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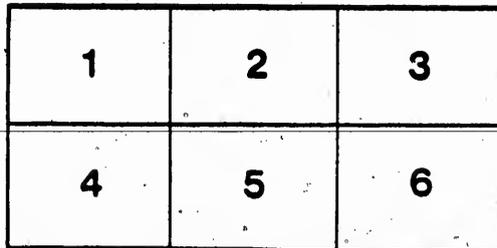
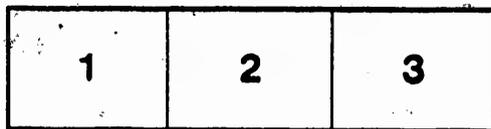
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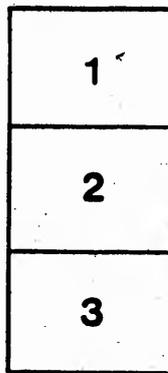
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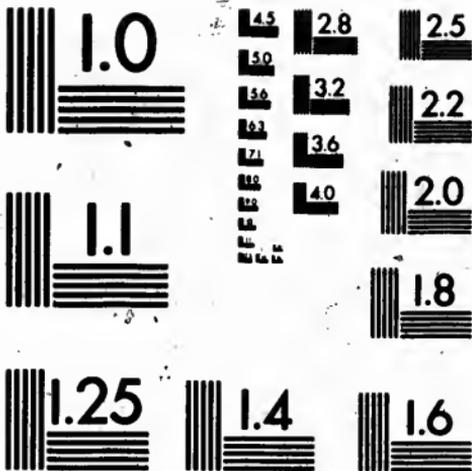
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MOODY'S

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AND

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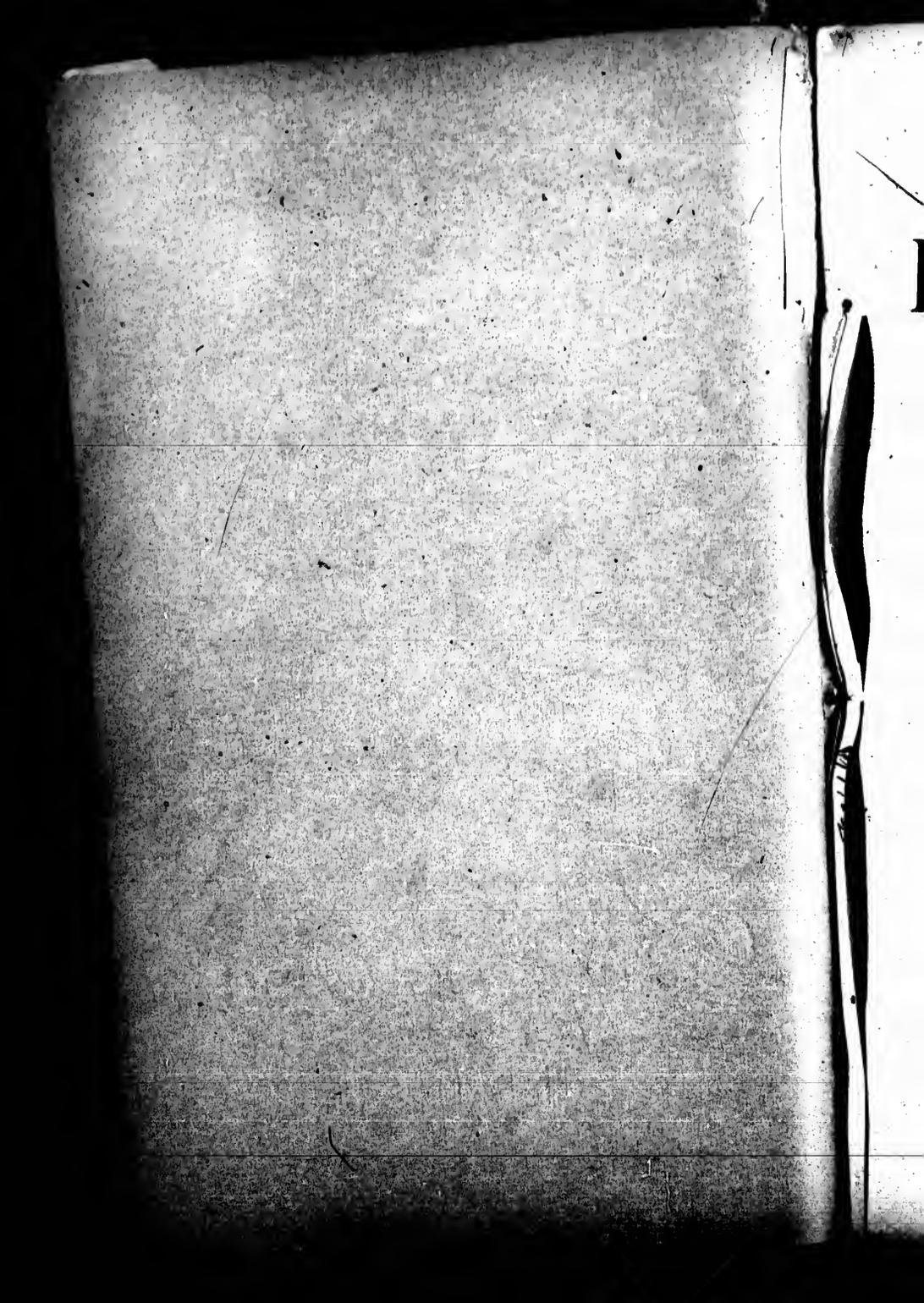
REV. W. H. DANIELS, A.M.

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48 KING STREET EAST.

1877.



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MR. MOODY is a native of New England, thirty-nine years old, and a Congregationalist by religious profession. In 1854 he obtained a situation in a Boston shoe-store, and it was during his short sojourn there that he became a regular attendant at church. Leaving Boston, he went to Chicago, engaged in business, and began his work as a missionary. He collected from the streets a large congregation of children, organised an efficient corps of teachers, and soon had under his control the most important mission enterprise in the West. His success was so rapid, that, in order to accommodate the hundreds that flocked to receive his instruction he was obliged to engage a large hall, which was soon filled to overflowing. His style of teaching was most attractive. He was persuasive, sympathetic, and unusually considerate in the choice of his subjects, and the method of dealing with them. Cheerful music, bright pictures, simple and appropriate stories, and intense personal earnestness, were the chief elements of his success.

Finding this enterprise firmly established, he turned his attention to the condition of German, Swedish, Norwegian, Italian, and other children of foreign birth or descent, and in a short time had gathered together an immense number of them. The field of his particular usefulness appeared so broad, and the necessity for his labor so urgent, that he was obliged to abandon his mercantile business and devote himself wholly to his mission work.

In 1861, when large military camps were established at Chicago, he began to work among the recruits, and as the war expanded his field was correspondingly enlarged. He

organised the Western branch of the Christian Commission, and became its President. Throughout the war he was continually alternating between Chicago and the military field. Upon the close of that struggle he resumed his mission work.

The Young Men's Christian Association held their annual Convention of 1871 at Indianapolis, Ind. Mr. Moody attended. During the session he was attracted by the deep fervor of one singer, and sought an introduction. Thus the friendship and co-operation between Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey had their birth.

Mr. Sankey is a native of Edinburgh, Pa., son of the Hon. David Sankey, and thirty-six years old. In 1866 he united with the Methodist denomination, and possessing a good voice, he determined to devote himself to Sunday-school singing. After his introduction to Mr. Moody he began to assist in the labors at Chicago, and continued there until both sailed for Europe last winter.

Returning in August, after conducting a series of religious services in London, which, for length of time, number of participants, and beneficence of result, was without parallel, they received invitations from every quarter of the United States to inaugurate a similar revival. Deciding at length to begin the work in Brooklyn, the Rink in that city was secured; fitted up at an expense of \$2,000; a stage was built capable of seating 500 people; a choir of 250 voices collected; and the services were opened on Sunday morning, October 24th, with an audience of at least 5,000 persons. Throughout the week the attendance increased so rapidly that Mr. Talmage's Tabernacle was opened to accommodate those who could not find even standing-room in the immense Rink, both Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey spending a short time at each place. After the close of the Brooklyn meetings, similar services were held in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and Boston, with more than expected success.

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MOODY'S TRAINING AND METHODS.

HIS GREAT THEME, "GOD IS LOVE."



VERY much has been said of the simplicity of Mr. Moody's religious belief, and how it has been enlarged and intensified through Sunday-school and missionary work. The subject deserves further remark. It is now more than 15 years since the evangelist became thoroughly devoted to the Christian cause. In the beginning his sermons and addresses to a large extent were composed of incidents occurring in his own experience, and though based upon a Scriptural text, the scenes in which he labored furnished a large part of the material for them. Ideas and suggestions were thus continually coming to his mind, and he adopted a plan of placing the notes of all his sermons in large envelopes, and as he gathered a new thought or an appropriate story he carefully made a note of it and placed it in the proper envelope. Frequently he heard a sermon that pleased him, and, when next he addressed his own people, he preached as much of the same sermon as he could remember, and added to it such suggestions as came to his own mind. Of this harmless plagiarism he made no secret, as he often confessed to clergymen that he had been preaching their sermons. Leading a most active life among people of two widely different classes—Christian workers like himself, and the suffering poor of Chicago—his daily experience furnished him with new stores of material which was carefully lodged in his memory or distributed in the envelopes. Any one who hears him preach will be impressed with the remarkable appropriateness of his stories. Until about six years ago Mr. Moody's training for his evangelical work had extended no further than this. He had read his Bible but he had not studied it. Its truths he

believed and urged upon his hearers with all the earnestness of his nature, expounding them by means of his pathetic stories, and closing with fervid exhortations. From the Bible he educed an elaborate system of morals, but in this the Book occupied for him a field hardly larger than that filled by the writings of Confucius or the teachings of the Stoics. Of its spirituality he taught little; of the universal love of God he was to a large extent ignorant.

In or about the year 1870, a "boy preacher," as he termed himself, whom Mr. Moody had met in England, sent him word one day that he would soon be in Chicago, and would be glad to preach for him. Mr. Moody was out of the city on Sunday, and the young Englishman occupied his pulpit, preaching from the text "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but should have everlasting life." The sermon was repeated every evening during the week to immense congregations. Mr. Moody came home and was astonished at the enthusiasm of his people. He became intimate with the young preacher and sought to learn the source of his success. He was told that men should preach God's Word and not their own. They should study the Bible and not theology. To do this, only one book was needed, and that was the Bible itself. Mr. Moody thought of this advice. He began to study his Bible, and saw that his methods had been to teach men to lead Christian lives by a thorough struggle with their own hearts and the wickedness of the world. But he learned that salvation should come through acceptance of the gifts which Christ offered to all. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," became the pole-star of his teachings. He made rapid progress in his studies, and went to Europe for further aid. A Bagster Bible, with an index of subjects, Cruden's Concordance, and a few commentaries composed his text-books. While in Dublin, a friend gave him the Bible he now uses and the one which he always has with him at the meetings. On the fly-leaf it bears the inscription: "D. L. Moody, Dublin, December, 1872. 'God is love.' W. Fay." It is an 8vo. Bagster, with flexible black morocco covers and turned edges. This volume has been Mr. Moody's constant companion. It

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appears as if it had seen ten years' service. Some of the leaves are worn through with usage, while nearly all the margins have become yellow with many finger marks. In the Old Testament nearly every page is annotated freely. Especially is this true of those parts treating of the history of the Israelites, the chosen people of God. But in the New Testament the pages are annotated in black, red, and blue ink to a wonderful extent. On many pages thirty marks may be counted. Sometimes a few words are underscored or encircled with ink, while mysterious numbers or letters appear on nearly every page. Around the margins and at the heads of chapters a few words may often be found commenting upon a neighboring verse or referring to some other passage. There is scarcely a page in the New Testament where a dozen such annotations could not be counted, while in some places the whole margin is filled with them, and scarcely a verse has escaped Mr. Moody's pen.

In the Bible readings which Mr. Moody gave in Chicago, the thorough acquaintance he had gained with the Bible was very evident. When reading a chapter he would name kindred verses and give their places with the utmost facility. In the noon meetings held at the Tabernacle in Boston he also manifested this wide study of the Bible, though in a less marked degree. His two schools—missionary experience and Bible study—have formed him what he is, and constitute the reservoirs from which the material of his sermons is drawn. His limited general education was obtained from a country school. A business experience and the large acquaintance he has made with men of the world and learned clergymen have furnished him the remainder of his education. Of his imperfect school learning he is painfully aware, and has suffered much from the annoyance which it gives him. In his prayers and sermons he occasionally mentions "this poor stammering tongue." About the time he began his Bible-readings in this country—in which he has met with a success that leads a writer to call him "one of the most successful Bible teachers in America"—he had serious misgivings about the future of his work. Even now he often expresses his grief over some mistake he has made through his impulsiveness in speech or manner. But he has changed immensely

within a few years. His early addresses some one called "hailstorm harangues," and a gentleman who knew him many years ago says the contrast between what he was then and is now is "simply amazing." When he was 17 years of age he left his Massachusetts home and went to Boston. A person who saw him then says: "there was far more of the mountain than of the schools in his conversation and manner." He went away with no other piety than a love for his widowed mother and a sturdy determination to be an honest man. Among the boys in school he was a leading spirit, and, but for the entreaties of his mother, would have been dismissed by the teacher.

To any one who studies Mr. Moody's belief it will very soon appear that God's love for the world is a large and controlling element. "We work because we are saved: we don't work to be saved. We work from the cross but not toward it."

In the preaching of this Gospel, Mr. Moody finds an intense pleasure, which few other men seem to have in an equal degree in their work. He is one of the most cheerful and contented of men. His face is the picture of health. Despite his great exertions, he never grows weary. For two years he preached in England, two, three, and four times a day, without a vacation. Here in America he has labored for many months, and is unceasingly active, and he seems as strong and earnest and in as good spirits as when he began his work.



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CHAPTER I.

NEW STORIES FROM AN OLD BOOK.



NE peculiar charm of Mr. Moody's preaching is the fresh and life-like style in which he tells Bible stories. To him those Scripture characters are real men and women ; and he makes them seem as real to his audience as to himself.

It is a little surprising at first to see those ancient worthies behaving themselves like citizens of London or Chicago : wearing modern costumes, speaking English in Mr. Moody's own vernacular, and permitting him to turn their heads and hearts inside out, in order to show his hearers what is going on in there. But when the effect of the shock has passed away, the force and moral of their story begins to be appreciated as it scarcely could be, if set forth with Oriental stateliness of language, and covered with the dust of remote antiquity.

Irreverent people sometimes laugh at the idea of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abeg-nego, tumbling into Nebuahadnezar's fiery furnace, in broadcloth coats and trousers, stove-pipe hats, and Wellington boots ; or to hear King David telling his experience, like a man in a Methodist class-meeting, and not always in grammatical style. But there is no small advantage in having these men modernized ; for thereby their trials and their triumphs come home to men's own hearts, making them feel that the Scriptures are not out of date, but were written for the learning and encouragement of all ages and all

people ; and leading them to say : What God did for these old-time believers, He is just as willing to do for me.

In this chapter it is proposed to give some of those old stories in their new dress, as Mr. Moody tells them.

It must be borne in mind that he never tells a story merely because it is interesting, or to help fill up the time, but always to illustrate and enforce the Gospel.

STORY OF A BLIND MAN.

In the 18th chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke, you will find Christ was going into Jericho ; and as He drew near the gates of the city, there was a poor blind man who sat by the wayside, begging people to give him a farthing, and crying out, "Have mercy on a poor, blind man !" This blind beggar met a man who said to him, "Bartimeus, I have good news to tell you." "What is it?" said the beggar. "There is a man of Israel who can give you sight." "Oh no!" said the blind beggar ; "there is no chance of my ever receiving my sight. I never shall see. In fact, I never saw the mother who gave me birth ; I never saw the wife of my bosom ; I never saw my own children. I never saw in this world ; but I expect to see in the world to come."

"Let me tell you, I have just come down from Jerusalem, and I saw that village carpenter, Jesus of Nazareth ; and I saw a man who was born blind, who had received his sight ; and I never saw a man with better sight. He doesn't even have to use glasses." Then hope rises for the first time in this poor man's heart, and he says, "Tell me how the man got his sight."

"Oh," says the other, "Jesus first spat on the ground and made clay, and put it on his eyes"—why, that is enough to put a man's sight out, to fill his eyes with clay!—"and then He told him to wash his eyes in the Pool of Siloam, and he would receive his sight. More than that, Bartimeus, He doesn't charge you anything ; you have no fee to pay ; you just tell Him what you want, and you get it, without

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money and without price. It does not need dukes, or lords, or influence; you just call upon Him yourself; and if He ever comes this way, don't let Him go back without your going to see Jesus." And Bartimeus said, "I will try it; there's no harm in trying it." I can imagine him being led by a child to his seat as usual, and that he is crying out, "Please give a blind beggar a farthing." He hears the footsteps of the coming multitude, and inquires, Who is it passing? What does the multitude mean? They tell him it is Jesus of Nazareth passing by. The moment he hears that he says, "Why, that is the Man that gave sight to the blind!" The moment it reached his ear that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out at the top of his voice, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!" Some of those who went before—perhaps Peter was one them—rebuked him, thinking the Master was going up to Jerusalem to be crowned King, and did not want to be distracted. They never knew the Son of God when He was here. He would hush every harp in heaven to hear a sinner pray; no music would delight Him so much. But the blind man still lifted up his voice, and cried louder, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" and the prayer reached the ears of the Son of God, as prayer always will; and they led the poor blind man to Him. Well, when Jesus heard the blind beggar, He commanded him to be brought. So they ran to him, and said, "Be of good cheer; the Master calls you; He has a blessing for you." When Jesus saw him He said, "What can I do for you?" "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "You shall have it;" and the Lord gave it to him. And now the beggar follows with the crowd, glorifying God. I can imagine he sang as sweetly as Mr. Sankey; no one sang sweeter than he when he shouted, "Hosanna to the Son of David!"—no one sang louder than this one who had received his sight. Then he follows on with the crowd, which we see pressing into the gates of the city. I can imagine when he gets into the city he says to himself, "I will go down and see Mrs. Bartimeus,"—having, of course, after all those years of blindness, a curiosity to see what his wife looked like.

As he is passing down the street, a man meets him, and turns round and says, "Bartimeus, is that you?"

"Yes; it's me."

"Well, I thought it was, and yet I thought my eyes must deceive me. How did you get your sight?"

"I just met Jesus of Nazareth outside the walls of the city, and I asked Him to have mercy on me; and He gave me my sight."

"Jesus of Nazareth! is he in this part of the country?"

"Yes; He is on His way to Jerusalem. He is now going down to the eastern gate."

"I should like to see Him," says the man, and away he runs down the street; but he cannot get a glimpse of Him, being little of stature, on account of the great throng round Him. He runs to a sycamore tree, and says to himself, "If I get up there and hide, without any one seeing me, He cannot get by without my having a good look at Him." A great many rich men do not like to be seen coming to Jesus. Well, there he is in the sycamore tree, on a branch hanging right over the highway; and he says to himself, "He cannot get by without my having a good look at Him." All at once the crowd comes in sight. He looks at John—"That's not Him," he looks at Peter—"That's not Him." Then he sees One who is fairer than the sons of men. "That's Him!" And Zacchæus, just peeping out from amongst the branches, looks down upon that wonderful—yes, that mighty God-Man, in amazement. At last the crowd comes to the tree, and it looks as if Christ is going by; but He stops right under the tree. All at once He looks up and sees Zacchæus, and says to him, "Zacchæus, make haste and come down." I can imagine Zacchæus says to himself,—“I wonder who told Him my name. I was never introduced to Him.” But Christ knew all about him. Sinner! Christ knows all about you; He knows your name and your house. Do not think God does not know you. If you would try to hide from Him, bear in mind that you cannot do so. He knows where each one of you is; He knows all about your sins. Well, he said to Zacchæus, "Make haste and come down." He may have added, "This is the last time I shall pass this way, Zacchæus." That is the way He speaks to sinners,—“This may be the last time I shall pass this way; this may be your last chance of eternity.” He may be passing away from some soul to-

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night. Oh sinner! make haste and come down and receive Him. There are some people in this nineteenth century who do not believe in sudden conversions. I should like them to tell me where Zacchæus was converted. He certainly was not converted when he went up into the tree; he certainly was converted when he came down. He must have been converted somewhere between the branches and the ground. The Lord converted him just right there. People say they do not believe in sudden conversions; and that if a man is converted suddenly he won't hold out—he won't be genuine. I wish we had a few men converted like Zacchæus in London; it would make no small stir. When a man begins to make restitution, it is a pretty good sign of conversion. Let men give back money dishonestly obtained in London, and see how quick people will believe in conversion. Zacchæus gave half his goods to the poor. What would be said if some of the rich men of London did that? Zacchæus gave half his goods all at once; and he says, "If I have taken anything from any man falsely, I restore him fourfold." I think that is the other half. But to get Christ is worth more than all his wealth. I imagine the next morning one of the servants of Zacchæus going with a cheque for £100, and saying, "My master a few years ago took from you wrongfully about £25, and this is restitution money." That would give confidence in Zacchæus's conversion. I wish a few cases like that would happen in London, and then people would not go on talking against sudden conversions.

THE STORY OF MEPHIBOSHETH.

1 SAMUEL xx. 14, 15; and 2 SAMUEL ix.

There is a story, my friends, in the books of Samuel—away back as far as the time of the kings of Israel—which will help us to understand the Gospel. It is about a man of the name of Mephibosheth.

You remember what a hard time David had when Saul was hunting him to kill him, just as men hunt game.

Well: one day David and his good friend Jonathan were

taking a walk together in the fields. Saul was very angry, and was bent on killing David; but his son Jonathan was looking out for a chance to save him. It had been revealed to him that David was to be king after his father, instead of himself; but this did not hinder his love for David. It must have been real, true friendship, that could stand such sort of thing!

After they had agreed upon a sign by which David was to know whether it was safe for him to stay around the court of the king, where he could see his friend once in a while; or whether he must leave, and go off into the cave of Adullam, Jonathan says to him,—

“David, it has been revealed to me that you are to be king after my father. Now, I want you to promise me one thing: when you come to the throne, if any of the house of Saul are alive, I want you to be good to them, for my sake.”

“I’ll do that, of course,” said David. So he made a solemn covenant to that effect, and then he went off to the cave of Adullam, to get out of the way of Saul, who was bound to kill him if he could.

But God took care of David. You never can kill or harm a man, if God is taking care of him.

About four years after that, David heard that there had been a great battle over by Mount Gilboa, and that the Philistines had beaten the Israelites with great slaughter, and that Saul and Jonathan were both dead. So he got his men together, and went out after the enemies of the Lord and of Israel; and it was not a great while before he had turned the tables on them, and set up his kingdom at Hebron.

It must have been pretty near fourteen years after that before David remembered his promise to his old friend Jonathan. It is a great deal easier to make promises than to keep them. How many broken vows has God written down against you to-night? But one day the king was walking in his palace at Jerusalem, where he had removed his capital; and all at once he happened to think of that promise. It is a good thing God does not forget *His* promise that way.

“That’s too bad!” said David. “I forgot all about that promise. I have been so busy fighting these Philistines, and fixing things up, that I have not had time to think of any-

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thing else." So he called his servants in great haste, and said, "Do any of you know whether there is any of Saul's family living?"

One of them said there was an old servant of Saul's by the name of Ziba, and maybe he could tell.

"Go and tell him I want him, right away."

Pretty soon Ziba came; and David said, "Ziba, do you know whether there is anybody of the house of Saul in my kingdom?" Ziba said there was one he knew of—a son of Jonathan, by the name of Mephibosheth.

Oh how that name, Jonathan, must have smitten the heart of David! One of the sons of his old friend living in his kingdom for as much as fourteen years, and he had never known it! What would Jonathan think of him for forgetting his promise that way!

"Go, fetch him!" said David; go quick. Tell him I want him. I want to show him the kindness of God."

Now, my friends, where do you suppose Mephibosheth was all this time! Why, he was down at Lo-debar. Did you ever hear of that place? There may be some sailors here: did you ever come across that port? When you have travelled on the railway, did any of you ever stop at that station?

Ah! yes; that is where the whole human race are until they come to Christ for salvation; away down at Lo-debar,—which means, a *place of no pasture*.

The king is in haste to keep his promise now. I seem to see them hurrying off; maybe they take the king's own chariot, and rattle away to find this son of Jonathan.

When they reached the little out-of-the-way place, I fancy there was a great commotion.

"Where's Mephibosheth? The king wants him."

Poor fellow! when he heard that he hung down his head.

He was afraid the king wanted to kill him, because he was of the house of Saul, his old enemy.

Ah! my friends; that's just the way sinners receive Christ's offer of salvation. They think God hates them, and wants to cut their heads off. That is a great mistake. God loves them for Christ's sake, a great deal more than David loved Mephibosheth for Jonathan's sake. I never knew a

sinner to take the Gospel right. They always think, at first, that it is too good to be true.

"Don't be afraid," said the servants. "The king says he wants to show you the kindness of God. He is in a great hurry to see you; so get ready, and jump right into the chariot. Don't you see the king has sent his own chariot to fetch you?"

It did begin to look as if the king meant no harm to him. But poor Mephibosheth had another difficulty. He was lame in both feet. He was a little fellow when David came to the throne; and an old servant, who was afraid that all the house of Saul were going to be killed, took him up and ran away to hide him. Somehow he managed to drop the lad, and lamed him in both feet.

And now I can see poor Mephibosheth looking down at his feet. Maybe the toes turned in—or, he was club-footed. And he says to himself, "I am not fit to go to the king. I am a poor cripple. I am not fit to be seen among the tall, handsome servants of the palace in Jerusalem."

That's just the way with a convicted sinner. He is all the time thinking of his own unworthiness, and saying to himself that he isn't fit to be saved.

"Never mind your lame feet, Mephibosheth; so long as the king sends for you, it's all right." So they take him up, and put him into the chariot, and start for Jerusalem on a run.

As soon as the king sees him, he takes him in his arms, and cries out,—

"Oh Mephibosheth, the son of my dear old friend, Jonathan! you shall have all that belonged to the house of Saul; and you shall live with me here in my palace!"

What a happy man he must have been to hear that! Sinner, that is just what God says to the soul that comes to him in Jesus Christ. He takes us in His arms; He gives us a great fortune of love and grace; and He promises that we shall live with Him in His heavenly palace for ever.

Some people think that Mephibosheth, like certain low-spirited Christians, after he went to live with the king, must have been all the time worrying over his lame feet. But I don't think so. He couldn't help it; and if David didn't mind it, it was all right. So I think that when he dined

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with him in state, with the great lords and ladies all around him, he just stuck his club-feet under the table, and looked the king right in the face.

That is the Gospel, my friends. We are God's enemies, and the children of His enemies. We are lame, and blind, and wretched, and ragged, and hateful by reason of our sins. But the covenant of grace in Jesus Christ has been made; and now God sends for you, poor sinner, to come in Christ's name and eat bread at His table, and be in His house, and in His heart for ever. Will you come? Will you come *now*?

THE STORY OF BARABBAS.

I have often thought what a night Barabbas must have spent just before the day when Christ was crucified.

As the sun goes down, he says to himself: To-morrow!—only to-morrow! And I must die on the cross. They will hang me up before a crowd of people; they will drive nails through my hands and feet; they will break my legs with bars of iron; and in that awful torture I shall die before this time to-morrow, and go up to the judgment with all my crimes upon me.

Maybe, they let his mother come to see him once more before dark. Perhaps he had a wife and children, and they came to see him for the last time.

He couldn't sleep at all that night. He could hear somebody hammering in the prison-yard, and knew they must be making the cross.

He would start up every now and then, thinking he heard the footsteps of the officers coming for him.

At last the light of the morning looks in through the bars of his prison.

"To day—this very day—they will open that door and lead me away to be crucified!"

Pretty soon he hears them coming. No mistake this time. They are unbaring the iron door. He hears them turning the key in the rusty lock. The door swings open; there are the soldiers.

Good-bye to life and hope! Death, horrible death now!—and, after death, what will there be then?

The officer of the guard speaks to him:—"Barabbas, you are free!"

He hears the strange words, but they make very little impression on him. He is so near dead with fear and hope, that the good news doesn't reach him. He hears it; but thinks it is a foolish fancy. He is asleep and dreaming. He stands gazing a moment at the soldiers, and then he comes to himself.

"Don't laugh at me! don't make sport of me! Take me away and crucify me; but don't tear my soul to pieces!"

Again the officer speaks: "*You are free!* Here—the door is open; go out; go home."

Now he begins to take in the truth; but it is so wonderful a thing to get out of the clutches of the Roman law, that he is afraid to believe the good news. And so he begins to doubt, and to ask how it can be.

They tell him that Pilate has promised the Jews the release of one prisoner that day; and that the Jews have chosen him instead of one Jesus of Nazareth, who was condemned to be crucified.

Now the poor man begins to weep. This breaks his heart. He knows this Jesus. He has seen Him do some of His miracles. He was in the crowd, holding pockets, when Jesus fed the five thousand hungry people.

"What! that just man to die—Barabbas, a highwayman, a murderer, to go free!" And in the midst of his joy at his own release, his heart breaks at the thought that his life is saved at such a cost.

Sinner, that is the Gospel. Christ died for you, "the just for the unjust." "He was bruised for our iniquities, and by His stripes we are healed."

Come out of your prison; throw off the chains of sin. You were justly condemned, but Jesus died for you. Let your heart break in penitence; weep tears of love and joy."

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ELIJAH AND THE PRIESTS OF BAAL.

Let us go to Carmel for a few minutes.

King Ahab had forsaken the God of Israel, and all the court people and "upper ten" had followed his example.

But there was an old prophet out in the mountains, to whom God said: "Go to Ahab, and tell him the heavens shall be shut up and there shall be no rain."

Away he goes to the wicked king. He bursts in upon him like a clap of thunder, gives his message, and hurries away.

I suppose Ahab laughed at the old prophet. "What! no more rain? Why, the fellow must be crazy!"

Pretty soon the weather gets very dry. The earth is parched, and begins to crack open. The rivers have but little water in them, and the brooks dry up altogether. The trees die; all the grass perishes, and the cattle die too. Famine; starvation; death! If rain doesn't come pretty soon, there won't be a live man or woman left in all the kingdom.

One day the king was talking with the prophet Obadiah.

You see he did have one good man near him, along with all the prophets of the false god. Almost anybody likes to have one good man within reach, even if he is ever so bad. He may be wanted in a hurry some time.

"See here, Obadiah," says King Ahab; "you go one way, and I'll go another, and we'll see if we can't find some water somewhere."

Obadiah hadn't got a great way before Elijah bursts out upon him.

"Oh, Elijah! is that you? Ahab has been hunting for you everywhere, and couldn't find you. He has sent off into all the kingdoms about, to have them fetch you if you were there."

"Yes, I'm here," says Elijah. "You go and tell Ahab I want to see him."

"I dare not do that," says Obadiah; "for just as soon as I tell him you are here, the Spirit will catch you away and take you off somewhere else; and then the king will be very angry, and maybe he'll kill me."



"No," says Elijah. "As the Lord liveth, I will meet Ahab face to face this day.

So Obadiah hurries off to find Ahab, and tells him he has seen the prophet.

"What! Elijah?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you bring him along?"

"He wouldn't come. He says he wants you to come to him."

Ahab wasn't used to have people talk that way to him; but he was anxious to see the prophet, so he went. And when he sees him he is very angry, and cries, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?"

"Not at all," says Elijah. "You are the man who is troubling Israel—going off after Baal, and leading ever so many of the people with you. Now, we have had enough of this sort of thing. Some people are praying to God, and some are praying to Baal, and we must have this question settled. You just bring all your prophets and all the priests of Baal up to Mount Carmel, and I also will come. We will make us each an altar, and offer sacrifice on it; and the God that answereth by fire, let Him be God."

"Agreed," says Ahab; and off he goes to tell his priests, and get ready for the trial.

I fancy that was a great day when that question was decided.

All the places of business were closed, and everybody was going up to Mount Carmel. There must have been more people on Mount Carmel than there are to-day at the races.* A better class of people, too!

There were eight hundred and fifty of the prophets and priests of Baal altogether. I fancy I can see them going up in a grand procession, with the king in his chariot at their head.

"Fine-looking men, ain't they?" says one man to another as they go by. "They'll be able to do great things up there on the mountain."

But there Elijah marched, all alone; a rough man, clad in the skins of beasts, with a staff in his hand. No banners,

* This was given on Derby Day, at the Opera House, Haymarket, London.

no procession, no great men in his train! But the man who could hold the keys of heaven for three years and six months was not afraid to be alone.

Now says Elijah to the people, "How long halt ye between two opinions? Let the priests of Baal build them an altar and offer sacrifice, but put no fire under; and I will do the same: and the God that answereth by fire, let Him be God."

So the priests of Baal build their altar.

I am sure if God hadn't held him back, Satan would have brought up a little spark out of hell to set that sacrifice on fire. But God wouldn't let him.

Then they begin to pray: "Oh Baal, hear us! Oh Baal, hear us!"

Elijah might have said, "Why haven't you prayed to Baal for water this dry weather? You might just as well have asked him for water as for fire."

After a long time they begin to get hoarse.

"You must pray louder than that, if you expect Baal to hear you," says the old prophet. "Maybe he is asleep; pray louder, so as to wake him up."

Poor fellows! they haven't any voice left; so they begin to pray in blood. They cut themselves with knives, and lift their streaming hands and arms to Baal. But no fire comes down.

It is getting towards sundown.

The prophet of the Lord builds an altar. Mind; he doesn't have anything to do with the altar of Baal, but he builds an entirely different one, on the ruins of the altar of the Lord which had been broken down.

"We won't have anybody saying there is any trick about this thing," says the prophet. So they bring twelve barrels of water and pour over the altar. I don't know how they managed to get so much water; but they did it.

Then Elijah prays: "Oh God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob, let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel."

He didn't have to pray very loud. God heard him at once, and—*down came the fire!!* It burnt up the sacrifice, burnt up the wood, burnt up the water, and burnt up the very stones of the altar. Jehovah is God: nobody can halt any longer.

Ah! but some of you say, "I too would have decided for

God if I had been on Mount Carmel that day." My friends, Calvary is a great deal more wonderful than Carmel. The sacrifice of Christ on the cross is more wonderful than the sacrifice which was burned on that altar.

Decide for Christ now, with Calvary in sight. Choose *ye* this day whom *ye* will serve.

THE LEPER.

See that poor leper! Do you know what an awful thing the leprosy is? A disease so terrible that it separates its victim from all the world, and makes him an outcast, even from his home. Every one is afraid of him. His disease is so contagious, that to touch him, or even to breathe the air near him, is dangerous; and so these poor afflicted wretches have to go away and live in caves and deserts by themselves. They sit by the wayside afar off, calling to the passers-by for charity, —who sometimes throw them a piece of money, and hurry away lest they also come into that terrible plight. Here is a poor man who finds the marks of what he thinks is this terrible disease upon his body. According to the law, he must go to the priest and be examined. Alas! the priest says it is the leprosy—nothing else.

Now the poor man, with broken heart, turns away from the Temple, and goes to his house to say good-bye to his wife, and to take his children to his arms once more, before he goes away to spend the long years in the wilderness alone, or with other lepers like himself, until death shall come to deliver him from his sufferings. What a sorry house is that! Surely this is worse than death itself. He goes out of his door with no hope of ever entering it again. He walks the street by himself, and if any one comes near him, he lifts up his voice in that mournful cry, "Unclean! Unclean!" Out of the gates of the city he goes, away from all his friends and acquaintances, carrying with him the sorrow of separation and the seeds of death. One day he sees a crowd passing along the road, but he dares not go near enough to inquire what it is. All at once he happens to think it may be that Prophet

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of Nazareth whom he has heard of—that same man that, people said, could open the eyes of the blind, make lame men walk, and who had even raised the son of the widow from death, over there at Nain. If only it were He! At any rate he will take the chances, and cry out after Him; and so he shouts, at the top of his voice, "Have mercy upon me!" All the rest of the crowd are afraid of him; but Jesus, who is in the midst, hears some one calling; and, just as He always did when anybody wanted anything of Him, He stopped to find out what it was. He is not afraid of the leper; and so, while the rest of the crowd stand away by themselves, He calls the poor fellow to Him and asks him what he wants; and the leper, with his heart full of anxious hope, replies, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou can'st make me clean." "I will," says Jesus: "be thou clean!" A strange sense of health and strength comes over the man. He looks at his hands, and finds the leprosy is all gone. He begins to pour out his heart in thanks to Jesus, who sends him away to the priests, saying, "Go, show thyself to the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded.

Now I seem to see that cleansed leper hurrying away to show himself to the priest, to be pronounced cured, according to the law; and then hastening to his little home, to see his wife and children once more. He bursts into the house, weeping for joy. He stretches out his arms to his wife and little ones, saying, "I am clean! I am clean! Jesus did it—Jesus of Nazareth."

Sinner, how glad you would be if Jesus had made you clean from the leprosy of sin!—and He is just as willing to cleanse you as He was to cleanse this poor leper. Come to Him just now. Ask Him to cleanse you, and hear Him say, "I will: be thou clean!"

THE WIDOW'S SON.

Think of that poor widow at Nain! She is an old woman now; and her only son, the staff of her life, is sick. How she watches him; sits up all night to see that he has his med-

icine at the right time ; sits by his bedside all day, fanning him, keeping away the flies, moistening his parched lips with water ! Everything he asks for, she brings. The very best doctor is sent for ; and when he comes and feels the pulse of the young man, and looks at his tongue, he shakes his head ; and then the poor woman knows there is no hope for her boy. What an awful thought ! My son, my only son must die ; what will become of me then ? Sure enough, the doctor is right ; and in a little while the fever comes to its crisis, and the poor boy dies, with his head upon his mother's bosom. The people come in to try to comfort the poor woman ; but it is of no use. Her heart is broken. She wishes she were dead too.

Some of you know what it is to look your last upon the faces of those you love. Some of you mothers have wept hot tears upon the cold faces of your sons.

Well : they make him ready for burial ; and when the time comes, they celebrate the funeral service, and put him on the bier to carry him away to the grave. What a sad procession ! Just as they come out of the city gates, they see a little company of thirteen dusty-looking travellers, coming up the road. There is One among them, tall and far fairer than the sons of men. Who can He be ? He is moved with compassion when He sees this little funeral procession ; and it does not take Him long to find out that that woman who walks next the bier is a poor widow, whose only son she is following to his grave. He tells the bearers to put down the bier ; and while the mother wonders what is to be done, He bends tenderly over the dead man, and speaks to him in a low, sweet voice, " Arise ! " And the dead man hears Him. His body begins to move : the man who was dead is struggling with his graveclothes ; they unbind him, and now he sits up. He leaps off the bier, catches a sight of his mother, remembers that he was dead and is now alive again ; takes her in his arms, kisses her again and again, and then turns to look at the Stranger who has wrought this miracle upon him. He is ready to do anything for that Man—ready to follow Him to the death. But Jesus does not ask that of him. He knows his mother needs him ; and so He does not take him away to be one of His disciples, but gives him back to his old mother.

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I would have liked to see that young man re-entering the city of Nain, arm-in-arm with his mother. What do you suppose he said to the people, who looked at him with wonder? Would he not confess that Jesus of Nazareth had raised him from the dead? Would he not go everywhere, declaring what the Lord had done for his dead body? Oh how I love to preach Christ, who can stand over all the graves, and say to all the dead bodies, "Arise!" How I pity the poor infidel, who has no Christ; but who goes down to his death without any hope of resurrection! Is there a poor widow here to-night? Christ will have compassion on you. Your son is dead, maybe. Well, He will raise him up also at the last day, and you along with him; and give him back to you, and you to him, if you both have believed in Jesus, and given Him your hearts.

THE STORY OF NAAMAN.

I have been reading to you about a person who was a great man in his own country—a very honorable man, one whom the king delighted to honor. He stood high in position, he was captain of the hosts of the king of Syria; *but he was a leper*; and that threw a blight over his whole life. There was no physician to help him in all Syria. None of the eminent doctors in Damascus could do him any good. Neither could any in Jerusalem. But I will tell you what they had in Syria: they had one of God's children there—and she was a little girl. Naaman knew nothing about her, though she was one of his household. I can imagine this little Israelite, one day, as she said to Mrs. Naaman, her mistress, that there was a prophet in her country that could cure her master of his leprosy. "Why!" says the mistress, "what are you talking about? Did you ever hear of anybody being cured of leprosy?" "Ah!" said the little girl, "it's true, I can assure you: we have got physicians down there that can cure anything." So at last some one told the king what the little maid of Israel had said. Now Naaman stood high in the king's favor, for he had just won a great victory. He was

called a lord; perhaps he was a prince—a sort of Syrian Prince Bismark, who stood near the throne. So the king said, “You had better go down to Samaria, and see if there is anything in it, and I will give you letters of introduction to the king of Israel.”

Yes, he would give Naaman letters of introduction to the king. That’s just man’s idea. Of course, if anybody could help him it was a king. Of course the king had power both with God and man. Oh, my friends, it’s a good deal better to know a man that knows God! A man acquainted with God has more power than any earthly king.

Away goes Naaman down to Samaria with his letter of introduction, and he takes with him a bag of gold and silver. That man’s idea again: he is going to pay the great doctor. And he took about £100,000 sterling, as far as I can make it out, to pay this doctor’s bill. There are a good many men who would willingly pay that sum, if with it they could buy the favor of God, and get rid of the curse of sin. Yes, if money could do it, how many would buy salvation! But, thank God, it is not in the market, for sale! You must buy it on God’s terms, and that is “without money and without price.” Naaman found that out. My dear friends, did you ever ask yourselves which is the worst—the leprosy of the body or the leprosy of sin? Why, for my own part I would a thousand times sooner have the leprosy eating my eyes out, and eating off feet and arms; I would rather be loathsome in the sight of my fellow-men than die with the leprosy of sin in my soul, and be banished from God for ever. The leprosy of the body is bad, but the leprosy of sin is a thousand times worse. It has thrown the angels out of heaven; it has ruined the best and strongest men that ever lived in the world.

There is one thing about Naaman that I like—and that is, his *earnestness of purpose*. He was thoroughly in earnest. A good many people say, “Oh, I don’t like such and such a minister; I should like to know where he comes from, and what he has done, and whether any bishop has ever laid his hands on his head.” My dear friends, never mind the minister; it’s the message you want. Why, if some one were to send me a message, and the news were important, I shouldn’t stop to ask about the messenger who brought it; I should

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want to read the news; I should look at the letter and its contents, and not at the boy who brought it. And so it is with God's message. The good news is everything, the minister nothing. The Syrians looked down with contempt on the Israelites; and yet this great man was willing to take the good news from the lips of this poor little slave. Why, if I got lost in London, I should be willing to ask anybody which way to go—even if it were only a poor shoeblack. It is the way I want, not the person who directs me. But there was one drawback in Naaman's case, though he was willing to take the advice of the little girl, he was not willing to take the remedy.

The stumbling-block of pride stood in his way. The remedy the prophet offered him was a terrible blow to his pride. I have no doubt he expected a grand reception from the king of Israel, to whom he brought letters of introduction. He had been victorious on many a field of battle, and held high rank in the army—perhaps we may call him Major-General Naaman of Syria; or he might have been higher in rank even than that. He had a letter of introduction from the king himself, and of course he would be received with high honors. But instead of the king rushing out to meet him, when he heard of Naaman's arrival and his object, he rent his mantle in a rage, and said: "Am I a God, that I can kill and make alive?" But at last the king bethinks himself of Elisha the prophet; and he says, "There is a man in my kingdom who may be able to help you and cure your leprosy." Now I can imagine Naaman's pride reasoning thus: "Surely the prophet will feel very much exalted and flattered that I, the great Syrian General, should come and call upon him."

He drives up in grand style to the prophet's house, and, after awhile, as nobody seems to be coming out to meet him, he sends in his message: "Tell the prophet Major-General Naaman of Syria has arrived and wishes to see him." Elisha takes it very coolly. He does not come out to see him, but as soon as he learns his errand, he sends his servant to say, "Dip seven times in the river Jordan and you shall be clean." What a terrible blow to his pride!

I can imagine him saying to his servant, "What did you say? Did I understand you aright? Dip seven times in

Jordan! Why, we call the river Jordan a *ditch* in our country!" But the only answer he got was, "My lord says Go and dip seven times in Jordan." I can fancy his indignation as he asks, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" So he turned and went away in a rage. The fact was, Jordan never had any great reputation as a river; it flowed into the Dead Sea, and that sea never had a harbour to it. And its banks were not half so beautiful as those of the rivers of Damascus. Yes, it was a dreadful blow to his pride. The truth was, that Damascus was one of the most beautiful cities in the world; and it is said that when Mahomet first saw it he turned his head away, for fear it should lead his thoughts away from heaven.

Naaman went off in a rage; he got very angry. But I don't think much of that; for if you notice when a man turns away in anger, he generally cools down and comes back again.

He thought the prophet would have come out to him very humble and very solemn, and bid him do some great thing. Instead of that, Elisha, who was very likely busy writing, didn't even come to the door or the window; he merely sent out the message, "Tell him to dip seven times in the Jordan."

And away he went, saying, "*I thought; I thought; I thought.*" I have heard that tale so often, and I am tired of it. I will tell you just what I think about it, and what I advise you to do—"Give it up. Take God's words, God's thoughts, God's ways. A man to be converted has to give up his will, his ways, and his thoughts. I have often noticed that when a man says, "If ever I am converted, it will be this way or that," God leads him in quite a contrary direction.

Whilst Naaman was turning the matter over in his mind, and thinking what was best to be done, one of his servants came and said—and a very sensible remark it was: "My lord, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, would'st thou not have done it? how much rather, then, when he saith to thee, Wash and be clean!" Yes, and there's a deal of truth in that. Why, if Elisha had said to him, "Go

back to Syria on your hands and knees," he would most likely have done it. If he had said, "Go back all the way on one foot," he would have tried to do it." Or if he had said, "Give me a hundred thousand pounds for the medicine I prescribe, and thou shalt be cleansed," no doubt he would have done it. But to tell him merely to dip in the river Jordan seven times—why, it was absurd on the face of it! "Why, if there is such cleansing power in the waters of Jordan, does not every leper in Israel go down and dip in them, and be healed?" "Well," says the servant, "you have come a hundred and fifty miles; and now don't you think you had better do what he tells you?"

His anger is cooling down; and he says, "Well, I think I might as well try it." That's the starting-point of his faith; but still he thought it a foolish thing, and could not bring himself to believe that the result would be what the prophet had said.

Naaman's will was conquered at last. He got to that point where he was willing to obey; and the Scripture tells us "to obey is better than to sacrifice." So he goes down to the river and takes the first dip; and as he comes up, I can imagine him looking at himself, and saying to his servant, "There! there I am, no better than I was when I went in. If one-seventh of the leprosy was gone, I should be content." Down he goes a second time, and he comes up puffing and blowing, as much a leper as ever; and so he goes down again and again, the third and fourth and fifth time, with the same result—as much a leper as ever. When he comes up the sixth time, he looks at himself, and says, "Ah! no better. What a fool I have made of myself! How they must all laugh at me! I wouldn't have the generals and aristocracy of Damascus know that I have been dipping in this way in Jordan for all the world. However, as I have gone so far, I'll make the seventh plunge." He has not altogether lost faith; and down he goes the seventh time, and up he comes again. He looks at himself, and shouts aloud for joy. "Lo, I am well! My leprosy is all gone—all gone! My flesh has come again as that of a little child. I never knew such a thing. I never felt so happy in all my life. I thought I was a great and a happy man when I accomplished that vic-

tory ; but, thank God ! praise God ! I am the happiest man alive." So he comes up out of Jordan and puts on his clothes, and goes back to the prophet, and wants to pay him.

That's just the old story : Naaman wants to give money for his cure. How many people want to do the same now-a-days ! Why, it would have spoiled the story of grace, if the prophet had taken anything ! You may give a thank-offering to God's cause, not because you can be saved, but because you are saved. But the prophet refused to take anything ; and I can imagine no one felt more rejoiced than Elisha did. So Naaman starts back to Damascus, a very different man than he was when he left it. The dark cloud has gone from his mind ; he is no longer a leper, in fear of dying from a loathsome disease. He lost the Leprosy in Jordan when he did what the man of God told him ; and if you obey the voice of God, even while I am speaking to you, the burden of your sins will fall from off you, and you shall be cleansed. It is all done by the power of faith.



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CHAPTER II.

PRAYER-MEETING TALKS.



NOW TO CONDUCT PRAYER-MEETINGS.—I have noticed, in travelling up and down the country, and after mingling with a great many ministers that it is not the man that can preach the best that is the most successful, but the man who knows how to get his people together to pray. He has more freedom. It is so much easier to preach to an audience that is in full sympathy with you than to those who are criticising all the time. It chills your heart through and through. Now, if we could only have our prayer-meetings what they ought to be, and people go, not out of any sense of duty but because they delight to go, it would be a great help to a minister in his Sunday services. Now, I find it a great help in prayer-meetings to get the people right up close together, and then get myself right down among them. I believe many a meeting is lost by the people being scattered.

Another important thing is to see that the ventilation is all right. Sometimes I have been in rooms where I think the air must have been in there five or six years. You cannot always trust the janitors to take care of it. The people get sleepy, and you think it your fault. Very often such a thing is the fault of bad ventilation. See that you get fresh air—not too hot, and not too cold, but pure. Then it is a good thing to have a subject. Let all the people know a week beforehand what the subject is going to be. You take the subject of "Faith," say, and ask a brother or two privately to say a little on the subject. If they say, "I cannot get my thoughts together," or, "I am so frightened when I get up that I tremble all over," then tell him just to get up and read a verse. It won't be long before they will add a few

words to that verse, and after a while they will want to talk too much, and the meetings thus become very profitable to those men. What we want is variety. Instead of having Deacon Jones and Deacon Smith and Deacon Brown to do all the praying and all the talking, have somebody else say something in this way, and thus create an interest.

I would not have the minister always take the lead, for I have noticed when the minister takes the lead, if he ever goes off there is a collapse. Now it seems to me a minister should get different ones into the chair, and when he goes off the meetings won't miss him, and there will be no falling off. Not only that, but he is training his members to work. They will go out around the town and in school-houses, and preach the Gospel, and we multiply preachers and workers in that way if they are only just taught to take part. Now I believe that there are a great many in our church prayer-meetings who could be brought out and made to be a great help if the ministers would only pay their attention to it. How many lawyers, physicians, public speakers we have who do nothing to actively help along the work, and I believe that difficulty could be removed if the minister would take a little pains. Let the father whose son has been converted get up and give thanks. Have once in a while a thanksgiving meeting. It wakes up a church wonderfully, once in a while to let the young converts relate their experiences. Then you say, what are you going to do with these men that talk so long? I would talk to them privately, and tell them they must try to be shorter. And it is a good thing sometimes for ministers themselves not to be too long. Sometimes they read a good deal of Scripture, and talk until perhaps only fifteen minutes is left, and then they complain because Deacon Smith or Jones or some one else talks too long. Just let the minister strike the key note of the meeting, and if he can't do that in ten minutes he can't at all. Very often a minister takes up a chapter and exhausts it, and says everything he can think of in the chapter, and then can you wonder a layman cannot say more who has had no study of the subject? Give out the subject a week ahead, let the minister take five or ten minutes in opening, and then let the different ones take part. That would be a greater variety. When a man takes part he gets greatly interested

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himself. It was pretty true what the old deacon said, that when he took part in the meetings they were very interesting, and when he didn't they seemed very dull. [Laughter.]

SUGGESTION TO CHURCH MEMBERS.—If the ministers would encourage their members to be scattered among the audience, to never mind their pew but sit back by the door if need be, or in the gallery, where they can watch the faces of the audience, it would be a good thing. In Scotland, I met a man who with his wife would go and sit among them, as they said, to watch for souls. When they saw any one who seemed impressed they would go to him after the meeting and talk with him. Nearly all the conversions in that church during the last fifteen months had been made through that influence. Now, if we could only have from thirty to fifty members of the church whose business it is just to watch, and you laymen and laywomen to afterwards clinch them in. The best way in our regular churches is to let the workers all help to pull the net in. You will get a good many fishes; it won't be now and then one, but scores and scores. Now a stranger coming into a church likes to have some one speak to him. He does not feel insulted at all. A young man coming to New York a stranger and going to church, if some one asks him to go into the inquiry room it makes him happy and cheers him. Two young men came into our inquiry room here the other night, and after a convert talked to them, and showed them the way, the light broke in upon them. They were asked, "Where do you go to church?" They gave the name of the church where they had been going. Said one, "I advise you to go and see the minister of that church." They said, "We don't want to go there any more; we have gone there for six years and no one has spoken to us."

A man was preaching about Christians recognizing each other in heaven, and some one said, "I wish he would preach about recognizing each other on earth." In one place where I preached there was no special interest. I looked over the great hall of the old circus building where it was held, and saw men talking to other men here and there. I said to the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association who got

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up the meeting, "Who are these men?" He said, "They are a band of workers." They were all scattered through the hall, and preaching and watching for souls. Out of the fifty of them, forty-one of their number had got a soul each and were talking and preaching with them. We have been asleep long enough. When the laity wake up and try and help the minister, the minister will preach better. If the minister finds he has not been drawing the net right, if a good man in his church go to work and help him he will do better; he will prepare the sermons with that one thing in view. Will this draw men to Christ?

I don't see how men can preach without inquiry meetings. I like to see the converts. One minister in Scotland said he did not believe in disturbing the impression. If he had made an impression he did not want any one to say anything. He said, "After you sow the seed you don't want to go and dig it up to see whether it has sprouted." But I told him, "The farmers all harrow it after it is sowed." [Applause.]

ADDRESS TO CHRISTIANS.—One thing has been laid upon my mind in the last hour, and that is, that we should pray to God to fill us with the Spirit. We have had a good many questions asked us by the young converts about how they should go to work. There is a great deal of work done by people who have not the power of the Spirit; and to work without the power is like beating against the air.

I would call your attention to one thought; the gift of the Spirit for service. We may be sons and daughters of God; but we may be sons and daughters without power. God has a great many children that have not got any power. Their words are idle words; they might just as well speak in an unknown tongue; their speech is "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." I suppose many of us have felt what it is to be preaching as though we were preaching to the air, our own hearts not moved, nor any one else's. When you go home, take your Bible an hour or two, studying up this one subject, the gift of the Holy Ghost for service. In the 4th chapter of Luke, the 18th verse, we read: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel." It was after the Spirit came upon Him that He

commenced His ministry. Then He went back to Nazareth, and His work was blessed.

We find in the 20th chapter of John, these words: "And when He said this He breathed on them and said unto them, receive ye the Holy Ghost." Of course His disciples had been converted before this. Back in the 7th chapter of John we find Him saying on that great day of the feast, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said—out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. Greater works than I have done you shall do, because I come of the Father, and the Holy Ghost shall be upon you which also comes of Him."

If we are only imbued with power from on High, it will then be ours to work for God. You cannot get water out of a dry well. You may pump, and pump, and pump, and the old machine will squeak, but there won't any water come. Sometimes pumps are dry, and you can't make any water come until you pour a little in at the top. So we have got to have water poured on us, or we cannot get any more power than a dry pump. What we want is this water of the Spirit poured upon ourselves. Oh, may He pour it upon us this afternoon.

In the 20th chapter of Luke and the 22nd verse, it says, "When He had said this He breathed on them and saith unto them, receive ye the Holy Ghost." Of course the disciples received the Spirit there.

Some persons think because they have had the Holy Ghost resting upon them at one time in power, it is going to remain. But I tell you that many a man that got converted and received the Holy Ghost, and was used ten years ago for the service of the Lord, has not got the power that he once had. He may be a good Christian, but he has lost the power. The people in his church know it. They say to each other, "What has come over our pastor?" He has not got the unction, he has not got the Holy Ghost. Oh, shall we not seek and pray for it here to-day? May the God of heaven breathe upon us one breath from the upper world before we go hence! To see that we are not to be satisfied with being filled once, turn over into the 2nd chapter of Acts. He told His disciples to go back to Jerusalem and tarry there until

they were imbued from on High. Those men had already been converted before. My friends, I think we do not tarry at Jerusalem until we get the power. We forget about the Holy Ghost, and about the necessity of our being anointed for service. These very men that He breathed upon then were afterwards filled with the Holy Ghost, as we read in the 4th chapter of Acts. Peter and James and John had not remained full. We are greatly mistaken in thinking that we may remain satisfied with past mercies of grace that God gave us away back these ten years ago. We do not love the fresh manna. In the 3rd chapter of John comes Nicodemus. In the 4th chapter of John He holds out the cup of salvation, and it becomes a well of water. The water always runs to one level as it comes down. The 4th chapter of John is a better Christian than the 3rd chapter. The best glories of a Christian are mentioned in the 7th chapter, where it says: "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." In Luke we find it mentioned as a well, in John, a river. You know there are two ways of digging wells now. In one process, they do not stop as soon as they have come to water; but they dig on down carefully through the rock and sand, until they come to a lower strata, and a stream of the clearest crystal water starts and gushes to the top, like a fountain. You do not have to pump the water up from such a well. It comes of itself.

While in England I met a minister whose health had become so poor that he had to get an assistant to help him preach. He could only preach once a week, and not always that. One day, in meeting, the Spirit of God came upon him anew, and he got freshly anointed. He came down to London a year afterwards, and he told me that during the past year he had preached eight sermons a week. He said he had never been so well in all his life. I believe it is not work that breaks down our health; it is pumping without the water! What we want to do is just to wait on God until He gives it to us. I know a minister who told me he felt that he was preaching without this anointing, and he felt that his sermons had not been blessed for a long, long time. I know it was my own experience. I never like to talk about myself; it always makes me feel like a fool, but this may do some of you some good.

About four years ago I got into a cold state. It did not

seem as if there was any unction resting upon my ministry. For four long months God seemed to be just showing me myself. I found I was ambitious; I was not preaching for Christ; I was preaching for ambition. I found everything in my heart that ought not to be there. For four months a wrestling went on within me, and I was a miserable man. But after four months the anointing came. It came upon me as I was walking in the streets of New York. Many a time I have thought of it since I have been here. At last I had returned to God again, and I was wretched no longer. I almost prayed, in my joy, "O, stay thy hand!" I thought this earthen vessel would break, He filled me so full of the Spirit. If I have not been a different man since, I do not know myself. I think I have accomplished more in the last four years than in all the rest of my life. But oh, it was preceded by a wrestling and a hard struggle! I think I have never got out of this miserable selfishness. There was a time when I wanted to see my little vineyard blessed, and I could not get out of it; but I could work for the whole world now. I would like to go round the world and tell the perishing millions of a Saviour's love.

If in these closing months here we could get baptized by the Holy Ghost, would it not be blessed? Is there not a hungering and a thirsting to be filled to-day? "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." There is the word of the Lord Jesus. Is He not here to-day? Is not He able to fill us? If He would imbue us all, and expel all jealousy and sectarianism, would it not be blessed? He can conquer this earthly will and fill us with the Holy Ghost as were the early Christians. Your congregations will find your new anointing out, if you take the grace and the anointing away with you. They will say to each other directly, "What does it mean? What has come over our minister?" O, God grant that self may lose its interest for us to-day, and that Jesus may burst upon us with a new view; that we may behold Him to-day as we never yet beheld Him; and may He give us fresh anointing!

CHRIST THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—Luke x. 25.—In this picture we get the whole Gospel. Jerusalem was the city of

peace. Jericho was a city condemned, and from one to the other was all the way down hill—an easy road to go, as the unfortunate man thought when he started on his journey. But he fell among thieves, who stripped him and left him half dead, and the priest and the Levite passed him by. These two men represent a large class of people. We can imagine the priest asking himself, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and complaining, "What did he want to go down there for, any way? Why didn't he stay at home?" He was a great deal better off in Jerusalem—he might have known something would happen to him." Some people think they have done their duty when they blame the poor for their poverty, and the unfortunate for the accidents which happen to them.

There is another class who always begin to philosophize the minute they see any suffering. "Why does God have these things? Why does He have sin and poverty in the world, I would like to know? He needn't have it; He could just as well have made a world without it." But here comes the good Samaritan; he does more than pity and philosophize; he helps, gives oil, and lifts the poor fellow on his beast. He is not afraid to touch him. He don't stop to ask whether he is Jew or Gentile, or just what he is going to do with the man if he gets him away from there. Now a great many people ask us, "What are you going to do with these young converts when you get them? Where will you put them—into what church—Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal?" "Well, we don't know; we have not thought of that; we are trying to get them out of the ditch first." "Oh, well then, we don't want to have anything to do with it; we want it to be done decently and in order, if we are going to have a hand in it."

These people are no Samaritans; they won't have anything to do with the poor fellows by the wayside if they cannot dispose of them ever afterwards to suit themselves. Let us not condemn those who have fallen into the ditch. Christ is our Good Samaritan; He has done for us, and tells us to do for others.

CREATE A CLEAN HEART IN ME, O GOD!—Ps. li. 10.—

It seems as if here is where we might well stop and say a word. Is our heart clean in the sight of God? Has He renewed a right spirit within us? Do we show that in our home, in our daily life, in our business, and in our contact with others? If we do not, it seems to me it is better to be praying for ourselves than for others, that the world may see that we have been with God's Spirit. If we are a great way from Christ in all our ways, our words will be cold and empty, and we cannot reach the world. There is power enough in this room to move all New York, if we had the right spirit and clean hearts. A friend of mine told me he had been preaching some time without seeing any results in his church, and he began to cry to God that he might have a blessing on his church. He said weeks went on and the answer didn't come, and he felt that he must either have a blessing or give up the ministry. He must have souls or die, and he said that on one Sunday he threw himself on his knees in his study and cried to God, "Oh, God! break this heart of mine and give me a contrite spirit." Just at this moment he heard a faint rap at the door, and opening it, his little child, four years old, entered. She had heard her father's prayer, and she said, "Father, I wish you would pray for me; I want a clean heart." "And," said he, "God broke my heart, and at the next meeting, there were forty inquirers, after that one sermon." "Oh, that our hearts may be tender, and may we know what it is to have broken hearts and contrite spirits."

GOD'S POWER TO SAVE THE DRUNKARD.—Jer. xxxii. 17.—

"Oh, Lord God! behold, Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for Thee." Mr. Moody said he had taken that chapter to every place where he had been. He had tried to find a substitute, but had never succeeded. He then said:

It's just what we want to give the keynote to our meetings. Many of us look about and see so many wretched and wicked people that we become disheartened. But it's as easy for God to save every drunkard and infidel in New York as it is for Him to turn His hand over. Think of this earth that God has made, with its mountains and rivers! Some

one has said it is only a ball thrown from the hand of God, and another that the stars and the moon are only the fringe of His garments. If God can do these great things, think you He can't save drunkards? If He could speak worlds into existence, can't He save dead souls! I have more hope of these prayer-meetings than of any others. But if we don't get a hold of God here we won't anywhere. I believe that God answers prayers. If we ask a fish, He won't give us a stone. Some have said these meetings will pass away and do no good. But it won't be so if God is with us. The late war taught men how to pray. It seems to me that some of the best work I ever saw was among the soldiers. Those boys away from their mothers, how many prayers were uttered for them, and how many were converted! I well remember a young lieutenant from Indiana. In one of our meetings, when we had been speaking of mothers' prayers, he got up and said the remarks reminded him of letters he had received from his mother, expressing great anxiety about his soul. He had told her that he would come to Christ after the war; but she reminded him he might never see that time. Another letter came from his home, and that mother was dead. And with the tears trickling down his cheeks, that noble young man told his tale, and came to know his Saviour. Now we come to-day to call upon the Lord for a great blessing to rest upon this mighty city.

A RAINY DAY PRAYER-MEETING.—Ps. ciii.—There are four precious clauses in this Psalm, viz.: "He forgiveth all thine iniquities;" "He healeth all thy diseases;" "He redeemeth thy life from destruction," and "He crowneth thee with loving kindness." Christianity is better than anything that the world can give. It satisfies us. That is what wealth cannot do. The crowns of Europe cannot give the peace and contentment that come from the Crown of Life. I like these rainy day prayer-meetings. It costs us something to get here.

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CHAPTER III.

THE PROPHET DANIEL, IN MR. MOODY'S VERSION.

 O those who have heard the stately and brilliant oration of Dr. Punshon on "Daniel in Babylon," by which this line of address was first suggested to Mr. Moody, this rendering of the story in homely language will be especially interesting. The contrast in style will be striking, but the power and effect of the two discourses will be found almost identical. A diversity of gifts; but the same spirit.

When we come to the life of such a man as Daniel, the first thing we ask is: What was the secret of his success? Well, my friends, I'll tell you what I think was the secret of this man's success:—He knew his God.

A great many professing Christians never get on intimate terms with their God, and so they never amount to much. But Daniel, from his boyhood, knew and trusted in the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob; and that was what put such courage into him.

There is another very important thing about Daniel: he was able to say *no!* at the right time.

I tell you, my friends, it would be a great thing for our young men to be able to say *no!* when the devil comes up to them and begins to coax them away from the God of their father and mother.

We don't know just how old he was when we hear of him first: probably about seventeen. The king Nebuchadnezzar had given orders to take some of the best and brightest boys among the Hebrew captives and bring them up among his wise men. They were to be taught the language and the

learning of the Chaldeans, and to be fed with meat and wine from the king's table.

"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank." There was something in the law of his God forbidding him to eat meat or drink wine which had been offered to idols; and Daniel knew that the king's meat and the king's wine had been offered to idols, so he determined not to touch it.

If he had been like a good many of our modern Christians, he would have said something like this: "Well, it can't be helped. I don't like to defile myself this way; the law of God forbids it; and if I were only home in Jerusalem I never would do it in the world. But I really don't see how we are going to help it. We are slaves. Besides, it is the king's special order; and if he should hear of our disobedience, our heads would come off in no time. Really, we can't be expected to run such a risk as that."

That's it; the devil told him to do in Babylon as the people of Babylon do. But Daniel had the courage to stand up to the law of his God, and say *no!*

Consequences? Never mind the consequences. There wasn't any such word in his dictionary when it came to obeying the law of his God. He was bound to do it, let the consequences be what they might.

Do you hear what it says here in this eighth verse of the first chapter? "Daniel purposed in his *heart*." That's the trouble with a great many people: they purpose to do right, but they only purpose in their heads, and that doesn't amount to much. If you are going to be Christians, you must purpose to serve God away down in your hearts. "With the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness."

So when the servant who had charge of them came to bring them their dinner, Daniel and his three young friends told him they couldn't eat that meat and drink that wine, because it was against the law of their God.

Look at that! Daniel doesn't try to dodge the question at all; he gives the true reason right out at once.

I am afraid some of you, if you had been in his place, would have tried to hide behind some excuse. You would

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say you weren't very well; or that meat and wine didn't agree with you. Not so with Daniel. He tells that heathen the true reason why he can't eat the king's meat or drink the king's wine, and I have no doubt the man respected him for it.

"But, says he, 'it won't do at all. If you don't eat it, the king will find it out. He'll see you some time looking lean and thin, and he'll ask what the matter is, and then I shall lose my head as well as you.'"

"Just try us for ten days," says Daniel. "Give us pulse to eat and water to drink, and see how we get along on it."

So the servant tried them on the pulse and water, and at the end of ten days they were the fattest and best looking of the whole crowd.

Some people think wine makes them look better, and that they can't get along without it. Look at their red noses and bloated faces!

I tell you, all the stimulant a person needs is the Word and the Grace of God.

There was a soldier down in Tennessee when I was there, — a great strong, hearty fellow, who was a teetotaler. One day, when the army was going on a long march, a man offered him a drink of whiskey.

"I am a teetotaler," was the reply.

"Never mind that. You're in the army now; besides, you need some stimulant to help you on this long march."

Taking out a pocket Bible, he held it up before the face of his tempter, and said,—

"This is all the stimulant I want."

"Just so with Daniel. He took God's side in this question, and held to God's terms, and God made him strong and healthy; gave him favor with those who saw his honesty, and, above all, peace in his own soul.

The next we hear of him is about two years after.

I seem to see the officer coming in and laying his hand on Daniel's shoulder, and arresting him in the king's name.

"What's the matter?" says Daniel.

"Why haven't you heard?" says the officer. "The king had a dream last night, and when he woke up he couldn't remember it; so he called all his wise men together, and asked

them to tell him his dream, and then interpret it for him. Nobody could tell it. The king was so angry that he commanded that all the wise men should be put to death. You belong to that school; so you will have to die."

"It seems to me the king is rather hasty," says Daniel—cool and calm as a summer morning. "Just let him give us a little time, and I'll show him his dream and the interpretation also."

He knew his God and trusted in Him. All secrets belong to God.

That night Daniel and his three friends had a little prayer-meeting together. I have no doubt they read the story of Joseph; how the dreams of old Pharaoh were revealed to him; and how he came to be a great man in Egypt afterwards. And then they went to sleep.

I don't think many of you would have gone to sleep with such danger as that hanging over your heads. But Daniel slept; and in his sleep the king's dream was revealed to him.

The next morning there was a great stir all about the palace. It had gone out that a young Hebrew captive was going to tell the king his dream, and save the lives of all the wise men of Babylon; and everybody was anxious to know all about it.

I can see the young man brought into the presence of the mighty monarch. He stands there without the slightest fear. His God, in whom he trusted, has made him master of the situation. The King looks at him, and says, "Young man, can you tell me my dream and the interpretation of it?"

"My God can!" answers Daniel; and he begins.

"In your dream, O king you saw an image——"

"*That's it!*" says Nebuchadnezzar, his face lighting up all at once; "You've got it! I remember it all now."

"Yes," says Daniel; "my God revealed it to me last night in a dream." You see he doesn't take any credit to himself for it, but gives the glory to his God.

"The head of this great image was gold, his breast and his arms were silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, and his feet part of iron and part of clay. And then, O king, you saw a stone cut out without hands, which

struck the image upon its feet, and crushed it to pieces till it became like the dust of the summer threshing-floor."

"That's all right," says the king. "Now can you tell me the interpretation of it?"

Now I imagine some of you would have tried to soften down the interpretation a little. It was a pretty hard thing for Daniel to stand up there before that great monarch, and tell him his kingdom was to be like the dust of a summer threshing-floor: but he did it.

"Thou art this head of gold. And after thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee; and another third kingdom of brass, which shall bear rule over all the earth. And the fourth kingdom shall be strong as iron. Afterwards it shall be divided, and become part strong and part weak. And in the days of those kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed; it shall break in pieces and destroy all those kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever."

The king was greatly pleased with Daniel, and made a great man of him; and, for his sake, put his three friends into office. You see Daniel didn't forget his friends when he got into a good place himself.

Well: not long after that—maybe it was the dream that put it into his head—Nebuchadnezzar made a great image, and set it up in the plains of Dura. It was about ninety feet high and about nine feet wide. Some people say it was made of solid gold. I rather think the king intended that image to represent himself. He was going to have a universal religion; and he was going to be the head of it,—there are some such people now-a-days,—and so he gave orders to have all the nobility and great officers of his kingdom brought together to worship the golden image which he had set up.

I don't know where Daniel was at this time. Perhaps he was away in some other part of the kingdom on business; but his friends, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, were there to represent him. Their enemies were there too. A faithful servant of God is sure to have enemies, watching for a chance to get him out of the way.

It was a great day when the image was unveiled. I seem to see it flashing in the sunlight; the vast throng of worship-

pers standing around it ; and the king, at the head of a splendid procession of his lords and ladies, coming across the plain with banners flying and music playing ; really, it must have been a trying time for those three men, who were so much out of fashion as not to bow down to the great idol when everybody else was doing it.

But the law of their God and the law of the king were in conflict. The king said, Bow down ! God said, No !—and it didn't take them a minute to decide what to do.

Some people would have said, "There's no great harm in bowing with all the rest ; but then you needn't *worship*, you know : just bend your knees a little, but don't say any prayers to the idol."

Not a bit of it. These men were not going to compromise their consciences ; and their enemies knew it very well. The hour has arrived ; everything is ready ; the king makes a sign with his hand, and the cornets and sackbuts, and all the other instruments, give a great blast, and the whole multitude fall down on their faces before the great image which Nebuchadnezzar the king has set up. No ; not all ! There are three pairs of stiff knees in that kingdom—three men who will not bow to the false god. Their enemies have taken care to put them in the front rank, near to themselves, where they can watch them, and so find occasion to accuse them to the king.

I seem to see these fellows looking out of the corners of their eyes, when, by the king's command, they ought to have been worshipping the idol : and I hear them saying to themselves, "Aha ! we have got you now !" and so they go to tell the king.

"O king ! live for ever. Do you know that there are three men in your kingdom who will not obey you ?"

"No : who are they ?"

"Three of those Hobrew captives ; they don't bow down along with the rest of us ; and we thought you would like to know it."

"Bring them to me," says the king, in a great rage ; "I will see whether these fellows are going to disobey my orders like this."

It is quite likely he would have ordered their heads to be

taken off at once, if he had not remembered that they were particular friends of Daniel.

Now they stand face to face with the great king.

"What is 'this I hear of you?" says Nebuchadnezzar. "They say you disobey my orders, and do not bow down and worship my golden image. Now, I will try you once more; and then, if you don't bow down, into the furnace you go."

We do not know who the speaker was on that occasion; perhaps it was Shadrach. He stands there with his two friends, looking calmly at the king, and thinking of the fiery furnace without trembling in the least, or feeling the slightest fear. And this is what he says,—

"We are not careful to answer thee in this matter, O king. The God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But whether He deliver us or not, we will not bow down."

"Who is this God of yours, that is able to deliver you out of my hands?" says the king, in a towering rage. "Go and heat that furnace seven times hotter than ever, and take these fellows up, and thrust them into it. Be quick about it. I will not have such rebels in my kingdom."

So some of the king's servants hurry away to the furnace to stir up the fire, and others seize Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, and take them away; and when the furnace doors are opened, they come near to cast them into the fire,—which is so hot that it burns the servants to death; but does not harm the men who are cast down headlong into it. Then the king goes and looks into the furnace; and what is his astonishment at seeing four men, instead of three, walking in the midst of the fire, as safely as if they were in the king's garden!

"Did I not tell you to cast in three men?—and lo! I see four walking about in the fire; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

The Lord Himself was with His three faithful servants. The great Palestine Shepherd looked down from heaven, and saw those three sheep of His flock about to be cast into the fire; and He made haste, and came down Himself, to see that they suffered no harm. Ah! Jesus is always with His people. Though they pass through water, they shall not be drowned;



though they pass through fire, they shall not be burned. The fire burned off only the devil's bands: it did not singe a hair of their heads.

Does not Christ say that the hairs of our heads are all numbered? There is wonderful care and love in that.

Did you ever know a mother who loved her little child so well that she would count the hairs on its curly head? But the Lord loves His children so well that He counts their hairs—every one; and not one of them comes to any harm, so long as His child is faithful to Him. There was not even the smell of fire upon their garments; and the king's counsellors, and princes, and governors, and captains, and all together, saw these men upon whose bodies the fire had no power.

My friends, let us remember that it is always safe to do what God wants us to do. If our way to heaven leads through fire and water, it is all the same: it is all right. That is the proper way for us to go.

And now King Nebuchadnezzar orders these men to come out; and he restored them to their places again. He has found out who was the God that was able to deliver His servants out of the hands of the king; and I am quite sure that, from this time, neither the king nor anybody else in Babylon ventured to say anything against those men, or against the God whom they worshipped, and who had delivered them out of the fiery furnace.

The king himself makes a decree, "that every people, nation, and language, which shall speak anything amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dunghill, because there is no other God that can deliver after this sort." So the king promoted these men; and, instead of being burned to death in the furnace, they came to be more honorable than ever.

The next thing that we hear of the king is, that he has had another dream. He seems to have been a great man for dreams. This time he saw a great tree which "reached unto heaven, and the sight thereof to the end of all the earth; . . . and, behold, a watcher and an holy one came down from heaven, and cried aloud: 'Hew down this tree, and cut down

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his branches, shake off his leaves, and scatter his fruit; let the beasts get away from under it, and the fowls from its branches. Nevertheless, leave the stump of his roots in the earth. . . . Let his heart be changed from man's, and let a beast's heart be given unto him, and let seven times pass over him: to the intent that the living may know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will."

The king seems to have been as much puzzled by this dream as by the other; and nobody could tell him what it meant, until he sent for Daniel. Even he was troubled about it at first; but presently the Lord showed it to him; and then he preached such a sermon to the king about his pride, and the necessity of repentance, that the king's face turned pale, and his knees began to shake, and it was not long before he lost his reason, and wandered away from his palace, out into the woods and the deserts, and became more like a beast than a man. But at last the Lord had mercy on him. His counsellors and princes gathered about him again, and brought him back to his palace. But the king's heart was softened. I think he became truly converted to God; and from this time we don't hear him saying any more: "Is not this great Babylon that I have builded?" But we hear him blessing the Most High, and praising and honoring Him whose dominion is everlasting, and whose kingdom is from generation to generation.

And now the king makes one more proclamation, different from all the others. Up to this time he has been telling other people what to do; now he begins to speak of his own duty, and he says, "I, Nebuchadnezzar, will do this—I will do that." "I will praise and extol and honor the King of Heaven, all of whose works are truth." He has found out his own duty. His heart is softened; and although we do not hear anything more of him, I have no doubt that Daniel and he used to walk the streets of Babylon, arm-in-arm, and talk over their experiences together; and when the king died, I feel quite sure that he went safely to heaven, to be welcomed by the God of Daniel; and through the long eternity King Nebuchadnezzar will rejoice that that young man, Daniel, took his stand for God when he came down to Baby-

lon, and did not follow the fashion of that wicked capital, though it might have cost him his life.

The next thing we hear of Babylon is, that the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar, a wild young prince, called Belshazzar, has come to the throne. On a certain occasion he makes a great feast to a thousand of his lords. They come together in a great banquet-chamber, and they drink and carouse all night long. They do not care for the armies of Cyrus, which are besieging the city. They trust in its high walls and its gates of brass, and feel themselves perfectly safe. At last, when the head of the young king has been quite turned with wine, he orders the golden vessels, which his grandfather captured from God's temple at Jerusalem, to be brought into the banquet-hall, that they may drink wine out of them in honor of the gods of Babylon. But while they are doing this impious thing, behold, a hand appears, writing with its fingers upon the wall—the doom of the kingdom of Babylon.

Drunk as he is, the miserable king is frightened.

"Bring in the wise men," says he. And the wise men come in haste, and stares at the writing, but not one of them is able to read or understand it. No uncircumcised eye can read God's handwriting.

Somehow or other, the news of this strange affair reaches the ears of the king's mother; and she sends a servant to him, telling him that, in the days of his grandfather, there was a man in Babylon who could interpret dreams, and reveal secrets, and do all manner of strange things, and maybe he would be able to read the writing.

It seems that Daniel had been lost sight of for the last fifteen years; but now there is special work for him to do; and so they find him out, and bring him in and ask him to read the writing. "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.*:" and the meaning of it was clear as daylight to him.

Now I have no doubt that a good many courtiers, if they had seen such writing as that upon the wall of the king's palace, would have softened the meaning of it a little, and not have given it in its full strength, for fear of offending the king. But that was not Daniel's fashion at all. He reads it just as God writes it. "*Mene*: God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. "*Tekel*: Thou art weighed in the

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balances, and art found waiting. *Peres*: Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

Ah! poor miserable Belshazzar! Even now the soldiers of Cyrus have turned away the waters of the Euphrates, and are coming into the city along the empty banks. The soldiers are battering away at the doors of your palace, and before morning your blood shall be spilled upon the stones, along with the wine which you have been drinking, out of the vessels from God's holy temple at Jerusalem. You are weighed in God's balance, and found wanting.

My friends, suppose God should begin to weigh some of you to-day; suppose you were to step into the balances now, don't you think you would be found wanting? Get into the scales, take along with you your education, and your wealth, and your dignity, and your fashion, and your fine clothes, and everything you have that is splendid,—and the Lord will put the ten commandments in the other, and up you will go like feathers—"weighed in the balances and found wanting." Only they who have Christ in their souls can stand the test of God's weighing. Dare you step into the balances to-day?

Some one will ask me, "Mr. Moody, dare you step into the balances to-day, and be weighed? Do you know that you would be saved, if the Lord should bring you to judgment?" Yes; thanks be to God, Christ is able to save me—even me and He will save all of you who will cast off your sins, and take Christ instead.

After a while, Darius, the Mede, comes to the throne of Babylon. He must have met Daniel somewhere in his travels, for no sooner does he set up the kingdom than he puts him into a place of great power. He chooses a hundred and twenty princes, whom he places over the kingdom; and over these princes he appoints three presidents, and he makes Daniel the president of the presidents; so that he really is the first man in the kingdom, after the king. His business was to "see that the king suffered no damage;" that is, he was to keep watch of the accounts, to see that nobody cheated the king. This must have been a very difficult place, and Daniel must have had his hands full. He had to watch those hundred and twenty rascals, who were all the while trying to steal something off the revenue; and to go over their accounts

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again and again, so as to be certain that they were correct to a penny.

It was not long before Daniel became very unpopular with the princes. I seem to hear them talking amongst themselves in this way:—

"There is that miserable old Jew, Daniel: if we only had him out of the way, we could make no end of money. We would very speedily be rich; we would have our country houses and our city houses, and our fine horses and chariots, and we would live in the very highest style, off the revenues of this kingdom; but that old fellow watches us as narrowly as a cat watches a mouse. We can't cheat him—even to a shilling." "Why," says one, "I never saw such a man in all my life. I gave in an account the other day that was only a few pounds short; and did not he send it back to me, and make me pay the difference? I wish he were back in Jerusalem, where he came from."

However, the king trusted Daniel; and he was such a thoroughly good and honest man that they really could find no way to revenge themselves upon him. They talked it over together again and again, and all agreed that there was no chance of getting him out of the way, unless they could find something in his religion by which they could bring him into trouble.

"We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." What an honor! Nothing wrong with him—even in the eyes of these bad men—except that he was too faithful to his God!

How many of you are likely to be complained of on that account?

Finally, they hit upon a plan which they thought might possibly succeed. One night they are closeted together in secret; and one of the princes says to the rest: "I think I have got a plan that will work. You know King Darius is very popular, and he is very proud of it. The people praise him a great deal, and he likes it. Now suppose we ask him to establish a royal decree, 'that whosoever shall ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save of the king, he shall be cast into the den of lions.' That will be putting the king in the place of the gods, and he is most likely to be flattered

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more by that than by anything I can think of: then, if once we can get that old Hebrew into the lion's den, we shall make a good deal more money than we have been able to do with him watching us all the time."

This notion seemed to please the princes very well. They drew up the document immediately. It would not do to let Daniel hear of it, before the king should sign it; and so they appointed a committee to take the decree down to the palace the very first thing in the morning. There were some lawyers among these hundred and twenty princes; and I seem to see them drawing out the law with great care, making it firm and binding—laughing to themselves and saying: "The laws of the Medes and Persians change not. If once we can get Darius to stamp this document, with his signet-ring, Daniel is done for sure enough."

So the committee go down to the palace next morning to obtain his signature. They begin by flattering. If a man wants another to do a mean thing, he always begins by appealing to his vanity.

"O king, we have been thinking how popular you are in your kingdom, and what you might do to make yourself even more famous than you are; and we have come to the conclusion that, if you would publish a decree that nobody in the kingdom, for thirty days, should pray to any other god except yourself, it would turn the hearts of all the people towards you even more than now. We should then have a universal religion, and the king would be at the head of it."

Darius felt flattered by this proposition. He turned it over in his mind and presently said,—

"That seems sensible."

"All right," said the princes. "We thought you would like it; and in order that there might not be any delay, we have the document here already drawn up. Now, if you will please to stamp this with your signet-ring, we shall have it published right away."

The king takes the document, reads it over, stamps his seal upon it; and the committee go away laughing, and saying, "Ha, ha! old Hebrew, we will have you in the den of lions before night."

The princes lost no time in publishing the new decree of

the king. I can imagine some one of Daniel's friends, who had seen the document, going up to his office in great haste, to give him warning that there was some trouble brewing.

"Have you heard the news, Daniel? Those hundred and twenty princes have gone and got Darius to publish a decree that nobody shall pray to any other god, except him, for thirty days. That is a conspiracy against you. Now I want to give you a little advice; and that is, to get out of this town in a hurry."

But Daniel says he can't leave his business. He is afraid these hundred and twenty princes will cheat the revenues while he is away. His duty is right there, and he is determined to stay there and attend to it.

"Well, then, had you not better pray more secretly? You have a habit, that is all well enough in ordinary times, of going up to your chamber, where the windows opened towards Jerusalem, and saying your prayers there three times a day. And sometimes you pray pretty loud, and people out of doors can hear you. Now just shut your windows while you pray, for the next thirty days; for these princes are sure to have some spies watching you at your prayers. You had better stop up the keyhole of your door also, for these mean fellows are not above peeping in to watch you. It would be still better, Daniel, if you would not kneel down at all, but say your prayers after you get into bed."

Ah! how many young men have gone to Oxford, or Cambridge, and lost their peace of mind and their hope in Christ, because they were afraid to pray before their room-mates!

And what does Daniel say to such advice as this? He scorns it. He tramples it under his feet. No man shall hinder him from praying. No king shall frighten him out of his duty. He attends to his morning's work; looks over the accounts as usual; and when twelve o'clock comes, he goes to his chamber, puts the windows wide open, kneels down and prays, not to Darius, but to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. His windows are opened towards Jerusalem, and his face is turned that way; for Jerusalem is dearer to him than his life, and the God of his fathers is his sure defence. I can seem to see him kneeling there—that old man, with his white locks and beard, praying at the probable cost of his life; but

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he does not seem to be troubled by the danger ; neither is he angry at the command of the king or the manifest wickedness of those hundred and twenty princes. He prays for the king, his friend,—who, he is sure, has done this wickedness in some thoughtless moment. He prays for his enemies, the princes, who are wickedly seeking to destroy him.

Those men have taken care that two witnesses shall be underneath Daniel's windows at the time when he usually goes to pray. "Hark !" says one to the other. "Did you hear that ? The old man is up there praying, sure enough ! Listen : he is not praying to King Darius."

"No, says the other ; " he is praying to the God of the Hebrews."

So they listen till the prayer is finished, and then they hurry away to the princes, to give their evidence against Daniel ; and the princes lose no time in laying the matter before the king.

"O King Darius ! live for ever. Is it not written that the laws of the Medes and the Persians change not ?"

"It is," said Darius ; "anything that is stamped with the king's seal cannot be changed."

"That is what we thought," said the princes. Did you not make a decree that no man should pray to any other god than to the king ?"

"Yes, I did, said Darius."

Then they tell him that the chief of the presidents—this Daniel, the Hebrew—has refused to obey the king's command. Poor Darius !

"What a mistake I have made !" says he. "I might have known that Daniel would not obey such a command as that. I had quite forgotten about him when I made it." There is not a man in all Babylon who is so troubled as the king. The account says that "he labored till the going down of the sun to deliver Daniel." But the command had gone forth, the law had been made, and it could not be changed, even for the sake of Daniel himself.

If Darius had loved his friend only as much as Christ loves us, he would have gone down into the den of lions for him. Our Darius, our King, counted not His life too dear unto Himself, but freely delivered it up for us.

At sundown the king's officers go for the old man, to take him away to the lions. They bind his hands behind his back, and lead him along the streets of Babylon towards the den. The whole city goes out to see the sad procession. The princes look out of their windows, and rub their hands, and laugh over the success of their wicked plot; and the people look on in wonder, to see such a sweet-faced old-man led away to die like a criminal; and poor Darius walks the chamber of his palace, wringing his hands in agony, saying, "Ah me! I have destroyed my friend."

But Daniel walks with a firm step. His old knees don't shake a bit. The wind of the evening plays with his white locks, and with a smile upon his face he goes to meet the lions. He has served his God now for seventy long years, and he feels sure that God will not desert him in this great hour of trial. I can imagine him saying, "My God can bring me out of the jaws of the lions just as easily as He has saved my three friends from the furnace of fire. But even if they eat me, I shall only die for my God." And when they put him into the den, God sent one of His angels to shut the mouths of the lions.

At the hour of the evening prayer, Daniel kneels in the den; and if he can get the points of the compass down there, he prays with his face towards Jerusalem; and then, taking one of the lions for his pillow, he lies down and sleeps, as sweetly as any man in Babylon. The king sits up all night, thinking what his folly has cost him—even the life of his most faithful servant. But he remembers that the God of Daniel has done strange things for them who trusted Him. He has heard of Shadrach and his friends coming out of the fiery furnace; and he knows that Daniel went into the den feeling that his God would go with him and save him. At the first dawn of day he orders out his chariot, and you can hear the wheels rattling over the pavements of Babylon before the people are up. Away he goes, with his horses on the run, to the door of the lion's den; springs out of the chariot; looks down into it, and with a voice trembling with anxiety, cries out, "O Daniel, servant of the living God; is that God whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?"

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Hark! There comes up a voice out of the den. It is the voice of Daniel; to whom this morning is like the morning of the resurrection. He has been down to the gates of death, and yet he is alive.

"O king! live for ever. My God has sent His angel and shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me."

Oh how glad King Darius was to hear the voice of his friend once more! He has him brought up out of the den, takes him up in his arms, into his chariot; and away they go home to the palace, to breakfast together and talk over this wonderful deliverance.

Then King Darius published another decree. The experience of Daniel had thoroughly converted him; and now he declares "that, in every dominion of his kingdom, man shall tremble and fear before the God of Daniel, who worketh signs and wonders in heaven and earth, and hath delivered His servant from the power of the lions."

May the God of Daniel be with us—the courage of Daniel be in us! May we have grace to confess the Lord, to go through the fire and amongst the lions, if need be, for the sake of his truth; and at last, after all the trials of this life are over, may we be so happy as to sit down with Daniel and all the ancient worthies, in the kingdom of our God!



CHAPTER IV.

HOW TO STUDY AND MARK YOUR BIBLE.



HAVE been wonderfully cheered, said Mr. Moody, in going to the young men's meeting, to hear so much scripture quoted. Any revival that don't bring people to their Bible is a sham; and will last only for a few weeks; but if the people are brought to love the Word of God, there will be a revival that will last 365 days in the year.

In Nehemiah viii. 2, we read that Ezra, the priest, brought the law before the congregation of both men and women in the street, and he read therein from morning until mid-day; and in the eighth verse, it is said, "they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." I can imagine the priest reading the passage over twenty times until the people understood it. Bible Christians are all the time rejoicing in the Lord, for the Lord is their strength, but the people who neglect their Bibles are in a backsliding state.

Mr. Moody quoted Jeremiah xx. 9, to show that Christian men are constrained to open their lips and speak for the Lord. He said: If the Holy Ghost is our teacher, we will understand the Word of God. The best thing to interpret the Bible is the Bible itself.

There are three books every Christian ought to have: the Bible, Cruden's Concordance, and the "Bible Text-Book."* If you have not got them, get them to-morrow.

Newspapers only tell you what has taken place; this book tells you what is going to take place. Take up one subject at

* These may be had of the publisher of this volume. Cruden's Concordance, unabridged, \$2.25. The Bible Text-Book, \$1.00. Sent by mail post paid to any address on receipt of price.

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a time. Take up "Love," and spend a month upon it. Take a Concordance and go through the Bible with it upon this subject, and then you will be full of love, and there will be no room for malice and hatred in your heart. After that take up "Faith;" it is better to go to the Word of God and get faith than to pray for it. Then take up "Blood;" it shows the way to heaven. Now take up "Heaven," and spend months upon it. Then "Prayer." We do not know how to pray as we ought to. Nine-tenths of us read the Bible just to ease our conscience. You do not get the whole Bible by reading it in that way. In family worship people often put a mark in their Bible to know where they left off. I hoed corn when a boy, and I used to put down a stick to know where I left off; so it is with reading the Bible. The only way for us to study the Bible is to take up one subject and try to master that subject. A man said to me, "Can you recommend the best Life of Christ?" I said I could recommend four—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Each of them wrote a very good account, but I like John's best. A man had better spend a year over these four Gospels than to run over the whole Bible. If a man studies Genesis he has a key to the whole Bible. It is the beginning of everything, and then the other parts of the Bible will unfold themselves to us. Let us take the Bible up with some object in view—to get at some truth. In California the best gold is found at the greatest depth; and so with the Word of God, the best part is deepest. Here is some law document; it is uninteresting. Now suppose it is the will of some man, giving you a great inheritance, you will become interested. This Book tells me of this inheritance. What can the geologists tell you about the Rock of Ages? He can tell you about the rocks of this world. What does the astronomer know about the bright and morning star? He can tell you about other stars. God did not tell Joshua how to use the sword and fight in the promised land, but he told him to meditate upon the law day and night, and no one could stand before him. These words apply to every one here. This sword cuts right and left, and with it a man can cut his enemies right up to the throne of God.

A man filled with the Spirit dwells much with the Scrip-

ture. Peter quoted Scripture at the day of Pentecost, when he was full of the Holy Ghost. This is the sword of the Spirit. What is a man good for if he has no weapon? We don't know how to use this sword; we should get into the habit of using it. David says, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart." A good thing in a good place for a good purpose. If you lose your health, you lie upon your bed and feed upon the Word of God.

When you meet together to dine it is better to bring out the Bible than to bring on wine. I was glad in England at seeing that done in a great many of the houses of the upper classes. An Englishman said to me, "Moody, did you ever observe this, that Job is the key to the whole Bible?" I said, "No, I never did." He said, "If you get a key to Job you get a key to the whole Bible." "What has Job to do with the Bible?" He said, "I will tell you. I will divide the subject into seven heads. First, Job, before he was tried, was a perfect man untried. He was like Adam in Eden until Satan came in. Second, he was tried by adversity. Third, the wisdom of the world is represented by Job's friends trying to restore him. See what language they used. They were wonderfully wise men, but they could not help Job out of his difficulties. Men are miserable comforters when they do not understand the grace of God. Job could stand his scolding wife and his boils better than these men's arguments; they made him worse instead of better. Fifth, God speaks, and Job humbles himself in the dust. God, before He saves a man, brings him down into the dust. He does not talk about how he has fed the hungry and clothed the naked, but he says, 'I am vile.' Seventh, God restores him, and the last end of Job was better than the first. So the last state of man is better than the first. It is better than the state of Adam, because Adam might have lived ten thousand years and then fallen; therefore it is better for us to be outside of Eden with Christ than that we should be in Eden without Him. God gave Job double as much wealth as he had before, but He only gave him ten children. He had ten before his calamity came upon him. That is worthy of notice. God would not admit that Job had lost any children. He gave him ten here and ten in heaven."

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We want the Word of God so hidden in our hearts that we will be constrained to speak of Him. Many flinty hearts and scoffers have come to the meetings, but before they left, they have been converted to God. A man while in a saloon picked up a newspaper containing a report of one of the meetings, the first line of which was, "Where art thou?" The man was struck with it, and said to himself, "I am not in the right place," and left. He came to the meeting and was converted, and is now leading a Christian life. We must take the Bible without prejudice, and not as Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, or Episcopalians. I advise all to have a Bible which they can call their own, and to get the best that can be procured. It might be said that it cost too much money; but so much the better, it will be valued all the more, and will stand usage longer. I have carried the Bible I now use to California and to Europe and back, and nothing would induce me to part with it. It has been a great comfort to me, and I have found much pleasure in it. It might be argued that the kind I recommend is too large for a man to put in his pocket. Then carry it under your arm; you should always be willing to show your colors; and if you have to walk five miles, you will just be preaching a sermon five miles long. I have known a man convicted by seeing another carrying his Bible under his arm. Get a good Bible, for then you are likely to take better care of it. Suppose you pay ten dollars for a good Bible, the older you grow the more precious will it become to you. But be sure you don't get one so good that you will be afraid to mark it.

HINTS ON BIBLE MARKING.

If I were to go and hear Dr. Newton preach a sermon, I would turn to my Bible, which I always carry with me, and on the margin mark down some of the heads of the discourse, with the date, and five years after, these heads would freshen my mind upon the sermon. Every one in studying the Bible should make notes on the margin of any matter bearing upon particular passages. It impresses the subject upon the mind, and in after years, if the necessity occur for a recurrence to it an explanation can be given at once.

In marking your Bible draw horizontal lines under the words required to convey the thought, and call them "*Underlines*;" and then draw diagonal lines across the page to connect them; these diagonal lines call "*Railways*."

In any given verse, underline *only* the word or words required to convey the thought; leaving other words to be underlined in connection with other thoughts which may occur hereafter.

It often occurs that "Railways" are connected with two or three separate parts of one verse. This can only be expressed by carefully observing the above Rule.

The connection between an underline and a "*Railway*" should always be made at one end of the underline, and not in the middle of an underline.

Draw the "*Railways*" on each page as nearly as possible at the same angle; by so doing, the print will be far less interfered with.

A "*Railway*" continued into the Margin and ended with a letter or number, indicates that a similar continuation, with a corresponding letter or number, will be found elsewhere on the same page (though it may be in the other column.)

If a connection be needed with a *distant* page, the same is indicated by continuing the "*Railway*" into the Margin, and writing at the end of the "*Railway*" the chapter and verse with which it is connected, thus:—*See page 47, Luke 8. 50.*

A "*Railway*" may often be useful to connect a verse with a group of jottings or foot notes, thus:—*See top of page 57, Ex. 28. 1. Also page 153, Heb. 2. 17.*

Never draw "*Railways*" without a small Ruler, and a fine Etching Pen; and be very careful that the underlines and the "*Railways*" are drawn accurately.

Draw all lines as lightly as possible, particularly the "*Railways*."

Make your own Marginal references as freely as possible, writing each verse against the other, thus:—*Heb. 2: 11 = Ex. 25. 19: write Heb. 2. 11 beside Ex. 25. 19; and Ex. 25. 19 beside Heb. 2. 11.*

In all jottings or "*Notes*," be very concise, so as to occupy little space.

SIGNS AND ABBREVIATIONS.

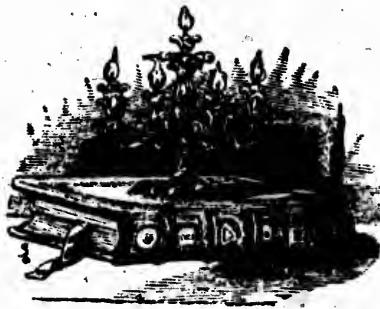
⊙ signifies the new Rendering according to Alford.

* signifies a Foot-note or Head-note.

△ " "Trinity."

Ctr. " Contrast.

Cf. " Compare.



CHAPTER V.

MOODY'S GEMS OF CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.



R. MOODY'S peculiar aptness and power in some of his running comments on texts of Scripture will appear in the following selections :—

Poor drunkard! Come to Christ; Christ is stronger than strong drink!

Judas got near enough to Christ to kiss Him, and yet went down to damnation.

We have three great enemies: the world, the flesh, and the devil. But we have also three great friends: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

You should be in earnest about seeking God. He was in earnest when he gave His Son to die for sinners. Christ was *in earnest* when he hung upon the cross.

A good many people are complaining all the time about themselves, and crying out:—"My leanness! my leanness!" when they ought rather to say, "My laziness! my laziness!"

A man once wanted to sell me a "Book of Wonders." I took it and looked it over, and could not find anything in it about Calvary. What a mistake! A book of wonders—and the greatest wonder of all left out!

"What shall I then do with Jesus which is called Christ?" Pilate has Christ on his hands, and now he wants to know how to get rid of Him. So it is with every convicted soul

who is not ready to be saved now. Poor Pilate! Poor Herod! Poor Agrippa! How near they got to the kingdom of heaven, and yet never got in.

Do you think it was an awful thing for those Jews to choose Barabbas instead of Jesus? All you who are refusing to become Christians this afternoon are worse than they; for instead of Christ you choose Satan himself.

There are some who say, "We don't have any sympathy with these special efforts;" and I sympathize with that objection. I believe it is the privilege of the child of God to make *continuous* efforts for the salvation of others, every day throughout the year.

Many of the Bible characters fell just in the things in which they were thought to be the strongest. Moses failed in his humility, Abraham in his faith, Elijah in his courage, for one woman scared him away to that juniper tree; and Peter, whose strong point was boldness, was so frightened by a maid, as to deny his Lord.

Let no time be spent in arguments. I believe that is a work of the devil, to take off attention and cause delay. If a man comes to argue, we should go on our knees, pray with him, and then let him go. Job never fell until he got into an argument with his friends; he could stand his boils, and all his other afflictions, better than an argument.

It is said of David's mighty men that they were right and left-handed. They were wholly consecrated; they could use their left or their right hands for the king. That is what we want in London. Men who are right-handed and left-handed for the King of Glory. Men who can use their eyes, and tongues, and ears, and everything for the Lord Jesus.

Paul said he was the "chief of sinners;" and if the chief has gone up on high, there is hope for everybody else. The devil makes us believe that we are good enough without salvation, if he can; and if he cannot make us believe that, he

says, "You are so bad the Lord won't have you;" and so he tries to make people believe they are either too good or too bad to be converted.

One reason why we don't have more answers to our prayers is because we are not thankful enough. The divine injunction is, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, *with thanksgiving*, let your requests be made known unto God." Some one has well said there are three things in this verse: careful for nothing—prayerful for everything—thankful for anything.

Naaman left only one thing in Samaria, and that was his sin—his leprosy: and the only thing God wishes you to leave is your sin. And yet it is the only thing you seem not to care about giving up. "Oh," you say, "I love leprosy; it is so delightful, I can't give it up. I know God wants it, that He may make me clean. But I can't give it up." Why, what downright madness it is to love leprosy!

"Now is the accepted time." The last night I preached in Farwell Hall, in Chicago, I made the greatest mistake of my life. I told the people to take that text home with them and pray over it. But as we went out the fire-bells were ringing, and I never saw that audience again. The fire had come. The city was in ashes; and perhaps some of those very people were burned up in it. There is no other time to be saved but *now*.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity—these three; but the greatest of these is charity." Love is the greatest of God's gifts, and of all the Christian virtues. I don't think we shall require faith when we get to heaven. Before the throne of God we shall walk by sight, and not by faith. Nor shall we need hope there, as we shall have attained to the full measure of possession. Faith and hope will be past, but love will still reign. Therefore love is called the greatest.

There are but few now that say, "Here am I, Lord; send me;" the cry now is, "Send some one else. Send the min-

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ister, send the church officers, the church wardens, the elders; but not me. I have not got the ability, the gifts, or the talents." Ah! honestly say you have not got the heart; for if the heart is loyal, God can use you. It is really all a matter of heart. It does not take God a great while to qualify a man for his work, if he only has the heart for it.

"The most powerful sermon Christ ever preached was His discourse to Nicodemus. I believe there have been more souls born again by reading the third chapter of St. John's Gospel than by reading any other chapter in the Bible. And that beautiful and wonderful sermon was preached to *one man only*! If we Christians have the same mind that Christ had, not despising the day of small things, but each one of us doing what we can to bring some one to the Saviour, we shall see a great work accomplished.

Our Lord said on one occasion, "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive a hundredfold more in this present world, and in the world to come life everlasting." But Peter answering said, "Lo, we have left *all*, and followed Thee." So it always is. We make much of our sacrifices. What had the disciples left? A few old broken nets, and some boats. What did they get in exchange? The kingdom of God!

I wish people would use their dictionaries more and study the meaning of some of these Bible words. There is that word "repentance." Some people are saying, "What don't Mr. Moody tell us more about repentance?" Well, what is repentance? Some one says it is a "godly sorrow for sin." But I tell you a man can't have a godly sorrow, or a godly anything-else till after he repents. Repentance means right about face! Some one says, "Man is born with his back towards God, and repentance is turning square round."

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, seems like a thread, and scarcely appears to be moving at all, and the grand piles of buildings seem now like mere dots. So, when we get near heaven, earth's treasures, earth's things, look very small.

Did you ever go down into a coalpit, fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, right down into the bowels of the earth? If you have, don't you know that it would be sheer madness to try to climb up the steep sides of that shaft and so get out of the pit? Of course, you couldn't leap out of it; in fact, you couldn't get out of it at all by yourself. But I'll tell you this,—you could get out of a coalpit fifteen hundred feet deep a good deal quicker than you can get out of the pit that Adam took you into. When Adam went down into it, he took the whole human family with him. But the Lord can take us out.

A friend of mine was walking along the streets one dark night, when he saw a man coming along with a lantern. As he came up close to him, he noticed by the bright light that the man had no eyes. He went past him; but the thought struck him, "Surely that man is blind!" He turned round and said, "My friend, are you not blind?" "Yes," was the answer. "Then what have you got the lantern for?" "I carry the lantern," said the blind man, "that people may not stumble over me." 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.

I once heard of two men who, under the influence of liquor, came down one night to where their boat was tied; they wanted to return home, so they got in and began to row. They pulled away hard all night, wondering why they never got to the other side of the bay. When the gray dawn of morning broke, behold, they had never raised the mooring line or raised the anchor! And that's just the way with

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many who are striving to enter the kingdom of heaven. They cannot believe, because they are tied to this world. Cut the cord! cut the cord! Set yourselves free from the clogging weight of earthly things, and you will soon go on towards heaven.

Read the 103rd Psalm, and mark how the Psalmist bids us, "forget not all His benefits." Some one has said we cannot remember them all, but we must not forget them all—they are too numerous to keep them all in mind, but let us keep some of them in mind. Observe five things in the 3rd, 4th, and 5th verses of this psalm:—(1) "He forgiveth all thine iniquities." (2) "He healeth all thy diseases." (3) "He redeemeth thy life from destruction." (4) "He crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies." But there are very many crowned heads that are still not satisfied. God, therefore, does more,—(5) "He satisfieth thy soul." What more can we have than that?

When Jesus, along with His little band of disciples, came to the grave wherein Lazarus was laid, they found it covered by a stone. Jesus could have removed the stone Himself; but, notice, He bade His followers to remove the stone. And we find that after the Master had restored the dead man to life, He also said to them: "Loose him and let him go." The Master could have loosed him; but He said to His disciples: "You loose Him." What lesson does the Master mean to teach us by this? He means to teach His followers that, while He alone can speak the word of life to dead souls, He wants us to remove the stone, and to loose the poor souls and let them go. He would have us to be co-workers with Him.

Some people tell us it does not make any difference what a man believes if he is only sincere. One Church is just as good as another if you are only sincere. I do not believe any greater delusion ever came out of the pit of hell than that. It is ruining more souls at the present than anything else. I never read of any men more sincere or more earnest than those men at Mount Carmel—those false prophets. They were terribly earnest. You do not read of men getting so in

earnest now that they take knives and cut themselves. Look at them leaping upon their altars; hear their cry—"Oh Baal! oh Baal!" We never heard that kind of prayer on this platform. They acted like madmen. They were terribly in earnest: yet did not God hear their cry? They were all slain.

You have all sinned and come short of the glory of God, but God comes and says, "I will pardon you. Come now, and let us reason together." "Now" is one of the words of the Bible the devil is afraid of. He says, "Do not be in a hurry; there is plenty of time: do not be good now." He knows the influence of that word "now." "To-morrow" is the devil's word. The Lord's word is "now." God says, "Come now, and let us reason together. Though your sins are as scarlet, they shall be white as snow. Though they be red as crimson, I will make them as wool." Scarlet and crimson are two fast colors; you would not get the color out without destroying the garment. God says, "Though your sins are as scarlet and crimson, I will make them as wool and snow. I will do it now."

I have an idea that there are thousands of crownless saints in heaven. They just barely get in at the doors. They have, indeed, been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb; but there is no reward for them. They have sought their own ease in this world; they have not sought to work for Christ here below; therefore, though admitted to heaven, they enjoy no distinguished reward. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." But none of those that have lost heart, and have given up working for the Master here, will shine as the stars, or receive the great reward hereafter. For those careless ones there is no bright glory, no place near the throne; they have just got in at the gates—that's all!

When it is dark and stormy here, strive to rise higher and higher, near to Christ; and you will find it all calm there. You know that it is the highest mountain peaks that catch the

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first rays of the sun. So those who rise highest catch the first news from heaven. It is those sunny Christians who go through the world with smiles on their faces, that win souls. And, on the other hand, it is those Christians who go through the world hanging their heads like bulrushes, that scare people away from religion. Why, it's a libel on Christianity for a religious man to go about with such a downcast look! What does the Master say?—"My joy I leave with you, my joy I give unto you." Depend upon it, if our minds were stayed upon Him, we should have perfect peace; and with perfect peace we should have perfect joy.

"I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me; and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings; and He hath put a new song in my mouth." Now in those three verses that little word *He* occurs three times: *He* heard my cry; *He* brought me up out of the pit; and *He* put a new song in my mouth. There is nothing there for the sinner to do—is there? *He* does it all. The great trouble people have now-a-days is to make a new song for themselves. Why, you cannot sing without God tunes your heart and voice! You cannot establish your own goings. You have tried that—have you not? How many times have you tried to get the control over your temptations? I said, I will do this, and I will do that, and have failed every time? You can't do it yourselves. *He* must do the saving.

"Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." I often rejoice Christ did not say this to that woman at the well, nor to that woman who was a sinner. If He had spoken to them, people would have said, "Oh, that poor woman needed to be converted; but I am a moral character—I do not need to be converted. Regeneration will do for harlots, thieves, and drunkards; but we who are moral do not need it." But who did Christ say this to? He said it to Nicodemus. Who was he? He was one of the church dignitaries; he stood as high as any man in Jerusalem, except the high priest himself. He belonged to the seventy rulers of the Jews; he was a doctor of divinity, and taught the law. There

is not one word of Scripture against him ; he was a man that stood out before the whole world as of pure and spotless character. And what does Christ say to him ?—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Look at Poor old Pharaoh down there in Egypt, when the plague of frogs was on him. What an awful time he must have had ! Frogs in the fields, and frogs in the houses ; frogs in the bedrooms, and frogs in the kneading-troughs. When the king went to bed, a frog would jump on to his face ; when he cut into a loaf of bread, there was a frog in the middle of it. "Nothing but frogs everywhere ! Frogs, frogs, frogs ! He stood it as long as he could ; and then he sent for Moses, and begged him to take them away. "When would you like to have me do it ?" says Moses. Now just listen to what he says. You would think he would say, Now ! this minute ! I have had them long enough ! But he says,—"*To-morrow.*" Kept the frogs another day, when he might have got rid of them at once ! That is just like you, sinner. You say you want to be saved ; but you are willing to keep your hateful, hideous sins till *to-morrow*, instead of being rid of them *now*.

Out in our western country in the autumn, when men go hunting, and there has not been any rain for months, sometimes the prairie grass catches fire, and there comes up a very strong wind, and the flames just roll along twenty feet high, and go at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour.

When the frontier men see it coming, what do they do ? They know they cannot run as fast as the fire can run. Not the fleetest horse can escape from that fire. They just take a match and light the grass around them, and let the fire sweep it, and then they get into the burnt district and stand safe. They hear the flames roar ; they see death coming towards them ; but they do not fear, they do not tremble ; because the fire has passed over the place where they are, and there is no danger. There is nothing for the fire to burn.

There is one mountain peak that the wrath of God has swept over ; that is Mount Calvary, and that fire spent its fury upon the bosom of the Son of God. Take your stand here by the cross, and you will be safe for time and eternity.

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