

GEMS FROM MOODY,

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.—One afternoon I noticed a young lady at the services, whom I knew to be a Sunday-school teacher. After the service I asked her where her class was. "Oh," said she, "I went to the school and found only a little boy, and so I came away." "Only a little boy!" said I. Think of the value of one such soul! The fires of a Reformation may be slumbering in that tow-headed boy; there may be a young Knox, or a Wesley, or a Whittfield in your class."

UP IN A BALLOON.—Contrasting the importance of earthly and heavenly cares, Mr. Moody said:—"When men going up in a balloon have ascended a little height, things down here begin to look very small indeed. What had seemed very grand and imposing now seem as mere nothings; and the higher they rise the smaller everything on earth appears; it gets fainter and fainter as they rise, till the railway train, dashing along at fifty miles an hour, looks like a thread, and scarcely appears to be moving at all, and the grand piles of buildings seem now like mere dots. So it is when we get near heaven—earth's treasures, earth's cares, look very small."

THE BLIND MAN'S LANTERN.—Out West a friend of mine was walking along one of the streets one dark night, and saw approaching him a man with a lantern. As he came up close to him he noticed by the bright light that the man seemed as if he had no eyes. He went past, but the thought struck him: "Surely that man is blind." He turned round and said: "My friend, are you not blind?" "Yes." "Then what have you got the lantern for?" "I carry the lantern that people may not stumble over me, of course," said the blind man. Let us take a lesson from that blind man, and hold up our light, burning with the clear radiance of heaven, that men may not stumble over us.

DUTY OR LOVE?—I make it a point to go and see my widowed mother at Northfleet once a year. Now, suppose I should go there next Thanksgiving Day, and say, "Mother, I did not want to come this time, but a sense of duty compelled me," don't you think that mother would very soon tell me if that was all that brought me, I need not come again? And yet is not that the way that many Christians go about the Lord's work? They have no love for it. You often hear of men breaking down in their work. Men will break down who work from a sense of duty; but if they have love in their hearts they will never tire, much less break down.

EARNESTNESS.—A Sunday-school teacher, dying of consumption, was so anxious about the conversion of his class, that he came to me in great distress of mind. Together we arranged that he should drive to the homes of his respective scholars, and seek to win them to the Saviour. After spending a week at this work, he had the joy of seeing them all brought to a saving knowledge of the truth; and then, ere the dying teacher left the city for his native village, where he wished to end his days, we had a precious reunion of his scholars, all rejoicing in the Saviour; and when he left one morning by the train for his home, the whole class met at the station to bid him a last earthly farewell.

A FEW WORDS TO PARENTS.—I have been very much cheered in the inquiry-room by having parents bringing some of their children there, and this afternoon at the theatre I found a mother with her little boy weeping. I went over to see if that mother was a Christian, and I found that she was, but the tears rolled over her cheeks as she talked about her boy. "Here is my son," she said, "and I am so anxious that he should be saved." And as I talked to the little fellow, while his little breast was heaving and the tears were running down his cheeks, I could see that the prayers of that mother were answered.

MR. MOODY'S CABMAN.—To show how all classes of society are beginning to think of spiritual matters, Mr. Moody related the following fact: "The cabman who took me home yesterday, after I had alighted from the vehicle, said, 'Bain't you Mr. Moody?' I told him I was. He then said: 'Well, hadn't you ought to talk to me about my soul? hadn't you ought to ask me if I bain't saved?' I then spoke to him; but he seemed disappointed to think I had not spoken to him about his soul."

SAVED BY A KISS.—A lady came into the office of the New York City Mission, and said that, although she did not think she could do much of active work for the Lord, yet she should like to distribute a few tracts. One day she saw a policeman taking a poor drunken woman to gaol—a miserable object, ragged, dirty, with hair disordered; but the lady's heart went out in sympathy toward her. She found the woman after she came out of gaol, and just went and folded her arms around her, and kissed her. The woman exclaimed: "My God! what did you do that for?" and she replied, "I don't know, but I think Jesus sent me to do it." The woman said: O, don't kiss me any more, you'll break my heart. Why, nobody hasn't kissed me since my mother died." But that kiss brought the woman to the feet of the Saviour, and for the last three years she has been living a godly Christian life, won to God by a kiss.

THE MAGDALEN.—A poor, fallen woman was in the meeting one Sunday, and while I was speaking, she determined never to go back to the house of shame, where she had been living. She came into the inquiry-meeting, and after some friends had talked with her, I said: "Where's the mother of that girl?" "Oh," she said, "I don't think my mother will ever forgive me." I said, "I think you are mistaken; I think you misjudge your mother; I never knew a mother that would not forgive her child." A Christian lady took her home that night, and the next day a dear minister of the Gospel took her to his house to stay until they could find her mother. Soon after I had a note from the minister, saying that the mother had been found; and, oh, what a joyful meeting it was between them!

THE PRAYERFUL CRIPPLE.—I once knew a little cripple who lay upon her death-bed. She had given herself to God, and was distressed only because she could not labour for Him actively among the lost. Her clergyman visited her, and, hearing her complaint, told her that there from her sick bed she could offer prayers for those whom she wished to see turning to God. He advised her to write the names down, and then to pray earnestly; and then he went away and thought of the subject no more. Soon a feeling of great religious interest sprang up in the village, and the churches were crowded nightly. The little cripple heard of the progress of the revival, and inquired anxiously for the names of the saved. A few weeks later she died, and among a roll of papers that was found under her little pillow was one bearing the names of fifty-six persons, every one of whom had in the revival been converted. By each name was a little cross, by which the poor cripple saint had checked off the names of the converts as they had been reported to her.

THE DREAM.—I remember hearing of a person that was always trying to do some great thing for the Lord, and because he could not do a great thing, he never did anything. There are a great many who would be willing to do great things if they could come up and have their names heralded through the press. I remember hearing of a man's dream, in which he imagined that when he died he was taken by the angels to a beautiful temple. After admiring it for a time he discovered that one stone was missing. All finished but just one little stone; that was left out. He said to the angel: "What is this stone left out for?" The angel replied: "That was left out for you, but you wanted to do great things, and so there was no room left for you." He was startled and awoke, and resolved that he would become a worker for God; and that man always worked faithfully after that.

NOT BEARING MUCH FRUIT.—I once asked a lady to go and speak to a woman who sat weeping, about her soul. "Oh!" said the lady, "I am afraid I am not qualified for the work; please send some one else." "How long," I said, "have you been a Christian?" "Twenty years." Twenty years on the Lord's side, and not qualified to point a soul to Christ! I am afraid there will be a great many starless crowns in glory.

AN OCTOGENARIAN REVIVALIST.—When we went to London there was an old woman, eighty-five years old, who came to the meetings, and said she wanted a hard in that work. She went to places where we should probably have been turned out, and told the people of Christ. There were none that could resist her. When the old woman, eighty-five years old, came to them, and offered to pray for them, they all received her kindly—Catholics, Jews, Gentiles, all. That is enthusiasm. That is what we want.