

Pilgrims of the Narrow Way

The Catechism in Story



**A Contribution to the Four-hundredth
Anniversary of Luther's Small Catechism
By Theo Graebner**

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1529 - 1929

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How to Use the Catechism.

Now if a Christian were diligent and had no more than the Catechism, the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the words of the Lord on baptism and on the sacrament of the altar, he might nicely defend and maintain himself against all heresies. No better word nor better doctrines will ever be published than that which is briefly compiled in the Catechism from Holy Writ. Therefore we should abide therein. Then if fanatics come forth and teach otherwise, we can say: Your doctrine is not the true doctrine because it does not agree with my catechism.

Luther.

The Catechism.

Said the philosopher Jouffroi: "There is a little book that children are made to learn. Read this book; it is called catechism. You will find all questions, without exception, solved in it. If you ask a Christian whence the human race comes, he knows it; whither it must go, he knows it; how it goes thither, he knows it. If you ask a child (which has never meditated profoundly) why it is in this world and whither it will go hereafter, it will give you a clear and certain answer. The origin of the world, of man, his destiny here and above, his relation to God and his fellow-man, — the child knows all this. And when it has grown up, it will have very clear conceptions concerning the laws of nature, of the state, of nations; for all this flows clearly and naturally from Christianity. That I call an exalted religion; I know it by the token that it leaves none of the greatest questions of mankind unanswered."

The First Commandment.

A Dead Idol.

It was evening in Benares. The sun was setting in all its splendor of crimson and gold, as only an Eastern sun can set, throwing



Abraham Offering Up Isaac.

We should fear, love, and trust in God above all things.

over everything a veil of rose. The fields stretched green and fair as far as eye could see, and the breeze stirring the tops of the palms was heavy with the scent of honeysuckle. A sense of peace and well-being pervaded everything, and I sent up a prayer of thanks and praise to God for His infinite love and boundless mercies to us.

Suddenly the harmony and beauty were rudely broken. Loud shouts, voices raised in anger and foul oaths, rent the air. When

I went to see what was the matter, quick tears came to my eyes at the pity of it. This is what had happened. A Brahman had fashioned an idol, that of their elephant god Ganesh, out of the mud of the roadside. He had left it under a tree to dry and some distance away had started to eat his bread. Another Brahman passing, seeing this idol, went down in worship before it. The maker of the god, seeing this, was exceedingly angry. He sprang up and rudely pushed the worshipper away, saying in a loud, angry tone, "How dare you worship at my idol, you lazy dog? Why do you not make your own? Do you think that I spent labor and time in order that you might worship?" Angry words followed, the first man's friend standing for him, and the poor worshipper appealing to the fast gathering crowd that he only wanted to worship and ask for deliverance for his baby son. Blows were struck, and very soon there would have been a terrible fight but for timely police intervention.

When afterwards curiosity led me to the spot again to see the cause of this terrible fight, there it lay, a piece of dead mud, clumsy, ugly, and repulsive.

Under The Shadow of The Almighty.

One evening, when Luther saw a little bird perched on a tree, to roost there for the night, he said:

"This little bird has had its supper, and now it is getting ready to go to sleep here, quite secure and content, never troubling itself what its food will be, or where its lodging on the morrow. Like David it abides under the shadow of the Almighty! It sits on its little twig content, and lets God take care."

The Second Commandment.

A Modern Instance.

The truth of the apostle's statement: "Be not deceived, God is not mocked," was shown last fall in the case of a man who was being tried for murder in the town of Bregenz, Austria in the year 1925. The accused, during a heated cross-examination, made

the emphatic declaration, "May Almighty God punish me with instant death if I am guilty!"

No sooner had the words escaped his lips than he fell to the floor of the court-room and died before doctors could come to his aid.

"Alone, Yet Not Alone!"

An example of the tragedies which the invasion of the Delaware Indians brought upon the settlers of Eastern Pennsylvania, was the capture of Regina Hartman. The story of her capture, captivity among the Indians, and release has been told in many works dealing with the early history of Pennsylvania.

Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg relates in the "Hallische Nachrichten", a touching incident of the widow of John Hartman who called at his house in February 1765, and who had been a member of a Lutheran congregation in Berks County. She and her husband had emigrated to this country from Reutlingen, Wurtemberg, and settled on the frontiers of Lebanon County. The Indians fell upon them in October, 1755, killed her husband, one of the sons, and carried off two small daughters into captivity, whilst she and the other son were absent. On her return she found the home in ashes, and her family either dead or lost to her, whereupon she fled to the interior settlements at Tulpehocken and remained there.

The sequel to this occurrence is exceedingly interesting. The two girls were taken away. It was never known what became of Barbara, the elder, but Regina, with another little girl two years old, were given to an old Indian woman, who treated them very harshly. In the absence of her son, who supplied them with food, she drove the children into the woods to gather herbs and roots to eat, and, when they failed to get enough, beat them cruelly. So they lived until Regina was about nineteen years old and the other girl eleven. Her mother was a good Christian woman, and had taught her daughters their prayers, together with many texts from the Scriptures, and their beautiful German hymns, much of which clung to her memory during all these years of captivity.

At last, in the providence of God, Colonel Bouquet brought the Indians under subjection in 1764, at the end of Pontiac's War,

and obliged them to give up their captives. More than four hundred of these unfortunate beings were gathered together at Carlisle, amongst them the two girls, and notices were sent all over the country for those who had lost friends and relatives, of that fact. Parents and husbands came, in some instances, hundreds of miles, in the hope of recovering those they had lost, the widow being



David and Goliath.
And the Philistine cursed David by his God.

one of the number. There were many joyful scenes, but more sad ones. So many changes had taken place, that, in many instances, recognition seemed impossible. This was the case with the widow. She went up and down the long line, but, in the young women who stood before her, dressed in Indian costume, she failed to recognize the little girls she had lost. As she stood, gazing and weeping, Colonel Bouquet compassionately suggested that she do something

which might recall the past to her children. She could think of nothing but a hymn which was formerly a favorite with the little ones:

‘Allein, und doch nicht ganz allein,
Bin ich in meiner Einsamkeit.’

The English translation of the first stanza of this hymn is as follows:

‘Alone, yet not alone am I
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Savior always nigh,
He comes the very hour to cheer;
I am with Him and He with me,
E’en here alone I cannot be.’

She commenced singing, in German, but had barely completed two lines, when poor Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing also and threw her arms around her mother. They both wept for joy and the Colonel gave the daughter up to her mother. But the other girl had no parents, they having probably been murdered. She clung to Regina and begged to be taken home with her. Poor as was the widow she could not resist the appeal and the three departed together.

The Third Commandment.

Thou shalt Sanctify the Holy Day.

“Will I see you in church to-morrow?” I asked an Indian on Saturday.

“No, I live too far,” he answered as he trotted off. He lives just two miles up the river from our church.

The next morning, after the first bell had rung, I saw him galloping past, looking neither to the right nor left. A stranger would have thought he was hurrying to get a doctor . . .

Did he think that I would not recognize him? Or did he think that I did not know where he was going? How foolish! Had I not seen smoke near Lime Spring two days before? Have I not been in the country long enough to know that where there is smoke, there is fire, where there is fire, there corn-boiling is going on? And did I not know that on Sunday all trails would lead to Lime Spring?

It was too far for my friend to ride two miles to church, where he would find the Bread of Life. It was not too far to ride ten miles for something that would ruin body, mind, and soul.



Jesus in the Temple.

“I must be about my Father’s business.”

By H. Hofmann.

At eleven o’clock that night I heard galloping hoofs and the snorting and panting of poor sweat-reeking ponies that were being cruelly beaten by drunken riders. My man was one of the yelling crowd. He had kept his appointment with the Evil One. And he

had learned his lesson well. "Ye shall know them by their fruits," not only the false prophets, but also the children of false prophets.

Did I feel angry with that man for spurning my invitation to come to church? Suppose I handed a rope to a frowning man and he cast it aside and went under, would I feel angry with that man lying dead on the bottom of the river? No, indeed; for his refusing my help would not harm me in the least. But I would feel sorry for the foolish man for going to destruction because of his own stubbornness.

A Bible Church is a house of God. In His Word, which is preached there, Jesus is waiting to throw to the penitent sinner the rope of forgiveness that He wove on the cross almost two thousand years ago.

In riding past that Sunday morning our man had stubbornly rejected the loving grace of the living Savior. He was shutting the door of heaven upon himself. Who would not feel sorry for such a misguided man! And no man on earth can tell how great is the sorrow in the heart of Jesus as He sees such a man riding by. There is sorrow in every letter when Jesus says: "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Matt. 23, 37.

But every cloud has a silver lining . . . Some time ago a young Apache from below was visiting on this reservation. He can walk only with the help of two crutches; but he is a Christian, a child of God, and he bears his burden cheerfully.

Sunday found him at Bear Springs, across the mountain. People visiting us from the East like to climb that mountain and then tell the folks back home what climbers they are. Our Apache brother could hardly be expected to climb up and down the steep trail with nothing but crutches to take the place of a pony. But he did it and was at the church-door before any one else had arrived.

During the service he listened to God's Word. He listened so well that he was able to get up at the close of the service and repeat the sermon in Apache to our boys and girls. After church he cheerfully recrossed the mountain and returned to Bear Springs. He had sanctified the holy-day. May the Lord preserve his faith and keep him steadfast to the end!

Which of the two, think you, will stand justified before God on Judgment Day? E. E. Guenther, Missionary to the Indians in Arizona.

Henry M. Stanley and The Bible.

The African explorer Henry M. Stanley says in his Autobiography:

"I had taken with me my Bible, and the American consul had given me, to pack up bottles of medicine with, a great many New York Herald's and other American newspapers. Strange connection! But yet strangest of all was the change wrought in me by the reading of the Bible and these newspapers in melancholy Africa. My sicknesses were frequent, and during my first attacks of African fever I took up the Bible to while away the tedious, feverish hours in bed . . . I read Job and then the Psalms; and when I recovered and was once more in marching state, I occupied my mind in camp in glancing at the newspaper intelligence . . . It appeared to me that the reading of anything in the newspapers, except that for which they were intended, namely, news, was a waste of time and deteriorative of native force and worth and personality. The Bible, however, with its noble and simple language, I continued to read with a higher and deeper understanding than I had ever before conceived. Its powerful verses had a different meaning, a more penetrative influence, in the silence of the wilds . . . As seen in my loneliness, there was this difference between the Bible and the newspapers: The one reminded me that, apart from God, my life was but a bubble of air, and it bade me remember my Creator; the other fostered arrogance and worldliness . . . I flung myself on my knees and poured out my soul utterly in secret prayer to Him from whom I had been so long estranged, to Him who had led me here mysteriously into Africa, there to reveal Himself and His will."

The Fourth Commandment.

"Come!"

What a single word may do! And how exactly the most effective word is always used in Scripture! This thought occurred to me when I heard of an old man whose special delight was in the word "Come!" Through this word he had been led to Christ.

He was still a child when he lost his parents. A well-meaning woman received the boy into her home and her intention was to educate him. But she did not use the right means. Her favorite word would be "Go!" "John, go to church." And when John



The Death of Absalom.
The End of a Disobedient Son.
By Gustave Doré.

was not eager to go all by himself, the woman called him a wicked boy. Thus he grew up with a dislike of the church and of the Word of God in his heart.

Later in life he married, and soon a great change took place. Marie, his wife, would say: "Come, John, let us go to church!" Or: "Are you too tired to attend Bible class tonight? Come, I will

go with you!" At another time. "Come, John, read to me from the Lutheran Witness! I will sew, while you are reading!" There was something irresistible in that gentle, "Come!"

One evening John was reading the Bible and had come upon the words: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, I will give you rest." "Marie!" he called, "the Bible is just like you, and I begin to feel its attraction, as I never felt it before."

"Why, John," said Marie, beaming with happiness and laying her arm around his shoulders, "that is splendid news. But what do you mean by saying that I am like the Book?"

"Why, I mean that you are not like my foster-mother. She always used to say: 'Go!' But you say: 'Come!' And that is just the language of the Bible, as I am beginning to learn."

Later he found other passages containing the Gospel invitation:

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Or this one: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price."

And another: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

And finally: "Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the Kingdom which is prepared for you from the beginning of the world!"

Marie went to heaven long ago, but her last words on earth were these:

"John, I am going to the Lord; you come too, so that we can meet again, and promise me to teach our children the Way on which they can find Him!"

As often as John finds the word "Come!" in his Bible, he seems to hear Marie's voice, and to his children he does not say "Go!" but: "Come to the Lord!"

Has not many a failure in Christian education its true cause right here, that there has been too much "Go!" and too little "Come!"

The Fifth Commandment.

A Cup of Water.

Matth. 25, 35.

A Southerner told the following story at a reunion: —

“It was a hot July day in 1864, and General Grant was after us. Our men had hurriedly dug rifle-pits to protect themselves from the Federal sharpshooters, and dead and dying Feds were lying up to the very edge of those pits.

“In one of the pits was an ungainly, raw, red-headed boy. He was a retiring lad, green as grass, but a reliable fighter. He had just joined the regiment, and was not yet callous to suffering. At last, with tears flooding his grimy face, he cried out: —

“‘I can’t stand it no longer, boys! I’m goin’ to take that poor feller my canteen.’

“For answer to this foolhardy speech, one of us stuck a cap on a ramrod and hoisted it above the pit. Instantly it was pierced by a dozen bullets.

“But the tender-hearted boy could stand the appeal no longer. He gave a desperate leap over the embankment, and once on the other side, threw himself flat upon the ground and crawled toward his dying foe. He could not get close to him because of the terrible fire, but he broke a sumac bush, tied to the stick his precious canteen, and landed it in the sufferer’s trembling hands.

“You never heard such gratitude in your life. Perhaps there was never any like it before. The officer was for tying his gold watch on the stick and sending it back as a slight return for the disinterested act. But this the boy would not allow. He only smiled happily, and returned as he had gone, crawling amid a hailstorm of bullets. When he reached the edge of the pit he called out to his comrades to clear the way for him, and with a mighty leap he was among us once more. He was not even scratched.

“He took our congratulations calmly. We said it was the bravest deed we had seen during the war. He did not answer. His eyes had a soft, musing look.

“‘How could you do it?’ I asked in a whisper later, when the crack of the rifles ceased for a moment.

“‘It was something I thought of,’ he said, simply. ‘Something my mother used to say to me. ‘I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink,’’ she said. She read it to me out of the Bible, and she taught



The Good Samaritan.

“Let us do good unto all men!”

By Schnorr v. Carolsfeld.

it to me until I never could forget it. When I heard that man crying for water I remembered it. The words stood still in my head. I couldn't get rid of 'em. So I thought they meant me — and I went. That's all.'

“This was the reason why the boy was ready to sacrifice his life for an enemy. And it was reason enough,” added the soldier, with a quavering voice.

The Good That Men Do Lives After Them.

There is a lesson for others in a recent news item to the effect that Charles Page, a philanthropist of Tulsa, Oklahoma, has left twelve millions for orphans and widows, at the same time providing amply for his own family. Years ago, after he had gone broke as a prospector, Page became a tither. He said God would be his partner in business. At least ten percent of his earnings was to go to God's work, principally to the care of orphans and widows. He built and maintained an orphanage for one hundred or more children adopted by him, also a widows' colony for dependent mothers, as well as a hospital for the poor. Now he has left the great bulk of his estate as a fund to maintain and perpetuate the work begun while he lived. Such a living monument as this truly befits a friend of men.

The Sixth Commandment.

Spitta's Servant Girl.

Philip Spitta (died 1859) had a servant girl named Sophia, a professed Christian, who longed to go to a ball in spite of the warnings of her pastor; for she thought unless she danced she would get no beau. One day she again asked for permission, and Spitta granted her request, adding, however, "Take Jesus with you!" Fearful lest her master might withdraw the permission, she flew to her room and hastily dressed for the dance, and with glowing cheeks and flying feet she hastened to the ballroom. But on the way thither all the warnings of her faithful pastor rose up before her mind, especially the words, "Take Jesus with you!" On reaching the hall, she paused for a moment, considering what she ought to do, and praying, "Lord Jesus, go with me!" But Christ seemed to her to be standing before her with His bleeding feet — while she would joyfully dance; with His bleeding hands — while hers would encircle many an enemy of Christ; with the crown of thorns on His head — while hers was decorated with the ornaments of vanity; with His pierced heart — while her heart was unconcerned

about the salvation of her soul. And He seemed to say, — and His voice seemed to thunder, — “I will not go with you!” Sophia quickly went home, and on being asked, “Why back so soon?” she answered, “I asked the Lord Jesus to go with me, but He would not, and so



Jesus in the Temple and the Woman taken in adultery.

“Go and sin no more.”

By Gustave Doré.

I returned.” From that time on, having withstood the temptations, her heart was changed, and she became a faithful Christian.

Likewise Christ will not go with you to the ballroom; if you do go, you must go without your Savior.

Saved from Impurity.

In 1836, a young girl, Miss Charlotte Elliott, was preparing for a ball to be given in her native town. She started one day to her dressmaker to have a dress fitted for the occasion. On her way she met her pastor, an earnest, faithful man, and he learned her errand. He reasoned and pleaded with her to stay away from the ball. Greatly vexed, she answered, "I wish you would mind your own business!" and went on her wayward course.

In due time the ball came off, and this young girl was the gayest of the gay. She was flattered and caressed. But after dancing all night, laying her weary head on her pillow only with the returning light, she was far from happy. In all the pleasure there had been a thorn, and now her conscience made her wretched.

After three days of misery she went to the minister with her trouble, saying, "For three days I have been the most wretched girl in the world, and now, oh, that I were a Christian! I want to be a Christian! What must I do?"

"Just give yourself, my child, to the Lamb of God just as you are."

"What! Just as I am?" she asked. "Do you know that I am one of the worst sinners in the world? How can God accept me just as I am?"

"That is just exactly what you must believe," was the answer. "You must come to Him just as you are."

The young girl knelt down and offered God her heart, guilty and vile as it was, to be cleansed and made fit for His own indwelling. As she knelt, peace, full, overflowing, filled her soul. Inspired by the new and rapturous experience she then and there wrote the hymn beginning:

Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Little did Charlotte Elliott think of fame, or of the immortality of the words she had written. It was simply putting her heart on paper; and therefore the hymn, born of a mysterious experience, appeals to other hearts needing the cleansing power of the blood of the Lamb.

The Seventh Commandment.

Honest Otto.

One beautiful summer morning, two boys were strolling along the beach at a summer resort in Sweden. Suddenly one stooped and picked up a beautiful diamond pin.

"Oh, Carl, see what I've found!" he exclaimed.

"Why, Otto, those are diamonds. Won't you be rich! You can get ever so much money for that."

"What do you mean?" said Otto. "This isn't mine. It belongs to one of the great ladies at the hotel. I shall try to find the owner."

"Nonsense! You will not even get a 'thank you' for your pains."

"An approving conscience will be sufficient reward," said Otto. He went to the hotel, told the proprietor his story, and placed the pin in his hand.

"Good!" cried the hotel-keeper. "The lady who lost the pin is here now. Stay until I take it to her." He soon returned and conducted the boy to a richly furnished parlor.

A stately lady waiting to receive him, said, "Thank you, my little man, for returning the pin which I prize highly. I am told your father is dead and you are trying to support your mother. She has reason to be proud of her boy. You shall be rewarded, for the Queen of Sweden is never ungrateful."

Overcome at finding himself in the presence of the Queen, the boy could only bow himself out of the room.

The Queen returned to Stockholm. A week later summons came for Otto and his mother to go to that city. On their arrival a pretty cottage was given them. The next day they were summoned to the palace, and presented to the King, who, learning Otto had ambition to become a musician, placed him under a competent teacher. Ten years afterwards, this boy was known as Sir Otto, the music teacher of the royal family.

Lending to the Lord.

"Here is a dollar," said a banker to his young son on one occasion. "I am giving it to you to do with as you may please. Do you understand, son? I want to see how wisely you can use it."

A few days afterwards the banker, who prided himself upon his business acumen, called the boy to him and asked "Have you found a way to use your dollar yet?"

The lad stood abashed for a moment, and then replied: "Yes, sir, I remembered what you had said, so when an appeal was made at Sunday school for an orphanage for boys, I gave my dollar."

"You gave it to an orphanage!" exclaimed the father in amazement. "You'll never make a business man." Then, after a moment's thought, he added: "I will try you once more. Here are two dollars. Let me see what you can do with them."

To his surprise, the boy clapped his hands and cried: "I knew it! I knew it! My teacher told me that giving to the poor was lending to the Lord, and that He would return us double."

The father found himself with considerable food for thought.

The Eighth Commandment.

That Tongue.

One of our Lutheran pastors visited a large insane asylum quite frequently. His attention was called to an inmate who ever sat in one place, focused his eyes always in the same direction, and continually mumbled some words which the pastor couldn't understand. Otherwise this unfortunate person did not at all give the impression of being insane.

The Lutheran pastor relates: "One day as I passed very close to this man, I heard him sadly and musingly repeat the question again and again: 'What have I done to those people? What have I done to those people?'"

"I later asked the superintendent of the asylum concerning this man. I inquired as to his name and asked what had caused him to lose his mind."

"O," said the superintendent, "that is one of the saddest cases on our records. If you are interested, I shall, in a few words, tell

you the whole story." He then proceeded to explain the case: "This man once lived in a small town and enjoyed the love and respect of all who knew him. He was an ideal father, a capable, diligent laborer, and — with his wife and children — lived in happiness.

"But he had a neighbor with a jealous disposition. This neighbor was a sly and cunning character. He was a master at getting the good will of people by talking to them in a vein which he knew



David and Jonathan.

"And Jonathan spake good of David unto Saul his Father."

By Schnorr v. Carolsfeld.

would tickle their ears. He determined to destroy the good name of the upright and honest man who lived next to him, and for whom he had a hearty hatred. He talked to all who lived in the village, slandering and defaming him. First he would tell one story, then another. This he continued to do for years, and not without results. For people often believe what they hear without first making proper investigation. Neighbors and friends who formerly associated with this man and his family, began to shun him. He could not understand their strange action, nor did they give him an explanation.

“Being a sensitive man, he began to worry. He tried to call to mind what he possibly could have done to offend his former friends. As time passed, he continued to worry. He would sit in his home for hours in the same position and mumble to himself: ‘What have I done to those people? What have I done to those people?’ They had to bring him here to this asylum. He cannot be cured. Though living, he is dead. The family-life is wrecked. And the neighbor who slandered him is now loved and honored by all who live in that village.”

As the superintendent reached this part of his story, he sprang to his feet and continued excitedly: “If there is a just God in heaven, He will not allow that evil-doer to remain unpunished!”

The Lutheran pastor to whom this story was told, and who continued to visit the asylum, says: “Years have passed. Many times have I seen this poor, musing, mumbling lunatic sadly repeat the question: ‘What have I done to those people?’

“As I entered the institution one day, the superintendent called to me and said: ‘Please come with me. I want to show you an insane man who was brought in here just a short time ago.’ He led me to a cell which had been made safe by strong, iron bars. What an awful sight I beheld! Behind those bars I saw a raving, raging man, who no longer looked like a human being. Deeply moved I at once turned my eyes away. The superintendent then remarked: ‘You have never seen such a terrible sight before, have you? Neither have I. This is the most dreadful case on record at this institution. Do you know why I let you see that man in yonder cell? Do you know who it is? He is the miserable slanderer who robbed that other silent, mumbling man of his good name and his mind.’ Then he added: ‘Truly, there is a just God in heaven.’ And I could not help but think of the word: It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of a living God.”

Yes, friend of mine, is it not true that the tongue causes endless woe and misery in his world? Other possessions, if lost, can usually be regained. But a good name, once lost, is hard — if not impossible — to regain. And how many names have been besmirched by evil tongues! Against those who use their tongue to belie, betray, slander or defame their neighbor God hurls the terrible threat:

“Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you to pieces, and there be none to deliver.” Ps. 50, 22.

And if we have been guilty of this sin which cries to heaven for revenge, let us flee, yes, flee to the wounds of our Savior. In His wounds there is pardon also for this sin. And let us, especially during these winter months, as we sit around the fire-side, and temptations to sins of this nature are many and great, keep in mind what we have just read.

The Apostle James says: “No man can bridle the tongue.” That’s true. But the Lord can do so. Therefore we pray: “Lord, bridle Thou our tongues.”

The Ninth Commandment.

Poor, Though Rich.

Moody relates the story of a friend who visited a rich farmer in Illinois. From the veranda of this rich farmer’s home one could get a lovely view of the surrounding fertile farmlands.

“Do you see those flocks?” asked the farmer of his guest. “These horses, cattle, and sheep are all my property.”

In the opposite direction a lovely little city could be seen. The farmer pointed out entire city blocks, beautiful buildings, and a large assembly hall which was named after him. “All these possessions are mine,” said the farmer. “I was once very poor. When I came into this country I owned nothing. But I have worked, worked hard, and these possessions are the fruit of my labor.”

It was now the guest’s turn to speak. Lifting his hand heavenward, he pointed to the skies and asked the farmer: “Have you any treasures yonder?”

The farmer said: “Where? In heaven? Why no, I have no treasures there!”

Foolish man! Seventy years he spent in this world. He was now standing at the gates of eternity, and owned no treasures in that world.

How is it with you, dear reader?

The Tenth Commandment.

“Throw it from Thee!”

Years ago a ship was nearing the shores of England. It was homeward-bound. Hearts on board were filled with rapture at the thought of seeing wives, and children, and friends once more.

The happiest ones on board that ship were, no doubt, a number of gold-diggers returning from the gold-fields of far-away Australia.



David's Repentance.

And Nathan said unto him: “Thou art the man. Thou hast slain Uriah with the sword, and hast taken his wife to be thy wife.”

By Schnorr v. Carolsfeld.

Like wildfire the news had spread that gold was found in Australia. Men had left their wives and children, their homes and friends to seek their fortune across the wide and treacherous watery waste. Many had perished in that far-away land. Others had been more fortunate. Fortune had smiled on them. They had found gold. Some of them were now returning, returning as rich men. The shores of their homeland were almost in sight. Oh, how impatient

their hearts were beating! How they had planned and how they had schemed on this long voyage as how best to invest their money. Their future happiness and the unbounded happiness of their wives and children had formed the one great theme of their dreams at night. And now these dreams were to come true in a few short hours. The morning sun would permit them to catch the first glimpse of their native shores. Their wives and children and friends would be lining the shores to welcome them home.

But, alas! "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip." "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." That night a furious storm suddenly broke on the ocean. The ship became a plaything of the waves, and before the morning dawned it had foundered on the rocks. The morning sun rose upon a sad scene indeed. The shores of the homeland were in sight, yes, — but the furious waves were lashing the ship from every side and were slowly hammering it to pieces. The life-boats had been swept away, and there was no way out to reach the shore. Wives and children were lining the shore, but not in joyful greeting; they were wringing their hands in hopeless despair of the precious lives they had hoped to greet so cheerily.

Was there no way out? Must all those precious lives perish? One way only remained as a possible means of escape for the unfortunates caught in the merciless fury of the elements. Brave, fearless, manly hearts, putting their trust in God's protection, might attempt to swim ashore. It was the only chance for life.

Upon that sea-swept deck there stood a man. His eyes were fastened upon the shore. There stood his wife and children who had passed through privation and want during the time he was chasing his fortune. In his hand there was a large, heavy leather bag filled with gold, the fruits of his tireless, toilsome search for a fortune. This gold was to buy a home and a tract of land for his family. O, how he had dreamt of this happy day! And now death suddenly seems about to interpose a great gulf between him and the fulfillment of that dream. But he will not be cheated of the happiness for which he has so toilsomely labored. He must save his fortune! He fastens the heavy bag about his loins, as he has seen others do. Then he halts and watches as his companions one by one jump into the furious sea to try for shore. One by one they

jump, — and one by one they disappear before his eyes, dragged under by the heavy bag of gold to rise no more.

Our friend hesitates. His eyes are on the shore. His hand rests on the bag of gold. Without this bag he will reach his home a beggar. With this bag he will not reach his home at all. He will drown as have the others. There is a desperate struggle going on in his breast. Slowly his hands begin to loosen the leather bag. One last, longing sorrowing look he cast upon it, and then with wild determination the bag is flung wide out into the sea. Down it goes! A moment later our friend follows it, but not to sink. He rises again and again above the waves. He struggles on, and with the help of God finally reaches shore. His was a brave decision indeed. Throwing his fortune, throwing all that he had from him, saved his life.

What is it that is weighing you down, Friend? Is it love for money? Is it a life in sin, a life in shame? Is it the sinful pleasures of life that you cannot part with? Watch the men right and left of you going down, down, never to rise again with that load on them. Are you one of them who say: "I know it's wrong, but it cost me so much to get, I have my money tied up in it, — I love it too much?" Friend, tear that bag of gold from your soul. It is better to go into eternal life halt and maimed and blind than to be thrown into everlasting hell-fire. It is better to reach the shores of our heavenly fatherland a beggar, to deny ourselves everything, than to live in pleasure and luxury, to enjoy sin and to be dragged down to hell.

As you stand on the deck of the ship of life with your eyes fixed upon the heavenly throng beckoning to you from the safe shores of the fatherland above, fling that heavy bag of sinful pleasure, of earthly cares, of love for money wide out into the ocean. If you love your life, if you love your soul — throw it from you!

The Conclusion of the Ten Commandments.

Sin Alarms.

I have heard a remarkable story of a king that was heavy and sad and wept, which, when his brother saw, he asked why he was so pensive. "Because," saith he, "I have judged others, and now I must be judged myself." "And why," saith his brother, "do

you so take on for this ? It will haply be a long time ere that day come, and, besides, that is but a slight matter." The king said little to it for the present.

Now, it was a custom in that country, when any had committed treason, there was a trumpet sounded at his door in the night-time, and he was next day brought to be executed. Now the king commanded a trumpet to be sounded at his brother's door in the night-time, who, awakening out of his sleep when he heard it, arose and came, quaking, to the king. "How now," said the king, "what is the matter, you are so affrighted?" "I am," said he, "attached of treason, and next morning I shall be executed." "Why," said the king again to him, "are you so troubled at that, knowing that you shall be judged by your brother, and for a matter that your conscience tells you you are clear of ? How much, therefore, may I be afraid, seeing that God shall judge me, and not in a matter that my conscience frees me of, but of that whereof I am guilty?"

The Certainty of Sin Being Found Out.

A little over a century ago, when pirates roamed over the seas between the Southern States and the Spanish main, the brig "Nancy" was pursued by the British ship of war "Sparrow." She was suspected of being engaged in illicit trade and piracy, but when captured, not a scrap of incriminating evidence could be found among her papers.

Meanwhile another vessel, a tender of the British frigate "Abergavenny," had been cruising in the same waters. One day, off the coast of Hayti, the officer in charge noticed a dead bullock in the water, surrounded by sharks. He gave orders for the bullock to be towed alongside the boat, and by this means the men succeeded in catching one of the sharks. It proved to be an unusually large one, and when opened, a parcel of papers, tied round with string, was discovered in its stomach.

These papers (which are still to be seen in the Institute Museum of Jamaica) were found to relate to the doing of a ship called the "Nancy," and thinking that they might serve a useful purpose, the officer preserved them till he reached Kingston, which was his

next port of call, arriving there just as the case of the "Nancy" came before the courts.

The consternation of the "Nancy's" captain and crew may be imagined, when, jubilant at the prospect of release, they were suddenly confronted by indisputable evidence of their misdeeds, in the papers which they had thrown over board when pursued by the warship, and which they fancied were buried in the depths of the sea!

Not less will be the consternation of those whose sins, committed long ago, find them out and confront them!

The First Article. Known.

A gentleman was walking along a street in Buffalo, when his attention was attracted by the remark of a little girl in front of a fruit-store, "I wish I had an orange for ma!"

The gentleman saw that the children, though poorly dressed, were neat and clean, and calling them into the store, he loaded them with fruits and candies.

"What's your name?" asked one of the girls.

"Why do you want to know?" said the gentleman.

"I want to pray for you," was the reply.

The gentleman turned to leave, scarcely daring to speak, when the little one added, "Well, it doesn't matter, I suppose. God will know you, anyhow."

Deliverance in a Time of Need.

There is no more signal interposition of the hand of God than that which is seen in the destruction of the Spanish Invincible Armada. Philip II Emperor of Spain, a bigoted, cruel, intolerant Catholic, had determined upon the destruction of Protestant England. She was selected for signal revenge. Ships of war of an uncommon size were built, naval stores collected, provisions amassed, armies levied, and plans laid for the fitting out of such a fleet as had never before been seen in Europe. So certain were they of success that they designated the fleet The Invincible Armada. All preparations being made, and the time drawing near for

actual invasion, every hope was raised that proud England would be abased and Protestantism utterly annihilated. But never was it so patent that the "lot is cast into the lap; and the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." In the first place, disappointments began to arrive; it happened that their great admiral was seized with fever, and died. The same fate overtook the vice-admiral, when a less skilful and experienced officer was appointed. Eventually the fleet sailed, and the very next day a violent tempest scattered the ships, when some were sunk and others compelled to put into port. Again the ships are soon ready, and on them are placed the implements of torture, thumb-screws, fetters, battle-axes and boarding-pikes, by which the stern heretics of England were to pay the price of their defection from Rome.

Just right here, however, God interposed. It is true that the English were calm, firm, courageous, and did not fear to meet their foes, but the God of the elements took a hand in the battle. The "stars fought in their courses" for a righteous course. The fire, wind, and tempest were so many angels of death to the boasted invincibility of the Spaniard. Dismay and disaster overtook Philip and his armies, and a thrill of joy and thanksgiving pervaded all Protestantism. "His right and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory."

The Odd Sparrow.

The direct appeal of the Gospel to a young, fresh heart is the subject of a delightful story. A little Spanish boy in Vigo who became a devout Christian was asked by an Englishman what had been the influence under which he had acted.

"It was all because of the odd sparrow," the boy replied.

"I do not understand," said the Englishman, in surprise. "What odd sparrow?"

"Well, señor, it is this way," the boy said. "A gentleman gave me a Testament, — the Book of the English mission, — and I read in one Gospel that two sparrows were sold for a farthing. And again in St. Luke I saw, 'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?' And I said to myself that Nuestro Señor (our Lord) Jesus Christ knew well our custom of selling birds.

“As you know, sir, we trap birds, and get one chico for two, but for two chicos we throw in an extra sparrow. That extra sparrow is only a make-weight, and of no account at all.



Creation.

In the beginning God made the heaven and the earth.

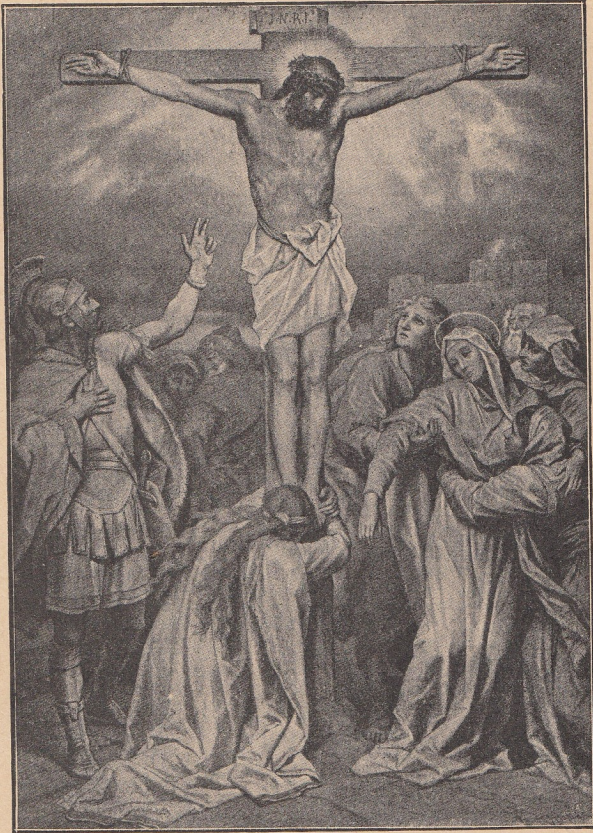
By Gustave Doré.

“Now, I think to myself that I am so insignificant, so poor, and so small that no one would think of counting me. I am like the fifth sparrow. And yet, oh, marvelous, Nuestro Señor says, ‘Not one is forgotten before God!’

“I have never heard anything like it, sir. No one but He would ever have thought of not forgetting me!”

Seeing Him Face to Face.

A blind girl whose eyes had been opened by a surgical operation, says the Christian Herald, delighted in seeing her father, who had a noble appearance and presence. His every look and motion



Crucified. By H. Hofmann.

was watched by his daughter with the keenest delight. For the first time his constant tenderness and care seemed real to her. Whenever he caressed her or even looked at her kindly, it brought tears of gladness to her eyes. "To think," she said, holding his hand

closely in her own, "that I have had this father for these many, many years and never knew him!"

When we shall awake in the next life to the glories of the divine Presence, we may in a similar way voice our wonder over the fact that for many years of our earthly life we had a heavenly Father, yet never quite knew how great, how loving, and how ready to bless He actually is!

The Second Article. How a Jewish Pawnbroker Was Converted.

There was once a widow who sank deeper and deeper into poverty. She was compelled to sell one piece of furniture after another until all that was left her was a New Testament. It was with an aching heart that she at last disposed of it at the pawnbroker's. The broker, who was a Jew, took the book and invited two Hebrew friends of his to read the Gospel according to St. Matthew with him for the purpose of criticising and ridiculing it and of gathering arguments for scoffing and jeering at "Jesus of Nazareth." They began to read and to laugh. But the more they read the less they laughed. When they came to the passage which treats of Christ's crucifixion, their laughter was hushed, and they read with real earnestness. The pawnbroker began reading for himself and read the whole gospel over again, not as before, to laugh, but earnestly and eagerly, to learn. When he again reached the story of the crucifixion, he wept as did the women who followed Jesus out to the place of execution. The conviction took possession of him that this "Jesus of Nazareth" was He after whom the patriarchs had yearned, and whose coming the prophets had foretold, the promised Messiah. Thereupon he arose, sought a pastor, and desired to be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ.

"God Loves Me."

The thought that we must love God to be saved, instead of being saved solely because God loves us, clings to fallen man; but nothing but seeing God's love to us in the Cross of Christ, shown when we were dead in sin, can give us peace.

A gentleman, after living in sin for many years, in companionship with others, heard that the ringleader of the party had been converted. All were sorry to lose so jovial a friend, and marveled that he could be such a fool as to become religious. Still he was



Dead and Buried.

And in the garden was a new sepulchre. There laid they Jesus.

By H. Hofmann.

happy, and went to his old associates, one by one, and spoke to them of the salvation he had found in the risen Savior. There was one, however, that he took special interest in. It was this gentleman of whom I am speaking, and he felt it much, and soon he began to

realize the unsatisfying nature of the pleasures of sin, and to feel that he needed salvation. He read his Bible, but could get no comfort. One day he met his old friend, who said to him: "Do you ever read your Bible?"

"Yes," replied he, "but I get no comfort from it — I cannot love God!"

"No," said his friend, "nor could I; but the blessed truth is, that God loves me," and then wished him good morning.

"God Loves Me, God Loves Me," thought the gentleman to himself, "what can he mean?" But before he reached home that day the thought of God having given His only-begotten Son to die on the Cross to save sinners flashed upon his soul with divine living light.

"Now," thought he, "I see it. I see now that God loves me as a sinner. Yes, God so loved me as to save me."

So it is, as the Apostle John says 1 John 4, 10: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

First John 4, 19: "We love him, because he first loved us."

"Wounded for Our Transgressions."

It was a cold winter night. Services were held in a city church. A lost wanderer of the street, with a thin shawl about her, attracted by the warmth and light, came in and sat near the door. The minister was preaching on Him who was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities; and the poor awakened sinner by the door said: "Why, that must mean me too; mercy for the chief of sinners; bruised for our iniquities; wounded for our transgressions."

The music that night in the sanctuary also brought back an old hymn which she used to sing when with father and mother she worshipped God in the village church before she left her country home and was led into a life of sin.

The service over, the poor wanderer went out into the street. "What are you doing here, Meg?" said the police. "What are you doing here tonight?" "O!" she replied, "I was in to warm myself." And then came the rattling cough, and she held to the railing until

the spell was over. She passed on down the street, falling from weakness, but soon recovering herself, until after a while she reached the outskirts of the city, and thinking of her Christian home, she passed on into the country road. It seemed so familiar.



He rose again from the dead. By H. Hofmann.

She kept on the road and soon saw in the distance a light in the window. That light had been gleaming there every night since she went away.

On that country road she passed, until she came to the garden gate. She opened it and passed up the path where she was wont

to play in her childhood days. She came to the steps and looked in at the fire on the hearth. Then she put her fingers to the latch. If that door had been locked, she would have perished on the threshold, for she was near to death. But that door had not been locked since the time she went away. She pushed open the door. She went in and laid down on the hearth by the fire. The old house dog growled as he saw her enter, but there was something in the voice he knew, and he frisked about her in his joy.

In the morning the mother came down and saw a bundle of rags on the hearth; but when the face was uplifted, she knew it, that it was no more old Meg of the streets.

Throwing her arms around this wayward daughter, she cried, "Ah Maggie!" The child threw her arms around her mother's neck, and said, "O mother!" And while they were embracing a rugged form towered above them. It was the father. The severity all gone out of his face, he stooped and took her up tenderly and carried her to mother's bed, for she was dying.

Then the lost one, looking up into her mother's face, said: "Wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities! Mother, do you think that means me?"

"O yes, my darling," said the mother. "If mother is so glad to get you back, don't you think God is glad to get you back?"

And there she lay dying, and all the dreams and prayers of a penitent sinner were filled with the words: "Wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities," until just before the moment before her departure her face lighted up, showing that she enjoyed the Savior's forgiveness and peace.

So the Lord took back one whom the world rejected.

He Rose Again!

A gentleman in one of the great cities stood looking at a picture in a store window. It was a picture of the crucifixion of Jesus. Suddenly he became aware that a street boy was standing at his side. "That's Jesus," said the boy. The man made no reply, and the boy continued, "Them's Roman soldiers," and a moment later, "They killed Him." "Where did you learn that?" said the man. "In a little mission Sunday-school around the corner," was the reply.

The man turned and walked thoughtfully down the street. He had not gone far when he heard a youthful voice crying: "Say, Mister! Say, Mister!" The gentleman turned to see his friend of the street hurrying toward him. "Say, mister," said the boy, "I wanted to tell you that He rose again."

That message which was nearly forgotten by the boy is the message which has been coming down through the ages. "He rose again!" Thank God for that, dear friend, and tell it to the world. It's the message of the triumph of God over sin, death, and the devil. It's the message that salvation has been accomplished.

The Third Article.

The Little Printer Missionary.

A ragged printer's boy, who lived in Constantinople, was in the habit of carrying the proof-sheets to the English editor during the noon-lunch time. The editor was a busy man and exchanged no words except just such as were necessary, with him. The boy was faithful, doing all he was bidden promptly and to the best of his ability; but he was ragged, and so dirty as to be positively repulsive. This annoyed the editor, but as he was no worse in this respect than most boys of his class, the busy man did not urge him to improve his personal appearance, much as he would have enjoyed the change. But one morning the boy came in with clean face, hands and garments. Not a trace of the old filth was to be seen about his person; and so great was the change that the master did not recognize him.

"Why, you are a new boy entirely," he said, when convinced of the lad's identity.

"I am going away — back to my own home," said the boy, quickly, "and I came to ask a favor of you. Will you pray for me — after I am gone?"

"Pray for you!" exclaimed the editor.

"Yes," returned the boy. "You think I am a heathen, but I am not. I have been attending chapel and Sunday-school in the Bible House. I have learned to read and to write, and, best of all, I have learned to love Jesus, and am trying to be His boy. But

I can't stay here, while my father, mother, brothers and sisters do not know about Him. So I go back to my own village to tell friends and neighbors about Him. I don't know much yet, and I want you to pray that I may be helped when I try to tell my own people what He is to me."

"And is it because you are going away that you have washed and fixed yourself up so well?" asked the editor, thinking what a fine boy clothes and cleanliness had made of him:

"It's because I am Christ's boy now," was the answer. "I want to be clean, and to have my clothes whole in honor of the Master I am trying to serve."

"I hope your friends will receive as much from Christ's love as you have," answered the man.

"And will you pray for them and me?" urged the boy.

The man promised, and full of hope the lad started on his long walk — to tell the story of the cross to the dear ones there — in his own wretched home first, and afterwards to the neighbors among whom he had spent all his childhood days.

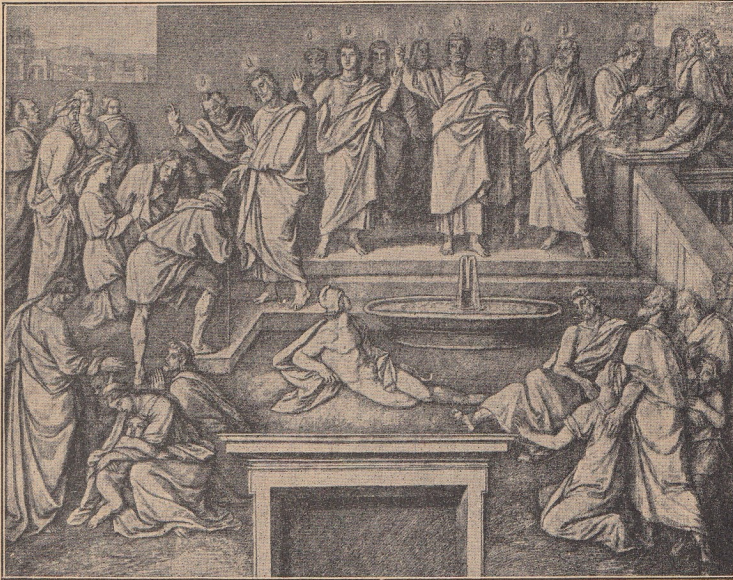
Just as I Am.

Some years ago a famous American artist met a miserable-looking beggar in the streets of Rome. He was so dirty and ragged, so uncouth in appearance, with his untrimmed hair and beard, that he gave him a piece of gold, and told him to come to his studio the next day to sit for his picture, promising to give him ten times as much.

The man, after promising to come, went to a barber, and had himself fixed up as well as possible. He took a bath, hired a clean suit of clothes, and appeared before the artist, looking somewhat like a gentleman.

"You are not the man whom I invited to come," exclaimed the indignant painter. "You have spoiled everything by your folly. I wanted you as you were yesterday, a poor, miserable beggar; by your vanity you have defeated my purpose. Out with you."

Well has it been said that it is an essential truth "that not only must the sinner come just as he is, but unless he comes just as he is, he can never come at all." He must abandon forever all thought of making himself worthy by repentance, prayers, vows, baptism, joining the Church, charities and good works; for such things are both rejected and actually keep the soul from the Savior. The fact is,



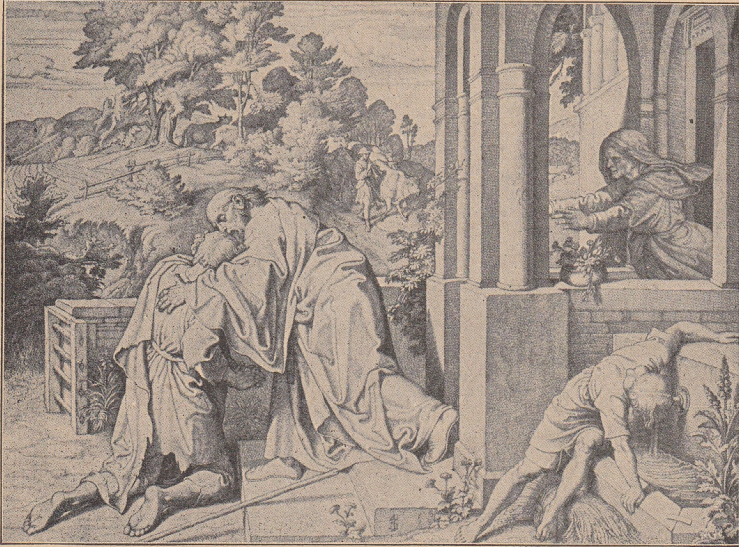
The First Pentecost. By Cornelius.

that the sinner's attempt to make himself "fit to come" is a dishonor to our Lord, and a reflection upon His finished work. It is the same as saying that His atoning work is not sufficient, that we must add something to the value of His precious blood, and that we prefer our own righteousness, which in His sight is but as filthy rags.

Just as the painter wanted the poor, ragged, miserable-looking beggar as he was, so our Lord invites us to come to Him with all our misery, our rags, our sins, our shame, our nakedness, our poverty, and our defilement.

Faraday's Resolved Cup.

This incident comes to us from the workshop of the great chemist Faraday. One day when Faraday was out, a workman accidentally knocked into a jar of acid a silver cup. It disappeared and was eaten up by the acid, and could not be found. The acid held it in solution. The workman was in great distress and perplexity. It was an utter mystery to him where the cup had gone. So



The Forgiveness of Sins. The Prodigal Son's Return.

far as his knowledge went it had gone out of existence forever. When the great chemist came in and heard the story, he threw some chemicals into the jar, and in a moment every particle of silver was precipitated to the bottom. He then lifted out the silver nugget and sent it to the smith, where it was recast into a beautiful cup. If a finite chemist can handle the particles of a silver cup in this way, what cannot the infinite Chemist do with the particles of a human body when dissolved in the great jar of the universe? He can handle the universe as easily as Faraday can handle an acid jar, and can control it at will. Whatever the particles of the

resurrected body may be, Paul says it is going to be changed so as to become a spiritual body. It is sown a natural body, i. e., a fleshly, or animal body, it is raised a spiritual body. Can God do that?

Are we fearful lest this cannot be? The inspired apostle says, "Be not fearful, for all this is the work of God, and God is omnipotent." He brings forward the works of God in nature and shows us that in nature God is doing things just as marvelous.

"Ye Are the Light of the World."

A few years ago in a place near the mouth of the Thames River, England, there is a very dangerous channel. Boats can be piloted through this channel only with great skill. There was a church not far away, and on the church tower a flagstaff. After a while the wind and weather rotted this pole, and it fell. The members of the church consulted as to whether they should put the flagstaff up again. They said:

"We simply cannot do it, and it is really of no use to anyone. We very seldom use it ourselves."

And so the members did nothing.

Within two weeks a government message came down to the church by a messenger who requested to see the official. He said:

"What about this flagstaff which you have removed?"

They replied: "What has this to do with the government, anyhow?"

Said the messenger; "Why, for years that flagstaff has been one of the marks by which the pilots of ships are guided, and we cannot do without it. Ships cannot negotiate the dangerous place in the River Thames without it."

The church officials replied: "We cannot afford to put it up."

Whereupon the messenger said, "The British Government will have it up within a week if you will give permission."

And the flagstaff was replaced.

The members of that church never realized that other people, precious lives and rich shipments of goods, were shaping their courses by their silent witness on the church tower.

So you, dear reader, do not know who is shaping his course by your life. Many have been led to heaven by the example of some

true, earnest Christian. Many have been led to hell by the example of the ungodly. Our lives ought to be mirrors reflecting the image of our Master. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Let your life speak for Christ even when your lips are feeble, and men will believe in Him. It shall be with you as it was with Lazarus when he was raised from the dead; the people came to Bethany not only to see Jesus but to see Lazarus also, whom He had raised from the dead.

The Introduction to the Lord's Prayer.

Frederick and His Page.

Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, one day rang his bell. As no one answered, he opened the door and found his page fast asleep in a rocking-chair. The king was on the point of awakening him, when he saw a letter hanging out of his pocket. Prompted by his curiosity to know what the letter contained, he took it out of the page's pocket and read it.

It was a letter from the young man's mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her a part of his wages to relieve her poverty. It closed with a prayer that God would reward him for his dutiful affection.

After reading the letter, the king went softly back into his chamber and soon returned with a purse filled with gold pieces. This he slipped with the letter into the page's pocket. Again returning to the chamber, he rang the bell loudly. The page awakened with a start, and instantly answered the call.

"You have been asleep," said the king, as his page hastened into the room.

The young man was at a loss to know how to excuse himself, and in his confusion he put his hand into his pocket. To his utter astonishment, he there found the purse of gold. He took it out, turned pale, and, looking at the king, burst into tears without being able to utter a single word.

"What is the matter?" asked Frederick.

"Ah, sire," said the young man, throwing himself on his knees; "somebody seeks my ruin. I know nothing of this money which I have just found in my pocket."

"My young friend," said Frederick, "God often does great things for us even in our sleep; send the money to your mother; salute her for me, and assure her that I will take care of both her and you."

Believe as a Child.

Not long ago there was a severe drought in our part of the State. The crops were suffering greatly for want of rain. Not only that, also the people and the stock suffered. Small rivers and lakes and ponds were dried up. The only water they had was brought in on trains or hauled in wagons. People bought it by the bucket and barrel. Of course, they were very saving with it. No water was wasted. In this way the people were relieved a little. But there was danger of the crops' drying up and being a total loss unless it would rain soon.

Some pious farmers asked their minister to hold a special service and to pray for rain. He at once agreed to do so. Accordingly, the people met at the church on a certain day. The minister was watching the people coming. He was surprised to see one of his little Sunday-school pupils walking to church with a huge umbrella.

"Why, Mary, my child," he said, "what in the world made you bring that great, big umbrella on such a bright, beautiful morning as this?"

The dear child looked up into his face. Surprised that the minister should ask such a question, she said, "Why, sir, as we are going to pray to God for rain, and God has promised to hear and answer His people when they pray, I thought I'd be sure to want the umbrella before I got home."

The minister felt reproved by the simple faith of this child.

Well, shortly after the service was begun. While the people were praying, a wind arose. The sky darkened. Amidst vivid flashes of lightning and heavy peals of thunder a rainstorm burst upon the country.

And the minister was glad to go home under the little girl's umbrella.

God's Giving.

One sharp winter day, so runs a nursery tale, a poor woman stood at the window of a king's conservatory, looking at a cluster of grapes, which she longed to have for her sick child. She went home to her spinning wheel, earned half-a-crown, and offered it to the gardener for the grapes. He waved his hand, and ordered her away. She returned to her cottage, snatched the blanket from



When Moses held up his hand, Israel prevailed. And Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands.

By Schnorr v. Carolsfeld.

her bed, pawned it, and once more asked the gardener to sell her the grapes, offering him five shillings. He spoke furiously to her, and was turning her out, when the princess came in, heard the man's passion, saw the woman's tears, and asked what was wrong. When the story was told, she said, "My dear woman, you have made a mistake. My father is not a merchant, but a king; his business is not to sell, but to give." So saying, she plucked the cluster from the vine and dropped it into the woman's apron. All good things from God are gifts.

The First Petition. Not Ashamed to Pray.

A chaplain related an incident of a young soldier, who, on one occasion consulted him on a question of Christian duty. "Last night,"



The Sermon on the Mount.
By H. Hofmann.

said the young man, "in my barrack, before going to bed, I knelt down and prayed in a low voice, when suddenly my comrades began to throw their boots at me and raised a great laugh." "Well," replied the chaplain, "but suppose you defer your prayer until

you get into bed and then silently lift up your heart to God?" A week or two afterwards the young soldier called again. "Well," said the chaplain, "you took my advice, I suppose? How have you fared?" "Sir," said the soldier, "I did take your advice for one or two nights, but I began to think it looked rather like denying my Savior, and I once more knelt at my bedside and prayed in a low whisper as before." "And what followed?" "Not one of them laughs now, sir; the whole fifteen kneel and pray too." "I felt ashamed," added the chaplain, "of the advice I had given him. That young man was both wiser and bolder than I."

The Second Petition. Chang Han's Wish is Fulfilled.

Chang Han's one ambition had been to get rich, even if it had to be at the expense of unpaid or underpaid labor. With the attainment of riches, he felt, there would also come to him honors, such as being the headman of his village. Of course, as a good Chinaman he also wanted to be the father of a number of boys who might take care of him in his old age and do the proper thing by his spirit after his death.

But now all this was changed. He had attended a service conducted by the foreign missionaries in the larger town not far away. And those foreign men had told him and others strange things, so strange that it had changed completely his way of looking at things. These men had assured him — and he believed them — that there is only one God, who so loved the people that He had given His Son for them that they might not perish. They had told him that there are no gods that bear him malice and whom he must propitiate to ward off their vengeance. All this had brought great joy to the heart of Chang Han, a joy that he felt compelled to share with others.

He talked with his neighbors about his great joy and its cause, but found it hard to impress them. Then the thought came to him that if they had a church in his village and he could get one of the foreign missionaries to come and tell the people about the God of love, they would believe and also worship the true God with

him. So he went out among his neighbors and asked them to contribute funds to build a church. Everybody listened to him with great respect, since he was a man of means, but of their money



Peter preaching to Cornelius in Caesarea.

By Gustave Doré.

they gave him none. They felt content to walk in the ways of their fathers and grandfathers, who had never known the God of whom Chang Han told them.

This indifference of his neighbors hurt Chang Han; but after thinking the matter over a little, he realized that he had expected too much of them when he had asked them to give of their money to build a church in which to worship God before they knew this true God and the benefits of worshipping Him.

But what should he do? Here was a task indeed. How teach these people without a church? And, again, how get the people to help him build a church without first teaching them? A stupendous task! Thought Chang Han, "I have money enough to build a rough hut where the people could be taught; but would I not be dishonoring God if I were to build Him a house poorer than the one I am living in? Do not the worshippers of worthless idols build them houses more beautiful than those which they themselves occupy?"

Then a new thought came to his mind. "Yes, yes, the very thing! That's just what I'll do!" And soon he was at work carrying out his new plan.

What was his new plan? What did he do? Listen! A few weeks later Chang and his family moved out of their house into a mud house, which he had just built and which had nothing attractive about it, except, possibly, that it was new. And what about his old house? The old house Chang and his family scrubbed, white-washed, papered, and fitted up as a church.

And a few days after, a missionary filled with love for souls came to Chang Han's village and began his work.

Let me add that the Lord blessed the missionary's labors, honored Chang Han, and granted him the joy of seeing many of his neighbors joining him in the worship of His God, the only true God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"By His Grace Believe His Holy Word."

There was once a caravan crossing to the north of India and numbering in its company a godly and devout missionary. As it passed along, a poor old man was overcome by the heat and labors of the journey and, sinking down, was left to perish on the road. The missionary saw him and, kneeling down at his side, when the rest had passed along, whispered into his ear, "What is your hope?" The dying man raised himself a little to reply and with great effort succeeded in answering, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," and immediately expired with the effort.

The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer and at the calm and peaceful appearance of the man; he felt assured

that he had died in Christ. How or when, he thought, could this man, seemingly a heathen, have gotten the knowledge of this salvation?

As he thought of it, he observed a piece of paper lying on the ground at the side of the man, which seemed to have fallen out of the man's hand. Full of curiosity the missionary stooped down and picked it up. And what do you suppose it was? A page out of the New Testament, old and worn, and bearing the marks of much use, — a page of the New Testament bearing among other verses the one heading this article: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Where had the man obtained possession of this piece of precious paper? Now that his lips were sealed in death, no one could give answer. Has this single page brought him to saving knowledge, or had he had the opportunity to hear the Gospel from the lips of some missionary? No one can tell. But so much is certain: that piece of paper bearing the precious assurance that Jesus' blood took away from him the guilt of his sins was to him the firm foundation in the hour of death.

How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

The Third Petition. Washington At Prayer.

Regarding the devout observance of the religious duties of "The Father of His Country," Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia" tells us: —

"The late Isaac Potts, well known for his good sense, hospitality, and urbanity, who resided at the Valley Forge, near Schuylkill River, a preacher to Friends, and with whom my informant spent a few days in March, 1788, informed him that at the time our army was encamped there, he, one day, took a walk up Valley Creek, and not far from his dam he heard a solemn voice, and walking quietly toward it, he observed General Washington's horse tied to a small

sapling, and in a thicket he saw the General on his knees praying most fervently. He halted as he did not wish to disturb him at his devotions, and as the General spoke in a low voice, he could only



The Conversion of Paul.
Frustrating every evil counsel and purpose.

By Gustave Doré.

now and then understand a word, but not enough to connect what he said, but he saw the tears flowing copiously down his cheeks.

“He retired quietly and unobserved. Mr. Potts informed him that he was very much surprised, and considerably agitated, and on returning to his house, the moment he entered the room where his wife was sitting, he burst into tears, and upon her inquiring the cause, he informed her what he had seen, adding that if there

was any one on this earth that the Lord will listen to, it is George Washington — that now he had, or felt, a presentiment, that under such a commander there could be no doubt of our eventually establishing our independence, and that God in His providence had willed it to be so. This he told my informant in the presence of his amiable family, and though some years had intervened, he was much agitated — there was something in his manner of relating it, and expatiating on the General's morals and other good qualities, that all present were in tears. Rev. J. Eastburn saw him so at prayer near Princeton battle."

A visitor to the Continental Congress, in the early days of our colonial history, inquired of Secretary Thompson how he might be able to know General Washington from others. To which he replied, "You can easily distinguish him when Congress goes to prayers. Mr. Washington is the man who kneels down." This word of description applies to the Father of His Country all through his public life. He felt deeply his dependence upon divine help, and was not ashamed to confess this need before men.

It was not only in the dark hours of the country's struggles — such as the winter at Valley Forge — that Washington realized the need of divine guidance, but in times of peace and prosperity as well. In his address to the people when chosen president he said, "Do we imagine that in days of peace we no longer need His assistance? I have lived a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid?"

The Fourth Petition.

"God Cares For Us!"

One day, writes a city missionary, I met a little boy in the street who was going along very slowly, feeling his way by the houses and fences. I pitied the poor blind boy. So I stopped to talk with him. He told me that his name was Robert, that his father was sick at home, and that his mother had to take in washing and

had to work very hard to get a living. All the other children had some kind of work to do; but as he could not see to work, he was sent after clothes for his mother to wash. I asked him if he did not feel bad because he was blind. He looked very thoughtful and solemn for a moment, then he smiled and said, "Sometimes I think it hard to have to creep about so; sometimes I want to look



Jesus Feeding Five Thousand. By Schnorr v. Carolsfeld.

at the sun that warms me, at the sweet birds that sing for me, at the flowers that feel so soft when I touch them, and at the face of dear father and mother that love me and care for me. But God made me blind, and I know that it is best for me; and I am glad that He gave me a good mother, and a Christian school to go to, instead of making me one of the heathen children that pray to snakes and idols."

"But, Robert, if you could see, you could help your mother more," I said, without thinking, and was sorry as soon as I said

it; for the little boy's smile went right away, and tears filled his blind eyes, and ran down his pale cheeks.

"Yes," he said, "I often tell mother so; but she says that I help her a great deal now, and that she wouldn't spare me for the world; and father says I'm the best nurse he ever had, if I am blind."

"I am sure you are a good boy, Robert," I answered quickly.

"No, sir," he said, "I am not good, but have a very wicked heart from which come wicked thoughts; and if it wasn't for the Savior, I don't know what I would do."

"And how does the Savior help you?"

"Oh, sir, I trust in Him, and He gives me rest and makes me strong and patient in all trouble. It makes me glad to think that I shall see Him in heaven. I daily pray to Him."

"Well, Robert, that is right; and so you expect to see in heaven?"

"O yes, sir. In heaven all blindness will be gone. I heard father reading in the Bible the other day, where it tells about heaven, and it said there is 'no night there.' But here it is night to blind people all the time. Oh, sir, when I feel bad because I cannot see, I think about heaven, and it comforts me."

I now saw that Robert began to be uneasy and wanted to go on. So I gave him some money, telling him to buy something for his sick father. Again the tears filled his blind eyes.

"Oh, sir," he said, "you are too good! I was just wishing I could buy something for poor sick papa. He has no appetite, and we have nothing in the house but potatoes. He tries to eat them and never complains; but if I could only get a chicken for him, it would make him better — I know it would; but I don't want you to give me the money; can't I work for you and earn it?"

I made him take the money, and then watched him to see what he would do. He went as fast as he could for the clothes; then he bought a chicken, then a stale loaf of bread, and felt his way home, trembling all over with delight. I followed him, without his knowing it. He went to a little old looking house which seemed to have but one room. When he came to his father's bed, he showed him the chicken and the bread, saying, "See, father, see what God has sent you!" He then told about my meeting him, and

giving him the money, and added, "I am sure, father, that God put it into the kind man's heart; for God sees your need and cares for us."

As I turned away from the blind boy's home, I thought how comforting it is to trust in God as poor Robert did. Would you be so contented and happy, if you were as poor as he was, and blind too? Let us be thankful to God for all His mercies and goodness: and let us not lose our trust in him in days of sorrow and affliction.

The Fifth Petition.

George Washington and a Lesson in Charity.

While Washington was camped at Valley Forge, one day a Tory was captured and brought into camp. His name was Michael Wittman, and he was accused of having carried aid and information to the British in Philadelphia. He was taken to West Chester and there tried by court-martial. It was proved that he had more than once attempted to do great harm to the American army. He was pronounced guilty of being a spy and sentenced to be hanged.

On the evening of the day before that set for the execution, a strange old man appeared at Valley Forge. He was a small man, with long, snow-white hair falling over his shoulders. His face, although full of kindness, was sad-looking and thoughtful.

His name was announced.

"Peter Miller?" said Washington. "Certainly. Show him in at once."

"General Washington, I have come to ask a great favor of you," he said, in his usual kindly tones.

"I shall be glad to grant you almost anything," said Washington, "for we surely are indebted to you for many favors. Tell me what it is."

"I hear," said Peter, "that Michael Wittman had been found guilty of treason and that he is to be hanged at Turk's Head tomorrow. I have come to ask you to pardon him."

Washington started back and a cloud came over his face.

"That is impossible," he said. "Wittman is a bad man. He has even offered to join the British and aid in destroying us. In these times we dare not be lenient with traitors, and for that reason I cannot pardon your friend."

"Friend!" cried Peter. "Why, he is no friend of mine. He is my bitterest enemy. He has persecuted me for years. He has even beaten me and spit in my face, knowing full well that I would not strike back. Michael Wittman is no friend of mine."

Washington was puzzled. "And still you wish me to pardon him?" he asked.

"I do," answered Peter. "I ask it of you as a great personal favor."

"Tell me," said Washington, with hesitating voice, "why is it that you thus ask the pardon of your worst enemy?"

"I ask it because Jesus did as much for me," was the old man's brief answer.

Washington turned away and went into another room. Soon he returned with a paper on which was written the pardon of Michael Wittman.

"My dear friend," he said, as he placed it in the old man's hand, "I thank you for this example of Christian charity."

The Sixth Petition.

Two Paintings.

Not long ago the visitors of the Art Museum at the lake front at the foot of Adams street had an opportunity to view two paintings of art which were not only of rare beauty but also full of meaning.

In the first painting the artist presented a cross of massive granite in the midst of a roaring sea, the waves dashing on and over the cross, on and over the form of a maiden fair who tenaciously held to the cross. She was gazing at the base of the cross. The little canoe had been crushed by the raging sea, the rudder was broken. And above the dark clouds spread deepest gloom upon the troubled sea. Yet firm, unmovable stood the cross with its precious burden, immune as it were, to the raging of the unshackled elements.

And stepping a little forward within the corridors of the Art Museum we could have viewed another picture of art of striking similarity with the painting first mentioned. The artist's hand had pictured in vivid colors the selfsame situation. It was a massive cross in the midst of the raging sea. The pallid form of a maiden however had flung one arm about the cross. She was also gazing beneath. And lo, what is that we see at the base of the cross being dashed against the rocks? It is the limp form of a maiden. Upon her face the fear of death is written. Yet that king of terrors had not as yet carried away his prey. She lifts up her voice in the hour of distress: O help; help; at the same time stretching forth her hands to the maiden suspended from the cross. The rescued, with one hand clinging to the cross extends the other to the one sinking to certain death and drawing her to safety.

These two paintings are full of meaning. Gaze once more upon the first. Even as that maiden fair you have in the midst of the troubled sea of this world been rescued. Though Satan raged, though the sinful world joined hands to destroy you, your frail craft of good works having been dashed to pieces, you have grasped in faith that firm cross of Mount Calvary and Him crucified thereon. All foes notwithstanding you have been rescued for time and eternity.

But, friend, can you be likened to the maiden pictured in the second painting? You have been rescued, but do you also extend your hand to save others? Do you not hear the cry of endless millions: Come and help us? You know the way of salvation, you have the means of grace for the dying souls about you. Can you be so heartless as not to be concerned about their well-being? They cannot save themselves, but Christ can. Oh, throw out the Life-Line of the living Word of God and help draw them to safety.

The Seventh Petition.

A Welcome on Both Sides.

He was a Scotch soldier, terribly wounded, and the great surgeon, who was also a great Christian said to him: "Jock, lad, I have to operate; and I think I ought to tell you — you have

one chance in a hundred of living through the operation. Have you anything you want to say to me?"

And the brave lad looked up and said, "No, doctor, just get on with it." He came through. He is alive to-day.

To a friend who asked him afterwards how he felt when he submitted himself to the surgeon, Jock said: "I knew it was all right. I knew whichever side I came out there would be a welcome for me. If I came back, mother was there; and if I went on, Jesus was there."

How Melanchthon's Life was Saved in Answer to Luther's Prayer.

Word was sent Luther that Melanchthon was dying. He found him showing the usual premonitory symptoms of death. Melanchthon roused, looked in the face of Luther, and said, "O Luther, is this you? Why don't you let me depart in peace?" "We can't spare you yet, Philip," was the reply, and turning around, he threw himself upon his knees and wrestled with God for Melanchthon's recovery upwards of an hour. He went from his knees to the bed and took his friend by the hand. Again he said, "O Luther, why don't you let me depart in peace?" "No, no, Philip, we can't spare you yet," was Luther's reply, and he ordered some soup. When pressed to take it, Melanchthon declined, again saying, "Dear Luther, why will you not let me go home and be at rest?" "We can not spare you yet, Philip," was the reply," Melanchthon took the soup. When Luther returned home, he said to his wife with joy, "God gave me my brother Melanchthon back in direct answer to prayer."

Baptism.

Semper eadem — Ever the Same.

John of Bernhold was a Lutheran knight whose little daughter was given the name Beata Christiana in Holy Baptism. The officiating pastor congratulated the knight and said that the

child by Holy Baptism had indeed become a Beata (blessed) Christiana (Christian), and had added the wish: "May it ever be said of her: 'Semper eadem,' that is to say, 'Ever the same.'



Jesus and Nicodemus.

"Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit,
he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God."

By K. G. Pfannschmidt.

What he meant was that the daughter might ever retain the grace of her Baptism.

The minister's expression clung to the knight's memory and as the daughter grew up he told her about it. Beata chose this Latin saying as a motto for her entire life.

When she was attached to the royal court and temptations beset her on every hand, she recorded this sentiment in her memorandum book:

“Semper eadem, ever the same, — no matter how much they tempt and flatter, let me ever remain with Thee, O, Christ.”

Later she entered the estate of matrimony. When she had to suffer much tribulation and sorrow, she wrote:

“Semper eadem, ever the same, — though storms assail me, I shall stand upright in Christ!”

Some years later her husband fell in battle. This is the record of her thoughts when the sad news reached her:

“Semper eadem, ever the same, — my crown is lost, my heart is sick, yet I remain unshaken in Christ!”

When the pious woman felt her life ebbing away, she addressed her companions with these words, spoken in the most happy assurance:

“Semper eadem, ever the same, — even death cannot separate me from the living Christ!”

Upon her tombstone she had given direction to have the following inscription carved:

“Beata Christiana, in Christo semper eadem,
Though this body remain nothing but a handful of dust,
I was the Lord’s, I am the Lord’s, and for me there is
no death!”

Happy all those who cling to the grace of their Baptism throughout life! That grace will be to them even on the death-bed a golden gate, the portals of eternal life.

The Office of the Keys.

“Who Repent and are Willing to Amend.”

A pious father once had a very impious and wayward son. The son had been reared a Christian in his early childhood, had been taught the Bible truths and the fear of the Lord, but the older he got, the farther he departed from the ways of the Lord. With his wicked life he brought shame and disgrace upon himself, often got himself into serious trouble, and in general made life a burden for his pious father.

The father was bearing heavy under this burden. Day and night the waywardness of his son was before his eyes. Often and long he wrestled with the Lord in prayer for his son's soul, but all seemed in vain. In his sorrow over his son's wrongdoings the father finally began to drive a nail into his front door every time the report reached him of some new disgrace and sin into which his son had fallen. The door was finally well studded with these nails.

With God, however, nothing is impossible. He had heard the prayers of this pious father. The Spirit of God came over the son's depraved heart, and the law of God cut like a two-edged sword into this heart, until the son was upon his knees and in the anguish of his sins prayed to God for forgiveness. Later on he also returned to his father and sought his forgiveness in much the same way as the prodigal son in the Gospel.

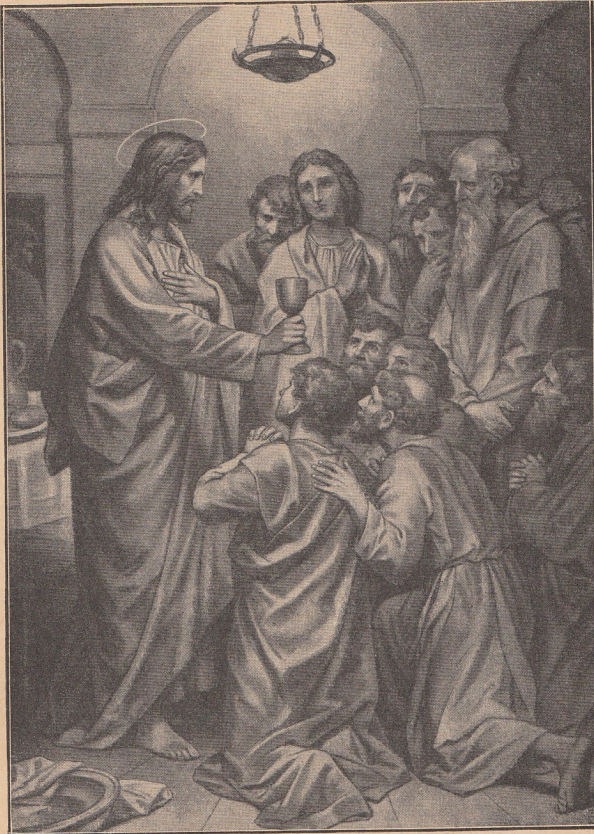
From time to time the father would now draw out one of the nails he had driven into the front door of his house. Finally the day came when the last nail had been extracted. Taking the son by the hand and leading him to the door the father said in a voice that trembled with the deepest emotion of gratitude: "Thank God, son, the nails are all out now." The son, bursting into bitter tears said: "Yes, father, the nails are all out, but the holes they have made remain."

Friend, the holes that the nails of your sin make very often remain, remain forever. They cannot be erased. The memory of your sins, even the sins of your early youth, remains often till old age, yes, until death! We Christians pray: "Remember not the sins of my youth," and, certainly, if we pray thus in faith, God will not remember them. He assures us in His holy Word that He will remember them no more. But the memory lingers with us, the bitter memory, and often in later years we still water our couch with tears over the sins of our youth.

And, again, the harm that our sins have done, first to ourselves, to our health, our fortune, our good name, the good name of our family and the like, can in many cases never be undone again. "The nail-holes remain." And the harm our sins have done to others in that they offended them, hurt their feelings, embittered their lives, soiled their souls, or brought about their very damnation,

this harm remains, even after we repent and are forgiven. The nails are drawn out, but the holes remain.

Friend, think on this. Fear now the Lord in the days of thy youth. "Fear the Lord," fear Him always, and then "depart from



The Institution of the Sacrament of the Altar.

By H. Hofmann.

evil." The evil we do lives after us. The consequences of our sins can often not be erased again, not even washed away in a flood of bitter tears of repentance. They who fear the Lord and walk in His way shall suffer no regrets. "Godliness is profitable unto all

things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Ah, friend, it pays to be godly. One of the promises "of the life that now is," and a very blessed promise at that, is also this, that the godly shall have no vain regrets later on, no sighs of "oh, if only I could undo what I have done!" If we drive no nails of sin into our door, no holes will remain, no ruined health, no squandered fortune, no wrecked home, no soiled name. Think on this when the next temptation to sin approaches you. Therefore, "fear the Lord, depart from evil."

The Lord's Supper.

Upholding the Honor of the Sacrament.

General von Ziethen was one of the leaders of the Prussian armies in the days of Frederick the Great. Von Ziethen was a very religious man and one Good Friday he asked the King to excuse him from attendance at a court supper because it was his custom to partake of Holy Communion on that day, and he did not wish to be distracted through the noisy company at the royal palace.

When he appeared at a state function a few days later, Frederick the Great, who was a wicked scoffer, addressed him as follows: "Well, Ziethen how did the Lord's Supper last Good Friday agree with you? Has the true body and true blood of Christ satisfied your appetite?" The courtiers, accustomed to laugh at every royal joke, did not withhold their applause from this miserable bit of humor and loud laughter resounded through the dining-room. Old von Ziethen shook his gray head, and rising from the table addressed the Prussian ruler as follows:

"Your Royal Majesty knows that I have never feared any danger in battle. Whenever it was necessary, I risked my life for my country. The same willingness inspires me to the present day and I am ready to sacrifice my life at the feet of your Majesty. But there is One above us, who is more than you and I, more than all men, I mean the Savior of the world, who has died for you and who has purchased us all by His blood. I permit no one to

ridicule or scoff at this Holy One, for on Him rests my faith, my comfort and hope in life and in death. In the strength of this faith your army has fought valiantly, and has been victorious. Anything your Majesty does to undermine this faith at the same time undermines the welfare of your kingdom. This is most certainly true."

The brilliant company had become silent as death. The King himself was visibly moved. He rose, grasped the hand of his brave general, and said: "Happy Ziethen! If I only could believe as you do! I have every respect for your faith. Cling to it. This will not happen again."

No one had any desire to begin a conversation. Also the King was unable to find a suitable bridge from this serious incident to the general line of table-talk. He dismissed his company, although the meal was only half finished, and motioning to von Ziethen he said: "Come into my private office."

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