

she wanted the doctor to look at the child's eyes. He did so, and he said to the mother, "Your child is blind; it will never see again; you have neglected it; if you had brought it here three days ago I could have saved the sight." The moment the doctor said that, the mother pressed the little child to her bosom, and there was a wail that came from that mother that broke my heart. I wept, the doctor wept; we could not help but weep. She pressed her darling child to her bosom. "My darling," she said, "are you never to see the mother that gave you birth? My child! My child!" It was a sight that would move almost any heart. But what is the loss of sight compared with the loss of soul! I would rather a thousand times have those eyes dug out of my head, and go through the world blind, than lose my soul. I have a son, and no one but God knows how I love him; but I would see those beautiful eyes dug out of his head to-night rather than see him grow up to manhood and go down to the grave without Christ and without hope. The loss of a soul! Christ knew what it meant. That is what brought Him from the bosom of the Father; that is what brought Him from the throne; that is what brought Him to Calvary. The Son of God was in earnest. When He died on Calvary it was to save a lost world; it was to save your soul and mine.

THE LOSS OF A CHILD.

A friend of mine in Chicago took his children out one beautiful day in the summer. They were the children of a large Sabbath-school, and they were to have a day in the country. There was a little boy on the platform of the railway-station, and by some mistake he fell down under the wheels, and a whole train passed over him. The train went back, and the body was found so mangled that the superintendent had to take off his coat to tie up the mangled corpse. He left it at the station, and, taking two of the teachers with him, went to the house of his parents. (The little boy was an only one). When they got to the house one said to the other, "You go in." "No, I can't," was the reply. The superintendent wanted the teachers to go because he thought the parents would blame him; but the teachers refused to go. So the superintendent went in. He found the parents in the dining-room at dinner. He called the father out, thinking that he would tell the father first, that he might break the news to the mother. Taking him into another room, he said, "I have sad news to tell you; your little Jemmie has got run over." The father turned deadly pale. "Is he dead?" he asked. "Yes, sir, he is dead." Then the father rushes into the dining-room, and instead of breaking the news gently to his wife, he cried out like a madman, "Dead, dead!" The mother said, "Who?" "Our little Jemmie." Said the young man who told it me the next day, "I cannot tell you what I suffered when that mother came rushing out to me and said, 'Where is my boy? Where are his remains? Take me to them that I may see him.' I told the mother that the body was so mangled that she could not identify it, and she fainted away at my feet." Said he, "Moody, I would not be the messenger of such tidings as that again if you would give me all Chicago." There is not a mother or a father in this hall but would say it is terrible to lose a beautiful child like that, to have it swept away so suddenly. Well, it is terrible; but, my friends, what is that in comparison with the loss of a soul.

A MORE TERRIBLE LOSS.

Suppose that child had grown up to manhood, and had died a drunkard, and had gone down to a drunkard's grave. See the hundreds and thousands in London reeling their way down, not only to the drunkard's grave, but to the drunkard's hell. I tell you, my friend, I would rather have a train a hundred miles long run over my boy, so that I could not find a speck of his body—I would rather have him die in early childhood, than have him grow up to manhood, and die without God and without hope. It is a terrible thing for a man to die outside the Ark. It is a terrible thing for a man to die without hope, and without mercy,