

LOST!

By D. L. MOODY.

I WAS in an eye infirmary at Chicago, on the Sabbath before the great fire. A mother brought her little baby to the doctor—a child only a few months old—and she wanted the doctor to look at the child's eyes. He did so, and he said to the mother, "Your child is blind; it will never see again; you have neglected it. If you had brought it here three days ago I could have saved the sight." The moment the doctor said that, the mother pressed the little child to her bosom, and there was a wail that came from that mother that broke my heart. I wept, the doctor wept; we could not help but weep. She pressed her child to her bosom. "My darling," she said, "are you never to see the mother that gave you birth? My child! my child!" It was a sight that would move almost any heart. But what is the loss of sight compared with the loss of a soul? I would rather a thousand times have these eyes dug out of my head, and go through the world blind, than lose my soul. I have a son, and no one but God knows how I love him, but I would see those beautiful eyes dug out of his head to-night rather than see him grow up to manhood and go down to the grave without Christ and without hope. The loss of a soul! Christ knew what it meant. That is what brought Him from the bosom of the Father; that is what brought Him from the throne; that is what brought Him to Calvary. The Son of God was in earnest. When He died on Calvary it was to save a lost world; it was to save your soul and mine.

THE LOSS OF A CHILD.

A friend of mine in Chicago took his children out one beautiful day in the summer. They were the children of a large Sabbath-school, and they were to have a day in the country. There was a little boy on the platform of the railway-station, and by some mistake he fell down under the wheels, and the whole train passed over him. The train went back, and the body was found so mangled that the superintendent had to take off his coat to tie up the mangled corpse. He left it at the station, and, taking two of the teachers with him, went to the house of the parents. (The little boy was an only one.) When they got to the house, one said to the others, "You go in." "No, I can't," was the reply. The superintendent wanted the teachers to go in, because he thought the parents would blame him; but the teachers refused to go. So the superintendent went in. He found the parents in the dining-room at dinner. He called the father out, thinking that he would tell the father first, that he might break the news to the mother. Taking him into another room, he said, "I have sad news to tell you; your little Jemmie has got run over." The father turned deadly pale. "Is he dead?" he asked. "Yes, sir, he is dead." Then the father rushed into the dining-room, and, instead of breaking the news gently to his wife, he cried out like a madman, "Dead, dead!" The mother said, "Who?" "Our little Jemmie." Said the young man who told it me the next day, "I cannot tell you what I suffered when that mother came rushing out to me, and said, 'Where is my boy? Where are his remains? Take me to them, that I may see him.' I told the mother that the body was so mangled that she could not identify it; and she fainted away at my feet." Said he, "Moody, I would not be the messenger of such tidings as that again if you would give me all Chicago." There is not a mother or a father in this hall but would say it is terrible to lose a beautiful child like that, to have it swept away so suddenly. Well, it is terrible, but, my friend, what is that in comparison with the loss of the soul?

A MORE TERRIBLE LOSS.

Suppose that child had grown up to manhood, and had died a drunkard, and gone down to a drunkard's grave? See the hundreds and thousands in London reeling their way down, not only to the drunkard's grave, but to the drunkard's hell. I tell you, my friend, I would rather have a train a hundred miles long run over my boy, so that I could not find a speck of his body—I would rather have him die in early childhood, than have him grow up to manhood, and die without God and without hope. It is terrible for a man to die outside the ark. It is a terrible thing for a man to die without hope and without mercy, especially in this Gospel land, where he is exalted to heaven with privilege, where the Gospel is proclaimed

faithfully from Sunday to Sunday—yea, from day to day, and one might say from hour to hour. Through the length and breadth of this great city the Gospel has been proclaimed as faithfully, and perhaps more faithfully, than in any other city in the world. London, I say, is exalted to heaven with privileges, and it is a sad thing indeed that a man should go to hell from London, for then he goes down in the full blaze of the Gospel. He goes down from a Gospel land. He goes down to hell from a land where he has heard the glorious tidings of Christ and Him crucified. Yes; you say it is very sad to see a child like that swept away, or to see a little child lose its sight. You say it is very sad to see a man lose his wealth and become poor. It is very sad to see a man lose his reputation. But, my friends, bear in mind there is hope. A man can come to Christ if he has lost his reputation and his character. Christ will "receive" men who have not got any reputation; Christ will "receive" men who have not got any character; and they may have a seat in the kingdom of God. But if a man dies without God, then there is no hope. You go to the grave and weep over it, and when the morning of resurrection shall come that man will rise to everlasting shame and contempt. The Star of Bethlehem will not shine over that grave. Oh, my friends, let us wake up, and let us haste to the rescue. Let us, as fathers and mothers, see that our children are brought into the Ark, that they are saved, that they are gathered early into the fold of Christ.—From "Mr. Moody's London Discourses." London: James Clarke and Co.

THE CHILD'S ASPIRATION.

A TRUE STORY.

Within a deep piazza's shade
At sunset once a young boy strayed
To gaze upon the sky,
While from the garden 'neath him, clear,
Came wafted to his listening ear
A plaintive melody.

His old black nurse was singing shrill, "My spirit pants for thee;
When, oh thou city of my God, thy glories shall I see!"

The west with burning blushes glowed,
And when a storm-cloud, parting, showed
Rich gleams of saffron light,
The boy half deemed that heaven's own door
Had opened, and the golden floor,
Was breaking on his sight;

And as within his childish heart he thither longed to flee,
The voice sang on, "Jerusalem! my soul still pants for thee."

The grave-eyed child unconscious sighed;
Then running to his mother, cried,
"I wish that death would come,
And bear me straight to heaven away!"
"Dear love, would you no longer stay
In this your happy home?"

"Ah yes, but still I want to die, for nurse oft tells to me,
That children through the pearly gates find entrance sure and free.

"No, wait, my child," the mother said,
And on his head her fond hand laid.

"Wait, love, till God shall call,
But may you, when your course is run,
Look back on duty nobly done,
E'en like the aged Paul.

'A crown of righteousness,' he saith, 'is waiting' Lord for me,
And not for me alone—for all—who love and follow Thee,"

"I too will love him," cried the child,
"Amen!" the mother said and smiled,
Then dropped a quiet tear
Upon her boy's fair open brow,
While rising shrilly from below,
And floating on the air,

That strange sweet song was heard again, "My soul still pants for thee;
Soon, oh thou city of my God, thy glories I shall see."

BEATRICE ALSAGER JORDAN.