

There must be a vast amount of plain wall, *somewhere!* And there must be something to illustrate—something that is not itself an illustration—before you bring the latter to your aid. Don't let the "story" be the principal thing—and then build up the preface and conclusion before and behind it: that would be like the Irishman who "could easily cast a cannon"; he would just "take a long hole, and pour brass round it"! But such guns don't do much execution.

A good story is like a good thought, it will bear repetition. I have read, and then heard, some of Moody's stories, and liked them well; although, in one sense, they were not "new" to me. And I have not a particle of doubt in my own mind, that our Lord repeated some of his parables over and over again. And perhaps each Evangelist put them down in the shape he first heard them, or in the shape he liked them best.

The anecdote is, I think, a valuable adjunct in teaching truth, and he is wise who makes a proper and judicious use of it.

WHO SUCCEED?

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

I believe the word "success," occurs but once in our English Bible, Josh. i: 8. Twice it is given as a marginal reading, Ps. cxi: 10; Prov. iii: 14. The Revised Version substitutes "good repute," for "good success," as the marginal reading, but leaves the text in Joshua unchanged. They have, however, in Josh. i: 7, changed the word "prosper" into "good success," thereby indicating the fact that the Hebrew word in both cases is the same.

Is there not significance in the fact that the great end of so many lives, "success," should find so little recognition in that Divine Word, which is given to be the lamp unto our feet and the light upon our path? The verb "succeed," in the sense of being successful, does not once occur in the English Bible. You may say, and most probably will have said already to yourselves, the word may not be there, but the thing meant is: *e. g.*, what is "to overcome" but to succeed? Is attainment anything but success? True, nevertheless there

are thoughts and associations connected with that word "success," which somehow or other have caused it to be passed by, consciously or unconsciously, in any Scripture presentation of attainment or of victory. "Success" is not a term associated generally with the fear of God and with the love of man. "And thereby hangs a tale."

There is nothing heroic in mere success. There is in endurance, in struggle, in conflict. Success, however coveted, presents no thought of moral grandeur, of single-hearted enthusiasm. It is success, nothing more. Your soul is never fired with the mere thought of a "successful man." But the Lake Eric pilot, who stood at the wheel of his burning boat, with blistering hands and scorching brow—that went down among the embers, amidst the cries of the passengers and crew his steadfastness had saved—our very souls leap forth at the heroism which was quenched in the darkness of that awful death! Success awakens no such emotion.

But what is success? What are its conditions? and what its character when attained? Ah! Who will tell? Many years ago, Oliver Goldsmith wrote of an actor's secret of success; and as his words are suggestive of far more than mere stage success, we shall quote them:

"There is one way by which a strolling player may be ever secure of success. To speak and to act as in common life, is not playing. Nor is it what people come to see. Natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarcely leaves any taste behind, while vinegar stings and keeps in remembrance. Therefore to please, in towns or country, the way is to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, slap the pockets and labor like one in a falling sickness; that is the way to work for applause; that is the way to gain it."

I shall ask you now to note the connection in which this word "success" occurs in our English Bible. And mark, that it occurs with the qualifying adjective "good." Not great, or grand, but good. Do you remember Charles Kingsley's sweet ditty to his little niece?

"I'll teach you how to sing a clearer carol

Than th' lark's, who hails the dawn o'er breezy down,
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel

Than Shakespeare's crown.