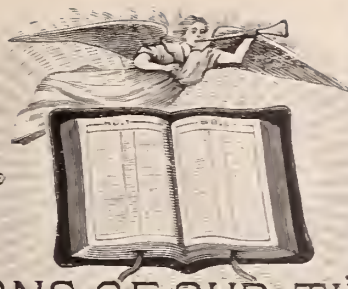


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Rev. T De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

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"Morning Grace"



A SIMPLE, frugal meal, laid upon a snowy cloth; an aged pair, with their dutiful daughter, seated by the table, and devoutly bowing their heads while the father of the household offers up a brief but heartfelt prayer of thankfulness to the Giver of all good things, before partaking of the food.

Poor the home may be, the floors covered with the home-made rag-carpet instead of Wilton or Axminster, and the garments made of the commonest fabrics; but there is everywhere evidence of cleanliness and tidiness, and that careful housewifery which makes the old look like new and the meanest cottage seem equal to a

advancement. The father's eyes fill with the mist of loving tears as he recognizes in his child's winsome face the same lineaments that were so familiar before the years had written their wrinkles on the face or whitened the once abundant tresses of his dear life-companion.

There are many thousands of such

lighten hearts and brighten homes. It does not need to be told that such lives take delight in that association with God's people which is especially dear to the aged, who find sweet solace in the assembly of the saints, and who never willingly neglect the ordinances of religion. Their family pew in the old church is seldom



"IN EVERY THING GIVE THANKS."

1. Thess. 5 18.

Such is the beautiful and instructive group our artist has placed before us in the picture on this page. The scene is that of a home where sweet contentment reigns, and where each member feels that dependence upon a loving Father, and that sweet daily communion with a Saviour, who is both Comforter and Friend, which the true Christian alone can realize.

palace. These old hands have known what it is to labor hard and long—as the swollen joints and tense muscles show; but the toil that is lightened by love is performed cheerfully and ungrudgingly. In the young daughter, just budding into womanhood, the mother sees her own self again, and she sympathizes with and assists every effort that is made for honorable

homes in our land—homes where Christ is and where the whole current of existence is heaven-directed. Simple social pleasures, interchange of visits and friendly courtesies, the love of music, good books, and helpful companionships, the sympathy that reaches out in practical benevolence, and that seeks a share in every good work—these are among the agencies that

vacant. They may truly say with the poet:

Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

As they go down the hill of life together and the end of the journey seems nearer and nearer, they value more highly the good old Book and the precious promises.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



Cheer for the Unknown.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: Romans 16: 14-15: . . .



ATTHEW HENRY, Albert Barnes, Adam Clark, Thomas Scott, and all the commentators pass by these verses without any especial remark. The other twenty people mentioned in the chapter were distinguished for something and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors; but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus, and Julia. Where were they born? No one knows. When did they die? There is no record of their decease. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely nothing, or the trait of character would have been brought out by the Apostle. If they had been very intrepid; or opulent, or hirsute, or musical of cadence, or crass of style, or in any wise anomalous, that feature would have been caught by the apostolic camera. But they were good people, because Paul sends to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people moving in ordinary sphere, attending to ordinary duty, and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 70,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 extraordinary; and then there are 69,000,000 ordinary, and we do well to turn our backs for a little while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven ordinary. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkables, and building thrones for magnates, and sculpturing warriors, and apotheosizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need especial help.

The vast majority of people will never lead an army, will never write a State constitution, will never elect a Senate, will never make an important invention, will never introduce a new philosophy, will never decide the fate of a nation. You do not expect to; you do not want to. You will not be a Moses to lead a nation out of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you can shut five kings in a cavern. You will not be a St. John to unroll an Apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preside over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You will more probably be Asyncritus, or Phlegon, or Hermas, or Patrobas, or Hermes, or Philologus, or Julia.

Many of you are women at the head of households. Every morning you plan for the day. The ordinary department of the household is in your dominion. You decide all questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of your house are under your supervision. To regulate the food, and the apparel and the habits, and decide the thousand questions of home life is a tax upon brain and nerve and general health absolutely appalling, if there be no divine alleviation.

It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth Fry did wonderful things among the criminals at Newgate. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs. Judson was very brave among the Burmese cannibals. It does not help you very much to be told that Florence Nightingale was very kind to be wounded in the Crimea. It would be better for me to tell you that the little friend of Mary and Martha went to work, and that he sees all the annoyances and disappointments and sorrows and care-torments of an ordinary household on more than 14,000,000, and from the first day of the year until the last day of the year and at your call be ready with help and consolation.

They who represent the face of the world decide the health of the world. You have only to go on some errand abroad the way-errand to the homes of the United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a vast multitude of the human race

are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Though a young woman may have taken lessons in music, and may have taken lessons in painting, and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has taken lessons in dough! They who decide the apparel of the world, and the food of the world, decide the endurance of the world.

An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economics of domestic life—but I tell you the earth is strewn with the martyrs of kitchen and nursery. The health-shattered womanhood of America cries out for a God who can help ordinary women in the ordinary duties of housekeeping. The wearing, grinding, unappreciated work goes on, but the same Christ who stood on the bank of Galilee in the early morning and kindled the fire and had the fish already cleaned and broiling when the sportsmen stepped ashore, chilled and hungry, will help every woman to prepare breakfast, whether by her own hand, or the hand of her hired help. The God who made indestructible eulogy of Hannah, who made a coat for Samuel, her son, and carried it to the temple every year, will help every woman in preparing the family wardrobe. The God who opens the Bible with the story of Abraham's entertainment by the three angels on the plains of Mamre, will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare and embarrassing. It is high time that some of the attention we have been giving to the remarkable women of the Bible—remarkable for their virtue, or their want of it, or remarkable for their deeds—Deborah and Jezebel, and Herodias and Athalia, and Doreas and the Marys, excellent and abandoned—it is high time some of the attention we have been giving to these conspicuous women of the Bible be given to Julia, an ordinary woman, amid ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties, and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

Then there are all the ordinary business men. They need divine and Christian help. When we begin to talk about business life we shoot right off and talk about men who did business on a large scale, and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year; and the vast majority of business men do not sell a million dollars of goods, nor half a million, nor quarter of a million, nor the eighth part of a million. Put all the business men of our cities, towns, villages, and neighborhoods side by side, and you will find that they sell less than a hundred thousand dollars worth of goods. All these men in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how the wrinkles are printing on the countenance the story of worry and care. You cannot tell how old a business man is by looking at him. Gray hairs at thirty. A man at forty-five with the stoop of a nonagenarian. No time to attend to improved dentistry, the grinders cease because they are few. Actually dying of old age at forty or fifty, when they ought to be at the meridian. Many of these business men have bodies like a neglected clock to which you come, and when you wind it up, it begins to buzz and roar, and then the hands start around very rapidly, and then the clock strikes five or ten, or forty, and strikes without any sense, and then suddenly stops. So is the body of that worn-out business man. It is a neglected clock, and though by some summer recreation it may be wound up, still the machinery is all out of gear. The hands turn around with a velocity that excites the astonishment of the world. Men cannot understand the wonderful activity, and there is a roar, and a buzz, and a rattle about these disordered lives, and they strike ten when they ought to strike five, and they strike twelve when they ought to strike six, and they strike forty when they ought to strike nothing, and suddenly they stop. Post mortem examination reveals the fact that all the springs,

and pivots, and weights, and balance-wheels of health are completely deranged. The human clock is simply run down. And at the time when the steady hand ought to be pointing to the industrious hours on a clear and sunlit dial, the whole machinery of body, mind, and earthly capacity stops forever. Oak Hill and Greenwood have thousands of business men who died of old age at thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five.

Now, what is wanted is grace—divine grace for ordinary business men, men who are harnessed from morn till night and all the days of their life—harnessed in business. Not grace to lose a hundred thousand, but grace to lose ten dollars. Not grace to supervise two hundred and fifty employes in a factory, but grace to supervise the bookkeeper, and two salesmen, and the small boy that sweeps out the store. Grace to invest not the eighty thousand dollars of net profit, but the twenty-five hundred of clear gain. Grace not to endure the loss of a whole shipload of spices from the Indies, but grace to endure the loss of a paper of collars from the leakage of a displaced shingle on a poor roof. Grace not to endure the tardiness of the American Congress in passing a necessary law, but grace to endure the tardiness of an errand boy stopping to play marbles when he ought to deliver the goods. Such a grace as thousands of business men have to-day—keeping them tranquil, whether goods sell or do not sell, whether customers pay or do not pay, whether tariff is up or tariff is down, whether the crops are luxuriant or a dead failure—calm in all circumstances, and amid all vicissitudes. That is the kind of grace we want.

Millions of men want it, and they may have it for the asking. Some hero or heroine comes to town, and as the procession passes through the street the business men come out, stand on tip-toe on their store step and look at some one who in Arctic clime, or in ocean storm, or in day of battle, or in hospital agonies did the brave thing, not realizing that they, the enthusiastic spectators, have gone through trials in business life that are just as great before God. There are men who have gone through freezing Arctics and burning torrids, and awful Marengo's of experiences without moving five miles from their doorstep.

Now, what ordinary business men need is to realize that they have the friendship of that Christ who looked after the religious interests of Matthew, the custom-house clerk, and helped Lydia, of Thyatira, to sell the dry-goods, and who opened a bakery and fishmarket in the wilderness of Asia Minor to feed the seven thousand who had come out on a religious picnic, and who counts the hairs of your head with as much particularity as though they were the plumes of a coronation, and who took the trouble to stoop down with his finger writing on the ground, although the first shuffle of feet obliterated the divine caligraphy, and who knows just how many locusts there were in the Egyptian plague, and knew just how many ravens were necessary to supply Elijah's pantry by the brook Cherith, and who, as floral commander, leads forth all the regiments of primroses, foxgloves, daffodils, hyacinths, and lilies which pitch their tents of beauty and kindle their camp-fires of color all around the hemisphere—that that Christ and that God knows the most minute affairs of your business life and however inconsiderable, understanding all the affairs of that woman who keeps a thread-and-needle store as well as all the affairs of a Rothschild and a Baring.

Then there are all the ordinary farmers. We talk about agricultural life, and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnatus, the patrician, who went from the plow to a high position, and after he got through the dictatorship, in twenty-one days went back again to the plow. What encouragement is that to ordinary farmers? The vast majority of them—none of them will be patricians. Perhaps none of them will be Senators. If any of them have dictatorships it will be over forty, or fifty, or a hundred acres of the old homestead. What these men want is grace, to keep their patience while plowing with balky oxen, and to keep cheerful amid the drouth that destroys the corn crop, and that enables them to restore the garden the day after the neighbor's cattle have broken in and trampled out the

strawberry bed, and gone through the Lima-bean patch, and eaten up the sweet corn in such large quantities that they must be kept from the water lest they swell up and die.

Grace in catching weather that enable them, without imprecation, to spread out the hay the third time, although again and again, and again, it has been almost ready for the mow. A grace to doctor the cow with a hollow horn, and the sheep with the foot rot, and the horse with the distemper, and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livelihood for the family and schooling for the children and little extras to help the older boy in business, and something for the daughter's wedding outfit, and a little surplus for the time when the ankles will get stiff with age and the breath will be a little short, and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest-field will bring on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnatus. I know five hundred farmers just as noble as he was. What the want is to know that they have the friendship of that Christ who often drew his smiles from the farmer's life, as when he said: "A sower went forth to sow," a when he built his best parable out of the scene of a farmer boy coming back from his wanderings, and the old farmhouselook that night with rural jubilee; an who compared himself to a lamb in the pasture field, and who said that the eternal God is a farmer, declaring: "My Father is the husbandman."

Those stone masons do not want to hear about Christopher Wren, the architect, who built St. Paul's Cathedral. They would be better to tell them how to can the hod of brick up the ladder without slipping, and how on a cold morning with the trowel to smooth off the mortar and keep cheerful, and how to be thankful to God for the plain food taken from the pail by the roadside. Carpenters standing amid the adze, and the bit, and the plane, and the broad axe, need to be told that Christ was a Carpenter, with his own hand wielding saw and hammer. Oh, this is a tired world, and it is an overworked world, and it is an under-fed world, and it is a wrung-out world, and men and women need to know that the rest and recuperation in God and that religion which was not so much intended for extraordinary people as for ordinary people, because there are more of them.

The healing profession has had its Abercrombies, and its Abernethys, and its Valentine Motts, and its Willard Parers; but the ordinary physicians do the most of the world's medicining, and they need to understand that while taking diagnosis or prognosis, or writing prescription, or compounding medicament, holding the delicate pulse of a dying child they may have the presence and the dation of the Almighty Doctor who took the case of the madman, and, after had torn off his garments in foaming dementia, clothed him again, body and mind, and who lifted up the woman who for eighteen years had been bent almost double with the rheumatism into graceful stature and who turned the scabs of leprosy in rubicund complexion, and who rubbed the numbness out of paralysis, and who swung wide open the closed windows of hereditary or accidental blindness, until the morning light came streaming through the fleshy casements, and who knows the diseases, and all the remedies, and the herbs, and all the catholics, and monarch of pharmacy and therapeutics and who has sent out ten thousand doctors of whom the world makes no record but to prove that they are angels of mercy I invoke the thousands of men whose merits they have assuaged and the thousands of women to whom in crises of prayer they have been next to God in beneficence.

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, in occupations, in agriculture, in the household, merchandise, in everything. I sail across the centuries Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia.

First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary, thank God that you are not extraordinary. I am tired and sick, and bored almost to death with extraordinary people. They take all their time to tell us how very extraordinary they really are. You know as well as I do, my brother and sister, that the most of the useful work of the world is done by unpretentious people.

A MISSIONARY BATTALION.

How a Great Organization to Provide Recruits from the Colleges for the Missionary Field Originated and Developed.

ONE of the most important Conventions of the closing years of this century will be held at Cleveland, O., next week. This is the third Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. Fully fifteen hundred delegates and invited guests will probably take part in the Convention. and during the five days of its sessions will consider the foreign missionary problem in all its aspects. The delegates will be, first and chiefly, students in our colleges; secondly, professors who are engaged in the training of students intending to become missionaries; thirdly, representatives of the missionary Boards, the Young People's Societies and of the Young Men's and Young Women's Associations; and fourthly missionaries in heathen lands who happen to be in this country for rest and recuperation. The object of the Convention, as of the two former ones which were held in 1891 and 1894, is to promote the cause of Foreign Missions, both in securing volunteers for missionary service and in stimulating the interest of the churches in order that funds may be supplied for aggressive work. The one branch is as neces-

in the service with whom they will converse at this Convention, who know all the hardships and privations of such a life, will applaud their purpose and encourage them to persevere. If disinterestedness, self-sacrifice and devotion to a cause make men heroes, this will be an assembly of heroes. The origin of the movement, which is bringing these young men and veterans together, is deeply interesting. It took shape some twelve years ago, when a number of students in colleges accepted Mr. Moody's invitation to spend a few days with him in the beautiful scenes of Northfield. It was a bright company of young men, who were preparing for the bar, for the medical profession, for commercial life, or for the pulpit, who came together and spent part of the day in conversation and Bible reading, and part in fishing, boating and swimming. A hearty, cheerful set of men, full of energy and exuberant life.

There were two hundred and fifty of them, representing eighty-seven colleges scattered through the United States and Canada. Ten happy days passed, and the subject of foreign missions was not mentioned. But at the end of that

time, three young men: Wilder, of Princeton; Tewkesbury, of Harvard, and Clark, of Oberlin, issued an invitation to all among the students in the company who were thinking seriously of foreign mission work to meet and make one another's acquaintance. Twenty-one responded, and at their meeting, prayer was offered that the spirit of missions might pervade the whole conference. A few days afterwards the prayer was answered in a remarkable manner. On July 23, 1886, a meeting, which has since become famous as "The Meeting of the Ten Nations," was held at Mount Hermon. At this meeting addresses were given by ten young men, of whom one was a Japanese, another a Siamese, a third a German, a fourth a Dane, a fifth a Norwegian, a sixth an American and a seventh an Indian. The other three were respectively

the sons of missionaries in China, India and Persia. These speakers in brief, thrilling words, presented the need of the heathen for preachers and described the opportunities waiting to be used by men who would forget themselves and their own interests for Christ's sake. Many a young student spent the following night in prayer. At the final meeting of the conference the company of twenty-one, who had attended the original meeting, had grown to one hundred, who pledged themselves, if God permitted, to go out as missionaries to the heathen.

Conversing over this wonderful consecration, the suggestion was made that a large number of recruits could be obtained, if the need and the duty were laid before the thousands of college students through the country, who had not been able to attend the conference at Northfield. The opinion of students who were there, confirmed the belief. Accordingly, a deputation was appointed to visit the colleges and present the case. Mr. Robert P. Wilder and Mr. John N. Forman consented to go, and a generous merchant, whose name was not disclosed, undertook to pay the expenses of the tour. During the following year one hundred and seventy-six institutions were visited, and at the end of the year the number of volunteers had grown to two thousand two hundred. So large a number rendered organization necessary, and it was reached through existing societies. The College Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and the Inter-seminary Missionary Alliances, of Canada and the United States, were each invited to name representatives, who should form an executive committee to direct the movement. The committee so nominated consists at present of Mr. John R. Mott, Prof. J. Ross Stevenson, and Miss Pauline Root, M.D., whose portraits appear on this page. As Messrs. Wilder and Forman were going to their fields of foreign labor, secretaries were appointed to continue their work.

Since the organization of the Committee, the work has spread systematically from one institution to another, until now there are few of the eight hundred colleges in which there are not some volunteers. Once in every three years a great convention is held. At the first, which was held at Cleveland, O., in 1891, there were present six hundred volunteers from one hundred and fifty-nine colleges, and thirty returned missionaries, representing every missionary field. At the 1894 convention, held at Detroit, Mich., one thousand one hundred students attended, and representatives of fifty missionary societies participated in the conference. Since that time the movement has grown rapidly. Through its work eight hundred missionaries have been added to the force in the field, and a much larger number are ready to go whenever the missionary societies have funds to send them. Besides this, the institutions of learning in heathen lands have now societies of young men who will devote themselves to Christian work. This is largely due to the visit which Mr. John R. Mott paid last year to these missionary fields. In China these societies are strong and enthusiastic. It has now been decided to send Mr.

Robert E. Lewis, one of the secretaries of the movement, to China, to assist Mr. D. Willard Lyon in directing and extending the work of organizing these societies of native scholars. He expects to sail next month if the necessary funds can be raised in time. It is believed that the key to the evangelization of China will be found in the movement. The Christian young natives in the Chinese colleges make efficient preachers, and the number of them is steadily growing. The approaching convention will give Mr. Lewis, who has been an indefatigable worker at home, a hearty God-speed on his mission.



PAULINE ROOT, M.D.



JOHN R. MOTT.



PROF. J. R. STEVENSON.



MT. HERMON, MASS., THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE MOVEMENT.

sary as the other, and organized plans will be devised for the promotion of both.

A more interesting gathering it would be difficult to imagine. There is something absolutely heroic in such an assembly. Some of those present will be men who have taken a brief respite from their labors in Africa, in China and other lands that their lives may be prolonged for more extended service. Others will be young men who have gone into institutions of learning to get the best education that can be given, but who do not propose to use it for their own enrichment or glory, but that they may become more efficient in the service of their Master. They are pledged to devote their lives to the preaching of the Gospel to the heathen. They propose to turn their backs on the prizes the world offers to the highly-educated young man, to leave the honors of the legislative halls, the courts of justice, the pulpit and the learned professions to others; to leave home and friends and civilization and to brave the perils of climate and wild beasts and still more savage men, that they may tell to the perishing millions the glad news of salvation. The world calls such men fanatics, and wonders how they can be so blind to their own interests. They are throwing away their chances, their comfort, their very lives. It is true; but they serve Him who said: "Whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it." And the veterans

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ROBERT E. LEWIS.

toil right on—by people who do not seek approval, and no one seems to say "That is well done." Phenomena of but little use. Things that are exceptional cannot be depended on. Better than the smallest planet that swings in its orbit than ten comets shooting this way that, imperiling the longevity of the gods attending to their own business. For steady illumination better is a lamp than a rocket.

When, if you feel that you are ordinary, remember that your position invites the attack. Conspicuous people—how they have to take it! How they are misrepresented, and abused, and shot at! The higher the horns of a roebuck the easier to strike him down. What a delightful thing it must be to be a candidate for Governor of a State or President of the United States! It must be so soothing to the nerves! It must pour into the soul of a candidate such a sense of serenity when he reads the attacks in the blessed newspapers!

Mention these things to prove it is extraordinary people who get abused, while ordinary escape. The weather of life is not so severe on the plain as it is on the high peaks. The world never forgives a man who knows, or gains, or does more than it can know, or gain, or do. Parents sometimes give confectionery to their children as an inducement to take bitter medicine, and the world's sugar-plum precedes the world's *aqua-fortis*. The mob led in regard to Christ, "Crucify him, crucify him!" and they had to say it twice to be understood, for they were so hoarse, as they got their hoarseness by crying a lie while before at the top of their voice, "Hosanna."

The famous river Rhone is foul when it enters Lake Lemane, but crystalline when it comes out on the other side. There are men who have entered the bright lake of worldly prosperity crystalline and come out terribly riled. If, therefore, you feel that you are ordinary, thank God for the defences and the tranquility of your position.

When remember, if you have only what is called an ordinary home, that the great diversers of the world have all come from such a home. And there may be seated, reading at your evening starid, a child who will be potent for the ages. Just unroll the scroll of men mighty in church and state, and you will find they nearly all came from log cabin or poor homes. Thus almost always runs out in the third or fourth generation. You cannot find in all history an instance where the fifth generation of extraordinary people amount to anything. In this country we had two great men, father and son, both Presidents of the United States; but from present prospects there never will be in that genealogical line another President for a thousand years. Columbus from a weaver's hut, Demosthenes from a cutler's car, Bloomfield and Missionary Carey from a shoemaker's bench, Arkwright from a barber's shop, and He, whose name is high over all in earth, and air, and sky, from a manger.

Let us all be content with such things as we have. God is just as good in what he keeps away from us as in what he gives us. Even a knot may be useful if it is at the end of a thread.

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb pupil, one of the children wrote upon the black-board words as sublime as the *Odyssey*, and the "Divina Comedia" all compressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in the signs of the mute language, asked her: "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote on the black-board, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The examiner asked her, "For what purpose did Christ come into the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the black-board: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ came into the world to save sinners."

The examiner said to her, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I heard and speak?" She wrote upon the black-board: "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Oh, that we might be baptized with a contented spirit, like the spider draws poison out of a flower, like the bee gets honey out of a thistle; but happiness is a heavenly elixir, and the contented spirit extracts it, not from the ododendron of the hills, but from the valley of the valley.