

The old man's VALENTINE.



HEY say this is the time for youth, When maidens sigh and lovers pine; When birds seek out their feathered mates, As I sought thee, my Valentine.

When "young men's fancies lightly turn To thoughts of love"—as once turned mine, A half a century ago, To thee, my only Valentine.

Does love belong alone to youth? No, in your eyes I still define, Amid the lines old time has traced, The true gaze of my Valentine.

And though the snows of winter now Are scattered 'mid those locks of thine, Yet still I see, in memory's glass, The tresses of my Valentine.

Your hands, perhaps, with loving care For others, are less silky fine— But ah! how beautiful to me, My faithful, patient Valentine.

No, love is not for youth alone; In toil and care it thrives—and time But strengthens every tender tie Which binds me to my Valentine.

My bride of fifty loving years! Can youthful trust so brightly shine As this, by sorrow once tried, By toil refined, my Valentine?

God's blessing on your toil-worn face! God's blessing on each tender line Engraved by hard endurance there Since you became my Valentine!

Then prate not of a fledgeling love! Ours typifies the home divine, Which you and I together wait Thus—hand in hand—my Valentine.

—Fannie E. Newberry, in Detroit Free Press.

BONNIE'S VALENTINE.

Bonnie got a valentine, Gay in colors blue and gold, But she could not read it, for She is only five years old. So she listened while mamma, With a smile, the verses read, And until the very end Not a single word she said.

"Little maid," 'twas thus they ran, "Pretty, dainty valentine, With red cheeks and flaxen curls, And brown eyes that brightly shine, Answering to many names— 'Birdie,' 'Darling,' 'Wee Wild Rose'— You are sweeter, sweeter far Than the sweetest bud that grows."

When with prettiest disdain Bonnie said: "All that before I have heard a fount of— Yes, a fount of times, and more. Great old valentine, I think." (And her lip began to curl, "Telling fings a girl has known Ever since she's been a girl." —Detroit Free Press.

BRIDGET'S VALENTINE.



RANK WOOLLETT and his sister Rose were sitting at the table one afternoon busily engaged in cutting and pasting bits of paper of various colors together. It was St. Valentine's day and the two children were having great fun cutting out pink and blue and yellow hearts and piercing them with arrows or concealing wonderful rhymes designed to melt the heart of the receiver.

Frank was staring out of the window thoughtfully biting the end of his lead pencil as he tried to think of a suitable word that would rhyme with love, and Rose was so deeply absorbed in pasting some beautiful green stars upon a pale pink sheet of paper that a ring at the door bell was unheard; so that both the children were much delighted as well as surprised when Daisy Lawler came dancing into the room with a pasteboard box under her arm, from beneath the cover of which protruded gay bits of paper.

"Oh, halloo, Daisy!" exclaimed Frank. "Are you going to make valentines, too? That will be jolly."

"Yes, come and sit down here, Daisy," said Rose, drawing up a chair to the table as she spoke. "Have you made any yet?"

"Yes three lovely ones," was their visitor's answer, as she seated herself beside Rose and opened the box. "There! Don't you think those are pretty?" she continued, as she spread out the finished valentines, gorgeous with stars and crescents and hearts.

After these were admired and commented upon Frank and Rose displayed theirs, and then the combined wisdom and ingenuity of the three were taxed to the utmost in the making of several new ones. Their little tongues chattered merrily, and the hours sped by until it grew dark almost before they were ready. However, when Bridget came in with the lamp, they had quite a pile of valentines, all sealed and directed, and Daisy was just finishing her last one.

"Who is that one for?" asked Rose, with a cheerful disregard for the rules of grammar.

"Well, I suppose maybe you'll laugh at me when I tell you," began Daisy, "but I'm going to send it to our coachman. He's real lonesome, I guess, for he lives alone on the stable and keeps house all by himself. Yesterday, when he took me down to school because it was so stormy, he was telling me about it and how all his friends were in 'Old Ireland.'"

"Poor fellow!" murmured Bridget as she went about the room putting things

to rights. "It's a hard thing to be so far from your friends," and she hastily wiped her eyes on a corner of her apron as she spoke.

"I don't know just what to put on this page," said Daisy. "I haven't any pretty pictures left and, besides, I'd like to put something on it to remind him of Ireland."

"Indeed now, Miss Daisy," replied Bridget, "I've got what will just suit you if you'll wait till I go and get it," and she hurried out of the room and upstairs. A moment after she returned with something in her hand which she placed carefully upon the empty page of the valentine. It proved to be a pretty little leaf cut out of bright green satin and was just the right size for the space it was to occupy. It did look very pretty lying upon the pink paper, and Bridget was greatly pleased at the admiration expressed by the three children.

"It's a shamrock leaf," she explained, as Daisy carefully gazed at it to the paper. "It was given to me in the old country and your coachman will be sure to like it, Miss Daisy, for all who are homesick for Ireland love the dear little shamrock," and she sighed as she spoke.

"Thank you, Bridget, for giving it to me. It's perfectly lovely, and I know



"OPEN IT," SAID DAISY.

will he like it," said Daisy, sympathetically, while Frank rushed up to her and gave her a tremendous hug.

"Why, Bridget, I never thought of your being homesick," he said. "But I'm sorry if you are. Once I went away for a week when they thought Rose was going to have a fever, and I was homesick and it was awful."

"I wish we had made a valentine for you," said Rose. "We would if we had known how homesick you felt, but I don't believe there's time now."

"Never you mind about me; I'd rather that poor man had one, for he's worse off than I am," replied Bridget, as she went downstairs to her work. "Just think of having all your family away off in Ireland!" exclaimed Rose. "I just couldn't stand it!"

"Dennis was telling me yesterday about coming across the ocean from Ireland and how dreadful it was," said Daisy. "All the poor people when they come over have to stay in a part of the ship called the steerage, and it is so close and hot and dirty that they often get sick, and they are crowded in so that they can hardly move. There was a girl in Ireland that Dennis wanted to marry, but he was too poor, so she said good-by and came over here to America to try and earn money enough to send for her. At first he couldn't find much to do, but at last he got a position, and after awhile he managed to save up enough money to send back to Ireland to this girl whom he had left there. She didn't know how to write, but she got some one to write a letter for him, telling what steamer she would come on, and then he waited for the time to come when he should see her again, and the days seemed very long because he was in such a hurry; but just three or four days before it was time for her to come he was taken sick with a fever. For three weeks he didn't know anyone he was so sick, and then he was so weak that it was a good while before he could get out, and by that time it was too late to find the girl. He felt dreadfully to think that she should come way over here to this strange country and find no one to meet her, but though he inquired all around no one remembered her and he has never been able to find her. That is why I feel so sorry for him and want to send him a valentine. And now, Frank, will you print on it for me, because you make so much nicer letters than I can?"

"All right," replied Frank, seizing his pen and dipping it in the ink. "Here goes! What do you want written?"

"The rose is red, the violet's blue, the pink is sweet and so are you," chanted Daisy. "I guess that will do as well as anything," and Frank soon had the lines neatly printed on the page opposite the shamrock.

"Oh, you've spelt sweet s-w-e-e-t-e, giggled Rose, as she peeped over his shoulder.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Frank, "so I have. Well, Dennis won't know the difference, will he, Daisy?"

"No, indeed. I don't imagine he knows much about spelling. Hurry up and get your things on and let's leave our valentines around. It's plenty dark enough and I can't come out after supper."

Accordingly, the children hurried on their wraps and soon started out to deliver their valentines, which was always rare sport. One of them would creep stealthily up the steps of a house, and after placing the envelope in a conspicuous position would give the bell a violent pull and then beat a hasty re-

treant to where the other two were secreted behind a convenient tree or a neighboring stoop.

Once or twice they were pounced upon and nearly caught by children on the watch just within the door, but they managed to escape and fled laughing down the street. At last all the valentines had been disposed of except the one designed for Dennis, and the children made their way to the narrow street in the rear of Daisy's house, where the stable was situated over which Dennis lived.

"He'll have to come all the way downstairs, so let's all go up to the door and knock as loud as we can and then run," said Daisy, gleefully. So the three stepped on the broad doorstep and knocked with all their might and then ran as fast as ever they could go—straight into the arms of a big, broad-shouldered man. For a moment they were frightened, and Rose screamed right out, but then Daisy recognized him and laughed: "Why, it's Dennis himself."

"Yes, now I've caught you, you young rogues," he said. "And what is this you are leaving on the doorstep?" and he stooped and picked up the white envelope, which could be plainly seen by the light of the street lamp.

"It's a valentine Daisy sent you, be-

cause she thought you were lonesome living here all alone," said Frank, as Daisy looked bashfully down at the sidewalk and said nothing. "Take it out and see if you don't think it is a pretty one."

So Dennis drew out the dainty valentine and held it in his big, clumsy fingers while he gazed at the pink heart transfixed with a silver arrow, as if lost in admiration.

"Open it," said Daisy, "and see how you like the inside. Bridget sent you that." At the name Dennis gave a little start, and then he slowly opened the valentine, but as he saw the pretty green shamrock the paper dropped from his hands and fluttered down to the muddy sidewalk, while he took no notice, but stared at the children as if he was crazy.

"Where did you get it?" he asked, in a whisper. "Tell me quick where you got it."

"Why, I made it, if you mean the valentine," stammered Daisy, half frightened and wondering what made him act so strange.

"Where did you get the shamrock?" he asked, eagerly. "How did you come to have that?"

"Why, Bridget Murphy gave it to her, and I don't think you are very polite to act so when Daisy gave you such a pretty valentine," said Rose severely.

But Dennis paid no attention to this rebuke, for his mind seemed full of something else. "Where does Bridget Murphy live?" was his next question. "Why, she lives with us," said Rose. "She is our upstairs girl. Why, do you know her?"

"Miss Daisy, do you remember what I told you? I'm sure she's the girl I've been looking for all this time. Her name was Bridget Murphy, and I gave her that shamrock."

When they heard this the children were almost as excited as Dennis, and they hurried him off up the street to Mr. Woollett's house. Then they led him up the back steps to the piazza, and bidding him to stand back in the shadow, they ran off to tell Bridget that some one wanted to see her. Just as she appeared in the doorway Dennis stepped forward so that the light fell full upon his face. At sight of him Bridget stopped, stared a moment and then turned so pale that the children thought she was going to faint.

"Oh, Bridget, don't!" they cried. "That's Dennis, who has been looking all over for you."

Then Bridget smiled and Dennis came nearer. "Dennis!" "Oh, Bridget!" and for a few minutes the children felt that they were quite forgotten. Then Bridget turned and hugged and kissed them each in turn, while the glad tears stood in her eyes as she smiled and said: "Well, children, you thought you wouldn't have any valentine for me, but you've given me the best of the lot."—N. Y. World.

Church Hospitality.

The anecdote is told of Gen. Grant that soon after his first nomination for the presidency he was in the city of —, where he had not been expected and was known to but few, and there, on a rainy Sunday, entered a church and took a seat in a vacant pew not far from the pulpit. The man who rented or owned the pew, coming in and seeing some one in the seat, sent the sexton to ask him to leave it, which the general quietly did, simply saying: "I supposed it was probably the pew of a gentleman, or I should not have entered it!"—Detroit Free Press.

GOD AMONG THE FISHES.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Ichthyology of the Bible.

The Importance of the Flimsy Tribes in the Economy of Nature—The Monsters of the Deep—Fishing for Souls with Bible Bait.

The following discourse, in continuation of his series on "God Everywhere," was delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in the Brooklyn tabernacle. The text was:

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creatures that hath life.—Genesis 1, 20.

What a new Book the Bible is! After thirty-six years preaching from it and discussing over three thousand different subjects founded on the word of God, the Book is as fresh to me as when I learned, with a stretch of infantile memory, the shortest verse in the Bible, "Jesus wept," and I opened a few weeks ago a new realm of biblical interest that neither my pulpit nor anyone else's had ever explored, and having spoken to you in this course of sermons on "God Everywhere," concerning the "Astronomy of the Bible, or God Among the Stars;" "The Chronology of the Bible, or God Among the Centuries;" "The Ornithology of the Bible, or God Among the Birds;" "The Mineralogy of the Bible, or God Among the Amethysts," this morning, as I may be divinely helped, I will speak to you about "The Ichthyology of the Bible, or God Among the Fishes."

Our horses were lathered and tired out, and their fetlocks were red with the blood cut out by the rocks, and I could hardly get my feet out of the stirrups as on Saturday night we dismounted on the beach of Lake Galilee. The rather liberal supply of food with which we had started from Jerusalem was well nigh exhausted, and the articles of diet remaining had by oft repetition, three times a day for three weeks, ceased to appease. I never want to see a fig again, and dates with me are all out of date. For several days the Arab caterer, who could speak but half a dozen English words, would answer our requests for some of the staples of food with which we had been delectated the first few days, by crying out, "Finished." The most piquant appetizer is abstinence, and the demand of all the party was, "Let us breakfast on Sunday morning on fresh fish from Lake Gennesareth," for you must know that that lake has four names, and it is worth a profusion of nomenclature, and it is in the Bible called Chinnereth, Tiberias, Gennesareth and Galilee. To our extemporized table on Sabbath morning came broiled perch, only a few hours before lifted out of the sacred waters. It was natural that our minds should revert to the only breakfast that Christ ever prepared, and it was on those very shores where we breakfasted, Christ had, in those olden times, struck two flints together and set on fire some shavings or light brushwood, and then put on larger wood, and a pile of glowing bright coals was the consequence. Meanwhile, the disciples, fishing on the lake, had awfully "poor luck," and every time they drew up the net it hung dripping without a fluttering fin or squirming scale. But Christ, from the shore, shouted to them, and told them where to drop the net, and one hundred and fifty-three big fish rewarded them. Simon and Nathaniel having cleaned some of those large fish, brought them to the coals which Christ had kindled, and the group who had been out all night and were chill and wet and hungry, sat down and began mastication. All that scene came back to us when on Sabbath morning, December, 1889, just outside the ruins of ancient Tiberias, and within sound of the rippling Galilee, we breakfasted.

Now, is it not strange that the Bible imagery is so inwrought from the fisheries, when the Holy Land is, for the most part, an inland region? Only three lakes, two besides the one already mentioned, namely, the Dead Sea, where fish can not live at all, and as soon as they touch it they die, and the birds swoop on their tiny carcasses, and the third, the Pools of Heshbon, which are alternately full and dry. Only three rivers of the Holy Land, Jabbok, Kishon and Jordan. About all the fish now in the waters of the Holy Land are the perch, the carp, the bream, the minnow, the blenny, the barbel (so called because of the barb at its mouth), the chub, the dog fish, none of them worth a Delaware shad or an Adirondack trout. Well, the world's geography has changed, and the world's bill of fare has changed. Lake Galilee was larger, deeper and better stocked than now, and no doubt the rivers were deeper and the fisheries were of far more importance than now. Besides that, there was the Mediterranean sea only thirty-five miles away, and fish were salted or dried and brought inland, and so much of that article of food was sold in Jerusalem that a fish market gave the name to one of the gates of Jerusalem near by, and it was called the Fish Gate. The cities had great reservoirs, in which fish were kept alive and bred. The Pool of Gibeon was a fish pool. Isaiah and Solomon speak of fish pools. Large fish were kept alive and tied fast by ropes to a stake in these reservoirs, a ring having been run through their gills, and that is the meaning of the Scripture passage which says: "Canst thou put a hook into his nose or bore his jaw through with a thorn?" So important was the fish that the god Dagon worshipped by the Philistines, was made half fish and half man, and that is the meaning of the Lord's indignation when, in first Samuel, we read that this Dagon, the fish-god, stood beside the ark of the Lord, and Dagon was by invisible hands dashed to pieces because the Philistines had dared to make the fish a god. That explains the Scripture passage: "The head of Dagon and both the palms of his hands were cut off upon the threshold; only the stump of Dagon was left to him." Now the stump of Dagon was

the fish part. The top part, which was the figure of a man, was dashed to pieces, and the Lord, by demolishing everything but the stump or fish part of the idol, practically said: "You may keep your fish, but know from the way I have demolished the rest of the idol that it is nothing Divine."

The Lord, by placing the fish in the first course of the menu in Paradise, making it precede bird and beast, indicated to the world the importance of the fish as an article of human food. The reason that men and women lived three hundred, and four hundred, and five hundred, and nine hundred years was because they were kept on parched corn and fish. We mix up a fantastic food that kills the most of us before thirty years of age. Custards and whipped sillabubs and Roman punches and chicken salads at midnight are a gauntlet that few have strength to run. We put on a tombstone glowing epithets saying that the person beneath died of patriotic services or from exhaustion in religious work when nothing killed the poor fellow but lobster eaten at a party four hours after he ought to have been sound asleep in bed. There are men to-day in our streets so many walking hospitals who might have been athletes if they had taken the hint of Genesis in my text and of our Lord's remark and adhered to simplicity of diet. The reason that country districts have furnished most of the men and women of our time who are doing the mightiest work in merchandise, in mechanics, in law, in medicine, in theology, in legislative and congressional halls, and all the presidents from Washington down—at least, those who have amounted to anything—because they were in those country districts of necessity kept on plain diet. No man or woman ever amounted to anything who was brought up on floating island or angel cake. The world must turn back to paradisaic diet if it is to get paradisaic health. The human race to-day needs more phosphorus, and the fish is charged and surcharged with phosphorus. Phosphorus, that which shines without burning.

What made the twelve apostles such stalwart men that they could endure anything and achieve everything? Next to Divine inspiration, it was because they were nearly all fishermen, and lived on fish and a few plain condiments. Paul, though not brought up to swing the net and throw the line, must of necessity have adopted the diet of the population among whom he lived, and you see the phosphorus in his boldest of all utterances before the viscears on Mars Hill, and the phosphorus as he went without fright to his beheading, and the phosphorus you see in the lives of all the apostles, who moved right on undaunted to certain martyrdom, whether to be decapitated or flung off precipices or hung in crucifixion. Phosphorus, shining in the dark without burning! No man or woman that ever lived was independent of questions of diet. Let those who by circumstances are compelled to simplicity of diet thank God for their rescue from the temptation of killing delicacies. The men and women who are to decide the drift of the twentieth century, which is only seven or eight steps off, are now five miles back from the rail station, and had for breakfast this morning a similar bill of fare to that which Christ provided for the fishermen disciples on the banks of Lake Galilee. Indeed, the only articles of food that Christ by miracle multiplied were bread and fish, which the boy who acted as suttler to the seven thousand people of the wilderness handed over—five barley loaves and two fishes. The boy must have felt badly when called on to give up the two fishes which he had brought out after having caught them himself, sitting with his bare feet over the bank of the lake and expecting to sell his supply at good profit, but he felt better when by the miracle the fish were multiplied and he had more returned to him than he had surrendered.

Notice also how the Old Testament writers drew similitude from the fisheries. Jeremiah uses such imagery to prophesy destruction: "Behold, I will send for many fishers, saith the Lord, and they shall fish them." Ezekiel uses fish imagery to prophesy prosperity: "It shall come to pass that the fishers shall stand upon it from En-gedi even to En-eglaim; they shall be a place to spread forth nets; their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many." The explanation of which is that En-gedi and En-eglaim stood on the banks of the Dead Sea, in the waters of which no fish, but the prophet says that the time will come when these waters will be regenerated and they will be great places for fish. Amos reproves idolatries by saying: "The day shall come upon you when He will take you away with hooks and your prosperity with fish-hooks." Solomon, in Ecclesiastes, declares that those captured of temptation are as fishes taken in an evil net. Indeed, Solomon knew all about the finny tribe and wrote a treatise on ichthyology, which has been lost.

Furthermore, in order that you may understand the ichthyology of the Bible, you must know that there were five ways of fishing. One was by a fence of reeds and canes, within which the fish were caught. But the Herodic government forbade that on Lake Galilee, lest pleasure boats be wrecked by the stakes driven. Another mode was by spearing; the waters of Galilee so clear, good aim could be taken for the transfixing. Another was by hook and line, as where Isaiah says: "The fishers also shall mourn, and they that cast eagle into the brooks shall lament." And Job says: "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?" And Habakkuk says: "They take up all of them with the angle." Another mode was by a casting net or that which was flung from the shore. Another by a drag net or that which was thrown from a boat and drawn through the sea as the fishing smack sailed on. How wonderful all this is wrought into the Bible imagery, and it leads me to ask in which mode are you and I fishing, for the church is the

boat and the Gospel is the net and the sea is the world and the fish are the souls, and God addresses us as did Simon and Andrew, saying: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." But when is the best time to fish for souls? In the night. Peter, why did you say to Christ: "We have toiled all the night and have caught nothing?" Why did you not fish in the daytime? He replies: "You ought to know that the night is the best time for fishing." At Tobeyhanna Mills, among the mountains of Pennsylvania, I saw a friend, with high boots and fishing tackle, starting out at nine o'clock at night, and I said: "Where are you going?" He answered: "Going to fish." "What, in the night?" He answered: "Yes, in the night." So the vast majority of souls captured for God are taken in times of revival in the night meetings. They might as well come at twelve o'clock at noon, but some of them will not. Ask the evangelists of olden times, ask Finney, ask Nettleton, ask Osborn, ask Daniel Barker, and then ask all the modern evangelists which is the best time to gather souls, and they will answer: "The night, by all odds, the night." Not only the natural night, but the night of trouble. Suppose I go around in this audience and ask the Christians when they were converted to God. One would answer, "It was at the time I lost my child by membranous croup, and it was the night of the bereavement," or the answer would be, "It was just after I was swindled out of my property, and it was the night of bankruptcy, or it would be, 'It was during that time when I was down with that awful sickness, and it was the night of physical suffering,' or it would be, 'It was that time when slander took after me and I was maligned and abused, and it was the night of persecution.' Ah, my hearers, that is the time for you to go after souls, when a night of trouble is on them. Miss not that opportunity to save a soul, for it is the best of all opportunities. Go up along the Mohawk or the Juniata or the Delaware or the Tombigbee or the St. Lawrence, right after a rain, and you will find the fishermen all up and down the banks. Why? Because a good time to angle is right after the rain, and that is a good time to catch souls, right after a shower of misfortune, right after floods of disaster. And as a pool overshadowed with trees is a grand place for making a fine haul of fish, so when the soul is under the long dark shadows of anxiety and distress, it is a good time to make a spiritual haul. People in the bright sunshine of prosperity are not so easily taken.

But be sure before you start out to the Gospel fisheries to get the right kind of bait. "But, how," you say, "am I to get it?" My answer is: "Dig for it." "Where shall I dig for it?" "In the rich Bible grounds." We boys brought up in the country had to dig for bait before we started for the banks of the Raritan. We put the sharp edge of the spade against the ground, and then put our foot on the spade, and with one tremendous plunge of our strength of body and will, we drove it in up to the handle, and then turned over the sod. We had never read Walton's "Complete Angler," or Charles Cotton's "Instructions How to Angle for Grayling in a Clear Stream." We knew nothing about the modern red hackle, or the fly of orange-colored mohair, but we got the right kind of bait. No use trying to angle for fish or angle for souls unless you have the right kind of bait, and there is plenty of it in the promises, the parables, the miracles, the crucifixion, the Heaven of the grand old Gospel. Yes, not only must you dig for bait, but use only fresh bait. You can not do anything down at the pond with old angle worms. New views of truth. New views of God. New views of the soul. There are all the good books to help you dig. But make up your mind as to whether you will take the hint of Habakkuk and Isaiah and Job and use hook and line, or take the hint of Matthew and Luke and Christ and fish with a net. I think many lose their time by wanting to fish with a net and they never get a place to swing the net; in other words, they want to do Gospel work on a big scale or they will not do it at all. I see feeble-minded Christian men going around with a Bagster's Bible under their arm, hoping to do the work of an evangelist and use the net, while they might be better content with hook and line and take one soul at a time. They are bad failures as evangelists; they would be mighty successes as private Christians. If you catch only one soul for God that will be enough to fill your eternity with celebration. All hail, the fishermen with hook and line! I have seen a man in roughest corduroy outfit come back from the woods loaded down with a string of finny treasures hung over his shoulder and his game bag filled, and a dog with his teeth carrying a basket filled with the surplus of an afternoon's angling, and it was all the result of a hook and line; and in the Eternal World there will be many a man and many a woman that was never heard of outside of a village Sunday-school or a prayer meeting buried in a church basement who will come before the throne of God with a multitude of souls ransomed through his or her instrumentality, and yet the work all done through personal interview, one by one, one by one. You do not know what that one soul may be. Staupitz helped one soul into the light, but it was Martin Luther. Thomas Blinney brought salvation to one soul, but it was Hugh Latimer. An edge-tool maker was the means of saving one soul, but it was John Sumnerfield. Our blessed Lord healed one blind eye at a time, one paralyzed arm at a time, one dropsical patient at a time, and raised from the dead one girl at a time, one young man at a time. Admire the net that takes in a great many at once, but do not despise the hook and line.

"Just take a turn around the block," is what the busy man said to the organ grinder who was playing in front of his office.