

lowly we are always more blessed than those to whom we stoop. One afternoon I was visiting in New York a godly woman seventy years old. She lived in the basement at the rear of a house where by no possibility could the direct rays of the sun come in. I was down-hearted that day and discouraged, I don't know why, and I went to see her. She had a little bedroom off from her other room, which was small enough in itself; and in that little bedroom when I knelt to pray my feet had to be in the outside room—there was not room for them, and they are not very large either—(laughter)—but there was not room for them in the bedroom, but only just the bed. I do not see how she made the bed. She must have stood in the outside room. (Laughter.) I went down and found the old woman sicker than I thought. She had stood up on a chair to reach something and had tottered and fallen and broken two ribs. She had manifold bodily ailments besides that. As I stood beside her sick couch I said, "Mrs. Lily, you have many troubles to bear." "Oh, yes," she said, "but then the Lord helps me;" and in the course of conversation she said this—and when she said it, light and comfort came in my soul—she said, "Mr. Schauffler, I bless God that I was born to die." I tell you it was a revelation to me. There I was, grumbling about living. There I was, strong and well, and a young man; and there was that sick woman lying on a bed of pain, and blessing God that the day of her death was soon to come. She comforted me; I did not comfort her. She blessed me; I did not bless her. She lifted me up; I did not lift her up. She didn't need it; but I did. And, teacher, you will never go to the lowly and afflicted, you will never stoop, but what the Master somehow or other will lift you up, and give you a seat where you never expected, but where by His grace He is pleased to put and bless you. Now, as we go out to our work let us go quickly, and in the spirit of the Master. They say that long years ago, down at Memphis, when the yellow fever was raging, there was a little family of father, mother and one child, a boy. The father was taken with that dreadful scourge, died, and was laid away. By and by the symptoms began to declare themselves in the mother's case, and as she lay on her bed she called the boy to her and said, "My boy, Jesus called your father away, and now Jesus is calling me, and I am going, but don't you be afraid, the Lord will send some one to take care of you;" and with that she bade him good-bye and sank away. She was buried somewhat in the hurry that is incident to times of epidemic, and people forgot the little boy. The next day he wandered out, having spent the night alone, and went to the grave, and there he cried himself to sleep. Toward evening a kind Christian man passed by, and he saw the boy lying on the grave asleep. He waked him up and said, "My boy, what are you doing here?" and the boy said, "Father's dead, and mother's dead, and mother told me that if I would wait patiently the Lord Jesus would send someone to take care of me;" and the man took the boy up in his arms and said, "My boy, Jesus has sent me to take care of you;"

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