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NAPOLEONIC NOTES

By Duane V. Maxey

A Compilation of 125 Items
Related to Napoleon Bonaparte

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INTRODUCTION

I have created nearly all of the titles for this publication. So, I am to blame if a title does not fit the topic well. This is a compilation of various things about, or related to, Napoleon Bonaparte along with quotations from him, which except for the sketch of his life, are all taken from the HDM Library. According to one author, more has been written about Napoleon Bonaparte than has been written about any other man in secular history. So voluminous are the writings about him that it is sometimes difficult to separate the man from the myth and the fact from the legend. Furthermore, there are different versions of the same stories about Napoleon. Even in this compilation, in some instances, the reader will note that I have presented two or more different versions of the same account. Thus, I cannot send forth this compilation with complete assurance that all presented herein is strictly or accurately factual, but nevertheless, I hope that the reader of this collection of "Napoleonic Notes" will find them to be both interesting and useful. -- DVM

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001 -- A BRIEF SKETCH OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

Napoleon I, originally known as Napoleon Bonaparte, was born on August 15, 1769 in Ajaccio on the Mediterranean island of Corsica and died in 1821. He was Emperor of France from 1804 to 1814. His parents were Carlo Bonaparte, and Letizia Ramolino Bonaparte. He had seven brothers and sisters, and, according to one writer, he "despised the French." He was diminutive in stature, skinny, with brown hair, and blue-gray eyes. He seems to have been constantly teased about his size, and as a result he developed a strong body, learned to swim, to fight, and began to have dreams of personal glory and triumph.

Later Napoleon was called "The Little Corsican" because of his height of 5-feet 2-inches. However, one writer believed that "the widespread notion of Napoleon's shortness" was due to a mistranslation of the old French feet (pieds de roi) into English, and that instead of being 5' 2" in height he was actually 5' 6" tall, -- which, says the writer "was about the average height of the Frenchman of his day." The same author asserted that it is "also probable that the grenadiers of his

Imperial Guard, with whom he 'hung out,' were very tall men, therefore creating the illusion that Napoleon was very short." At any rate, in comparison with the stature of many men today (AD. 2001), "The Little Corsican" was indeed a very short man, even at 5' 6" tall. Nevertheless he rose from obscurity to become emperor of France, and despite his diminutive stature, he loomed large in history because of his military and administrative prowess.

As a young man he was sent to French military schools, and received a commission in the French artillery in 1785. He executed a coup of the French Directory on November 9-10, 1799 and proclaimed himself first consul, of France. In 1803 Britain declared war on France, and in 1804 Napoleon declared himself to be emperor, or dictator, of France. Through his military and political prowess and might, Napoleon conquered and "gripped Continental Europe but failed to encompass Great Britain." As Britain remained an opponent of Napoleon, his Continental System of government proved to be difficult to enforce. His first weakness appeared in the Peninsular War of 1808-14, and an alliance he had made with Russia was tenuous. Czar Alexander I of Russia rejected Napoleon's Continental System and became his opponent.

With 500,000 soldiers in his "Grande Armee," Bonaparte invaded Russia in 1812 -- a move that proved disastrous. To use a common expression, in doing this he "bit off more than he could chew." Following the indecisive battle of Borodino on September 7, 1812, Napoleon invaded the city of Moscow. But the cold winter weather combined with the inability to get supplies through to his troops forced him to give up the siege against Moscow, and the Russians turned the retreat of his forces into a rout after Napoleon's troops crossed the Berezina River in late November, 1812.

Napoleon left his army and hurried to Paris to prepare his defenses, but Prussia turned against him, joining the coalition against him made up of Britain, Sweden, and Austria. These allies defeated him at Leipzig in October, 1813, pursued him into France and took Paris in March of 1814. On April 11, 1814, Napoleon abdicated his leadership of France, being forced to do so by a coalition of French Marshals. He was banished to the island of Elba, but given it as his sovereign principality.

However, Napoleon had not yet ended his quest for power. While those who had defeated him were still deliberating at the Congress of Vienna, he landed with troops at Cannes and marched on Paris, caused King Louis XVIII to flee, and began what proved to be his final rulership of only 100 days.

During the Waterloo Campaign of June 12-18, 1815, the British Duke of Wellington defeated Napoleon, and he was again exiled -- this time exiled for life to the lonely British island of St. Helena. One writer said that "he died there of cancer on May 5, 1821." The date of his death, so far as I know, has never been questioned, but the cause thereof has been suspect, one of my sources presenting evidence that Napoleon actually died from arsenic poisoning. I will leave it up to my readers to investigate the available material about this suspicion for themselves, should any care to do so.

Napoleon's remains were returned to Paris in 1840. One writer concludes his sketch of "The Little Corsican" with these words: "Estimates of Napoleon's place in history differ widely.

Beyond doubt one of the greatest conquerors of all time, he also promoted the growth of liberalism through his lasting administrative and legal reforms."

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002 -- NAPOLEON RECOGNIZED CHRIST AS MORE THAN A MERE MAN

From hdm0577, "If Christ Had Not Come," by Jarrette E. Aycock

Ask the heroes of the great battlefields of the past, "What think ye of Christ?" You will find that they believed in Him.

Napoleon once remarked to an officer, "Do you know who Jesus Christ is?" When the officer declined to answer, the great general said, "Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and I founded great empires. Upon what did these empires depend? Upon force. Jesus Christ founded His empire upon love, and to this very hour millions would die for Him. I think I understand something of human nature and I tell you that these were men and I am a man, but Jesus Christ was more than a man."

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003 -- THE GREAT DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NAPOLEON AND WASHINGTON

From hdm0887, "2 Articles From The Youth's Instructor and Companion For 1848"

Had Washington been other than he was, -- had he been a development of ambition and despotic self, as was [Napoleon] Bonaparte; of cunning and grasping self, as was Monk; or even of vain, sentimental, theatrical self, as was La Fayette, -- either the result of the American contest had been very different, or the constitutional form which American independence was enabled to assume, under which the new nation has so rapidly advanced and so greatly prospered, would never have existed...

This "Address" is dated September 17th, 1796. Washington had long had before him the excesses into which French republicanism had plunged, and was still plunging. Why had not Anglo-American republicanism followed the same course? The former were infidels: the latter, in public profession, acknowledged the Bible, and had their public opinion largely influenced by it. How great the difference between George Washington and Napoleon Bonaparte!

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004 -- A QUOTATION OF NAPOLEON ABOUT CHRIST

From hdm0371, "Binney's Theological Compend," by Amos Binney and Daniel Steele

"Christ proved that he was the Son of the Eternal by his disregard of time. All his doctrines signify only, and the same thing, eternity." -- Napoleon Bonaparte.

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005 -- THE NOTHINGNESS OF NAPOLEON COMPARED WITH CHRIST

From, hdm0021, "Love Slaves," by Samuel Logan Brengle

"I knew a man in Christ," wrote Paul. Think of one writing: I knew a man in Bonaparte, in Buddha, in Caesar,' and we shall see at once how striking, how startling is this expression. We should be not only startled but shocked to hear this of any but Christ Jesus. But the Christian consciousness is not offended by hearing of "a man in Christ." It recognizes Him as the Home of the soul, its hiding-place and shelter from the storm, its school, its fortress and defense from every foe. He is not simply the Babe of Bethlehem, the Carpenter of Nazareth, the first of the religious teachers of Palestine, and victim of Jewish bigotry and Roman power. He is the Prince of Peace, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, in whose bosom we nestle, and in whose favor we find peace and comfort and Salvation.

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006 -- BELIEF IN BONAPARTE HISTORY NOT LIKE BIBLICAL FAITH IN CHRIST

From hdm0348, "Helps to Holiness," by Samuel Logan Brengle

In the Bible and in the writings of early Christians, we have the historical evidences of God's plans for men and His dealings with them; of the life and death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and of the coming of the Holy Spirit. But these records alone do not seem sufficient to destroy the unbelief of men and bring them into humble, glad submission to God, and into childlike faith in His dear love. They may produce an historical faith. That is, men may believe what they say about God, about men, about sin, life, death, judgment, Heaven and Hell, just as they believe what history says about Julius Caesar, Bonaparte or Washington; and this faith may lead men to be very religious, to build temples, to deny themselves, and go through many forms of worship; to forsake gross outward sin and to live lives of decorum and morality, and yet leave them dead to God. It does not lead them into that living union with the Lord Jesus which slays inward and outward sin, and takes away the fear of death, and fills the heart with joyful hope of immortality.

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007 -- CHRIST STILL MARSHALS A GREAT ARMY -- NAPOLEON DOESN'T!

From, hdm0029, "A Bundle of Arrows," by Beverly Carradine

A third fact about the name of Jesus is that none other commands so great a following.

Alexander had his phalanxes, Caesar his legions and Napoleon his armies, that followed their leaders to death. They swept upward in numbers toward several millions. But what about the multitudes that believe in, follow faithfully, and would cheerfully, gladly die for Christ! All the

kings of earth together could not assemble an army anywhere or at any time like that which would spring to the front at the name of Jesus. Moreover, this marvellous fact is seen to exist in all the countries, and through all the centuries. The day of Alexander, Caesar and Bonaparte is over. They have no army or following now. But Christ is the contemporary of all the ages, and is felt to be a conscious presence, a crowned personality, and an almighty influence and power in any and every one of the centuries.

The King of England would have a hard time raising an army in the United States. The Czar of Russia and the Kaiser of Germany would meet with as great a failure. But Jesus could get a multitude in every nation in any year, on any day and at any moment of time.

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008 -- EXCERPTS ABOUT NAPOLEON BY BEVERLY CARRADINE

From hdm0030, "A Journey to Palestine," by Beverly Carradine

On the eighth day we passed between the islands of Sardinia and Corsica. I had no time to stop and view the birthplace of the man who so agitated France and convulsed Europe. Neither did I have the inclination. I had seen the land of the Perfect Man and my heart had no room for men of passion, war, and sin. Like one who looks steadily upon the sun, and then finds its image on everything else, and is unable to see aught else: so is it with the soul that has looked long upon and thought much of the Savior. His image is so painted on the mind's organ of vision that other faces and objects are for a time eclipsed...

Here we saw the pistols of Napoleon that were found on the field of Waterloo .. One of the first visits I paid was to the Vendome Column. It is about two or three blocks from the river Seine, on the upper or eastern bank. The column stands in a square, through which only one street passes, from north to south. It was constructed out of fourteen hundred cannon taken from the enemies of France by Napoleon. This was one of the best things that Bonaparte ever did, to change implements of war into an inoffensive pillar of iron. If he had taken fourteen hundred more of his own and built another column, then would he, indeed, have been famous. When the Communists, in 1871, with cable and windlass, pulled it down, it was broken into fifty-six different pieces; but the government has had it all recast, and so the monument stands as it did in the time of the great Emperor.

The Louvre Palace is near by, and situated directly on the banks of the Seine. It occupies three sides of a long square; not such a square as we have in New Orleans, but one equal to six of ours. The unoccupied, or western, side was finally filled up by the construction of the Tuilleries Palace. It was in this last-named building that Napoleon lived. It was destroyed in 1871 by the Communists, and a few years ago the ruins were all removed, and the vacant space is now beautified with flowers, walks, and statuary

The church of Notre Dame is on the Island of Paris. It faces west, with two great square towers in front. The vaulting of the nave is one hundred and ten feet high, supported by seventy-five large pillars. You can get some idea of the size of this cathedral when I tell you it can

accommodate a congregation of twenty-five thousand people. It was this church that in the Revolution was changed into a Temple of Reason, and surmounted with the figure of a woman. Napoleon restored it as soon as he came into power. It was in this church that the Corsican was crowned emperor of the French by Pius; or, rather, he crowned himself, inasmuch as he took the crown from Pius and placed it on his own head, and then he turned and crowned Josephine with his own hand. What a stir and talk this act must have created in Paris and Rome and all the world! I looked with great interest on the spot which I had often seen in pictures. The paintings were faithful, for the whole place was familiar to my mind. The three chairs, in which Napoleon and the Pope and Josephine sat, are still there; but the glory and pageantry of that day is gone, and the Pope and the Emperor and the Empress have moldered into dust and ashes. Very brightly did the light fall through the stained glass upon them on this day of triumph. I saw the light descend like a golden glory, and fall with almost perpendicular ray upon the same place. But the kneeling figures were not there and of all the twenty-five thousand people who filled the place at the time, and gazed breathlessly upon the scene, not one is left. Is it not pitiful to see men greater than all forms of material, strength and magnificence, passing away, while such things as chairs and walls and stone pillars remain?

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009 -- THE UBIQUITOUS PRESENCE OF NAPOLEON'S MEMORY IN FRANCE

From hdm0030, "A Journey to Palestine," by Beverly Carradine

This entire land speaks of Bonaparte, at least to the traveler. Whether one hurries through France on the flying train, or tarries in Paris, the most prominent figure of the past is felt to be that of the Corsican. He has projected himself into the present and impressed his personality on this country in a most remarkable way. As you glance down the long broad thoroughfares seaming the land, you see him in fancy leading a group of horsemen, himself far in the front, with head slightly bent, with knit brow and compressed lip, while the hand jerks impatiently at the rein as he sweeps along. Again on yonder eminence we behold another group of stalwart-looking men in uniform standing near and about one of small figure clad in gray cloak and three-cornered hat. The white clouds drifting on the horizon answer in the mental picture for the smoke of the distant battlefield.

But oftenest do we see him in Paris, not only in painting and statue, not only in the letter "N" that we find in many places, but through the magical power of association. The very names of streets and buildings are able to bring him up.

The banks of the Seine recall the time when he, in a fit of despondency, meditated taking his life by plunging in its waves. The sight of the libraries bring to mind the pale young student, who for long months sought their quiet shadows, and filled his capacious mind with knowledge of every kind, so that when his country called for such a man, he was able to stand forth and say, I am ready.

Within one block of my room is the street where he directed and discharged his cannon upon the mob, and France for the first time heard the voice and tread of her future master. Works of

art by thousands in galleries, and playing fountains, and stately columns, and majestic arches, and radiating boulevards all alike speak of the great first Napoleon.

The Hotel des Invalides is now his last resting-place. At 12 o'clock every day a cannon is fired close by in the barrack yards. So that the sleeping body of the Emperor still feels the vibration of the sounds of war. The roar of cannon was to him in life a well-beloved voice, so that the daily regular boom of the great piece of artillery is a fitting and appropriate sound, although now it is a requiem. The magnificent sarcophagus that contains his body, rests in the center of a circular crypt of polished granite, that is twenty feet in depth, and nearly forty in width. As I leaned on the encircling balustrade and looked down at the sleeping dust, I recalled a line of a song composed in his honor many years ago, a song, by the way, of great pathos and beauty--

"No sound can awake him to glory again."

The cannon sends forth its heavy boom every day, the building trembles under the discharge, the body of the dead man quivers, but the eyes refuse to open and the sleeper slumbers on, awaiting the voice of the Son of God, who alone can awake the dead.

I observed that Josephine was not by his side. As the divorced wife she could not be, nor did he deserve to have her there. She rests, I think, at Malmaison.

Very wide apart, I notice, are the tombs of people who were very close to each other in life. This separation of the graves of loved ones is one of the sad features of this world of ours. Mary of Scotland is in London, while her husband sleeps in Edinburgh. Queen Elizabeth rests in Westminster Abbey, and the man she loved is entombed in Warwick. The graves of almost every household offer a study here, and a most pathetic study at that.

The tombs of three of Napoleon's brothers, Jerome, Joseph and Louis, are to be seen in room-like recesses close by. He lifted them into prominence in life, and continued to do the same in death. How often we see a large family upheld and held together by a single member. It was so in the far distant days of Joseph in Egypt, and will continue to be so, I suppose, until the end of time...

Just in front of St. Mark's Cathedral rises the Campanile, a tower of three hundred and twenty feet high. Napoleon Bonaparte rode on horseback up its peculiar plane-like steps to the top. What a man he was for going up high, and then coming down again! What was true of the King of France in the select poems of Mother Goose, is true of its Emperor as well.

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010 -- BEING NAMED AFTER NAPOLEON BONAPARTE WON'T MAKE ONE FAMOUS

From hdm0045, "Pen Pictures" by Beverly Carradine

It is said that all Jewish mothers hoped to bring forth the Messiah into the world. Today women dream of being the mother of generals, admirals, orators, bishops and presidents.

Who can count the G. W.'s, H. C.'s, D. W.'s, A. J.'s, M. L.'s, J. W.'s, and N. B.'s of this world. Interpreted, these letters stand for George Washington, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Andrew Jackson, Martin Luther, John Wesley, and Napoleon Bonaparte...

Every mother with a boy child seems to think she has brought a prodigy into the world, and if he is not already one, well, he will be one.

Two things amaze the author in this connection. One is the number of ordinary children in all the homes in the land, and the other is the vast number of ordinary people everywhere. What becomes of these wonders of the household? Did their genius evaporate after they were ten years of age? Did envy plot to keep them down and hide their light? Or (perish the thought) were the mothers mistaken about their greatness?

One thing is certain, that instead of the nation being filled with blazing geniuses, we find vast bodies of plain, plodding men bearing the initials of G.W., D. W., J.W., A.J., H. C., and N.B.; the nearest approach they ever make to greatness and celebrity.

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011 -- NAPOLEON COULD NOT CONQUER SIN

From hdm1772, "Sin and Its Consequences," by W. B. Dunkum

Yes, sin is unchanging in its nature. Alexander the Great conquered the world and wept because there were no more worlds for him to conquer, but he dealt in sin and went down filling a premature grave and a drunkard's hell at the age of twenty-eight. Napoleon Bonaparte marshaled arms on a hundred victorious battlefields, but ambition and egotism -- sin -- he could not conquer. Sin did for him what it has done for everyone that has ever dealt with it. It proved his ruin." You can no more sin and be a Christian than you can steal and be honest, drink and be sober, or lie and be truthful.

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012 -- THE VALUE OF BIOGRAPHIES OF BONAPARTE AND OTHERS

From hdm0818, "Life of John Wesley Childs," by John Ellis Edwards

There is no class of books sought after with greater avidity, or read with greater eagerness, than memoirs, remains, biographical sketches, and extended lives of those not unknown to fame. Thousands of the youths of our own and of other lands have been stimulated to vigorous effort, in their exertions to obtain an education, by the example of a Franklin. Men of letters and science have been nerved for study by the recorded habits of thought and investigation of a Newton and a Leibnitz. Ambitious young men have been urged forward in the pursuit of military fame by the lives of such men as Washington, Alexander, Bonaparte, and Taylor. While thousands upon thousands, in the church, have felt the influence of the published biographies of such men as the sainted

Fletcher, the learned Whitby, the pious Henry, and the critical Dr. Adam Clarke, in leading them to a more patient study of the Holy Scriptures, and to more laborious and self-sacrificing efforts to make known to the world the rich and inexhaustible treasures of knowledge contained in the sacred word.

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013 -- BONAPARTE EULOGIZED IN AN 1822 MEETING ATTENDED BY ADAM CLARKE

From hdm0085, "The Life of Adam Clarke," by J. W. Etheridge

May, 1822. -- The company [at Kensington Palace] consisted of His Royal Highness, [the duke of Sussex,] Dr. Parr, Judge Johnstone, Sir Anthony Carlisle, the Rev. T. Maurice, the Hon. _____ Gower, Solomon Da Costa, Hon. Colonel Wildman, Sir Alexander Johnstone, Mr. Pettigrew, Lord Blessington, and A. C ... To give you a sketch of the conversation is impossible: but I can give you some outlines:-- The manners of the great were freely canvassed; the bench of bishops was dissected; the degradation of the Royal Society was deplored; the character and conduct of the late Sir Joseph Banks criticized; the talents of the ministry estimated; the marquis of Londonderry characterized; several texts of Scripture, proposed by the duke of Sussex, discussed; Bonaparte eulogized, as one who had never broken a treaty, and who in the flush of victory ever offered peace to his subdued enemies; the probability of a Russian war conjectured; the writings of Aristotle praised; the different species of Greek literature discriminated; with many other matters which I cannot now detail.

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014 -- ADAM CLARKE'S CONCERN ABOUT BONAPARTE'S THREAT TO ENGLAND

From hdm1608, "Adam Clarke Portrayed -- Vol. II," by James Everett

In the position in which Great Britain stood in the year 1806 and 1807, so far as it regarded the threats and ambitious projects of Napoleon Bonaparte, there was much cause for anxiety and alarm; and while "some cried one thing, and some another," it is difficult now to conjecture what would have been the effect of any attempt at negotiation for peace, just at that juncture; -- whether it would have been interpreted into a symptom of weakness; or, whether the French Consul would have seen it his wisdom to have closed in with the offers of a great and invincible nation, cannot now be determined.

Dr. Clarke was among the lovers of peace, as he was among those of his country; and on the death of the Marquis Cornwallis, which occurred about the time of the events which we are now considering, he thus declared himself, in conversation with his valued friend and relative, Mr. Butterworth; -- "From the time in which I heard of the Marquis Cornwallis' death, I was deeply struck with the state of the nation; -- God has now shaken all the pillars of state. If we have not a speedy peace, I shall expect the most oppressive calamities; -- in a time of warfare, everything seems possible to our enemies, -- peace alone, can bestow even temporary security. I know not what ministry we are likely to have, but, humanly speaking, much depends on the choice which

shall be made; -- the removal of so many great men, seems a presage of awful calamities." And the following letter to the same gentleman, more fully expresses, in eloquent and earnest terms, his sentiments on this subject.

London

My very dear Brother, -- I think it no wonder that you feel so deeply impressed with the state of public affairs; -- it is really awful, and every man is a Job's messenger. We must have PEACE, or we are a lost nation; -- war ministers, and war members, have almost ruined us. Mr. Pitt would have war; his successors would have war; and see now the catastrophe of this awful business; -- he lived just long enough to see the last convulsive pang of his own system; but the end was not just yet. I once hoped much from such a man as Mr. W.; but he also was for war; and therefore would have no share in building that temple which must be founded by the hands of men of peace! Had he opposed the war system, God, in all probability, would have made him the instrument of destroying the slave trade; but while he pleaded -- ably, vigorously pleaded for the emancipation of the Negroes, "To arms! to arms!" was the alternate note. [37] What are we now brought to, through this ruinous, inhuman, and anti-Christian system? Two mighty empires are already lost; [The United States and Canada?] and where are we? Oh! that we had known from the beginning, that our strength was to sit still; then might we have given laws even to all Europe. O may God raise up men of peace among us, and scatter from his majesty's council those who delight in war! I know not what can be done to rouse men to see the necessity of deprecating the wrath of God; there is an apathy -- a strange (God grant it may not be a fatal) unconcern about the judgments that are abroad in the earth. Every one seems amazed at what is doing on the continent; and silent grief, and silent astonishment, seem diffused everywhere; -- thus

"We often see, before a storm--
A silence in the heavens; the wreck stands still;
The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death,"

When the French have gotten Hamburg, &c., I consider them at the back door of England; -- yet there is a God, if we would put our trust in him, who is a deliverer in all troubles. But where is that national humiliation, which can alone recommend us to the attention of a just and merciful judge? Individuals who trust in God, shall ever find a place of refuge; but nations, to be saved as nations, must, in this respect, act as individuals; and when the eyes of men, as in the case of the Tribes of Israel, are toward the Lord, then will he encamp around his house, because of him who passeth by, and him who returneth, and the destroyer shall have no power!--

Yours, my dear Brother, very affectionately, --

A. Clarke.

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From hdm1609, "Adam Clarke Portrayed -- Vol. III," by James Everett

Doctor E --, in the earlier part of the conversation referred to, observed, "The Life of Napoleon is the worst work, as a composition, Scott ever wrote;" and cited various objectionable parts. Doctor Clarke stated, that he was on a visit to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, when several of the Ministers of State, and two or three of the members of the Royal Family were present, on a particular occasion, -- that some of the Ministers, who were not in the habit of criticizing works, denounced it as a whole, -- that his Royal Highness asked him his opinion of it, to whom he replied that he had not read it, stating that his son, (chaplain to His Royal Highness,) had read it, and condemned it, not only as a history, but as to its literary merit, -- the Duke turned to him, saying, "I have read it, Doctor; Sir Walter is like an old -- on the subject: he has written to please, and has prostituted his pen on the work." Doctor Clarke told Doctor E. what he had inserted in his sermon, anticipating that it would appear strange to some; but, said he, "Napoleon was a great man; and Scott had the opportunity of exhibiting him as such all the way through -- of maintaining his dignity -- and, after bringing him to the acme, of showing how this great man was brought low, and fell into the hands of the English." The writer remarked, that Sir Walter could have no motive for under-rating Napoleon; for in proportion as he exalted his character, he elevated the British nation, before which such might and such majesty were laid prostrate; so that there was not only nothing to lose by it, but every thing to gain. Doctor Clarke then related a circumstance in the history of the Duke of Marlborough, showing his pusillanimity in the case, as illustrative of the manner in which he was informed Scott had treated his subject, -- lowering his own dignity by the manner in which it was accomplished. Doctor E. followed with another as a set off against it, of Bonaparte; and Doctor Clarke closed with another of Admiral Duncan and Admiral De Winter, equally honorable to both.

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016 -- THE DRAMATIC CONVERSION OF AN OLD SOLDIER OF NAPOLEON

From hdm0683, "The Autobiography of James Bradley Finley

On the fourth of June [1818] a campmeeting commenced at Lexington, on Erie circuit. All came together in the Spirit, and the work commenced at the first meeting. The Divine influence kindled and spread in every heart. On Sabbath many were awakened to a sense of their lost condition, and were prompted to cry for mercy. The evening was set apart for a prayer meeting, and many came forward to the mourner's bench, and were converted to God by scores. Among the number was a native of France. This poor old soldier of Napoleon Bonaparte had wandered out into the western wilderness, houseless and homeless, without a knowledge of God. He had stood in the thickest of the battle, breasted the hottest fire; and heard the deafening roar of the artillery without trembling. But when he came to hear the thunders of Sinai, his lip quivered, his knees trembled, and he fell in the battle of the Lord. After suing for mercy, and crying for quarters all night, it pleased God, at the rising of the sun, to pour upon him pardoning mercy. No sooner had heaven come down into the heart of the old, worn, and weary veteran, than he arose, and his whole face beamed with joy. His shouts of praise, ascribing glory to King Jesus, were truly remarkable.

In broken English he tried to tell the bystanders what God had done for his soul. He told them he had eaten bread in three kingdoms, and that morning he was eating bread in the fourth, even the bread which comes down from heaven. "I fight," said he, "under de Emperor Napoleon, but now me fight under de Emperor Jesus. Vive le Emperor Jesus!" The conversion of this Frenchman was so clear and powerful, that infidelity itself was abashed and confounded. Great good was accomplished at this meeting.

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017 -- HE WANTED TO LEAVE A BETTER INFLUENCE THAN DID NAPOLEON

From hdm0089, "If I Knew I Was Going To Die Today," by H. Robb French

Sixthly, I would want to leave a good influence behind me. Wouldn't you? I stood by the grave of Napoleon Bonaparte. It didn't thrill me a bit. He murdered a lot of people. He was a genius. He was a powerful man. He was a great man of history.

But when he was a prisoner on the Isle of St. Helena, he said, "Alexander, and Charlemagne and myself have established great empires with the force of arms, but here comes Jesus Christ without a sword, without a spear, and He established a kingdom that the world and the devil and man cannot destroy. He established a kingdom in the hearts of His people." And across this world there are hearts that are being true to Jesus Christ. Many of them are dying martyrs while I am talking to you, but they won't deny Christ. They love Him.

Paul is not dead. John Wesley is not dead. Nobody really dies. Their life lives on, either as a curse or as a blessing--a curse to damn humanity, or to bless humanity.

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018 -- JESUS' SWEET NAME -- MORE PRECIOUS THAN THAT OF NAPOLEON

From hdm0528, "The Sunny Side of Life," by C. B. Fugett

Thirdly, "What think ye of Christ, the Saviour?" "His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." Oh, that wonderful name! They speak of Napoleon Bonaparte the Great, Alexander the Great, and Julius Caesar the Great, but we never address Jesus that way. It is only Jesus, blessed Jesus, the most beautiful name in Heaven, and the sweetest name spoken by mortal tongue. God hung out the brightest star to mark His birthplace and sent a heavenly choir to sing, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." He came to seek and to save that which was lost, and He is calling today, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

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019 -- NAPOLEON'S KINGDOM DISAPPEARED -- THAT OF CHRIST IS EVERLASTING

From hdm0455, "Repentance," by William Baxter Godbey

When Napoleon Bonaparte was dying, he stated to the watchers around his bed, "Alexander, Hannibal, Charlemagne, Tamerlane, Caesar, and myself have all established kingdoms with the sword; but they have evanesced away, leaving not a trace of their former grandeur." Jesus of Nazareth established a kingdom by the power of truth and love, which has survived all others, stands today, and will abide forever.

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020 -- GODBEY'S INTERPRETATION OF THE 4TH VIAL AS IN THE DAYS OF NAPOLEON

From hdm0642, Godbey's New Testament Commentaries, Vol. I, by William Baxter Godbey

The fourth pours out his upon the sun i.e., the heads of governments so that all the kings and queens begin to totter on their thrones. As the sun emblemizes the sovereigns of the earth, this prophecy had a fulfillment in the days of Napoleon Bonaparte, when nearly all the kings of the earth were shaken down from their thrones.

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021 -- CHRIST'S EARTHLY VALEDICTORY ECLIPSED NAPOLEON'S ACHIEVEMENTS

From hdm0648, Godbey's New Testament Commentaries, Vol. VII, by William Baxter Godbey

I am sure the first two and a half years of our Lord's ministry are infinitely and even climacterically interesting and edifying to all the lovers of Jesus and His Word. Yet the valedictory period of His mission on earth, including the conspiracy of His enemies, His arrest, arraignment, condemnation, crucifixion, resurrection, and glorious ascension, constitute a series of themes, tragical and thrilling events, in point of historic interest eclipsing all the transcendent achievements of Alexander, Hannibal, Czar, and Bonaparte; and the depths and heights, lengths and breadths of immortal truth, flashing out from His heroic deportment in the presence of His enemies, His imperturbable calmness and superhuman serenity when all others were tossed by the tempest and borne away on the wing of the tornado, and the unfathomable depth of that love which moved Him to die for His enemies, are destined to furnish inexhaustible soul pabulum, and hold all sincere lovers of truth, true righteousness, holiness, and heaven spell-bound, lost in unutterable bewilderment, while contemplating the tragical scenes of Calvary, the heavenly sunburst on the sepulcher, the profound mysteries of the ensuing forty days, and the ineffable glory which rolled in billows of light and beauty over Mt. Olivet, while multitudes, with mortal eyes, gazed upon the ineffable glory of His transfigured person, as He moved up the azure firmament, entering pavilions of snowy-white clouds, disappearing in the zenith of the bright Oriental firmament, while angels, robed in the splendor of snowy white, dropped down in His track, and with uplifted hands and eloquent lips, assured the electrified multitude that "this same Jesus, whom they have seen ascend, is coming back in like manner;" i.e., going up amid clouds and accompanied by angels, so He will ride down amid thronging myriads of unfallen angels, and clouds whose effulgence will illumine the world, and call His saints to meet Him in the air. While the themes of the preceding; six

volumes have been interesting and edifying beyond the possibility of mortal language to portray, certainly the valedictory ministry of our Lord will climax them all. So if this volume does not interest and edify the reader, it will be the fault of the writer and not of the theme.

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022 -- ABSALOM COMPARED TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

From hdm0913, "Patriotism and Politics," by William Baxter Godbey

Look at Absalom a moment, and see the fate of an ambitious young politician. The Bible pronounces him the finest looking man in the kingdom, his looks making him vain as a cockscomb and silly as a coquette, and, at the same time, ambitious as Napoleon Bonaparte. The Lord has let me visit Jerusalem four times in my explorations of the Bible lands. My heart is always saddened when I look upon Absalom's pillar, standing in the King's Dale, on the western slope of Mt. Olivet, looking down into the valley of Jehoshaphat. In its neglect and delapidation, it is a melancholy memento of that brilliant and promising young royalist, who incurred the contemptuous horror of all Bible readers, as they see his egregious vanity, pride and pomposity, climaxed by disgusting presumption, rush into a premature sepulchre of unhewn stones, promiscuously gathered by the soldiers and piled on his vigorous young body yet warm with his own blood. He, yet crimsoned with the blood of his brother Amnon, was precipitated into eternity by the headstrong mule hanging him to the tough oak limbs, and by the swift arrows of Joab. His noble father, David, almost wept his life away, crying aloud, "Would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son!" Such is the awful doom of the politician!

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023 -- GOD AT WATERLOO

From hdm0431, "God in History," by Elmer Ellsworth Helms

Twelve miles south of the city of Brussels, capital of Belgium, is the battlefield of Waterloo -- two miles from the town of Waterloo. In the center of the battlefield there is a vast mound a half mile in circumference and more than one hundred fifty feet high. On the top of this mound there is a colossal lion weighing twenty-eight tons, 56,000 pounds; underneath this mound are buried thousands of the dead. This is England's monument to the battle.

Napoleon's plan of action was a masterpiece; to strike at the center of the English and Allied forces, cut them in two, drive the one wing into the Rhine, the other into the sea. And the Rhine and the sea were right there ready. But Napoleon did not cut them in two and did not drive them into the river and the sea. Why? That is the question we face in this chapter.

Napoleon had a philosophy, "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions." Then Napoleon should have won. And he was sure he was going to win. For Napoleon had 240 great pieces and Wellington 159. Is God on the side of the heaviest battalions? 1250 B. C. Gideon with his three hundred in the Valley of Jezreel put to utter rout the hosts of Midianites. Is God on the side of the

heaviest battalions? 480 B. C. Leonidas, at the Battle of Marathon with his ten thousand Greeks drove into the open mouth sea millions of barbarian Persians under Xerxes. Is God on the side of the heaviest battalions? 480 B. C. Leonidas, at the Pass of Thermopolae, with his three hundred made twenty thousand Persians bite the dust. Is God on the side of the heaviest battalions?

Napoleon did not lose the battle because of any lack of bravery or daring on his own part, or lack of valor on the part of his men or officers, nor for want of personal attachment for himself. There was no personal attachment for Wellington on the part of the Allies, and the English were not wild over Wellington. But Napoleon! The Old Guard went into that last awful charge knowing it meant death, but yet they went with a yell, "Long live the emperor." When the Old Guard was ordered by the English to surrender, they raised the shout, "The Old Guard can die, the Old Guard never surrenders." England had her Iron Duke but France did not lack iron soldiers. No, it was riot for lack of valor.

Marshal Ney had five horses shot under him. Dripping, perspiring, with flaming, blood-shot eyes, foam-covered lips, uniform unbuttoned, one of his epaulets half cut through, his decoration, the Great Eagle -- dented by a bullet, bleeding. muddy, magnificent, holding his broken sword in his band Marshal Ney shouted, "Come see how a marshal of France dies on the field of battle." But he didn't die, When the French were falling back, Ney borrowed a horse and leaping on it, without hat, or sword, or weapon, he dashed across the Brussels road trying to stop the army. He recalled it, insulted it, pleaded with it, threatened it, harangued it, urged it, implored it, calling wildly to it in vain. The soldiers, panic stricken, fly on, and cry as they fly, "Long live Marshal Ney." No, it was not for want of bravery or valor on the part of himself, his men, or his officers that Napoleon lost.

As the clock struck 1 :35 a. m. Sunday -- for the battle was fought on Sunday -- June 18, 1815, Napoleon Bonaparte on the back of his famous horse Marengo, unbarred his head and with trumpet voice gave order, and signaled, "Forward -- Charge." Two miles away toward the village of Waterloo, Wellington astride his famous horse Copenhagen had been waiting all morning for that move. Napoleon who broke Josephine's heart without compunction for ambition's sake will now break the back of the English and the allies.

Why did Napoleon wait until 11:35 o'clock? It poured rain all night. The ground was soft. The artillery wagons in places sank to their axles. Napoleon depended upon his artillery. If it had not rained, the battle would have been fought at six o'clock. That was his plan. And it would have been over by two o'clock and Napoleon would have won. For Wellington can not win without Blucher's aid; Blucher can not arrive before five o'clock and the battle would have been fought and settled three hours before -- if it had not rained. But it rained.

Years after the battle Rev. Mr. Narcross of Framlingham, England, died and left by will five hundred pounds to "the bravest man in England." His executors were hard put to pick out the bravest man. In their perplexity they appealed to the Duke of Wellington. He did not hesitate, but answered, "Sir James McDonnell is the bravest man in England." "And for why?" "For closing the gates of Hougomont and thus saving the day at Waterloo."

Before Napoleon gave the order -- "Forward," he figured out that Hougomont was the key to the situation. Hougomont! A chateau -- a collection of farm buildings on a hill overlooking and commanding the whole field; with orchards and gardens surrounded by a wall pierced by great gates. The English were in behind that wall. There was a well also behind that wall. There is no water drawn from that well now. The last to draw water from it was William Van Kysom, a servant left in charge by the family when they fled the day before the battle. The English made him serve them. No water has been drawn from it since that day, for that day more than three hundred dead filled that well. The wall was pierced by hundreds of holes, through which the English thrust their guns. Twelve thousand French pounded against that wall and at last broke open the gates and rushed in. They are now in the garden, the orchard, the yard, yes, in the house, the hall-ways, up the stairs. They fought till three thousand men were sabered, gashed, butchered, shot, burned, inside those walls that day. But, at last, the English with fixed bayonets, slowly forced the French down the stairs, through the hall-ways, out into the yard, through the yard, out the gates, and Sir James McDonnell with the aid of his sergeant, John Graham, closed the gates under a galling fire and barricaded them, and the English resumed their deadly fire through the holes in the wall and though the French rallied again and again, they never again got the gates open. If the French had succeeded in getting and holding Hougomont they would have won the battle. And if McDonnell hadn't succeeded in closing the gates, Napoleon would have won.

When Napoleon sallied forth that day to battle, he laid his hand on a peasant, Lacoste, who lived in a farm house near by, and tied him on the back of a horse and forced him to ride at the front and be their guide. The terror of it paralyzed the peasant with fear and he whirled his horse about. Napoleon grabbed the horse's bit and shouted, "You fool, do you want to get shot through the back?" Napoleon pointed to a chapel in the distance, the Chapel of St. Nicholas, and said, "Is there any road running by that chapel?" The presence of the chapel raised the suspicion of a road. Lacoste shook his head. Whether he misunderstood or deliberately deceived will never be known. But if he had nodded his head instead of shaking it that would have changed the destiny of the world. The difference between a nod and a shake of the head was the losing or winning of the Battle of Waterloo. No road was visible at that distance. But there was a road there called the Ohaian, named from a village hard by. The ground gradually rose until it came to the road which was cut through the raise, making a trench twelve feet deep -- a very abyss of death. In recent years it has been denied that there was a sunken road because there is none now. The rise of the ground has been shaved off for dirt to build the lion mound, a half miTe in circumference, and more than one hundred fifty feet high. Moreover, that road was filled with hundreds of dead French men and horses that day. That there was a sunken road there is evident from the existence to this day of two stone crosses at different points. One states that Bernard De Bruc, a trader from Brussels, was killed driving off the edge into that road, February, 1637. The second cross states that a like accident happened to a peasant, M. Niciase, 1783.

At four o'clock the English seemed falling back. They were. Napoleon saw that the hour of destiny had struck and he said to the peasant, "Is there a road there?" and the peasant shook his head. And the flower of the French army charged on horseback after the English. They raged, and roared, and rolled on up the grade. When, To, all on a sudden, that yawning, precipitous trench like a open mouthed grave, twelve feet deep, was right at their horses' heads. The horses reared, fell back, slipped, for it had been raining and the ground was soft, and with all four feet plunged into the abyss. There was no stopping. The columns behind were pushing like mighty projectiles. Men

and horses rolled into that frightful earth gash pell-mell, crushing each other and turning the gulf into one awful charnel house. Nearly one-third of the brave brigade of Dubois tumbled into that wriggling death mass. They lay there bruised and buried. The trench filled and filled until it was even, then others rode over that living death bridge. Take one man -- we can watch one better than a thousand. A minute ago the sun was shining. He dashed on full sabered, hot blooded, victory just ahead. When before he had time to utter a cry he was hurled into that abyss, falling, rolling, crushing and being crushed. He saw grass, and trees, and flowers -- he clutched at them and his fist came back empty. Down, down, men and horses under him, horses and men over him. Now a horse's hoof gouges out an eye. Now some dead man's saber is thrust down by some awful dead weight, tearing off an ear. Now a rib is crushed in. An awful stifle seizes him. He tries to breathe, he can not. He yells, who hears him? There is nothing but a living, quivering wall of men and horses above him. He writhes. He cries, He dies. When that trench became a living, quivering bridge, there lay thousands of French, horses and men in a living, dying grave. No wonder there is no trench there now. And the shake of a peasant's head did it.

As I said, the English seemed to be giving way. They were falling back. It is now past four o'clock. Wellington cried, "Boys, can you think of giving way? Remember Old England." With set face he mutters to himself, "Blucher or night." Napoleon cried, "It is the beginning of the, retreat," and he hurried a messenger away to Paris announcing he had won the battle. And then five o'clock struck. A strange stirring in the woods to Napoleon's right. The yell of the English shook earth and sky. Blucher had come with his Prussian forces and hurling them against Napoleon's right he crushed it like an eggshell, and Napoleon was done.

Who was this Blucher that saved the day, and whence? He was the bravest and most fearless Prussian general of his time, and he was seventy-three years old past when he did the deed. Two days before in battle he was unhorsed and charged over by both French and Prussian cavalry, and here he is today winning the Battle of Waterloo, and seventy-three plus. Be done with your "The history of heroes is the history of youth." "The deeds of greatness are the deeds of the young." Von Moltke, the greatest general of United Germany, Blucher's successor, was never in a battle till he was past sixty. Bismarck ruled the destinies of Germany at eighty-three. Gladstone guided the Ship of State of Great Britain at eighty-eight. Michael Angelo was appointed architect of St. Peter's at seventy-three and it took him seventeen years to build it. Christopher Wren lifted St. Paul's at ninety. Haydn wrote his "Creation" at past three score years and five, and produced his greatest chorus at seventy-seven. John Wesley at eighty-three was preaching three sermons a day, traveling five thousand miles a year, and caring for all the churches. Alexander Von Humboldt at ninety-nine was pushing over the world in hot pursuit of scientific discoveries. That is who and what Blucher was.

And whence? He was far away the night before and pushed with all his power to arrive. While still miles away he came to a fork in the road and was just taking the left fork when he sighted a shepherd boy in a field hard by. That left fork went to Waterloo through a deep ravine which now was deep mud. He never could have gotten his artillery through. He said to the shepherd boy, "Is this the best road to Waterloo?" The boy for answer simply pointed to the right, and taking the right road, Blucher arrived just in time to turn the tide of battle, save the day and win the battle. Destiny hung, swung, on a shepherd's boy pointing to the right rather than to the left. If he

had pointed to the left! As it was, Blucher just barely arrived in time. If he had been thirty minutes later, Napoleon would have won. Wellington had been crying, "Blucher or night." It was Blucher.

Now Napoleon cries, "Oh, why doesn't Grouchee come?" Grouchee? Who, where, why, was Grouchee? He lay off yonder with thirty-five thousand of the finest French soldiers and formidable artillery. All day he refused to move. Napoleon left him there to await orders. He sent a message to him, which he never received, for the messenger was captured, but Grouchee heard the cannon's boom and knew that the battle was on. He heard the yell of the English when Blucher came up. But though his officers pleaded, and prayed, and threatened, and wept, he would not move. He could not tell why. Twice he was tried by a French council of war and was charged with deliberately betraying Napoleon and the French cause. He denied it, and probably told the truth. But why he didn't move he couldn't tell. "God moves in a mysterious way."

One historian says, "The French lost Waterloo by a chain of accidents." Accidents? What are accidents? Kitto, lamed, couldn't become the soldier he would and became the greatest Biblical encyclopedist. We say an accident put out Milton's eyes. If his eyes had not been put out the world would never have had "Paradise Lost." An accident saved Shakespeare from becoming a wool comber and gave the world its greatest poet. An accident kept George Washington from becoming an English mid-shipman and gave America to the world.

Another historian says, "The great battle turned on trifles." Trifles, indeed. A peasant shakes his head instead of nodding it, and Napoleon lost. A shepherd boy points his finger to the right instead of the left, and Wellington wins. The battle turned on the smallest pivot -- the shaking of a peasant's head, the pointing of a peasant boy's finger. Destinies that day hung, swung, on hairs. They always do. Napoleon himself says that the Siege of Acre was lifted by a grain of sand. Sallust says that a periwinkle led to the capture of Gibraltar. Livy says that a goose saved Rome one time, and a hare lost it. Columbus watched the birds turn their flight southward and the cavalier and the Catholic settled the southern half of the western hemisphere, and the northern half is saved to the Puritan and the Protestant. Paul was saved to the world by a rope held in the hands of one unknown, by which he was let down over the walls of Damascus. And suppose there had been no rope, or no one to hold it? Mighty destinies are thus hung, swung, by slender threads. "Let's take a walk," has settled the destiny of many a boy. "Let's have a drink," has settled the doom of many a man. Soon we will begin to believe with Faraday in the power of trifles. Faraday says there is enough power locked up in a single dew drop to drive a locomotive sixty miles, or to blow a great capitol building into fragments.

Another has said, "The cradle is an empire embryonic," and that "the way the cradle rocks settles the empire." That was true of the cradle of Moses, Washington, Lincoln. Trifles. Call them trifles, if you will, but the Battle of Waterloo hung on the hook of seven ifs -- divine ifs. If it hadn't rained. But it did rain. Who sent that rain? If McDonnell hadn't closed the gate of Hougomont. If Napoleon hadn't known that the Ohaian road was there. If Grouchee hadn't been deaf. If Blucher had been an hour later. Napoleon waited for Grouchee; he didn't come. Wellington waited for Blucher; he did come. If the peasant had nodded his head instead of shaking it. If the shepherd boy had pointed to the left instead of the right.

Was it possible for Napoleon to win in spite of trifles? No. On account of Wellington? No. on account of Blucher? No. Because lie lacked Grouchee? No. On account of what? On account of God.

By every military reason Napoleon should have won. The only rational and reasonable explanation is -- God. God explains Waterloo, and George Washington, and the Republic, and Abraham Lincoln, and America, and American liberty. You can not read God out of history. One hundred eighty-five thousand Assyrians are encamped and tomorrow morning they will eat up Israel like grasshoppers. But tomorrow morning they all lay dead on the sand. That spells God. And again the enemy come out to devour Israel and a great confusion seizes them and they thought each other was the enemy and they slaughter themselves with a great slaughter. That spells God. Tear things out of history that you can't understand, and you tear God out of history. The Battle of Waterloo is the hinge on which God turned the nations into the age of liberty, equality, fraternity. And England has lifted a huge lion on the field for a monument. She would better have planted a cross. Benjamin Franklin had his finger on the heart of the matter, and on the heart of history when lie said, "If a sparrow can not fall without His notice, surely a nation can not rise without His aid. Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain who build it."

During the last awful twenty minutes Napoleon was heard to cry in the deafening din, "Let him escape who can." Then he tried through the smoke and haze to find his own carriage, wherein he had secreted a pistol. And for why that pistol? Did he feel, or did he foresee the day of doom? That pistol may be seen this day in Abbotsford, the home of Walter Scott, hard by Melrose Abbey.

From Waterloo Napoleon took a trip with the compliments of England -- to St. Helena, lying rockbound off the west coast of South Africa. There on May 5, 1821, in the deep, dark night, mid the surging sea that sounded like the sobs of the three million he had slain, he died. All that night long the sea sobbed and sobbed. He died with his military boots on. His military boots -- his sole possession. Napoleon Bonaparte, who held empires in his fist, who played with kingdoms as boys play with marbles -- military boots. Napoleon Bonaparte, who considered men of worth only as he could use them to climb the heights of ambition. Napoleon Bonaparte, who when he saw Josephine stood in the way of that ambition, didn't hesitate to divorce her. Napoleon, who, finding himself with four thousand prisoners on his hands at Joppa, coolly has them taken down to the shore and their throats cut. With a shrug of his shoulders he explained, "if you would eat your omelet, you have to break your eggs first." Napoleon Bonaparte, who lets not conscience, love, home, life, men, or God stand in the way of his ambition to become the master of the world, dies, and his sole possession -- military boots. Behold, how are the might fallen. Napoleon Bonaparte, who will at any cost hear in his itching ears the applaudits of the nations, has at last, alas! only military boots. He loved the praises of men rather than the praises of God, and so he died the possessor of mansions? No -- military boots, military boots.

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024 -- FAITH IN CHRIST'S WORD COMPARED TO FAITH IN NAPOLEON'S WORD

From hdm0892, "The Whosoever Gospel," by Aaron Merritt Hills

One time during a battle Napoleon Bonaparte's horse took fright, and was running away, endangering his life. A private soldier in the ranks leaped out and caught the horse by the bridle, and held it until it was calmed. The great commander made the military salute, and said, "I thank you, Captain," and he was only a private soldier. But when Napoleon said, "I thank you, Captain," he took him at his word, and immediately asked, "Of what regiment?" Napoleon said, "Captain of the Guards." The soldier threw down his gun in faith, and went and joined himself to the Guards. Suppose some one had said to him, "What are you doing here?" and he had replied, "O, I feel like a captain, and that is why I am here." What would they have said? They would have said, "You would better feel like a private, and get back to the ranks, and be quick about it." But when they asked him what he was there for, he pointed to Napoleon, and said, "He said it;" and that settled it. How do you know you are a Christian tonight? Because you feel like it? That is no sign that you are. Tomorrow morning you may have no feeling at all; and then what? I know I am a Christian because HE SAID IT. He said that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH should not perish, but have everlasting life; and there are not men enough in earth, or devils enough in hell, to make me believe that I do not believe in Jesus. That is something I know, for he said it, and that settles it.

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025 -- NAPOLEON'S PROPHECY FAILED -- CHRIST'S WON'T!

From hdm0892, "The Whosoever Gospel," by Aaron Merritt Hills

The mighty Napoleon Bonaparte, one of the mightiest generals who ever went to battle, said, "It shall come to pass that Russia shall be humbled;" and he marshaled the mightiest army he ever headed, and marched into Russia and took Moscow. For some unaccountable reason he tarried that autumn one month around Moscow. The Russians burnt it, that it might not afford him shelter. Then, after the fatal delay, he started to march back to France. But God Almighty sifted down six or eight feet of snow upon him, and those Russian Cossacks followed him like a pack of hungry wolves, pouncing down on his frost-bitten soldiers and dogging them from behind, by day and by night, week after week, until that whole army was cut off, and but a few hundreds got back to France to tell the story of their shame and their defeat.

Napoleon the Third said, "It shall come to pass that Germany shall suffer humiliation;" and he made war upon Germany, hurled his troops against the Germans, who were all too well prepared to meet him; and in seven short months he lost his crown and kingdom at the battle of Sedan, and the dynasty of Napoleon was cut off forever.

But, beloved, it is not so when God says, "It shall come to pass." He has infinite power to back up His words, and though the heathen rage, and the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel against the Lord and against His anointed, and all hell lift itself up in malignant opposition, yet God's Word shall stand forever. "It shall come to pass that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved" to the glory of His own dear Son. O, it is a mighty truth that the sinner wants to lay hold of; that, when God speaks, He has omnipotent power back of His lightest word, and He can make it good, and it shall come to pass without fail. It has never failed

during the ages, and never will fail until the last soul is redeemed. "It shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

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026 -- SIN'S CONSEQUENCES -- THE FOR NAPOLEON AS FOR EVERYONE

From hdm0628, "Gospel Dynamite," by Oscar Hudson

Alexander the Great conquered the world and wept because there were no more worlds for him to conquer, but he dealt in sin and went down, filling a premature grave and a drunkard's hell. Napoleon Bonaparte marshaled arms on a hundred victorious battlefields; but ambition and egotism -- sin -- he could not conquer. Sin did for him what it has done for everyone that has ever dealt with it. It proved his ruin.

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027 -- A SOLEMN COMPARISON TO NAPOLEON'S HAUNTING MEMORIES AT DEATH

"In the palace of Versailles, as if by the irony of fate, stands a famous painting of Napoleon Bonaparte in exile. His noble brow is lowered in thought, his mouth is compressed, his chin resting upon his breast, and his grand old eye is gazing into space as if fixed on some distant scene. The sculptor represents Napoleon at St. Helena, just before his death. He is looking back upon the fields of Waterloo and thinking how its fatal issue was the result of three hours delay. Those three short hours seem ever to write upon the walls of his memory, "The summer is ended, the harvest is past." Years roll on, but the memory of neglected opportunity follows that Emperor through life and haunts him in his sea-girt home.

"I have sometimes imagined that I could see on the lonely shores of perdition, a soul haunted by the memories of neglected opportunities. They wander from the rest to where the waves of hopeless damnation beat a solitary wail against the rocks of despair. The absent eye that gazes over the starless deep, is looking with longing unutterable to the precious time when those who are now in glory held up the bloodstained cross and pointed to the joys of heaven, then so near, now so far. A bitter sigh and a sob as bitter as despairing love, fills the solitude, but it reaches no ear, touches no sympathy, awakens no echo."

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028 -- TRUTH MIGHTIER THAN THE FORCES THAT DEFEATED NAPOLEON

From hdm1008, "The Old Pastor," by Lum Jones

Oh, this truth; they were being battered down like mighty forces of Napoleon Bonaparte at the great battle of Waterloo. In that battle more than forty thousand fell, while many fled before the British forces. This service was not a battle where a bayonet was being used, but the mighty truth

of God. Although this crowd had many in reserve who were willing to take sides with them, they could not stand before this truth.

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029 -- NAPOLEON CONQUERED BY WAR -- CHRIST CONQUERED BY LOVE

From hdm0409, "Sam Jones' Gospel Sermons," by Samuel Porter Jones

Oh, Love divine, diffuse thy power and presence with us. The omnipotent principle of the world is love. When Alexander the Great wanted to conquer this world he mustered his forces and blood flowed like a river, and poor Alexander when he died was a conquered wretch. When Napoleon Bonaparte wanted to conquer is world he mustered his forces and all Europe was drenched in blood, and Napoleon died a defeated wretch on the island of St. Helena. But when Jesus Christ wanted to conquer the earth he looked at it and loved it and walked upon Calvary and laid down and died for it, and Christ has well nigh conquered this world. Napoleon said: "Alexander, Charlemagne and myself founded our kingdoms on force, and they have crumbled under our feet;" but Jesus Christ founded his kingdom on love, and today millions of men would die for him.

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030 -- PROVIDENTIALLY, NAPOLEON'S HEIR DID NOT INHERIT

From hdm0510, "A Voice From Eternity," by George Brubaker Kulp

Some time ago a member of a leading church left home for a distant city in company with his wife. The trains were excursion trains, the fare reduced, and many were going. The last train that could be taken left on Sunday. The brother was warned by his pastor not to take it; that he ought not to travel on the Lord's day; but for the sake of the reduced fare he went. When they were within a few miles of their destination the rails spread, the train was wrecked, and his wife was so badly injured she died in a few days. A regard for the law of God would have kept them off that Sunday train and have saved a life. Napoleon Bonaparte, that he might have an heir, divorced Josephine, his lawful wife, married the Austrian, had an heir, who died in his youth, and the grandson of Josephine came to the throne. The Providence of God was against the ungodly ambition of the Emperor.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small,
Tho' with patience stands He waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

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031 -- A QUOTATION OF NAPOLEON ABOUT CHRIST BY I. C. MATHIS

From hdm0202, "The Unchanging Christ," by I. C. Mathis

Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of France said: "Everything in Christ astounds me. His spirit overawes me, and His will confounds me. Between Him and whosoever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison; He is truly a being by Himself."

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032 -- NAPOLEON INHERITED THE PROMINENT CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS MOTHER

From hdm1791, "Parker Maxey's Editorials -- (1982)

"Sir Walter Scott's mother was a superior woman, and a great lover of poetry and painting. Byron's mother was proud, ill-tempered, and violent. The mother of Napoleon Bonaparte was noted for her beauty and energy. Lord Bacon's mother was a woman of superior mind and deep piety. The mother of Nero was a murderess. The mother of Washington was pious, pure, and true. The mother of Matthew Henry was marked by her superior conversational powers. The mother of John Wesley was remarkable for her intelligence, piety, and executive ability, so that she has been called the "Mother of Methodism." It will be observed that in each of these examples, the child inherited the prominent traits of the mother." (J. L. Nye)

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033 -- EMULATE NAPOLEON'S DETERMINATION IN PERSONAL WORK

From hdm1567, "Personal Work," by James O. McClurkan

When Hannibal came to that lofty pile of dirt and rock that had so long impeded the march of armies, he cut his way through and plundered the fairest plains of Italy. When Napoleon Bonaparte met the same difficulty he said, "We will go through," and through he went, and was soon thundering on the rear of Austria's astonished and frightened hosts.

James Gordon Bennett started the New York Herald with a couple of barrels in a cellar and a plank resting on each end, and that covered with type; but he kept on until he established one of the greatest newspapers of the world. The historian, Prescott, while in college became nearly blind; but nothing daunted he tugged away at his books and the plastering of the room in which he studied was worn by his frequent striking it as he walked to and fro engaged in profound thought. Angelo slept in the same bed with three helpers, so poor was he, and chiseled away with the uplifted gaze until his neck stiffened under the long strain, but he succeeded; and should we who are entrusted with the gravest responsibility ever committed to mortals sit idly by and under this childish plea, or that foolish pretext, allow these golden opportunities to pass thoughtlessly by and thus betray the greatest trust ever committed to human beings? Nay, verily, in the face of such appalling need it would be criminal to keep silent. Gird up the loins of your mind, lay yourselves as a living sacrifice upon the altar. Trust the Lord to cleanse, use and keep the vessel thus set apart to Him and go forth amidst earth's toiling, sinning, suffering, dying multitudes to be a winner of

souls, determined through the grace of God that in spite of all hindrances personal or otherwise, or even Satanic that you will be a personal worker.

"Lord, when we pray, 'Thy kingdom come!'
Then fold our hands without a care
For souls whom Thou hast died to save,
We do but mock Thee with our prayer.

Thou could'st have sent an angel band
To call Thine erring children home;
And thus through, heavenly ministries
On earth Thy kingdom might have come.

But since to human hands like ours
Thou hast committed work divine,
Shall not our eager hearts make haste
To join their feeble powers with Thine?

To word and work shall not our hands
Obedient move, nor lips be dumb,
Lest through our sinful love of ease,
Thy kingdom should delay to come?"

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034 -- HOW NAPOLEON AND OTHERS ARE PRODUCTS OF THEIR TIME

From hdm0256, "The Preacher's Magazine for April, 1929"

We said a man's age and environment had much to do with making him. What would Moses have been, had he been born before Abram or in the age of the prophet Samuel or David? What made Hannibal but the mortal conflict of Rome and Carthage? What could have produced Julius Caesar, but the roving northern tribes, and the internecine strifes of a sick and dying Roman republic? What but the unspeakable corruptions of the Roman Catholic church could have produced a Martin Luther? It was the consummate follies of British statesmanship that made George Washington and the great republic. It required a French Revolution to beget a Napoleon Bonaparte. If there had been no blasphemous, man-belittling, God-dishonoring, Calvinistic theology and the dearth in Zion it had produced, Charles G. Finney would never have become the greatest soul-winner of the Christian centuries. It took the same and the political debauchery and moral degradation of African slavery to produce a Henry Ward Beecher, just as it required the accursed evil of slavery and the civil war it occasioned, to make Abraham Lincoln immortal. There must be something in his age and surroundings, in his trials and conflicts to inspire the virtues and call out the heroism, and furnish the soil in which human greatness can grow.

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035 -- WILLIAM TAYLOR'S VISIT TO NAPOLEON'S HOUSE ON ST. HELENA

From hdm0896, "Story of My Life" (Part B) by William Taylor

...with my dear wife and three, took the steamer Norseman, Union Line, for London. En route we visited at St. Helena the house in which Napoleon Bonaparte lived and the tomb in which he lay till removed to Paris.

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036 -- ASBURY'S COMMENTS AFTER NAPOLEON'S DEFEAT AT WATERLOO

From hdm0560, "The Heart of Asbury's Journal," by Ezra Squier Tipple

AUGUST 23, 1815 -- We left Chillicothe in the rain. Some folks are fond of railing out against Methodists, taking the worst as a sample; but, bad as they are, I would not take the best of the railers without a change in sentiment, in heart, and; in manners. Ah! let us take heed that party and politics do not drive out our piety; they do not mingle well. Can it be that Bonaparte is finally overthrown? The time is coming that all kings and rulers must acknowledge the reign of the King of kings, or feel the rod of the Son of God. But will forms do for the United States of America? Foolish people will think they have a right to govern themselves as they please; aye, and Satan will help them. Will this do for us? Is not this republic, this land, this people, the Lord's? We acknowledge no other king but the eternal King. And if our great men will not rule in righteousness, but forget God and Christ, what will be the consequence? Ruin.

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037 -- NAPOLEON BONAPARTE COVETED THE WRONG KIND OF POWER

From hdm0920, "Truth Aflame, by Celia Bradshaw Winkle

Fifth. His power is ours. Acts 1:8 -- "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." There is nothing in the world that man covets more than power.

Alexander the great, Napoleon Bonaparte, coveted and did achieve great earthly power; as did Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin. With all their power to conquer nations not one could conquer himself. They died helplessly in shame and disgrace.

The disciples of Jesus coveted power. Two of them went and ask Jesus for the two highest offices in his kingdom. They were not qualified for it then.

It is not wrong to covet power -- if we covet the right kind of power.

"Ye shall receive power -- when the Holy Ghost is come upon you." -- Acts 1:8.

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038-- ONE OF BONAPARTE'S SOLDIER CONVERTED UNDER LAWRENCE MCCOMBS

From hdm1619, "Lost Chapters Revovered," by Joseph B. Wakeley

Lawrence McCombs was another man of mark. He was great among the prophets, a man of heroic courage and indomitable perseverance. He was then but a youth, young in years and in the ministry. He had been but two years in the itinerant work when stationed in New York, for he entered the traveling ministry in 1792. Mr. McCombs was a perfect giant in wielding the sword of the Spirit with great power and success. He had a large frame and a lion-like voice, with which he thundered out against sin and the devil. In after years he performed immense labor in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland. After a most laborious and useful life, he died in Philadelphia, the 11th of June, 1836, in the sixty-seventh year of his age and the forty-fourth year of his ministry. All who knew him felt that when he expired a prince and a great man had fallen.

Mr. McCombs was a splendid orator. His voice was soft and musical, and at the same time possessed great power. At a camp or quarterly meeting he exerted himself with the strength of a Samson. Great occasions called him out; then the lion roused himself and shook his mane, and his roar was terrible. A Frenchman who had been a soldier in Bonaparte's army heard of his fame, and went to campmeeting to hear him preach. One minister after another preached, and he would inquire, "Is that Mr. McCombs?" At last they informed him that Mr. McCombs was going to preach. He walked in front of the altar and gazed upon the preacher, listening with intense interest, his eyes occasionally filled with tears. When the sermon was ended, some one inquired how he liked the preacher. He said the minister's tongue was 'hung in the middle'.* Under that sermon the Frenchman was awakened and converted. When Mr. McCombs had the state of New Jersey for his district he encouraged the people in this way: to the dwellers in lower Jersey he said, "The mountains are all on fire!" and to those who dwelt in the more elevated part of the state he said, "The pines are all in a blaze."

[*A curious remark, the meaning of which I cannot certainly discern. -- DVM]

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039 -- NAPOLEON DID NOT DISPOSE

From hdm1039, "2700-Plus Sermon Illustration, (Bac-Cur)," compiled by Duane V. Maxey

When Bonaparte was about to invade Russia, a person who had endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, finding he could not prevail, quoted to him the proverb, "Man proposes but God disposes;" to which he indignantly replied, "I dispose as well as propose." A Christian lady, on hearing the impious boast, remarked, "I set that down as the turning-point of Bonaparte's fortunes. God will not suffer a creature with impunity thus to usurp His prerogative." It happened to Bonaparte just as the lady predicted. His invasion of Russia was the commencement of his fall. -- Whitecross

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040 -- NAPOLEON HONORED A SUBSTITUTIONAL DEATH

From hdm1039, "2700-Plus Sermon Illustration, (Bac-Cur)," compiled by Duane V. Maxey

Dwight L. Moody told of the young man who did not want to serve in Napoleon Bonaparte's army. When he was drafted, a friend volunteered to go in his place. The substitution was made, and some time later the surrogate was killed in battle. The same young man was, through a clerical error, drafted again. "You can't take me" he told the startled officers. "I'm dead. I died on the battlefield."

They argued that they could see him standing right in front of them, but he insisted they look on the roll to find the record of his death. Sure enough, there on the roll was the man's name, with another name written beside it.

The case finally went to the emperor himself. After examining the evidence, Napoleon said, "Through a surrogate, this man has not only fought, but has died in his country's service. No man can die more than once, therefore the law has no claim on him."

Two thousand years ago, Jesus went to a cross to bear the penalty that rightly belonged to us. He died in our place. And through Him, our names are written in the book, with His name written beside ours.

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041 -- WHY NAPOLEON RETREATED AT THE SOUND OF EASTER BELLS

From hdm1040, "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations, (Dan-Hyp)," compiled by Duane V. Maxey

During Napoleon's Austrian campaign his army advanced to within six miles of Feldkirch. It looked as though Bonaparte's men would take Feldkirch without resistance. But as Napoleon's army advanced toward their objective in the night, the Christians of Feldkirch gathered in a little church to pray. It was Easter Eve. The next morning at sunrise the bells of the village pealed out across the countryside. Napoleon's army, not realizing it was Easter Sunday, thought that in the night the Austrian army had moved into Feldkirch and that the bells were ringing in jubilation. Napoleon ordered a retreat, and the battle at Feldkirch never took place. The Easter bells caused the enemy to retreat, and peace reigned in the Austrian countryside. -- Selected

A far greater peace than this can be ours through Christ's resurrection. When Jesus rose from the dead, He accomplished more than a temporary retreat by Satan. He brought to pass the total defeat of our enemy, the devil.

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042 -- SATAN FLEES WHEN RESISTED LIKE NAPOLEON FLED FROM RUSSIA

From hdm1040, "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations, (Dan-Hyp)," compiled by Duane V. Maxey

Before he attacked Russia, Napoleon Bonaparte seemed to have the world at his feet. But, through the Providential help of the elements and the determined resistance of the Russians, his invasion of Russia was turned into a debacle, and Napoleon, fearing his position at home was in danger, left the French army and hurried back to France almost unaccompanied. Arriving at a river crossing, Napoleon inquired of the ferryman whether many deserters had come that way. "No," replied the Russian, "you are the first."

When Satan is made to flee, he may, or may not, be the first of his army of imps to leave the scene, but one thing is certain, when Satan flees his army is also routed and fleeing behind him.

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043 -- EVEN STRONG INDIVIDUALS LIKE NAPOLEON HAVE WEAK POINTS

From hdm0328, "Holiness and the Human Element," by Harmon Allen Baldwin

It is men of strongly manifest individuality who have moved the world and the church. As examples of the former we note Napoleon, Washington and Lincoln, and of the latter Paul, Luther and Wesley.

The weak points in a strong man are more liable to be copied than the strong ones, and here is a great danger. We have known of men who, by the exercise of their strong personality, have held others to the rigid line of their own ideas, with the unhappy result that when they withdrew their restraining hand their followers obeyed them no more and went their own way. The weakness in all this lies in the fact that the leader made the mistake of thinking that he must govern and give light by the pressure of his own spirit, and thus assumed prerogatives which belong to the Spirit of God alone. Those who are converted and held by the influence of the presence of the pastor or evangelist are very apt to be only wood, hay and stubble, while those who are kept by the power of God are gold, silver and precious stones.

God wants men of strong individuality, but He wants them consecrated to Him. But here is the fly in the ointment: it is impossible to find a strong man without a weakness, and while some follow him blindly, faults and all, others make the mistake of making him an offender for a word, and forget his strength. These last set to throwing stones, and forget that they themselves live in glass houses. Let him that is without fault cast the first stone.

"What are another's faults to me?
I'm not a vulture's bill
To pick at every flaw I see
And make it wider still;
It's enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on myself that care bestow,
And let my friends alone."

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044 -- A DETERMINED WILL LIKE NAPOLEON'S -- NECESSARY IN PRAYER

From hdm0209, "Pentecost, Its Scope, Power and Perpetuation," by Willis G. Bennett

Remember that in speaking of the will of man, there are two wills involved, the will of the sinner, and the will of the praying saint. Men who have achieved great success in any line, have been men of dominant will power. Alexander, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Washington, Grant, were all examples of this in military achievement; Vanderbilt, Morgan, Ford, Edison, in their respective lines. Abraham, Moses, Joshua, Paul, Savanarola, Luther, Knox, Wesley, Edwards, Finney, and many others whose names are recorded in the Book of Life, who have subdued kingdoms, have been men of determined, dominant will power. Nearly all Christians, including most ministers, as well as this Scribe, are entirely too passive in their praying; and some of us even make a virtue of saintliness out of our lassitude and passivity.

The highest peak of prayer in the life of our Lord, was not submission in the Garden, but when He prayed His High Priestly prayer and said: "Father, I will." Submission under trial is a great virtue, but submission when praying in harmony with the revealed will of God, is a mark of lassitude and spiritual sloth. After making the conditions very clear, Jesus said: "Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

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045 -- THE NAPOLEONIC CHARACTERISTICS OF GEORGE W. COLEMAN DESCRIBED

From hdm0618, "Master Workmen," by Richard R. Blews

[George W. Coleman was an early Free Methodist Bishop. -- DVM]

"His temperament was of the phlegmatic type, rendering him peculiarly deliberate in thought, expression and movement, while inflexibility was written upon every feature of his countenance. He was laconic in expression, and was characterized by a somewhat droll though a pleasing manner in social converse and in his public utterances. His was an intensely penetrating gaze, and yet sanctity and goodness beamed in all the features of his Napoleonic face.

"Among the qualities of character which chiefly distinguished General Superintendent Coleman we would note particularly the following:

"1. Unbending integrity. As soon would we have expected the sun to depart from the heavens as George W. Coleman to depart under any circumstances from the most absolute incorruptibility of character. He bore the character of the man described in the Fiftieth Psalm as one 'that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not.' Neither friend nor foe, neither flattery nor intimidation, neither fear of loss nor hope of gain, could swerve him a hair's breadth from the exact

right, as he conceived it. He was integrity personified -- a concrete, living example of New Testament righteousness.

"2. Intense convictions, combined with invincible courage. He was at the utmost removed from that class of men who should be classified as moral invertebrates -- who either have no well-defined convictions, or having them, have learned to trifle with them and disregard them, until they can lay their convictions aside to suit any occasion where strong convictions are in the way of success and popularity. He lived under a perpetual sense of moral obligation, and DUTY, not ease, advancement, gain, or popularity, was constantly his watchword. With him to know duty was to do it, e'en though the heavens might fall.

"He feared not,
Had heaven decreed it, to have stood
Adverse against the world, and singly stood.'

"3. Inflexible determination. Defeat was a word ruled out of his vocabulary. His purposes were fixed, and he never varied from them, except as compelled to such variation by those providences that he could not overcome. Like the wheels of Ezekiel's vision, he always 'went straight forward,' whither the spirit within him directed, and 'turned not to the right hand nor to the left.' Perseverance found its ideal realized in him. Not Andrew Jackson, nor even Napoleon the First, exceeded him in the matter of invincible determination of purpose.

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046 -- HEART-DEEP LOVE FOR CHRIST LIKE HEART-DEEP LOVE FOR NAPOLEON

From hdm0732, "Popular Christianity," by Catherine Booth

Christ's soldiers must be imbued with the spirit of the war. Love to the King and concern for His interests must be the master passion of the soul. All outward effort, even that which springs from a sense of duty, will fail without this. The hardship and suffering involved in real spiritual warfare are too great for any motive but that of love. It is said that one of the soldiers of Napoleon, when being operated upon for the extraction of a bullet, exclaimed, "Cut a little deeper and you will find my general's name," meaning that it was engraven on his heart. So must the image and glory of Christ be engraven on the heart of every successful soldier of Christ. It must be the all-subduing passion of his life to bring the reign of Jesus Christ over the hearts and souls of men. A little child who has this spirit will subjugate others to his King, while the most talented and learned and active, without it, will accomplish comparatively little. If the hearts of the Christians of this generation were inspired with this spirit, and set on winning the world for God, we should soon see nations shaken to their center, and millions of souls translated into the kingdom.

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047 -- NAPOLEON OFTEN SLEPT LITTLE -- TOO LITTLE / TOO MUCH SLEEP ARE BAD

hdm0023, "The Soul-winner's Secret," by Samuel Logan Brengle

Those who desire good health, long life and a cheerful old age should live simply and regularly; they should seek enough sleep and at the same time be careful not to take too much sleep. Mr. Wesley could get along with six hours' sleep at night, though he had the happy faculty of taking naps through the day, even sleeping on horseback. Napoleon frequently got along with three hours' sleep, but General Grant said that when in the midst of his heaviest campaigns he required nine hours. I have heard General Booth say that he needed eight hours at least. Women usually need at least an hour more of sleep than men. No rule can be laid down to fit every case, however, so that the soul-winner who is a conscientious man must find out for himself what is best for himself, make his own rule and keep it religiously as unto the Lord.

There is a danger of lying in bed too long as well as too short a time. The Duke of Wellington said: "When you find that you want to turn over, you ought to turn out."

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048 -- NAPOLEON TRUSTED HIS MARSHAL BECAUSE HIS MARSHAL TRUSTED HIM

From hdm0253, "Heart Talks on Holiness," by Samuel Logan Brengle

Napoleon gave blank checks on his bank to one of his marshals. One complained to the Emperor that the drafts made were enormous and should not be allowed. 'Let him alone; he trusts and honors me, and I will trust him,' said Napoleon. God puts all things at the command of His saints, and trusts them while He asks them to trust Him.

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049 -- NAPOLEON AND ALL OTHERS JUDGED BY CHARACTER AND NOT RANK

From hdm0398, "Ancient Prophets," by Samuel Logan Brengle

One of the outstanding ironies of history is the utter disregard of ranks and titles in the final judgments men pass upon each other. And if this be so of men, how much more must it be so of the judgments of God.

Nero and Marcus Aurelius sat upon the throne of Rome clothed with absolute power and worshipped as gods, but what a difference! Nero, a monster of iniquity and utter cruelty, execrated of all men Aurelius, a vigorous administrator and benign philosopher, writing meditations which the wise and learned still delight to read and ponder and which, after two millenniums, are a guide to safe and useful living.

Washington and Napoleon were two great statesmen and military leaders. But what a difference! One a ruthless conqueror, building a glittering and evanescent empire on an ocean of blood, dying an exile on a lonely isle with a character for heartless selfishness which sinks lower and yet lower every year in the estimation of all right thinking men. The other refusing a crown, but laying the firm foundations of a State destined to be infinitely greater than Napoleon's empire, and

dying at last honored by his former foes, with a character above reproach, revered and beloved of all men.

John and Judas were two Apostles. But what a difference! One was a devil betraying his master with a kiss for a paltry handful of silver, and getting to himself a name that is a synonym for all infamy and treachery. The other pillowed his head on the Master's bosom, and with wide, open eyes was permitted to look deep into Heaven, behold the great white throne and Him that sat upon it, the worshipping angel-hosts, the innumerable multitudes of the redeemed, the glory of the Lamb that was slain, and the face of the everlasting Father; while his name became a synonym for reverence and adoring love.

This summing up and final estimate of men shows that history cares not an iota for the rank and title a man has borne or the office he has held, but only for the quality of his deeds and the character of his mind and heart.

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050 -- GOD'S GREAT WORKS ARE NOT ON THE SURFACE LIKE THOSE OF NAPOLEON

From hdm0993, "Sermons on Isaiah," by Phineas Franklin Bresee

We are always misreading history even in reference to the greatness of human acts. We talk of the great decisive battles and of great generals who have led their armies and accomplished great results. And yet the truth is that these were but the foam on the surf. The real decisive agencies are far back. Moses and the words which he uttered are a mightier agency in deciding the world's destiny than all the Alexanders, Caesars, Hannibals, Napoleons and Wellingtons.

So God's great works in the world are not on the surface. They do not belong to the class of works which we call miracles. God's great work is the manifestation of Himself in Human consciousness. And the quickening of the conscience, the dispersion of ignorance, the awakening of poor humanity to the fact that God is nigh with the blessings of care and love. What is the making of all worlds, or the waging of all conflicts as compared to this?

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051 -- NAPOLEON'S LOOK TOWARD FRANCE -- THE SAINT'S LOOK TOWARD HEAVEN

From hdm0048, "Revival Incidents," by Beverly Carradine

There is no picture of Napoleon which so moves the observer as the one where he is represented standing on the shores of St. Helena looking over the waves towards the France he loved so well but would never see again.

Travelers standing on deck of the departing steamer, and seeing America or their native land disappear as a misty line in the distance, know somewhat of the gaze I am writing about; only in their case there is a certainty or hope of returning.

But far more deeply I have been struck with the faraway look that comes sooner or later into the eyes when the soul itself seems to be gazing.

All of us can easily see the difference between the bright restless glance of youth to whom earth is a kind of heaven, time full of sweet revelations, joys, and rewards; and the look of the man or woman who, first disappointed by the world, wounded and betrayed by friends, and then turning to Christ and His salvation and comfort, begins to wear the contemplative and distant gaze that overleaps the waves of time and fastens itself on the horizon lines of eternity.

I do not mean that there is bitterness in the heart, or hopelessness in this heavenward glance of the person I am speaking of. It is a disappointment in what was expected in and of the world without acidulation of spirit; and a transference now of heart treasure, hope and expectancy to a life and world beyond and above the clouds and stars.

I heard a lady once say that just such an expression in the eyes of a holy woman led her to give herself wholly and forever to God.

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052 -- WHAT GOD USED TO DEFEAT NAPOLEON

From hdm0049, "Revival Sermons," By Beverly Carradine

If a spiritual history of this world could be written about the present times, it would be found to read like events narrated in the Bible, and God seen to be busy pulling down, setting up, overturning, overthrowing and having His way with men and devils just the same as ever. What the combined nations of Europe could not do against Napoleon, God did with a soft, noiseless white army of the sky, called snow, which he sent into Russia to meet and overcome the army of the man of ungovernable ambition. The victory at Waterloo was not so much due to Wellington and the arrival of Blucher, as to a heavy rain that prevented certain heavy artillery and thirty thousand men from coming to the relief of the man whom God had determined to humble, and did it with snow and mud.

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053 -- NAPOLEON CONQUERED WITH SWORDS -- CHRIST WITH CHARACTER

From hdm0052, "Soul Help," by Beverly Carradine

That Christ drew multitudes after Him before His death, and still vaster crowds today, as no one else ever did or can, is an indisputable fact. The question of interest is, What is the secret of this influence, the explanation of this power?

One reason is to be found in the wonderfulness of His life.

But for the fact that the constant repetition in the home, Sunday-school and church of the Saviour's amazing history has familiarized the mind with their wonder, men would simply be overwhelmed at the narration. Born in a stable, cradled in a manger, raised in poverty, without the learning of the schools, and without social, political or ecclesiastical influence, He had nothing in a human way to help Him. On the other hand, He was constantly met with the bitterest opposition from Church and State, and at last put to a shameful death outside the city walls. Yet this same man, dying a felon's death at the age of thirty-three, has fastened upon himself the reverential gaze of all nations and ages, captured chronology, made men date all things from his birth, and become the moral standard of the world.

Where is there anything like this? Alexander, Caesar Mohammed, Napoleon, conquered with their swords. but this Man of Galilee said to His disciples, "Put up thy sword," would have no army, refused legions of angels, told His followers to expect ridicule, rejection and death, and trusted all to His perfect character, beneficent life and victorious death. The result has been that He is the central and loftiest figure in the world's history and thought today.

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054 -- NAPOLEON'S WORDS BEFORE A BATTLE USED BEFORE A SPRITUAL BATTLE

From hdm0258, "Portions of Earnest Christianity Illustrated," by James Caughey

"Forty centuries look down on you from the top of yonder pyramids," said Napoleon to his troops, on the eve of "the battle of the pyramids." How many centuries of souls are looking down from the heights of heaven upon us this moment! Napoleon hinted to his soldiers they were about to add another leaf to the four thousand years of history which belonged to those pyramids and surrounding plains. We are about to add another leaf to the spiritual history of Huddersfield. God grant it may be a bright one, such as may be read in heaven with joy by those there before us, and by ourselves in glory afterwards!

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055 -- HUMAN VISIONS LIKE NAPOLEON'S OFTEN FAIL

From hdm0937, "Revival Miscellanies," by James Caughey

You will remember it is recorded in the life of Napoleon, when he was contemplating the Russian campaign, his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, endeavored to dissuade him from it. Napoleon's words are these: "My destiny is not yet accomplished; my present situation is but a sketch of the picture which I must finish. There must be one universal European code -- one court of appeal. The same money, the same weights and measures, the same laws, must have currency throughout Europe. I must make one nation out of all the European states, and Paris must be the capital of the world."

His uncle remonstrated with him, and conjured him not to tempt Providence -- not to defy Heaven and earth, the wrath of man and the fury of the elements. At the same time, he also

expressed his fear that he would sink under the difficulties. The only answer which Napoleon gave was in keeping with his character. He led the cardinal to the window, and opening the casement, he pointed upward, and asked him "If he saw yonder star?" "No, sire," answered the astonished cardinal. 'But I see it," answered Napoleon.

[What Napoleon saw was a false vision, and one that ended in crushing defeat. All human visions, no matter how ambitious, are doomed to eternal failure when they are contrary to the Providential Will of God. -- DVM]

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056 -- NAPOLEON'S PROUD MISTAKE ABOUT WHICH SIDE GOD FIGHTS ON

From hdm0065, "Religion and Everyday Life," by James Blaine Chapman

Napoleon, the proud, said, "God fights on the side of the heaviest battalions." But the light, flaky snow of the early Russian winter, coming in inexhaustible supply, proved to be heavier than shields and guns of iron. The soldierless prophet in Dothan, taking God by faith, testified, "They that be for us are more than they that be against us," and he was able to lead the whole band of his opposers as captives to his king.

Earthly advantages can help us only so long as we are able to disregard them. Education is a force until it becomes a dependence -- after that it is a hindrance. Position, like fire, is a splendid servant, but a destroying master. Riches rightly used may become the means for reward in heaven -- but trusted riches are the trap-door to hell. Prayer and fasting are symbols and reminders of our human insufficiency, and it is when they have brought us to the full sense of the fact that "our sufficiency is of God," and that to Him all power and glory belong that we are able to cast out dumb and deaf spirits, and do the exploits that the success of our part of His kingdom's promotion requires.

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057 -- NAPOLEON EQUALED A THOUSAND -- CHRIST EXCEEDS ALL

From hdm0072, "Present Day Parables," by John Wilbur Chapman

When Napoleon first started to fight our country and Austria, do you know what our soldiers called him? It was "Wee One hundred thousand men." That was a fine name. It was a grand testimony to the power of the little Napoleon in the midst of his army. They asked one another, "is 'Wee One hundred thousand men' in the army today?" He was worth that number of men. Please tell me at what figure you rate the Son of God. Is he in the battle today? He is, and he says he has overcome the world. Why should we fear? The world is defeated. I think he just brings us forward to get a share in the glory, but the world is defeated. It is as at Waterloo. The bloody, gory struggle was ended, the French power was broken, and they had turned, when the rumble of the German was heard, and Blucher completed what the British had begun. Tired with the struggle of overpowering the forces that were against us at Waterloo, the British lay where they had fought,

and Blucher followed up the defeated, scattered regiments as they fled. Christ has conquered the alien forces, and they are now fleeing; pursue them and finish the defeat. It is child's play compared with Christ's work. Talk about tribulation. Have you ever sweat blood yet? Have you ever agonized with a broken heart for the sins of the world? Have you ever been crucified? Have you ever had that awful black cloud of separation from God come down upon you? "Be of good cheer," says Christ, "I have overcome the world," and they are fleeing. Follow up, follow up. -- J. Robertson.

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058 -- ADAM CLARKE'S COMMENTS ON THE INFLUENCE OF NAPOLEON

From hdm0074, "The Autobiography of Adam Clarke"

[Remember as you read this that Adam Clarke was contemporary with Napoleon. -- DVM]

At last Napoleon, the most accomplished general and potentate which modern times have produced, by an ill-judged winter campaign against Russia, had an immense army destroyed by the frost, himself barely escaping from the enemy; after which his good fortune seemed generally to forsake him; till at last, when on the eve of victory, at the famous battle of Waterloo, by one of those chances of war, to which many little men owe their consequent greatness and great men their downfall, he was defeated, and having thrown himself on the generosity of the British, he was sent a prisoner to the Rock of St. Helena, where, by confinement and ungenerous treatment, he became a prey to disease and death.

On the merits of this Revolution, in all the states through which it passed, the British Nation was itself greatly divided. Even religious people caught the general mania, greatly accelerated by the publications of Thomas Paine, particularly his Rights of Man, insomuch that the pulpits of all parties, resounded with the pro and con politics of the day, to the utter neglect of the pastoral duty; so that "the hungry sheep looked up and were not fed."

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059 -- GOD WILL WIN AND NOT THOSE LIKE NAPOLEON

From hdm0079, "W. M. Tidwell -- A Life That Counted," by Joseph Eugene Cook

[The following statements were made by W. M. Tidwell. -- DVM]

God will win. The great image which Nebuchadnezzar saw represented the kingdoms of the world, from that time till Christ should come, and the stone kingdom be set up. This kingdom will break in pieces and subdue all the kingdoms of the world, and will stand forever. Napoleon, the Kaiser tried it and failed. Hitler is now seeking the same thing, but is doomed to failure. All this talk about establishing a United States of the world, after the present conflict, are the ravings of men who do not know God's word. Christ, the smiting Stone, will suddenly appear and all the governments of the world will be driven away like chaff. May that blessed day be hastened.

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060 -- NAPOLEON'S ARMY SANG PRAISE -- CHRIST'S ARMY SHOULD SING PRAISE

From hdm0193, "Consolation," compiled by Mrs. Charles E. Cowman

"Praise ye the Lord." (Psalm 150:6.)

When the soldiers of Napoleon were weak and discouraged on the Alpine ascent, we are told their leader ordered: "Sound the French Gloria"; and the music gave the men new heart, and triumphantly they pressed forward. Christian, whatever be your cross, look up to your Master and sound the Gloria. In the years to come, some troubled heart, remembering the victory of your own unchanging trust, shall give thanks to God and take courage.

"Don't let the song go out of your life,
Though it chance sometime' to flow
In a minor strain: it will blend again
With the major tone, you know.

"What though shadows rise to obscure life's skies,
And hide for a time the sun;
The sooner they'll lift and reveal the rift,
If you let the melody run.

"Don't let the song go out of your life,
Though the voice may have lost its trill;
Though the tremulous note may die in your throat,
Let it sing in your spirit still.

"Don't let the song go out of your life;
Let it ring in the soul while here;
And when you go hence, 'twill follow you thence,
And live on in another sphere."

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061 -- NAPOLEON'S DISCERNING EYE LIKENED TO THE EYES OF THE LORD

From hdm0284, "Sketches and Incidents," by Rev. C. M. Damon

"The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to shew himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him." I have thought it would be like "hunting for a needle in a hay-mow" to find one; but God can search them out. When Napoleon ascended Tabor and looked off on the plain, there was in progress a battle full of the confusion of wild Arab horsemen dashing, charging, in deadly conflict. It was for a moment impossible to discern the

separate forces; but soon his practiced eye discovered in the center of the terrible field, by the steady volleys of musketry and the surrounding rampart of dead bodies of men and horses, the discipline of his French troops, and he signalled his coming to their deliverance.

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062 -- THE RISE OF METHODISM AND NAPOLEON'S EMPIRE CONTRASTED

From hdm0976, "How Methodism Began," by W. H. Daniels

During the last hundred and fifty years that little band of young men at Oxford derisively called "The Holy Club" has grown into a worldwide Christian communion. Its regular clergy numbers twenty thousand, its actual membership over three million, and its adherents about twelve million souls.

Methodism is supernatural. Such historic marvels as the Empire of the first Napoleon may be accounted for on natural principles, with a liberal mixture of the infernal; but the rise of this vast religious empire cannot be referred to the operation of any laws or forces known to state-craft or philosophy: science did not discover it, logic did not deduce it, kings did not will it, nor legislators enact it; but, like the new Jerusalem of the Apocalypse, it came down out of heaven: a divine benefaction of spiritual light, and joy, and power.

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063 -- AN APPLIED NAPOLEONIC QUOTATION ABOUT TRIFLES AND PERFECTION

From hdm0981, "The Believer's Handbook on Holiness," by Edward Davies

Watch the first ruffle of the feelings, and stay your mind at once on God, that he may keep you in perfect peace. Watch the first temptation to speak an angry, fretful, peevish, or unkind word; for all these little things will have a great influence. "Trifles make perfection," said Napoleon, "but perfection is no trifle."

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064 -- NAPOLEON MADE MEN FEAR HIM -- CHRIST MADE MEN LOVE HIM

From hdm0358, "Coals From The Altar," by Henry Turner Davis

As Napoleon sat upon the rocky island of St. Helena, and contemplated the wreck of his own power, and all his earthly plans, he said, "With all my power I have only made men fear me; but Jesus has made men love Him for eighteen hundred years." By His gentleness and love, Christ won all hearts, and started waves of hallowed influence that will roll on in widening circles forever. And if we have His spirit -- and we may -- we, too, shall set in motion waves of influence that shall tell upon the happiness of men, not only through all time, but through all the ages of eternity.

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065 -- NAPOLEON'S ARMOR STOOD THE TEST -- WITH THE ARTISAN INSIDE!

From hdm0366, "The Shining Way," By Henry Turner Davis

Then God will have a tried people. Job said, "When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." (Job xxiii, 10) David said, "Thou, O God, hast proved us; Thou hast tried us as silver is tried." (Ps. lxxiv, 10) Solomon says, "The refining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold; but the Lord trieth the hearts." (Prov. xvii, 3) God said of His ancient people, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." (Isa. xlviii, 10) "I will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on My name, and I will hear them (Zech xiii, 9) James says, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life." (James i, 12) He does not say, Blessed is the man that has temptation, but, Blessed is the man that endures, that stands firm, is loyal to God during the fiery temptation. That man will at last receive a crown, before the beauty and splendor of which the crowns of the kings and emperors of earth will pale and sink into utter insignificance. It is said that Napoleon once ordered a coat of mail. When the artisan completed it, he delivered it to the emperor. The emperor ordered him to put it on himself. Then Napoleon drew his large navy revolver, and fired shot after shot at the man in the armor. It stood the severe test, and; the artisan received from Napoleon a large reward. So if we stand the severe tests that will be applied to, us here great will be our reward hereafter.

God's method with His children here is found in Daniel xii, 10. "Many shall be purified and made white and tried." That is God's method. Purified, made white, then tried Many are purified, but when the tests are applied give way.

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066 -- VASTLY INCREASED POWER WITH NAPOLEON IN THE EQUATION

From hdm0366, "The Shining Way," By Henry Turner Davis

[It seems to me that Napoleon's remarks below stemmed from ego more than from fact, but when it is the Holy Spirit part of the equation the increase in power is real. -- DVM]

"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

Napoleon once said to an officer of his staff, on the eve of a great battle, "How strong is the line?" "So many thousand," replied the officer. "Your master is at fault," rejoined the emperor. "Count me ten thousand." He who was the strength and inspiration of the line had been left out.

So until the Holy Ghost comes into the soul in His fullness and power, "He is not counted upon as the horseman and chariot of Israel, whose presence and power alone insures victory."

The church whose pastor and members are power-endued is invincible. Such a church will succeed anywhere and amid any surroundings.

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067 -- HIGHMINDED DOUBT OF NAPOLEON'S EXISTENCE AND CHRIST'S EXISTENCE

From hdm0366, "The Shining Way," By Henry Turner Davis

Many of the ripest scholars of the present age discard the Higher Criticism, and look upon it as dangerous and unsound. Take, for example, Bishop Warren and a great multitude of others we might mention -- men who have no superiors in scholarship.

Bishop Warren says: "In matters of literary criticism there is room for colossal mistakes. Shakespeare is not very old, but one man has proved to his satisfaction and many others that Lord Bacon wrote his plays. And another man by the same rules has proved that Shakespeare wrote Lord Bacon's works. It is a sword of two edges. Napoleon is not yet out of the memory of living men, but some of the rules applied to demolish Scripture verity have been applied to cast most serious doubts on his existence."

"Criticism claims to have taken out of our historic realities William Tell and Regulus. It has also tried to take away our Lord. But His living presence in millions of hearts dissipates such a conclusion. A few years ago I was awed in the presence of one of the greatest achievements of man -- the great stone wall of China. During the same summer, a Frenchman proved to his satisfaction by literary lucubrations (working by lamplight) that no such great wall ever existed. I saw it in the day, and still believe in the stone wall and in the Rock of Ages also."

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068 -- NAPOLEON WAS A GETTER -- JESUS WAS A GIVER

From hdm0272, "The Unique Galilean," by Russell V. DeLong

Alexander made history; Jesus transformed it.

These two men represent two ways of life. Every person is in one or the other. With Alexander are Napoleon, Hitler, Mussolini, and all others who have as their motto, "Get all you can." With Jesus are St. Paul, John Wesley, William Wilberforce, Abraham Lincoln, and others whose motto is "Give all you can." Givers and Getters represent the two philosophies of life.

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069 -- NAPOLEON A MASTER OF MILITARY SCIENCE -- CHRIST THE MASTER OF ALL

From hdm0272, "The Unique Galilean," by Russell V. DeLong

Each profession produces masters, examples, models, and ideals who represent the best in that branch of human endeavor. In philosophy there is an Aristotle, a Plato, or a Kant; in music there is a Mendelssohn, a Bach, or a Mozart; in literature there is a Shakespeare, a Tennyson, or an Emerson; in military science there is an Alexander, a Napoleon, or an Eisenhower; in medicine there is a Hippocrates, an Osler, or a Mayo; in religion there is a Luther, or a Wesley, or a Calvin; in statesmanship there is a Washington, a Lincoln, or a Churchill. Great accomplishments reveal great personalities who personalize great professions.

Jesus Christ is the topmost Person possessing the highest ideals of all professions and vocations. He is the epitome of the best, the apex of the highest, the summit of the loftiest, the superlative of the supreme.

In Him men of all professions, of all vocations, of all races, of all colors, of all stations, of all ranks see the best. That is why Jesus appeals to everyone. He is the intellectual zenith, the emotional ideal, and the volitional norm. He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

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070 -- NAPOLEON WAS AMONG THOSE WHO EXCELLED IN THEIR YOUTH

From hdm0564, "Mastering Our Midnights," by Russell Victor Delong

Fourth, youth is the period of vision. The Bible declares, "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." Here is the dividing line between youth and old age. Dreams are made up of past experiences; visions are composed of future possibilities. Age looks backward; youth looks forward. And it is not always a matter of biology. Some men of seventy are young; they see bigger and better things ahead. Some men of twenty are old; they lack vision.

Fifth, youth is a period of creative genius. In every field of life, masterpieces are either produced by young men or their foundation is laid in youth. Great old men have usually been great young men.

Agassiz, the great naturalist, was a professor at Harvard at twenty-five.

Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone at twenty-five.

Galileo discovered the law of the vibration of the pendulum at eighteen, was a professor at twenty-five.

Joan of Arc led the armies of France at eighteen.

William Jennings Bryan became a member of Congress at thirty-one.

Alexander had conquered the world at thirty-two.

Oliver Cromwell became a member of Parliament at twenty-nine, Gladstone at twenty-three, and Pitt at twenty-one. He also became chancellor of the exchequer at twenty-three and prime minister at twenty-five.

Abraham Lincoln entered the Illinois legislature at twenty-five and Congress at thirty-eight.

Alexander Hamilton wrote the Constitution at thirty and became Secretary of the Treasury at thirty-two.

Napoleon was commander of the armies of Italy at twenty-seven and emperor of France at thirty.

Theodore Roosevelt was President at forty-three.

Isaac Newton, professor of mathematics at twenty-seven.

Robert Maynard Hutchins, dean of Yale Law School at twenty-five and president of the University of Chicago at thirty.

Berkeley, the great idealist, wrote his principal work at twenty-five.

William Cullen Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" at nineteen; Robert Burns, his first volume of poems at twenty-seven; Lord Byron, at nineteen; Charles Dickens, at twenty-four; Shakespeare, at twenty-nine; and Tennyson, at eighteen.

Caruso was acclaimed at twenty-five, Galli Curci at twenty, Fritz Kreisler at thirteen, Paderewski at eighteen, Schumann-Heink at seventeen.

Raphael frescoed the walls of the Vatican at twenty-five, and John Singer Sargent exhibited his masterpieces at twenty-one.

Martin Luther became professor of philosophy at twenty-five, and David Livingstone began his career in Africa at twenty-seven.

Henry Dunster became president of Harvard at twenty-eight; Elisha Williams, of Yale at thirty-two.

Disraeli published "Vivian Grey" at twenty-two; and Shelley, "Queen Mab" at twenty-one.

Macaulay, Carlyle, Scott, Webster, Bok, Westinghouse, Burbank, Eastman, Ford, Edison, Wright brothers, Woolworth, Rockefeller, Schwab, Heinz, and Gilbert all did the work for which they are remembered before they were thirty-five.

Youth is a time for preparation, for good habit formation, for visions, and for creative genius.

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071 -- ASBURY SAID TO BE LIKE ANOTHER NAPOLEON

From hdm0428, "History of Methodist Reform, Vol. I," by Edward J. Drinkhouse

[It should be noted in the paragraph below that Edward J. Drinkhouse wrote from the perspective of one who was diametrically opposed to the Episcopal form of Church Government like that set forth by Wesley, Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury. -- DVM]

[John Wesley, Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury] Three conscientious men, as each was, controlled by his educational convictions, are striving for the mastery, that they may the better glorify God and save souls. Wesley, greater than any bishop, brushes aside from his onward path musty traditions. A king, he makes another king, but never intended that he should be greater than his maker. Coke, ambitious of the high-sounding title as any child of plume and sword, accepts the minified thing, but never forgets, and loses no opportunity to make gold of the glitter, -- a real successional apostolical bishop. Asbury, when proffered it, kneels for the coronation, but, like another Napoleon, he sets the crown upon his own head. History affords no more interesting study of human nature than these three. But for the time it shall be incidental only to the spiritual work of these twenty months.

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072 -- A QUOTATION OF NAPOLEON ABOUT MOTHERS

From hdm0966, "The Old Fashioned Mother," by Wilson Ray Duncan

Napoleon said: "What France needs most is mothers." Moses so loved his own mother that he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter. Beloved, give us mothers who are not contented with having their babies brought up by baby sitters and the future will be brighter. We are told by some returned missionaries that some of the heathen mothers are more persistent in teaching their children than some of the civilized mothers here in God's country. Thank God for a few mothers who cannot be contented by a long-haired poodle dog. I'm definitely sure that a dog would rather sleep with his own kind in a dog house, as I am very definitely sure that any rational, reasonable, logical person would prefer to live with his own in what is known as home.

We are vitally in need of mothers like Hannah of old who said to Eli, the high priest, about her son, Samuel: "I prayed for this child." Truly a great and beautiful prayer is found in Mark 7:24-28, made by the Syrophenician woman to Jesus for the healing of her daughter. The humble prayer of this mother moved God upon the high throne of heaven.

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073 -- EVERYTHING ABOUT CHRIST SAID TO HAVE ASTONISHED NAPOLEON

From hdm1599, "The Man of Galilee," by W. B. Dunkum

When Napoleon became old and retired he said, "Everything about Christ astonishes me, His empire, His gospel, His spirit, and His march across the ages."

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074 -- UNLIKE NAPOLEON, CHRIST DID NOT RELY ON OUTSIDE FORCES

From hdm1599, "The Man of Galilee," by W. B. Dunkum

He had a purpose, and it was a stupendous one. Before the mud-sills of the earth were laid; before He stretched out the heavens like a scroll; before He scooped out the valleys; before He piled up the mountains, or before He carpeted the earth in green, the great mind of God had a purpose, and it was carried out in detail in the life and sacrificial death of His son. He did not have a printing press to create public sentiment in His favor. He did not create a new political party to vote for Him. He did not rely on outside forces as did Napoleon, Caesar, Cromwell, and Alexander. He did not rely on organization; civilization, cultivation, education, or reformation. He had but one purpose in coming, that was to save from sin, "And thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." Matt. 1:21. He came to deal with that which blights the home, breaks the heart, and digs the grave. He deals with that which insults God, killed the prophets, robbed heaven and populates hell.

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075 -- NAPOLEONS BRILLIANCE IS GONE BUT CHRIST'S SHALL NEVER DIM

From hdm1599, "The Man of Galilee," by W. B. Dunkum

He was despised by the multitudes, the center of contention coming from the high church officials. His advent was in a despised town Bethlehem, in a despised province Galilee. He preached a despised doctrine, that which was foolishness to the Greeks and a stumbling block to the Jews. Even though "He was despised and rejected of men" His life's ministry was one of immortal influence in that He has regenerating power to redeem the race. Napoleon while in exile said, "My life once shone with the brilliance of a diadem, but now who cares for me? Other great conquerors and Empire Builders, where are they now? And I shall soon be forgotten. But Jesus stretches a dead hand [Nay! a Living Hand! -- only a Hand that WAS dead. -- DVM] across the centuries and rules the world. He was crucified eighteen hundred years ago after founding an Empire upon love. And at this moment millions would die for Him."

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076 -- SIN DOES THE SAME TO ALL INCLUDING THE HERODS AND NAPOLEONS

From hdm1772, "Sin and Its Consequences," by W. B. Dunkum

The devil promised Achan a wedge of gold and a beautiful Babylonish garment, but when he got them he had to bury them in his tent and in the end they buried him.

Sinful ambition promised Napoleon universal conquest and glory and he lived the last years of his life in prison.

It is not only the great Herods and Napoleons and Nebuchadnezzars who are eaten with worms, or sent to eat grass like oxen. God is no respecter of persons, and it is as true now as it was when he wrote the Galatians. "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap everlasting life." You may think you are deceiving God but in the end you will find you are mistaken. If you only plan and labor to gain money and influence, you will be a weakling in God's sight. But when a man builds on prosperity, pride, vanity and selfishness and cares not what the results will be, his glory dies with him. Anything you obtain by sinning against God and doing violence to your conscience you may be sure will lose all its preciousness and sweetness.

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077 -- NAPOLEON'S ARMOR REALLY WAS BULLET PROOF!

From hdm0104, "Selected Sermon Illustrations," by Absalom Backas Earle

[This incident is the same story that is elsewhere in the compilation related by a different writer in different words. I rather like this version better than the other. -- DVM]

I am told that Emperor Napoleon once went to a very skillful workman, and inquired of him if he could make a bullet-proof jacket or under garment, one that he himself would feel safe to wear as a protection against bullets. The workman assured him he could make just such a garment; one he would feel entirely safe to wear himself. The Emperor engaged him to make the article, requesting him to take time, and see that it was bullet-proof.

The workman took much time and pains in its construction. The jacket was finished, and the Emperor notified that it was ready for him. Napoleon, after carefully examining it, asked the maker if he still felt sure a bullet could not pierce it. The workman said he was sure no bullet could penetrate it; that he himself would feel entirely safe with it on in a shower of bullets. The Emperor asked him to put it on, that he might examine it more fully. The maker put the jacket on himself, that the Emperor might see how finely it fitted and protected the body.

After a careful examination of its make-up and apparent safety, Napoleon stepped back a few feet, and drew his pistol on the man, who cried out:

"Don't try it on me!"

But the Emperor said:

"You told me it was perfectly safe," and fired. The armor proved itself bullet-proof.

So Christ has made an armor that renders its wearer perfectly safe against all the fiery darts that may be hurled against it. Christ has tried it on. He was led out into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. For forty days and nights Satan tried to pierce this armor, but broke all his arrows on it. It could not be penetrated. It was thoroughly tested on Christ, that all who put it on might feel safe.

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078 -- NOW NAPOLEON WOULD GLADLY EXCHANGE HIS FAME FOR SALVATION

From hdm0934, "Messages From Romans, (Series XVI)," by Quinton J. Everest

The people of whom we read in this chapter and to whom Paul was sending greetings were certainly of a desirable quality. My heart shudders and my soul sinks within me when I realize the quality of hearts that we have in so many places of responsibility in this nation. This is not true in one sphere only, but the whole fiber of our nation -- educationally, politically, socially, commercially, and even religiously -- has corrupted to such a state that we wonder how long the fumes and the odor from this decaying, rotten, diseased mess can go up into the nostrils of God without His judgments and wrath descending upon us in unprecedented fury.

There were women at Rome wearing in a single necklace of pearls a fortune of \$500,000.00, and at the same time they were as vile and wretched as the devil could make them. Their very names have perished with their follies and vices, but the very first verse of this chapter gives us the name of Phebe, whose name has been ever glorious and will continue so in the Gospel. If Alexander the Great, Napoleon, Mussolini, Hitler, and some of the political leaders of the present hour, as well as religious and other leaders, could see what they are going to face at the judgment bar of God and for all eternity, certainly they would gladly exchange their fame for such an enrollment on the divine books of Heaven as we have here in the letter of this great missionary of the cross. Paul reveals that they were more than fair-weather Christians; they laid down their own necks in order to be his faithful helpers in Christ Jesus. Like Paul, some of them had been cast into prison, but because of their faith in Christ, they flinched not in the presence of trial, but were willing to undergo shame and loss for Jesus Christ. They were stouthearted and were ready to face ridicule, poverty, and persecution rather than sacrifice principle. To them the applause of this world was but an empty breath. They realized the praise of the newspaper would soon die away and that military glory is merely a bubble reputation. In the presence of God's Holy Word, they were persuaded that the most important thing was to see that they were approved before Him, Who searches the hearts and tries the reins, Whose eyes are as a flame of fire. They realized and acknowledged that they were serving One Who knew them altogether. Voltaire lamented on his deathbed, "I have swallowed nothing but smoke. I have intoxicated myself with the incense that turned 'my head.'" Here were people who were common, quite unknown, and in many respects despised, yet they had more than smoke -- they had experienced the fire of God in purifying their souls. They refused to be whipped about by the incense of public opinion, but were supremely desirous of the approval of God.

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079 -- CLARKE'S LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER MENTIONING NAPOLEON

From hdm1609, "Adam Clarke Portrayed, Vol. III," by James Everett

On his return to Milbrook, the Doctor wrote to his eldest daughter; and the letter is the more readily introduced here, because of his opinion of a work of some celebrity at the time when he wrote.

My dear Annie, -- We got home safely last evening, and found all well; we were sadly fatigued and oppressed with heat and dust. Do not prevent F from obeying the summons of the Committee, -- let him go! I dare say you have heard that we ended the Conference well: I think the preachers were never better pleased, and I have 99 hearts and hands out of every hundred! I am reading Barry O'Meara's Voice from St. Helena; one of the most interesting books I have ever seen, with every characteristic of truth. When they hear of the indignities and cruelties which Napoleon suffered from that consummate, ineffable rascal, even his enemies will drop a tear for him, while Lord -- will have none to lament his death: yet he was not his most immediate tormentor! Sir H. L -- will have his name handed down to everlasting fame! The ministry -- by dismissing O'Meara from the service, have put the broad seal of the kingdom to the truth of his statements; poveri imbecili! Write and tell me if Nightingale be come. Love to all. Your affectionate father, -- A. Clarke.

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080 -- NAPOLEON SAID A CHILD'S DESTINY IS THE WORK OF THE MOTHER

From hdm0597, "The World's Greatest Need," by Paul W. Finch

A child, speaking of his home to a friend, was asked, "Where is your home?" Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied, "Where mother is."

Said Napoleon, "The future destiny of a child is always the work of the mother." Emerson said, "Men are what mothers make of them." Remember, mothers, your boys are what you make them. God pity the child whose mother has protected him from discipline, and who has not only induced him to disobey, but has also set an example of disobedience by refusing him the benefit of proper correction. In a Christian home both father and mother keep the ten commandments in deed and in truth. They respect their marriage vows, and are careful to keep the Sabbath day holy. They do not allow cards, dancing, profanity, immodest dress, the latest jazz hits, and novels that create a wrong conception of real working life in their homes. It is sad when so-called Christian parents fail to carry their divine responsibility and then cruelly blame others for their own failures. Christian parents have a divine appointment to instruct their children in the Word of God. "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children." A story is told that some fish were distressed to see the lobsters swimming backward, so they organized a class to instruct them to swim properly. Only young ones were enrolled, with the thought that they would apprehend more rapidly. All went well at first, but when the young lobsters returned home they saw their parents swimming in the old way, and

immediately forgot their lessons. Likewise many a child well taught at school has been caused to drift backward by a bad home influence.

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081 -- AMERICAN PIONEER MOTHERS COMPARED TO NAPOLEON'S MOTHER

From hdm0230, "Sketches of Western Methodism," by James Bradley Finley

Historians may write of the brave and patriotic women of ancient times, of the mother of the Gracchi, and the mother of Napoleon, and Washington, and the more recent patriotic deeds of our Revolutionary mothers, who freely gave up their sons to fight the battles of liberty, and sacrificed every thing but their more than Roman virtue, in supporting our heroic fathers in the conflict for freedom; be it our pleasing task to record some of the achievements of our pioneer mothers in the west, whose zeal, and courage, and self-sacrificing devotion, afford specimens of a moral sublimity greater than was ever witnessed in the heroism of the patriot mothers of olden time.

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082 -- NAPOLEON'S OBSESSION NOT MAGNIFICENT -- THAT OF SOULWINNING IS

From hdm0392, "The Time Is Now," by C. William Fisher

In a real sense, all men who have helped or hindered humanity have been men obsessed -- men with an urgent and inescapable preoccupation with an idea or emotion. Some men have been obsessed with the idea of power, like Napoleon and Mussolini and Hitler and Stalin. Others have been obsessed with the idea of wealth, like Morgan and Rockefeller and the Nizam of Hyderabad, and countless thousands of others in lesser degree. It is not necessary for one to possess great wealth to be obsessed with it.

Today, Paul Robeson, Eugene Dennis, and many thousands of others are obsessed with the idea of Communism. Others are obsessed today with the pursuit of pleasure. But of all these obsessions -- power, wealth, fame, pleasure, authority -- not one can properly be called "magnificent," because not one of them is concerned with ideas and endeavors that are supreme or sublime or noble or exalted.

Those men, however, who have helped humanity heavenward have also been men obsessed. Christ himself was obsessed -- how gloriously He was preoccupied with the urgent and inescapable task of redeeming lost humanity! Paul, too, shared that obsession, as did Peter and Wesley and Brainerd and Moody and the other thousands of men and women who have given themselves unstintingly and unselfishly in that supreme endeavor of helping Christ help humanity.

There is only one obsession in the whole wide range of human endeavor that can properly and rightly be called "magnificent," and that "magnificent obsession is the urgent and inescapable preoccupation with winning men and women to Jesus Christ!

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083 -- WATERLOO SHOWS THAT CHRIST'S SOLDIERS MUST BE READY NOW

From hdm0497, "Christian Purity," by Randolph Sinks Foster

We are not of those who ask, "Why were the former days better than these days." The Church of Christ, if we judge correctly, was never more vital than at the present moment; but her demands have increased more rapidly than her piety. Extraordinary times demand extraordinary means. Napoleon overran and subjugated Europe with his veteran legions; but they stood still before Wellington, they were not ready for the crisis at Waterloo.

Now is the time when every soldier of Jesus should be at his post, should have on the whole armor, should do valiant battle for the Lord, proving himself a man. See how God has honored us; what a breach he has given us to fill! O that we may feel our mission, and rise up and gird ourselves to honor it! Now the world wants men, full-grown Christian men, not babes or dwarfs. The man who will dignify his position at this crisis, or even hereafter, must be worthy of it. If we would do any thing, men of God -- if we would not be ciphers in the glorious strife -- if we would not die without issue -- we must prepare for the portentous day in which God has seen fit to give us existence. Every thing now is in earnest. Quick time is the watchword. What we do must be done quickly; a moment, and the opportunity rushes past us; a moment, and we are gone; a step, and the grave contains us. If we would make impression for God, for man, we must strike now.

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084 -- CHRIST, NOT NAPOLEON, BUILDS THE ETERNAL EMPIRE

From hdm0954, "Centenary Thoughts," by Randolph Sinks Foster

The Christianity which so many in these days affect to despise, and which, in their mad frenzy, they would relegate to oblivion as a thing of the past, is that which has made the homes and civilization and institutions which have nourished them. The breast they smite is the breast that bore them -- they raven and tear the paps that gave them suck. But their rage will be in vain, and humanity will be spared the horror of their trickery -- their names will perish. To contradict their prophecy of evil against God and his Christ, their very malice will build the walls they seek to demolish, and a newborn race will rise to put new crowns on the head of their maligned Lord. What has been will be -- their desires will come to naught. They will obstruct, but it will be in vain. Look abroad. Who is the mighty builder today? Who is it whose name, all the earth over, is a tower of strength? Who is it the nations are waiting for? Who is that holds the destiny of the race in his hand? Who is it that shuts and no man can open, and opens and no man can shut? Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon founded empires by the sword, and they perished. Who is this that builds an empire in the hearts of men, which shall last while the sun and moon endure? Let the ends of the world answer -- let every tongue speak. Can any doubt what the answer will be?

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085 -- NAPOLEON HONORED BOUSSARD -- CHRIST HONORS SOULWINNERS

From hdm0730, "Foot-Prints of an Itinerant," by Maxwell Pierson Gaddis,

In 1777 a vessel attempted, during a tremendous storm, to run into the harbor of Dieppe. Boussard, the pilot, who was never missing when the tempest raged, was on the pier, and seeing the captain make several false maneuvers, called to him with his speaking trumpet, but, owing to the raging of the storm and darkness of the night, his effort proved unsuccessful, and the vessel struck about thirty fathoms above the pier. Everybody except Boussard gave the crew up for lost. Determined to save them, he tied a rope around his body in order to carry it to the ship. His wife and children surrounded him, and besought him not to rush into destruction. But he listened only to the voice of pleading humanity, and at length prevailed on the bystanders to take home his wife and children. He then tied the rope to the pier and round his body and plunged into the sea. Twenty times did the waves hurl him back upon the beach, and as often did he plunge again into the raging billows. A fresh wave flung him toward the ship, and he disappeared beneath her. A general cry of horror proclaimed his destruction. But he only dived to lay hold of a sailor which the sea had swept from the deck, and whom he contrived to take to the shore. A last attempt proved successful to reach the ship. He climbed her sides and saved the crew, who were drawn ashore one after another by means of the rope.

But Boussard had not yet finished his glorious work. Exhausted by his exertions, he was carried by his friends to the nearest house. A gust of wind wafted to the shore the cry of another passenger, who had been left behind. Boussard felt he had another fellow creature to save. He felt his strength renewed, and ere his friends were aware rushed out of the house and encountered the same difficulties for his rescue also, and was successful. Louis XVI made him a present of ten thousand francs, and settled on him a pension of three hundred francs more.

He was appointed keeper of the Pier light house, which has ever since been held by the Boussards, descending from father to son; and not a year has been unmarked by deeds worthy of the first possessor. Close to the parapet at the pier of Dieppe is a pole covered with copper, to which is fastened a chain. Here in every storm since 1777, whether in the night or day, a Boussard has taken his station, and clinging to the chain, served as a warning voice to those whom danger and a tempestuous sea had driven into the harbor. And, though the waves broke over him and washed him from his post of honor, rising from their bosom he would give advice with his speaking trumpet in defiance of the sea and storm.

Fifty times has a Boussard risked his life to save others. Napoleon ordered a house built for him, where the first Boussard performed his heroic achievement. He also gave him the "cross of honor." For more than half a century, wherever there has been a vessel or a fellow creature to save, the people have asked, "Have we no Boussard here."

Here, my dear reader, is an example worthy of imitation. How many "Boussards" have we in Ohio out of our one thousand, six hundred and twenty-four preachers and among our exhorters and laity? Boussard listened only to the voice of suffering humanity when the lives of his fellow

creatures were in jeopardy. Forgetful of self of wife and children, he plunged into the sea and encountered the raging billows to save one poor, shipwrecked fellow mortal from a watery grave. He felt that his work was not done while the cry of one struggling for life amid the angry waves still fell on his ear.

But O my soul, how many of us witness the wreck of hundreds of immortal spirits sinking around us, without making one single effort to save them from the horrors of a second death! As they sink to rise no more, a mournful wail comes back to us from the far-off coast of despair, "no man careth for my soul." And yet we fold our arms and say, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

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086 -- A COMPARISON WITH THE FRONT RANKS OF NAPOLEON'S ARMY IN THE NILE

From hdm0730, "Foot-Prints of an Itinerant," by Maxwell Pierson Gaddis,

In 1798 Napoleon and his army crossed the desert to attack the Mamalukes and capture the city of Cairo. Who can tell the sufferings of that weary march? They were from the plains of sunny Italy, from the orange bowers of the hillsides, and from the crystal, flowing fountains fed from the glimmering peaks of Jura. How changed the scene on every side! The desert, like an ocean, waved in voiceless tide. All was sand -- scorching, withering sand -- with here and there an image looming up like a mirage to tantalize the vision.

Night came, and the weary soldier laid him down by his toil-worn general to die. Black bread teeming with vermin sickened the voracious appetite, and the brackish water of the stagnant pool made their thirst the greater. The morning dawned and onward they marched -- a band of indomitable spirits led on by the conqueror of the Alps. The third day came, and the general knew that the river of Egypt was near. Their arms were inspected, and the army in battle array drew near the Nile. Noon came, and all at once the beautiful river in its majesty rolled at the feet of the adventurers. A little in the distance was seen the "Flotilla," with the flag of the republic waving over it, and green fields and waving groves spread in beauty around them.

"The Nile! the Nile!" thundered along the whole line. And then officers and men without due consideration rushed into its waters. Not a soldier threw off his knapsack or stacked his musket. "Water! water! -- a drop of water!" cried the weary and sick. Nor did the cry cease till the foremost soldiers had satisfied themselves and ministered to the wants of their fellows. The army soon reached Dankour and encamped upon a field of grain. The Mamalukes were beaten, and Napoleon entered Cairo.

The front ranks of Napoleon's army in the waters of the Nile, to my mind, strikingly represents the position of the Christian Church -- drinking freely of the "water of the river of life," while the unconverted are lying in the rear on the sandy beach beneath a scorching sun, crying aloud, "Water! water! water! -a drop of water, or we die!" Will we continue to drink of this life-giving stream, and still withhold the "cup of salvation" from our friends and neighbors? May kind Heaven forbid it! O let us say, in the language of Christ on the "last and great day of the feast," "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." "And it shall come to pass in the last days that

living waters shall go out from Jerusalem half of them toward the hinder sea and half of them toward the former sea, and in summer and winter it shall be."

"Come, traveler, slake thy thirst,
And drive away dull care;
Thou need'st not broach thy little purse.
For I am free as air.

My home is on the mountain-side,
My course is toward the sea;
Then drink till thou art satisfied,
Yea, drink, for I AM FREE!"

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087 -- VICTORY AFTER NAPOLEON'S DRUMMER COULD NOT BEAT A RETREAT

From hdm0790, "Holiness, The Dynamic of Evangelism," by George M. Galloway

The story is told that the great Napoleon who had never tasted defeat was one day fighting a losing battle. He sent a message to the drummer boy to beat a retreat, but no retreat was beaten. He sent a second message, but still no retreat. Finally, Napoleon himself went, shook the boy by the shoulder roughly, and cried, "Didn't I tell you to beat a retreat?" The boy looked up at the general, that he loved, through tear-filled eyes and said, "Yes, general, you commanded a retreat; I received both of your messages, but I didn't beat a retreat; for I don't know how. When my father taught me to beat the drum he didn't teach me to beat a retreat. But general, I'll tell you what I can do, I can beat a charge."

A smile broke across the face of the general and as he patted the boy on the shoulder he said, "All right, sonny, then you beat the charge."

The boy did beat the charge. The discouraged, defeated soldiers hearing it, thought reinforcements had come. They went out with new courage and zeal; they turned the tide; they won the battle; because one little boy said, "I don't know how to beat a retreat, but I can beat a charge."

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088 -- NONE MORE SURPRISED AT WATERLOO THAN NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON

From hdm0091, "Phineas F. Bresee, A Prince in Israel," by E. A. Girvin

Dr. Bresee thus characterizes the Pilot Point General Assembly:

As was expected, this Assembly has been momentous and historic. It has been another epoch ushering in an era of still greater things. It has been said that "there is no clock in the horologe of time to strike the passing from one era to another." When history is being made and

great things are coming to pass, those who are in the often hard and difficult places, struggling for the birth of the greater things, are so taken up with the burden of toil which taxes their being to the utmost, that they little realize new heights which are being won. Some one or a few may have the vision of what is really being done; but mostly the actors are covered with the dust and smoke of battle. But they whom God leads build better than they know, and when the years reveal the unveiled structure, they are as much surprised as any -- possibly the most surprised. Both Napoleon and the Iron Duke were eagle-eyed, but probably none were more surprised at the results of Waterloo in history.

"God leads in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

And it is only as we get a perspective that we can see His marvelous work.

This has been true of this providential movement, in all its confluent streams. The work began -- east, west, south -- at about the same time. In no place as an ecclesiasticism, but in each case men were thrust out to preach full salvation and raise up a holy people. And each obeying the divine impulse, and following the pillar of cloud, they did not realize what they were doing. This impulse to unity -- this answering of the Lord's prayer that they may be one -- from the coming of the "Three Wise Men of the East" to the borders of the western sea, and the subsequent happy union of the East and West, and now this confluence of the South: turning us all like the rivers of the south; pouring much of the holiness movement into an organic whole: no one knows or can realize what it means; but one thing seems certain,

"Our God is marching on."

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089 -- NAPOLEON SAID THAT "IMPOSSIBLE" WAS NOT IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE

From hdm1576, "Living Signs and Wonders," by John W. Goodwin

Some one has said, "Undertake great things for God."

Napoleon said to his engineer, "Give me the distance across this river." "Impossible, sir, without my instruments." "Never impossible, sir; that word is not in the French language." Stepping out on faith seems like a venture, but there is a difference. Faith depends on the eternal God and his ability to bring it to pass. Hesitation often loses. I like the spirit of those lepers who were at the gate dying of starvation, and one said to the others, "Let us go; we can but perish if we remain and we can do no worse if we go." They ventured and found food for themselves and for the starving city.

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090 -- NAPOLEON'S CONQUEROR ABOUT MARCHING ORDERS VERSUS OPINIONS

From hdm0327, "The Double Cure," by Joseph Gray

The Duke of Wellington, the conqueror of Napoleon, and an ardent Christian, was in a group one day who were arguing the value of foreign missions. Finally, a clergyman who opposed the sending of the gospel to the heathen approached the Duke and asked him for his opinion.

"Sir, I have no opinion," the Duke said. "What are your marching orders?" Then quietly he quoted the great command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

The argument ended right there.

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091 -- CLARKE ABOUT NAPOLEON, AS RECORDED BY JOHN MIDDLETON HARE

From hdm1586, "The Life and Labors of Adam Clarke," by John Middleton Hare

The French Revolution was now the universal topic. The whole history of that mighty contest is well known. It is referred to here principally for the sake of introducing Dr. Clarke's opinion of Napoleon, and of his fortunate conqueror, which, like all the opinions of such a man, must be read with interest -- "At last," says he, in a rapid glance at the comae of political events, "At last, Napoleon, the most accomplished general and potentate which modern times have produced, by an ill-judged winter campaign against Russia, had an immense army destroyed by frost, himself barely escaping from the enemy. After which, his good fortune seemed generally to forsake him; till at last, when on the eve of victory, at the famous battle of Waterloo, by one of those famous chances of war, to which many littlemen owe their consequent greatness and rear men their downfall, he was defeated; and, having thrown himself on the generosity of the British, he was sent a prisoner to Rock of St. Helena, where, by confinement and ungenerous treatment, he became a prey to disease and death."

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092 -- HARNEY'S VERSION OF NAPOLEON'S STATEMENT ABOUT HIS WORTH

From hdm1531, "Praying Clear Through," by William J. Harney

Once a young sergeant came trembling, with tears in his eyes, to Napoleon, saying, "General. we are hopelessly defeated, they are ten to one." Napoleon straightened himself in his stirrups, saying, "Put me down for twenty-five thousand. I am worth twenty-five thousand men; my skill, my ingenuity is worth twenty-five thousand men. We will be victorious." And when the smoke of battle had cleared away, Napoleon's army had won one of its greatest victories, This great warrior knew how to tune his men for their greatest strength and their best fighting. In the heat of battle he was cool-headed and deliberate, never suffered himself to become nervous or the least discouraged. He enthused his army by his courage.

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093 -- THE FATHER OF RAIN AND SNOW DEFEATED NAPOLEON

From hdm0431, "God in History," by Elmer Ellsworth Helms

Napoleon will fight the Battle of Waterloo at six o'clock in the morning and by two o'clock all will be over. And it would have been, for Wellington can not win without Blucher, and Blucher could not arrive until five o'clock. But Napoleon didn't fight the Battle of Waterloo at six o'clock, nor seven, nor eight, nor nine, nor ten, nor eleven. For all the night God sifted His rain down through the sieve of the trees and the ground was so soft Napoleon could not use his artillery, and he can not win the battle without his artillery. And Blucher did come at five o'clock, and Napoleon lost. Who sent the rain at Waterloo? Who sent the rain at Piave?

Job asks a very interesting question, "Hath the rain a father?" And the Book says, "Jehovah caused it to rain grievously upon the earth." "And Jehovah sent thunder, lightning and rain." "He maketh a deluge of rain." "The Lord God sendeth torrents of rain." One hundred two times the Book speaks of God's dealings and doings with the rain -- His rain.

Napoleon was right. "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions." Only Napoleon forgot that God stables His battalions in the skies. Napoleon, with a half million picked soldiers of France, started for Moscow. He will have Russia and the world. All of a sudden a snowflake kissed Napoleon's cheek. He laughs and brushes it off. And then a dozen snowflakes. Napoleon laughs again, but not so loud. And then handfuls of snowflakes, armsful -- avalanches of snowflakes. And men and horses flounder, and rear, and plunge, and sink, and die, beneath a mountain of snowflakes, and a half million French soldiers lie frozen on the plains of Russia and Napoleon lost. Who sent that snow storm? "He scattereth the hoar frost." "He sendeth the snow. Hath the snow a father? "He sayeth to the snow, Come bury the earth." "He sendeth fire, hail and snow." "Rain cometh down and snow from heaven." God unlatches the door of the skies and the earth is buried. Napoleon was right. God is on the side of the heaviest battalions, but God's battalions are stabled in the skies, and Napoleon lost. He forgot the sky battalion. Likewise, Germany.

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094 -- WHY GROUCHEE DID NOT COME TO NAPOLEON'S AID

From hdm0431, "God in History," by E. E. Helms

When Napoleon all but has Waterloo won, he cries "Oh, why doesn't Grouchee come?" Grouched He lay off yonder with thirty-five thousand of the picked soldiers of France. Napoleon sent him an urgent message to come. True, the messenger was captured and he never received the message, but for hours he heard the bombardment and knew the battle was on, and yet he did not move. His officers and general begged him to go, pleaded with him, besought him with tears, threatened him, but he did not move. He was twice tried by the French Council of War, and he was charged with having deliberately betrayed France and Napoleon. He denied it. He said he was a

true Frenchman and was loyal to Napoleon, but he said he could not explain why he didn't go. I know. God is the answer.

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095 -- NAPOLEON KNEW HIS TROOPS NEEDED TO BE FED IN ORDER TO FIGHT

From hdm0431, "God in History," by E. E. Helms

Germany learned the bitter truth uttered by Napoleon, "An army travels on its belly, and will not travel when that belly is empty."

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096 -- WHY NAPOLEON SLEPT ON THE BATTLEFIELD THAT NIGHT!

From hdm0990, "Restoration of Israel," by Lawrence B. Hicks

When Napoleon had marched against the Duke of Austria, and had come to the field of Marengo, he said, "I'll defeat the Austrian Duke here today!" All day long the battle raged and the cannons thundered and along toward eventide one of the marshals rode up and said, "Sir, you are going to have to retreat across the river, and wait for reinforcements to come up tomorrow then we will take the day." The "Little Corporal" stationed himself in the stirrup-seat and said, "You know it has always been my custom to sleep on the battlefield." The French marshal said, "But sir, you will not do it tonight! The Old Guard now can hardly hold back the hordes of Austria." Napoleon turned to a little waif that somebody had picked up off the streets of Paris and taught him the signals of the French army, in the day when they were given by drum-beat, and said to the little lad, "Beat a retreat!" With his little grimy face, bleeding with a saber cut across his right cheek, his little blue uniform all tattered and torn by explosion, he looked up with tears coursing down and said, "Sir, when you taught me the signals of the French army, you didn't teach me how to beat a retreat! But if you will give me leave to, I'll beat a charge, I'll beat it till dead Frenchmen will stir in their graves to fight for the Emperor!" The general said, "Beat that charge." The little boy fell onto his drum, and the wounded and dying raised up to cheer, "Vive! Empereur!" The Old Guard rallied! The other Frenchmen rallied! They swept the field before them, won the day! Napoleon slept on the battlefield. I suppose when they marched back down through Paris, to receive the ovation of the French nation, dressed in blue and gold that little drummer boy beat the cadence as they marched!

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097 -- WHAT WICKED NAPOLEON SAID IN FAVOR OF CHRIST

From hdm0499, "Gems of Truth," by W. G. Ketcheson

"I tell you Jesus was not a mere man; He commands us to believe, and gives no other reason than His awful word, I AM GOD! Philosophers try to solve the mysteries of the universe by

their empty dissertations; fools they are, like the infant that cried to have the moon for a play thing. Christ never hesitates. He speaks with authority; His religion is a mystery, but it subsists by His own force. He seeks, and absolutely requires the love of men, the most difficult thing in the world to obtain. Alexander conquered the world, but had few or no friends but myself. We have both founded empires -- But upon what? FORCE! Jesus founded His empire on love, and at this hour, millions would die for Him. I have inspired multitudes with such affection that they would die for me, but my presence was necessary. Now that I am in St. Helena (in exile), where are my friends? I am forgotten, soon to return to the earth and become food for worms. What an abyss between my misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, who is proclaimed, loved, adored and which is extending over all the earth. I tell you Jesus Christ is God!"

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098 -- WELLINGTON'S HEARSE MADE FROM NAPOLEON'S MELTED CANNONS

From hdm0499. "Gems of Truth," by W. G. Ketcheson

When Wellington was buried the hearse was especially constructed for the occasion; it was made from the melted cannons captured from Napoleon in the famous battle of Waterloo. This renowned vehicle weighed many tons, and was drawn by twelve black horses.

[In contrast to this, the Christian soldier's victories on earth will, as it were, be molded into chariots of fire taking that triumphant one vaulting into the sky to meet the Lord at His Return. -- DVM]

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099 -- MOSES REFUSED THE HONOR THAT NAPOLEON WOULD HAVE GRASPED

From hdm0511, "The Departed Lord," by George B. Kulp

Here is a man who is dead to the world, and those are the kind of people I am looking for. But how can one be dead to the world and yet get over on to the world's territory, enjoy the world's people, follow the world's fashions. Ungodly men and women are today setting the styles for the world, and professing Christians are changing their garbs at the behest of the devil's fashion makers. Dead to self. That is the last thing to die. The first temptation was an appeal to self. "Thou shalt be as God." And the thing took, and man fell. Few people today are saying, "Blot me out that Israel may live," like that man back there on the mount with God. No wonder God took him up to talk face to face with Him. Let me alone, said the Almighty One, and I will blot Israel out and make of thee a great and mighty nation. That promise would have won a Caesar, or a Napoleon, or an Alexander at once; but this man said, "Blot me out and let Israel live." He was dead to self. No wonder the Holy Ghost records he "was the meekest man on the face of the earth." But here is the truth, the eternal fact -- Self Must Die -- or we will die, and that eternally. The Apostle said, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.

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100 -- NAPOLEON'S REMORSE ON ST. HELENA LIKENED TO THE REMORSE IN HELL

From hdm0511, "The Departed Lord," by George B. Kulp

It is tormenting remorse forever; it is agonizing despair, forever; it is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, forever; it is outer darkness forever. Darkness so far away from the throne of God that the light never reaches it. I saw a picture representing Napoleon at St. Helena. He stands down by the seashore; his arms are folded; he is looking away across the waters towards La Belle France. I imagine he is thinking, "Over yonder I was the loved Emperor of a devoted people; I was on a throne supported by the love of France. An army moved at the command of my Generals. But I, led on by my cursed ambition, was not satisfied. I aimed at a dominion that meant Europe at my feet. I trampled on the bones and blood of my loyal friends to reach the goal -- and here I am, to die with my boots on, to live only as a memory in the days to come." So with the lost in hell. To look out as far as mind can carry them to think, "Once I lived on yonder earth, where I was a free moral agent. I might have been a king and priest unto God. I might have been a co-worker with the Son of God, with high heaven; but I loved sin, I loved the pleasures of the world, I loved to gratify the flesh. I said No to God, and here I am banished forever from God and heaven, and hope. Death would be a relief, but death never comes here; a coffin would be a welcome sight, but coffins are useless in hell. I am lost forever.

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101 -- NO RELIEF FOR NAPOLEON'S DRUMMER -- RELIEF FOR ALL THROUGH CHRIST

From hdm0512, "Truths That Transfigure," by George Brubaker Kulp

Oh, thank God, when you have a vision of the Cross you can face death, knowing that you are held in the hollow of His hands. To the child of God the cross of Jesus is an inspiration.

Here go the troops of Napoleon, Europe's chief butcher. The engineers told him there was no way across the Alps, and he said, "There shall be no Alps." He expressed a determination that no matter what it cost, he would scale the Alps, get to the other side, and down into sunny Italy he would carry the Lily of France. He made his boast good. He marches up the mountain side; he gets near the summit, and an avalanche starts. it comes rolling down the mountain side and, striking a little drummer boy, sends him hurling downwards. The little fellow holds on to his drum, until he stops at the ledge of rocks. The soldiers are marching by and they see what has happened. The little fellow has a heart cry, and he expresses it with his drum beat. Many a time has he beat that "relief call" for others; now he beats it for himself, but nobody comes. The hearts of the soldiers are touched, but they dare not move out of the ranks without orders from Napoleon, and he leaves the little fellow to die. What is one life to a man who sacrificed thousands of lives to gratify his ambition! Then the little fellow beats the death march, and it is his own death march. He knows that he is left to die. You and I were marching along life's pathway, and an avalanche of sin came tumbling down the mountain side, and rolled us down to where no human arm. could reach us. But the Christ of Calvary, the Christ of the Cross, He saw and "O amazing love, He flew to our relief."

"With pitying eyes, the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and O amazing love,
He ran to our relief;
Down from the shining courts above
With joyful haste lie sped,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead."

He drew us with the cords of a man. In our need He reached down -- until He reached us in our lost condition, and lifted us back and made us at one with God. This cross is to me an inspiration, for it tells me that the Christ who died thereon died in my stead, and in yours.

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102 -- NAPOLEON'S GLORY FADED -- THAT OF CHRIST FADETH NOT AWAY

From hdm0512, "Truths That Transfigure," by George Brubaker Kulp

Jesus was received up into glory. So shall we be some day. Moses prayed, "Show me thy glory." God answered that prayer, centuries afterward, on the Mount of Transfiguration. Hear it: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me shall be where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me." His glory! The glory that came to a Caesar, to a Napoleon, to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, all fades away; but you and I are to see His glory, the glory that made the angels hide their faces behind their wings, the glory that was so overwhelming that when Moses came down from the Mount his face shone, reflecting the glory of the Father; fadeless glory, eternal glory, not seen through a glass darkly, but face to face. When the three saw it in the Mount they were dazed, and knew not what they said; but up yonder we shall see His glory, with vision undimmed, and, walking in the light of an endless day, we shall go from glory to glory, and revel in the light and shine of the countenance of the Triune God forever.

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103 -- NAPOLEON SAID SOME COULD BELIEVE EVERYTHING BUT THE BIBLE

From hdm0524, "Nuggets of Gold," by George Brubaker Kulp

It is related of Napoleon, that When Marshal Duroc, an avowed infidel, was once telling a very improbable story, giving his opinion that it was true, the Emperor remarked: "There are some men capable of believing everything but the Bible."

This remark finds abundant illustrations in every age. There are men all about us, at the present day, who tell us they cannot believe the Bible; but their capabilities for believing everything which opposes the Word of God are enormous. The most fanciful speculations that bear against the Bible, pass with them for demonstrated facts. The greediness with which they devour

the most far-fetched stories -- the flimsiest arguments, if they only appear to militate against the Word of God, is astonishing.

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104 -- NAPOLEON CRIED OUT, "SOLDIERS, FOLLOW YOUR COMMANDER!"

From hdm0125, "Striking the Source," by Duane V. Maxey

Napoleon once rode ahead of his troops into a stream and cried out, "Soldiers, follow your commander!" If we observe Christ, and obey Him, we must go forward spiritually, for He ever leads us on. His command to us is: "Soldiers, follow your Commander!" If we lag behind, we can neither observe, nor obey Him. We should not fear to obey our Divine Leader, for He has promised: "I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron: and I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I, the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel." Isa 45:2-3

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105 -- NAPOLEON'S MORAL CHARACTER STAMPED WITH INORDINATE AMBITION

From hdm0485, "Common Sense in Religion," by George Asbury McLaughlin

Mankind estimate men from the standpoint of their moral character, no matter how great their gifts. In reviewing the lives of the great men of the world, the estimate is always based upon their moral character. Who thinks of the military genius of Napoleon without having loom up in the background of the picture his inordinate ambition that led him to seek his own selfish interests at the price of the blood of thousands? Who thinks of the talented Henry Clay without also calling to mind his assertion, "I had rather be right than to be president"? Who can think of Daniel Webster, with his colossal intellect, without a regret at his compromise of principle in his ambition to obtain the presidency?

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106 -- THE INDEFINABLE RADIATION OF NAPOLEON'S PERSONALITY

From hdm0396, "Achieving Faith," by Joseph Grant Morrison

"Personal influence is something more than words and looks, and is an indefinable radiation of soul stuff called personality, such as enabled Napoleon to walk with bared bosom up to the guns of the French soldiers sent by the king to arrest him, and to receive their surrender and homage."

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107 -- MOODY'S REFERENCE TO NAPOLEON'S "I WAS THERE" MEDAL

From hdm1669, "Selections From the May, 1999 American Holiness Journal"

Before sailing from New York a friend had advised him strongly not to miss meeting the missionary veteran, Dr. Duff, and also to see Dr. Guthrie's work in Edinburgh. Thither, therefore, Mr. Moody went, and while he failed in his special purpose he had the opportunity of speaking one night in the Free Assembly Hall and meeting several prominent religious leaders.

This trip was very helpful to Mr. Moody, and he never ceased to appreciate the associations then formed. In speaking at the annual breakfast of the Young Men's Christian Association in London shortly before returning to America he said:

"It has been my privilege to be in your city two months, and I have thought you were exalted to Heaven with privileges -- privileges so numerous that I pity a man who, without hope, goes down to death from the city of London. I have longed to see the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association. Far away in the western part of America I have often prayed for this Association, and my heart has been full this morning as I sat here listening to my friends and looking them in the face.

"I do not know that I shall ever have this privilege again; it is not likely that I shall; next month I return to my home, but I shall always remember this morning. It is said that Napoleon, after his army had accomplished a great victory, ordered a medal to be struck with these words: 'I was there' that was all. In after years when I am far away in the western prairies of America, and when May comes, I shall think that in 1867 'I was there,' and as the years roll on, if it shall be my privilege to meet in yonder City any that are here this morning, we may there sit down by the banks of the beautiful river of the water of life that flows from the throne of God and talk of this morning. It will give us pleasure then to think that we were together in the fight."

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108 -- LOWELL L. FOSTERS REFERENCE TO NAPOLEON'S "I WAS THERE" MEDAL

From hdm1685, "The Institute Bulletin, October, 1960"

It is said of Napoleon that he had a medal struck off, giving on one side an account of the battle; date, location, losses, and the winner. But on the other side just three words were found, "I was there." In later years, should a discussion arise as to details of the battle, one of the old soldiers, who had fought with Napoleon, would step forward, tell exactly what had happened and show the medal with the words imprinted, "I was there."

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109 -- WHO CARES ABOUT NAPOLEON?

From hdm1719, "Missionary Revivalist Selections From the July, 1962 Issue -- "Love," by J. T. Stickney

Who cares for Alexander the Great? The one that led his armies victorious over every country he knew; yet died in a drunken stupor, a victim of his own sin. Who cares about Caesar? The man a statesman, a literary man and a soldier. Who cares for Napoleon? The man that moved crowned heads, like checkers on a board. The man that changed national boundaries and built the structure for a great empire; once the tramp, tramp of his armies, brought terror to his opposing forces. These are all men of the past; leaving to us only a memory, having gone to their eternal resting place. Today I point to a Man from a mountainous country, raised in a small village, a carpenter, later a preacher; One that scarcely crossed the border of the small country where He was raised: One that died at the early age of 33 years, died a shameful death as a criminal; leaving behind a broken hearted mother and a group of frightened disciples and Himself a member of a despised race. Yet, He has been able to plant HIS love in the hearts of millions of folk, from every walk of life, in every race and in every nation. The love for HIM has caused folk to leave home ties, their loved ones, their homeland and go to a nation steeped in sin, ignorance and superstition. They will cross oceans, climb mountains, risk their lives in fever infested jungles, chance deadly animals and poisonous reptiles to tell the glorious story of Jesus and HIS love and of His power to save humanity, lost, away from God.

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110 -- THE END OF CHRIST'S PARADE BETTER THAN LEADING NAPOLEON'S

From hdm0724, "Symphonies of Praise," by Floyd William Nease

This may not appeal to the worldling, crazed with pleasure and gain, but the thought thrills my heart with an uncontrollable determination to be ready and watching when He comes. Titus may be laurel crowned as he passes under the triumphal arch; Caesar may be honored and feted as he returns with spoils from conquering the Gauls; Napoleon may be hailed as Emperor of all Europe; Washington may be named the Father of his country after the surrender of Cornwallis; Grant may gain the Presidency of the United States after his victory over Lee; Pershing may be declared the preserver of liberty and democracy of all time; but I envy none of these if I can but be counted worthy to march some place in the triumphal procession of our Christ when He shall come again!

A little boy stood watching a procession of the plumed knights of a renowned order pass by, lost in awe and joy. A minister noticing his enjoyment of it all stepped up to him and said, "That's a great procession, isn't it, laddie?" The boy's voice broke with enthusiasm. "Yes, indeed it is Mister. Do you see that fine looking big fellow over there marching with the others? Well, that's my brother." The minister asked him if he would like to be one of those marching in the procession of knights. The little fellow replied with eyes aglow that he would like nothing better in the world.

After the procession had passed the minister pressed more serious questions upon the lad asking him if he attended Sunday school and if he knew about the day when Christ with patriarchs, prophets and saints of all ages would march in glad procession before the throne of God. He asked

him if he would like to be a member of that parade when Abraham and Isaac, Moses and Elijah, David and Isaiah, Paul and John, together with all the martyrs, with banners waving and trumpets blasting should make their way with glad angels, singing into the City of the New Jerusalem.

The lad, all excited, again replied, "Yes, Mister, that will be a great parade. I reckon this parade is but a flea bite compared with what that will be." Then warming with enthusiasm he concluded, "I would rather be on the tail end of that procession than to lead in this parade today." That will be the greatest triumphal entry of all times; we cannot afford to miss it.

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111 -- NAPOLEONS "INVINCIBLES" AND CHRIST'S "INVINCIBLES"

From hdm0408, "Incidental Illustrations of the Economy of Salvation," by Phoebe Palmer

After the Captain of our salvation has put upon us the whole armor, it ought not to surprise us greatly that he should place us where we may be called to endure the fiercest fire of our opposers. With the shield of faith, the breastplate of righteousness, and the entire preparation of the gospel, what may we not endure? Did ever the hottest fire of the enemy penetrate through these? Never! Those who are thus equipped are not only conquerors, but more than conquerors. I have heard it said that Napoleon had a company of reserves, which he called "Invincibles." This company was made up of those who had signalized themselves by deeds of noble daring, and the signal honor of being chosen one of this corps, was regarded as an equivalent for the imminent jeopardy of life, many times over. This company of honored reserves, we are told, was only called out on occasions when more than ordinary bravery was in requisition. Do you not covet to be one of the Lord's Invincibles? I must confess I do. Then let us not shrink, though we may be placed where hard fighting may be demanded. Through our God we shall do valiantly. The Captain of our salvation goes out before us, and never did he lose a battle.

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112 -- NAPOLEON WAS NOT CONTENT WITH PAST VICTORIES

From hdm0919, "What Is Sanctification?," by Leslie Parrott

We are tempted to rest in past experiences.

We have put so much emphasis on the two crucial religious experiences that many have come to feel that sanctification is an end in itself. The complacent one prays, "Thank Thee, Lord, for completing all Thy work in my heart. I'll spend the rest of my life basking in Thy love." God does the cleansing work that we might be fit to enter the warfare against evil and for Christ.

Nor is there less guilt in resting on past victories. When a general reported a victory to Napoleon, he immediately asked, "What did you do the next day?" Our Christian life is progressive, with each past victory a mere steppingstone to greater successes. Don't be tempted by Satan to live in past experiences.

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113 -- NAPOLEON BUILT A ROAD WHERE IT LOOKED IMPOSSIBLE

From hdm0637, "Life of Lucius Bunyan Compton," by John C. Patty

[1 Samuel 27:10 And Achish said, WHITHER HAVE YE MADE A ROAD TODAY? And David said, Against the south of Judah, and against the south of the Jerahmeelites, and against the south of the Kenites.]

[Comments by Lucius Bunyan Compton] The of the features here is a magnificent roadway along the mountainside, built by Napoleon when traveling through France to Italy. This road is fifteen feet wide. If it were not there to prove its own existence, one could hardly believe such a highway could be made.

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114 -- SHE OBTAINED FROM NAPOLEON, MERCY FOR HER FATHER, NOT JUSTICE

From hdm0707, "Sin, The Tell-Tale," by William Edward Shepard

No one receives pardon from God except through Jesus Christ. "For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts 4:12)

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

So God for Christ's sake, pardons the penitent sinner.

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115 -- NAPOLEON RECOGNIZED THE VALIDITY OF A SUBSTITUTIONAL DEATH

From hdm0707, "Sin, The Tell-Tale," by William Edward Shepard

"In the time of Napoleon a man offered to serve in the army as a substitute for another who had been drafted. A battle took place and the substitute was killed. Later on, another draft was made, and they wanted a second time to take the man whose former substitute had been killed. 'No,' said he, 'you can't take me; I am dead. I was shot at such a battle.' They would not recognize his claim, and the matter was carried to Napoleon, who cleared the man on the ground that he was

exempt from service because the substitute had taken his place." So Christ is the substitute for all who will confess and forsake their sins and trust in Him for salvation.

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116 -- HOW GOD BUILT A WALL OF PROTECTION FROM NAPOLEON'S SOLDIERS

From hdm0924, "God's Never-Failing Promises," by Albert Sims

When Napoleon's army was marching through the country, a good Christian woman, a widow, with her bairns, was somewhat fearful lest the soldiers should molest the home; and that night, around the family altar, she breathed out her prayer, "Oh, God, build a wall around our home and protect us from the enemy. When the children retired, they were heard asking one of another, "What did mother mean asking God to build a wall around our home?" In the morning they knew, for a heavy wind and snowstorm had come, and snowdrifts were all around that little home; and the soldiers went by, not knowing the house was there.

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117 -- NAPOLEON SAW THE NEED OF CONSOLIDATING AUTHORITY

From hdm0895, "Story of My Life (Part A)," by William Taylor

[After all is said and done by a Committee, there is generally much more said than done! One person can often accomplish more alone than he can with several others hindering him with distracting alternate ways of doing the job. -- DVM]

Napoleon said, "One poor general in command is better than six good ones."

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118 -- THE MEN WHOM NAPOLEON COULD TRUST

From hdm0165, "Effective Illustrations," by W. M. Tidwell

Here is a story of the first Napoleon: The great battle was impending. The commander was inspecting his troops. Turning from a mass of undisciplined, inexperienced men before him, he said to one of his generals, "These men I know nothing about." Then, as his eye ran over a body of men who had been with him for a short time and knew something of march, bivouac, and battlefield, he said: "These men I think I can trust. Finally he turned to a division of troops who had been with him in all his campaigns. They were the veterans of his army. They had been baptized in blood and fire in many a fierce and deadly struggle. As they stood before him with set lips and stern countenances, ready and waiting for the onset of the coming battle, the great commander turned from them with a heart pulsating with pride and confidence, and said quietly to his officers, "These men I know I can trust."

How shall we become men and women whom God can trust?

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119 -- WHY THE SLEEPING SENTINEL HAD NOTHING TO FEAR

From hdm0233, "Choice Illustrations," by Earl C. Wolf

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."

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120 -- THE ONE RED SPOT NAPOLEON COULD NOT CONQUER

From hdm0233, "Choice Illustrations," by Earl C. Wolf

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."

[Thus might Satan say of Calvary: "If it were not for that red spot, I would have conquered the world!" -- DVM]

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121 -- NAPOLEON SEEN AS DEFEATED AFTER THEY GOT THE ENTIRE MESSAGE

From hdm1039, "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations, (Bac-Cur)," by Duane V. Maxey

It was June 18, 1815, the Battle of Waterloo. The French under the command of Napoleon were fighting the Allies (British, Dutch, and Germans) under the command of Wellington. The people of England depended on a system of signals to find out how the battle was going. One of these signal stations was on the tower of Winchester Cathedral. Late in the day it flashed the signal: "W-E-L-L-I-N-G-T-O-N- -- D-E-F-E-A-T-E-D- -."

Just at that moment one of those sudden English fog-clouds made it impossible to read the message. The news of defeat quickly spread throughout the city. The whole countryside was sad and gloomy when they heard the news that their country had lost the war.

Suddenly the fog lifted, and the remainder of the message could be read. The message had four words, not two. The complete message was: "W-E-L-L-I-N-G-T-O-N -- -D-E-F-E-A-T-E-D- - T-H-E- - -E-N-E-M-Y!" It took only a few minutes for the good news to spread. Sorrow was turned into joy, defeat was turned into victory!

So it was when Jesus was laid in the tomb on the first Good Friday afternoon. Hope had died even in the hearts of Jesus' most loyal friends. After the frightful crucifixion the fog of disappointment and misunderstanding had steeled in on the friends of Jesus. They had "read" only part of the Divine message: "Christ defeated." But when the entire message came through, they realized and rejoiced that "Christ defeated satan at Calvary, and rose again from the dead, eternally triumphant!"

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122 -- WHY DANNECKER DENIED NAPOLEON'S REQUEST

From hdm1039, "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations, (Bac-Cur)," by Duane V. Maxey

At one time Dannecker, the German sculptor of the colossal figure of the Savior, attracted the eye of Napoleon. "Come to Paris," said the Emperor, "and make me a statue of Venus for the Louvre."

"No," he replied, "A man who has seen Christ would commit sacrilege if he should employ his art in the carving of a pagan goddess. My art is henceforth a consecrated thing.

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A Second Version of the Above Story

In his early life, the great German sculptor Johann von Dannecker gained a reputation for his statues of Ariadne and the Greek goddesses. Approaching his prime, Dannecker felt he ought to devote all his strength and time to the creation of a masterpiece, so he set about to carve a figure of Christ. Twice he failed before he finally carved a statue so perfect that when people gazed upon it, they were moved to adore the Savior it portrayed. Years later, Napoleon sent for Dannecker and asked him to "make for me a statue of Venus for the Louvre." Dannecker refused, sending the French emperor this message: "Sir, the hands that carved the Christ can never again carve a heathen goddess."

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123 -- HE WOULD NOT KEEP A HAND BRANDED WITH NAPOLEON'S "N"!

From hdm1039, "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations, (Bac-Cur)," by Duane V. Maxey

When the soldiers of Napoleon's army were invading Russia, they came to a village from which all the inhabitants had fled except one man. He was a Russian peasant, a woodsman, and still carried his ax in his leather belt. When the French captain saw him he ordered him to be shot immediately. The soldiers fell in and leveled their guns, but the man did not seem afraid, looking fearlessly down the gun barrels. The French captain noticed this, and before the soldiers could pull their triggers, ordered them to lower their guns. He then ordered that the peasant's life should be spared. "But," said he, "we will put a mark on him. We will brand him." So the branding iron was brought out and placed in the fire. Then it was placed upon the Russian's hand. The man saw his own flesh burn and quiver, but he did not flinch or cry out. After the iron was removed the peasant saw the letter "N" branded on his palm.

"What is that?" he asked. "This is the letter 'N' and it stands for Napoleon; you belong to Napoleon now," replied the captain. For a moment the poor man did not know what to do or say. His pain was intense. Then an idea occurred to him. He had always been a loyal and patriotic Russian. Now was the time to show it, even in the presence of his enemies.

At once he placed his burned hand on something solid. The French soldiers looked on, laughing, and jeering at him. The brave man took the ax out of his belt, and swinging it high, brought it down with such might that he severed his own hand. "There," he said to the soldier, "the hand may belong to Napoleon, but I am a Russian. If I must die, I will die a Russian." -- Joseph D. Ryan

[This is an apt illustration for Mark 9:43 "And if thy hand offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched." -- DVM]

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124 -- A QUITE IDENTICAL DUPLICATE OF A PAINTING STOLEN BY NAPOLEON

From hdm1040, "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations, (Ign-Ove)," by Duane V. Maxey

In St. Peter's, Cologne, there are two pictures of the crucifixion of Peter, that stand side by side, and the existence of these two pictures is explained in this way:

In the beginning of the 19th century, when Napoleon came and ransacked the city, he robbed St. Peter's of one of those two pictures -- the original -- and took it away. While the first picture was taken away from the city, the artist, in the absence of the original, painted another picture. In time the original was restored, and the two were placed side by side. Experts now say that there is so little difference between the two pictures you cannot tell which is the original.

In the absence of the original, the artist painted another picture of Peter. Now, that is the glorious work of the Spirit. The Original is absent. Jesus is in heaven. But the Holy Spirit is here,

and He is the Master Artist. In the absence of the Original, He is painting the likeness of Jesus upon the unworthy canvas of your life and mine. May we be worthy copies of the Original! Conformed to His likeness! -- Herbert Lockyer

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125 -- WHY SEASONED VETERANS AND NEW RECRUITS DEFEATED NAPOLEON

From hdm0797, "Out of Darkness Into Light," by Asa Mahan

It is well known that at the battle of Waterloo a considerable portion of the army of the Duke of Wellington, as far as his home-troops were concerned, consisted of new recruits--volunteers, who had never seen war before. In all the home-regiments, such recruits were intermingled with old veterans of former campaigns. On the evening prior to the great battle, every such veteran, it is said, set about preparing his new associate for the coming conflict, assuring him that they had only to obey orders, and, under their great commander, victory was sure; that he had never lost a battle -- that his wisdom was fully adequate to every exigency that could occur; that he had fully calculated upon the resources at his command, and knew how to use them, so as to render success and the glory of their country a certainty.

I became acquainted, several years since, with one of those volunteers, then a venerable man, and a leading member of a church in the State of Ohio. At the time of the battle under consideration, he was but eighteen years of age; and at Quatre-Bras had slept, on the night after the bloody scene there, on the field, amid the dying and dead of both armies. At Waterloo his regiment occupied the center of the English line, and suffered more than almost any other on that day, he being one of four of a company of upwards of sixty that answered at the roll-call at the close of the day. "At one time, to open a passage for their cavalry into the hollow square where I stood," he remarked, "the front in which I was being eight deep, the French led up two cannon, and placing them hub to hub, fired two rounds before we could silence those guns. At each fire, every man on each side of the line where I stood fell, the gaps being instantly filled up, our line happening to be in the center of the range of those guns." "Did you not run?" I exclaimed. "We never thought of it," was the reply. "The only thought which possessed our minds was to 'do our duty,' and 'stand in the evil day.'"

Such are new recruits under the influence of the example and testimony and admonition of old veterans. Such should be the old soldiers to the young and new volunteers in "the army of the living God" and "the great Captain of our salvation." When this shall be the case, as ere long it will be, then indeed will "the weapons of our warfare be mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." As long as these new volunteers, and old soldiers, too, are taught, however, that they certainly will sin, they will, by their continuous lapses and backslidings, do little more than spend their religious lives in laying over and over again, "the foundation of repentance from dead works, and faith toward God."

Suppose that the old veterans at Waterloo, instead of teaching the young volunteers lessons of absolute obedience, and inspiring them with the assurance of victory under their great commander, had assured these new recruits, and that as from the Duke himself that no soldier,

since the first organisation of the English army, hath been able fully to obey the orders he receives, "but daily doth break them in thought, word, and deed," and that, in special crises, their fidelity always fails; that the obedience which each soldier purposes to render, he does not render, and the disobedience which he purposes to avoid, he perpetrates -- what kind of a battle would that under consideration have been? What would armies become, were they organised, disciplined, and made to act under the omnipresent influence of such a sentiment? Can the influence of the omnipresence of the same identical sentiment be less disastrous in "the army of the living God," under "the great Captain of our salvation?"

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THE END