

eyes beamed with love, her lips were parted to breathe messages of love, her touch thrilled you with love. Whenever I think of "Old Rosie" the sun always shines, the skies are the deepest blue. There is the song of the cuckoo and the ringing music of the lark and the piping of the thrush and black-bird and every bird that sings when I think of her. The primroses that grow near the hedge, the little peeping violets, the honeysuckle, the foxglove on the banks of the forest and every flower that blooms is at its sweetest when I think of her. We lads and maids never knew her except to call her "Old Rosie."

'Down three fields I will take you to her—come with me. Whenever I think of those fields they are always golden with the buttercups and silver with the daisies, and there where it sloped away to a marshy bed were the daffodils nodding their golden heads in the soft South wind. Because it was Sunday the horses came out and laid their heads on the top bar gate too tired to swing their tails to drive the flies away.

'There stood three little houses—the one in the middle was smaller than the others, it seemed to be squeezed in and stood a little farther back, and it always seemed to me like the little lad of six who said, "Please, may I come in here—I am very little and I won't be in anybody's way, you know." The place was not big enough to have a garden, and yet roses and jessamine grew about it and around the roof there were all sorts of wonderful wild flowers. It was not big enough to have a window either side of the door, but had a single pane of glass just above the door which just brought the light of the blue sky down upon you. There was no use knocking at the door, for there was nobody there to open it if you did. You put your finger through a round hole and lifted up a little wooden latch, or if you liked you might take hold of the latch-string and pull it, but you must be grown up to do that—the little children were too small. Then you would go up about six steep stairs, and there, propped up with her pillows, I would see her sitting. Always in bed, with a little white cap on her head, her face was like a picture set in a frame. One little white curl crept out and lay upon her rosy cheek.

"Come in, come in," she would say. In we would troop, my father, mother, three girls and myself. I was put down on a little stool near "Old Rosie," where she could hold my hand. We always sang the same hymn, same tune, "Rock of Ages." "Old Rosie" said, "The little lad can sing that." Then my father read a chapter, always the same chapter, 103rd Psalm, partly because it was his favorite, but mostly because it was "Old Rosie's" favorite, and then she prayed and before he pronounced the benediction "Old Rosie" prayed. I did not like her prayer a bit. I wished she would not pray that prayer. With her face upturned, her parted lips, her eyes aglow, her hand uplifted, this is what she would say, "God bless the little lad, bless him now and please, Lord, do make him a preacher, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen." I did not want to be a preacher, I wanted to be a doctor. I was but six years old. I waited until I got outside and then I said, "I won't be a preacher."

'One day we had been to see her and as we were coming away she held my hand and kissed me tenderly. "Good-bye," said she. "Good-bye, dear 'Old Rosie,'" said I. They were going, and I was quite frightened at being left behind. "Good-bye," she said and held my little hand. Then the tears came streaming down her face and she said, "I suppose I shall never see you any more." "Why not?" said I—my heart was on fire for an instant.

'The first great gold fever had broken out in this America of yours in 1848 or '9 and everybody was making his fortune, and everybody

with whom "Old Rosie" had lived had gone and left her. "Old Rosie" must go to the workhouse.

'You don't know what the workhouse is, and thank God. We have not a parish in England that hasn't its workhouse. I knew the outside of the workhouse—people said that was the best side to know. It was covered with blue slate and always looked blue. I wanted to have a free kick at the universe to think that that was where "Old Rosie" was going. It took a good deal to spoil my appetite, but that day it was. My elbows were on the table, (where they should not have been), but the knuckles were wanted to keep back the horrid tears that would come creeping down my cheeks. I cried myself to sleep that night and woke up in the morning crying and then I washed the marks away and began to cry again. Then I had to go to school and learn English history, but there was only one character in the history to me and that was the dear old soul who was up in a little room. Then I took up my Latin grammar, and all I could do was to put my hands behind my back and say, "Rosa, Rose, Rosie." It was all form and at last when the clock struck twelve I bounded home and said to my father, "Is she gone?" My father smiled.

'Oh, I did not like to smile, I hated the sun for shining. I hated the birds that chirped, I hated the flowers that bloomed and the people that went laughing and talking about the streets. How dare they, as if there was nothing dreadful in the world, and there "Old Rosie" was going to the workhouse? I wanted to die then. "Why my lad," said my father, "it's all right, everything is all right," (and everything was so dreadfully wrong), "she has gone home."

'I said, "Home! you know she had no home to go to but the workhouse."

"It is all right my lad," said he. "They went this morning to call her, 'Rosie, Rosie!' and she did not answer, and they came near her and touched her. 'Rosie,' they said, but she was dead. But no," said my father, "she is not dead, my boy. God sent his angels and took her, took her home to the Father's house." And I loved God for taking "Old Rosie" home, and thought how beautiful it was that she was not up there in the workhouse in her suit of blue, but she was up there in the Father's house all white-robed and golden-crowned, and I thought I heard her singing amongst the angels of Heaven, for Heaven was but such a little way off in those days. I waited till everybody was out of sight and then I said, "Praise God, I don't care so much now if I am a preacher, if it will make 'Old Rosie' happy." So I came to think I should be a preacher some day, and now I want you, as you sit and as you think of each one of your old folks at home, to join with me in singing the old hymn, to that old tune of long ago, "Rock of Ages."

'And as we think (not sadly) we must go to meet those who have gone before, our loved ones, let us sing very softly the last verse.

Mr. Pearce's view of holiness is that it makes husbands come home early to their waiting wives and tea, workingmen give the lion's share of their wages to their wives on Saturday night, and everybody tender to little children, compassionate to the prodigal, and lovingly ministrant to the aged, the sick, and the dying. In a word, it is the homely commonplace virtues upon which the emphasis of his preaching falls. His is not a strenuous religion of agitation and reform, but a gentle ministry of comfort and good-will. This was shown in another Chicago address when he said:

'I remember when I was a little lad I used to go to the homes of some of our people. They were great old cottages, with big fireplaces and mantels and upon the mantel-piece could be seen an ornament. This ornament was a

young gentleman with golden hair, tied up with blue ribbons, with a flower-covered waistcoat and silk breeches and stockings. He leaned up against a green tree that had a brown trunk, and three white sheep stood nearby. At the bottom was the title, "The Shepherd," and I said to myself, "What a funny Shepherd." Most of us are apt to make an ornament of Christ, the great Shepherd, and to hold him up only for Sunday use. He is a man of life, a man who can go after lost sheep. Make him real, make him real, dear friends.

'Then the next mistake was the three white sheep. I knew that sheep were dirty, greasy things, that had no poetry in them. We think that the blessed Lord Jesus has come into this world to save sinners, but some think he has come to save beautiful sinners, sinners that come to church. I often hear folks talk about the Lord's dear people. Did you ever see them? I have, just once, and never want to see them again. Where are they? On a church window, with their hands clasped, face upturned and sweet smiles on their faces, and dressed beautifully. They have no flesh or blood in them. Christ is a Saviour of real men and women and came to save sinners. Christ never called himself the Carpenter.

'I have said to myself, "What is it about the shepherd that made it so dear to the heart of the Lord Jesus?" The first is possession—I know my own and my own know me—ownership. Then comes ministry. The nearest thing to a mother amongst men is the shepherd. The shepherd is all tenderness and ministry. Christ could hardly be called "Mother," so he called himself the "Shepherd." He mothers the lambs.

'I have often been wandering over the Scotch hills and away from the haunts of men, but I always find one man, he is the shepherd. So we ought always to have our Shepherd with us. Some say he is up in Heaven. He is no good to me if I cannot always have him near. Bring him down.'

'Some years ago in Scotland far away up amongst the hills on one Sunday I was going towards the Presbyterian church and there were shepherds gathered outside the church, shepherds with blankets tied about them. Up came the minister and said to me, "You preach to my people to-day." I said, "With all my heart." Taking up the Bible I asked, "What shall I preach about?" "Well," said he, "don't preach about sheep, because these fellows know all about them, and if you make a mistake they will catch you." I said, "Bless the Lord, I am not afraid of making mistakes! The man who never made a mistake never made anything. Don't you think if the Lord Jesus Christ were here to talk he would talk about sheep?" I went in and told them just what the minister had said. I then took up the 23rd Psalm and when I had finished my service one of these shepherds came to me and said, "I would like to tell you a story." I said, "I would love to hear it."

'Well, it was about a dear little shepherd lad. One day a minister climbed up among the hills and finally reached the little lad and sat down by his side. He said to the boy, "Do you know the 23rd Psalm?" He said that he knew it quite well. "Well," he said, "there are just five words in it, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and there is one of those words which you can say, and if you can say it you can say all, that word is "my." I want you to put your finger on this one so, and both hands on your heart and say, "The Lord is my Shepherd." The little lad did so and the minister prayed with him and went his way. A few days after the minister climbed the hills and knocked at the door of the little hut where the lad lived and inquired for him, but the little lad was dead. The dear lady drew back the sheet and there were his little fingers all