

that is wet with the dews of the Holy Ghost. Oh! I am so sorry for people, for the theologians, whose opinions have stopped budding and pushing out tender green! How heaven will thrill them, like spring singing through the branches of a bleak and naked oak.

And then there is one distressing thing about preaching: we always know that we are only preaching half truth. We do not get to the end of the truth. We finger the flesh and sometimes get down to the bones, but the marrow! We preachers are one-idea people: that is why we preach ourselves out so soon. We all stand just where the woman in Elisha's miracle stood. "What hast thou in the house? Nothing but one pot of oil;" and Elisha told her to fetch that. And that is the word of comfort for us. And we *will* fetch it. If we have hold of only the fragment of an idea, we will push it. If our one pot is only half full of the oil of truth and of the wine of the mind of God, we will bring it and hold it forth; only may the dear God fill it to the brim, till it shall run over and fill all the vessels of all our neighbors, to the saving of the house and the rescue of the sons.

And now, this idea thus variously illustrated, let us hold aloft as a burning and glowing torch, as we tramp through the intricacies and embarrassments of our lame and fragmentary life. Every day we will fall upon our faces before God, deploring our sins; but every day we will also stand upon our feet before Him, counting the talents He *has* given, thankfully numbering the few loaves and the little fishes that *are* in our basket, and looking gratefully into His face across the one oil-pot that *does* stand in the storehouse. If we have got a little hope, or a little love, why, we will set it out and let water and sunbeams wash, feed, and brighten it. The man who said, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief," had the true philosophy of the matter. He felt the germ-power there is in a little faith. It was of purpose that Christ likened the little faith to a mustard-seed—small, to

be sure, but vital—waiting for time and summer to make of it a tree that the birds can lodge and sing in. Then as to our diminutive powers and opportunities for helping men. There is danger of an excess of modesty in the matter. "What is that among so many?" thought the disciples.

I heard a thrilling story a couple of weeks ago, of a clergyman, now a power in New York City, who, without a moment for preparation, was suddenly called up to preach to a large congregation. The only verse from the whole Bible that he could think of on the instant, was this: "Who is on the Lord's side?" and he preached on it. "The weakest effort I ever made," he thought to himself, as he sat down. A while ago a Christian brother accosted him: "Dr. So-and-so, do you know that every time I see you I want to throw my arms around you?" "Why so?" "Do you remember the sermon you preached thirty years ago, down in such a church, from the text, 'Who is on the Lord's side?'" "Well I do," said the Doctor. "Dear brother," said he, "I took my stand on the Lord's side that night, and I have been standing there ever since!"

Oh, my friends, the power even of bird-shot when it is the Lord that holds the musket! Perhaps you have a great mind; perhaps you have an eloquent tongue; it may be you have a large purse and can glorify God and bless mankind with that. But, perhaps you have nothing in all the world but a kind, sweet smile: then let that fall upon some poor life that has no smiles in it. Remember that a dewdrop glistening in the sun is just as beautiful as a rainbow. Perhaps you have nothing but a tear of sympathy: then water the arid soil of some poor parched soul with that drop. Bethink yourself how much hidden life has sprung into verdure at the moistening of the Lord's tears at Bethany. Let us uncover our baskets and, over the *few little* fishes that are in it, bless the Lord for His great goodness unto us: and let us bring out from its hiding-place our one solitary cruse, and let the Spirit of God seize