

## GERMS OF ILLUSTRATION.\*

*Without a parable spake He not unto them.*—Mark iv: 34.

**"You may consecrate an anvil, or desecrate a pulpit."**

**When Rev. Dr. Cutler, rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, lay a-dying,** his friends, anxious to catch some "last word," gathered around his bed and asked him some questions. The departing saint beckoned them all away, saying, *"I have said my say."*

**A missionary was telling a negro boy of Christ's love to man,** leading the lad's thoughts on through the various acts of healing and sympathy and mercy which Christ's ministry exhibited, till at last he told of the death on the cross, when the boy exclaimed: "It is exactly what I should have expected from Him."

**Professor Maury says of the Gulf Stream:** "In the greatest droughts it never fails, in the greatest floods it never runs over. Nowhere else in the world does there exist so majestic a current. It is more rapid than the Amazon, more impetuous than the Mississippi, and the collected waters of these two streams would not equal the thousandth fraction of the volume of water which it displaces."

**"I see two unquestionable facts:** First, my mother is greatly afflicted in circumstances, body, and mind, and yet I see that she cheerfully bears up under all by the support she derives from constantly retiring to her closet and her Bible; secondly, that she has a secret spring of comfort of which I know nothing; while I who give unbounded loose to my appetites and seek pleasure by every means, seldom, or never, find it. If, however, there be any such secret in religion, why may not I attain it as well as my mother? I will immediately seek it of God."—(Cecil's Remains, p. 6.)

**When the yellow fever was ravaging the city of New York, in 1822,** a large section of the city, known as the infected district, was deserted and barricaded. Though the inhabitants had fled, the cats still remained in their homes, and many of them would have starved to death had not an old colored woman, named Chloe, remained in the district and fed the cats with as much faithfulness as if they had been human beings. If this was not *philanthropy*, it was certainly near akin to it in spirit; and it is no wonder that a public subscription was made, and a portrait of this Florence Nightingale of the cats painted by the then most noted artist, Thomas Dunlop.

**A passenger, who had been looking with great interest at the "man at the wheel"** as he was directing the course of a steamboat through the windings of an intricate channel, said to him: "I suppose, sir, you are the pilot of this boat?" "Yes," replied the man at the wheel, "I have been a pilot on these waters for over thirty years." "Indeed!" continued the

inquirer: "you must, then, by this time, know every rock and bar and shoal on the whole coast!" "No, I don't; not by a long ways," said the pilot. "You don't!" responded the passenger, in great surprise: "what, then, do you know?" "I know," answered the pilot, with strong emphasis, *"I know where the deep water is."*

**One cold Christmas day a poor blind man** was playing on a violin and trying to earn a crust in one of the London streets; but, somehow, his tunes lacked the power to bring him any pence. There stood the blind man, cold and hungry, alone in his misery. Two gentlemen were passing, and stopped opposite the player, conversing a few minutes. One of them approached the player, and gently patting his back, said, "Won't the people give you any money?" "No," was the reply: "they won't open their windows; it is too cold." "Well, lend me your fiddle, and I will see if they will open for me." The speaker took the violin and played a tune, the like of which was never before heard and likely never to be heard again in a street. The windows opened as if by magic, and money was thrown out of them plentifully enough. The charmer, having accomplished his purpose, gathered up the money, and handing it to the blind player, said: "There, you can go home now; you have got sufficient to keep you for one day at least." It was Paganini. Is not this what Christ has done for the poor? Has not He opened hearts that otherwise would have remained forever closed?

**A poor man who had just buried his wife** was taking her little babe home to her relatives. The man was clad in humble attire; the crape on his hat told the story of his bereavement. The babe was sadly in want of attention, and the father could not stop its crying. The fellow-passengers on the train were evidently greatly annoyed by the child's crying; and the poor man wiped the great tears, first from the eyes of the infant and then from his own, but, despite all his efforts, it continued to cry, until an elegantly-dressed lady, whose own babe was in the arms of her nurse, went to the father and said, with motherly tenderness of tone, "Give me the child." The poor man gave into her outstretched arms his poor babe: its coarse and soiled robes rested for the first time on costly silks, its head disappeared under her shawl, and all was still. Like the Grecian daughter who, through the iron bars of the prison-door, fed her starving father, so did this high-born lady, from her own breast, feed this hungry child of poverty; and when its hunger was satisfied she put aside her shawl, and there the little one lay on her gentle bosom, in calm, sweet sleep, until her own child required her attention.

\* This page is under the editorial charge of the editor of the Book Department.