

I could make as good teachers out of wood as some of them are. They come in with no fire, no enthusiasm, never call a child by its name, or take any interest in it. They meet a child on the street, and do not bow to it. We are never going to win souls that way. We have got to throw the fire in; go about our work with enthusiasm, then we will be successful. During our war we had some generals whose names were worth more than five thousand men to fire up our army. When any of the boys heard that one of these generals was going to take command of their corps, cheer upon cheer would go up, they carried everything before them. I never read anything about Garibaldi but it rouses my enthusiasm. I do not always approve of his judgment, but I admire his enthusiasm; he sets me on fire. In 1867, going towards Rome, he was thrown into prison. He picked up his pen and wrote, "Let filthy Garibaidis be thrown into prison but let Rome be free." He did not care anything about Garibaldi, he was thinking about the cause. That is enthusiasm; that is what we want to be successful. When I was in Europe in 1867, a friend of mine said to me, "Go to Edinburgh and attend the General Assembly, and you will get fired up, it will pay you. Dr. Duff may speak." Well, I went to Edinburgh and stayed there a week, waiting to hear Dr. Duff speak. Then I went to get the speech which he delivered a year before and I found he had spoken for an hour and a half for India, and then fainted away. They carried him into the vestry and when he began to come to, he said, "Where am I? Oh, I remember now. I was speaking for India. Take me back and let me finish my speech." They said he would perhaps end his life. He said, "I shall die if I do not." The Assembly was going to break up that night, and he must have one more plea for India. So this intemperate minister, worn out with his toils in India, was brought back, leaning upon friends who supported him on the right and on the left. They led him back to the desk, and there, with trembling form, he closed his speech. "Friends," he said, "is it true that Scotland has no more sons to give to India? Fathers and mothers say there are diseases in India, and they do not want their sons to go. When Queen Victoria wants sons, there is a great rush to get commissions. They will let their sons go for the Queen, but not for the Lord Jesus. I have spent twenty-five years in India; I am an old man; my constitution is broken down, my health is a red. But, if it is true that Scotland has no more son for India; if you will announce it to-night, I will be off to-night; I will go and show the Indians that there is one old Scotchman ready to die for them." My friends, that is what I call enthusiasm. That is what you want—men who are willing to die if need be. May God take this miserable coldness away from the Church of God and set it on fire with enthusiasm. There is a story that, in the ninth century, a young general came up with an army of five hundred men to attack thirty thousand. When the king, who commanded the thirty thousand, heard about this, he sent a message to the general, saying, "If you will surrender I will treat you kindly; I will spare all your men." The man with the five hundred soldiers heard the messenger through, then called one of his private soldiers and said, "Drive that knife into your heart." The soldiers did so, and fell dead. He called another and said, "Leap into that chasin," and it was done. Then turning to the messenger, he said, "Tell your king I have got five hundred men like that! Tell your king we die but never surrender. Tell him I will have him chained with my dogs." That message struck terror to the king's heart. His army fled like chaff before the

wind. They could not stand before that man. The king was taken, and in forty-eight hours he was chained with the dogs. That is the kind of enthusiasm we want, willing to die if need be. Another thing we must have is love for the work. If a man takes it up professionally, he is going to break down. If I had not love for my work, I would rather saw wood or break stones, or sweep the streets. If a man takes to the work because it is his duty and not from love, he will not get on, and I believe the reason why many fail is because they have not the right motive, the love for God and for souls, the desire to win them for Christ. It is very easy to win a person when they know that love is the motive. How the barriers fall away when they know that. How easy it is to turn them to the Lord Jesus Christ. A man may be a good doctor and have no love for his patients; a man may be a good lawyer and have no love for his clients; a good merchant, and have no love for his customers; but it is impossible to be a successful worker for Christ and have no love for souls. I have heard people say, "Our minister is not blessed in his work, yet he preaches such good sermons." It may be that there is not love behind his work. It is so easy to work with love for the motive. It is not hard for a mother to watch over her sick child. It might be hard to watch over some one else; it is not hard to do it for her own—and love is the motive. People say to me, you ought to drop that and talk about duty. I have got a widowed mother in Connecticut, nearly eighty years old. Suppose I went to her and said, "Mother, when I was a little boy you used to watch over me, and now you are getting old, I think it is my duty to give you a token of my love." I think my mother would say, "My boy, you had better keep it, if it is just out of a sense of duty. Your mothers, your wives know what this means. You want love; if you cannot have love, nothing else can take its place. What Jesus wants is love. If love is the motive it is easy to work for Him. I get so disgusted with Christians of this century talking about the hardships of the work. Some of them ask me if I do not find it hard to do so much work. Why, it seems to me it takes a thousand Christians to make one decent one. I never read about Paul that I do not feel ashamed of myself. Why, his little finger was worth more than most of us. Talking about what we endure! We ought to go and hide our heads. Go and stand beside Paul after he had been beaten four times by the Jews. We do not realize what that means. They would bind the wrists together and strip the back bare and beat it with a sharp piece of steel that cut clear to the bone. Men often died under it. Stand there beside Paul when he had been scourged four times and was going to suffer it again. Supposed you asked him, 'Paul, what are you going to do about it?' What would he have answered? 'Do?—why, I will just press towards the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' 'Well, had not you better go down into Arabia until this excitement dies out; and then, in a few years, when the Jews have forgotten all about you, come back, and be a little moderate. Do not preach so much about Jesus Christ, about His resurrection, and sitting on the Throne; the Jews do not like to hear that.' What would Paul have said to that? 'I press towards the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Do not think a few stripes are going to hurt me.' It was not hard for him. He just gloried in it; he was suffering for Christ's sake. You can see him rejoicing even in his calamity. If a man were to be lashed once in those days they would make a martyr of him; his life would be published all over the country. But Paul speaks of his floggings as a