

Dr. Alexander Dickson quaintly suggests this analysis of the above text:

1. Every man *has* his own place, here and hereafter.
2. Every man *makes* his own place, here and hereafter.
3. Every man *finds* his own place, here and hereafter.
4. Every man *feels* that it is his own place when he gets there.

VI. *It is well to be exact in our quotation of Scripture.* One word, one particle, one letter may be of great consequence in interpreting the meaning of the Word. When Dr. Alexander was dying, a friend repeated to him 2d Timothy i: 12, but incorrectly, "I know *in* whom I have believed." "No, no," said the departing saint, "don't put *even* a *preposition* between me and my Lord. I *know whom* I have believed." Burke says: "Every word in a sentence is one of the feet on which it walks; and to leave out, change, or even shorten one, may change the course of the whole sentence."

A firm inquired by telegram as to the financial soundness of a Wall Street broker. The reply came, "Note good for any amount." There was a mistake but of one letter; it should have read, "*Not* good for any amount"; but that one letter caused a heavy financial loss.

VII. *A short definition of what it is to be a Christian:* He is a Christian in whom the ruling idea and image is Christ.

Augustine, in his "Confessions," tells us of a dream in his early Christian life, when as a young lawyer he was intensely absorbed in Cicero, and all his tastes were Ciceronian. He thought he died and came to the celestial gate. "Who are you?" said the keeper. "Augustine, of Milan." "What are you?" "A Christian." "No; you are a Ciceronian." Augustine asked an explanation, and the angelic gate-keeper replied: "All souls are *estimated in this world* by what *dominated in that*. In you, Augustine, not the Christ of the Gospel, but the Cicero of Roman jurisprudence, was the dominating force. You cannot enter here." Augustine was so startled that he awoke; and resolved that henceforth, Christ, and not Cicero, should rule in his thought and heart and life. The dream is not all a dream. He only enters the heaven where Christ is supreme and central, whose life gives Christ here its inner shrine and throne.

VIII. *The greatest need of the preacher is unction*, that divine chrism of power so inimitable, so irresistible. Without it, preaching can be only a savor of death.

St. Antoninus of Florence has the following: A great preacher fell sick on the very eve of preaching at a certain priory church. A stranger came to the door of the priory in the garb of the order, and offered to fill the vacancy; and talked of the joys of Paradise and the pains of hell, and the sin and misery of this world. One holy monk knew him to be *Frater Diabolus*, and after sermon said to him, "Oh, thou accursed one! vile deceiver! how could'st thou take upon