

snake's tooth than in the heart of woman for a fallen sister. If she, sinking in the deep waters, reaches out and grasps the Rock for safety, go and stamp upon her fingers till she let go. Let her sink. But Christ says, "Go, and sin no more." Some time ago, in my audience, I saw a man weeping as the services were closing, and went up and spoke to him. "O," said he, "there's no hope for me. I am a captive of strong drink. I came here hoping you might help me, but there's no hope. If I should mention my name you would know me. [He was a lawyer of eminence, the head of the legal profession in Illinois.] On my way here I sat by a man in the railroad car. He took out a flask and invited me to drink. The old appetite came back. I seemed to see fiery tongues coming out of the flask, and hear them saying, 'Drink me! Drink me!' I arose and got out of the car, and stood on the platform. It seemed as if I was pursued by the demon of Drink. I came near leaping from the car, but it was running at a fearful rate, and I dare not. O, sir, there's no hope." Yes there is, I said; God can help you, and He will. After prayer, I took him to a drug store, and purchased something to quiet his nerves. We shook hands alone on the street corner in the gaslight, after I had commended him to God. A few days after, I received a letter from him, enclosing the trifle expended, and stating that he had not used it—had not needed it. God's grace had taken away the appetite for drink. O, the mercy of God, it is high as heaven, deep as hell, and broad as eternity!

Again. The statutes of the Lord are right in their effects. Flowers are always beautiful, whether for burial or bridal. So were the truths of God's Word, beautiful in the hour of joy and in the hour of mourning. Beautiful in life and in death. The Bible is the softest pillow for the dying head—softer than the down of angels' wings. When I die I want no other pillow than my mother's Bible. CHRISTMAS EVANS, that grand old Welsh preacher, on his dying bed had a fit of rapture, in which he thought his bed was a chariot. The friends standing at the head were the steeds, those at the feet his charioteers. Raising himself in the bed and waving his hand, he shouted, "Drive on!" A young man falling asleep with his heart pillowed on the word of God was aroused by the sobs of his mother some time after he had become unconscious. "Why did you call me back?" said he, "I was half way up the stairs." Put this Bible on the table, in the home circle, and it becomes a power. It dries up the poisonous streams of polygamy and divorce. It divides human sorrow, and multiplies human joy. What is needed is the Bible in the counting-house. What is wrong with Wall Street? It wants more Bible. Men need to learn that a dishonest dollar can never be buried. You may dig down deep and pile upon it rocks and mountains, but it won't stay down. What is wanted is the Bible in all our public institutions. Palsied forever be the hand that would drive it out of our public schools. Educate the head only, and you make an infidel; educate the heart only, and you have a fanatic; educate both and you have the Christian. Take this Bible into your homes, your hearts, and your lives. Young people, take this Bible home, open it on your chair, and kneel before it reading, and beseeching God's bless-