

his action appeared very foolish to the people of Jericho. He and his followers looked like children at play, but for all that the walls of the city fell, and Jericho was captured. God did it. Joshua was strong in the Lord, and this is how we should be. Be sure that God knows about our weakness far better than we do, and has made provision for that, as He did for our salvation. If we fall in with His plan for one thing, we may as well do so for the other. Then we shall be able from our own experience to say, with the prophet Isaiah, 'Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid. The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song, and He also is become my salvation.'—*The Way of Faith.*

### ROBBED HIM OF HIS CRUTCHES.

Colonel Ingersoll was thrown incidentally into the society of Henry Ward Beecher. There were four or five gentlemen present, all of whom were prominent in the world of brains. A variety of topics were discussed with decided brilliancy, but no allusion to religion. The distinguished infidel was, of course, too polite to introduce the subject himself, but one of the party finally, desiring to see a tilt between Bob and Beecher, made a playful remark about Colonel Ingersoll's idiosyncrasy, as he termed it. The colonel at once defended his views in his usual apt rhetoric; in fact, he waxed eloquent. He was replied to by several gentlemen in very effective repartee. Contrary to the expectations of all, Mr. Beecher remained an abstracted listener, and said not a word. The gentleman who introduced the topic with the hope that Mr. Beecher would answer Colonel Ingersoll, at last remarked:

"Mr. Beecher, have you nothing to say on this question?"

The old man slowly lifted himself from his attitude, and replied:

"Nothing; in fact, if you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking, my mind was bent on a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed to-day."

"What was it?" at once inquired Colonel Ingersoll, who, notwithstanding his peculiar views of the hereafter, is noted for his kindness of heart.

"Why," said Mr. Beecher, "as I was walking down town to-day I saw a poor lame man with crutches, slowly and carefully picking his way through a cesspool of mud, in the endeavor to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the filth,

when a big, burly ruffian, himself all bespattered, rushed up to him, jerked the crutches from under the unfortunate man, and left him sprawling and helpless in the pool of liquid dirt, which almost engulfed him.

"What a brute he was!" said the colonel. "What a brute he was?" they all echoed.

"Yes," said the old man rising from his chair and brushing back his long, white hair, while his eyes glittered with their old-time fire as he bent them on Ingersoll, "Yes, Colonel Ingersoll, and you are the man! The human soul is lame, but Christianity gives it crutches to enable it to pass the highway of life. It is your teachings that knock the crutches from under it, and leave it a helpless and rudderless wreck in the slough of despond. If robbing the soul of its only support on this earth—religion—be your profession, why, ply it to your heart's content. It requires an architect to erect a building; an incendiary can reduce it to ashes."

The old man sat down, and silence brooded over the scene. Colonel Ingersoll found that he had a master in his own power of illustration, and said nothing. The company took their hats and parted.—*Religious Intelligencer.*

### A MAIN LINE OF BATTLE.

The time was when the enemies' forces were massed along the line of "It is not a Bible doctrine." They were driven back into their ditches, and out of them back to where they came from. The same thing has been true of other forms of opposition to holiness. At the present, a special tactic of the enemy, inasmuch as he cannot put holiness down, is to swing in as an angel of light. That is, profess holiness, assume holiness manners, company with holiness people, and yet have no power to convince any one of its reality, to bring any one into the light, or to do anything to advance the cause.

1. This is manifest in its surfacism. It is shallow and hollow. It is fearful and lacks "go." It swings into the profession by some easy method which avoids the cross of entire consecration. It is habitually tame in prayer and song, and has no fervency of spirit. It seems to have no zest in its responses. It lacks real joy at victories and at the unfolding of the word, or at the special anointing of a saint.

2. It leans heavily toward conservatism. It dislikes any new measure.

A drop of fresh oil on the head of a saint makes a commotion, which in many cases