

sent for you to offer you a deputyship under me. You can begin at once."

He began. He set his face like a flint. Steadily, and with dogged faithfulness, the old burglar went about his duties until men high in business began to tip their hats to him, and to talk of him at their clubs.

Moody was passing through the city, and stopped off an hour to meet Burke, who loved nobody as he did the man whose sermon had saved him. Moody found him in a close room, upstairs in the court house, serving as a trusted guard over a bag of diamonds. Burke sat with the sack of gems in his lap and a gun on the table. There were sixty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in the sack.

"Moody," he said, "see what the grace of God can do for a burglar. Look at this! The sheriff picked me out of his force to guard it." Then he cried like a child as he held up the glittering stones for Moody to see.

Years afterward, the churches of St. Louis had made ready and were waiting for the coming of an evangelist who was to lead the meeting; but something happened that he did not come. The pastors were in sore trouble, until one of them suggested that they send for Valentine Burke to lead the meetings for them. Burke led night after night, and multitudes crowded to hear him, and many were saved from their sins. When Burke died, rich and poor came to his funeral, and the great men of the city could not say enough over his coffin.

That is a sample of what the grace of God can do when a poor sinner stops trying to hide from the Lord and repents of his sins and accepts forgiveness through Jesus Christ.

Once give your heart to the Lord, and then the presence of God becomes your chief joy. The fact that God knows all your thoughts and purposes becomes your greatest happiness when with all your heart you are seeking to please God and do His will. It is a terrible thing to live in God's world, where we are dependent upon Him for every breath of life, and where death may at any moment summon us before the judgment seat, and yet be afraid of Him. Make your peace with God to-night. How tender and compassionate it is of our Heavenly Father that He comes seeking after us to offer us forgiveness and peace.—Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

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We have only one mouth, but two ears; whereby nature teaches us that we should speak little but hear much.—Zeno.

Let us learn to regard our life here as the school-time, the training-ground, the awful yet delightful threshold for the eternal ages of the life with God.—Bishop Thorold.

### The Young Doctor.

Twenty years ago, a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his old father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day, he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor, while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient, when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me you were not doing anything!" he thundered. "Not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son, somewhat abashed at his companion's vehemence.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm, and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live,—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."

"That speech," I said to a friend of mine, one who has spent many years as a conspicuously successful teacher, "went into the bones of the young doctor's life, and strengthened him for a life of unselfish usefulness."

"Ah!" said the professor, "that one speech was worth years of text-book teaching! And yet it was made without an instant's preparation."

"Far from it," I answered quickly. "It had taken sixty years of noble living, struggling against sin and self, pressing forward in paths of righteousness, bearing the cross, following hard after the Perfect Man, to prepare that old Christian to make this speech. Then the moment came, and he was ready to teach the glorious lesson."

For this teaching without text-books, fellow-teachers, life's normal school holds daily, hourly classes!—Sel.

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You and I are in the world—not merely to prepare to go out of it some day, but to serve God in it now.—Henry Drummond.