

## THE CRIPPLED CIGARMAKER.

**I**N one of the most densely populated parts of New York city there once lived a crippled cigarmaker known as Fred. He was in poverty and wretchedness, the pitiable object of some of his companions in distress, but more often the subject of their ridicule and scorn, on account of his infirmity. Lamé on both feet, he hobbled and shuffled along on two stout hickory canes, the observed, and the butt of passers by on the street. Sensitiveness about his deformity, made more so by the comments and stares of the crowd, caused him to avoid as much as possible appearing on the streets, and to shun the companionship of his fellows by seeking the solitude and seclusion of his room, and to make cigars for his living.

But God had better things in store for the crippled cigarmaker in the rich provision of His love and grace. After a while he left the crowded city to go to a factory in a more retired spot in New York State to work at his trade. While there he heard the gospel preached by a servant of the Lord, and then, for the very first time in all his life, he realized that God loved him. Yes, loved poor crippled Fred, the despised cigarmaker, for had not the Lord Himself declared it? Yes, he heard it, and saw it, and read it in John iii. 16; "*For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that who-*