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CHOICE ILLUSTRATIONS

By Earl C. Wolf

Selected From The
Compilations Of W. W. Clay

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DEDICATION

Dedicated to the memory of Revs. W. W. and Mrs. Vera Clay, both of whom were elders in the Church of the Nazarene, and to the thousands of workers who found his "Lesson Illustrations" a source of personal blessing and an aid in their teaching and preaching.

* * * * *

FOREWORD

All teaching and preaching needs some "illustration junctions" along the way. Often by this means new light falls across the pathway of those who seek a better understanding of God's truth. And frequently apt illustrations are a source of inspiration to the teachers and preachers who use them.

Many expressions of appreciation have come from Sunday school teachers and preachers for the "Lesson Illustrations" by W. W. Clay that appeared weekly in the Bible School Journal for a number of years. Now the choicest of nearly twelve hundred of them have been carefully selected and arranged in topical categories. An index of Scripture references has been added as a practical aid to those who use this book.

The contributor of these illustrations, Rev. W. W. Clay, was a minister of the gospel for more than half a century. He used both the pulpit and his pen to make his contribution to the building of the Kingdom. He was active in the work of the church until a few hours before his home-going. Many of these lesson illustrations were prepared after he was eighty years of age. May this book be a means of continuing his influence for God and righteousness.

I would like to acknowledge my indebtedness to the Book Committee for their invitation to present this material in permanent form; to Mrs. Iris Cathell for her painstaking care in the preparation of the manuscript; and to Dr. J. Fred Parker, book editor of our publishing house.

Earl C. Wolfe

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BACK COVER TEXT

In this handy book will be found 140 pertinent and effective illustrations which both teachers and preachers will find to be of immense value. They constitute the best of some twelve hundred illustrations which were supplied by Rev. W. W. Clay to the Bible School Journal during

the many years in which he edited the column "Illustrating the Lesson." Rev. Earl C. Wolf, editor of the Bible School journal, has done the painstaking work of making the selections.

The illustrations have been arranged under twelve categories for easy reference. Also, since each one has an accompanying scripture text to which it is related, a complete index of these key verses is also provided.

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PART 01 -- THE NEW BIRTH

001 -- TRANSFORMED BY HIS POWER

Long ago a boy was born near Halberstadt in Prussia, named George Muller. He grew up to break his mother's heart. Even when she was dying he was playing cards and gambling. He kept roaming the streets at night, often drunk, and eventually found his way to prison as a thief and a vagabond.

Years passed by. In a city in western England a funeral procession is passing. All flags are at half-mast, all stores closed, and thousands line the streets. Many people are in tears. Yet they are laying to rest the form of George Muller, the thief of Halberstadt. Somewhere through the years Muller came in contact with the Christ of Galilee, surrendered his life to Him, and became perhaps the outstanding example of faith in God of all time. He became a father to thousands of homeless children, and raised over ten millions of dollars to care for them without telling of a single need or asking anything of anyone but God.

* * *

002 -- A NEW HEART ESSENTIAL

An old Delaware Indian chief sat with a Christian friend by a campfire, talking of the events of the day and the coming tomorrow. After a long silence the friend said: "Chief, did you ever hear of the rule called the golden rule, given to men by Christ, who gave us our religion?" "Stop," said the chief. "Don't praise it. Tell me what it is and let me think for myself." When told that it was for each one to do to others as he would have others do to him, he hastily replied, "That is impossible; it cannot be done." Silence followed. After about fifteen minutes the old chieftain spoke: "Brother, I have been thoughtful of what you told me. If the Great Spirit who made man would give him a new heart, he could do as you say, but not else."

* * *

003 -- BETTER THAN EXPLANATION

Gypsy Smith once said, "Tell me how God got the song from the seraph and robed it in feathers, and you have the canary. Tell me then how Jesus came to me in my gypsy tent. Oh, it is such a mystery to me! When there was no Bible, when I could not spell my name, when I was only

a little wandering gypsy boy, without God and without hope in the world, tell me how Jesus came to that old gypsy tent, opened my eyes, and made me to know He was my Saviour and my Lord. Tell me how, for I do not know. But I know that He did it."

* * *

004 -- NOT JUST PATCHED UP

A minister at an outdoor service was talking on sin, and quoted the words, "Wilt thou be made whole?" A man in the audience took the service out of the preacher's hands by saying: "That's just it. I patched for years, but the patches made bigger holes. I had become a hard drinker. I lost my job. At last my wife and children went to her parents, as I had lost my home. One day on skid row someone invited me to come to a city mission. I went, and there Jesus found me. He didn't patch; He just made me whole, and then gave me back my family, my job, and my happiness."

* * *

005 -- TRANSFORMED BY GRACE

John Ruskin in one of his books calls attention to the latent possibilities that lie in the thick, black mud of a footpath on the outskirts of a town. This slime is usually composed of four elements: clay, sand, soot, and water. The clay particles may become crystallized into a clear, hard substance that can deal with light in a wonderful way -- and then we call it a sapphire. The sand arranges itself in mysterious parallel lines that reflect the blue, green, red, and purple rays in their greatest beauty, and we call it an opal. The soot becomes the hardest thing in the world, and the blackness becomes a clear stone capable of reflecting all the rays of the sun, and we call it a diamond. And water may become ice, or a beautiful snowflake. So God can find in the heart of sinful man that which He can transform into infinite glory.

* * *

006 -- A TRANSFORMED LIFE

Some years ago when God wanted to shake New York City, He visited a place called Ossining. There he found a moral leper, a man who wore a striped suit and was known only by a number. And He said, "Jerry McAuley, I have need of you." Jerry McAuley was nothing but a river thief, had never been to school, and knew nothing about theology, but he heard the call of the Man of Galilee.

Once as he fingered his greasy old hat and looked into the faces of those who had known him in the days of sin he said: "Boys, I have been saved. You know who I am -- Jerry, the river thief. And the Jesus Christ who can save Jerry McAuley can save any man in New York City."

Jerry McAuley spent years of fruitful activity in the Water Street Mission, which he founded. Then the newspapers carried a bold headline one day, "Jerry McAuley is dead." On the day of the funeral Wanamaker's, Stewart's, Macy's, the great brokerage houses, and many other

offices were closed, and millionaires stood side by side with newsboys on the walks of New York as the funeral procession passed down Fifth Avenue. The reason? That redeemed river thief had led many souls to Jesus Christ.

* * *

007 -- UNLESS THE CORN DIE

Years ago a minister in Iowa went home from a service for dinner with a wealthy farmer. This man, though not a Christian, was moral and upright. As they entered the house from the rear through a shed, the minister noticed several bushels of corn twisted together by the husks and hung from the open rafters. The farmer pointed out to the minister the finest seed corn he had ever raised. Said the preacher: "If I were you, I would always keep that corn there. You will never get any more like it."

"You must think I'm a fool," said the farmer. "I must plant that corn or I'll have no more crop." And the preacher rejoined: "That corn is like yourself. I never knew a man so rich in natural endowments as you. If something would only happen to let the seed corn be planted, be buried, you would be so useful to God and humanity!"

Months later the minister received a call to visit the farmer. The old farmer surprised him by saying, "Glory to God! The seed corn has been planted." He related gladly how it happened. He had been currying a mule when the mule let both heels fly at him, cutting open his face with a sharp-shod hoof. The injured man got on his knees and surrendered to God. "And now," said he, "I want to make my life yield a harvest for Him."

* * *

008 -- HE KNEW WHERE HE WAS SAVED

A veteran of the seas enjoyed giving his testimony. One night the minister was talking to him after the service, and asked him, "Where were you saved?" To the minister's astonishment the sailor replied, "Latitude 25, longitude 54." That was something new and puzzling to the minister and he asked him what he meant. The sailor answered: "One day at sea I had some time at my disposal, and from a pile of papers I pulled out one that had a sermon by a man named Spurgeon in it. Sitting on a coil of rope on the deck I read it, and as I read, my heart believed and I was saved. I thought if I were on shore I would like to remember where I was saved, and why not on sea? So I took my reckoning, and found I was in latitude 25, and longitude 54."

* * *

009 -- HE HAD A TREASURE

The story is told of a man who scoffed at the idea of God or salvation, who became very ill and was soon to die. He was poor, and during his long illness a godly minister had sent gifts again and again to relieve this man's need. One day near the end, he sent for the minister, and said, "I

have not sent for you to talk about religion, but to thank you for your great kindness." Mr. Birch, the minister, said, "Will you answer me one question?" "Yes," said he, "provided it is not about religion." The minister said, "You know I have to preach tonight. Many will be there to hear me; some who, like you, will soon have to face death. I ask you, 'What shall I preach about?'"

There was a long silence. Then with tear-dimmed eye and trembling voice the dying infidel said, "Mr. Birch, preach Christ unto them, preach Christ." And he was then ready to let the minister preach Christ unto him, and he found Him to be real and a Saviour from sin.

* * *

010 -- THEY MET AT CALVARY

William H. Ridgway once told of a blacksmith in his town named Joe, who had no use for God or religion. Often he went on drunken sprees; so when the report came to Ridgway that Joe had been upon a prolonged drunk and was very sick, he paid little attention to it. Then a voice seemed to say, "Go and see Joe." He went, and found him dying.

When the blacksmith saw his old friend, he cried, "Bill! Bill!" Bill Ridgway did not preach at him but instead took him to Calvary and told him of the thief on the cross. Said he, "Look, Joe. See that thief? Well, that's you. All that dying sinner could say was, 'Lord, remember me.' You can say that, Joe." In his dying agony some way Joe raised himself up, looked up, and stammered, "Lord, remember me." And Ridgway said that an indescribable look of happiness came over his face as he cried, "Glory! Glory! I see it! I see it!" Then he dropped back on the bed and was soon with the One who had met him at Calvary.

* * *

PART 02 -- HEART HOLINESS

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011 -- IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE

The people of London are proud of "Big Ben," which adorns the great Tower at Westminster and is said to be the largest clock in the world. English emigrants and visitors to Canada and the United States are thrilled when they hear "Big Ben" by radio. An English Christian used to say: "Several times when passing by, I have taken out my watch, which is less than one-twelfth the size of the end of the pin that holds the clock hands of 'Big Ben,' only to find that its tiny hands point to exactly the same minute and hour as do the hands of the giant clock above. So our lives can have a perfection in love that is in perfect time with the heart of God."

* * *

012 -- SANCTIFICATION BRINGS SOUL REST

S. A. Keen said that a clock taught us a great spiritual lesson. We were in a vessel during a violent storm on the Gulf of Mexico. The ship rolled and lurched. Sometimes it rolled on one side, sometimes on the other. When the tempest was the fiercest, as we held to a bracket on the side of the cabin to keep from being bruised by the lurching of the vessel, we saw at the far end of the cabin a clock. In every lull in the roar of the storm we could hear its quiet, regular tick, tick. We could see its hands moving steadily on. As we looked at the face of the clock, the Holy Spirit said, "This is the type of the rest which the soul in every storm of life may have. Just as that clock moves steadily on in spite of the commotion about it, so by the mighty propulsion of the Holy Spirit's presence within us, our hearts may be kept in perfect peace."

* * *

013 -- THE TROUBLE LIES DEEPER

A minister who believed that the only solution to the sin problem lay in the new birth and in the fullness of the Spirit had a clock in his church that was always either too fast or too slow. He placed a placard on the wall and on it printed in large letters: "Don't blame my hands -- the trouble lies deeper."

* * *

014 -- COMPLETE IN HIS WILL

In Col. 4:12 there is a prayer for believers to "stand . . . complete in all the will of God." In commenting on this verse J. Gregory Mantle points out that the word "complete" is rendered "filled" in the margin. This marginal reading is more accurate because the Greek word pictures a sailing vessel with every inch of sail filled out by the breeze, leaping over the water like a thing of life. It implies that to surrender to Christ's will is not to be towed to our goal by the tug of duty, but like the little vessel, to be in full gale in the will of God.

* * *

015 -- THE CRAB IN THE SPRING

When I was a boy, my father had a farm that had no well. Our source of water was a spring in a valley. Only a cup or two of water could be obtained easily, so Father got a sixteen-inch tile and planted it over the spring. This tile was always full, and it was easy to get water now by the pail, if needed. How we boys liked to drink from the surface of the spring as it overflowed from the tile!

But it did not take us long to discover that a crab or crawfish -- one of those little animals that looks one way and travels another -- had taken up its residence in the spring. We would come thirsty, but as we bent down the crab would go burrowing down and disturbing the water, till we would have to wait several minutes for the spring to clear.

One day Father got tired of it all. He took us boys to the spring and we dug down till at last we found the crab. Father killed it, and from that time there was no dirty stirring when we drank.

And carnality is like the crab. It is untameable, unpredictable, and always destructive to peace and happiness. There will be no permanent inner peace till it is destroyed.

* * *

016 -- CRISIS OR PROCESS

Two men were discussing the experiences of the deeper Christian life. One asked, "Is heart holiness a crisis or a process?" The other replied by asking a question: "How did you get from the town where you live to this place?" "I came by train," was the answer. "And did the train bring you by one sudden jump into this town?" "Oh, no," he replied. "I kept coming along more and more." "But when you boarded the train, how did you do it? Was it 'more and more'?" "No," said he, "I stepped in all at once." "Exactly," said the godly minister; "you stepped in instantly -- that was a crisis; and as you journeyed you kept getting nearer and nearer to your final objective -- that was a process."

* * *

017 -- IN GRACE, NOT INTO GRACE

Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, in *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*, tells that she was once pressing upon a company of Christians the duty and privilege of an immediate and definite step into the promised land of holiness when a lady of great intelligence interrupted her, saying, "I believe in growing into grace." Mrs. Smith asked her: "Just how long have you been growing into this experience?" "About twenty-five years," was the lady's answer. "And how much more worthy and devoted to your Lord are you now than when you began?" persisted Mrs. Smith. And the lady sorrowfully confessed, "I fear I am not nearly so much so now as I was then."

* * *

018 -- LIVING WHERE THE MUSIC IS

Dr. Archibald Brown, a noted English evangelist of a generation ago, often preached a wonderful sermon on the text, "When the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also." He would point out that it was true not only of the Temple economy, but of the sanctified life. It is only when everything is laid upon the altar of consecration to Jesus Christ that the fullness of joy will fill the heart and break out in thanksgiving and praise to God.

Dr. Brown preached this sermon in one of our large cities. He was to leave for another meeting the next day. As he stepped onto the station platform he was met by a smiling porter who greeted him with the striking statement. "Dr. Brown, I live in the country where the music is." Mr. Brown did not at first get the connection and in amazement said, "My friend, I do not understand you." Then the porter said: "I was in your church service last night. I heard you preach from that

beautiful text about the song of the Lord. I want to say that I know all about it, for I live on the hilltop where the music is."

* * *

019 -- A PENTECOSTAL THUNDERSTORM NEEDED

Dr. G. D. Watson was riding with a friend who asked him to explain the nature of perfect love. Dr. Watson asked him, "Do you see the sunshine today? What hinders the sunshine from being perfect?" The friend replied, "It would be perfect but for the dust and smoke of the city." "Exactly," said Dr. Watson, "but there is no dust and smoke in the sun. These arise from the city into the atmosphere where the sunshine and smoke are existing together, though not amalgamated. Now if a heavy rain should cleanse the air from this impurity, you would have sunshine filling the air, and without the dust and smoke it would be perfect sunshine.

"Now," said Dr. Watson, "when you were converted, God put His love into your heart. But have you not had much dust and smoke in your experience?" And the friend sadly acknowledged that this had been the case. Said Dr. Watson, "But where did the spiritual dust and smoke come from?" The man answered, "Not from God but from my own heart." "Then," said Dr. Watson, "if you were to have a Pentecostal thunderstorm to wash the dust and smoke out of your nature, the same love you received in regeneration would exist in simple and unmixed state in you; and that would be perfect love."

* * *

020 -- COMPLETENESS OF CLEANSING

It is said that when the discarded letters of the king or queen of England are destroyed it is done with great care. It would be difficult to measure the disaster or embarrassment that some of these letters might cause if they fell into the wrong hands. So these letters are first canceled out by machine until every word is illegible. Then they are cut into tiny pieces. And last, these pieces are burned secretly by a trusted fireman. God's process is simple compared with that, and yet as perfect. Not one sin will be left that is unforgiven, and not one trace of sin in the character, when the Blood "cleanseth us from all sin."

* * *

021 -- ALREADY WITHIN

A man once told a minister that he could not swallow what the preachers called "original sin." Said the preacher: "There's no occasion for you to swallow it; it's inside you already."

* * *

022 -- PERFECT WILL OF GOD

It is said that in the diamond mines of South Africa they often find a substance that is half charcoal and half diamond. It was intended to be a diamond, but somewhere nature's chemical processes were interrupted, and left it partly a cinder and partly a jewel. It stopped short and will never get into the king's crown. Let us go all the way, so that when Christ makes up His jewels we will be so completely in His perfect will that He will be delighted with us.

* * *

023 -- THE WAY TO INWARD PEACE

In one of our large cities lived a dentist who enjoyed the experience of full salvation, and was a staunch supporter of those who preached it. A minister was having a tooth filled by this dentist. The cavity was large, and its treatment had been neglected. Patiently the dentist cleansed out the decayed matter. As he got near the living nerves, it became very painful to the patient. In a spirit of jest the minister said: "Doctor, I came here to get my tooth filled, not to be tortured." The dentist replied: "And that is what I am going to do just as soon as I get the carnality out. If I failed to do a complete job of taking out this impurity, not only would the filling not stay in, but in a short time your peace would be turned into pain. And," continued the doctor, "that is why God insists on a complete cleansing. He is the God of peace, of harmony, and He cannot fully dwell where there is something that will eventually cause discord."

* * *

024 -- NOT THINGS BUT OURSELVES

Consecration that brings the Holy Spirit in His fullness into our hearts is not the surrender of things. True, we may have to itemize things to be sure we have made the consecration that God wants. But true consecration is yielding ourselves for time and eternity to His will.

At the close of a sermon on the Holy Spirit, Dr. Torrey was asked by the pastor to pray with their church visitor that she might receive this baptism. She was an excellent worker and the pastor told Dr. Torrey that their church had lost instead of gained by their splendid church visitor's receiving the Holy Spirit. Dr. Torrey expressed surprise and the pastor explained, "She has gone as a foreign missionary."

* * *

025 -- LAST THING ON THE ALTAR

Dr. C. J. Fowler, noted holiness preacher and for many years head of the National Holiness Association, was seeking to be sanctified. He was the pastor of a very fine church and felt that he needed this experience to please God. He attended a holiness meeting and went to the altar. God guided him in his consecration, and he laid on God's altar many things, including a gold-headed cane, and his stovepipe hat. After saying amen to all this, he still did not get the witness that he was sanctified.

Then he asked God if there was anything else he should lay on the altar. God showed him that he had a professional pride, that there was in his heart a desire to be known as the pastor of a large church, and that he loved to have places of prominence in the church. But he promised God that he would be content to be an unknown, and that God would have his reputation. Then peace came and he knew he was sanctified. And God gave to him a field of usefulness wider than he could ever have attained had he refused to take the despised way of the Cross.

* * *

026 -- THE INFLUENCE OF HOLINESS

During the Civil War a small Mississippi steamer was crowded with Union troops. In its laborious attempt to push its way up the river it got fastened on a sandbar, and there it bogged down. The crew had become worried in seeking to free it. The soldiers were impatient, almost mutinous, at the delay and the heat. While this unhappy condition was at its worst, one of the larger, magnificent steamers came sweeping down the river, its great prow cutting the stream into waves which rolled to either side of it. It swept on past the stranded steamer without stopping to help. But one of the great waves it sent out came billowing toward the vessel and lifted it off the bar. The little steamer started churning, and singing on its way. So the fullness of the Spirit will put into our lives a spiritual swell which, as we sweep down through the years, will get under the sorrow, the burden, and the disabilities of others, and help them to go on.

* * *

027 -- THE ANGLE OF REPOSE

A famous man was visiting the Panama Canal just as it was being finished. He noticed that landslides were still occurring, and knew it would not be safe to open the canal till this was stopped. So he said to the engineer, "When will the banks cease their sliding?" And the engineer's reply was, "When they have reached their angle of repose." And not until the Christian finds his angle of repose in death to self will he find deep, abiding peace.

* * *

028 -- THE DIVINE CRESCENDO

The word crescendo is a word musicians use to describe the increase of a tone in strength and volume. The Bible nowhere intimates that the experience of the infilling of the Holy Spirit that purifies the heart is the peak of Christian experience. Instead, "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day" (Prov. 4:18).

John Fletcher, companion of John Wesley, was known as perhaps the saintliest man of that day. He taught that there was no limit in this life to the increase of the divine infilling of the Spirit. Fletcher's devotion to God, his zeal for the salvation of the lost, his hunger and thirst after God, his humility and love for others constantly increased to the day of his death.

* * *

029 -- NOT THINGS BUT SELF

A minister once said of G. Campbell Morgan, after the latter had made a preaching visit to this country, "That man with one sermon destroyed forty years of my sermons. I had been preaching on the duty of sacrifice, telling that we should deny ourselves of things. In our home we had often gone without things so that we might give to Christ. But he preached that what we needed most to give up was not things, but self -- and we had given up everything but self. We were proud of what we gave up; we were proud of our humility. It was hard to give up self for crucifixion."

* * *

030 -- LIVING IT BRINGS SATISFACTION

It is said that in the far Southwest a poor man inherited unexpectedly a big ranch. He just couldn't conceive how such fortune could come to him. Even after he was on his land, he made many trips to the county seat, leaving his work on the ranch to look up titles given by Spanish dons long ago, and getting opinions of real-estate lawyers on it, and trying to find out if there were any flaws in the will. He wasted so much time that his land became unproductive, for it lay idle and uncultivated, and in the end he lost it as truly as if someone had taken his land from him. It is well to know the theory of holiness, but it is better to have it, use it, enjoy it, and live it.

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031 -- CARNALITY -- THE ALLY OF SATAN

When Cecil Rhodes was building the Cape-to-Cairo railroad in Africa, over a half-century ago, the first modern city in Africa was built near the great Zambesi Falls. There were only about a thousand people in it, but all were Europeans. In building the city Rhodes gave them every convenience found in the best cities in England, such as electric lights and paved streets. Among other things there was a zoo at the edge of town. Through the help of the natives many kinds of wild animals were secured. There were one or two fine specimens of lions.

If you were at the zoo as twilight came, you would see the keeper securely fastening the cage doors. Do you wonder 'why? Listen, and soon from the veldt only a few hundred feet away you will hear the roar of a great lion out there, and then others with him. All at once the head of the pride of lions inside jumps to his feet, lashes his tail in anger, and starts roaring. Woe to the visitor who gets near enough to the cage for the lion to reach him! People on the edges of town had to watch for the lions outside, but the keeper had to watch for both the one on the outside and the one inside that in sympathy with the others would wreck everything, if given a chance.

Every Christian knows what it is to have that lion inside. By God's help He will give us victory over inbred sin. How much easier is the victory when we let the Holy Spirit "destroy" (Rom. 6:6) the body of sin, and have only the lion on the outside to watch!

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PART 03 -- CHRIST AND THE CROSS

032 -- JESUS NEVER FAILS

Stonewall Jackson was visiting Niagara Falls. His sister was with him. They were on the boat crossing the torrent just below the falls, when his sister became terrified by the tossing of the current. Jackson seized her by the arms, and turning to the boatman said, "How often have you crossed here?" "Continually, Sir, for the past twelve years." "Did you ever meet with an accident?" "Never, Sir." "Never capsized? Never lost a life?" And the boatman replied, "Nothing of the kind, Sir." Turning to his sister, Jackson said: "You hear what the boatman said, and unless you think you can take the oars and row better than he does, sit still and trust him as I do."

* * *

033 -- JESUS DIED IN MY STEAD

A great battle had been fought, and the French under Napoleon seemed to have the advantage. That night, as his troops were weary, Napoleon did not order any further attacks, so that his men might be fresh for the battle that was sure to be resumed on the next day. But Napoleon could not sleep, and walked down the line where sentinels were posted. After a while he came on one fast asleep, a crime for which death was the penalty. But the emperor knew the long hours the man had fought without sleep the previous night, and his heart was touched with pity. Lifting the fallen gun of the sentinel, he paced the beat in the place of the sentinel till day dawned.

During the night several times the officer came along to inspect the sentinels, but paid no attention to the sleeping man on the ground, for he saw a sentinel on the watch, and supposed it was the man to whom the duty was assigned. In the morning the man awakened, and in terror saw the emperor, realizing that the death penalty could be imposed. But Napoleon handed the sentry his gun and said, "You have no need to fear, for I took your place."

* * *

034 -- LOOKING UNTO JESUS

When Lincoln's body was being carried through the streets of Albany, New York, a Negro mother said to her little boy, "Take a long look, Honey; that is the man who died for you." I would point you to the Cross and say, "Take a long look -- there is the Saviour who died for you."

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035 -- WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD

One night the widowed mother of William P. Mackey spent the night in prayer for her son. He was a medical student in the University of Edinburgh, and the president of an atheistic group

called the "Hell Club." That very night he was assisting in a mock celebration of the Lord's Supper. He took a glass of wine, held it up, and jeeringly said, "The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ."

But something came over him. He turned pale and began to tremble, took his hat, and fled the place. The wine had seemed to him to turn to literal blood. He walked aimlessly the rest of the night. At dawn he went to his room and started praying. His mother heard him and joined him, and soon he found pardon in Christ. He went to his classes, and asked permission to tell his experience to the students.

One day at a meeting he was called on to lead in prayer and began with these striking words, the outflow of his newly saved heart: "We praise thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love; for Jesus, who died and is now gone above." Thus was given to us one of our hymns that will never die.

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036 -- GOD'S PLUS SIGN

A group of university students were coming home after an evening of debauchery. Their drunken leader noticed on a steeple of a church a cross, illuminated by the moonlight. In drunken tones he called out, "Ye mathematicians, look at God's plus sign!" One of those students could not sleep that night. Toward morning he stepped into the leader's room and, waking him, told him that the vision of the Cross as God's plus sign -- the symbol of His love for mankind -- had made him decide to uphold that Cross. And seven others of the group followed later in accepting Christ and His cross.

* * *

037 -- HE PAID MY DEBT

It is said that Henry Clay once borrowed some money from a New York banker. But before time of its payment he suffered serious financial reverses. When the note came due he was unable to meet the notes and went to the bank to ask for renewals. The banker said, "Mr. Clay, we have no note of yours here." "Oh, yes, you must have," said Mr. Clay. "I gave you one six months ago." "Yes," said the banker, "but some of your friends came along and paid all of your debt, and there is nothing on our books against you now."

* * *

038 -- OLD BUST-'EM-UP

There was once, among the freighters that came into an English harbor, a steamer that was so clumsy that it was called "Old Bust-'em-up." Whenever this steamer came into the harbor, everyone who was lounging about the pier would watch with keen interest to see what particular calamity would occur. One day however as this ship came in, she was seen to steer straight and

true to her anchorage without even the semblance of an accident. "Well, 'Old Bust-'em-up,' what has happened to you?" shouted a bystander, "it is something new to see you coming in without smashing something." "Lookee here, Mate," shouted back a sailor on board, "it's the same old ship, but we have a new pilot."

* * *

039 -- THAT RED SPOT

It is said that Napoleon once took a map and pointing to the British Isles remarked: "If it were not for that red spot, I would have conquered the world." Satan could point to the cross of Christ, and say, "If it were not for that red spot, I would have conquered the world."

* * *

040 -- WHAT IS THE SOUL WORTH?

The courts have had something to say about the value of a man. A boy lost his hand and the courts allowed him \$1,700. An eighteen-month-old child toddled into an alley where some rubbish was burning, and three toes were injured; the court allowed \$750 damage. A young woman whose specialty was judging perfumes had her nose insured for \$50,000. A Kansas City lad was so injured by a live wire that he could never smile again, and the courts allowed \$20,000 damage. It seems that a boy's ability to smile is worth a lot. Ian Kubelik, great violinist, had the fingers of his left hand insured for \$250,000; while Paderewski, the great pianist, carried \$10,000,000 on his fingers. But how infinitely much more is the soul of a man worth! Its value can be rightly judged only when we consider that it took the blood of the Son of God to purchase its redemption.

* * *

041 -- THE ROMANCE OF RUBBISH

One of the problems of the manufacturing world is the disposition of waste materials. Modern industry, however, is finding out that what an earlier generation called rubbish is often very valuable. From the waste of gold mines of a generation ago, fortunes have been made. In the piles of crushed rock from other mines are being found rich sources of uranium. From the streets of New York each year over one million tons of wastepaper are recovered. From the coal tar that was once one of the biggest nuisances in certain factories come the dyes in all colors of the rainbow, sweets that challenge our sugar, flavors that perfectly imitate natural flavors, and amazing medicinal products.

Jesus looked into the heart of a dissatisfied Jew whose occupation did not satisfy him nor recommend him to others. He was only social refuse. But Jesus saved him and he wrote the first Gospel. A poor leper, on the rubbish heap of that day, was made whole and happy, and changed from a hopeless liability into a useful citizen. And still Christ is using the alchemy of salvation to reclaim those lost and hopeless and make them splendid, noble Christian men and women.

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042 -- WHY "BEN-HUR" WAS WRITTEN

It is said that General Lew Wallace, of Civil War fame, was traveling to New Mexico, where he had just been appointed as governor of the territory by that name. He discovered on the train as a fellow traveler the great agnostic Robert Ingersoll, with whom he was acquainted. After a time of conversation, Wallace said, "Ingersoll, I wish you would talk to me about religion." Said Ingersoll, "What do you want me to talk about?" "Is there a God?" said Wallace. "I don't know; do you?" was the reply. "Is there a hereafter?" Again the reply, "I don't know; do you?" And again Wallace asked, "Was Christ divine?" To which Ingersoll gave the same reply. Wallace said, "There's your text -- go ahead." For over an hour, until he left the train, Ingersoll poured out his arguments against the Christian religion.

After Robert Ingersoll left the train, Wallace kept thinking. He was silenced and questioning in the wake of the other's brilliant tirade. But he was stirred to look for himself and see what grounds there were for belief in the Bible. He read books, talked with others, and made special trips in his investigation of Christ and the Bible. The result was that he became convinced of the truth of God's Word, and he declared his verdict that Jesus was indeed the divine Son of God by writing Ben-Hur.

Wallace left his personal testimony as follows: "After six years given to the impartial investigation of Christianity as to its truth or falsity, I have come to the deliberate conclusion that Christ Jesus was the Messiah of the Jews, the Saviour of the world, and my personal Saviour."

* * *

043 -- THE CRACKED CUP WAS PRECIOUS

Years ago there lived in a thatched cottage at the head of a Scottish glen a poor highland widow. In the cupboard of this humble home was an old cracked cup, covered with a glass globe, as though it were an object of considerable value. That old cup did have value. One autumn day a carriage driven by a coachman stopped at the door of that home, and a lady got out of the coach. Going to the door, this lady asked for a drink of water, and the woman gave it to her in that very cracked cup. To her astonishment she later learned that the lady who had used the cup was Queen Victoria, queen of the great British Empire. The fact that her lips had touched the rim of the old cracked cup had made it an object of great worth to the aged widow. One of the most sacred things about the Communion is that Christ gave the cup to His disciples. And whenever there is a Communion service, that cup is sacred, not for what it is, but for what Christ is to us.

* * *

044 -- HIS SUBSTITUTE

A great preacher of another generation, Dr. John McNeill, used to say that of all people in Jerusalem he thought Barabbas had the best idea of the atonement of Jesus Christ. Said he: "You

will remember that he should have been crucified and Jesus released, but the order was exactly reversed. The door of the prison swings open and Barabbas is free. As he comes out into the light of day all the people seem to be hurrying in one direction. He hears them saying that someone named Jesus was to be crucified out that way. He stops a moment to think, then exclaims, 'Why, that is the man that is dying in my stead; I will go and see him.' He pushes his way through the city and on up the hillside until he reaches the surging mob around the cross, pushes his way through to the Saviour. I hear him say, 'I do not know who this man is, but he is dying in my place, and because he is dying in my place, I do not need to die.' And that is the substance of the atonement, Christ, your substitute, dying in your place."

* * *

045 -- THE BLOOD-MARKED TRAIL

A man was once crossing a shoulder of one of the lower Alps. His guidebook told him that he would arrive at a place where the main trail would cease, but gave no further information. When he came to where the path ended, he paused for a time seeking some sign of a trail. Then he caught sight of what seemed to be a splash of blood upon a rock. As he went toward it, he saw at some distance another rock similarly marked. Each red mark he came to brought into view another a little farther away. Then he understood that these red paint marks were to be his guides across the trackless area. And the blood signs of Christ's vicarious atonement mark the true way to God and heaven.

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046 -- WORLD'S MOST IMPORTANT EVENT

A roving reporter stopped six people on the sidewalks of New York and asked, "What was the most important happening in history?" Five replies, from two men and three women, were as varied as might be expected: the settlement at Jamestown, the defeat of the Saracens at Tours, the splitting of the atom, the defeat of the Japanese, and the invention of the wheel. The sixth answer came from a fourteen-year-old schoolboy: "The birth of Jesus Christ."

* * *

047 -- A PERMANENT MEMORIAL

Christ was asking His disciples to establish a memorial to Him. Strangely enough, He asked for the most permanent memorial that could be made. Had He asked for some monument to be erected, like the Great Pyramid of Egypt, in time its real worth might be questioned. Had Christ asked for some building of great beauty to be erected in His memory, by now it might have been as the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, reminder only of another day.

Instead He said: "Frequently meet together. Eat a meal with the bread that will remind you of My broken body, and the grape juice of My blood. Look into the faces of one another, and love one another as I did when I was with men. And while you remember My cross, remember that I am

coming for you. And wherever you thus meet, I shall meet with you." Monuments might long since have crumbled, but this simple memorial still is as fresh and inspiring as when it was first given.

* * *

048 -- A CHRISTLESS CHRISTIANITY

Shortly before the death of General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, a group of reporters interviewed him and inquired as to what in his opinion was the greatest peril of the near future. Like a flash he replied: "The world's greatest and immediate peril is that the Church will offer the world a philosophy of Christianity that provides forgiveness without regeneration, Christianity without Christ, religion without the Holy Ghost, politics without God, heaven without hell." Who can deny that his breathtaking prophecy is not being fulfilled today?

* * *

049 -- THE ONLY HOPE

J. R. Muller tells of a man who stumbled into a swampy bog beside the sea, when the tide was flowing out, and sank almost to his neck in the salt mire. It was night, and there he lay, his head merely above the surface, unable to extricate himself. For a time the waters continued to flow away, but by and by they turned and began to flow toward him. Weak, faint, bewildered, and unconscious, he lay there through the darkness.

Morning dawned and the tide was still rising. A workingman hurrying on his way to some early duty, walking on a railroad trestle, noticed the man's head in a bog, with the water up to his chin. He hastened to the rescue, and with much difficulty succeeded in extricating the man from his perilous position. Had not this help come, the man would have perished in the salty swamp. He had no power to fight the oncoming tides, with all the great sea behind them.

Just as helpless is a human life in the grip of sin and temptation, with only its own strength to meet the enemy. Just as helpless was the nation of Israel in the midst of its foes, without the help of the Lord. Little wonder that Samuel "took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us" (I Sam. 7:12).

* * *

050 -- A SUPERNATURAL SAVIOUR

Daniel Webster once said: "If I might comprehend Jesus Christ, I could not believe on Him. He would be no greater than myself. Such is my consciousness of sin and my own inability, that I must have a superhuman Saviour."

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PART 04 -- THE HOLY SPIRIT

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051 -- MORE FIRE NEEDED

A French inventor, Bernard Palissey, was seeking the secret of making fine china with its translucence and indestructible ornamentation. But he was poor and sought for help. "Give me only fire enough," said he, "and these colors will become part and parcel of the china." "He's crazy," said his neighbors. "More fire," said Palissey, and he threw his furniture into the oven and even tore up the floor to get more fire. And he succeeded.

"More fire," is the need of true Christians. We need the fire of the Spirit's cleansing to burn up the dross in our hearts; the fire of Christ's refining grace to make us like himself; and the fire of the Spirit's destruction of inner carnality with its cowardice and self-seeking and compromise to make us witness with boldness and effectiveness.

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052 -- POWER AND PERFECTION

The greatest element of second-blessing holiness is not the cleansing of the heart from indwelling sin, real and important and necessary as that is, but the incoming of a Person, the Holy Spirit himself. Before the advent of the new diesel engines, I used to love to watch the great steam locomotives as they stood on the track. I was watching one such huge mogul of a locomotive, with drive wheels higher than I, and perhaps 125 feet from cowcatcher to the end of the tender. It stood there throbbing with escaping steam, yet it did not move a thing. There was one thing lacking.

Pretty soon a man in gray overalls came to the engine and pulled himself into the engineer's seat. A wave of the conductor's hand down along the train, the engineer opened the throttle, and the great train moved out of the station. Its one great need was the controlling hand of the engineer. And that was true perfection, just as the perfection of Solomon's Temple was the incoming of God's presence (II Chron. 7:1-2; 8-16b).

* * *

053 -- FILLED WITH THE HOLY GHOST

There are certain phenomena in nature that aptly illustrate the soul without the Holy Ghost, the change that takes place when the Holy Ghost comes in regeneration, and the fullness of the Spirit. A piece of iron is dark and cold; imbued with a certain degree of heat, it becomes intensely hot without any change of appearance. Imbued with a still greater degree of heat, its very appearance changes to that of solid fire, and it does set fire to everything it touches. A piece of water without heat is but ice, solid and brittle; gently warmed, it flows; further heated, it mounts to the sky. A pipe organ filled with the ordinary pressure of air is dumb; the touch of the player can elicit but a clicking of the keys. Throw in an unsteady current of air, and sweet but imperfect notes

immediately respond to the player's touch. Increase the current to a full supply, and every pipe swells with music.

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054 -- NOT FLASH BUT FORCE

In the days of the electric trolley cars, it was a common occurrence for the small wheel to jump off the power-charged wire overhead. When that happened, the power was gone. Sometimes in the motorman's efforts to get the wheel replaced he would make a false contact. There would be a flash of fire, but still the car was motionless. When the proper contact with the power line was made, the flashing ceased and the trolley moved with its load of passengers on its way. Better not to be satisfied with an occasional flash of emotion. We must let the Holy Spirit take control of our lives and know His power.

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055 -- THE WORD "RECEIVE"

Mark Guy Pearse tells about an unusual experience on a train trip. He was thinking about the life of Christian victory and power. He relates that as he was reading "my eye fell on the word 'receive,' and I saw it was not my climbing up but the Lord coming down. It was early spring, and as we stopped at a station it was raining, and I noticed a little cottage where an old woman had put out a pitcher to catch the water, and it was filled to the brim; I said to myself, 'He can take my broken pitcher of a heart and fill it abundantly.'" Open your heart and you will "receive" power.

* * *

056 -- THE CHURCH'S SECRET OF POWER

"Suppose we saw an army sitting down before a granite fort, and they told us that they intended to batter it down, we might ask them, 'How?' They point to a cannon ball. Well, there is no power in that; it is heavy, but not more than half-a-hundred or perhaps a hundredweight; if all the men in the army hurled it against the fort they would make no impression. They Say, 'No, but look at the cannon!' Well, there is no power in that. A child may ride upon it; a bird may perch in its mouth. It is a machine, and nothing more. 'But look at the powder.' Well, there is no power in that; a child may spill it; a sparrow may peck it. Yet this powerless powder and powerless ball are put into the powerless cannon; one spark of fire enters it, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that cannon ball is a thunderbolt which smites as if it had been sent from heaven.

"So it is with our church or school machinery of this day; we have the instruments necessary for pulling down strongholds, but, oh, for the fire from heaven!" (Charles H. Spurgeon.)

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057 -- PENTECOST AN EVIDENCE

When the great Arctic explorer was making an attempt to reach the North Pole he was lost sight of for many weeks, marooned in a wilderness of ice and snow, and the world wondered if he had perished. Then one day he took a carrier pigeon, tied a message under its wing, and threw it into the air. The bird circled around for a time or two and then headed for home. On and on it sped till at last it flew into the open window of Nansen's home and dropped exhausted into the lap of Nansen's wife. As she eagerly read the message, she knew that her beloved husband was alive and would return.

So when our Lord went back to heaven he sent to His Church the Holy Spirit, the Heavenly Dove. He was both the assurance that Christ was alive and at the right hand of God and also that He is coming back again.

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PART 05 -- WITNESSING

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058 -- SPREADING THE GOSPEL BY PERSECUTION

Many years ago the noted Hindu Christian, Sadhu Sundar Singh, was arrested and sentenced to torture. The local prison was full of criminals, so Sundar was taken to a vile-smelling cowhouse. His clothes were taken from him, and dozens of jungle leeches were thrown on his naked body. Singh prayed and a great peace came upon him. He no longer felt the pain and began to sing hymns of praise.

As a crowd gathered around him, he began to witness and speak of Christ. In the crowd was the man who had caused his arrest. He turned to the jailer and asked, "What do you think of this man who is so happy although he is suffering?" "He must be mad," replied the jailer. But he who had instigated the persecution said "If by becoming insane one could get such wonderful peace as this, then I also should like to become crazy. And not only myself, but I should like to see the whole world insane, for this kind of insanity would change the world into Paradise." When torture did not silence Singh, he was released and went through the town preaching Christ.

* * *

059 -- THE REPULSIVE TIN CUP

There is a road winding over a desert waste and through barren hills where for many miles the only water is a spring that flows from a rock at the summit of one of the low mountains. At best it was only a pencil-like stream, but to those who traveled this road before the days of automobiles it was most welcome. To help people get the water someone had left a tin cup there. But as time went on, the cup became rusted and filthy. Many a person did not try to get a drink because of the repulsive condition of the cup. How carefully ought we to live so that crudities and harsh

mannerisms -- to say nothing of attitudes incompatible with a Christian life do not turn people from the pure fountain of salvation!

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060 -- HELPING ANOTHER TO KEEP HIS BALANCE

A New York skyscraper was being built. Hundreds of people paused one day to watch a ponderous metal beam being lifted into the air to take its place in the steel skeleton. The watching crowd saw a workman lean out from the sixteenth floor to seize the end of the girder. Nearer the girder came and the workman was about to grasp it, when with gasps of horror the spectators saw that he had lost his balance. But as he fell he struck the end of the girder and clutched it with arms and legs. The hoisting engine was stopped. But the weight of the man at one end began to tilt the beam to a vertical position, which would eventually cause the workman to lose his grasp, slip off, and fall to his death. With swift decision another workman on the same floor, seeing his friend's predicament and disregarding his own safety, leaped through space and landed on the other end of the girder, where his weight caused it to keep from tilting further. Amid the applause of the crowd below, both men were safely lowered to the street.

Every day all around us young people are losing their balance on moral questions, and making wrong decisions that will ruin character. They need friends who are interested in helping them keep their balance, by exemplary lives, by sacrificial living, by giving up things that they might have enjoyed so that others are led aright. Here no one applauds, but it will be worth it all when we receive the approval of the Master.

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061 -- AN ARGUMENT WITH NO ANSWER

In one of my earlier pastorates there was a man who claimed to be an infidel. There seemed no way to change him, now eighty years of age. He had a fine appearance and seemed to be an intelligent man. He never came to church, but one day I felt the urge to go to his house and talk to him about God and salvation. He had all the scoffer's arguments at the tip of his tongue, and I did not have the skill to meet all of them. But when I rose to leave he said, "There is one argument, my minister friend, that you have not yet presented, and which I cannot answer. Across the road lives a man who never misses a service at your church." Yes, I knew Brother Ervin, a good-living, sanctified, loyal saint. Said the atheist, "I have watched that man live, and he has something that I do not have and I cannot explain it. His life is an argument in favor of your religion that I cannot answer."

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062 -- JOHN HARPER'S LAST CONVERT

It was many years ago when a great ship, the "Titanic," was making its first voyage from England to America. On board was John Harper, who was coming to America to be the head of the

Moody Bible Church. The "Titanic" had been heralded as an unsinkable ship. But when it neared Newfoundland it struck an iceberg, and sank, with the loss of a great many of its passengers, among them John Harper.

Some time after this happened a young Scotsman rose in a meeting in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, and gave this testimony. "I was on the "Titanic,"" said he, "When she sank. Drifting alone on a spar in the icy Water on that awful night, a wave brought John Harper of Glasgow near me. 'Man, are you saved?' he shouted. 'No, I am not,' was my reply. He answered, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' The waves bore him away; but, strange to say, a little later he was washed back alongside me. 'Are you saved now?' he asked. 'No,' I replied, 'I cannot honestly say that I am.' Once more he repeated the verse, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Then losing his hold he sank. And there, alone in the night, and with two miles of water under me, I believed. I am John Harper's last convert."

And though John Harper was shut off by waves with no rescue from entering his great opportunity of winning souls, and Paul was in bonds at the last of his life, yet because of the great passion for souls that motivated both of them they still won souls to the very last.

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063 -- ABOUT HIS BUSINESS

Next to the Apostle Paul, perhaps the greatest personal worker of all time was a man familiarly known as Uncle John Vassar. In a large railroad station one day he saw a lady with a serious look on her face sitting by herself. He went to her and began to talk to her, found she was unsatisfied, and urged the claims of Christ upon her. She did not yield although her eyes were filled with tears. Just as he left, her husband came up and, seeing the tears, demanded to know what was going on. She told him that a man had just been telling her of her need to be saved. "Why didn't you tell him to go about his business?" said the indignant husband. And she answered, "Husband, if you had only been here you would have seen that he was about his business."

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064 -- SHARING CHRIST'S GLORY

Years ago a famous American lawyer, who was a skeptic and who lectured against Christianity, came to the officers of a church for membership and gave a full confession of faith in Christ. In amazement the pastor asked him what had brought about the change in his attitude. In reply the lawyer named a judge for his piety, and said: "I was struck with something in his face, which I couldn't comprehend nor account for. It was a light, or a peace, or an intangible but very real something. We never talked about religious things, but his radiance impressed me tremendously. I studied his face as I would any bit of evidence, and the conviction became irresistible that the thing that so affected his face was his faith in Christ. And it was this that convinced me of the truth of Christianity."

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065 -- THE STORY OF A HYMN

A man of good character, with a fine family, and prosperous, but unsaved, started going to church. For a while he sat in the back pews of the church. Then he began to take more interest in the work of the church. When Frances Ridley Havergal went to that community to hold services, she was entertained in his home. His first words of greeting were, "Miss Havergal, I hope you have come to be a great blessing to us."

Miss Havergal was shown to her room, but her first act there was to pray, and ask God to give her every member of that home -- and there were ten of them. It was not long till all were saved. When the last one found Christ, Miss Havergal could not sleep. Her happiness began to express itself in poetical form. She took her pencil and wrote the familiar words, "Take my life and let it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee." Soon after this poem was set to music, and has become one of the songs that will never die.

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066 -- THE POWER OF EXAMPLE

It was sixty or more years ago. She was principal of a girls' school that became famous for the high standard of scholarship and character in its graduates. But when she took over, the girls had been careless. A spirit of indolence and deceit was apparent, and she seemed unable to check it. Especially careless had the girls become about the rising bell, so that often a third of them were late to breakfast. One morning she made a speech and told them this must be stopped, and reminded them that she did not oversleep. Impressed by her earnestness, next morning the students were all in their places but the principal was absent, and the housemother gave them the signal to be seated.

The absence of the principal caused no surprise, as sometimes she did not appear at the breakfast table at all. But this morning when the meal was half over, in came the principal, and as she took her place she tapped the bell for silence. Said she, "Teachers, young ladies" -- she was pale but her voice was steady -- "will you pardon me for being late? I overslept!" In the rooms and corridors the students discussed the situation. "She didn't need to let us know -- we would have thought she was detained as he has been before." Another girl in the privacy of her room sobbed quietly: "I wish, oh, I wish I knew how to be good! I'm going to ask her how. It must be splendid to be so-so-honest." That confession changed the whole course of the school through the years.

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067 -- HIS ONE TASK

Bishop Taylor Smith had a Christlike passion for soul winning. He was taken ill in San Francisco and ordered to the hospital, where, not long after, he died. One day Dr. Philpott and a friend visited him before his home-going. It was eleven o'clock at night, but as they reached his door and looked in they saw a nurse kneeling beside his bed and the Bishop had his hands on her

head praying for her. They felt they could not intrude. Finally the nurse came out in tears and said, "That dear old man! I am the third nurse he has led to Christ today."

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068 -- THE BIGGEST QUESTION

Only a few years ago Dr. Howard A. Kelly, one of the greatest thinkers and educators in America, died. He was one of the founders of The Johns Hopkins University. He was fond of wearing a lapel button with a question mark on it. He bought the buttons by the hundreds to give to others. It was a means he had of turning his conversation with others toward Christ and salvation.

When someone would ask Dr. Kelly what the button meant, he would reply, "It stands for the greatest thing in the world. What would you think was the thing of greatest concern in any life?" Some would say, "Wealth." Others would say, "Health." But Dr. Kelly's reply always was, "No, the greatest question in the world is, 'What think ye of Christ?'"

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PART 06 -- WORLD MISSIONS

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069 -- DEATH TO SELF

When James Calvert went out as a missionary to the cannibal Fiji Islands, the captain of the ship on which he sailed tried to dissuade him. "You will risk your own life and the lives of all who sail with you if you go among such savages." Calvert's magnificent reply was, "We died before we came here."

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070 -- MARY GAVE HER SON

A man stood on the seashore one day. His heart was happy. He watched a ship as it pulled from the dock and nosed its way toward the Orient. Beside him stood a man who was weeping. But as you looked you sensed that the tears were not tears of sorrow but tears of joy. Said the first man, "Why do you weep? I am happy. Do you see that boat? It is carrying for me one million dollars to the great Orient to be used in preaching the gospel." Said the other: "Sir, I have no million dollars to give to God, but on that boat is my daughter on her way to the Orient to carry the gospel message." And the man who had given of his wealth bowed his head in humility, and said, "I have given nothing."

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071 -- NOT QUESTIONS BUT OBEDIENCE

After Lord Wellington had become famous because of his victory at the Battle of Waterloo, he was made governor general of India. At the close of his tenure of office he returned to England, where a great ovation was given him. Modern missions were in their infancy. Carey was working in India, and England was sharply divided as to whether missionary effort was of God and whether it paid. One of England's notables who was against foreign missions was presented to the Duke, and almost immediately he asked, "You have been in India, where a few fanatics are doing what they call missionary work and trying to save the Hindoos. Tell me please, what is your opinion -- do missions pay?" The Iron Duke's eyes flashed as he replied: "Sir, I have for years been a commander. It is my place to make the plans for the battle. And when I tell a general what to do, I expect him to do it, and not ask me if it will pay. Christ told us to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. It is our business to obey, not to question whether or not it pays."

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072 -- WE'LL GIRDLE THE GLOBE

A half-century ago a young man, Vivian A. Drake, with a sanctified experience, felt the call to go as a missionary to Africa. There was a very small nucleus back of him, but obediently he started. Before he went, he put his call in the words of that song we love, "We'll girdle the globe with salvation, with holiness unto the Lord; and light shall illumine each nation, the light from the lamp of His Word."

Somewhere en route on board the ship that was taking him across the Atlantic, disease struck him and it was heaven that received him, not Africa. All there is left of his call is that song. But that song has given inspiration and blessing to multiplied thousands, and many a person has felt the call to the mission field when his heart was stirred by it.

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073 -- SHALL STAND BEFORE KINGS

As a youth, Cyrus Hamlin, one of the world's great missionaries, was reading the Book of Proverbs. He came to the verse, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings" (Prov. 22:29). That can mean nothing to me, inwardly commented the young man, for I live in a republic. But when he came to the great decision of his life he gave himself unreservedly to Christ, and became a missionary to Turkey. At a time of governmental crisis he was summoned before the sultan. As he was being ushered into the presence of the Turkish sovereign, the Spirit of God flashed upon his mind that long-forgotten incident of his youth, and he was thrilled.

Hamlin became an important factor in the relations between Turkey and our own country. Micaiah, the forgotten man of Israel, because of his loyalty and courage, won fame in that land, and a place in the list of the heroes of righteousness.

* * *

074 -- CHRIST EXEMPLIFIED

Dr. Samuel Zwemer, the great missionary to the Arabian world, was once speaking about Jesus to the people in a waiting room of a hospital. A Bedouin who had come 500 miles for treatment said to Dr. Zwemer: "I understand all you told us because I have seen that man myself. He lived in my own country years ago. He was a strange man. When people hurt him he did not seek revenge. He looked after the sick, the prisoners, and those in trouble. He seemed to think one man as good as another. He used to take long trips in the broiling sun to help others. He was just what you said."

Dr. Zwemer learned that the one of whom the Arab was speaking was Peter Zwemer, his own brother, who had years before begun a mission work in Arabia. Although he had not lived long to see results, he had revealed Christ through his own life of love for others.

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PART 07 -- PRAYER

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075 -- AN IRRIGATION DITCH

An Indian in Arizona was asked about his relation to God and especially as to what he felt as he prayed. He answered: "When I pray, it seems to me that my life is a little irrigation ditch leading into a mighty river; and when I come close to God, it seems that the water of that river is moving on down toward me and into the little ditch, flooding my life. Then I feel the power and presence of God."

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076 -- THE BLACKSMITH WHO PRAYED

In a little hamlet in southern Wisconsin lived a blacksmith. He was not specially gifted in speech, though always taking part in the little church there. One dark night a man who was a staunch Catholic got off the train and started to walk to his home a mile or two away. Just beyond the depot was a trestle over a creek perhaps sixteen feet below. In some way the man slipped in the darkness and fell to the rocks. He was seriously injured. His cries attracted neighbors, and when they came his first words were, "Send for the blacksmith who prays."

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077 -- BETTER THAN A DAY OFF

S. D. Gordon tells of a woman who, as her eyes opened on a new day, began to think of her many duties. There was her little daughter to get off to school with her lunch. There was a luncheon for some of the church ladies who were coming to plan activities. She had a new maid

who was not yet acquainted with her tasks, and hence not efficient. Her head began to ache. After breakfast, as her husband took her hand to kiss her good-by, he said: "Your hand is feverish. I'm afraid, Dear, you're working too hard -- better take a day off." After he was gone, she said to herself, "A day off! Isn't it just like a man to think I could take a day off!"

It was her custom right after breakfast to go to her room for reading the Word and prayer. In her reading she came to the verse, "He touched her hand, and the fever left her." She knelt and breathed a prayer for the touch of the Master's hand upon her own. A peace came over her as she went down to face the day's duties. At the luncheon for the church ladies, the impulse came to tell of her morning's experience and she obeyed. As the women listened there seemed to come a touch of the Spirit's presence upon them all. At the close of the day when her husband came home, he took her by the hand, and kissed her, saying, "My dear, you did what I said, didn't you? The fever's gone."

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078 -- ASKING FOR HIS STRENGTH

A visitor to the White House when Lincoln was president was with Lincoln for three weeks as his guest. One night, soon after the Battle of Bull Run, this visitor could not sleep. Suddenly he heard a low voice proceeding from the room where the president slept. He got up and walked toward the door, which was partly open. Then he saw the president kneeling before an open Bible. The light was turned low, and the president's back was to the door; he did not know that he was being overheard. In piteous and solemn tones the president was praying: "Thou God that heard Solomon in the night when he prayed and cried for wisdom, hear me! I cannot lead this people. I cannot guide the affairs of this nation without Thy help. I am poor and weak.... O God, Thou didst hear Solomon when he cried for wisdom -- hear me and save this nation." And God did hear, and sent help.

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079 -- ONE INTERCESSOR

In London more than a century ago there lived a godly woman. She was a hopeless invalid and could not attend church, but she could and did pray. It happened that a Chicago newspaper was put into her hands. Her attention was drawn to the story of a young man by the name of Moody who was having a revival in his church. Immediately she began to pray for God to send him to England and to her church. Her church was large and had many adherents but desperately needed a genuine spiritual awakening.

Many months passed. One Sunday her sister came home from church, and said they had had a surprise at church; a young man named Dwight L. Moody had attended and was asked to preach, and the whole congregation was strangely stirred. They had asked him to preach again that night. The invalid sister was thrilled at the answer to her prayers. She told her sister of her previous prayer, told her not to bring her any dinner, and asked her to join in prayer that God would come in great victory upon her church that night.

What happened that night in history? Dwight L. Moody preached and then asked if there was anyone there who was unsaved, and wanted to be saved, to raise his hand. A sea of hands responded. The evangelist thought they had misunderstood him, so he asked the unsaved to stand, and almost the whole audience responded. "But," said Moody, "you do not understand. I am not asking for the church members who are saved; I want those who are unsaved to respond." Finally he asked all who wanted to be saved to go with him to the large auditorium in the basement, which they would use as an inquiry room. The room was jammed and hundreds were saved.

The revival went on there and then spread over all England and back to America. The faithful intercessor had not only brought a revival to her church but had thrust D. L. Moody out on his great career of evangelism that brought hundreds of thousands to Jesus Christ. The Bible

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080 -- HE PUT GOD'S WORD FIRST

There are many living who remember Billy Sunday, the great evangelist, who challenged his day as Billy Graham is challenging the present generation. Mrs. Sunday said that it was her husband's fixed rule to begin his day with his devotional Bible reading. He would not let anything interfere with this practice. He would not even open a telegram, much less a letter, or read a newspaper, until he had had his time alone with the Book. So when he lay in his casket, Mrs. Sunday put his worn little Testament into the hand that had been clasped by thousands when they took Christ as their Saviour.

Many tried to find the secret of his power with men, but perhaps the simplest explanation lies in that daily devotion to the Bible. Certainly the morning moments with the Book explain the peace and power of many Christian lives.

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081 -- WORLD'S GREATEST BOOK

The late Dr. William Lyon Phelps, well-known educator of Yale University, said: "I thoroughly believe in a university education for both men and women, but I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible."

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082 -- HOW TO DESTROY THE BIBLE!

First, of course, get rid of all the copies in all the languages. There are at least 200,000,000 and many more if you count all the Testaments and other printed portions of the Book. Go then to the libraries of the world, select every book that has a verse of the Bible in it, and cut out these verses. Some literature would be unreadable if these were cut out -- Shakespeare's

works, for example. Go then to the lawbooks of the world and cut out all matters of jurisprudence that are based on the principles enunciated in the Bible.

Oh, yes, don't forget to go to the art galleries of the world, and destroy the paintings with biblical scenes. Go then to the homes of the world and destroy all pictures of a biblical nature. Are you through now? No, travel to the cemeteries all over the world, and go from gravestone to gravestone, and chisel off the Bible verses of comfort, and the expressions of hope for the future. Then blot out, if you can, from the memory of every Christian the Bible's promises and comforts. Even in the memory of those who are not Christians there are many verses of God's Word stored away. No, it just couldn't be done; the Word will stand forever.

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083 -- THE INDESTRUCTIBLE WORD

Martin Luther had just published his translation of the Bible. In the city of Thorn the Catholic authorities searched the whole city for every copy. Then they made a huge bonfire in the marketplace. After the fire had built up into a great blaze, the copies of the Bible were tossed into the fire. Suddenly, however, a terrific storm came and the wind blew many of the burning Bibles out of the fire and scattered the pages all over the city. These were picked up, and by nightfall pieces of the Word of God were being read in hundreds of homes that would not otherwise have had the opportunity.

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PART 08 -- FAITH

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084 -- BY RECEIVING

Dr. John MacNeill once said that if he heard his little three-year-old girl crying piteously for a piece of bread, knowing that she must be very hungry and having the bread with him, he would not think of telling her to cry on for another hour and if she coaxed hard enough he would give it to her! Yet how slow we are to believe that God means what He says, "How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" (Luke 11:13) God is eager to come in His fullness. We need not to coax, but to receive.

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085 -- RESTING ON CERTAINTIES

Michael Faraday, the great scientist, was taken ill. When it became evident that the sickness that had fastened itself upon him would soon result in his death, a group of fellow scientists came to see him -- not so much to talk about science as to talk about death.

One of them said to him: "Mr. Faraday, what are your speculations about your future?" With evident surprise to them he replied: "Speculations! I have none. I am resting on certainties." Then he quoted II Tim. 1:12: "For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

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PART 09 -- THE CHURCH

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086 -- ALOOFNESS MEANS DEFEAT

In a certain church there was a man who had once been regular in attendance at the Sunday services and prayer meeting. Now for months he had not been seen. Some trivial issue, some real or fancied slight, had come, and while he still professed to serve Christ he would not attend the services of the church.

One day the pastor wended his way to this member's home. He found him seated before an open fire. The startled layman brought a chair for his pastor, and waited for the expected reproof. But the pastor had no word of rebuke. Instead, after looking at the fire for a moment, he took the tongs, lifted a glowing coal from the midst of the fire, and laid it by itself on the hearth. Both watched it as the blaze died out until nothing but ash and cinder remained.

The man, a keen observer, understood the silent sermon, and walking over to the pastor said: "Pastor, you need not say a word, not a word! I will be there next Sunday and at prayer meeting on Wednesday night."

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087 -- BELONGERS OR JOINERS

Two women were walking together when one inquired of the other if a mutual acquaintance belonged to a certain church. The other replied: "No, I should not say that Sarah belongs to the church. Sarah belonged first and always to herself, and when she joined the church she had no idea of actually belonging to it whatever. Her time does not belong to it; her money does not belong to it; her friendships and desires and ambitions do not belong to it. If she does church work, she does it as a favor. If she gives a little more than usual, she thinks herself very generous. There is not one inch of Sarah that really belongs to the Church of Jesus Christ."

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088 -- A HOUSE OF PRAYER FOR ALL PEOPLE

In a small town there lived an earnest Christian, always at services of the church, including the prayer meeting. One day he was stopped by a neighbor, who was an ardent fisherman. "I say,

John," said the man who loved to fish, "I've often wondered what attraction there is at your prayer meetings. You go week after week to the same old church, see the same folks, sing the same old hymns, pray the same old prayers ____" "Wait a minute," interrupted John. "You fish very often at the same spot and in the same water, do you not?" "Yes, that's true," said the other.

John smiled and said: "No, you do not, for the water you fished in yesterday has passed on to the sea; you are fishing in new water every day. And every time I go to prayer meeting the Lord has something new and fresh for me."

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089 -- WORKERS OR SHIRKERS

Back in the horse-and-buggy days, when a horse was hitched to a carriage there were two important parts to his harness. One was the big, padded collar with which he pulled the load; the other was a heavy strap that went around the hips and was attached to the shafts of the buggy, or to the yoke of the wagon, by which the horse could act as a brake and hold the vehicle from going ahead. A man who was noted for his indolence had belonged to a church for years. One day he said to a fellow Christian, "I've been in the harness of this church for twenty-one years." "Yes," said his friend, "but in that time you've worn out a dozen hold-back straps, and your collar doesn't begin to show wear yet."

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090 -- JOINING UP WITH GOD'S PEOPLE

Church joining does not save anyone, but there is scarcely anything connected with Christian life and activity that has such a tremendous effect on our devotion and success in work for Christ. A man was going to a large city in the eastern part of our country to set up a business for himself. An elderly friend who knew he was a Christian asked him if he had any letters of recommendation with him. "Only two," he replied, then added, "I am taking my church letter also."

"That is what I wanted to hear," said the old man. "As soon as you get into the city, hunt up a church where you can safely invest your time and influence and money, and put your letter there. I am an old sea captain and have sailed round the world. I have found on reaching port it is best to tie up to the wharf. It has cost me time and money to do this, but more than once it has kept me from going down in the storm."

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091 -- CHURCH OR STONE QUARRY

Gypsy Smith once said, "My gypsy tent, if Jesus is in it, is as grand as St. Paul's Cathedral; and St. Paul's Cathedral, without Jesus, is nothing but a glorified stone quarry."

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092 -- COOPERATION COUNTS

A divided church is a defeated church. I saw a beautiful picture of a group of men climbing the Matterhorn, that steep triangle of rock jutting up into the clouds in the Alps. The climbers were in various positions, some on a safe path, others on the very verge of a precipice, others ready to scale a precipice, others ready to scale a precipitous ascent. As I looked closer I saw a rope fastened to all of them, beginning with the leader, who was an experienced guide, and taking in all the rest. This rope bound them together, so that if one lost his footing, instead of meeting death, he would be steadied by the others till he could again get on his feet.

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093 -- CHURCHES SHOULD TRY IT

A young preacher of talent had been asked to come as a prospective candidate for the pastorate of a large and established church. Although he went to preach for them, it was with misgivings that they would not think him qualified for their church. His fears were intensified by a telephone call asking him to come a half-hour early and meet a delegation from the church board.

When he arrived the delegation took him into one of the vestry rooms, and there they prayed together. They prayed that God might bless him and help him in that trying experience of preaching a trial sermon. God came and blessed them there. And when the young preacher got up to preach, it was easy to speak. God lifted him beyond himself, and the service was one long to be remembered because of the presence and blessing of God. The call extended by the people was unanimous. The candidate was pleased to learn that it was the custom for these men to meet each Sunday morning with the pastor for prayer. What a wonderful practice for any church!

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094 -- MY TWO HANDS

The best neighbors I know anything about are my two hands. They have lived on opposite sides of the street for many, many years, and they have never had a row. If my left hand is hurt, my right hand immediately drops all other business and rushes across the way to comfort and help it out of its troubles. If one hand happens to hurt the other, the hurt hand does not get in a huff and say, "Here, I will not stand for that; you can't treat me that way!" and start a fight with the hand that hurt it. No, no. My two hands are members one of another.

And Christians should be like that. They are members of Christ's body. They should be in as close fellowship with each other, as sympathetic and helpful, as forbearing and loving, as my two hands (Samuel Logan Brengle).

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095 -- THE PLACE OF WORSHIP

A writer tells of the home-going of his saintly father. He had been out in the garden with his flowers when he suddenly went to heaven. The day before, Sunday, he had not been feeling well, but insisted on going to Sunday school and church. He said to his daughter, "One of these Sundays is going to be my last in this world, and I want to be in church that Sunday." By a strange coincidence in the church bulletin that very Sunday were these words: "It is a poor preparation for one's first Sunday in eternity, to misspend one's last Sunday on earth."

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PART 10 -- HOME AND FAMILY

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096 -- AWAY FROM HOME

Among the properties that were owned jointly by two brothers who were carpenters was the old, tumble-down place of their birth. They had determined to tear the old house down and have a new one erected on the site. For years neither of the brothers had visited the cottage. As they started the work of demolishing the place, again and again floods of tender memories swept over them. By the time they had reached the kitchen they were overcome with emotion. There was the place where the kitchen table had stood, with the family Bible, where they had knelt every day for family worship.

These boys had gone away from their father's God and from family worship. One of them said of his father, "We're better off than he was, but we are not better men." And the other, who was planning to live in the new house that was to be built there, said, "I am going back to the old church and the old ways; and in my new home I am going to make a place for worship as Dad did."

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097 -- HOMES WHERE GOD ABIDES

We had not much in our house, but I have often wished I had three things we possessed, though I do not think anyone else would give twenty-five cents for all three. We had on the wall a picture of Christ raising the daughter of Jairus. It was an inexpensive picture but Mother liked it and directed my attention to it until, had I the skill, I could paint that picture from memory. Then there was a piece of pottery, a lamb lying down in a field.

The third thing was a plain, brown, old Bible. Mother used to read it, and Father used to scoff at it, until I learned to scoff too. But she would read on and sometimes I would see a tear falling on the Book. I do not know how many times she said, "Walter, someday you will need this Book." She put the names of us three children in that Book. Whenever trouble came to her, she went to the Book; when she was sick, she went to the Book; and when she went to her bed for the last time, she had them put the Book on the bed by her side. And when she came to die, she put her

finger on a passage of the Bible, so that when her finger stiffened it was still on the text: "That where I am, there ye may be also."

My plain but godly mother never knew there was anyone named Shakespeare, and could not quote a line of Browning or Tennyson, though she knew more hymns than any woman in this audience knows. She had never been to any large city. And if you had talked to her about psychology she would not have known whether it was a flower or a constellation. But she knew and believed the Bible; and where she has gone, may I go (from a sermon by Dr. W. B. Hinson).

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PART 11 -- THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

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098 -- ALL HE HAD FOR CHRIST

It is said that D. L. Moody was once preaching to a great crowd and was pouring out his very soul with great earnestness. After the service a man who was a leader in one of the fashionable churches of the city, and who had been on the platform while Moody spoke, went to the evangelist and said, "By the way, I noticed that you made eleven mistakes in grammar tonight." "I don't doubt it," said Moody. "My early education was very faulty. I have often wished that I had received more schooling. But I am using all the grammar I know in the service of Christ. How is it with you?" The man had no answer.

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099 -- KEEP SINGING

In England a century and a half ago lived a man whose business was cobbling shoes. He was an earnest Christian and, though he was poor, Christ filled his life with joy. The cobbler had a beautiful, strong voice which from morning till night was raised in cheerful song. His little shop was the last one of a row in the little village, and just beyond there was a mansion surrounded by spacious lawns where lived the richest man of the community. One morning the rich master stepped into the cobbler's shop and complained about the singing. He told the cobbler that if he would cease his singing he would give him twenty pounds. This was more than the cobbler could earn at his trade in several months, and so he closed with the man, and ceased his singing.

At times during the day he would forget and start singing when the overflow of joy in his heart would be strong. But then he remembered the bag where those gold pieces rested. Strangely enough, when he went home there was gloom in his heart, and he did not feel like singing. In the morning he woke with a sense of oppression -- he could not sing that day. Through the day the gloom mounted till late in the afternoon he could stand it no longer. He locked up his shop, went to the rich man's home, and handed to him the sack of gold pieces. "Here," said the cobbler, "take this money. I dare not lose the benefit I get from singing about my Saviour. When I sing, my joy seems to grow." He had hardly got back to his little shop till his song of joy and praise arose again. When

we quit rejoicing our joy becomes weaker, till at last the clogged channel chokes its flow completely.

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100 -- KEEP YOUR HAND IN GOD'S

A minister was crossing a busy street in a great metropolis. With him was his little three-year-old boy, who had confidently put his hand in the hand of his father and felt no fear. There were many things to see and the boy was trying to see them all. Just as they reached the car tracks in the center of the street the boy, who was looking back at something they had passed, stumbled. To stop would have been fatal, for traffic was busy from both directions. For the next few seconds the boy was swinging in the air with his feet badly mixed up. Safe on the other side, he was let down to earth, and when he had regained his balance and composure the boy sagely remarked, "Daddy, I hanged on all right." And the father replied, "Yes, you hanged on, Sonny; and aren't you glad Daddy hanged on to you?"

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101 -- WHAT SAINTS ARE

With her aunt a little girl was visiting a beautiful cathedral. The sun's rays were streaming through a stained-glass window. As the little girl looked at the figures that stood out in the strong light in the window she asked her aunt, as she pointed to one of them, "Who is that?" The aunt replied, "That is St. Peter." Then she pointed to another and asked who that one was. The aunt replied, "That is St. James." As she pointed to another she was told, "That is St. John." The little maid said with a sigh of satisfaction, "Well, now I know what a saint is. A saint is somebody the light shines through."

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102 -- FINDING THE SOUL OF AMERICA

A Hungarian girl was an immigrant on a ship entering the harbor of New York. Of poetic nature, her soul for months had kindled with dreams of the wonderful, free, noble America. But she was disappointed in the rugged skyline of great buildings. She looked the other way and saw only great dreadnoughts with torpedo boats and airplanes. "Is this America?" the girl asked with a catch in her voice. "Yes," someone said, "these things represent the nation that is always ahead, that never has been defeated." "But it is not America of which I dreamed," she almost sobbed.

She went to Philadelphia and found employment. On Sunday someone invited her to a Sunday school class taught by a pleasant-faced, white-haired man. He spoke to her before she left, and asked her of herself. She opened her heart to him and told of her disappointment, that instead of finding the America of her dreams, all she had seen was a cold-hearted, grasping, sordid America. He told her to keep on, to come to Sunday school and church, and eventually she would find the America of her dreams, for they would help her find its soul.

The next Sunday she was not there. Before the week was out, there was a tap at her door, and in came her white-haired teacher, smiling but anxious, and found she had been sick. He sat by her bed, read a beautiful psalm, and prayed with her. After he had gone, her landlady came in and said, "Do you know who your visitor was?" And when she said she did not, the landlady told her that it was John Wanamaker, owner and manager of the largest department store in America. He had been a member of the President's cabinet, and yet took time to climb tenement stairs and extend a heart of love and sympathy for a poor immigrant girl. She raised her eyes to heaven and exclaimed, "Thank God! I have seen the soul of America!"

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103 -- A GUIDE MUST KNOW THE WAY

An infidel landowner, proprietor of a big estate in England, was one day talking with an uneducated miller who now and then preached to the people in his neighborhood. The landowner criticized him for it and expressed his opinion that one so ignorant should not presume to pose as a religious leader. They were in the nobleman's office, and on the wall hung a map of the owner's vast estate. The squire, pointing to the map, said: "Squire, is not that a map of your possessions?" "Yes," replied he, "I suppose you know all the roads and trails on this land very well." "Yes," said the owner. "I know them perfectly." "Well," said the miller, "do you remember how one day you could not locate the trail through the dense woods, and my little girl directed you?" "Yes, I remember it very well"; and he graciously added, "she led me through nicely to where I wanted to go." Said the miller, "You knew the road on the map, but my little girl knew it from walking in it. And I too know the way to heaven from walking in it. Th at is why I dare to tell others the way.

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104 -- GRANDMOTHER'S STRANGE SPECTACLES

Two boys were talking together when the younger asked, "Wouldn't you hate to wear glasses?" "No," answered the other, "not if I had my grandmother's kind. They make her see just how to mend broken things, and help her find lots of nice things to do on rainy days. She sees when folks are tired or sorry, and what'll make them feel better. And she always sees what you meant to do, even if you haven't got things quite right. I asked her one day how she could see that way all the time, and she said it was the way she had learned to look at things as she grew older, so I just know it's her spectacles that does it."

* * *

105 -- WORKING WITH GOD

A great surgeon had a peculiar habit before each operation of going alone into a room for a few moments. Because of his great skill some of the younger doctors wondered if that had anything to do with his success, and one of them asked him about it. Said he: "Yes, there is a very close relation. Before each operation I ask the Great Surgeon to be with me and guide my hands in their

work. There have been times when I did not know what to do next, and then came a power to go on -- power which I know comes from God. I would not think of performing an operation without asking God's help." The surgeon's story spread, and one day a father brought his daughter to the hospital asking for "the doctor that worked with God."

* * *

106 -- ALL THE LORD'S

Robert LeTourneau, successful businessman and consecrated Christian, tells of an early experience when he had little capital to set up manufacturing for himself. He sold some patents on machinery to a man. Then this man asked him what wages he would ask to enter his service as an employee. LeTourneau was not too eager to do this, so named a price that was high. The man accepted him at once. Then he said, "You have some machinery in that little shop of yours, haven't you?" And when LeTourneau assented, his new employer told him, "Make a list of every piece of machinery you have, together with the amount you would be willing to take for it." LeTourneau did so and, when he presented it to the business executive in his office, he was handed a check for the entire amount, as the businessman said, "All your equipment is mine now."

Mr. LeTourneau adds: "I said to myself, This man is a keen business executive. Why did he buy me out? I did not have to study very long before the answer became clean to me. I had been engaged to give my undivided attention to his affairs, and he did not want me to return to my old interests. The experience taught me a great lesson: God demands that we sell out to Him. We must have no side issues."

* * *

107 -- A CANDLE IN THE DARKNESS

A lady traveler in China came one night to a village without a decent inn. So her servant went out to find a house for her. Knowing that the Christian homes were always cleaner than the others, and the Christians were always willing to help, they asked for the residence of some Christian. A village official said: "I am very sorry, but there is not a Christian in the village." The lady asked, "Where does the nearest Christian live?" He answered, "The nearest Christian lives five days' journey from here." Even though he was far away, they knew where that Christian lived.

* * *

108 -- WHERE IS HELL?

A young man had just been saved. One day he met a group of his old companions in sin who thought they would have a little fun with him. One of them said, "Can you tell us where hell is?" "Yes," he replied, "it is at the end of a Christless life."

* * *

109 -- HE WAS NO BURDEN

In a Chinese city children were playing games, yet caring for younger children by carrying them on their backs. An American who was watching said to one boy: "It is too bad that you have to carry such a heavy burden." The boy replied, "He's no burden; he's my brother."

* * *

110 -- A PRAYER FOR THE PRESIDENT

One of the sweetest prayers for those who guide national affairs was made by a seven-year-old girl. Though so young, she had been allowed to drive her father's car; but always she sat in his lap and his hands were placed over hers that held the wheel. One morning at family prayer her father prayed for the President and asked God to guide him. When it came the child's turn to pray, to her own usual prayer she added: "Dear God, please put Your hands over the President's hands as he guides our country."

* * *

111 -- THE MISSING NAME OF GOD

The Moslems say that the Koran, their sacred book, contains ninety-nine names for Allah, or God. To help them remember these names they have strings of beads, which may be gems when the rich wear them, ninety-nine of them on each string. They also say that there are one hundred names for Allah, but that one of them is lost. Travelers who visit Istanbul, the capital, see many seabirds flying over the waters. They never alight, but sleep on the wing; and when they nest, do it in other lands. Always they are dipping down to the sea, as if hunting. The Moslems will tell you that it is not food they are hunting, but the missing name of God. The Bible gives us this missing name. There is one important name of God found in the Bible that is not found in the Koran nor remembered on their strings of beads. It is this: "God is love."

* * *

112 -- THE GREATEST WONDER

It is said that at the coronation of Queen Victoria an Indian chief from America was present by the invitation of the queen. When asked what there was about it that impressed him most, the only remark the Indian made was, "The thing that impressed me most was that I was there." And when we attend the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, the thing at which we will marvel most will not be the glory of the surroundings, but the grace of God that allowed us, sinners and aliens by birth, to be there.

* * *

113 -- HIS REAL WORK

Someone asked John Wanamaker: "How do you get time to run a Sunday school with over four thousand scholars, in addition to the work of running your great department store, your work as postmaster general, and other obligations?" Instantly he replied: "Why, the Sunday school is my business -- all other interests are just things. Forty-five years ago I decided that God's promise was sure: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

* * *

114 -- BARNACLES

There is a creature that lives in the sea. Early in its life it attaches itself to another object. A favorite spot for it to fasten itself is the bottom of a ship. It is too soft to bore into the ship and thus make it leak. But as it grows and as others of its kind fasten themselves to the bottom of the ship, it slows down the speed. Every so often a ship has to go into dry dock and have the retarding barnacles scraped off. Look out for the barnacles of unsaved companions, of wrong presentations of life in television and radio, and of anything else that would hinder our progress to a Christlike character and the Saviour's approval.

* * *

115 -- A COVENANT WITH GOD

It was in the very earliest days of our nation. A group of men were working on that document that was to be the foundation of our greatness, the national Constitution. One day Benjamin Franklin addressed the group as follows: "We have searched for three weeks in political darkness and have found nothing . . . Let us invoke the divine guidance of the Father of light upon our proceedings . . . The longer I live, the more I believe that God governs the affairs of men, and if the sparrow cannot fall without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His assistance? 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this, and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in our political building no better than the builders of Babel."

* * *

116 -- JUDGMENT ON A CITY

A half-century ago, on the island of Martinique in the Caribbean was the city of St. Pierre, with about forty thousand inhabitants. It was one of the most godless cities in the world, almost without any representatives of religion living there.

A small band of the Salvation Army came and began to preach Jesus and His death on the Cross for sin. After some weeks, at one of their meetings a storm of persecution arose. Amidst roars of derisive laughter, the mob proceeded to show what they thought of the Cross by crucifying a pig in the marketplace. Then the governing body of the city ordered the Salvationists to leave the city at once, and in a day or two they were on a steamer returning to their home country.

Close to the city towered Mount Pelee, an inactive volcano. While at times there had been smoke and some mild shaking of the earth, it had been quiescent for a century or more. But no sooner had these Salvationists gotten out in the bay away from the city than God uncapped that volcano and in a few moments the city was destroyed, with ashes falling hundreds of miles away. Only eight persons were found alive when searchers returned.

* * *

117 -- HOW MORSE INVENTED THE TELEGRAPH

Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, was once asked the question: "Professor Morse, when you were making your experiments that led to the telegraph, did you ever come to a standstill, not knowing what to do next?" And he answered, "Oh, yes, more than once." "Then when such times came, what did you do next?" "I may answer you in confidence," said Professor Morse, "but it is a matter of which the public knows nothing. I prayed for more light." "And did the light usually come?" he was asked. "Yes. And may I tell you that when flattering honors came to me from America and Europe on account of the invention that bears my name, I never felt I deserved them. I had made a valuable application of electricity, not because I was superior to other men, but solely because God, who meant it for mankind, must reveal it to someone, and was pleased to reveal it to me."

In view of these facts, it is not surprising that the inventor's first message over the telegraph was a quotation from the Bible, "What hath God wrought!" (Numbers 23:23)

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118 -- THE MISSING FACE

It is said that there is a tribe in Africa where the people are utterly ignorant of mathematics. A man visiting the tribe asked one of them how many sheep he had. He replied, "I don't know." "Then," said the visitor, "how do you know if one or two are missing?" The reply was striking and beautiful. "Not because the number would be less, but because of the face I would miss."

* * *

119 -- WHO FOUND WHOM?

The Bible speaks both of God finding us and of our discovery of God. The primary emphasis, however, is always on God finding us. Out on the timbered mountains of the Northwest a five-year-old boy was lost. Citizens and rangers were helping the father search for his lost son. The search was made more difficult by a heavy snow falling through the night. In the morning the father, who was at that time not far from his cabin, turned homeward to get a cup of coffee. He stumbled over something he thought was a log in the path. But the log started struggling and got on its feet. It was the lost boy. And his first words were, "O Daddy! I've found you at last."

* * *

120 -- A CHOICE THAT COST SOMETHING

One of the most touching scenes in American history took place on April 5, 1621. The first winter in the Plymouth Colony had taken a heavy toll of life. Of the 102 Pilgrims who came over in the "Mayflower" the year before, fifty-one died in January or February. The devotion with which they served one another is beyond praise. On that fifth of April, twenty-one men, six lads old enough to work, and a company of women and children stood on the shore and watched the vessel that had brought them to America set sail again. Not a single Pilgrim wanted to return. Though bowed down by sorrows and hardships, they were determined to establish a place where God could be worshipped freely. Here was a choice with a high cost.

* * *

121 -- DUSTING FOR THE LORD

An old church caretaker, known for his simple faith in the Lord Jesus, said in his broad Scotch accent to a young woman: "Eh, lassie, it's an honored man that I am, to be caretaker of the house of the Lord. I dust each pew as if the Lord were to be sitting there. I try to do every stroke of work in this blessed building under His holy eye. Aye, and I'm seeing more each day that a body may do all his tasks, even the lowliest of them, for Him."

* * *

122 -- SINGING IN THE RAIN

A saintly woman who had suffered for many months due to a serious illness said to her pastor, "I have such a lovely robin that sings outside my window. In the early morning as I lie here he serenades me." Then she added with a smile, "I like him, because he sings just the same when it rains. When the storm has silenced almost every other songbird, the robin sings on."

* * *

123 -- GOLD AFTER A WHILE

A minister was visiting a factory where costly china was being made. He was especially interested in the painting of the china just previous to going into the ovens. The china had been through many processes, and was now in the hands of an artist, who was filling in the colors. The minister noticed that a great amount of black was being used. He asked why so much black was used, as it did not seem to beautify the china. But he was told: "It is black now, but it will be gold when it comes out of the fire."

* * *

124 -- THE THREE SIEVES

Winifred came home one day eager to tell a piece of gossip she had just heard. "O Mother," she exclaimed, "what do you think of Jean? She ____" "Just a minute," said Mother. "Have you put what you are about to say through the three sieves?" "Whatever do you mean, Mother?" "I mean before you tell something about another you should put it in the sieve of truth. Is what you are going to say true?" And the daughter replied hesitantly: "Well, Mary says that Ethel told her ____" "That is very roundabout," said Mother, "and is sure to be stretched, even if it has some truth in it. Now put it into the next sieve. Is it kind?" "Not exactly," said Winifred. "Then try it in the last sieve. Is it necessary to tell it?" "Well, no, Mother, I can't say that it is." "Then if it need not be told, if it isn't kind, and if it may not be true, let's not tell it."

* * *

125 -- ARE YOU GROWING GENTLE?

Godliness here does not mean devotion to reading the Word, or giving, or church attendance, or even the profession of a high state of grace. It means, literally, Godlikeness, a character that reveals God to others. "How fragrant you are this morning!" said the gravel walk to the rose geranium. "Yes," said the geranium, "folks have trodden on me all day and that has brought forth my sweetness." "But," said the walk, "folks have been treading on me all day, and it has only made me the harder." What does it do to you?

* * *

126 -- THE PRICE OF THE RIGHT

Robert E. Lee, who headed the armies of the South in the Civil War, was not only a great general, but a great Christian. After the war, Lee became president of a college that was afterward to be known as Washington and Lee University. The salary at that time, however, was very small. Because of Lee's popularity, his name was often sought as a recommendation of certain articles of merchandise, and good money offered him for the use of his name in connection with such products.

General Lee received his best offer from a tobacco company. The offer was several times his salary as college president, and required only that he recommend a certain brand of tobacco. Robert E. Lee did not use tobacco, and did not believe that it was consistent for any Christian to use it. In spite of his need for the money, he wrote the tobacco company and declined their offer and told them his reason for refusal.

* * *

127 -- HAPPENED, EVOLVED, OR CREATED?

The late Dr. Arthur Compton called the first four words of the Bible the foundation of all scientific truth. A Christian manufacturer many years ago in an article in the American Magazine put up a strong argument for the reasonableness of creation. Said he: "It takes a girl in our factory

about two days to learn to put the seventeen parts of a food chopper together. It may be that these millions of worlds -- all balanced so wonderfully in space -- it may be that these just happened. It may be that by a billion of years of tumbling about they finally arranged themselves. I don't know -- I am merely a plain manufacturer of cutlery. But this I do know: that you can shake the seventeen parts of a food chopper around in a washtub for the next seventeen billion years, and they will never make themselves into a meat chopper."

* * *

128 -- LOVE, THE PIVOT

Someone has said that our lives are like the dial of a clock -- the hands are God's hands passing over and over again. The short hand is the hand of discipline; the long hand is the hand of mercy. Slowly and surely the hand of discipline must pass, and God speaks at each stroke. But over and over passes the hand of mercy, showering down sixty-fold of blessings for each stroke of discipline or trial. And both hands are fastened to one pivot, the great unchanging heart of a God of love.

* * *

129 -- HIS WILL IS BEST

In 1876 a law was passed in England that required every ship to have a mark placed on its side by the proper authorities to indicate the cargo limit. When the ship sank into the water to that depth, it was not allowed to take any greater load. The compulsory use of this line resulted in making the long and perilous voyages of that day much safer.

In God's sight, each of us has a similar mark. The burdens and responsibilities He gives us may seem unbearable. But He knows our limit, and He will keep us from going through what we cannot bear (I Cor. 10:13).

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PART 12 -- RESURRECTION AND HOPE

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130 -- HE TALKED WITH US BY THE WAY

Two young skeptics were discussing the Resurrection, trying to tell each other why they did not believe in it. Then Deacon Myers came passing by and in a joking way one of the fellows said to him: "Say, Deacon, tell us why you believe that Jesus rose again." "Well," he replied, "one reason is that I talked with Him for half an hour this morning."

* * *

131 -- VICTORIOUS DEATH

A Moslem; woman had a daughter who had become a Christian. This daughter was taken sick and died when she was sixteen years old. The mother sought the missionary and asked: "What did you do to our daughter?" "We did nothing," said he. "Oh, yes you did," persisted the mother; "she died smiling. Our people do not die that way."

* * *

132 -- LOOKING IN THE WRONG PLACE

For days a little boy had been watching a cocoon he had found and brought home. Then one morning with a tone of sadness he called to his mother: "O Mother, I am so disappointed! You told me something beautiful would come out of the brown thing I picked up, and just now when I looked at it I found a hole in it and only an empty skin left!" But the mother smilingly replied, "Sonny, you have looked for the beautiful thing in the wrong place." She took her boy back to the room and there, close to the window glass, basking in the warmth of the sun, was a beautiful gypsy moth. And the disciples looked in the wrong place when they looked in the tomb.

And in this our Lord's tomb is unique. Over the tomb of every other leader of men, including those who started all other religions of earth, is the inscription, "Here lies ____." But over our Lord's tomb, if any inscription ever were to be placed there, could only be the words, "He is not here: for he is risen."

* * *

133 -- JUST FATHER CALLING

There is a tombstone in an English cemetery, unique in its brief but impressive epitaph, just three words: "Freddy!" as if someone called; and underneath, "Yes, Father," as if someone answered.

* * *

134 -- BACK SOON

The doctor was of a wholesome, sunny nature and carried cheer into his patients' homes and still had enough for his frail little wife, who needed all of the vigor of his personality to sustain her. When he suddenly passed away friends said, "It will kill her." But both she and the doctor had been earnest Christians, and the life of faith they had shared together did not fail her. She found the doctor's card that he sometimes left on his office door: "GONE OUT -- BACK SOON," and put it near the front door. Jesus left His disciples in the day of the Ascension, but He will be "back soon."

* * *

135 -- LIGHT IN DEATH

The day before he died, John Holland, turning with his own hand to the eighth chapter of the Book of Romans, bade Mr. Legh read it. At the end of every verse he paused and gave the sense to his own comfort, but more to the joy and wonder of his friends. An hour or two later Mr. Holland suddenly said, "Oh, stay your reading! What brightness is this I see? Have you lighted any candles?" "No," it was replied, "it is the sunshine." "Sunshine!" he said, "nay, it is my Saviour's smile. Farewell world! welcome heaven."

* * *

136 -- HE LIVES

A Hindu fakir with matted hair and ash-besmeared body was sitting under a tree when he saw some leaves of a crumpled, discarded Book. He picked them up, smoothed out the wrinkled pages, and began reading. They were from the New Testament. As he read, strange thoughts came to his hungry heart and seemed to bring him peace. Then he set out to find someone who obeyed the Book.

He found an Englishman who claimed to follow the Book, but the Hindu noticed that the Englishman had a black band on his arm, so he concluded that this band was the distinctive sign of the followers of the Book. Accordingly the fakir put a black band on his own arm. When people asked him what it meant, he told them of his avowal of Christianity.

Later the Hindu attended for his first time a Christian church and listened to a gospel preacher. At the close of the service he told them that he too was a follower of the way and pointed to the black band as a proof. They explained that the black band was an English sign of mourning for one of their own loved ones. The Hindu thought for a moment and then said: "But I read in the Book that the One who loved me best has died, so I shall continue to wear the black band in memory of Him."

Before long, however, he grasped the truth of Christ's resurrection. When he realized that Christ was alive forevermore, a great joy filled his heart. He tore off the black band, for now he wore the true sign of a Christian -- a joyful face.

* * *

137 -- THE LIGHTS OF HOME

A fierce storm was sweeping the Great Lakes. A steam tug towing a barge began to founder, and the captain and crew had to take to a small boat. All night long they tossed to and fro, in jeopardy of their lives, till rescued in the morning. The captain afterward said that the one thing that kept them from despair was that, through the storm and darkness, every little while the lights of home could be seen. So Jesus, when He left His disciples, cheered them with the thought, "I go to prepare a place for you... I will come again, and receive you."

* * *

138 -- NOT DEFEAT BUT VICTORY

Long before the day of the telegraph, a new method for dispatching news had been set up in England. It consisted of towers set on high places in several different directions from London, and on these towers was a system of wooden arms, called semaphores, that could be moved to spell out sentences. The messages were sent from semaphore to semaphore.

This system was in use at the time of the Battle of Waterloo. The people knew that a great battle was being fought, and great crowds of them kept watching the semaphores for news. At last the semaphores spelled out the words, "Wellington defeated." Then great banks of cloud obscured the towers on which the semaphores were erected. The region for miles was in deep gloom. But after some time the fog lifted and the sentence was completed: "Wellington defeated the enemy." Gloom was changed into joy.

So when the two from Emmaus were walking home, the unrecognized Jesus asked them why they were so sad. But in a little while they recognized the risen Lord, and their hearts burned within them for joy.

* * *

139 -- CHRIST IS ALIVE

On one occasion Michelangelo, the great artist, turned on his fellow artists in a spirit of indignation. Said he: "Why do you keep filling gallery after gallery with endless pictures of the one ever-reiterated theme, of Christ in weakness, Christ upon the Cross, Christ dying, most of all, Christ hanging dead? Why do you concentrate on that passing episode, as if that were the last word and the final scene, as if the curtain dropped upon that hour of disaster and defeat? At worst, that lasted only a few hours. But to the end of unending eternity, Christ is alive! Christ rules and reigns and triumphs!"

* * *

140 -- IF CHILDREN, THEN HEIRS

It was at the reading of the will of a very wealthy man. Not only were all the children there, but also a fine-looking man with whom the family seemed to be well acquainted. The will was brief. After some bequests to charity, there came this provision: "The balance of my estate I do hereby give and bequeath to my children, to share equally."

As soon as the lawyer had finished, the young man arose and said: "Lawyer Jones, I think I have a right to a part of this estate. The deceased was a good friend to me, helped me often, and in many ways showed his love for me. Many times he told me that, if I was willing, he would adopt me and make me one of his heirs. So I think I should be included in this will."

The lawyer, calling him by name, replied: "I am sorry, John, but you have just heard the stipulations of this will. When I made the will for the deceased, he spoke of you. It was his grief that you did not accept his offer and become one of his family. But since you thought so little of him that you would not heed his request, you have no claim. This inheritance is for his children only."

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THE END