

“HAVING NOTHING, BUT POSSESSING  
ALL THINGS.”

ONLY a poor crippled sufferer!

But some of us would call him a hero. Not able, except by great effort, to use his poor twisted fingers; only able to stretch the poor rigid feet about an inch from him, and scarcely ever out of pain.

Not an old man, knowing the quiescence of old age, but in the prime of life, when most men enjoy using the strength of manhood, and gather round them home affections, if not home comforts. Naturally strong and vigorous, active-minded, and with intelligence beyond his birth and education, what was it to sit month after month and year after year unfit for anything—not even able to read—alone the better part of the day? What was he shut up to, think you, all those weary hours? To his own regrets, and murmuring rebellious thoughts? There was ample scope for groans and murmurs in the humble cottage room. But listen. “Well, R—how are you to-day?” “Aye! I’ve been thinking of the difference in the 1st Peter between the *inheritance* and the *Person*. It says of the inheritance ‘wherein ye greatly rejoice,’ (verses 4-6), but of *Him* ‘whom having not seen ye love,’ it says, ‘ye rejoice with joy *unspeakable* and *full of glory*,’ (verse 8). The inheritance is good, but Oh! how much more the Lord Himself.”