

very light affliction. We just happen to find it mentioned in one of the Epistles. Take your stand beside him again when the people have stoned him, and his body is all black and blue. What does he say? "I press toward the mark of the high calling." Love was deep in his heart. Many waters could not quench it. Alexander made the world tremble with his armies, but this poor tent-maker made the world tremble without armies. The mighty power of God was upon him. They took him out of Rome two miles, tradition says, and beheaded him. They pitied him as they walked out there because they thought he was on his way to death. He did not fear; he knew he was on his way to coronation. He had love for the Master. Another thing we must have is human sympathy. The longer I live, and the more I mingle with people, the more I am convinced that we have to preach with our hands and feet. We are preached to death—just about. It is preach, preach, all the time. Many people seem to think that what constitutes a Christian is willingness to go and hear sermons. If a man hears three a week he is thought a wonderful Christian. That is all wrong. What is a Christian good for who will not use his hands to help others! What is a Christian good for that will not carry the Gospel to the people, to the home of the poor, to the bedside of the sick. I think we ought to take the story of the good Samaritan and read it once a month, and then remember the last part of it: "Go thou and do likewise." We have been Priest and Levite long enough. It is so easy to take the place of the priest, to wear the shoes of the Levite, and forget the Samaritan. Look at it. The poor fellow had fallen among thieves. They had stripped him and left him wounded. The first man that came that way was a man who held his head high. He was a priest. He had done his work at Jerusalem, and was going down perhaps to dedicate a synagogue. He heard the man's groans and looked at him, and saw he was a brother Jew. But perhaps he said: "He is not in my parish, I cannot help him. If he were in my parish I would help him pretty quickly. Anyhow, he is too far from Jerusalem; I cannot help him." And as he went along he probably thought "Poor fellow, I pity him." Yes, but he did not pity him enough to lift his little finger to help him. The Levite was the next one who passed. He heard the cry of the sufferer, and probably thought, "Why, I know that face, I saw him in the Temple last Sabbath, I know his wife; they live in one of the back streets of Jerusalem; they have two little boys. Why, I know the whole family. But what business had he to come here? If he had stayed at home he would not have fallen among thieves." Just as men say to-day: "Why do young men come from their homes in the country to the city when there is no work for them? Why do they leave the Old Country and come here? Why do not they stay at home? Then the Levite might think again, "I will report him to the police." Then his mind might have taken another turn, "I will get a bill passed through the Sanhedrim to provide means to do away with these thieves. I will see if I cannot get up a society to take care of such people, and if I can I will give five dollars towards it, and so put a plaster on my conscience." He probably thought of pretty nearly everything but helping the poor fellow. Then came the Samaritan. Now if there was a man a Jew hated it was a Samaritan. He would not let a Samaritan eat at his table, and he would not sit at a Samaritan's table. He would not allow a Samaritan to drink at his well. He would not trade with him, would not buy from him or sell to him. A Jew has a pretty poor opinion of

a man when he will not sell him anything when he thinks he can make anything out of him. He would not even allow that the Samaritan had a soul. He was the only man who could not become a proselyte to the Jewish faith. That was the man who came along. He heard that cry. He saw the man was not a brother Samaritan but that he was a brother Jew. Jesus in this parable was telling the Jews who their neighbours were. They never forgot that. The idea of a Samaritan being their neighbor, but this poor Jew found out the Samaritan was the only neighbor he had. The Samaritan did not sit on his beast and say, "Come here and I will help you." You have to go to the people. You have to go to the poor attic, to the cellar. Lay your life right along close to theirs. Elisha sent his staff and his servant to bring the dead lad to life. But you will find you cannot raise people with a ten foot pole. Elisha could not raise that boy until he went himself. But the Samaritan got from his beast and came to the man. He poured oil into his wounds. Oil is a good thing to carry with you. A good many people carry vinegar, and they use it on all occasions. They scold you and lecture you every time they get a chance. They go to a drunkard and scold him. That is not what the man wants. No one condemns him half as much as he condemns himself. He wants sympathy; he wants oil poured into his wounds, not vinegar. Suppose the Samaritan instead of helping him so, had lectured him; suppose he had pulled a manuscript out of his pocket, and read him a lecture forty minutes long on science, or botany, or geology, or the moral decrees of God, showing him that if he had not broken the law of God he would not have fallen among thieves. A good many men want something else besides sermons. If he is sick get him a doctor. Suppose it costs you a little something, pay it. Spend a little money on a man if you want to reach him. Get your shoulder under the burden and help him to bear it. You will soon win him. After the Samaritan had poured in oil, and probably torn off the sleeve of his garment to bind up his wounds, he put the man on his own beast and took him away. You could not make that Jew believe after that, but that the Samaritan was his friend. He was converted. He believed in the Samaritan. But even when the Samaritan had bound up the man's wounds and taken him away he had not done enough for him. He took him to an inn. There are a good many people who are not willing to help a man unless they know what inn he is to be taken to. Suppose while the Samaritan was trying to hoist the man up somebody else passed and the Samaritan said, "Come and give me a hand to get this man to an inn." "What inn are you going to take him to?" "To the Methodist inn." "Well, I will not help you." Perhaps to the Baptist inn. "Well, I will not help you." "Will it help my little party or sect? Will he join us?" Let us rise above these miserable sectional walls. Get men out of the ditch. Make haste, these men are perishing. I thank God these walls are crumbling. This Convention has been a good sign. Twenty years ago you could not have had a convention like this. Each would have come on this platform and would have announced, "I am come here, but I want it understood that I am a Baptist, but I condescend to meet this Methodist;" and they will be so conscientious they would kill the whole thing. The Samaritan took the man to an inn and stayed the night with him. He probably had business in the city, but he stayed with him. That was the time he needed some one to watch over him. How often have you seen a man reeling along the streets