

hold it. Such men as these shall never die.

When D. L. Moody was near his end in this life, he said, "Some day soon you'll hear 'Moody is dead!' Don't you believe a word of it; I shall never die." And is he dead? Nay, he shall never die; his deeds shall live forever; such men mould and stamp on a nation an impression it never forgets.

On an occasion when a certain distinguished American gentleman was traveling, he came in contact with an Englishman who said, "You seem to have all classes here but one." "Who are they?" "An Old Country gentleman," said the Englishman, "that is, a man who is left a large fortune by his parents and goes around doing nothing." "Oh," said the American, "we have lots of them here; we call them tramps; what we call a gentleman is a man that works for an honest living." So you see a true honest man possessed with a clean heart and spotless character, though he may labor and toil, yet in the true sense he may be called a gentleman.

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