

could do his own repenting it would not be so bad, but the making of the wife come in along with him in the shame and disgrace. I told him, 'I don't know what I would do.' I said: 'There is one thing, we can always do. I will let you pray. You come here to-morrow at 12 o'clock and I will meet you and tell you what you ought to do.' He came. He said to me: 'Mr. Moody, it is all settled, if I have got to meet God; if I have got to go to Bethel, I have got to go there through prison. That afternoon at four o'clock, he took the train for Missouri, and he got there in the night and went to his house, and was hid away in his house for a whole week. During the week I got a letter that touched my heart. It was from him, and he said that when his wife put his children to bed and they were sound asleep he would go out and look at them and then think that in a few days he would put a stamp of disgrace on them that would go with them through life.'

One day he heard his boy say, 'Ma, doesn't pa love us any more?' She answered 'Yes. What makes you ask that question?' He said, 'He never stayed away from us before. He never writes to us, and I am afraid he has forgotten us.' He had to keep hid, and after staying a week with his family, and the last night he came out and took a long look at those three children. Tell me that sin is not bitter. Tell me that sin is not the worst enemy that a man has got. What would I give if I could turn this audience against sin? What would I give if every man would rise and say, 'I will fight sin as long as I live.' Think of that father looking into the faces of those children and thinking that he has got to stamp them with the stamp of disgrace for the rest of their days. He did not dare to wake them up. He could not kiss them.

Some of you fathers have got little children, and you know that it would be pretty hard if sin would come in between you. How sin destroys our homes and blasts our hopes! He took his wife to his bosom and kissed her, and started off that night and got to the sheriff's house the next morning at day-break, and went into court and pleaded guilty to the eight different indictments. He was sent to the Missouri penitentiary for nineteen years, the shortest time he could be sent on the eight different indictments. Tell me that sin is not bitter, that sin is not hard? You could trifle with forked lightning; you could trifle with any pestilence, rather than trifle with sin, I do not fear any disease, any pestilence, as I do sin.

I went to St. Louis, and then down to the county seat, to the capitol, to the seat of the government, and I pleaded with the governor to get him out. I did not succeed at first, but I at last got him out. The poor man did not live long, and went to his grave. He is gone. Friends gathered around that wife and helped to take care of her and the family, but the poor man never, never recovered.

If a man has taken a step downward, God raise you to-night, and may you now, to-night, make up your mind that you will make restitution, and do all in your power to begin this night and sow not another weed to the flesh or to the spirit. Perhaps some people will say: 'Mr. Moody is right; I believe with him. We have to do our reaping in this world, and we have nothing to do with the next world.' I do not believe it for one moment. I believe that it would be ten thousand times better for you, if you think that, that you had never been born; that we should live to years of maturity and die in our sins and miss eternal life. Oh, man, to-night be wise. Whatever the sin is that is holding you, break with it. If it is the right eye, pluck it out; if it is the right

hand, let it come off; but make up your mind that you are going to cast it out; that you are going to break with sin. Do not let that harlot drag you down to a dishonored grave; do not let that harlot bring you down in shame, and ruin your family; but make up your mind to-night that you are no longer going to sow in such a way that you will reap the whirlwind.'

I would not like to be here and speak a week in Chicago and not lift up one warning voice. Now, some of you say, 'Mr. Moody is on the old line, to-night; he is talking about future punishment. I thought that thing had gone out of date.' My friends, if I warn you, is it a sign that I hate you or love you? Who warns like a mother? Who loves like a mother? I say that it is a true sign that we love you if we warn you; and I hope to-night that you will heed the warning. I know it is a terrible thing for a man to live and die in his sins. I believe what Christ says, that you never will see the kingdom of God unless you break with sin.

On one of these roads running from Chicago to New York, a few years ago, down in Ohio there was a man saw a landslide just about dusk come down on the track and cover it. He knew that if he could not get to the telegraph office and stop the night express there would be a great accident. He took his lantern and he walked up the line, and he thought when he came in sight of the engine he would swing that lantern and stop the train. But it was a very dark night and he slipped and fell, breaking his lantern and putting it out. He felt for a match. He could get no match. He could not get to the nearest neighbor's farmhouse to get another light and get back. He could hear the night express coming in the distance, and he gathered up the broken fragments of the lantern and crept up on the bank, and he just stood there with that lantern in his hand, and when the engine came by he hurled them at the engineer. They hit the engineer, and he looked at his feet and saw the broken lantern, and thought there must be something wrong. He whistled down brakes, and he stopped that train within a few yards of the land slide.

Oh, man, I throw the broken lantern at your feet to-night. May God help you to take warning that if you sow the wind, you are going to reap the whirlwind, and there is no way on earth that can keep you from it.

You have got to do it. May God this night turn you from sin and from bondage to liberty.

Mr. Moody then called upon Mr. Torrey to lead in prayer, after which the first meeting was brought to a close. Mr. Moody announced an after-meeting, and invited every one to remain.

### Praying the Sermon.

H. L. Hastings tells a story of a young preacher, who, after delivering a highly-wrought, and, as he thought, eloquent sermon, in the pulpit, in the presence of a venerable pastor, solicited of his experienced friend the benefit of his criticisms upon the performance.

'I have but just one remark to make,' was his reply, 'and that is, to request you to pray that sermon.'

'What do you mean, sir?'

'I mean literally just what I say; pray it, if you can, and you will find the attempt a better criticism than any I can make upon it.'

The request still puzzled the young man beyond measure; the idea of praying a sermon was a thing he never heard or conceived of; and the singularity of the sug-

gestion wrought powerfully on his imagination and feelings. He resolved to attempt the task. He laid his manuscript before him, and on his knees before God undertook to make it into a prayer. But it would not pray; the spirit of prayer was not in it, and that for the very good reason, as he then clearly saw, that the spirit of prayer and piety did not compose it. For the first time he saw that his heart was not right with God; and this conviction left him no peace until he had Christ within, the hope of glory.

With a renewed heart, he applied himself anew to the work of composing sermons for the pulpit, preached again in the presence of the pious pastor who had given him such timely advice, and then solicited the benefit of his critical remarks. 'I have no remarks to make,' was his reply, 'you can pray that sermon.'—Union Gospel News.

### Show Your Colors.

On a railway train, some time ago, a party of men—perhaps they called themselves 'gentlemen'—entered, took seats together, and engaged in conversation. Presently they burst forth into a general denunciation of Christianity and Christians. They became more and more noisy and demonstrative, and, at length, vilely profane. Each seemed to be trying to outdo the others in the vehemence of his tone and the coarseness of his language.

The car was full of passengers, and doubtless a large proportion of these were professed Christians. But though many showed signs of annoyance, for some time no one ventured a remonstrance.

Then an elderly lady, who had been growing more and more restless for some moments, arose, went over to the group, and said to one of the men, in the mildest, sweetest tones, 'Will you please be so kind as to hand the little book from the rack above your head?'

Rather sheepishly, the man complied. The lady thanked him courteously, took the bible to her seat, and began to read. Perhaps the men were not as much ashamed of themselves as they should have been, but at all events they were suggestively quiet during the remainder of the journey.

The lesson administered by this little old lady was a model one. While our faith should be modest, it should also be fearless; and when the king whom we profess to serve is insulted, the humblest of us should dare to show his colors, and to rebuke the insult by act, if not by word.—American Paper.

### All of Grace.

When the Rev. Thomas Hooker, one of New England's pioneers, was passing away from earth, a friend said to him, 'You are going now to receive the reward of all your labors.'

Promptly the dying man replied: 'I am going to receive mercy.'

Although his labors for Christ had been very abundant and very fruitful, he did not build his hope for eternity upon these, but upon the mercy of God revealed in and through his Son Jesus Christ.—Standard.

A gentle shadow fell across

The window of my room,

While working my appointed task

I calmly turned me round to ask,

'Is he come?'

An angel whispered sweetly

In my ear:

'Lift up your heart rejoicing—

He is here.'

—Anon.