

The Saviour of men was very stern and unsparing towards every form and phase of falsehood. Hypocrisy, and humbug, and all the vast household of sham, cowered beneath the indignant flash of His eye. Beneath His lash, scribe and Pharisee wilted and fumed. But with the "sinners"—the remorseful victims of passion, the heavy-laden souls bending under their burdens of conscious guilt—oh, how tender He was! To which one of these was He ever heard to say, "You have made your bed: lie on it"? Yet the churches teem with *very good* people to-day, whose spirit is just this: people so filled with a horror of sin as to extract a self-complacent satisfaction from the agonies of the sinner!

The late Philip D. Armour, the millionaire pork-packer of Chicago, was not one of these. Whether he ever *talked* religion I cannot say: that he *acted* it, all know. That the spirit of the Master was strong in him, the following anecdote will show.

A clergyman called on Mr. Armour. He told the philanthropist of a most distressing case that needed prompt relief. A young woman, he said, lay in a room absolutely devoid of furniture, save the bed on which she lay. There was no fire; there was no food; and the weather was intensely cold. By her side, in that squalid chamber, lay her child, scarcely a day old.