ELIJAH'S PLEA.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon

"Let it be known that I have done all these things at thy word."—1. Kings 18: 36.

The acts of Elijah were very singular. It had not been known from the foundations of the earth that a man should shut up the doors of the rain for the space of three years. Yet Elijah suddenly leaped upon the scene, announced the judgment of the Lord, and then disappeared for a time. When he reappears at the bidding of God, he orders Ahab to gather the priests of Baal; and to put to the test the question as to whether Baal or Jehovah was indeed God. Bullocks shall be slain and laid upon the wood with outfire; and the God who shall answer by fire shall be determinded to be the one living and true God, the God of Israel. We might question within ourselves what right the prophet had to restrain the clouds, or to put God's honor under test. Suppose the Lord had not willed to answer him by fire; had he any right to make the glory of God hang upon such terms as he proposed? The answer is that he had done all these things according to God's word. It were, indeed an atrocious thing to send a servant on an errand, and, when he faithfully performed it to be the letter, to repudiate your sending him. It is not so with God. If we w[illegible] only so trust Him as to do as He bids us, He will never fail us; but He will see us through, though earth and hell should stand in the way.

It seems to me that Elijah's plea is to obedient saints a firm ground for prayer, and to those who cannot say that they have acted according to God's Word, it is a solemn matter for question.

I. To begin with, this is a firm ground for prayer. You are a minister of God, or a worker in the cause of Christ, and you go forth and preach the Gospel with many tears and prayers, and you continue to use all means, such as Christ has ordained: do you say to yourself, "May I expect to have fruit of all this?" Of course you may. You are not sent on a frivolous errand; you are not bidden to sow dead seed that will never spring up. But when that anxiety weighs heavily upon your heart, go you to the mercy-seat with this as one of your arguments, "Lord, I have done according to thy Word. Now let it be seen that it is even so. I have preached thy Word, and Thou hast said, 'It shall not return unto me void.' I have prayed for these people, and Thou hast said, 'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much;' let it be seen that this is according to thy Word."

Or, if you are a teacher, you can say, "I brought my children in supplication before Thee, and I have gone forth, after studying thy Word, to teach them, to the best of my ability, the way of salvation. Now, Lord, I claim it of thy truth that Thou shouldst justify my teaching, and my expectation, by giving me to see the souls of my children saved by Thee, through Jesus Christ, thy Son." Do you not see that you have a good argument, if the Lord has set you to do this work? He has, as it were, bound Himself by that very fact to support you in the doing of it; and if you, with holy diligence and carefulness, do all these things according to His Word, then you may come with certainty to the throne of glory, and say unto Him, "Do as Thou hast said." You may plead in this fashion with the same boldness which made Elias say in the presence of all the people, "Let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel, and that I have done all these things at thy word."

Next, I would apply this teaching to a whole church. I am afraid many churches of Christ are not prospering. The congregations are thin, the church is diminishing, the prayer-meeting scantily attended, spiritual life low. If I can conceive of a church in such a condition which, nevertheless, can say to God, "We have done all these things at thy word," I should expect to see that church soon revived in answer to prayer. The reason why some churches do not prosper is, because they have not done according to God's Word. They have not even cared to know what God's Word says. Another book is their standard. A man—is there leader and legislator, instead of the inspired Word of God. Some churches are doing little or nothing for the conversion of sinners. But any man, in any church, who can go before God, and say, "Lord, we have had among us the preaching of the Gospel: and we have earnestly prayed for the blessing; we have gathered about thy minister, and we have held him up in the arms of prayer and faith; we have, as individual Christians, sought out each one his particular service, we have gone forth, each one to bring in souls to Thee, and we have lived in godliness of life by the help of thy grace, now, therefore prosper thy cause," shall find it a good plea. Real prosperity must come to any church that walks according to Christ's rules, obeys Christ's teaching, and is filled with Christ's Spirit. I would exhort all members of churches that are in a poor way just now, to see to it that all things are done at God's word, and then hopefully wait in holy confidence. The fire from heaven must come; the blessing cannot be withheld.

The same principle may be applied also to many individual believers who are in trouble through having done right. It happens often that a man feels, "I could make money, but I must not; for the course proposed would be wrong. Such a situation is open, but it involves what my conscience does not approve. I will rather suffer than I will make gain by doing any thing that is questionable." It may be that you are in great trouble distinctly through obedience to God. Then, you are the man above all others who may lay the case before the Most High: "Lord, I have done all these things at thy word, and Thou hast said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' I beseech Thee interpose for me." Somehow or other God will provide for you. If He means you to be further tried, He will give you strength to bear it; but the probabilities are that now He has tested you, He will bring you forth from the fire as gold.

Once again. I would like to apply this principle to the seeking sinner. You are anxious to be saved. You are attentive to the Word, and your heart says, "Let me know what this salvation is, and how to come at it, for I will have it whatever stands in the way." Now, listen: thou canst not have heaven through thy doings, as a matter of merit. There is no merit possible to thee, for thou hast sinned, and art already condemned. But God has laid down certain lines upon which He has promised to meet thee, and to bless thee. Hast thou followed these lines? For if thou hast, He will not be false to thee. It is written, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved"—can you come before God, and say, "I have believed and have been baptized?" then you are on firm pleading ground. It is written again, "Who so confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall have mercy." When you have confessed them, and forsaken them, you have a just claim upon the promise of God, and you can say to Him, "Lord, fulfil this word unto thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope. There is no merit in my faith, or my baptism, or my repentance, or my forsaking of sin; yet as Thou hast put thy promise side by side with these things, and I have been obedient to Thee therein, I now come to Thee, and say, 'Prove thine own truth, for I have done all these things at thy word.'" No sinner will come before God at last, and say, "I trusted as Thou didst bid me trust; and yet I am lost." It is impossible. Thy blood, if thou art lost, will be on thine own head; but thou shalt never be able to lay thy soul's damnation at the door of God. He is not false; it is thou, that are false. You see, then, how the principle can be applied in prayer: "I have done these things at thy word; therefore, O Lord, do as thou hast said."

II. We shall go a little over the same ground while I ask you to put yourselves through your paces by way of self-examination as to whether or not you have done all these things at God's Word. First, let every worker here who has not been successful answer this question—Have you done all these things at God's word? Come. Have you preached the Gospel? Was it the Gospel? Was it Christ you preached, or merely something about Christ? Come. Did you give the people bread, or did you give them plates to put the bread on, and knives to cut the bread with? Did you give them drink, or did you give them the cup that had been near the water? Some preaching is not Gospel; it is a knife that smells of the cheese, but is not the cheese. See to that matter.

If you preached the Gospel, did you preach it rightly? That is to say, did you state it affectionately, earnestly, clearly, plainly? If you preach the Gospel in Latinized language, the common people will not know what it means; and if you use great big academy words and dictionary words, the market people will be lost while they are trying to find out what you are at. You cannot expect God to bless you unless the Gospel is preached in a very simple way. Have you preached the truth lovingly, with all your heart, throwing your very self into it, as if beyond everything you desired the conversion of those you taught? Has prayer been mixed with it? Have you gone into the pulpit without prayer? Have you been to the Sabbath-school without prayer? Have you come away from it without prayer? If so, since you failed to ask for the blessing, you must not wonder if you do not get it.

And another question—Has there been an example to back your teaching? Brethren, have we lived as we have preached? Sisters, have you lived as you have taught in your classes? These are questions we ought to answer, because perhaps God can reply to us, "No, you have not done according to my word. It was not my Gospel you preached; you were a thinker, and you thought out your own thoughts, and I never promised to bless your thoughts, but only my revealed truth. You spoke without affection; you tried to glorify yourself by your oratory; you did not care whether souls were saved or not." Or suppose that God can point to you, and say, "Your example was contrary to your teaching. You looked one way, but you pulled another way." Then there is no plea in prayer, is there?

And now let me turn to a church, and put questions to that church. A certain church does not prosper. I wish that church would let this question go through all its membership; do we as a church acknowledge the headship of Christ? Do we acknowledge the Statute-Book of Christ—the one Book which alone and by itself is the religion of a Christian man? Do we as a church seek the glory of God? Is that our main and only object? Are we travelling in birth for the souls of the people that live near us? Are we using every Scriptural means to enlighten them with the Gospel? Are we a *holy* people? Is our example such as our neighbors may follow? Do we endeavor, even in meat and drink, to do all to the glory of God? Are we prayerful? Oh, the many churches that give up their prayer meetings, because prayer is not in them! How can they expect a blessing? Are we united? Oh, brothers, it is a horrible thing when church members talk against one another, and even slander one another, as though they were enemies rather than friends. Can God bless such a church as that?

Next I speak to Christian people who have fallen into trouble through serving God. I put it to them, but I want to ask them a few questions. Are you quite sure that you did serve God in it? You know there are men who indulge crotchets, and whims, and fancies. God has not promised to support you in your whims. Certain people are obstinate, and will not submit to what everybody must bear who has to earn his bread in a world like this. If you are a mere mule, and get the stick, I must leave you to your reward; but I speak to men of understanding. Be as stern as a Puritan against everything that is wrong, but be simple and yielding to everything that involves self-denial on your part. God will bear us through if the quarrel be His quarrel; but if it is our own quarrel, why then we may help ourselves. There is a deal of difference between being pig-headed and being steadfast. To be steadfast, as a matter of principle in truth which is taught by God's Word is one thing; but to get a queer idea into your heads is quite another.

Besides, some men are conscientious about certain things, but they have not an all-round conscience. Some are conscientious about not taking less, but they are not conscientious about giving less. Certain folks are conscentious about resting on the Sabbath; but the other half of the command is, "Six days shalt thou labor," and they do not remember that portion of the law. I like a conscience which works fairly and impartially; but if your conscience gives away for the sake of your own gain or pleasure, the world will think that it is a sham, and they will not be far from the mark. But if, through conscientiousness, you should be a sufferer, God will bear you through. Only examine and see that your conscience is enlightened by the Spirit of God.

And now to conclude. I want to address the seeking sinner. Some are longing to find peace, but they cannot reach it; and I want them to see whether they have not been negligent in some points, so that they would not be able to say with Elijah, "I have done all these things at thy word." Do I need to say that you cannot be saved by your works? Do I need to repeat it over and over again that nothing you do can deserve mercy? Salvation must be the free gift of God. But this is the point. God will give pardon to a sinner, and peace to a troubled heart, on certain lines. Are you on these lines wholly? If so, you will have peace; and if you have not that peace, something or other has been omitted. To begin with, the first thing is faith. Dost thou believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God? Dost thou believe that He has risen from the dead? Dost thou trust thyself wholly, simply, heartily, once for all, with Him? Then it is written, "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life."

Go and plead that. "I have peace," says one. Hast thou unfeignedly repented of sin? Is thy mind totally changed about sin, so that what thou didst once love thou dost now hate, and that which thou didst once hate thou dost now love? Is there a hearty loathing, and giving up, and forsaking of sin? Do not deceive yourself. You cannot be saved in your sins; you are to be saved from your sins. You and your sins must part, else Christ and you will never be joined. See to this. Labor to give up every sin, and turn from every false way, else your faith is but a dead faith, and will never save you. 'It may be that you have wronged a person, and have never made restitution. Mr. Moody did great good when he preached restitution. If we have wronged another we ought to make it up to him. We ought to return what we have stolen, if that be our sin. A man cannot expect peace of conscience till, as far as in him lies, he has made amends for any wrong he has done to his fellowmen. See to that, or perhaps this stone may lie at your door, and because it is not rolled away you may never enter into peace.

Possibly, however, you may be a believer in Christ, and you may have no peace because you are associated with ungodly people, and go with them to their follies, and mix with them in their amusements. You see you cannot serve God and Mammon. Thus saith the Lord, "Come out from among them; be ye separate; touch not the unclean thing, and I will be a Father unto you, and you shall be my sons and daughters saith the Lord Almighty." I know a man who sits in this place; he is probably here now; and concerning him I am persuaded that the only thing that keeps him from Christ is the company with which he mingles. I will not say that his company is bad in itself, but it is bad to him, and if there be anything that is right in itself, yet if to me it becomes ruinous, I must give it up. We are not commanded to cut off warts and excrescences, but Jesus bids us cut off right arms, and pluck out right eyes—good things in themselves—if they are stumbling-blocks in our way so that we cannot get at Christ. What is there in the world that is worth the keeping if it involves me in the loss of my soul? Away with it

Perhaps, however, you say, "Well as far as I know, I do keep out of all ill associations, and I am trying to follow the Lord." Let me press you with a home-question—will you be obedient to Jesus in everything?

"For know—nor of the terms complain—
Where Jesus comes He comes to reign."

If you would have Christ for a Saviour, you must also take Him for a King. Remember, if Christ gives you the command—if you accept Him as a King—you are bound to obey Him. The less there seems to be of importance about a command, often the more hinges upon it. Say, "Lord, what wouldest Thou have me to do? Be it, what it may, I will do it, for I am, thy servant." I want you, if you would be Christ's to be just like the brave men that rode at Balaclava.

"Yours not to reason why;
Yours but to do and die"—

if it need be, if Jesus calls you thereto. Be this your song:

"Through floods and flames if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where He goes."

That kind of faith which at the very outset cries, "I shall not do that, it is not essential," and then goes on to say, "I do not agree with that, and I do not agree with the other," is no faith at all. In that case it is you that is master, and not Christ. In His own house you are beginning to alter His commands. We all ought to do what He bids us, as He bids us, when He bids us, in the order in which He bids us. It is ours simply to be obedient, and when we are so, we may remember, that to believe Christ and to obey Christ is the same thing, and often in Scripture the same word that might be read "believe," might be read "obey." He is the Author of eternal salvation to all them that obey Him, and that is to all them that believe on Him. Trust Him then right heartily, and obey Him right gladly. You can then go to Him in the dying hour and say, "Lord, I have done all these things at thy word. I claim no merit, but I do claim that Thou keep thy gracious promise to me, for Thou canst not run back from one word which Thou hast spoken." God bless you, beloved, for Christ's sake.

Hidden in the Castle-Vault.

It was midnight in the Valley of the Theiss, and the hoarse murmur of the rushing river was the only sound that broke the dead silence, while the dim moonlight gave a weird and ghostly look to the dark pine-woods, out of which rose, half-way up the steep hillside, the huge gray towers and battlements of Schloss Karolyi.

Strange enough it seemed to see a small, dark figure creeping stealthily along the edge of the rock on which the castle stood, toward the very part of the building which every one avoided even in broad daylight.

This was a ruined wing, which, broken, roofless, ivy-clad, and tenanted only by owls and bats, looked grim enough even without the frightful story attached to it.

It was said that a former lord of the castle had decoyed into the vaults below it a younger brother, with whom he had quarrelled, and shut him up there to die by the slow agony of starvation.

Ever since that time the ruins were said to be haunted, and the bold Hungarian peasants, who would face wolf or bear with no weapon but a knife, would have gone ten miles around rather than come near the fatal vault after nightfall.

Into this mysterious place Jack Pemberton (a bright American boy, whose father had just brought him on a visit to Count Karolyi), had tried in vain to penetrate. Every time he attempted to do so, one or other of the old Hungarian servants would start up right in his way, making such an outcry that Jack was glad to get out of hearing at top speed.

However, he was determined not to be balked, and finding it hopeless to think of entering the ruins by day, he was now on his way to visit them in the dead of night.

The iron gate which led into the untenanted wing was locked and bolted; but it was easy for such a climber as Jack, to swing himself up by the ivy that covered the wall, slip through one of the countless gaps in the crumbling masonry, and scramble down on the other side.

But just as he reached the ground, a huge stone, loosened by his descent, came thundering down after him, while at the same moment an owl overhead set up such a fearful screech that even bold Jack was startled, more especially as he now saw at a glance (having heard the place described so often) that the deep black hollow on his left must be the very vault which had been the scene of the murder.

Just then something stirred amid the darkness of the vault, and Jack started; for although he was not silly enough to believe in ghosts, he thought it likely enough that some wild beast had made its den there.

Catching up a heavy stone in one hand, he drew back with the other the slide of the dark-lantern that was buckled around his waist, the light of which fell upon the figure of a man crouching in one corner, so haggard, torn and wild-looking that if he *had* been a ghost he could hardly have appeared more unearthly.

"Who on earth are *you*? A robber?" asked the boy, considerably elated at the thought of a midnight meeting with a real live robber in the dungeons of a Hungarian castle.

"No, I'm hiding from my enemies, who want to kill me," replied the stranger, in tolerably good German, though with a slightly foreign accent. "You won't give me up, will you?"

"Not I," answered Jack, heartily. "I'm not that sort. But who are your enemies? And what have you been doing?"

"I was one of the Hungarian soldiers in the Austrian army, and my colonel (who hated everything Hungarian) ill-treated me in every way he could think of, and at last struck me across the face with his whip before the whole regiment. With one blow I felled him to the ground"—

"Well done!" broke in Jack. "Just what I'd have done myself."

"And then, of course, I was condemned to be shot for striking my superior officer; but I managed to escape, and took refuge here, the old housekeeper being my aunt. To-morrow some friends of mine will pass by and take me with them, dressed up as a peasant; and if I can once reach the Turkish border, I'm safe."

"Well, I hope you will," said Jack; "but you'll want some money, won't you? Here are two florins, anyhow; it's all I've got, or I'd give you more."

"Now, may God bless you!" cried the unknown fervently, "(for you are the first who has shown me kindness for many a day. "The knife" (and he handed the boy a large two-edged knife, with a curiously shaped buckhorn handle) "is all that I have got to give you in return; but it will at least serve to remind you of Theodore Lattos."

* * * * * *

The battle of Oltenitza is drawing to its close, and the gray-coated Russian columns are giving way on all sides, as the dark-blue masses of Turkish infantry come rolling on with levelled bayonets.

The Russians have fought stoutly, but all their courage is vain against the skill and energy of the Turkish leader, who has long since become famous as the Sultan's greatest general, and whose name is now the terror of every Russian soldier on the Danube.

In a small clump of trees on the brink of the river, a young lieutenant and half a dozen Russian grenadiers, cut off from the rest, are fighting manfully against a swarm of yelling assailants. But the struggle is too unequal to last. The gallant men fall one by one, till at length the lieutenant stands alone among his enemies, with his back against a tree, his notched sabre in one hand and his smoking revolver in the other.

Jack Pemberton (now Lieutenant Pembertos, of the Russian army) is surely changed from the bright-haired boy who used to scamper along the corridors of Karolyi Castle. But his brave American heart has not changed one whit, and he faces the cruel Turkish bayonets as stoutly as he faced the midnight terrors of the dismal vault fifteen years ago.

And now his revolver is empty; and now his sword breaks off at the hilt in hewing down a powerful Moslem, and for a moment he is left defenceless. But quick as lightning he unsheaths a long, horn-handled knife, and wrapping his cloak around his left arm, stands grimly at bay once more.

"Make way there!" says a clear, commanding voice, at the first sound of which the fierce Turkish soldiers start back, giving passage to their great general himself.

"Ha!" cries he, catching sight of the knife in Pemberton's hand, "where did you get that knife?"

"It was given me by a man called Theodore Lattos, at Karolyi Castle, in Hungary," answers our hero, looking keenly at the speaker.

"You remember me, then?" says the general, laying one hand affectionately on the young man's shoulder, while waving back the amazed Turks with the other. "God be thanked that I came up in time, for I should never have forgiven myself if my men had killed you. Come with me, and you shall find that the boy who befriended Theodore Lattos has not been forgotten by Omar Pasha."—*Golden Days.*

How It Was Done.

A little church in a certain inland town was like that of Laodicea. Nothing could be said against it but that it was dead. The pastor,—a young, zealous man,—on the first day that he faced his congregation, saw a body of well-to-do, elegantly-dressed, polite people, who rose and knelt at the proper time, and gave money properly when the bag went round. Three years later the same faces met him, and he had not kindled in one of them a gleam of spiritual life. In the meantime he had preached the terrors of the law and the mercy of the gospel, he had wrestled with God for them; he had carried them, a dead weight, on his heart.

"They are frozen to death!" he cried to an old minister. "Why does not God warm them to life?"

"A little exercise might have that effect," said his friend. But the younger man did not understand what he meant.

About the time a poor woman died in the town. She sent for the pastor "to have four children," she said, "and want them to be Christians." I will give them to your church.

"To my church?" exclaimed the young man.

"Yes. They are godly men and women. I have asked God that they may be fathers and mothers to my children."

The woman died on Sunday morning. The clergyman told his flock the story that day, and repeated the message without a word of comment. "The mother is lying dead in the tenement house No. 16 Blank street. The children are with her," he said.

After church he went to No. 10. One member after another of his congregation came in. They were different faces from those he knew. Stern old men patted the poor babies tenderly on the head, and the common-place, fashionable women took them on their knees with pitying hearts, and a holy mother-love shining in their eyes. The next day there was an informal church-meeting. The children were placed with a worthy woman in a clean little house. Provisions and clothes began to come in; even the young girls of the parish made pretty little comforts for "our babies." The matrons of the church grew intimate over this mutual charge, and the men presently suggested that the house would accommodate other motherless little ones.

This was five years ago. There is now an orphanage belonging to this church, in which all the members take a keen interest. The fact that these children look up to them as examples of Christian life is a perpetual summer. "Your people are the most live body of Christians I have seen for a long time," he said. "I think they have had other treatment besides prayer and preaching. Souls need exercise as well as bodies to keep them warm."

The young man smiled. He had learned how to understand many things in these five years.—*Youth's Companion.*

Which?

Two brothers, trained to farming by their father, grew into that as the occupation of their lives. To each of them the father gave a farm, and being strong and in good health, there was promise for them that they would easily succeed. The one looked at his prospects calmly and hopefully. He seemed to consider that there was a living in his acres for him, and that it was his business to get it out. He devoted his energies to putting them in good condition. There was a larger world around him, he well knew, but his preference was for this one that came to him as part of his patrimony. Very quietly and industriously he pursued his labors. His home speedily took shape. In good time his family grew up around him, he achieved for himself a respectable place in society, and did his share in the work of the church. His life was, in all respects, a happy one. The other had different tastes and judgments. With the world about him so roomy, he did not care to be cooped up in the little one inherited. He felt that he must go and carve out for himself conspicuous fortune. He launched out, therefore, into daring enterprises. To these he gave a good conscience and manly labor. Always busy, he was, at the same time, always behindhand, and closing up his career, it was with energies spent and a meager return for all his sacrifice, though with a name without blemish and true faith and hope in God. Which one lived the more desirable life? Which added most to the world's store of example and influence? And in those days of restlessness, when small things are despised and slow gains are thought almost unmanly, which should be followed by a youth who looks forward to a life of peace and usefulness?—*United Presbyterian.*

How Silk is Made.

Do you ever think, children, when your pretty ribbons and sashes are tied on, and you look at them admiringly, that the glossy, beautiful silk is made by a worm? Some of you have seen silk worms, but many do not know about an interesting story their little life makes.

Last winter there was sent me a tiny package of what looked like little gray seeds or beads. I had to keep them very cold until the mulberry leaves were well grown. Then I put the seeds in a warm place. In a day or two there were myriads of tiny little creatures crawling out from the seeds of eggs. At once they began to eat the leaves of the mulberry. A Day after day they ate and grew, until they were as large as my little finger, and longer. They ate so much that we were kept busy feeding them. They would seize a leaf, and leave nothing but the veins in a few moments. If you ever saw a skeleton bouquet you can imagine how they left the leaves.

But one morning they did not seem so hungry. They wandered about, and climbed up the bundles of straw I had sat for them. In a little while many of them began to spin the most beautiful silken threads, very much as a spider does. Back and forth, over and over, in loops like a figure 8, went their queer "hoodled" heads. By and by each one could be seen inside a beautiful silken veil, or shell, about the size of a large peanut. The worm continued to spin until the veil was too thick for us to see through; but we could hear his little "click, click, click," as he worked. The worms have to be killed in the case. If they are allowed to live they will break the delicate threads.

We do not kill them all, however. I wish you could have seen the room when we gathered the cocoons, which is the proper name for the peanut-shaped home of the silk worm. All along the ceiling, behind the window curtain, on papa's desk, in baby's rubber—which she forgot to put away behind the pictures—on the cord, under the broom, on the floor, around the door-knobs—cocoons, cocoons everywhere; countless numbers were also hung, like pretty birds' eggs, in the straw. From these, after a few days, came beautiful white moths, not at all like the ugly worms.

From the cocoons in which we killed the worms we reeled the delicate threads from which all our silk is made. Is it not indeed a curious story?—*Mrs. E. C. Smith, in Our Little Ones.*

And when it is all over and our feet will run up more, and our hands are helpless and we have scarcely strength to murmur a last prayer, then we shall see that instead of needing a larger field, we have left untilled many corners of our single acre, and that none of it is fit for our Master's eye, were it not for the softening shadow of the cross.—*Edward Garrett.*

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