

The transmigrationist teaches that, when one dies, his spirit enters another body. If one has done well, it may enter a body of a high order. If he has done badly, it may enter the body of some animal -- even serpent. Their hope of heaven is in doing good so that at death the spirit may continue to be elevated -- that is, enter a body of a higher order.

A poor heathen was dying and wailed, "What will become of my spirit when I die?" The heathen priest replied, "It will enter another body of a higher order, we believe." Then he said, "But at the death of that body, what will become of my spirit?" to which the priest answered, "It will enter another body; then at the death of that it will enter another; and on and on." But the poor benighted soul, as he went into eternity, wailed and said, "But, last of all, what will become of me?" No, heathenism could not answer that. Thank God for the truth of the Word of God. Paul said, "Absent from the body, and present with the Lord." Are we thankful as we should be for the truth of salvation?

* * * * *

113 -- TRIALS

The School of Affliction

We learn lessons in the school of affliction which we could never learn anywhere else. Somehow in the loneliness and shadow and isolation of sorrow, God finds a way to teach us many things which we seem unable to learn any other way. A story is told of a little bird that was never able to learn the song his master was so anxious to have him sing, while his cage was full of light. There was too much to attract his attention. There were so many voices to which he listened. He would learn a snatch of one song and a note of another and another until he had a mixture of all the songs in the grove, but never a separate and entire one of his own. The master at last covered his cage, and the little bird was surrounded by darkness. In this loneliness and darkness the little bird could listen attentively to one song the master was trying to teach him to sing. Then, when the cage was uncovered, he continued to sing it beautifully, to the joy of the master's heart and the entertainment of all who heard.

* * * * *

114 -- TRIBULATION

Scorpions

In Revelation 9, God tells that under the fifth seal the bottomless pit, or hell, will be opened and doleful creatures like scorpions will emerge and torment men. "And their torment was as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man. The following is a description of the scorpion: "A venomous reptile, like a small lobster, that has a bladder full of dangerous poison. It has four eyes and eight legs, proceeding from its breast, each of which is divided into six parts, covered with hair, at the end of which are six claws. The abdomen is divided into seven rings; from the last protrudes the tail, which is divided into seven little heads, which are armed with stings. The tail is long and made after the manner of a string of beads. At the end of the tail there are two hollow stings, which are filled with deadly poison which the scorpion squirts into the body it stings. The scorpion is a blackish color like soot. It fixes violently with its snout and feet upon the person it stings so that it is almost impossible to pluck it off. The mother brings forth eleven young ones, which at first are small, round worms. After the mother has hatched them, they kill the mother."

Fearful judgments are to be poured upon the earth during the Great Tribulation. May we be raptured and thus "escape all these things."

* * * * *

115 -- TRIFLING

Even More Awful

An eloquent preacher delivered a sermon on the terrors of the last judgment. The audience groaned, wept, and cried as if they were at this fearful occasion and their doom were being meted out to them. In the height of their emotion the minister admonished them to be quiet, to dry their tears, and to cease their crying, as he was about to tell them something more astonishing than anything they had heard. Silence being obtained, he very solemnly said, "In a quarter of an hour from this time the emotions which you have just now shown will be gone, and you will return to your business and sinful pleasure. The remembrance of all these solemn truths will be gone, and you will treat it all just as if you had heard some idle tale."

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116 -- UNHEEDED WARNINGS

"Hog Killing"

We remember "hog killing" day when a boy. We were amazed at the hogs. The men would go down to the pen and knock one in the head with an ax. He would squeal and fall over dead.

Then he was "stuck," cut to the heart so he would bleed freely. Then he was dragged away and butchered. But the remaining hogs took no heed. They just ate on as if nothing had happened. Then the men would return and repeat just what they had done. The other hogs just went right on as usual. This procedure was continued. Often we have noticed that when every hog but one had been slaughtered, the remaining one was as indifferent as if nothing had taken place. We can understand this because they are unintelligent creatures. But what about human beings?

Suppose you saw a "pass" between two mountain ledges, and you watched 100 men seek to leap across it. If all fell and were crushed 200 feet below, would you try it? But you are doing it. Suppose there were a plague of death in a certain hospital, and practically all were dying within a few hours. Would you walk in? But you are doing it. You see thousands of your fellow beings perishing in many forms of sin, yet you plunge on. You say, "I will get by." No, you will not. "Be not deceived." You cannot do wrong and get by.

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117 -- WATCHFULNESS

The Shipwreck

"Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

A ship was wrecked off the Irish coast. The captain was a careful man, and the weather had not been severe enough to make the vessel veer from its course. Nevertheless the ship went down, and many lives were lost. So much interest was taken in the wreck that a diving bell was sunk. Among the portions examined was the compass, and inside the compass box was found a tiny bit of steel. The day before the wreck, a sailor had been ordered to clean the compass. Using his pocket knife, he had unconsciously broken off the point under the edge of the box. That tiny bit of steel changed the dip of the needle, and the man at the wheel had driven the ship onto hidden rocks.

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118 -- WEIGHTS

How to Judge Weights

Weights are the questionable things which we sometimes are unwilling to admit as wrong. W. H. Griffith-Thomas once submitted three tests which could be applied to things to see whether they are weights that we ought to lay aside. First, we will be uneasy about them. Second, we continue to argue about them with our consciences. Third, we ask others, perhaps again and again, whether they think these things are wrong. Anything that keeps us from our highest spiritual efficiency is wrong. Let us courageously and unsparingly lay aside every weight, that we may run as we ought the race that is set before us. -- Selected.

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119 -- WILL OF GOD

Got What He Wanted

The carriage was being driven along the road. The mother sat on the front seat and the maid, caring for the spoiled baby, on the back seat. The child began screaming for something. The mother impatiently said, "Why don't you let him have what he wants?" The nurse let him have it. What he was crying for was a wasp on the window. Then he screamed vociferously when he felt the terrible sting of the wasp. The mother then called out to ask, "What is the matter with him now?" The maid quietly replied, "He got what he wanted." How often have we seen this! It is better to seek the will of God first.

* * *

Safe in the Will of God

David Livingstone tells how he was chased up a small tree and besieged by lions. He said the tree was so small that he was barely out of reach of the lions. He said they would stand on their back feet and roar and shake the little tree, and that he could feel the hot breath of the lions as they sought him. "But," he states, "I had a good night and felt happier and safer in that little tree besieged by lions, in the jungles of Africa, in the will of God, than I would have been out of the will of God in England."

There is one safe and happy place, and that is in the will of God.

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120 -- WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT

John Wesley

The testimony of the Spirit is an inward impression of the soul whereby the Spirit of God directly "witnesses to my spirit that I am a child of God"; that Jesus Christ hath loved me, and given himself for me; and that all my sins are blotted out, and I, even I, am reconciled to God. -- John Wesley.

* * *

He Had the Proof

I heard of a man who was digging for oil. It seemed that his well was going to be a dry hole, but he believed that there was oil at that place. So he kept digging, and the people thought that he was crazy to keep on spending money on that worthless well. But he said that there was oil in there. He kept digging and spent all the money he had and borrowed about all he could get.

Finally he went down until he struck a gusher. He took his old hat and stuck it under the oil gushing out of the ground, filled it up, and put it on his head. He ran down the main street of the town. He did not have to say anything. He had oil all over him, on his face and clothes. Everyone could see that he had struck oil, for he had it all over him.

* * * * *

121 -- WORK

Work and Pray

Two little girls were on their way to school one morning. Having been detained in starting, they were very much afraid that they would be late. One said, "Let us kneel down and ask the Lord not to let us be late." The other said, "No, I think I will run as fast as I can, and pray to God while I am running to help me get there on time." It is easy to see which of these two had the right idea about prayer and faith in God. Did the one who ran while she prayed trust God any less than the other?

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122 -- WORLDLINESS

The Man Who Hanged Himself

Rev. Thomas Hayes tells of a man who got mad at his family and declared that he was going to hang himself and get rid of all his troubles. He went out to the barn and got the halter and hanged himself with it. His son soon went out and, sure enough, he had hanged himself. There he was, hanging to the roof of the barn. His son cut him down, but he had not been hanging long enough to get in a good humor. He was still mad. He said, "Son, why did you not let me alone? I would soon have been in heaven if you had not cut me down." His son answered him and said, "Now, Dad, would you not have been a pretty looking thing, running around in heaven with a halter on?"

His version of the affair was that, if he had been let alone, he soon would have been in heaven. But would he? He felt bad because his son cut him down. He wished to be let alone. No, if he had gone to heaven (which, of course, he would not), he would not have had the halter on, but he would have had the same thing in him that made him hang himself. Death does not change our moral nature. Just as we die, so we meet God to spend eternity. Multitudes today who are in no wise prepared to meet God insist that they be let alone, that they will soon be in heaven. But will they? Multitudes who are full of carnality inside and, as a result, are all decked out on the outside with the most worldly adornment, insist that they be let alone, that they will soon be in heaven. No, the minister should "cry aloud, spare not." Cut them down if possible.

* * *

Danger of the World

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

* * *

Dancing and Eternity

A revival was in progress in the Houston Street Presbyterian Church, New York, in which a young lady was deeply convicted. From its solemn scenes, she turned to the ballroom with its frivolity and fashion. Conscience was outraged, but not slain. Again she was found at the meetings and urged to decide for God. An invitation to another ball turned her feet from the house of God. She went to the ball and returned home, only to die without hope. Two short weeks saw her among seekers of religion, then in the ballroom, again in the place of prayer, again in the ballroom, and then in her coffin.

* * *

Testimony of a Dying Worldling

"My physician tells me I must die, and I feel he tells the truth. I feel death is upon me. Death has, through life, been upon my mind. It has covered me like a dread presence. It has weighed me down. It has imprisoned my faculties with bars and gates of iron. Often amid my gayest moments it has shot through my mind, and I have shuddered and turned sick. But, oh, the present reality of it! It is upon me. It comes on, on, on, like the tide of the ocean. I shall soon be in hell, a naked, guilty, trembling spirit. Never another moment to rest or sleep in hell! Woe is me for the past! Every dream is dissolved. Every refuge of lies is plucked from me. Every ambition, pleasure, and consolation totters beneath me. Friends and all fail me. I am helpless and undone. Lost, forever, lost!"

* * *

Disappointment of Worldly Ambition

Just glance at the end of worldly ambition. Look at four of earth's greatest rulers. First, Alexander, who, when he had so completely conquered the nations of earth, wept because there were no more to conquer, at last set fire to a city and died in a drunken debauch. Second, take Hannibal, the great Carthaginian general who ravaged Italy, who filled three bushel baskets with gold rings taken from the hands of slaughtered knights, who finally committed suicide by poisoning himself. Third, take Caesar, who conquered 800 cities and dyed his garments with the blood of a million of his foes, but was finally stabbed by his best friend, in the court where had been his greatest triumph. Fourth, take Napoleon, who was the scourge of Europe, but was finally defeated and banished and died a captive in a strange land. God says, "The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot" (Proverbs 10:7).

* * *

Shameful Unfaithfulness

We heard of a young man and young woman who were engaged to be married. He loved the girl devotedly. He was poor and decided to go to a distant land and make money and build a home for his bride. They pledged their faithfulness each to the other. The young man had a few enemies and, sad to say, he had not been gone long before she began flirting with these enemies. She could be seen riding in the car with them and having a hilarious time. That was shameful!

But what about those espoused to Christ, who has gone to prepared a place for us, flirting with His enemies?

* * *

A Wicked, Foolish Desire

An undertaker related to me how he was shocked by an occurrence at the funeral home. He related that a wicked woman died and, a short time before the funeral was to be conducted, another worldly woman, sister of the dead woman, came in and placed a set of dice in one hand and a "pack" of cigarettes in the other hand of the corpse. She said she thought her sister might want to "shoot" dice and smoke in the other world. Well, she may desire to do those things, but that desire will never be gratified. The Bible says, "The fruits that thy soul lusted after are departed . . . and thou shalt find them no more at all" (Revelation 18:14).

* * *

Not Curtailed but Cut Off

The old colored man, in his sincere prayer that the Lord would defeat the devil, said, "Lord, curtail the devil." Then another old brother, who felt it should be more complete, cried out, "No, Lawd, don't curtail the devil, but cut his tail smack smooth off."

Often we are asked just what kind of social functions we have in the church or have sponsored by the church. We usually relate the experience of the colored man, and tell them we do not undertake to curtail them, but just make a clean sweep and cut them all off. That is the plan of the New Testament for the Church. The mission of the Church, as such, is not military, industrial, political, or social, but spiritual. Win souls, build holy character, and prepare the Bride for the return of Christ.

* * * * *

123 -- ZEAL

Zeal of Evil Spirits

The devil held a great anniversary at which his emissaries were convened to report the results of their several missions. "I let loose the wild beasts of the desert," said one, "on a caravan of Christians; and their bones are now bleaching on the sands." "What of that?" said the devil. "Their souls were all saved." "I drove the east wind," said another, "against a ship freighted with Christians, and they were all drowned." "What of that?" said the devil. "Their souls were all saved." "For ten years I tried to get a single Christian asleep," said a third, "and I succeeded and left him so." Then the devil shouted, and the night stars of hell sang for joy.

* * * * *

124 -- MISCELLANEOUS

How Much Is a Billion?

In these days we let the word "billion" roll glibly off our tongues as easily as if it were "hundred." We know that it's a lot of money, but how many people have any actual conception of the amount? Compare it to minutes, of which there are 1,440 a day, and guess offhand how many years equal a billion minutes. Answers will generally range from 10 to 100 years, with only a few a little higher. Actually, figuring 365 days to each year, the answer is approximately 1,902 years. Since the birth of Christ, only a little more than 1,021,000,000 minutes have passed. - Selected.

* * *

Another Problem

It is said that the old colored preacher spoke of heaven and the angels and the redeemed. He spoke of the saints with wings. Of course we are not angels and will never be, but that is beside the point here. After the sermon one little "smarty" said, "Now look here, preacher, you have worried me. I am bothered. How in the world will I ever get my shirt down over my wings?" The preacher replied, "Now look here, little 'smarty', you ain't got no problem at all. Your problem will not be, 'How will I get my shirt down over my wings?' but, 'How will I get my hat down over my horns?'"

* * *

Westminster Abbey

Beneath Westminster Abbey is an old crypt which for centuries was used as the burial place of the early kings. It is related that one day some years ago a visitor who had wandered into this vault was locked in. He did not notice the doors swing together. The janitors were busy, and no one heard the muffled voice which began to cry from the crypt or the muffled blows which began to beat upon its oaken door. The afternoon passed away. What that imprisoned man suffered as it gradually grew upon him that he was buried alive, who can know?

At the usual hour the janitor made his evening round before closing the building for the night. The entombed man heard him as his footsteps came near, then retreated, came near again, then finally receding grew fainter and fainter, and died away at length in the distance. What imagination can conceive his agony! He redoubled his cries. He dashed his body wildly against the solid door.

Now he thought he heard the distant entrance doors creak on their hinges and the key pushed into the great iron lock. In a moment more the vast tomb would be closed for the night. Fortunately, before turning the key the janitor paused a moment and listened. He thought he heard dull blows, faint and far away -- a sound as of stifled, agonizing cries. He listened more intently. A horrible thought suggested itself to his mind: "Someone is locked in the crypt!" He hastened to the place, threw open the heavy oaken door, and held his lantern up to see. The buried man had fallen senseless upon the stone floor. He was rescued just in time to save his reason. How fearful to be locked in hell eternally!

* * *

Bad Either Way

It is said that here in the city, when the weather was very cold and many water pipes were frozen, a colored woman called the water company and, in a very excited and earnest mood, inquired, "Is I cut off, or is I friz up?" Anyway she was not able to get any water. That seems to be about the predicament of many professors of religion.

* * *

Making One's Self Aseptic

Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock was one of the successful ministers of his day. On one occasion he was invited to attend a banquet on a Saturday evening, but declined the invitation. Being pressed for a reason, he replied, "When a surgeon is about to perform an operation, he is at particular pains to make himself aseptic, that he may carry no foreign substance, no poisonous matter of any kind, to his patient. On Sabbath I am to preach the Word; I am to be a physician and surgeon of souls. I must do all that I can to keep myself absolutely aseptic. I must not allow even the possibility of carrying to those to whom I minister anything that might vitiate my ministry or lessen its beneficial effect."

* * *

Just Your Daddy

Two little boys heard the preacher preach about the devil. As they went home one of them said, "What do you think about the devil? Do you believe there is a devil?" The other answered, "Why, no! It's like this Santa business. It's just your daddy."

* * *

Awfully Bad

A little boy said to his mother, "Mother, who is the devil? Is he a man?" The mother replied, "No, Son, he is not a man. He is a lot worse than a man." Then he looked puzzled as he looked up into his mother's face and said, "Why, Mother, do you mean the devil is a woman?"

* * *

Little or Much

Dr. J. G. Morrison states that one fearfully cold day, when it was almost impossible to have services, he managed to get down to the store where a few had gathered and were discussing religion. Finally they all left except the owner and Dr. Morrison. Then he turned to the doctor and said, "Brother Morrison, just how little religion is it necessary for a man to have to get to heaven?" The good man, in his resourceful, characteristic way, replied, "Well, the least amount of religion that would be necessary for a man to get to heaven would be that which would make him feel comfortable and at home in the presence of God."

We believe the good man was right. Could I meet that requirement right now if my heart ceased to beat? Surely just as I die I will meet God. Death will make no moral or spiritual changes.

* * *

On Either Side

It is related that one day while a colored man was in the field at work he saw a balloon about to land near him. He was terribly excited and frightened. Thereupon he fell upon his knees and began to pray very earnestly, saying, "Good Lord, good devil." He was not quite sure, but desired to be on good terms with either. So it is often with compromising, professed Christians.

* * *

Barking Dogs

A gentleman set out upon a long journey. Often he was assailed by dogs: all kinds of dogs, big and little, common curs and fine blooded dogs, old dogs, half-grown dogs, and puppies. The traveler was greatly annoyed by these barking dogs. He would constantly dismount his horse and chase them away with rocks, sticks, and anything that came to hand.

Some days after he began his journey one of his neighbors set out upon the same journey. After a short time he was very much surprised to overtake his neighbor. After his neighbor told how he had been beset by dogs and how he had spent much time in chasing them away, he said, "Now it is clear why you have made so little progress. It is because you have spent so much time

chasing the dogs. I have just ridden on and, as they have barked, I paid them little attention. They have not harmed me, and I can't change their nature, so I have just pressed on and let them bark."

Just so in the Christian race! All along the way there will be critics, faultfinders, and liars; but just let them bark. Leave them with God and press on.

* * *

It Was About Impossible

We saw a little boy who looked distressed standing in the vestibule of the church. His little sister was usually with him, but this time he was alone. I said to him, "Sonny, where is your sister?" He gravely replied, "Oh, she could not come this morning." From his distressed look I thought there must be something seriously wrong with her, so I said, "Oh, what is the matter with her? Why could she not come?" Then he seriously answered, "Well, she just did not want to!"

It is about impossible under those conditions. That is why many "just can't come."

* * *

Only a Little While

It is related that an old woman sat by her apple stand on the side of the street, A great judge came along and stopped to purchase an apple, saying, "Molly, don't you get tired sitting here these cold, dismal days?" "It's only a little while," she answered. "But how about these long, hot, dusty days?" said the judge. But the answer was the same, "It's only a little while, sir." "But how about these cold, rainy days when you have such bad rheumatism?" But the same glad answer, "It's only a little while." "Well," said the judge, "you have taught me more than the law ever taught me." "Yes," replied Molly, "you have gone to the law and I have gone to the gospel. I advise you to change from the law to the gospel." The great judge replied, as he took up his apple and walked away, "Well, I think I had better look into these things." That was a wise conclusion.

* * *

A Gracious Response

A young couple came to the pastor just before the service and desired to be married. The pastor requested them to be seated in the congregation and stated that he would marry them immediately after the service. No one in the congregation knew of it. When the service was over, the pastor quietly said, "Those who wish to get married will please come to the front." Immediately thirteen women and one man came forward. People respond easily and quickly for what they really desire. If one is anxious for God, it does not require much coaxing.

* * *

His Song Saved Him

It is related that during the Civil War a Confederate soldier who was placed far out in a lonely wood to watch suddenly felt a strange dread and fear come over him. The moon was shining dimly in the deeply wooded place. And while it seemed strange and unwise, he felt constrained to sing softly the old song, "Jesus, Lover of my soul let me to Thy bosom fly," and the stanza, "Other refuge have I none." This he did, and immediately felt relieved of his fear.

A few years later, when the war was over, he was at a meeting and sang the same song. After the song, a stranger came up to him and said, "I never saw you before, but I have heard that voice before." Then he asked him if he sang that song one night during the war. Then he related to him how he and some of his men, who were Union soldiers, were hidden behind trees and had their guns turned on him and were ready to fire! "But," said he, "as we heard that song, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' and, 'Other refuge have I none,' I said to my men, 'Don't shoot that man,' and we slipped away and left you. I shall never forget the voice I heard that night."

There is only one refuge and that is Jesus, and we need Him at the end of the way.

* * *

Big and Little Bears

In Texas we heard the following: Two colored men, one very large and strong and the other very small, were out in the yard sunning themselves. The small man said to the large one, "Big man, you know what I would do if I wuz as big as you?" "No," said the big man, "little man; what would you do if you wuz as big as I is?" "Well," said the little man, "I would go right over now into dem woods where dem bears is, and I would hunt up de biggest, blackest, mostest violent bear I could fine, and I would lay hold ob him, and I would jist tear him to pieces. I would jist split his jaws wide open, jist to show him what a man I is." Then the big man answered, very quietly, as he lay in the sun, "Little man, you know, dar is a lot ob little bears in dem woods, and I don't see you tearin' any ob dem to pieces!"

Many would do the great things, if capable, but fail to do the small ones.

* * *

Locked Out

I hurriedly left the study, closing the door after me. In my haste I forgot to bring my keys, including the key to my car. I had a pressing engagement, but I had locked myself out. The caretaker finally came and let me in, but I was greatly delayed.

There is something worse than that. Many a person has locked himself out. Many a young man, because of his bad habits and sin, has locked himself out of a position. He applied for a job, but the employer saw a nervous condition and said, "No." Multitudes will sin against God and refuse mercy and lock themselves out of heaven.

* * *

Not Where but What

Likely the largest piece of silver ever mined was taken from smuggler mine in Colorado. It weighed 1,840 pounds. It was so pure that it was put directly into the crucible. It was a little purer than an ordinary silver dollar and about as bright as a new silver dollar.

If God could produce such a piece of silver and keep it so bright down in an earth of dirt, He can produce saints and keep them clean in a sinful world. -- Selected.

* * *

Silent Forces

It is said that when workmen in stone quarries find a very hard rock which cannot be parted by iron wedges driven by sledge hammers, they have then another way. The iron wedges are removed from the narrow grooves. Little wooden ones, made of very hard material and sharpened, are soaked in water and then driven tightly into the grooves. The workmen just let them alone. The damp wood swells and must have room, and what the iron wedge and sledge hammer could not do the small wooden wedges do. In a short time the stubborn rocks are parted from top to bottom.

Sometimes the iron wedge and sledge may fail; but the silent forces of tears, love, and prayer may do the work.

* * *

Getting Located

Someone has said, "To do evil for good is devil-like; to do evil for evil is brute-like; to do good for good is man-like; and to do good for evil is God-like." In which class do we find ourselves? This should locate us.

* * *

Getting Used to It

The longer you sit under the gospel and continue to sin, the more easily you can hear it without alarm. I have seen, in Scotland, a dog sleeping soundly during the blacksmith's labor at the anvil, with a shower of live sparks falling upon him. -- From the Sunday-School Chronicle.

* * *

Nothing to Say

It is related that a little boy seemed to have lost his speech. The parents failed in getting him to speak a single word. The doctor was sent for and, after a careful examination, concluded that he was just out of humor and on a protracted pout. Finally the doctor grasped him firmly by the shoulders and gave him a good sound shaking, saying, "Why don't you talk?" The little fellow rather defiantly looked up and blurted out, "I ain't got nothing to talk about!" Maybe that is the reason some folk can't testify for the Lord.

* * * * *

THE END