

mother placed her hands upon the head of her little boy and told him to wait for Jesus, that he would take care of him. The poor mother died and was buried, and the poor boy having no home to go to went and sat down by his mother's grave, waiting for Jesus. He waited there all through the chill night. In the morning a man passing by that way asked him why he was staying there. "My mother's dead," replied the boy, "and she told me to wait for Jesus, that he would come and take care of me, and so I'm waiting for him." "You have not waited in vain," replied the man, "for Jesus sent me and I'm come to take care of you." The boy started up to go off with him, saying at the same time. "Well, you've been long a coming." Like that boy we may feel that Jesus is a long time coming, but he is coming nevertheless, and when he does come we will feel that all our toil and waiting have been repaid. Some people have asked me, does the work pay? I tell them it does pay. From one of the towns in which I labored not long since I received a letter from a young man whom I had induced to join a Young Men's Christian Association. In that letter he told me that he was on the point of death, that the doctor had told him he could not live twenty-four hours, and that with his latest breath he thanked me for having been the means of his conversion. I turned to the fly leaf of the letter, and found written on it a message from his attendant to the effect that the young man had died two hours after writing to me. When we gathered around the smoking ruins of our Association Hall in Chicago—a building that cost a quarter of a million of dollars, and on which there was only a small insurance—there were those there who asked "Does the work pay?" But the merchants of Chicago knew that it paid, and before night one hundred and twenty thousand dollars were raised to aid in its reconstruction. In this conflict we must not be content with holding our own, we must wage a war of aggression. When Gen. Grant met with a repulse in the Wilderness, he called his officers around him to consult what was to be done; but they were all speechless. The defeat of the day had shut their mouths, and so the conference broke up without any result. The generals went to their camps expecting an order to retreat. But they were mistaken. They were not long in receiving an order to "advance on the enemy at daylight in solid column." The time has come when we, too, must advance on the enemy in solid column. We must not be content with a revival every now and then; we must have a revival 365 days in the year. I have known men who believed in building carpeted and cushioned churches, and who thought that if men wanted to be saved they might go in there, and if they didn't, they might be lost. But that is not our policy. We must go into the by-ways and roadsides, and compel them to come in. Tell the story of the cross, and if you can't tell it as well as you'd like, tell it as well as you can. A little boy once said to his father "Pa, why is it that I never hear you speaking about Jesus?" "Oh!" says the father, "I'm established; I'm not puffed up with every wind of doctrine; I don't need to go about talking about Jesus; I'm established." As the boy said nothing, the father went off, thinking he had settled that question. Another day, however, they were out in the fields drawing in hay, when the horse got stuck in a hole. The father struck him and coaxed him, but to no purpose, he would not stir. They helped forward the wheels, and did all they could to help him forward, but there he stood as immovable as a rock. "I wonder what ails the horse?" said the father. "Oh!" said the boy, "I guess he's got established." In prosecuting our Master's work, we should never forget His gentle example. You can't scold the Gospel into any man. Once, when distributing tracts in Chicago, I found that a man was following me, leaving an infidel tract wherever I left a Christian one, and a copy of Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," wherever I left a copy of the New Testament. He was the keeper of one of those low saloons to be found in large cities. I went to him and asked him to send his children to