

drunk, perhaps for the first time. If you had gone and spoken to him you might have saved him. But it is so easy to hand him over to a policeman. But get your arm in his; care for him, that is more Christlike. May God wait the Samaritan's memorable action on our hearts, and may we go and do likewise. You may say, "I cannot make myself sympathize with a man. What am I to do?" I will tell you a good way; put yourself in the man's place. If you see a man reeling through the streets, he has had temptation from his childhood up. Perhaps if you had been put in his place, under the same temptations, you would have been worse than he. The first time I left home to stay I was about ten years old. My brother was in the town thirteen miles away from our home, "doing chores for his board." He got me a place and I had to go. It seemed thirteen thousand miles to the town. We went together, and I cried very hard, for I was homesick. People think that that was not much. But it seems to me that homesickness is an awful sickness. When we got into the town and were going down the street, my brother suddenly said, "Dwight, there is a man here that gives every new boy in the town a cent." I dried my tears. A child's sorrows are heavy but they do not last long. The man came up, and if he had passed me I believe it would have broken my heart. The old man stopped and said to my brother, "This is a new boy, is it not?" I suppose my brother was afraid I would lose my cent, so he said, "Yes sir, just come in this morning." The old man put his hand on my head and gave me a brand new cent. Then he talked to me for just a few minutes, telling me to remember that I had a Father in heaven. I do not know what became of the cent, but I can feel the hand of that old saint on my head now. Another thing to arouse sympathy is to think what moved the heart of the Son of God. I will give you another lesson that I saw taught in Chicago. It was about sixteen years ago. We used to attend a good many funerals; we had fifteen hundred children in the Sunday school, and in the hot months of July and August a good many poor children died. Those poor people you know cannot get into the country with their children to escape the heat, and so there were three or four funerals a day; and I got so that I could see the mother take her last look at the little coffin without being moved. I could go through it professionally without my heart being touched. One day I heard that one of my Sabbath school scholars had been drowned, and the mother was anxious to see me; the little child had just been brought home, and lay there with the water dripping from her dress. In a corner of the room was the father—drunk, and unconscious of what had happened. The mother told me all her sorrows; how the father drank and she had to work, and take care of five children; how the oldest girl, Madeline, had gone to the river to get flood-wood, and seeing a large stick tried to reach it and fell in and was drowned; and she had no money to buy her a shroud or a coffin. I took the name down in my book, and asked what day she wanted the funeral, and told her I would see about getting a lot to bury the child in. Then I left the house, and my little girl, whom I had taken with me, said, "Papa, suppose that you and I were very poor, and should have no money, and I should go down to the river to get wet flood-wood, and try and reach a big stick and fall in and be drowned, would you feel bad?" I pressed her to me and said "My little daughter, it would break my heart." Then, with the tears trickling down her face, she said, "Did you feel sorry for that mother?" That cut me deeper still. I could not answer. I was

speechless. I went home and got into my room, and the words seemed to ring in my ears, "Did you feel sorry for that mother?" I felt so bad that I went back to the house and read the fourteenth chapter of John to the mother and tried to comfort her. The next day the father was still drunk. I had got so much in sympathy that I got into a carriage and drove to the cemetery. When the funeral was over, the mother said, "I have lived among strangers because I have not always been able to pay rent without going out to work, and I have always felt it a little hard. But it is so much harder to bury my little Madeline among strangers." I had her buried in the Potter's Field. I resolved that this should be done no more; and the next Sabbath I began a subscription among the Sunday school children to buy a plot of land to bury the poor children in. And we got a plot. Another came to me and wanted to know if her little girl could be buried in the lot. I said she could. I told her I would go to the grave, and offer some remarks. It was summer time, and that was the first grave in the lot. As we went to lower the little coffin in the grave I asked the mother, "What is the first name of your daughter?" She said "Emma." That happened to be the name of my only daughter. I thought, "Suppose it were my daughter." And strange as it may seem a few days afterwards another mother wanted to bury her boy in the lot. When asked to offer some remarks I asked what the boy's first name was, and she answered "Willie," the name of my boy. When I came back from England one of the first places I visited was that spot. The lot was full although I thought it would last for many years. There were fifty short graves. There will be a glorious resurrection by and by. If you want to get yourself into sympathy, put yourself into another man's place, or in the place of the mother whose darling had been taken from the household.

EVENING MEETING.

Mr. Moopy said:—The brother who last prayed (Rev. Mr. McLeod) knew what I was going to preach about to-night, and I think this is one of the tokens of the Spirit of God. He prayed that everyone here to-night might come up and confess Christ. I want to call your attention to the text he quoted in his prayer: the 10th chapter of Romans, 9th, 10th and 11th verses, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed." I firmly believe that many men are keeping out of the kingdom of God in this great Christian country, after having heard the Gospel preached so faithfully, because they are ashamed to come out and take this cross, which may be their cross. There are a great many other men who want rest. They want might and power to resist sin, but they are not willing to take up the cross. Now, it is impossible for any man to be a disciple of Jesus Christ who is ashamed of the Gospel or ashamed of Jesus Christ. It is out of the question, and you had better dismiss the hope of ever reaching Heaven if you are not willing to come out and take up your cross. It is the only religion in the world that men are ashamed of. If a man has a false religion he is proud of it. Now, the disciples of Mahomet are proud that they are his disciples, and the disciples of Confucius are proud that they are the disciples of Confucius. Here is the only religion which gives men truth and the power of controlling human lust and passion, and it is the only religion men are ashamed of. Many are ashamed of Christ because they are ashamed of themselves. That is right. We should be ashamed of ourselves for not