

Stories

Twice-Told

Compiled by: A.C.Frey

Mostly gleaned from numerous sources; and some sheer recollections.

Preface

Things of any virtue or value, things in any degree praiseworthy -- the noble words or noble deeds or noble sentiments of anybody -- we may safely meditate upon, and as a consequence find ourselves growing toward those ideals upon which our minds, our new natures, thus feed. We will become more and more transformed by the renewing of our minds, and approach nearer and nearer to the glorious likeness of our Lord and Master, being changed from glory to glory, inch by inch, step by step, little by little, during the present life; and our thoughts being in this attitude and our union with the Lord maintained, we shall have part in the First Resurrection, which will perfect us forever in the Lord's image and likeness.

C. T. Russell ('Manna' 3/5)

STORIES

Well Worth Repeating!

The Master's Touch

One day a stranger wandered through the streets of Stratford, England. As he neared the Stratford Cathedral and heard beautiful strains of music coming from the building, he made his way into the cathedral and took a seat toward the rear of the sanctuary. He was strangely attracted and enchanted by the strains of music coming from the wonderful organ.

After some time, he walked up the long aisle, climbed the steep staircase leading into the choir loft, and edged his way through the seats to take his position near the organ console. He stood there for a moment or two. Then the old organist who was seated before the console looked at him and asked, 'What do you want?'

'Please, sir,' replied the stranger, 'I should like to play your organ, I was attracted by the delightful tone of your organ and would appreciate the privilege of playing upon it.'

'No,' snapped the old organist. 'This is my instrument, and no one else ever plays on it.'

But the stranger entreated. Finally the old organist slipped out from the seat before the console and the stranger took his place. As the organist sat nearby, he heard strange combinations and tones coming from his organ. He was thrilled. After a few moments, he realized that the music being played was a composition on which he had labored long in his attempt to master it. Tears began to run down his cheeks. Finally the stranger stopped playing and looked around at the old organist who said, 'You must have rehearsed that number for long months to have mastered it as you have. I have been working on it for weeks and I do not feel that I have even begun to approach mastering it.'

'Yes,' said the stranger seated at the organ, 'You see, I love it. It is one of my own.'

The eyes of the old organist searched the stranger's face. 'Are you Mendelssohn?' he asked in amazement.

'Yes, that is my name,' replied the stranger.

'And to think that I almost denied the master the privilege of playing upon my organ,' said the old organist.

The Master Musician is able to produce a divine and heavenly music that will enchant and thrill.....but only as the console of your life is surrendered to the Lord Jesus can he thrill and strangely draw.....to Him.

'The Believer-Priest in the Tabernacle Furniture'

- Harold B. Street: Pages 107-109

A Bicycle for My Brother

A little girl in a migrant camp fell in love with one of the dolls in the toy box, but she had to put it back when play time was over.

At Christmas time the camp staff arranged to give toys and agreed to let the child with perfect attendance have first choice. A beautiful doll was placed in the center of the gifts and the little girl having had perfect attendance was permitted to choose first. Her eyes nearly popped as she stood rigid before the doll. She stared in wonder, then she turned and walked down and took a tricycle.

When asked why, she said her little brother had wanted a bike and now she could give him one. -- Dean Collins.

'Treasury of International Anecdotes...'

- Compiled by E. Paul Hovey -- page 193

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A Mother's Love

There is a story called 'Laddie,' that tells of a Scotch mother whose son in early manhood had been allowed to go to London to be brought up by an old physician friend who educated him in his profession. About the time the son graduated, his father died and the young doctor was unable to go home. A few months later the mother, hungry for love determined to go and live with her son who now had settled down to his profession. She surprised him and while glad to see her, shadows played over his face at the thought of the little old-fashioned mother settled over his home. What would the aristocratic people think of her? What would his sweetheart, Violet, say to her old-fashioned ways?

Keeping her true identity from his servants he determined to settle her in the suburbs of the great city where he might see her often. That night he suggested to her that the traffic and bustle of the city would be too noisy for her, and it would be better for her to live just outside of the city, where he could run out and visit her. A shadow came over her face. Quickly concealing it, however, after a while she retired saying that they would talk the matter over again in the morning.

The doctor tried to sleep but could not. He rolled and tossed until he heard his door open and he called out: 'Mother, what is it?' And she said, 'Laddie, may I come in and tuck you in just as I used to do when you were a boy?' 'Yes, mother,' he replied. Tucking him in, she stooped over and kissed him and then retired. That kiss burned into his soul and he resolved that he would keep his mother no matter what happened. After making this decision, he fell asleep.

He slept longer than usual in the morning. As soon as he was dressed he went to his mother's room, but she was gone; the place was empty. A little note told him that she did not want to stand in his way, and she was sure that she could find a way to care for herself. He tried to find her but could not; she had slipped out of sight. He told Violet and she searched with him, but to no avail. Months afterward, when the doctor had visited a patient in the hospital, and was going out through the accident ward, he saw a screen around a cot and he said to the nurse: 'Some one near death, I see,' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'an old woman was run over by an omnibus and she talks in her delirium about her old home and now and then she calls for Laddie.' Instantly the doctor was around the screen to the cot, and there lay his old mother. With a cry of 'Mother,' that would almost have called one back from the dead he threw himself by her side. She opened her eyes and wearily stroked his head and said: 'It had been a long way since I left you, Laddie.' Violet came and the two stood by her cot as her life went out with the going down of the sun. And she gave them her parting blessing and the doctor discovered a mother's love that did not want to stand in the way of her son's success.

'The Drama of the Face' -- Elwin L. House -- Pages 77-79

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Gift of Brotherhood

One day Turgenev, the Russian writer, met a beggar who besought him for alms. 'I felt in all my pockets,' he said, 'but there was nothing there. The beggar waited, and his outstretched hand twitched and trembled slightly. Embarrassed and confused, I seized his dirty hand and pressed it. 'Do not be angry with me, brother,' I said, 'I have nothing with me.' The beggar raised his bloodshot eyes and smiled. 'You called my brother,' he said, 'that was indeed a gift.'" -- Archer Wallace.

'Treasury of Inspirational Anecdotes' -- page 57

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Curse of Gold

Dr. Richard Newton tells the sad story of a sailor who stopped at a small inn at a village in Normandy. He engaged supper and a night's lodging. The landlord and his wife were quite old and seemed to be poor. The sailor asked them to eat with him and during the meal he inquired about all their family, asking especially about a son who went to sea when a lad. They supposed he was dead, as nothing had been heard from him for years. At bedtime the landlady lighted the sailor to his room. He bade her goodnight, then slipped a little purse of gold into her hand. She showed the purse to her husband and the eyes of the two delighted at the sight of it. They surmised that the sailor must have a lot more in his possession. During the night they murdered him in bed and took all his money. Early next morning two relations came to enquire about the lodger. They said he had left. 'That isn't possible,' they said, 'for he was your son and had come home to spend his life with you. He told us he would stay with you one night and see how kind you might be to a stranger.' They had murdered their own son from the cursed love of gold. How many today are ready to sell their souls to the devil for a purse of gold!

'Quiet Hour Stories'

- Keith L. Brooks -- page 87

STORIES TWICE TOLD

An Apron Full of Glass

A plainly dressed woman was noticed to be picking up something in the street -- a poor, slum street, where ragged, barefooted little children were accustomed to play. The policeman on the beat noticed the woman's action, and watched her very suspiciously. Several times he saw her stoop and pick up something and hide it in her apron. Finally he went up to her, and with a gruff voice and a threatening manner demanded: 'What are you carrying off in your apron?' The timid woman did not answer at first, whereupon the policeman, thinking she must have found something valuable, threatened her with arrest if she did not show him what she had in her apron. The woman opened her apron and revealed a handful of broken glass. 'What do you want with that stuff?' asked the policeman. The woman replied: 'I just thought I'd like to take it out of the way of the children's feet.' Dear soul, she was doing what she could. How much sweeter the world would be if each of us would be careful to save the bare feet of the young and the weak!

'Anecdotes and Morals'

- Louis Albert Barks -- page 12

STORIES TWICE TOLD

In the Ruins of Pompeii

During some recent researches among the ruins of Pompeii the explorers turned up a find that told its own story. It was the body of a crippled boy. He was lame in his foot. And around the body there was a woman's arm: a finely-shaped, beautiful, bejeweled arm. The mute find told its simple story. The great stream of fire suddenly coming from the volcano, the crowd fleeing for life, the little cripple unable to get along fast enough, the woman's heart touched, her arm thrown about the boy to aid his escape: then the overtaking fire-flood, and both lost. The arm that was stretched out to save another was preserved, and only that. All the rest of the brave rescuer's body had gone. The saving part was saved...Only that mercifully outstretched to save another was itself saved...

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes'

- Compiled by James G. Lawson

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Seeing with Blinded Eyes

A blind woman sang 'One Sweetly Solemn Thought' at a recent service and we could feel the living presence of God in her voice. After the service Mrs. McGuire and I drove her to her home. 'I am very happy in my religion: God has put many beautiful things in the world,' she said. Then as we helped her from the street to her cottage home, she casually explained, 'I have never had sight.'

She had never seen a star-lit sky, a rainbow, a zigzag lightning flash, the halo of mist around the crest of a mountain, a million fishes splashing in a tropical river at sunrise. She had never seen a baby, a smile, a magnolia tree in bloom, a wooded hillside in autumn, a thick cloud, phosphorescence playing across the ocean breakers at night, or a rainbow painted by the setting sun across a canvas of dark clouds. Yet she spoke of many beautiful things!

But she had heard the voice of God through the greetings of friends, she had sensed the fragrance of the rosebud, tasted His providence in the cool water, and felt His presence through her fingertips as she studied her Braille New Testament. And the Beauty of the world made her happy. -- Clive McGuire.

'450 Stories from Life'

- Compiled...by Leonard R. Jenkins -- page 122

STORIES TWICE TOLD

A Finger, Then a Hand

I remember one time my little girl was teasing her mother to get her a muff, and so one day her mother brought a muff home, and although it was storming, she very naturally wanted to go out to try her new muff. So she tried to get me to go out with her. I went out with her, and I said, 'Emma, better let me take your hand.' She wanted to keep her hands in her muff, and so she refused to take my hand. Well, by and by she came to an icy place, her little feet slipped, --and down she went. When I helped her up she said, 'Papa, you may give me your little finger.' 'No, my daughter, just take my hand.' 'No, no, papa, give me your little finger.' Well, I gave my little finger to her, and for a little way she got along nicely, but pretty soon we came to another icy place, and again she fell. This time she hurt herself a little, and she said, 'Papa, give me your hand,' and I gave her my hand, and closed my fingers about her wrist, and held her up so that she could not fall. Just so, God is our keeper. He is wiser than we. -- D. L. Moody

'Climbing the Heights.'

- Compiled by Al Bryant. -- page 216

STORIES TWICE TOLD

‘Daddy Didn’t Say, ‘Oh!’

I believe it was Pastor Dolman whom I heard tell how he was sitting at his desk one day when he heard the door creak, and then suddenly there was a sharp cry of pain. Looking up he saw his little daughter who had started to enter the room when her little fingers had caught in the door. He jumped and calling the mother said, ‘You better come and look after this little girl.’ The mother came and taking the child said tenderly, ‘Does it hurt so dreadfully?’ ‘Oh, it hurts,’ said the child, ‘but the worst is that Daddy didn’t even say, ‘Oh!’’ Someone who sighs for us, weeps with us, feels with us in our troubles...remember what is said of our Lord, ‘In all afflictions, he was afflicted.’ -- H.A. Ironsides.

‘3000 Illustrations for Christian Service.’

- Walter B. Knight

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Bee That Would Not Be Saved

The other evening I was a little late in going down to dinner, and this was the reason: I noticed a number of dead bees lying on the floor of the lookout where I am accustomed to work -- a sight that I encounter every spring. The poor things had come in through the open window. When the windows were closed they found themselves prisoners. Unable to see the transparent obstacle, they had hurled themselves against the glass panes on all sides, east, north, south and west, until they fell to the floor exhausted, and died. But yesterday, I noticed among the bees, a great drone, much stronger than the bees, who was far from being dead, who, in fact, was very much alive and was dashing himself against the panes with all his might, like the great beast that he was. 'Ah! my fine friend,' said I, 'it would have been an evil day for you had I not come to the rescue. You have been done for, my fine fellow; before nightfall you would be lying dead, and on coming upstairs, in the evening with my lamp, I would have found your poor little corpse among those of the other bees.' Come, now, like the Emperor Titus I shall mark the day by a good deed: let us save the insect's life. Perhaps in the eyes of God a drone is as valuable as a man, and without any doubt it is more valuable than a prince.

I threw open the window, and, by means of a napkin, began chasing the insect toward it; but the drone persisted in flying in the opposite direction. I tried to capture it, it lost its head completely; it bounded furiously against the glass panes, as though it would smash them, took a fresh start, and dashed itself again and again, against the glass. Finally it flew the whole length of the apartment, maddened and desperate. 'Ah, you tyrant!' it buzzed. 'Despot! You would deprive me of my liberty! Cruel executioner, why do you not leave me alone? I am happy, and why do you persecute me?'

After trying very hard, I brought it down and, in seizing it with the napkin, I involuntarily hurt it. Oh, how it tried to avenge itself! It darted out its sting; its little nervous body, contracted by my fingers, strained itself with all its strength in an attempt to sting me. But I ignored its protestations, and, stretching my hand out the window, opened the napkin. For a moment the drone seemed stunned, astonished; then it calmly took flight out into the infinite.

Well, you see how I saved the drone. I was its Providence. But (and here is the moral of my story) do we not, stupid drones that we are, conduct ourselves in the same manner toward the providence of God? We have our petty and absurd projects, our small and narrow views. Our rash designs, whose accomplishment is either impossible or injurious to ourselves. Seeing no farther than our noses and with eyes fixed on our immediate aim, we plunge ahead in our blind infatuation, like madmen. We would succeed, we would triumph; that is to say, we would break our heads against an invisible obstacle.

And when God, who sees all and who wishes to save us, upsets our designs, we stupidly complain against His Providence. We do not comprehend that in punishing us, in overturning our plans and causing us suffering, He is doing all this to deliver us, to open the Infinite to us.

- Victor Hugo

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Even the Leaves are Fragrant

A group of girls were together one rainy afternoon. One of them opened the door for a moment, and a wave of the smell of wet, green, growing things poured into the room. The girl at the door turned and said to the others, 'Do you smell the sweet-briar down by the gate? It is always fragrant, but never so fragrant as in the rain.' One of the girls said impulsively that this reminded her of her aunt. When asked to explain, she said: 'Why, you see, there are ever so many roses that are fragrant -- the roses themselves I mean -- but the sweet-briar is the only one whose leaves also are fragrant. That is why it makes me think of my aunt, because everything about her, everything she does, not the large things only, but all the common everyday things, the leaves as well as the blossoms, have something beautiful in them.'

- Dr. J. R. Miller, 'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes', page 167

STORIES TWICE TOLD

A Cloud of Smoke

A sailor was the only survivor of an unfortunate foundering of a vessel near an uncharted and desolate island. The only way to reach the island was by swimming; but one had to be a very good and strong swimmer to reach the shore. All others, save this one sailor, who attempted swimming the distance were lost.

On the island, from sticks, reeds, stones, etc., he built for himself a little shelter to protect him from the inclemencies of the weather. Much of his time was spent in experimenting with the wild vegetation for food; and in searching out the island for some other human beings. In some way, he had gotten a little fire started to keep himself fairly comfortable when the nights were cold; but he had to keep it burning continuously. On first reaching the island, he had taken his wet shirt and fastened it to the top of a very tall tree atop a high, in the hope that some vessel passing might see it and come to rescue him.

Day after day, he kept searching all over the island. One morning as he climbed a hill, he saw a cloud of smoke rising heavenward. He began to feel reasonably sure that this was evidence that there was another human on the island. Both his heart and his pace quickened, but on reaching the top of the hill and looking down he saw that it was his own little shack with all of his earthly belongings that had burned away. Slowly, and disappointedly, he wended his way back to the shore-line. There he sat down in the sand, with his head in his hands, he gazed out upon the restless sea, wondering if it were not better for him to walk out into it to drown himself. Surely, this would end all of his misery....Suddenly he spied another column of smoke, but it was on the distant horizon. He watched it anxiously and hopefully, somewhat assured that it was a vessel come to rescue him. It was nearing the island; but suddenly it stopped in its approach, and his hopes again were shattered. However, in another moment he noticed that a small life-boat was being put down along side of the vessel, and that a man in the row-boat was making for the shore where he stood. The man in the boat ceased rowing, and cupping his lips, shouted to the forlorn sailor, 'We just saw your smoke signals, and have come to rescue you.'

So too, the great salvation is not for us, until all of our earthly hopes and ambitions have been completely abandoned, for the greatest of all treasures -- that great redemption in Christ Jesus!

*A recollection -- A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Blessing of a Broken Leg

Mr. McConkey told of a lady summering in Switzerland who went for a stroll and came to a shepherd's fold. She looked in at the door. There sat the shepherd and nearby on a pile of straw lay a single sheep seemingly in suffering. Asking what was the trouble, she was told that the lamb's leg was broken. The shepherd said that he himself had broken it. It was a most wayward animal and would not follow, not obey and misled the others. He had had experience with sheep of this kind, so he broke one of its legs. The first day when he took it food, it tried to bite him. He let it lie for a couple of days then went back to it. It not only took the food but licked his hand, showing every sign of submission and affection. He said when it was well, it would be the model sheep of the flock. It had learned obedience through suffering. Many times out of our very agony of heart, the God of love seeks to bring into our lives the supremest blessing that can enrich and glorify our lives -- the blessing of a human will yielded to the will of God. Scripture assures God's children that afflictions are for their profit 'that we might be partakers of his holiness' and that we might 'yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness.'

'Quiet Hour Stories' -- Keith L. Brooks, page 51

STORIES TWICE TOLD

It's The Chords that Count

Dr. F. B. Meyer related a beautiful story of a little girl staying at a summer hotel. She was of that trying age when small fingers are beginning to find their way about the piano, striking as many wrong notes as right ones, and not particularly sensitive to the anguish such attempts are capable of inflicting on others. A brilliant musician was stopping at the hotel. He took in the situation and sat down beside the small musician who thumped out her tunes. He began to accompany her with the most exquisite improvisation. Each note of hers only gave him a new motif for chords of surpassing beauty, whilst the drawing room, crowded with people, breathlessly listened. The performance over, the great musician took the child by the hand and introduced her as the one to whom they were indebted for the music. Her efforts had led to his magnificent accompaniment, but his part in the performance had led to a deep impression. It is the Lord's presence with the Christian that makes the difference 'Apart from Him we can do nothing' acceptable. If we achieve, it is because He works with us and through us. To Him be the glory!

'Quiet Hour Stories' -- Keith L. Brooks, page 62

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Hallelujah Chorus

Years ago in Cincinnati, Handel's 'Messiah' was rendered by perhaps the greatest chorus on earth: Patti, then in her prime, was the leading soprano; Whitney, the bass; Theodore Toedt, the tenor; Carey, the alto; and this quartet was supported by more than four thousand voices.

Just before the 'Hallelujah Chorus' a death-like stillness brooded over the vast assemblage. Suddenly the bass sang 'For he shall reign for ever and ever;' the alto lifted it a little higher- 'For ever and ever,' and the tenor lifted it still higher- 'For ever and ever;' then Patti broke in as though inspired- 'King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.' As she broke off, paused and lifted her eyes, a voice seemed to float down from above as the voice of an Angel flinging out through the great hall the question, 'How long shall he reign?' - - and a thousand sopranos in unison responded 'For ever and ever.' Then the four thousand of the chorus broke forth like the shout of an angelic host, 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!'

What a day for this poor old sin-ruined, storm-torn, heart-broken, groping-in-the-blind world. When He shall take His rightful throne and reign in all hearts and over all lives for ever and ever!

'Springs in the Valley' -- Elmer Ellsworth Helms.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

A Grandmother's Promise

When my little son was about ten years of age, his grandmother promised him a stamp-album for Christmas. Christmas came, but no stamp-album, and no word from grandmother. The matter, however, was not mentioned; but when his playmates came to see his Christmas presents, I was astonished, after he had named over this and that as gifts received, to hear him add, 'And a stamp-album from grandmother.'

I had heard it several times, when I called him to me, and said, 'But, Georgie, you did not get an album from your grandmother. Why do you say so?'

There was a wondering look on his face, as if he thought it strange that I should ask such a question, and he replied, 'Well, mamma, Grandma said, so it is the same as.' I could not say a word to check his faith.

A month went by, and nothing was heard from the album. Finally, one day, I said, to test his faith, and really wondering in my heart why the album had not been sent, 'Well, Georgie, I think grandma has forgotten her promise.' 'Oh, no, mamma,' he quickly and firmly said, 'she hasn't.'

I watched the dear, trusting face, which, for awhile, looked very sober, passed over it, and he said, 'Mamma, do you think it would do any good if I should write to her thanking her for the album?' 'I do not know,' I said, 'but you might try it.'

A rich spiritual truth began to dawn upon me. In a few minutes a letter was prepared and committed to the mail, and he went off whistling his confidence in his grandma. In just a short time a letter came saying, 'My dear Georgie: I have not forgotten my promise to you of an album. I tried to get such a book as you desired, but could not get the sort you wanted; so I sent on to New York. It did not get here until after Christmas, and it still was not right, so I sent for another, and as it had not come as yet, I send you three dollars to get one in Chicago. Your loving grandma.'

As he read the letter, his face was the face of a victor. 'Now, mamma, didn't I tell you?! came from the depths of a heart that never doubted, that against hope, believed in hope' that the stamp-album would come. While he was trusting, grandma was working, and in due season faith became slight.

It is so human to want sight when we step out on the promises of God, but our Savior said to Thomas, and to the long roll of doubters who have ever since followed him: 'Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed.'

'Streams in the Desert' -- Mrs. Rounds, page 56.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Arrows on the Head

We have read of Caesar having prepared a great feast for his nobles and friends. It happened that the day appointed was so extremely foul that nothing could be done to the honor of the meeting, whereupon he was so displeased and enraged that he commanded all who had bows to shoot up their arrows at Jupiter, their chief god, as if in defiance of him for that rainy weather. When they did this their arrows fell short of heaven and struck their own heads, so that many of them were sorely wounded. So our murmurings, which are so many arrows shot at God, will return upon our own heads; they hurt not Him, but will would us.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- Compiled by James G. Lawson.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

My Father Will Pay For It

The other day a little girl told me she was going to give her father a pair of slippers on his birthday. 'Where will you get the money?' I asked. She opened her eyes like saucers, and she said, 'Why, father will give me the money.' And just for half a minute I was silent as I thought the dear man would buy his own birthday present. I was not in the house when she gave him the slippers. But I suppose when the father came down in the morning there was the parcel between his knife and fork. And the father loved his little girl for her gift, although he had had to pay for it. She had not anything in the world that he had not give her. -- W. K. Greenland

'Five Thousand Best Modern Illustrations' -- G.B.F.Hallock -- page 292 (#1919)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Laughing at the Storm

A gentleman was crossing on the ferry from New York to Brooklyn. The tide was running very high and the boat crashed into the dock. In a moment all was confusion. The gentleman noticed a little girl sitting on the knee of the hackman, who evidently was her father. The little chin began to quiver, the tears started to her eyes, and a cry of fear sprang from her lips. But turning and looking into her father's face, she saw him laughing. Instantly, without having anything explained, the tears dried, the little mouth straightened out, and the cry of fear gave place to a merry laugh. She had faith in her father.

'Five Thousand Best Modern Illustrations' -- G.B.F.Hallock -- page 262 (#1697)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Carry a Can of Oil

There is a story of an old man who carried a little can of oil with him everywhere he went, and if he passed through a door that squeaked, he poured a little oil on the hinges. If a gate was hard to open, he oiled the latch. And thus he passed through life lubricating all hard places and making it easier for those who came after him.

People called him eccentric, queer, and cranky: but the old man went steadily on refilling his can of oil when it became empty, and oiled the hard places he found.

There are many lives that creak and grate harshly as they live day by day. Nothing goes right with them. They need lubricating with the oil of gladness, gentleness, or thoughtfulness. Have you your own can of oil with you? Be ready with your oil of helpfulness in the early morning. It may lubricate the whole day for him. The oil of good cheer to the downhearted one -- Oh, how much it may mean! The word of courage to the despairing....Speak it!

'Streams in the Desert' -- page 351

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Secret of Service

Drummond tells of the young woman whose life of sacrifice was the wonder of all who knew her. Nothing was too great to do for Christ. Every interest in her life was subordinated to His interests. The poor, the sinful, the lonely, the children, the needy of every description found in her a friend indeed. In a conversation with her one day, Drummond asked her the secret of her service. Without answering she opened a locket that hung upon her breast. In it was inscribed the answer, 'Whom having not seen, I love.' This is the secret of every life that truly accepts Christ.

'The Christ Who is All' -- Amos John Traver, -- p. 35

STORIES TWICE TOLD

At the End of the Tunnel

In the not too long forgotten past, our railroad trains were equipped with kerosene lamps, lighted only after the darkness had set in. Unlike our modern trains having electric lights, the kerosene lamps had each to be individually lighted by the porter, and this he did with a match.

During the day, sometimes those trains had to pass through dark tunnels and because these periods were comparatively short, the lamps were not lighted at such times: and the people would sit in the darkness, awaiting, as it were, the light on the trains emerging once again from the tunnel.

On one of these train trips, a little girl was observed running to and fro throughout the length of the train, very much to the dismay of her mother, who had time and time again asked her to sit down still beside her, so that she would not need to fall and hurt herself if the train should suddenly lurch this way or that as it went around a curve. The little girl, however, was too busy enjoying herself, and so did not heed her mother's request. Suddenly, the train entered one of these dark tunnels, plunging from the brightness of noon day into the darkness of midnight. Everything seemed quiet; the little girl's laughter and the patter of her little feet could no longer be heard. Everyone wondered as to what had happened to her, until the train emerged into the light again, when, lo and behold, there sat the little girl on her mother's lap, her little arms tightly clasped about her mother's neck!

How often, we too are so childish in our pursuits, -- wanting to have our own way, until some trial, some tragedy, some bereavement, sends u scurrying back to the Father's bosom.

*A Recollection -- A. C. F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Marble Doesn't Matter Any More

One day a lady was giving her little nephew some lessons. He was generally a good, attentive child, but on this occasion he could not fix his mind on his work. Suddenly he said, 'Auntie, may I kneel down and ask God to help me find my marble?' His Aunt having given her consent, the little boy knelt by his chair, closed his eyes, and prayed silently. Then he arose and went on with his lessons contentedly. Next day, almost afraid of asking the question, lest the child had not found his toy, and so might lose his simple faith, the lady said to him, 'Well, dear, have you found your marble?' 'No, Auntie,' was the reply; 'but God has made me not want to.' God does not always answer our prayers in the way we wish or expect: but if we are sincere in our appeal to Him, He will take from us what is contrary to His will and give us faith to leave all in His holy will.

'3000 Illustrations for Christian Service' -- Grace and Truth

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Let Go of the Flowers

Some prayers God cannot answer; they would not be for our good. During the Indian mutiny, outside the city of Lucknow, an English child was playing with her nurse. The rebels were coming, and a brave soldier dashed out of the city gate, picked up the child, and got back into safety. At great risk of his life he had saved the little one, but no amount of persuasion availed to get the little girl to kiss her deliverer. 'You took me away from my flowers,' she said.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- British Weekly -- page 191.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Giving Two-Fold

A good lawyer learns many lessons in the school of human nature, and thus it was that Lawyer Hackett did not fear to purchase a tract of land which had been 'lawed over' for years. Some of the people wondered why he wanted to get hold of property which had such an incubus of uncertainty upon it. Others thought that perhaps he wanted some legal knitting work, and would pitch in red hot to fight that line-fence question on his own hook. That's what the owner of the adjoining land thought. So he braced himself for trouble when he saw Hackett coming across the field one day. Said Hackett: 'What's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?'

'Your fence is over on my land two feet at one end, and one foot at the other end.'

'Well,' replied Hackett, 'You go ahead and set your fence over. At the end were you say that I encroach on you two feet, set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet.'

'But,' persisted the neighbor, 'that's twice what I claim.'

'I don't care about that,' said Hackett. 'There's been fight enough over this land. I want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself.'

The man paused, abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle, both tooth and nail, but this move of the new neighbor stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. He looked at Hackett. 'Squire,' said he, 'that fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the land. There wa'n't nothing in the fight anyway, but the principle of the thing.'

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- The Epworth Herald.

How often has a soft answer, turned away wrath!

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Old Lamplighter

I was born in the greater City of New York, in the borough known as the Bronx. In those early days, and for some time after the turn of the century, the City could boast of electric -lights (carbon arc lamps) on the avenues; but the side streets were lighted by gas-lamps. These latter had to be individually lighted each and every day. Accordingly , in the late afternoon, it was not unusual for one to see a middle-aged man, with a ladder strapped to his back, come down the street, with a long stick having a lighted taper in the end of it. This he would stick into each lamp to light it. Then he would cross over the street to light the next lamp; and thus he continued to light one lamp after another -- this was his mission! Eventually, one could see the lamp-lighter no longer, for the darkness would swallow him up. However, one could see the lights that he had left behind him.

There are people about us, and some who will come along this way after us, who will stumble and fall in the darkness unless we leave lighted lamps in the way for them. And Jesus did admonish us to let our lights shine.

*A Recollection -- A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Safely on Your Knees

Some years ago an eminent preacher was climbing an Alpine summit with two guides. After much labor the top was reached, and forgetting the gale that was blowing, the preacher stood up to enjoy the view. Instantly the guide called to him and pulled him down, saying, 'On your knees; you are not safe except on your knees.' Even at the summit of Christian experience and privilege, we are not safe except on our knees. Prayer is as needful on the mountain tops, as in the valleys.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- The Cheltenham Examiner.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Pulling the Great Ship Closer

I have often watched giant ocean-going vessels nudge themselves into a slip. But they are too large, too clumsy, and too powerful to dock themselves directly to the pier. A man aboard the vessel throws a line to the man on the shore. This latter takes the liner's hawser and fastens it to the cleat on the pier. Then the liner's engines begin to pull on the hawser; but it is not the pier that is pulled it the ship, but the ship is pulled closer and closer to the pier. So too, prayer is not intended to bring God closer to us, but rather, us closer to God.

*A Recollection -- A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Kiss of God

The other day, in the midst of the hurrying traffic of a great thoroughfare, an old poverty-stricken woman was leading a blind youth by the hand. He had a battered concertina hung around his neck. His face was marred, plain to ugliness; he had the look of one but half-witted. But he was clearly her son. There was the same face, the same contour of form, though he was slightly the taller. They came along, she impassive and heedless of everything but her charge. Suddenly they stopped, and moved by some impulse, she leaned forward and kissed him tenderly. Few noticed it, but there was content in the face of the blind fellow, and a firmer grip of the sole hand that upheld and guided him. Some of us in our blindness and loneliness have felt the kiss of God and the pressure of His hand. We are content that the crowd eager for novelty should sweep by, assured that all that they can find is worthless in exchange for Love that passes knowledge.

‘5000 Best Modern Illustrations’ -- Sunday School Chron.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Scent of Danger

A short time ago I read a story that made me thoughtful. A great menagerie was sold by auction. Some straw that had been used as temporary bedding for the wild beasts was bought by a man who owned a livery stable. And horses that had never seen a lion were uneasy and refused to enter the stalls where the straw was. It was an instinctive dread of an unseen enemy. And it is possible for a conscience to be so delicately adjusted to the voice of God that when a lure which we do not certainly know to be sinful, a cunningly baited trap for the soul, is placed in our track, there shall be spiritual instinct, a divine scent, that shall make us draw back and avoid the danger. Paul had such a conscience.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- H.C.Lees, page 178

STORIES TWICE TOLD

On Business for the Firm

A traveling salesman was telling a friend the story of the treatment received in a certain business house at the hands of the member of the establishment with whom he had come in contact. The rudeness and injustice recited stirred the listener to protest. 'And you did nothing about it afterwards? You let it go too easily. A fellow like that deserves to be taught a lesson.' 'Yes, but -- I'm not here to avenge personal wrongs, you know; I'm on business for the firm,' answered the salesman. He must do nothing to hinder or bring discredit upon the interests intrusted to him. What of us who are intrusted with the King's business?

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- S.S. Times. p. 316

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Wrong Definition of Conscience

A little girl was asked what conscience was, and she gravely replied; 'It's something inside of me that tells me when Johnny does wrong.' That kind of conscience is very common, but not particularly useful in reforming one's own life. There are many people, whoever, who base their assurance of their own high moral standards on their swift perception of other people's wrongdoing. -- The Christian Age.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 61

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Ingredients of Zeal

I sat down in the my arm-chair, weary with work; my toil had been severe and protracted. The church wore an aspect of thrift and prosperity; and joy and hope and courage were the prevailing sentiments on every hand. As for myself; I was joyous in my work; my brethren were united; my sermons and exhortations were evidently telling on my hearers: my church was crowded with listeners; the whole community was more or less moved with the prevailing excitement; and so the work went on. I had been led into exhausting labors for its promotion.

Tired with my work, I soon lost myself in a sort of half forgetful state, though I seemed fully aware of my place and surroundings. Seemingly a stranger entered the room, without any preliminary tap, or 'Come in.' I saw in his face benignity, intelligence and weight of character; but though he was passably well attired, he carried suspended about his person measures and chemical agents and implements, which gave him a very strange appearance.

The stranger came toward me, and extending his hand, said, 'How is your zeal?'

I supposed, when he began to questions, that the query was to be for my health; but was pleased to hear his final word; for I was quite well pleased with my zeal, and doubted not the stranger would smile when he should know its proportions. Instinctively I conceived of it as a physical quantity, and putting my hand to my bosom, brought it forth and presented it to him for his inspection.

He took it, and placing it in his scale, weighed it carefully, I heard him say, 'One hundred pounds!'

I could scarce suppress an audible note of satisfaction; but I caught his earnest look as he noted down the weight; and I saw at once that he was intent on pushing his investigation.

He broke the mass to atoms, put it in his crucible, and put the crucible into the fire. When the mass was thoroughly fused, he took it out, and set it down to cool. It congealed in cooling, and when turned out on the hearth, exhibited a series of layers or strata; which all at the touch of the hammer fall apart, and were severally tested and weighed; the stranger making minute notes, as the process went on.

When he had finished, he presented the notes to me, and gave me a look of mingled sorrow and compassion, as, without a word, except, 'May God save you!' he left the room.

I opened the note and read as follows:

'Analysis of the zeal of Junis, a candidate for the crown of glory; weight in mass, 100 lbs., of which, on analysis, there proves to be, viz.

Bigotry 10 parts

Personal ambition 23 parts

Pride of talent 14 parts

Love of praise 19 parts

Pride of denomination 15 parts

Love of authority 12 parts

Love of God 4 parts

Love of man 3 parts'

I had become troubled at the peculiar manner of the stranger, and especially, at his parting look and words; but when I looked at the figures my heart sank as lead within me. I made a mental effort to dispute the correctness of the record, but was suddenly startled into a more honest mood by an audible sigh, almost a

STORIES TWICE TOLD

groan, from the stranger, who had paused in the hall, and by a sudden darkness falling upon me, by which the record became at once obscured and nearly illegible. I suddenly cried out, 'Lord save me!'

I knelt down at my chair, with the paper in my hand, and my eyes fixed upon it. At once it became a mirror, and I saw my heart reflected in it: = The record is true! -- I saw it; I felt it; I confessed it; I deplored it; and I besought God, with many tears, to save me from myself: and at length, with a loud and irrepressible cry of anguish, I awoke. -- Selected.

Zion's Watch-Tower -- Oct. 1889 (Reprint page 1159).

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Looking Backward

A yacht was cruising among the isles of Scotland, when a gale caught the frail craft off a perilous leeshore. The skipper made for a harbor leagues away. Through the darkness the yacht went plunging on her course. At length she swung into smooth water, and they dropped anchor, and turning into their berths went peacefully to sleep. In the morning the owner came on deck and surveyed the scene, -- a little haven girt about by dark purple mountains. Looking toward the entrance, he saw a narrow channel, with sharp rocks jutting here and there, all awash with boiling surf. Turning to the old skipper he exclaimed: 'Did we pass there in the darkness?' This is a parable of life. We know something of the goodness and mercy which have followed us all our days, but we shall never realize fully the debt we owe our unseen Guide until we are safely within the harbor. -- British Weekly.

'5,000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 339

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Known by her Father

A father was nursing his little blind daughter on his knee. Just then a friend came in, and, picking her up, walked off with her down the garden. The little one expressed neither surprise nor fear, so her father said, 'Aren't you afraid, darling?' 'No,' she said, 'But you don't know who has you!' 'No,' was the prompt reply, 'but you do, father.' That was enough. She was in 'the sight of' her father, and faith in her father's loving care banished fear.

'5,000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- W. Hethering. -- page 319

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Wrong Book

Busy in his study a minister was preparing his sermon for the coming Sunday. He reached to the shelf at his side for a book, and then remembered that he had left it downstairs. His little daughter was playing in the bed-room, and he called her. She came, running, eager and delighted at the thought that papa needed her. He explained carefully where she could find the book, and she went gladly, returning in a moment with a book which he saw at a glance was the wrong one. But he hardly looked at the book as he took it and laid it on the table. He looked only at the eager face of his little daughter, wreathed in smiles. Gathering her close to his heart, he kissed her and said, 'Thank you, darling.' And when she had gone back, happy and contented to her play, he went quietly for the book he needed. I think I should like to listen to the sermons that man would preach. -- Christian Herald

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 202

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Successful Plea

‘No,’ said the lawyer, ‘I shan’t press your claim against that man; you can get someone else to take the case, or you can withdraw it, just as you please.’

‘There would probably be some money in it, but it would as you know, come from the sale of the little house the man occupies and calls ‘home’; but I don’t want to meddle with the matter, anyhow.’

‘I suppose likely the old fellow begged to be let off?’

‘Well -- yes he did.’

‘And you?’

‘I didn’t speak a word to him.’

‘Oh, he did all the talking, did he? What did you do?’

‘I believe I shed a few tears; he didn’t speak a word to me.’

‘Well, may I respectfully inquire whom he did address in your hearing?’

‘Almighty God. But, not for my benefit, in the least, You see’ -- the lawyer crossed his right foot over his left knee, and began stroking his lower leg up and down, as if to help state his case concisely -- ‘you see, I found the little house easily enough, and knocked on the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me; so I stepped into the little hall, and saw through the crack of another door just as cozy a sitting room as there ever was.

‘There on the bed, with her silver head way up high on the pillows, was an old lady. I was on the point of knocking, when she said, as clearly as could be, ‘Come, father, now begin; I’m all ready-’ and down on his knees by her side went an old, white-haired man, still older than his wife I would judge; and I couldn’t have knocked then. He began to pray; first he reminded God they were still his submissive children, mother and he, and no matter what he saw fit to bring upon them, they shouldn’t rebel at His will; of course ‘twas going to be very hard for them to go out homeless in their old age with poor mother so sick and helpless, but still they’d seen sadder things than ever that would be. He reminded God, in the next place, how different it might all have been if only one of their boys had been spared them; then his voice kind of broke, and a thin white hand stole from under the coverlet and moved softly over his snowy hair; then he went on to repeat that nothing could be so sharp again as parting with those three sons -- unless mother and he should be separated. But at last he fell to comforting himself with the fact that the dear Lord knew it was through no fault of his own that mother and he were threatened with the loss of their little home, which meant beggary and the almshouse, a place they prayed to be delivered from entering if it could be consistent with God’s will; and then he fell to quoting a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord; yes, I should say he begged hard; in fact, it was the most thrilling plea to which I have ever listened; and at last he prayed for God’s blessing on those who were about to demand justice.’ The lawyer stroked his lower limb in silence for a moment or two, then continued, more slowly than ever:

‘And-I-believe-I’d rather go to the poorhouse myself, tonight, than to stain my heart and hands with the blood of such a prosecution as that.’

‘You are afraid to defeat the old man’s prayer?’ queried the client.

‘Bless you soul, man, you couldn’t defeat it!’ said the lawyer. ‘It doesn’t admit of defeat! He left it all subject to the will of God; but he left no doubt as to his wishes in the matter; claimed that we were told to make know our desires unto God, but of all the pleading I ever heard, that beat all. You see, I was taught that kind of thing in my childhood; and why I was sent to hear that prayer, I’m sure I don’t know; but I

STORIES TWICE TOLD

hand the case over.'

'I wish,' said the client, twisting uneasily, 'you hadn't told me about the old fellow's prayer, because I want the money the place will bring; but I was taught the Bible all straight enough when I was a youngster, and I'd hate to run counter to such a harangue as that you tell me about.' I wish you hadn't heard a word of it; and another time I wouldn't listen to petitions not intended for my ears.'

'My dear fellow,' he said, 'you're wrong again; it was intended for my ears, and yours too, and God Almighty intended it. My old mother used to sing about God's moving in a mysterious way, I remember.'

'Well, my mother used to sing it too,' said the claimant, as he twisted his claim-papers in his fingers. 'You can call in the morning, and tell 'mother and him' the claim has been met.'

'In a mysterious way,' added the lawyer, smiling. -- Selected

'Zion's Watch-Tower' -- April 1885 (Reprint p.746-747)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Dynamics of Faith

A little girl was distressed by the discovery that her brother had set traps to catch birds. Asked what she had done about the matter, she replied, 'I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds.' 'Anything else?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I prayed that God would prevent the birds from getting into the traps.' 'Anything further?' 'Yes, I went out and kicked the traps all to pieces.' That child seems to have mastered the doctrine of the futility of faith without works. Real faith is not static. It is dynamic. It does not seem too much concerned with security. It even risks danger. It is bold to invade the unknown.

'Treasury of Inspirational Anecdotes.' -- page 177 -- Compiled by E. Paul Hovey.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

An 'A' for Behavior

When Edward Everett Hale brought his first report home from Boston Latin School, it showed that he stood only ninth in a class of fifteen. He was terribly downhearted, but home was his refuge and he had a good mother. She said, 'Never mind, Edward, I notice in your report that you are first for good behavior and, Son, that means more to me than to have you head of the class and not behave well.' What a sensible mother!

It is a striking thing that no one ever refers to Jesus as clever or brilliant. It is because all know that the supreme virtue is goodness. -- Archer Wallace.

'Treasury of Inspirational Anecdotes.' -- page 62

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Assembling a Meat-Chopper

A successful cutlery manufacturer, who in his youth hated and despised God once said:

'It takes a girl in our factory about two days to learn to put the seventeen parts of a meat-chopper together efficiently! It may be that these millions of worlds, each with its own orbit, all so wonderfully balanced in space -- it may be that they just happened; it may be that by a billion years of tumbling about they finally arrange themselves. I don't know. I am merely a plain manufacturer of cutlery. But this I know, that you can shake the seventeen parts of a meat-chopper around in a wash-tub for the next seventeen billion years and you'll never make a meat-chopper.' And only God can make a tree!

*A Recollection -- A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Ignore the Blots

On reaching home one evening, tired and somewhat dispirited, my little girl brought me her copy-book which she had just completed. It was her first, and the young face reddened with a beautiful and honest flush, for she knew as she turned over the pages some little word of praise and cheer would reward her hard attempt. The pages were very neatly written. And I told her what a pleasure it was to see how careful she had been. Presently we came to one on which were two small blots. As she turned the page the little hand was laid upon them, and looking up into my face with an artlessness that was beautiful, she said, 'Papa, don't see the blots!' Of course, I did not see them, but I bent down and kissed the little forehead, and was thankful for the lesson I had learned. How precious it would be if, amid all the nameless strifes and discords that so fret and chafe us, we could just lay the finger on the sullied page of human lives and not 'see the blots.' When littlenesses annoy and vex us, if we would only look away from these to some brighter pages! -- Epworth Era.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 87

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Just a Short Way to Go Together

‘Why didn’t you tell her she was taking more than her share of room and encroaching upon your rights?’ some one asked of a young girl who was merrily describing an old woman who had taken a seat beside her in a crowded railway car, and crammed into the small space a bird-cage, a basket of apples, and bundles numerous and varied. ‘It wasn’t worth while to trouble about it; we had such a little way to go together,’ was the reply. What a motto that would be for a life-journey! So many little annoyances are not worth noticing, so many small unkindnesses even may be passed by silently because we have ‘such a little way to go together.’ -- J. R. Miller, In the Record of Christian Work.

‘Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes’ -- page 88

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Forgiveness is a One-Way Street

Two small girls had a quarrel. The mother of one of them, who knew about the quarrel, talked with her little girl about it, and tried to show her the wrong of it, and her need of asking God's forgiveness. Accordingly, when the little one kneeled down to pray, she humbly asked, 'O God, please forgive me for speaking angrily to Charlotte, and for quarrelling with her.' So far, so good. But the wrong disposition was still there fore the child went on: 'And make Charlotte come to me and ask my forgiveness, O Lord, give her no rest, by day or night, until she is sorry and come and tells me so.' -- From our Hope and Life in Christ.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 121

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Willingly Deaf

C. H. Spurgeon, while still a young man and a village pastor, was passing the house of a woman known as the village termagant, who greeted him with a volley of words the reverse of polite. Smiling, the young man said, 'Yes, thank you; I am quite well.' She burst into another string of expletives. 'Yes, it does look as if it's going to rain,' he replied. Surprised as well as exasperated, the woman exclaimed, 'Bless the man, he's as deaf as a post! What's the use of talking to him?' -- The Christian Herald.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 337

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The White Dress in the Coal Mine

'I think a Christian can go anywhere,' said a young woman who was defending her continual attendance at some doubtful places of amusement. 'Certainly she can,' rejoined her friend, 'but I am reminded of a little incident which happened last summer when I went with a party of friends to explore a coal mine. One of the young women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends remonstrated with her, she appealed to the old miner who was to act as guide to the party. 'Can't I wear a white dress down there in the mine?' she asked, petulantly. 'Yes, mum,' returned the old man, 'There is nothing to keep you from wearing a white frock down there, but there will be considerable to keep you from wearing one back.' -- L.A. Banks in Record of Christian Work.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 506

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Showing the Way

It is a dark stormy night, and a little child, lost in the streets of the city, is crying in distress. A policeman, gathering from the child's story enough to locate the home, gives directions after this manner: 'Just go down this street, half a mile, turn and cross the big iron bridge, then turn to your right and follow the river down a little way, and you'll see then where you are.' The poor child only half comprehending, chilled by the wind and bewildered in the storm, is turning about blindly, when another voice speaks and says in a kindly tone, 'Just come with me.' The little hand is clasped in a stronger one, the corner of a warm cloak is thrown over the shoulders of the shivering child, and the way home is made easy. The first one had told the way: this one condescends to be the way. -- D.H. Strong.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 43

STORIES TWICE TOLD

In a Minute

If you asked Dora to do anything, she would reply, 'In a minute.' It was a bad habit she had. 'Dora, go upstairs, and bring me down my comb.' 'Yes, mother, in a minute.' 'Dora, come to your dinner.' 'In a minute.' One day Dora's bird was hopping about on the floor. Dora's mother said, 'Dora, shut the door, or the cat will be after your bird.' 'Yes, mother, in a minute,' said Dora, 'I just want to finish this line in my drawing.' But the cat did not wait. In he came, and with one dart had the bird in his mouth. Down went the slate on the floor, and away went cat, bird, and Dora. There was a wild chase on the lawn. 'In a minute,' Dora came back weeping with the dead bird in her hand. Dora cried: mother was sad, but said, 'A great many things may happen in a minute.' Dora never forgot that lesson. -- Home Words.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 263

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Glass Between

When I was in England, during one of the conferences, a lady said she was awakened by a very strange noise of pecking, or something of the kind, and when she got up, she saw a butterfly flying backward and forward inside the window-pane in a great fright, and outside a sparrow pecking and trying to get in. The butterfly did not see the glass, and expected every minute to be caught, and the sparrow did not see the glass, and expected every minute to get the butterfly, yet all the while that butterfly was as safe as if it had been millions of miles away, because of the glass between it and the sparrow. So it is with Christians. Satan cannot touch the soul that has the Lord Jesus Christ between itself and him. -- Pearsall Smith, In the Free Methodist Magazine.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 347

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Winking Owl

Dr. A. C. Dixon tells a story of a man who, going down a street in Chicago, came to a taxidermist's shop, and stopped long enough to criticize some things. In the window was an owl, and he said: 'That owl is not stuffed right; its head is not on right, the body is not poised right, the feathers are not fixed right; and if I could not stuff an owl better than that, I would go out of the taxidermist business.' And when he got through his criticism the owl turned around and winked at him. Then he walked down the street feeling that he was the biggest fool in Chicago, for he had criticized a live owl. When that owl showed life it was beyond his criticism or that of anybody else. The Word of God lives. -- The Sunday School Times.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 363

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Weeds Need Direction

Theoall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. 'I showed him my garden,' says Coleridge, 'and told him it was my botanical garden.' 'How so,' said he, 'it is covered with weeds.' 'Oh,' I replied, 'that is because it has not come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil toward roses and strawberries.' -- The Golden Treasury.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 363

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Just Fix the Hands

There is a story of a colored man who came to a watchmaker and gave him the hands of a clock, saying, 'I wand yer to fix up des han's. Day jes' doan' keep no mo' kerrec time for mo' den six mints.' 'Where is the clock?' answered the watchmaker. 'Out at de house in Injun creek,' 'But I must have the clock.' 'Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin de matter wid de clock 'ceptn' de han's? And I done brought 'em to you. You jes' want de clock so yo' can tinker wid it and charge me a big price. Gimme back dem han's.' And so saying, he went off to find some reasonable watchmaker. Foolish as he was, his caution is very like that of those who try to regulate their life without being made right inside. And their reason for not putting themselves into the hands of the Lord is very similar to the reason the colored man gave. They are afraid the price will be too great. They say, 'We only wish to avoid this or that habit.' But the Master Workman says, 'I can't regulate the hands unless I have the heart.' -- From Way of Faith.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 389

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Blind Man's Lantern

There is a story of a man who was walking down a dark street and met another man with a staff and a lantern. The striking thing, as the stranger noticed it, was that the man was feeling his way with his staff, and apparently making no use of the light. When asked if he were not blind, the man replied that he was, but he knew the street well, and had no difficulty in making his way with his staff. 'But,' asked the stranger, 'why do you carry a lantern?' 'To keep other people without lanterns from stumbling over me,' was the blind man's answer. To be able only to tell others where not to go is a small gift, but it is something. Not every one can be a brilliant beacon in the world, but the humblest person can keep himself from being a stumbling-block.' -- The Youth's Companion.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 235

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Watching the Sun Move

Two children were playing on a hillside, when they noticed that the hour was nearing sunset, and one said wonderingly, 'See how far the sun has gone! A little while ago it was right over that tree, and now it is low down in the sky.' 'Only it isn't the sun that moves, it's the earth. You know, father told us,' answered the other. The first one shook his head. The sun did move, for he had seen it; and the earth did not move, for he had been standing on it all the time. 'I know what I see,' he said triumphantly. 'And I believe father,' said his brother. So mankind divides still -- some accepting only what their senses reveal to them, the others believing the word of God. -- The Christian Herald.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 365

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Invisible Brains

A skeptical young man confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe the Bible. The Quaker said: 'Dost thou believe in France?' 'Yes, though I have not seen it I have seen others that have; besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country exists.' 'Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?' 'No, to be sure, I won't.' 'Did ever see thine own brains?' 'No.' 'Ever see anybody that did?' 'No.' 'Does thee believe thee has any?' -- Herald and Presbyter.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 369

STORIES TWICE TOLD

'Father, Are You There?'

I remember, many years ago, a little boy on a trundle bed, having just retired for the night. Before going to sleep he turned in the direction of the large bed on which his father lay and said, 'Father, are you there?' and the answer came back, 'Yes, my son.' I remember that that boy turned over and went to sleep without thought of harm. Tonight that boy is an old man of seventy, and every night before going to sleep he looks up into the face of his Heavenly Father and says, 'Father, are you there?' 'Will you take care of me tonight?' And the answer comes back clear and strong, 'Yes, my son.' Whom need we fear if God our Father be with us? -- From Henry Clay Trumbull, in *The Expositor*.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 479

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Creeping Across the Ice

In the early days of emigration to the West a traveler once came for the first time in his life, to the banks of the mighty Mississippi. There was no bridge. He must cross. It was early winter, and the surface of the mighty river was sheeted with ice. He knew nothing of its thickness, however, and feared to trust himself to it. He hesitated long, but night was coming on, and he must reach the other shore. At length, with many fears, and infinite caution, he crept out on his hands and knees, thinking thus to distribute his weight as much as possible, and trembling with every sound. When he had gone this way painfully half way over, he heard a sound of singing behind him. There in the dusk was a colored man driving a four-horse load of coal across upon the ice and singing as he went! Many a Christian creeps tremblingly out upon God's promises where another, stronger in faith, goes singing through life upheld by the same word. 'Have faith in God.' 'Whoso putteth his trust in Jehovah shall be safe.' -- The Expositor.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 492

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Source of the Shadow

As, when a father in a garden stoops down to kiss a child, the shadow of his body falls upon it, so many of the dark misfortunes of our life are not God going away from us, but out heavenly Father stooping down to give us the kiss of His infinite and everlasting love. -- T. DeWitt Talmage.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 479

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Straining the Musical Strings

As the musician straineth his strings, and yet he breaketh none of them, but maketh thereby a sweeter melody and better concord; so God, through affliction, makes His own better unto the fruition and enjoying of the life to come. -- Daniel Cawdrey.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 706

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Photographs Develop in Darkness

The photographer takes his sensitive plate into a dark place to develop his picture. Sunlight would mar it. God often draws the curtain upon us, and in the darkness brings out some rare beauty in our life, some delicate feature of his own loveliness. -- J. R. Miller.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 705

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Cold Water for a Fevered Child

I saw a mother force her fever-stricken child into a bath of cold water. She cried with pain, but mother was relentless. The child's teeth chattered, her frame shook with agony. Oh, cruel mother, have you no love for your child? Have you no pity? Have you no chord of tenderness that vibrates at her helpless cry? I looked a second time, and lo, the fever had fled, and the child was resting quietly.

*A Recollection -- A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

A Bumped Cow Kicks

A lady once, when she was a little girl, learned a good lesson, which she tells for the benefit of whom it may concern: 'One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's farmyard, where stood many cows, oxen, horses, etc., waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt she happened to hit her next neighbor, whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed, and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit? Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears on some frosty morning.' Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care my children. Remember how the fight in the farmyard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble.' -- Sunday School Chronicle.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 569

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Washing Away the Scars in the Sand

Dr. J. F. Carson has a message for the penitent. God's mercy is like the tireless patience of the sea. The children dig deep wounds in the sand with their spades, leaving scars on the golden surface. Then quietly the old sea turns, and every trace of scar is obliterated, and the shining surface of the sand is smooth as ever. Day after day the scene is repeated, and the sea is never tired of putting things to rights....It is an emblem of the everlasting God who fainteth not, neither is weary. -- John F. Cowan.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 459

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Wind that Sinks the Boat Flies the Kite

A small boy at a lakeside resort launched a little boat of his own manufacture one rather windy afternoon. The breeze filled the sails immediately, but instead of carrying the small craft on its course, capsized it and sent it straight to the bottom. The owner of the sailboat looked sober for a moment, then with the most philosophical composure remarked, 'That's a good wind for kites,' and forthwith started after his kite. The little fellow's pluck and good sense are worthy of imitation. If you have failed in something you have attempted, the very circumstances which caused your failure may be an advantage when you try something else. Don't sit down and sulk because your boat is gone to the bottom. The very wind that capsized it may carry your kite higher than you have dared to hope.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 219

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Incompatible Pictures

Dr. Barbour tells of a young fellow who went off to college. His mother said she would like to go along and get him started right, but he said, 'No, mother; let me go and get settled myself.' He went. She did not visit him until he was in his second year, and then she went to visit him. After had shown her the college and the various buildings and class-rooms, she said, 'Take me to your room.' He said, 'All right.' She went up to his room. There were a pair of oars, a football, a baseball with some gold letters on it, tennis racket, all the indications of an athletic young college boy. Then she looked up and saw some pictures on the wall that ought never to be on anybody's wall. She was a very wise mother, and said nothing. When Christmas came she stayed there and visited. When his package came from home there were two. One was marked for his room and upon opening it he found a beautiful picture of Hoffmann's Christ. The mother went up again in the early spring. The boy met her very gladly and showed her around and by and by she wanted to go up to his room. She looked around the room: there were the oars, the foot ball, the baseball, tennis racket; then she glanced up where the pictures were before, but they were not there, and then she looked, and facing the door where it was the first thing that you saw as you entered the room, was the face of Christ. She said, 'By the way, William, there were some other pictures here when I was here,' and he said, 'Oh, well, mother, you see they did not fit in with him.'

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 123

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Creosote

Down in the railroad yard the other morning I saw a box car loaded with railroad ties that had been thoroughly soaked in the creosote solution. I noticed on this warm day that this one car was completely free from pestiferous bugs and insects of all kinds, though the cars about them were alive with all kinds of life. The clean antiseptic creosote created an atmosphere that was so uncongenial to the pests that they avoided it. The Christian whose life is constantly immersed in the Word frees himself from the pestiferous little worries and temptations of life. He is 'clean' through the Word. The atmosphere of the Word is inimical to their presence. -- Merlin Fairfax.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 74

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Too Much Comfort

Professor Wieman of Chicago says that in college he had a roommate who desired to improve his intellectual life, so he procured a large comfortable chair that was thought to be good for study. He got study slippers and a lounging jacket. A book rest was fastened to the arm of the chair to hold the book at the right angle for his eyes. A special lamp was installed and eye-shade, pencils, paper and revolving bookcase. He would come into the room after the evening meal, take off his coat and put on the jacket, take off his shoes and slip into the slippers, adjust the lamp, put his book on the bookrest, recline in the comfortable chair with his eye-shade over his eyes, and when everything was perfectly adjusted, he would go to sleep. -- Harry Emerson Fosdick -- Sermon 12/31/39.

‘Our Perennial Use of Alibis.’

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Knowing the Author

A young lady once laid down a book which she had just finished with the remark that it was the dullest story she had ever read. In the course of time she became engaged to a young man, and one night she said to him: 'I have a book in my library whose author's name, and even initials are precisely the same as yours. Isn't that a singular coincidence?' 'I do not think so,' he replied. 'Why not, pray?' 'For the simple reason that I wrote the book.' That night the young lady sat up until two o'clock reading the book again, and this time it seemed the most interesting story she had ever read. The once dull book was now fairly fascinating, because she knew and loved the author. So a child of God finds the Bible interesting because he knows and loves the Author. It is his Father's message, addressed to him. -- The Record of Christian Work.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 26

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Mistaken Identity

A little lame boy hurried to the passenger agent of a railway station as fast as his crutches and the basket of fruit and candy would permit. As the passengers rushed through the gate, a young man accidentally hit the basket, knocking oranges and apples in every direction. He stopped only long enough to scold the boy for being in his way. Another young man who was passing by, saw the boy's distress and began picking up his fruit. As he placed it in the basket, he put a silver dollar in the fellow's hand. With a 'better luck next time' and a smile, he went his way.

'Hey, Mister,' called the little boy, 'are you Jesus?'

'No,' answered his friend, 'I'm only one of his followers.'

Many foreign missionaries have so closely followed Jesus that their native friends believed that Jesus had lived among them. The people whose lives we touch need to see Jesus in your life and mine. Many of them have never realized what Jesus was really like. Many will never understand his love unless they see it in our deeds. For wherever there are people, there is the need of a real glimpse of him in the lives of his followers. -- Lois Blankenship.

'450 Stories From Life' -- page 47

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Take off the Extinguisher

A Unitarian preacher once said to an acquaintance: 'Sir, I have collated every word in the Hebrew Scriptures seventeen times, and it is very strange that the doctrine of Atonement which you hold should not have been found by me.' The answer is worth remembering: 'I am not surprised at this. I tried once to light my candle with the extinguisher still on it.' -- The Sunday School Times.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 15

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Saved by the Rain

This story in my Fourth Reader in an Iowa country school has helped me many times:

A Frenchman, after attending a fair in Paris, was headed home on horseback. Behind his saddle was strapped large satchel filled with presents for his wife and children. He was recalling the pleasant days at the fair, and picturing the joy of meeting his family, when the sky unexpectedly became overcast and it began to rain. He was annoyed and wondered why his trip had to be spoiled by such weather. He rode along pitying himself as men and women and even boys and girls sometimes do.

Just then, from behind some bushes a robber sprang out and pointed his gun at the rider. The trigger clicked, but the gun did not fire. The grumbling rider put spurs to his horse and was soon past danger. Collecting his thoughts, he said to himself; 'What a fool I've been. Complaining to the Lord that the rain was spoiling my trip home. If the rain had not come and dampened the powder in the robber's gun, I would have been killed and never reached home and family.' -- B.F. Bronson.

'450 Stories From Life' -- page 54

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Effective Preaching

It is told of St. Francis of Assisi that one day he said to a young disciple, 'Let us go out and preach today.' Together they left the quiet monastery and went to a near-by town. St. Francis visited the various shops, made some purchases, spoke with an acquaintance here and there, and did certain other errands; and shortly they returned to the monastery. The young disciple, thinking his master had forgotten the original purpose of their excursion, asked, 'Sir, when do we do the preaching?' St. Francis smiled as he said, 'My son, we have been preaching all morning. We have done the best kind of preaching by our very actions and conduct among our fellow men.'

Are those with whom we come in contact going to listen to what we say and wonder at our discourteous conduct, our careless work? Or are they going to remember our Christ living deeds and words? 'Be thou an example of the believers.' -- Edwin H. Frey.

'450 Stories From Life' -- page 88

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Look Up

There is a pathetic little story of a wicked father who took his small boy with him when he went to steal potatoes from his neighbor's field. When they came to the boundary fence, the father stopped and listened while his eyes searched from right to left. Silently he began to climb the fence. Then the child spoke. 'Dad,' he said, 'you forgot something -- you didn't look up.' Sudden guilt shamed the father; he took the lad by the hand and returned home.

God 'is not far from every one of us; for in him we live and move and have our being.' He is not merely a spectator beholding the evil and the good, but he is the actual ruler, upholding all things by his power, watching over the actions of every person, yet preserving our freedom to make our own decisions.

Since he is watching over all our actions, we should indeed use our time and means in the faithful performance of those tasks God has assigned for us to do. In this we do not depend wholly upon our own strength but upon our effort, aided and guided by the providential care of a loving God. -- E.A. MacDonald.

'450 Stories From Life' -- page 114

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Two Lights to Show the Way

John Henry Jowett told us that during his student days he was appointed to preach at Saddleworth. He was entertained by a farmer. Following the afternoon service he stayed at the farmer's house until time for the evening train. As darkness fell, the quiet of the day turned into a stormy night. Soon the rutty roads were living streams. When the time for the train's arrival neared, his host gave him a farm lantern, saying, 'Just to help you to see where you are going, and to keep you out of the ditch.' That of course, meant something, but he added something better.

'Do you see that glimmer of light yonder?' Jowett was asked. 'No, where?' was his answer. And then the farmer trained his eyes on the far-off gleam that appeared a mile away. 'That is Saddleworth station, make for that,' were his instructions. The two lights gave the young preacher what was needed. The lantern gave him light for his feet, and each step was clear. The glimmer in the distance gave him cheer and appointed the course of his journey. He had the light for the next step and guidance for the main direction. The Psalmist gives us a similar picture: 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' (Pa. 119:05) -Harry A. Powell

'450 Stories From Life' -- page 167

STORIES TWICE TOLD

A Toddler's Smile

The young woman who boarded the bus carried in her arms a little girl about a year old, a beautiful child with golden ringlets, large blue eyes, and a hint of roses in her cheek.

A few blocks farther on two workmen -- both in grimy working clothes -- entered. They sat directly behind the young woman. The baby looked at them over her mother's shoulders. The men smiled at her, and one touched her little hand. After just a moment of wide-eyed wonder, her face dimpled into a smile and she stretched out her chubby arms to them. It mattered not to her that these were strangers -- that their clothes were marked with the dust and grime of their daily toil. The child saw only their smiles; she recognized their friendliness.

What a simple thing it is to offer a smile of friendliness. Many people in our world are waiting for kindness and understanding. The kingdom of our Lord is made up of all kinds and classes and conditions of people. The lands from which they come, the language they speak, the color of their skin may differ from ours, but unless we accept them in the spirit of Christian friendliness, with the sincerity of a little child, we cannot hope to enter into the joy of Christ's kingdom with them. -- Emilie L. Dahlberg.

'450 Stories From Life' -- page 167

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Let the Mud Dry

A young man had been badly insulted, and, full of angry indignation, declared that he was going at once to demand an apology. 'My dear boy,' said Father Graham, a beloved old man of the village, 'take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace. An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better when it is dry. Wait a little, till he and you are both cool, and the thing will be easily mended. If you go now it will only be to quarrel.' The young man took his advice, and before the next day was done, the insulting person came to beg forgiveness. -- Gospel Herald.

'3000 Illustrations For Christian Service.' -- page 248

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Making the Waves Come In

A little boy was sailing his first boat when suddenly the string dropped from his hand. In spite of his frantic attempts to regain it, the boat was soon far beyond his reach. He then appealed to his old brother to get it back for him. Without comment the bigger boy picked up rocks and began throwing them just beyond the boat. It seemed to the little fellow that his brother had paid no attention to his pleas -- in fact, it looked as though he were making matters worse. But then the lad noticed that the first rock hit the water and set up a little wave. Each succeeding rock added to the waves that were bringing the little boat nearer and nearer to shore. The thing that threatened destruction saved the little boat.

It may seem that disaster follows disaster many times in our lives. And there is no apparent reason for it. But the wave that seems to mean complete destruction may in reality bring us closer to God. The Prophet of Old declared: 'Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid.' (Isa. 12:2) -- Mrs. Mildred Huffman.

'450 Stories From Life' -- page 256

STORIES TWICE TOLD

True Love

A young woman who fancied herself a poetess, and who had her own ideas about love, once came with her poems to the editorial office of a New York magazine. The editor asked her what she wanted. She told him that she had some poems that she would like to have published in his magazine. 'About what?' asked the editor. 'All about love,' she replied the young woman, casting her eyes heavenward, 'is gazing upon a lily pond at night, by the shimmering moonbeams, when the lilies are in full bloom, and-' 'Stop, stop, stop,' cried the editor curtly interrupting her, 'you are all wrong. I will tell you what love is; It is getting up cheerfully out of a warm bed on a cold winter morning, at two o'clock, to fill hot-water bottles for ailing children. That's real love. I'm sorry, but I don't think we can use your poems.' -- Christian Union Herald.

'3000 Illustrations For Christian Service.' -- page 427

STORIES TWICE TOLD

A Vision of the Heart

A very pretty story is told by Mr. Stuart Robertson in his delightful book of 'Talks to Children.' A little girl was sitting on her mother's knees. She was very fond of her mother. She called her, her 'Very own mother,' and like one who was rejoicing over very precious treasures, she was touching, one after the other, the features of her mother's face with her little fingers -- her mother's lips, her eyes, her cheeks, her hair. After a while she said, 'Mummy, can I see your heart?' The mother said, 'I don't know about that, but you can look into my eyes, and see if you can see anything.' The child climbed up and peered in; and then she cried out gleefully, 'I can see your heart Mummy, and there is a wee girl away in there, and it's me!' -Sunday School Times.

'3000 Illustrations For Christian Service.' -- page 458

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Taking a Second Glance

A traveler in North Carolina saw an old colored man in a chair in his garden, hoeing. The traveler laughed. He thought it was a case of monumental laziness. But he happened to look back as he laughed, and he saw a pair of crutches lying on the ground by the old man's chair. At once what made him seem ridiculous before made him seem heroic now.

When disposed to criticize, remember human infirmities.

'Cyclopedia of Illustration for Public Speakers.' -- page 389

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Reaching Thinner Air

Frank W. Boreham passes on a story told by Handley Page, the airman, when Page landed at Kobar, in Arabia, a large rat managed to get into his airplane. When Page was in mid-air he discovered the rat's presence by the sound of gnawing behind him. Alarmed at the thought of the damage which those pitiless teeth might do, the aviator remembered that a rat is unable to survive in high altitudes. He determined to soar, and rose until he found difficulty in breathing. At length he ventured to descend to a lower level and upon landing he discovered that the rat was dead.

There is help for the tempted here. When we feel ourselves endangered by the pests that molest our souls, we need only to rise to a loftier level of Christian attainment. -- The Y.C. Companion.

'3000 Illustrations For Christian Service.' -- page 685

STORIES TWICE TOLD

A Dance-Floor Witness

A young lady came to her pastor, one day, to ask him as to whether there would be anything wrong about her going to a dance. After some discussion, he asked her if she thought she could give a good testimony for the Lord, under such surroundings and conditions! To this she answered that she honestly believed that she could. Accordingly he told her to try it.

She went to the dance: and it wasn't too long before a very handsome young man came to her and asked her to dance with him. During the course of the dance, she thought seriously of what the minister had said, and felt the time had arrived for her to give her testimony for the Lord. She asked her dancing partner, 'Are you a Christian?' To her surprise he laughed aloud, and said, 'Of course not!' Then wondering as to what might have prompted the query, he continued, 'Are you?' To this she responded, 'Yes, and -' but he interrupted by saying, 'Then what are you doing here?' Ballam's ass could see, what God's prophet could not!

*A Recollection. -- A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Two Goats on a Bridge

They tell the story of two goats down in the Amazon country, who found themselves on different sides of a narrow, but turbulent stream. Each wanted to get to the other side. There was no bridge; but a dead tree trunk had fallen so that it afforded the means for crossing from one side to the other. They both started out from opposite sides of the stream, at the same time, only meet in the middle of this precarious little 'bridge'. Now, they might each of them have fought with the other for the right of way, with the chances that both of them might have slipped over into the stream and perhaps certain death. One, however, had the good sense to lie down to let the other walk over him, after which he himself arose to go his own way in peace. Yes, we do sing, 'low in the dust I'd lay me, that the world my Savior might see,'; but do we really mean it?

*A Recollection. -- A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Boiled by Degrees

In a certain laboratory experiment a live frog was placed in water heated at the rate of .0036 of a degree Fahrenheit per second. The frog never moved or showed any sign of distress, but was found at the end of two hours and a half to be dead. The explanation was that at any point of time the temperature of the water showed such little contrast with that of a moment before that the attention of the frog was never attracted by it. It was boiled to death without noticing it.

Many a man grows so accustomed to his evil environment that he fails to realize how he is being spiritually ruined.

'Cyclopedia of Illustration for Public Speakers.' -- page 224

STORIES TWICE TOLD

For Better Fuchsias

'I ought not to be surprised by anything at my time of life,' said a well-known minister, 'but one of my flock did manage to take my breath away. I was preaching about the Father's tender wisdom in caring for us all; illustrated by saying that the Father knows which of us grows best in sunlight and which of us must have shade. 'You know you plant roses in the sunshine,' I said, 'and heliotrope and geraniums; but if you want your fuchsias to grow they must be kept in a shady nook.' After the sermon, which I hoped would be a comforting one, a woman came up to me, her face glowing with pleasure that was evidently deep and true. 'Oh, Dr.-, I am so grateful for that sermon,' she said, clasping my hand and shaking it warmly. My heart glowed for a moment, while I wondered what tender place in her heart and life I had touched. Only for a moment though. 'yes,' she went on fervently, 'I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias.'

'Thesaurus of Anecdotes.' -- page 275 (1546)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Broken Microscope

Macaulay tells the story of a young scientist in India who became possessed of a microscope. Beneath it he placed a drop of water from the Ganges. This is, as you know, the sacred river of India. He looked and beheld an infinite pollution. Then in his rage he broke the microscope in pieces and threw it from him. The Ganges ran on carrying its infection to the sea, but he would not see it. Foolish you say. But no more foolish than the way in which people close their eyes to the facts of their own life. They have not the courage to look at the truth. They prefer to live all their days in a fool's paradise. In their sincerest moments there is some insincerity. Their self-examination is nothing more than self-defense. It is possible to put a favorable construction upon almost any action and this men do when dealing with themselves. -- Thos. Reed Bridges.

'Cyclopedia of Illustrations For Public Speakers.' -- page 237

STORIES TWICE TOLD

In the Bell Tower

A visitor to Amsterdam, wishing to hear the wonderful music of the chimes of St. Nicholas, went up into the tower of the church to hear it. There he found a man with wooden gloves on his hands pounding on a keyboard. All he could hear was the clanging of the keys when struck by the wooden gloves, and the harsh, deafening noise of the bells close over his head. He wondered why the people talked of the marvelous chimes of St. Nicholas. To his ear there was no music in them, nothing but terrible clatter and clanging. Yet, all the while there floated out over and beyond the city the most entrancing music. Men in the fields paused in their work to listen, and were made glad. People in their homes and travelers on the highways were thrilled by the marvelous bell tones which fell from the Tower.

There are many lives, which to those that dwell close beside them, seem to make no music; they pour out their strength in hard toil; they are shut up in narrow spheres; they dwell amid the noise and clatter of common task work; they think themselves that they are not of any use, that no blessing goes out from their life; they never dream that sweet music is made anywhere in the world by their noisy hammering. But out over the world, where the influence goes from their work and character, human lives are blessed, and weary ones hear, with gladness, -- sweet, comforting music.

'Cyclopedia of Illustrations For Public Speakers.' -- page 449

STORIES TWICE TOLD

When the Clock Stopped

A little clock in a jewelry store window in a certain Western town stopped one day for half an hour, at fifteen minutes of nine. School children, noticing the time stopped to play; people hurrying to the train, looking at the clock, began to walk leisurely; professional men, after a look at the clock, stopped to chat a minute longer in the sunshine, and all were half an hour late because one small clock stopped. Never had these people know how much they had depended upon that clock till it had led them astray.

Many are thus depending upon the influence of Christians; you may think you have no influence, but you can not go wrong in one little act without leading others astray. -- Seattle Churchman.

'Cyclopedia of Illustrations For Public Speakers.' -- page 369

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Half Cannot Be Told

A little boy who was born blind had an operation performed which enabled him to see. His mother led him out into the fields and uncovered his eyes for the first time, and let him look upon the sky and trees and grass and flowers. 'Oh, mother!' he cried, 'why didn't you tell me it was so beautiful?' 'I tried to tell you, dear,' was her answer, 'but you could not understand me.'

So it is sometimes with great verse in the Bible. When we read them first, or commit them to memory, we do not understand, but after, when they fit the heart and our eyes are opened, we wonder at the beauty of them. -- Phebe Palmer.

'Cyclopedia of Illustrations For Public Speakers.' -- page 382

STORIES TWICE TOLD

So Faithful to Duty

I have been reading of an old man, an invalid, whose son had to carry the burden of the homestead. One day the son asked the father to do some little chores, but the old man was weary, and his memory was failing, and he forgot. When the son got home he inquired about the chores, and his father said, 'Son I am sorry to own it, but really I forgot.' The son choked down his anger and said: 'Never mind, father, I'll attend to them,' and was turning to go to the barn, when the father called to him, and this is what he said: 'Oh, my boy, God bless you, just because you are always so faithful to duty! You will never know what a comfort you are to me, you are so faithful my son, to duty!' When the son returned from doing the chores, and addressed the poor old man in the deep arm chair, there was no response; and, in a moment or tow, he discovered that, out of the weariness and pain, the tired old man had gone to that land where 'there shall be no more pain.' The sweetest memory that son cherishes of his father are these words: 'God bless you, my boy! You are such a comfort to me, because you are always so faithful to duty!' And this is the kind of spirit which is inculcated by the Gospel of Jesus Christ. -- E. J. Strobo.

'The Glory of His Robe' -- page 54

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Go to the Devil!

Many years ago a famous English preacher wrote a tract, which had a tremendous circulation, and some years afterward, he got into a controversy with a gentleman against whom he wrote another tract. He carried it to a friend to have him suggest a title for it. This is what he suggested: 'Go to the Devil,' by the Author of 'Come to Jesus.' Needless to say the manuscript was never published. There is no time, when a man needs more to pray for Divine grace than when he is righteously indignant clear to his toes; for it is possible to exhibit a devilish temper over a heavenly matter. -- E. J. Strobo.

'The Glory of His Robe' -- page 52

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Michaelangelo's Shadow

It is said that Michael Angelo when at work placed a lighted candle on his cap, that his shadow might not fall upon his work. How the shadows of self mar the pictures that we try to paint! How they obscure the angel which we try to chisel from the block of marble! How selfishness dwarfs the character! -- E. L. House.

'The Drama of the Face.' -- page 120

STORIES TWICE TOLD

What Comes Out at the Spout

One day a good many years ago, Mr. Thomas Bone, who for many years, was a missionary on the Welland Canal, approached a group of swearing men with that cheery smile which made him the friend of every 'sailor man.' 'Good morning, boys,' he said, 'can any of you tell me just what kind of stuff that mill is grinding with going to into the hopper?' Nobody could, and one man asked him, 'Mr. Bone, can you?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I'd watch what comes out at the spout.' There was a general laugh and then the wise old missionary remarked: 'Judging by what has been coming out of the spout, there must be some pretty bad stuff in the hopper.' The story is applicable to others than sailors; for by our words we are justified and by our words are we condemned. -- Edward John Stobo.

'The Glory of His Robe.' -- page 46

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Following the Hay Wagon

He was a poor skinny old horse, but he was so happy; he was drawing a heavy load, too, but even that was forgotten, for right in front of him, as he pulled his weary load along, there was a hay wagon. From this he was getting a bit of unexpected refreshment along the way. And I must confess to a great desire to be a human 'hay-wagon,' and, unknown to myself, feed those whose lives touch mine.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- N.Y. Observer, -- page 361

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Wounded Nasturtiums

Many years ago, dear old Bro. R. H. Hirsh, used to tell the story of a great big garden of beautiful nasturtiums -- the flowers whose leaves are like miniature umbrellas. It was, I believe, in the month of August that a very heavy hailstorm broke over this area in Philadelphia. It inflicted much damage upon the gardens; and particularly on this beautiful bed of nasturtiums. Relentlessly, for some time, did these hailstones cut those little flowers into shreds and ribbons, so that the garden was a very sorry sight to behold. However, after the storm, when peace and tranquility again prevailed, the air became so redolent with such a fragrance from these 'wounded' and 'bruised' flowers, as it had never been before!

Just so, ought it to be with us, the result of our trials and experiences -- though very severe these may be -
- should find us yet more kind and benevolent, blessing all that may be about us! Perfected thro' suffering!

*A Recollection -- A.C.F

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Reading His Obituary

There was an actor, Charles Brookfield by name, who was mistakenly reported to be dead and so had the unusual opportunity of reading his own obituary notices. One of them in particular he always remembered. It ran like this: 'Never a great actor, he was invaluable in small parts.' -- Gospel Herald.

'3000 Illustrations For Christian Service,' -- page 634

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Crying for the Wasp

Dr. A. C. Dixon told the story of a lady who was traveling with her maid and child. A wasp got into the carriage, and the child kept crying for it. At last the lady said to the servant, 'What is the child crying for? Let him have it.' A few minutes later the lady was startled by an awful scream from the child, and exclaimed in alarm. 'What is the matter?' 'He has got it!' was the servant's calm reply. So, sometimes, in His great Wisdom, God allows us to have what we want, what we cry for, that we may feel the sting and misery of it, and learn through pain and humiliation that God's will and way are best.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 321

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Don't Analyze the Diamond

John had a diamond of great price, and in order to learn how to appreciate what he had, he studied chemistry; and excited, breathless, he analyzed the diamond.

But oh, horrors! That perfect jewel, in appearance like some star's tear, he found with wrath and with profound rancour was nothing but a little piece of lamp-black.

If you wish to keep your happiness, as you say you do, don't analyze, my boy; don't analyze. -- Selected.

'A Treasury of Golden Thoughts' -- Graceland Memorial Park.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

When the Last Leaves Fall

I have seen in the autumn, when the trees had shed their leaves, that two or three leaves have stuck fast on the branches, and have clung to them all the winter through. Storms have beaten them, frosts have bitten them, snow and rain have blackened them, yet they have held fast to the tree. But when the Spring has come, and the sap has begun to ascend and push its way through every branch and every twig, the leaves have disappeared -- pushed off by the rising tide of new life, for death can never stand before life. So it is with us. Those old inveterate habits that belong to our fallen nature are very hard to get rid of. We battle with them, and try to beat them off, but again and again are defeated....But when the Spirit of the Lord fills and possesses us, then these habits disappear almost unconsciously, because death cannot stand before life. -- A.J. Gordon.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 366

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Instrument Belongs to the Master

The story is told of a wealthy Englishman who had added to his valuable collection a rare violin which was coveted by Fritz Kreisler, the celebrated virtuoso. When the owner persisted in refusing to part with the instrument, Kreisler begged permission to play it just once. The opportunity was granted....and he played as only a genius can play. He forgot himself. He poured his soul into his music.

The Englishman stood as one enchanted until the playing had ceased. He did not speak until Kreisler had tenderly returned the instrument to the antique box, with the gentleness of a mother putting her baby to bed.

'Take the violin,' the Englishman burst out; 'it is yours. I have no right to keep it. It ought to belong to the man who can play it as you did.'

That was odd reasoning, to be sure; and yet it has something compelling about it. In a sense, ought not an instrument to belong to the master who can draw the finest music from it? And ought not your life and mine to belong to the Master who can draw the noblest harmonies from them? -- A. B. Rhinow, in the Watchman-Examiner.

'3000 Illustrations For Christian Service,' -- page 174

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Blooms for the Neighbor

A story is told of a young woman who was a great lover of flowers. She set out a rare vine at the base of a stone wall. It grew vigorously but did not blossom. Day after day she cultivated and watered it and tried in every way to coax it to bloom. One morning as, disappointed, she stood before the plant, her invalid neighbor, whose lot adjoined her own, called to her and said; 'You cannot imagine how I have been enjoying the blooms on that vine you planted.'

The owner looked on the other side of the wall and there was a mass of bloom. The vine had crept through the crevices and bloomed on the other side. Poor girl! She thought that her plant was a failure when all the time it was proving a blessing to one who sorely needed it. The invalid was enriched and blessed in every way because of the faithful efforts of that girl in cultivating a single vine, even though she could not see results.

How important it is, then, that we seek to create the right kind of influence. The way we live, worship, act and play, may count for more than we think. -- The Pentecostal Testimony.

'3000 Illustrations For Christian Service,' -- page 375

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Jesus Speaks Swedish

A good old Swedish woman took her pastor severely to task one morning because he had declared in his sermon that Jesus was a Jew and spoke Aramaic. She said he was wrong, that Jesus was a Swede and spoke Swedish! The pastor condescendingly said, 'My dear sister, you may have some difficulty proving that.' 'None at all! I have the proof right here,' said the woman as she produced her Swedish Bible and showed him that the words of Jesus were all in Swedish! -- Wm. Ward Ayer -- In Moody Monthly.

Isn't it nice to feel, yes, to know, that Jesus speaks 'Our language?' -- A.C.F.

'3000 Illustrations For Christian Service,' -- page 379

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Waterloo Becomes a Victory

A Frenchman, who for many years had done business in London, decided to become a British subject. His friends laughed at him, but he held to his decision. Finally, after many months of preparation on his part, the day came when he officially became a citizen of the British Empire. The next day one of these friends met him and said, 'Well, you were a Frenchman yesterday, and today you are a British subject. What difference does it make? There really is no difference, is there?'

'Oh yes, there is a great difference.'

'Well, what is it?'

'Yesterday,' he said, 'Waterloo was a defeat; today, it is a victory.' -- H.M.S. Richards.

'Thirty Sermons'

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Greatest Fragrance is at Night

Most of us have noticed how fragrant the air is at night. Passing through a garden or a field of clover the very atmosphere seems to be laden with delightful perfumes. Scientists now tell us that certain varieties of roses are from thirty to forty per cent more fragrant at night than in the day, and that other varieties of flowers show an almost equally large percentage.

But it is not the flowers alone that give out their heaviest fragrances in the darkness. It is true of human lives also. It takes the night of sorrow to call forth their sweetest fragrance. Patience, sympathy, love, forgiveness -- these and other rare perfumes are exhaled most freely when the sick chamber to impart a word of encouragement or hope has testified that he has brought away infinitely more than he has given. -
- Selected.

'3000 Illustrations For Christian Service,' -- page 635

STORIES TWICE TOLD

All Sheep Are Not Alike

'...The shepherd goes before, not merely to point out the way but to see that it is practicable and safe. He is armed in order to defend his charge, and in this he is very courageous. Many adventures with wild beasts occur not unlike that recounted by David (1 Sam. 17:34-36), in these very mountains; for, though there are now no lions here, there are wolves in abundance, and leopards and panthers, exceeding fierce, prowl about these wild wadies. They not infrequently attack the flock in the very presence of the shepherd, and he must be ready to do battle in a moment's warning. I have listened with intense interest to their graphic descriptions of downright and desperate fights with these savage beasts. And when the thief and the robber come (and come they do), the faithful shepherd has often to put his life in his hand to defend his flock. I have known more than one case in which he had literally to lay it down in the contest. A poor faithful fellow once, between Tiberias and Tabor, instead of fleeing, actually fought three Bedawin robbers until he was hacked to pieces with their khanjars, and died among the sheep he was defending.

Some sheep always keep near the shepherd, and are his special favorites. Each of them has a name, to which it answers joyfully; and the kind shepherd is ever distributing to such choice portions which he gathers for that purpose. These are the contented and happy ones. They are in no danger of getting lost or into mischief, nor do wild beasts or thieves come near them. The great body, however, are mere worldlings, intent upon their own pleasures or selfish interest. They run from bush to bush searching for variety or delicacies, and only now and then lift their heads to see where the shepherd is, or rather where the general flock is, lest they get so far away as to occasion remark in their little community or rebuke from their keeper. Others, again, are restless and discontented, jumping into everybody's field, climbing into bushes, and even into leaning trees, whence they often fall and break their limbs. These cost the good shepherd incessant trouble. Then there are others incurably reckless, who stray far away and are often utterly lost. I have repeatedly seen a silly goat or sheep running hither and thither and bleating piteously after the lost flock, only to call forth from their dens the beasts of prey, or to bring up the lurking thief, who quickly quiets its cries in death.' -- W.M. Thomson.

'The Land and The Book' -- page 179-180

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Larger Fee

Rev. Louis H. Evans, in the Presbyterian Survey, describes a few hours spent in the operating room of a medical missionary:

When he had finished, I stepped to his side. Gazing at his face, which was streaming wet from his exertions, and pale with the pallor that comes from keen anxiety and intense strain, I asked him: 'Doctor, how can you stand it? Surely, every day is not like this?'

He merely smiled.

'How much money would you have received in the States for an operation like this?'

'Oh, about six hundred dollars.'

'How much will you receive for this one?'

A strange light blazed into his tired eyes. I shall never forget his reply of that moment. 'My fee,' replied the missionary physician, 'my fee will be this man's gratitude -- and there can be no richer reward than that.'

Some men's souls are too big to be contained within their breasts; they overflow in deeds of sympathy and toil and love. -- Earnest Worker.

'3000 Illustrations For Christian Service,' -- page 428

STORIES TWICE TOLD

'A Good Run'

Bennie Locke, an engine driver who has done fifty-seven years of service of the Lackawanna Railroad, and has never received a demerit mark from his superior officers, had the habit, during the greater part of his service, of removing his cap on entering his engine and uttering a prayer for God's protection on each day's run. One experience he thus describes: 'Number Six was twenty-five minutes late out of Scranton one day, and I had my little prayer as usual when I stepped into the cab. After I had asked for the safety of our train, I said, 'Lord, help me bring her in on time.' It was a stiff climb up the Pocono Mountains for the first part of the trip, and it never seems so steep as when you are late. I couldn't gain a second on the way up but after we dipped over the summit, things began to break just right for me. It was a beautiful day, with air perfectly clear, and we almost flew down the mountain. I just held her steady and let her go. At last the old train shed at Hoboken loomed ahead, and, as we pulled into the station I looked at my watch and we were just on the dot. As I stood wiping the sweat from my face -- there was a tap of a cane on the outside of my cab and on looking out I saw the president of the road, all smiles, and he said to me, 'A good run, sir! A very good run!' That meant more to me than anything that could have happened in this world. And, brother, when I make my last run, and pull into the Great Terminal, if I can just hear Him say, 'A good run, sir! A very good run!; the toil and the struggle down here won't matter.' -- Sunday School Times.

'3000 Illustrations For Christian Service,' -- page 568

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Small Results

There is a very human story told of a commercial traveler who presented himself before his chief after finishing his round. Taking the small batch of orders in his hand, the manager looked at the man and said, 'And is this all you've done?' In reply the man looked steadily at his employer and said, 'No, sir, it isn't all I've done, but I'm afraid it is all I can show.' In our work for God it is often when we toil hardest that we can show the least tangible result. But if there has been the earnest endeavor to serve Christ, we may be sure that He knows all about it, and will reward us accordingly. -- United Methodist.

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STORIES TWICE TOLD

Flying Blind

I watched an airliner take off under cloudy skies, climb rapidly into gray mists, and disappear. It was flying 'on the beam.' For all of us at times life is a flight into mists of uncertainty and fogs of confusion. We can no more stop living at such times than an airplane can stop flying. We must go on, even if it means 'flying blind.'

We need not be helpless at such times. God forever 'sends out His light and truth' like a radio beam to 'bring us to His holy hill, and to His dwelling place.' 'Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it; when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left.' -- Cecil F. Histow.

'The Spiritual Diary' -- page (10/9)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Best Translation

A young man was asked by a friend, 'What have you got to do with the British and Foreign Bible Society?' 'Oh,' said George, 'I am a translator.' 'What! You a translator?' 'Yes,' said George, 'I'm busy translating the New Testament into my daily life.' -- The Bible in the World.

'3000 Illustrations For Christian Service,' -- page 123

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Catalysts

According to the dictionary, a catalyst is ‘a substance that initiates or accelerates chemical action between two or more substances without itself combining with either of them or undergoing any permanent change.’ (Winston)

Some of God’s dear people are catalysts,’ for, by their mere presence, they bring out the best in others; and without being affected by the matter, which has caused the difference between people, often are able to bring about the peaceable reconciliation. Truly, God has ordained that physical phenomena should reflect spiritual law!

A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Dwelling with the Rose

A Persian fable says: One day
A wanderer found a lump of clay,
So redolent of sweet perfume
Its odors scented all the room.
'What art thou?' was his quick demand,
'Art thou some gem of Samarkand,
Or Spikenard in this rude disguise,
Or other costly merchandise?'
'Nay; I am but a lump of clay.'

'Then whence this wondrous perfume, say?'
'Friend, if the secret I disclose,
I have been dwelling with the rose.'
Sweet Parable! and will not those
Who love to dwell with Sharon's rose,
Distil sweet odors all around,
Though low and mean themselves are found?
Dear Lord, may we to Thee retreat,
Then shed abroad Thy Fragrance sweet!

- Gospel Herald.

'3000 Illustrations For Christian Service' -- page 279

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Summer Trees

Summer trees with all their foliage and fruit teach us valuable lessons. They are so impartial and unselfish. They never ask one who seeks shade or refreshment whether he is rich or poor, learned or ignorant, good or bad. As God gives the sunshine and the rain to all, so the tree without partiality blesses all who approach it....

The Psalmist does well when he likens the righteous unto trees. Happy indeed are those who know trees intimately as their friends. One learning the language of trees may hold sweet and very profitable conversations with them. -- James Thomas

'The Spiritual Diary' -- page (3/29)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Jam is Loving-Kindness

Mother asked her six-year-old what loving-kindness meant. 'Well,' he said, 'when I ask you for a piece of bread and butter and you give it to me, that's kindness, but when you put jam on it, that's loving-kindness.'
-- Chicago Tribune.

'3000 Illustrations For Christian Service' -- page 397

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Reaching the Heart

Some years ago at a drawing-room function, one of England's leading actors was asked to recite for the pleasure of his fellow guests. He consented and asked if there was anything special that his audience would like to hear.

After a moment's pause an old clergyman present said 'Could you sir, recite to us the Twenty-third Psalm?'

A strange look passed over the actor's face; he paused for a moment, and then said, 'I can, and I will, upon one condition; and that is that after I have recited it, you, my friend, will do the same.'

'I?' said the clergyman, in surprise. 'But I am not an elocutionist. However, if you wish it, I will do so.'

Impressively, the great actor began the Psalm. His voice and his intonation were perfect. He held his audience spellbound; and as he finished, a great burst of applause broke from the guests.

Then, as it died away, the old clergyman arose and began the psalm. His voice was not remarkable; his intonation was not faultless. When he had finished, no sound of applause broke the silence, but there was not a dry eye in the room, and many heads were bowed.

Then the actor rose to his feet again. His voice shook as he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the old clergyman and said: 'I reached your eyes and ears, my friends; he reached your hearts. The difference is just this -- I know the Twenty-third Psalm, but he knows the shepherd.' -- The War Cry.

'3000 Illustrations For Christian Service' -- page 18

STORIES TWICE TOLD

'Who Stole My Bike?'

A Communist agitator rode into Hyde Park and after leaning his bicycle against the railing, mounted a soap box and proceeded to speak to the crowd. 'If your family is hungry,' he shouted, 'raid a shop and take food for them, and don't care what anyone says. If your wife hasn't got a coat, pick the best fur coat you can see, and ignore the consequences!' After several more minutes in this strain he dismounted from his soap box, and next words were, 'Who are scoundrels who pinched my bike?' -- The Toronto Globe.

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STORIES TWICE TOLD

Too Small to Turn the Door Knob

A Methodist minister tells a pretty story of his little girl, who, wishing to speak to him one day when he was in his study, came up the stairs, and, finding the door closed, put her small hand on the door knob. The child's hand was too tiny to grasp the handle firmly enough to turn it. To her delight, however, the handle turned, the door opened, and she ran into the study, exclaiming: 'Oh, Daddy, I have opened the door all by myself!' She was all unaware that her father, hearing her trying to open the door, had quietly gotten up from his chair and turned the handle from the inside. Thus God helps us when we do our best, and he makes the impossible possible. 'I can do all things through Christ which strengthens me.' -- Christian Herald.

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STORIES TWICE TOLD

Stained-Glass Saints

A child, on being asked: 'What is a saint?' could recall only the stained-glass windows of his parish church. His reply was: 'A saint is a person that the light shines through.' How true!

*A Recollection -- A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Eating the 'Bait'

A sad-eyed seminarian who is studying for the ministry, wrote the following after an experience with a certain church. 'Behold....the club clubbeth together and they eat. The busy men take counsel and they eat. The church hath a social and they eat. The young people elect officers and they eat, and even when the missionary society meeteth together they eat. But this latter is in good cause, because they 'eat in remembrance' of the poor heathen who hath not to eat. Behold! Hath man's brains gone to his stomach and doth he no longer regard intellectual dainties that thou cast no longer call an assembly or get together a 'baker's dozen' except thou hold up the baker's dainties as a bait? Be it true, that the day cometh that to get a crowd at prayer-meeting the preacher must hold up a biscuit? Yes, verily, thou hast heard of the child races of the world. But, behold, it is nigh thee, even at the door. For as one calleth unto the child and saith, 'Come hither, sweet one, I will give thee a stick of candy,' even so must thou say to his grown-up papa and mamma, 'Assemble ye together and we will serve refreshments'. And lo, they come, like sheep into a pen. Selah.' -- Moody Monthly.

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STORIES TWICE TOLD

Light the Lantern

One night a motorist was run down by a train at a grade crossing. The old signal man in charge of the crossing had to appear in court. After a severe cross-examination, he was still unshaken. He said he had waved his lantern frantically, but all to no avail. The following day the superintendent of the line called him into his office. 'You did wonderfully well yesterday, Tom,' he said. 'I was afraid at first that you might waver.' 'No, sir,' replied Tom, 'but I was afraid that old lawyer was going to ask me whether or not my lantern was lit!' -- Sunday School Times.

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STORIES TWICE TOLD

God Held the Reins

A wisp of memory from the long ago comes in. Myself a little lad driving in darkening dusk a great team of farm horses hitched to an empty hayrack. Suddenly, from unaccustomed noises, perhaps from knowledge of too weak a hand upon the reins, they started on a wild gallop down the sloping road, across a ravine. Everything I had, tensed arms, pounding heart, appealing voice, was in the attempt to restrain, to control, to guide them, across the narrow wooden bridge.

Does the reader chide me for remembering, and in print, so trivial a thing? But how can I forget, especially how a strong pair of hands reached up beyond my own (I was not alone on that lonely road, you see), grasping the reins, and a voice far more authoritative than my own commanded the galloping horses, and they obeyed. It was good to have Father drive when the horses broke away.

When, in that life which we now live in this body and in such a world, the wild horses begin to rear and plunge, it is good that we are not alone, that we can whisper, 'Father, you drive.' -- T. F. Gullixson.

'Christus Emptor' -- page 66

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Kneel to See

In an old Spanish church there is a statue of Christ which stands alone in its uniqueness and beauty....Should you travel from afar to see this statue, your disappointment as you first look at it would be great. It is quite ordinary. Then out of the shadows would come the verger to tell you that the artist so made it that only those who kneel before it could see the beauty of the face. You would kneel, and you would see.

'Wings of Healing' -- page 22.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

'If It Doesn't Rain'

A young man spent an entire evening telling a girl how much he loved her. He said that he couldn't live without her; that he'd go to the ends of the earth for her; yes, go through fire for her, or die for her. But when leaving he said, 'I'll see you tomorrow night -- if it doesn't rain.' How often we say we love God, yet deny it by our actions. John said, 'Let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.' - R. B. Oldfield, in *The Secret Place*.

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STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Atmosphere of Faith

Despite the presence of many suns in the universe, and the continual radiation from them of electromagnetic energy, outer space is dark and cold. It is our atmosphere that has much, if not everything to do with the converting of the sun's electromagnetic rays into light and heat, making life possible on this planet.

Some years ago, two Russian cosmonauts, having ascended into outer space, on their return to the earth declared that they could find no evidences of God up there. On the other hand, the American astronauts, having ascended into the same outer space, on their return to the earth said that they had seen evidences of God in all about them while up there! The difference -- the Russians lacked the atmosphere of faith, which the Americans had, and were, therefore, unable to recognize God anywhere. The Apostle Paul spoke truly when he declared '...he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.' (Heb. 11:6)

A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Child and the Gun

Early in my Christian ministry I was called to apprehend a man who had gone insane. After we had captured him in a field, we found that he carried a loaded revolver. I returned it to his wife, but she said, 'I don't want that gun, you'd better keep it Doctor, I don't want to see it any more.' So I took the gun, together with some of the bullets, and brought it to my home and placed it in one of the drawers of my desk and promptly forgot about it. My son, Richard, a lad of about five, was rummaging through my study one day and came upon this revolver and the bullets lying near it. 'Daddy, look what I found! May I have this? May I have this?' Now, of course, you who are parents know what I did. He begged me to give him the gun, but quickly I took it away from him, after looking to see whether any bullets had been placed in the magazine. 'No, no, Richard,' I said, 'you cannot have that gun. It's too dangerous for you.'

Did my son understand? He did not!

Christian friend, are we not like that? We are only children of faith. We plead and pray and petition for something we think we cannot do without, something we cannot live without, something which seems to be the most precious thing in all our lives. Yet, our Heavenly Father say firmly and tenderly, 'No, My child, I must refuse this petition. I cannot let you have this thing that you feel you need more than everything else in your life.' Although we cannot understand now, I assure you that when, by and by, we meet him face to face and reach the maturity of the children of God, we shall understand. -- M. R. DeHann.

'Climbing the Heights' -- age 295

Animals Attack from the Rear

Animal-trainers say that the secret of handling safely all beasts of the cat species, such a lions, tigers, and leopards, is to keep them constantly afraid of you. The instant they get over their fear, they will attack any one who crosses their path. They are all treacherous, too, and often gather courage for an attack when the master's eyes are turned away from them. One never knows when they will get over their fear and spring at the keeper if they have a chance to do it from behind. Our fight with the devil is like that. He is always seeking to attack us from the rear or in ambush. The devil goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, but he is a great coward when faced with courage. 'Resist the devil and he will flee from you' is as true in our time as it was when the Apostle James first made the declaration.

'Anecdotes and Morals' -- page 337

STORIES TWICE TOLD

'Captain Not Drunk Tonight'

A sea captain, long noted for his rigid discipline, once came upon his first mate lying drunk. To settle an old score, the captain wrote in the logbook: 'Last night First Mate Johnson intoxicated.'

The entry rankled, and Johnson waited for revenge. Finally the chance came when he was assigned to write several entries in the log. Then, with a bold hand, he wrote: 'Captain Smith not drunk tonight.'

Some of us might have a literal point of view about the truth, and say that, after all, the mate had only written what was true about the captain. But the fact is he told the truth with every intention of deceiving. It takes quite a stretch of imagination, therefore, to believe we can do right when our intention is to do wrong. -- James Keller.

'Three Minutes A Day.' -- page 58

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Spring – Life Anew

How refreshing is the Spring with its resurgence of life, after the cold and barren Winter! Roots, that have been lying dormant (asleep) in the ground are awakened -- called forth, -- by their returning Lord -- the sun. The grasses, flowers and trees, all begin to evidence the resurrection....Methinks, that Jehovah God, so ordained it for us, that the Passover should be in the Spring of the year; for, at this season it was that Jesus was resurrected from the dead. Therefore, every little blade of grass that pushes its way out of its prison-house of death, every blossom that wafts its fragrance on the Spring breezes, and every tree as it puts forth its new foliage, is but a mute memorial of that Resurrection! and the assurance, if you will, of the general resurrection of all the countless dead, when, as Jesus declared 'all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth....' (John 5:28-29)

A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Feeling the Tug

Doctor Bosworth of Oberlin was in the habit of taking a walk late every afternoon. One day while so engaged he came across a lad flying a kite. The afternoon was a stormy one, the clouds were hanging low. The boy had paid out an enormous length of twine and the kite had lost itself in the clouds. The professor asked the boy what he was doing, and when the lad replied that he was flying a kite, Dr. Bosworth continued: 'But how do you know you have a kite on the end of that string? You can't see it.' The boy, not deigning to look at the noted educator, replied: 'Because I can feel the tug of it.' -- D.H.Toppett.

'Spiritual Diary' -- page (6/16)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Metamorphosis

In the science of biology, there is a life-process known as metamorphosis, by way of which an insect passes into three different stages of development. From the egg it passes first into the larval stage of the worm or caterpillar; from this it enters the pupal stage of the cocoon or chrysalis; and from this into the final, the adult or imago state of the moth or butterfly.

A caterpillar is an 'earth-ridden' creature, i.e., it is confined to the solid earth beneath it, for it has no wings! But God has decreed that this caterpillar need not always be such: it may have a higher, a nobler existence, if it will. To attain this, it must be willing to renounce, as it were, its caterpillar existence, and climbing high, take such steps, as by way of which, it will cut itself off from the world, and the world unto itself. This it does by building its cocoon or chrysalis. Eventually it will emerge from the latter, an 'air-borne' creature having wings -- a beautiful moth or butterfly! It should be noted that the caterpillar has 'teeth' -- mandibles by which it tears, bites, eats its food -- the green leaves; but that a butterfly has no mandibles, but a tube that it used to extract from flowers the sweet nectar.

This is an analogy. The justified creature may aspire in response to the 'call' to the higher life; and by way of a consecration unto death, cut himself off from the world, and the world from himself. Here, then, it is that the change takes place through, and by way of, the spirit of a begetting. If faithful in this 'development' he continues unto the full and complete death of the old creature, he finally 'emerges,' no longer a human being, but a spirit-being on the divine plane of existence. No longer will he feed upon the food natural to mortal humans, but upon the 'ambrosia' -- the 'nectar of the gods' -- his will be immortality.

A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

When the Hands of the Watch Go Backward

I have a watch here -- when wound up it runs straight forward until it needs winding. By a fixed law, in conformity with the very structure of the time piece, its hands move only in one direction, while they more at all. Yet, when I find that it is too fast I move the hands backward; I interrupt the usual movement, but I violate no law. The watch could not have turned back its own hands and corrected itself, but a superior intelligence interferes for a proper end. Have I suspended or violated any law? or have I simply brought a new law to bear which, though not in ordinary operation, is entirely consistent with the laws which govern the movements of the watch? As I examine more minutely into the structure of this delicate piece of mechanism, I observe a remarkable fact; the maker of this watch has made provision for just such a reversal of that law, by which both minute and hour hands move only forward. He has provided for a backward movement, when the intelligent owner chooses, without any interference with this exquisite arrangement; while I turn back the hands I disturb no wheel, and there is not even one tick the less; and yet, left to itself, the hands of that watch never could change their direction of movement. Who is competent to say that, when God reverse the hands on the great dial of nature, He has made no provision for such reversal? -- A.T.Pierson.

'Many Infallible Proofs' -- page 87

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Worry Is Interest Paid

'Worry is the interest we pay on borrowed troubles.' -- A.S.Trulock.

'Spiritual Diary' -- page (7/17)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Borrowed Marble

Bobbie knew how to play marbles and that quite well; but, having no marbles, he could not win any. But, Bobbie had a very good friend in Jimmie, who very graciously, loaned him one of his own, asking merely that it be returned after he had by use of it acquired some for himself. Bobbie accepted Jimmie's offer, and ere long had won a goodly number of marbles for himself, which he never could have done without Bobbie's one marble!

This is, of course, an allegory. We, each of us, may have the ability by way of our own righteousness to acquire some merit. Yet, this righteousness of ours, in God's sight being but as 'filthy rags' (Isa. 64:6), could not make the merit acquired thereby acceptable to Him. However, with the righteousness of Jesus, 'loaned' or imputed to us, our own personal merit will begin to count and become acceptable in His sight; something which could not be brought about in any other way!

A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Steady Old Clock

I have a little old farmhouse in the country -- a place over one hundred and fifty years old. We have some old things around that house, including clocks. There's something fascinating about the ticking of a clock, especially in the quiet of the night. One of those old clocks is in the dining room. One day we had a violent hurricane. The great maples seemed almost to bend double under the driving winds. The rain beat upon the window-panes. The very beams of the house seemed to creak.

But the old clock acted as if there were no storm at all. 'Tick, tock, tick, tock,' it said calmly. If the clock had been a modern human being, it would have speeded up its tempo as if to cry excitedly, 'Isn't it a terrible storm? What shall we do?' But the clock was measuring time which is rooted in the center of the stars. It was measuring decades, generations, eons, not merely excitable little minutes.

A man who has cultivated 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding,' does not get agitated by the little storms of life. His life is rooted in something eternal so he goes on 'at (his) own private pace like the ticking of a clock during a thunderstorm.' -- N.V.Peale.

'A Guide to Confident Living' -- page 178

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Christian's 'Wavemaster'

Among the gadgets used by 'ham' (amateur radio) operators is one called the wavemeter or absorption meter. It is used to determine the frequency or wavelength of a transmitter. It consists, generally, of a fixed inductance, a variable capacitance, and a pilot light, mounted in a metal can, and having a graduated dial to vary the frequency to which it will respond. Let it be noted, it contains no batteries nor other form of energy with which to activate the pilot light! When this contraption is placed into close proximity to an activated transmitter, by merely turning the dial until the glow lamp lights, one, by reading the dial can know the transmitter's frequency or wavelength.

The light which appears at the glow lamp, as already set forth, is not from energy originating in the wavemeter; but from energy absorbed from the field of the transmitter, which energy is then converted into light. However, the lamp lights only when the wavemeter and the transmitter are in exact resonance with each other. Turning the dial to either side of this point of resonance, extinguishes the light at the glow lamp completely.

While God, in His power, is everywhere present, comparatively few are able to discern His presence! The reason is that they are not in tune with the Infinite God. We are like the little wavemeter, for, on coming in tune with God by way of consecration, we receive of His Spirit, which in turn is transformed into the light, joy, peace, goodwill and happiness of our lives. By turning to the right or the left, his Spirit is lost to us, and all becomes darkness.

A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Trees' Garments of 'Glory and Beauty'

Israel's ancient High Priest, Aaron, during the early part of the great Day of Atonement, wore his white garments -- the linen garments of sacrifice, -- as he 'offered himself' in the various animals that were slain, 'for the people.' However, at the close of this day, after having faithfully thus served his God and the people, he changed to other garments, those of scarlet, blue, purple and gold -- the 'garments of glory and beauty.' In these garments he then came forth and with uplifted hands pronounced the benediction upon the people.

Like Aaron, are many of our trees in their ministry! During the Spring and Summer they serve their God and the people in their garments of service -- the green leaves. Their service is in the nature of the beauty with which they delight our eyes as they bedeck the hillsides; by way of the shade which they afford from the heat of the sun; by the fragrance of their blossoms and their fruitage in due time; by holding a certain amount of moisture suspended in the atmosphere about them, and last, yet perhaps not least, the purified oxygen which they exhale for us. Then comes the Autumn, when; having completed this service on our behalf, they change to their other garments -- the 'scarlet, blue, purple, and golden hued leaves -- their 'garments of glory and beauty' and with uplifted hands, they stand there, as it were, pronouncing the benediction of God upon all people.

A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Ministry of Pain

Father Damien, (had for) thirteen years (been) a missionary to the lepers on Molokai. Finally the dread disease laid hold on him.

One morning he spilled some boiling water on his foot. But there was not the slightest pain. Then he knew he was doomed. He knew that death had come to his body and little by little would take possession. A hundred times better for him if that boiling water had brought pain.

So with conscience. You have committed a certain wrong. Does it hurt? Then be glad. You become hopeless only when your soul becomes past feeling. -- Chas. L. Allen.

'God's Psychiatry' 1/page 133

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Apples or Chips

A father saw his son reading a novel. He knew that his son was in the habit of reading along this line. Calling the boy, he said, 'John, I wish you to empty the apples out of that basket, and then take the basket to the woodshed and fill it with chips.' The son did as he was directed. When he returned the father said, 'Now put in the apples.' The son replied that he could not do this, because there was not room enough in the basket for both chips and apples. Then the father said, 'That is just what you are about to do with your mind. You have been filling your mind with chips; and when you try to put in apples, there will be no room.' Thus it is with all of us. If we fill our minds with jokes, foolish sayings, etc., we will not be able to fill them with things of the holy Spirit. -- Eph. 5:1-7

'Zion's Watch Tower, page 5518, col. 2, last para.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Liana Vines of Sin

In the tropical forests of South America, where everything climbs, and everything seeks to overcome everything else, there is a curious class of plants to which the natives give the name of lianas or bushropes. They are creeping plants, and twine around large trees in order to be lifted up above the dense mass of vegetation into the pure air and bright sunshine overhead. It is a curious thing that they will not cling to every kind of tree. They seem to have a dislike, as it were, to certain trees with smooth stems and umbrella-shaped crowns of foliage, and refuse to climb around them, although they are close beside them. The kind of tree they prefer to twine around is the one that is very tall with a rough bark, and that has a slender crown of leaves at the top; and you can see that there is a wonderful wisdom in such a choice, for this kind of tree is best suited for their purposes.

The lianas do not all belong to the same family of plants; often there are great differences between their leaves and flowers; but they have this peculiarity in common, that they all climb round certain trees to reach the full unbroken sunshine above the billowy top of the forest. When the seed of one of them, say the one known to the natives as the Sipo Matador, or Murdere liana, is dropped by the wind or by a bird at the foot of the tree that is suitable, it begins to grow at once. At first it sends forth a slender thread-like stem that leans upon the tree for support. At this stage it is soft and brittle, and looks like a vein of sap flowing and hardening as it flows, and a child's finger could snap it across with ease. But as it grows and lengthens it becomes thicker and tougher, and twines itself around the tree like a strongly twisted cable, composed of several strands. Its grasp of the tree becomes tighter the older it grows; and by and by the tree becomes strangled by its thick bands, which it would require an ax to cut. The leaves of the poor victim wither and fall off, the veins cannot circulate the sap through the branches, and this it slowly dies and becomes a mere mass of dry, rotten wood, still clasped by its cruel enemy, which flourishes, green and vigorous, upon its decay.

Now, my dear young friends....You are at the stage when the seeds of evil habits are laid, as it were, beside your life, and if encouraged will grow quickly and twine around you, at last becoming strong bands which you cannot break, and which will strangle all your higher powers and destroy you....Sin is a band;....it becomes larger and stronger. -- Hugh MacMillan.

'Daisies of Nazareth' -- page 210-213

Let us carefully watch for sin's small beginnings, and root them out immediately!

- A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

In the Well with God

A young boy, walking through the field one day, being preoccupied in thought, fell into a well. He was not hurt; however, his mother on finding him, but unable to extricate him from the well at the moment, stood at the mouth of the well speaking comforting words to him. Sensing his mother's anxiety, he said to her, 'Mother, do not worry, I was talking to God, when He and I fell into this well together.'

How comforting, when in the furnace of affliction, to know that He is there with us too!

*A Recollection -- A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Plant Geraniums Outside

Two geranium plants were purchased at one and the same time. One was planted out in the garden; the other was placed in the cellar, beneath the house. Both plants were very closely observed to see the effects which different environments might have upon them.

At the end of a few weeks, it was noted that the one which had been safely sheltered from the elements - - the hot sun, the cold winds and the driving rains, -- had in the cellar grown; yet not too well: it was frail and scrawny, and its leaves, its buds and flowers only partially developed.

On the other hand, the one planted in the out-of-doors, despite the many inclemencies of the weather, was robust; its leaves, its buds and flowers were both beautiful and hardy.

God, in his dealings with us, could so ordain our providences, that we would be protected from all the adversities to which human kind are heir...But, with nothing to overcome, how could we develop strength of character! Far better, methinks, not to importune our God for the 'charmed' life; but rather to let go, and let the Lord do with us, as seemeth to him, good!

A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Taking Care of the Lambs

A gentleman, walking over his farm with a friend, was exhibiting his crops, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep. With all of these his friend was highly pleased; but with nothing so much as his splendid sheep. He had seen the same breed frequently before, but never had seen such noble specimens. With great earnestness he asked how he had succeeded in rearing such flocks. His simple answer was: 'I take care of the lambs, sir.'

Choice Gleanings Meditation Calendar.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Growth of the Smut Disease

In a heap of corn that has been threshed and winnowed and gathered into the barn, it not infrequently happens that some of the grains have attached to them the germs of the smut disease which infected some of the stalks when growing in the field. You can only detect the presence of these germs by examining the grain on which they fasten, under the microscope. Well, this grain of corn is sown next spring as seed in the soil; it grows up and produces stem and blade. But all through its stages of growth the germ of the smut disease has been growing with it unseen and unknown, circulating through its system without giving any taken of itself -- the plant continuing as green and healthy as any of its neighbors; but at last, when the ear of corn appears, it breaks out in its true character, and fills the green ear with a nauseous mass of soot-like powder, changing its nutritious substance into vile dust and ashes. And so sin works unseen and unknown, producing all the time its own proper results -- yet unheeded because unfelt -- but at last there come a day when it brings forth, in such a way that it cannot be mistaken or disregarded, its awful, unprofitable, distressing fruit of darkness, and the sinner's sin has found him out, and he fears that he has sold himself for naught and in vain. -- Hugh MacMillan.

'The Corn of Heaven' -- page 79-80

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Uncoupled Cars Go Nowhere

Two men entered a car while a train was being made took comfortable seats. They were asked by a grimy-faced trainman to go forward. 'What's the matter with this car?' they inquired. 'Nothin', he grinned, 'only t'aint coupled to anything that'll take you anywhere.' That is the trouble with....(the) creeds, for the soul that would journey heavenward must make sure of the coupling. We must be attached by faith to the atoning Savior -- the Savior who was lifted up for our sins....

'3000 Best Modern Illustration' -- page 330 (2160)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Clear Water Reflects Best

As at many times before, once again I was trying to decide for myself whether the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount were practical. And as one's thoughts often do, mine went back to childhood days when such problems do not exist.

It was a mid-Autumn evening. My mother and sister and I sat in the courtyard in front of our house. We awaited the rise of the autumn moon which Mother had said would be very beautiful. Soon above the horizon in the east the tranquil full moon gradually rose up, pouring out silver light over the earth. But, as it rose higher and higher, we gazed, our heads bent backward, until as it reached its zenith, we were very uncomfortable. Mother, seeing this, went into the house and returned with an enameled basin which she filled with water. Naturally we saw the full moon reflected in the water. It was pure, clear water that made the perfect reflection possible.

The memory of that scene, now far away, seems to make clear to me why so often we cannot feel the presence of God among us. Our minds are so full of worldly desires that it makes reflection of God's light impossible. Only a pure heart could preach the Sermon of the Mount. Only a pure heart can truly live it. -- T.Y.Fong.

'450 Stories From Life.' -- page 310

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Sand in the Shoes

Not long ago I read about a man who had walked all the way from San Francisco to New York. In recounting his experiences, he said that the hardest part of the journey was not in climbing the Rockies, high and hard though they were. It was not the long, hot trudge over the desert, nor the crossing of swollen streams and rivers. The thing that almost defeated him was the sand in his shoes.

The enemies that almost overcome us, almost defeat us, are not the external hardships through which we have to fight our way, but little things, like grains of sand, that irritate and distress us. Our success or our failure is hardly ever determined by the circumstances of life, but by the spirit in which we face conditions. All of us will face rough places in our journey. There are hills of difficulty to be climbed; hot deserts of disappointment to be crossed; rivers of opposition to overcome. We shall make the journey successfully, if we have the right attitude, and the right spirit. After all, it is not the things I face, but the way I face them that really counts. If I can keep the sand out of my shoes, I shall walk triumphantly. -- Harold N. Geistweit.

'450 Stories from Life.' -- page 280

STORIES TWICE TOLD

She Must be Jesus' Mother

On a recent Sunday, Henry Burnett, of Macon, Georgia, was a guest in the home of a friend whose little girl had just come in from her first Sunday School lesson. On seeing the enthusiasm of the child for the Sunday School, Mr. Burnett asked, 'What did you do at Sunday School this morning?' 'We sang a song,' she said, 'in a big room where a lady talked.' 'Who was she?' asked Mr. Burnett. 'I don't know her name,' she said, 'but she must be the mother of Jesus, for she talked about Him all the time.' A little child leads us here. The teacher's name meant little or nothing to the little girl, but what she said about Jesus so impressed her that she saw a close kinship between the teach and Jesus. -- Christian Index.

'3000 Illustrations for Christian Service' -- page 375

STORIES TWICE TOLD

A Cucumber in a Bottle

'When I was a little boy,' remarked an old man, 'somebody gave me a cucumber in a bottle. The neck of the bottle was small, and the cucumber so large it wasn't possible for it to pass through, and I wondered how it got there. But out in the garden one day I came upon a bottle slipped over a little green fellow, and then I understood. The cucumber had grown in the bottle. And now I often see men with habits that I wonder any strong, sensible man could form, and then I think that likely they grew into them when they were young, and cannot slip out of them now. They are like the cucumber.' -- Wilber F. Craftes, D.D. in The Christian Herald.

'Cyclopedia of Religious Anecdotes' -- page 157

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Voice of his Father

I once heard the famous Scottish preacher, John McNeil, relate this personal incident. During his boyhood in Scotland, he worked a long distance from home. The walk home took him through a dense forest and across a wide ravine. The ravine was known to house such nefarious tenants as wild animals and robber gangs. Darkness would often gather before he got to the woods, and he said, 'How I dreaded to make the last part of the trip! I never went through those woods without trembling with fear.'

'One night it was especially dark, but I was aware that something or someone was moving stealthily toward me. I was sure it was a robber. A voice called out, and its eerie tone struck my heart cold with fear. I thought I was finished. Then came a second call, and this time I could hear the voice saying, 'John, is that you?' It was my father's voice. He had known my fear of the ravine and the darkness of the forest, and he had come out to meet me. My father took hold of my hand and put his arm around me; I never had a sweeter walk in my life. His coming changed the whole trip.'

That is God's relationship to you and me! He is your Father and my Father. Through the darkness and mists we hear His voice -- He has come to meet us. Just at the time we need Him, He will be there. Through the darkest moment of life our Heavenly Father says, 'Fear not! Here is my hand! I will walk the rest of the way with you.' -- Mrs. Chas. E. Cowman.

'Streams in the Desert,' Vol. 2, page for Oct. 16th.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Heavens Make Us Small

The naturalist, William Beebe tells of visits he made to Theodore Roosevelt, another naturalist. After an evening's talk in Roosevelt's home at Sagamore Hill, the two men would go out on the lawn and gaze up at the sky to see who first could detect the first spot of light-mist beyond the lower left-hand corner of the Great Square of Pegasus, and the, one or the other would recite:

That is the Spiral Galaxy of Andromeda;

It is as large as our Milky Way:

It is one of a hundred million galaxies;

It is 750,000 light-years away!

It consists of one hundred billion suns, each larger than our own sun.

After an interval, Beebe reports, Mr. Roosevelt would grin at him and say, 'Now I think we are small enough; let's go to bed!' -- H. Sloan Coffin.

'Treasure Chest' -- page 183

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Wise Old Owl

A wise old owl sat in an oak,
The more he heard, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard.
'Why can't we be like that old bird?'

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 703 (4832)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Fanny Crosby's Blindness

'I have heard that this physician (who unwittingly caused her blindness) never eased expressing his regret at the occurrence; and that it was one of the sorrows of his life. But if I could meet him now, I would say, 'Thank you, thank you, over and over again, for making me blind.'....Although it may have been a blunder on the physician's part, it was no mistake on God's. I verily believe it was His intention that I should live my days in physical darkness, so as to be better prepared to sing His praises and incite others so to do. -- Fanny Crosby's Life Story by Herself.

'3000 Illustrations for Christian Service' -- page 573

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Where Are the Dead?

'I spoke one night on 'Where are the dead?' My audience, I think, expected me to deal with the question of the future state. They were greatly surprised! Declaring that ninety per cent of the dead were in the churches, I gave them quite a few things to think over. There are big dead churches everywhere, and to them the Lord's injunction certainly applies, 'Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked, I counsel thee to buy of the gold tried in the fire.'" -- Edwin Orr.

'Knight's Master Book of Illustrations' -- page 80

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Hen or the Egg?

A young skeptic once said to an elderly lady, 'I once believed in God, but now, since studying philosophy and mathematics I am convinced that God is but an empty word.' 'Well,' said the lady, 'it is true that I have not learned these things, but since you have, can you tell me from whence this egg comes?' 'Why, of course, from a hen,' was the reply. 'And where does the hen come from?' 'Why from an egg.' Then the lady inquired, 'May I asked which existed first, the hen or the egg?' 'The hen, of course,' rejoined the young man. 'Oh, then a hen must have existed without having come from an egg?' 'Oh, no, I should have said the egg was first.' 'Then I supposed you mean that one egg existed without having come from a hen?' The young man hesitated: 'Well, you see -- that is -- of course, well, the hen was first!' 'Very well,' she said, 'Who made the first hen from which all succeeding eggs and hens have come?' 'What do you mean by all this?' he asked. 'Simply this, I say that He who created the first egg or hen is He who created the world. You can't explain the existence even of a hen or an egg without God, and yet you wish me to believe that you can explain the existence of the whole world without Him!' -- W. H. Greffith Thomas.

'3000 Illustrations for Christian Service' -- page 26

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Athenians and the Spartans

'One day, at the national Olympic games of Greece, a feeble old man arrived late and found all the seats occupied. He passed the seats of the Athenians, but they only laughed at the old man. He passed on to the seats of the Spartans, when in a moment, they rose from their seats as one man to offer him a seat. The Athenians seeing this, raised a loud cheer. 'Ah!' said the aged, white-haired stranger, 'the Athenians admire that which is good, but the Spartans practice it.'" -- James Learmont.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 322 (2122)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Walking to Scranton

A station agent at Bloomington, New Jersey, saw a man walking on the tracks of the Lehigh Valley railroad. On his back he carried a huge package, apparently containing utensils as well as clothes. He seemed tired. The agent stopped him and ordered him off the tracks, telling him that he was liable to arrest for trespass, besides incurring the risk of being killed by a train. The man, who was a Hungarian, demurred, and produced a railroad ticket, good from Jersey City to Scranton, Pa. The agent looked at him in amazement, and asked him why he was walking when he might ride. The Hungarian replied that he thought the ticket gave him only the privilege of walking over the road. His right was explained to him, and the tired man delightedly boarded the first train that stopped. How many of us Christians make the same mistake! Our Lord wants to bear all our burdens and hold us in continual freedom from care and from the power of sin. -- The Christian Herald.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 307 (2006)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

A Father's Care

The story is told of a young lad who one day was put on a railroad train by his father, and sent on a journey to the home of his aunt in the city. As the boy entered the train he was greatly troubled at the thought of what might happen to him while on the train and when he arrived at his destination. But he soon found that all his worrying was for nothing. No sooner had the train started than the conductor came up and spoke to him very kindly. Then the newsboy brought him apples, candy, and picture books to look at. So the time passed very pleasantly and quickly. When he arrived at the city, a cabman was at the gate to meet him and to take him safely to his aunt's home. The boy couldn't understand it. He thought it was a miracle. But as he grew older he learned that it was his father who had told the conductor to look after the boy, who gave money to the newsboy to supply his wants, and who had telegraphed ahead to a cab company to send a man to meet his boy at the train. Because his father was on the job, all his wants had been provided for. -- The Expositor.

'3000 Illustrations for Christian Service' -- page 78

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Cain, the Progressive

We are told that the younger generation are 'progressive.' Typical young people of today insist upon a new freedom, unhindered self-expression, that they may make needed contribution to the progress of the human race. A cartoon in a recent issue of Collier's admirably satirizes this. It is a ridiculous picture of Adam, Eve, and Cain. Cain has just killed Abel, a portion of whose body is seen lying full length on the ground. Adam is showing considerable excitement over the murder, and Eve is trying to quiet him down. Cain, smoking a cigarette, looks unconcernedly at the dead body of his brother. Under the picture are the words Eve is speaking to Adam: 'Now don't take it so hard, Adam. You simply don't understand Cain. He belongs to another generation which is solving its problems in its own way -- facing the facts of life frankly, fearlessly, wide-eyed, and unashamed.' -- Sunday School Times.

'3000 Illustrations for Christian Service' -- page 101.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Dew of Breath Conceals the Stars

You need not break the glass of a telescope, or coat it over with paint, in order to prevent you from seeing through it. Just breathe upon it, and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars. So it does not require great crimes to hide the light of God's countenance. Little faults can do it just as well.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 654 (4454)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Globe that 'Just Happened'

The kindness and generosity of Robert G. Ingersol won for him many friends who deeply regretted his opinions. Among these was Henry Ward Beecher. In the study of the famous preacher was an elaborate celestial globe which had been sent him with the compliments of some manufacturer. On the surface, in delicate workmanship, were raised figures of the constellations and the stars which composed them. The globe struck Ingersol's fancy. He turned it around with admiration. 'This is just what I want,' he said. 'Who made it?' 'Who made it, do you say, colonel?' repeated Beecher. 'Who made this globe? Why, nobody, of course. It just happened.' -- Youth's Companion.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 316 (2083)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Seeing the Guilty Seven Miles Away

One day the astronomer, Mitchell, was making observations on the sun just as it was setting, and there came into range of the great telescope the top of a hill seven miles distant. On the hilltop were several apple trees, and in one of them were two boys stealing apples. One was getting the apples and the other was watching to make sure that nobody saw them, and that they were safe. But there sat Professor Mitchell, seven miles away, with the great eye of the telescope full upon them, noting every motion and even the guilty expression of their faces, as plainly as if he had been in the tree with them.

‘5000 Best Modern Illustrations’ -- page 305 (1997)

Think not, because no man sees, that such things will remain unseen!

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Good Grapes Grow in Lava

The soil of the vineyards on the slopes of Vesuvius is disintegrated lava. The richest grapes, from which a precious wine is made, grow on the product of eruptions which tore the mountain side and darkened the sky. So our costliest graces of character are grown in a heart enriched by losses and made fertile by convulsions which rent it and covered smiling verdure with what seemed at first a fiery flood of ruin. The kingdom is reached by the road of tribulation. Blessed are they for whom the universal sorrows which flesh is heir to become helps heavenward, because they are borne in union with Jesus, and so hallowed into tribulation that is in him. -- Alexander MacLaren.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 361 (2381)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Spot on the Inside

While walking down the street one day I passed where a man was washing a large plate-glass window. There was one soiled spot which defied efforts to remove it. After rubbing hard at it, using much soap and water, and failing to remove it, he found out the trouble. 'It's on the inside,' he called out to some one in the store.

Many are striving to cleanse the soul from its stains. They wash it with the tear of sorrow; they scrub it with the soap of good resolves; they rub it with the chamois of morality, but still the consciousness of it is not removed. The trouble is, 'It's on the inside.' It is the heart that is bad. If the fountain is bitter, the stream will not be sweet. Nothing but the blood of Jesus applied....can cleanse the inside. -- Ram's Horn.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 350 (2308)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

One Day at a Time

A certain lady had met with a serious accident, which necessitated a painful operation and many months of confinement in her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was taking his leave, the patient asked, 'Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here, helpless?' 'Oh, only one day at a time,' was the cheery answer, and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, 'only one day at a time,' come back with its quieting influence.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 556 (3648a)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

'Me Try Some More'

She was only a little tot. I was hurrying to catch a train, but the lesson learned that morning was one I cannot soon forget. This wee lassie was toddling along the icy walk as fast as her little legs would carry her when she slipped and fell. Up she got and trotted along, only to fall again soon. I came to her as she was rising the second time. She raised her blue eyes and said: 'Me fell down; me hurt some; me try some more.'

Dear little preacher of good cheer! Only the night before I had fallen down. My desires had been utterly trampled upon, and my cherished wishes were lying under a storm of protest. I had no intention of trying 'some more.'

This message went straight to my heart. I was 'hurt some,' but it might be well to 'try some more.' And I did try, with the reward which might be expected.

And since then the message of the little lassie has often come to me with meaning.

'Me fell down; hurt some; me try some more!' -- Record of Christian Work.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 561 (3700)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Two Frogs in the Milk

Once upon a time two frogs that had been living in comfort and ease in a cool pond of water were accidentally scooped up by a milkman in a bucket of water, which he poured into his can in order to give his milk more body and thereby increase his revenue. The frogs were astonished to find themselves in an unknown element, in which it was not possible to support life, and they had to kick vigorously in order to keep their heads above the milk. One of them, being disheartened by being shut up in the dark, in an element entirely new to him, said: 'Let's give up and go to the bottom; it's no use kicking any longer.' The other said: 'Oh, no, let's keep kicking as long as we can, and see what the outcome will be. Maybe things will change presently.' So one frog gave it up and went to the bottom. The other kept kicking, and when the milkman got to town and opened his can, behold, the frog had kicked out a lump of butter large enough to float him and he was sitting on it comfortably....Moral: Keep on striving!

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 565 (3730)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

You Can Only Weigh What You Are

A little boy was on the scales, and being very anxious to outweigh his playmate he puffed out his cheeks and swelled like a frog. But the playmate was wiser. 'Oho!' he cried in scorn, 'that doesn't do any good; you can only weigh what you are!' How true this is of us bigger children who try to impress ourselves -- and, yes, sometimes God Almighty -- by the virtues we should like to have! It doesn't do any good. 'You can only weigh what you are.' -- Wellspring.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 585 (3894)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Building Prison Walls

At one time many convicts were employed in building high walls round the prison grounds of Portland. Soldiers with loaded guns posted above the men watched them at their work. Every brick laid rendered their escape more impossible, and yet they themselves were laying them. So each sin committed makes it harder to refrain from further sin, more difficult to turn back. -- Mrs. M. Watts.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 585 (3894)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Lying on Your Back

During Dr. Payson's last illness a friend, coming into his room, remarked sympathetically, 'Well, Doctor, I am sorry to see you lying here on your back.'

'Do you know why God puts us on our backs, at times?' said Dr. Payson. 'No,' was the answer. 'In order that we may look upward.'

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 18 (67)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Living in the House You Build

One of my friends told me of a philanthropist who once bade a contractor who had been most unfortunate, build him a dwelling, and he gave him authority to choose the material and to govern every part of its construction. At last the house was finished, but the contractor had felt that this was an opportunity for him to recover some of his lost fortune, and had put into it the poorest material and the faultiest of work, and when the house was finished the philanthropist said, 'This house is for you and your family, and you can live in it as long as you please. It is yours forever.' And then the man realized that he had built a poor house in which he must live. Is it not like this with those of us who build weakness into our character and allow sin to rule in our lives?.....

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 94 (575)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Fragrance of the Acacia

I visited a large hot-house once in which grew a great Acacia tree. I broke off a small twig and carried it home and put it in a vase. The next day I was surprised to find what great fragrance came from that small twig. Day after day it lasted and not until it had wholly withered and died and crumbled did the fragrance disappear. So much it reminded me of the really true Christian life that carries the fragrance with it from the vine of life until it is through with this life.

‘5000 Best Modern Illustrations’ -- page 141 (886)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Influence of the Gentle Hand

A stranger stopped all night at a farmer's house. He noticed that a slender little girl, by her gentle ways, had a great influence in the house. The next morning, when the farmer wanted to drive the stranger to town, the horse refused to go. They jerked it, whipped it and kicked it, but it would not move. Then the little girl laid her hand on the neck of the horse, spoke a few kind words to it, and stroked it. Instantly the tense muscles relaxed, and the stubbornness vanished. They had no more trouble with the pony that day.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 287 (1887)

How often has a soft answer turned away wrath!

STORIES TWICE TOLD

'I Saw the Pilot Smile'

Robert Louis Stevenson has somewhere told of an experience that happened once to his grandfather. He was on a vessel that was caught by a terrific storm and was carried irresistibly toward a rocky shore where complete destruction was imminent. When the storm and danger were at the height he crept up on deck to look around and face the worst. He saw the pilot lashed to the wheel, with all his might and nerve holding the vessel off the rocks and steering it inch by inch into safer water. While he stood watching, the pilot looked up at him and smiled. It was little enough, but it completely reassured him. He went back to his room below with new confidence, saying to himself. 'We shall come through; I saw the pilot smile!' If we could only in some way catch sight of a smile on the face of the great Pilot in the strange rough sea in which we are sailing, we too, could do our work and carry our burdens with confidence, perhaps with joy. -- The Expository Times.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 314 (2064)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Lad at the Helm

I remember, when sailing one day in a steamer, the captain's son, a bright little fellow of five or six years of age, was on board, and wanted to take the place of the man at the helm. The good-natured steers-man, to humor him, put the spoke of the wheel into his little hand, which was hardly able to grasp it. But he was careful at the same time to put his own big hand on the child's tiny fingers and took a firm hold, and the boy was in high glee, imagining that he himself was steering the huge steamer. Now, so God deals with you. He puts his Almighty hand on your feeble hand when you are ruling your own spirit, and makes his strength perfect in your weakness.'

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 307 (2011)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

God Thundereth

Dr. J. R. Miller relates a story of some children alone during a thunderstorm; each gave a favorite Scripture verse. One of the children chose, 'The Lord of glory thundereth,' and when she was asked why she gave these words, she said, 'Once I heard a great noise when I thought I was alone in the house, and I was so frightened that I screamed with terror. My father was near, and he called, 'Don't be frightened, Margie; it is only father.' Now when it thunders, and I begin to be afraid, God seems to say to me, 'Don't be frightened, Margie, it's only father,' and all my fears vanish.'

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 309 (2027)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Challenging God's Patience

When Robert Ingersol was lecturing in this country, he once took out his watch and said, 'I will give God five minutes to strike me dead for the things I have said.' The minutes ticked off as he held his watch and waited. At about four and one half minutes some women began to faint, but nothing happened. When the five minutes were up, he snapped his watch shut and put it in his pocket. The story went across the Atlantic and reached the ears of Joseph Parker. When the great man heard it, he said, 'And did the gentlemen think he could exhaust the patience of eternal God in five minutes?' -- James A. Francis, D.D.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 313 (2061)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Keeping At It

After a great snow-storm a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a shovel to work with. A man passing along was interested to see so small a boy attacking so large a drift and inquired, 'How do you expect to get thru that drift?' 'By keeping at it,' said the boy cheerfully, 'that's how.'

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 673 (4601)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

When Five Minutes is an Hour

The following incident is reported by the Rev. Thain Davidson. It has its own lesson....

'You have made me lose a whole hour,' said a gentleman to a lad as he came into a room where an important committee was meeting. 'Beg pardon, sir, that is impossible,' said the youth, taking out his watch; 'I'm only five minutes late.' 'Very true,' replied the other, 'but there are twelve of us here, and each one of us has lost five minutes; so that makes an hour.' -- G. B. Hallock.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 533 (3505)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

A Stained White Rag

A white rag retains the stains of the colored matter strained through it. So a mind, originally pure, may be permanently soiled, by unsavory conversation, books 'off color,' and the like, the tone of which is almost unconsciously imparted to the soul by the thoughts which drip thro' it, even tho' we do not wish to retain them. I have observed that even matter which itself seems colorless will stain the strainer.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 393 (2581)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

White-Washed Glass is Seldom Broken

His infirm, distorted body was really the means of his salvation. Had he been sound and well he would probably never have been brought to Jesus or cared to have his sins forgiven. There will be many a saint in heaven who will thank God forever that he had a helpless, disfigured body when on earth. To illustrate: the great plates of glass in the window of an unfinished store are always daubed with whitewash. Why? It is because the workmen have been in the habit of throwing things through the vacant space and if the glass, when put in, were left transparent, they might not see it, and continue to do so. The glass for its own protection is besmirched and discolored. -- Sunday School Chronicle.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 402 (2642)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Jesus, Friend of the Common Man

A lady missionary in India, in one of her tours, came upon a distant village of natives, who were unusually mild in their treatment of her. She explained the life of Christ to them, telling them he was the poor man's Friend, that he used to eat with common people, and heal their sick, that little children ran after him and climbed upon his knees as he sat in their houses. Suddenly she was interrupted by a native, who said: 'Miss Sahib, we know him well. He lived here for years.' It turned out that an old man belonging to another mission had once lived in that far-away village. Oh, my friends, if only our villagers could recognize Jesus in your life and mine!

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 405 (2662)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Engine Room Was Quiet

Finney, the great evangelist, tells us that he was once crossing the Atlantic when the steamer was overtaken by a fierce gale of wind. Upon the deck the roar and confusion were terrific. The spray from the crests of the waves blew upon the face with almost force enough to blister it. The noise of the waves roaring and foaming was almost deafening. But when he stepped into the engine-room, everything was quiet. The mighty engine was moving with quietness and stillness in striking contrast to the roar without. So God gives courage, strength, and quietness to the storm-tossed souls who follow Jesus' example and come to him in prayer. -E.M.Waddell.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 315 (2073)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Dirty Rags Make Fine Paper

Queen Victoria once paid a visit to a paper mill in the neighborhood of Windsor. The foreman showed the lady and her attendant over the works, not knowing who his distinguished visitor was. She went finally into the rag assorting shop, where men were employed in picking out the rags from the refuse of the city. She inquired what was done with this dirty mass of rags, and was told that, sorted out, it would make the finest white paper. After her departure, the foreman found out who it was that had paid the visit. After a little time Her Majesty received a package of the most delicate white paper, having the Queen's likeness for the water mark, with the intimation that it was made from the dirty rags she had inspected. Thus saved and fashioned by grace, Jesus stamps his image upon us. -- The Churchman.

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(Please also see in Scripture Studies, Vol. 6, page 193, the poem, entitled 'Faultless,' based on Jude 24 -- A.C.F.)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Lincoln Scattering an April Shower

If I were to paint a picture of Lincoln, I would call my picture, 'Lincoln Scattering an April Shower.' It would be of that morning in Springfield when he saw the girl standing in the open door and crying. He learned that the baggageman had forgotten to come for her trunk and she was likely to miss the train. He quickly shouldered the trunk and strode off with giant steps to the depot. There might not be much dignity in the picture, but there would be lots of heart. -R.B.Hassel.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 352 (2321)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Woodpecker and the Telegraph Pole

In Baltimore, one Sunday morning as the people were going to church, a telegraph pole, large and strong, and round, suddenly, without any warning, like a great strong man struck down by an unseen bullet, groaned, and then, with a snapping sound, the upper portion fell to the street, leaving about twenty-five feet standing. A crowd soon gathered, marveling what should have caused such a catastrophe. Just then a small boy began to climb the stump that was left, to investigate. When he reached the top he found that right where the pole had broken was a scooped-out place where a pair of woodpeckers had cut out their nest, and there in that nest was a poor little woodpecker frightened half to death.

Unnoticed, but steadily, stroke by stroke, the birds had dug their way back into the heart of that great, strong telegraph pole until they had sapped its strength. Sometimes a man comes crashing down. The whole world marvels at it; but after a little bit it is discovered that some secret sin had eaten into his heart.'

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 351 (2316)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The 'Arbitrary' Commandments

An old-fashioned minister was once driving along a country road with one of his young parishioners, who, like many young men, liked to argue on matters of religion. The wise old minister listened to him without much comment as he expounded his views, merely saying bluntly: 'So you object to the Ten Commandments?'

'N-No,' stammered the young man, 'not their purpose and object- but- well, hang it, a fellow hates to have a 'shall' and 'shan't' flung in his face every minute! They sound so sort of arbitrary!'

The old minister clucked to his horse and hid an involuntary sly smile as he bent to arrange the old chaise-boot. A few minutes after the boy caught hold of his arm suddenly.

'You've taken the wrong turn. That guide post said, 'this way to Holden!'

'Oh, did it?' returned the other carelessly. 'Well, maybe it might be a better road, but I hate to be told to go this way and that by an arbitrary old sign post!'

An embarrassed laugh from his red-faced traveling companion told the old man that his shot had struck home. They were soon facing the other way and following directions of the 'arbitrary' sign post. -- Mrs. A. B. Bryant.

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STORIES TWICE TOLD

A Tale of Bread and Butter

A baker living in a village not far from Quebec bought his butter from a neighboring farmer. One day he became suspicious that the butter was not of the same weight, and therefore decided to satisfy himself about it. For several days he weighed the butter, and then found that the rolls of butter which the farmer brought were gradually diminishing in weight. This angered him so that he had the farmer arrested. 'I presume you have weights,' said the judge. 'No, sir,' replied the farmer. 'How then do you manage to weigh the butter that you sell?' 'That's easily explained, your honor,' said the farmer. 'When the baker commenced buying his butter of me, I thought I'd get my bread of him, and it's the one pound loaf I've been using as a weight for the butter I sell. If the weight of the butter is wrong, he has himself to blame.' -
- Sunday School Chronicle.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 647 (4411)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

What Do We Hear?

A group of three women were standing together in the railway station at Back Bay, Boston, evidently awaiting the arrival of a guest. As they stood there, a young man and a young woman engaged in conversation passed them by. A part of their conversation reached the ears of the three women. One of the group, addressing herself to her companions said, 'O, I know where they have been; to a concert, for I heard her say something about a 'trained ear.'" The second woman in the group then remarked, 'Now isn't that funny; I am sure that they have been to the zoo, for I heard her distinctly say something about a 'reindeer.'" The third one said, 'I am sure that you are both mistaken; what she said concerned the weather for she asked him if it had 'rained here.'" But their discussion becoming quite heated, they decided despite what ever embarrassment it might involve for them they were going to settle that matter by asking the couple as to what they had been talking about when they passed the group. They were all very much surprised when the young lady informed them that she merely said to her fiance 'I'm glad, you met me at the 'train dear.'"

*A Recollection -- A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

It Is Not the Container that Counts

The daughter of a village doctor was complaining to her father of the drudgery of home work. The doctor pointed to some rows of empty bottles and said: 'These bottles are of no value in themselves, but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they carry which kills or cures. Your daily work, the dishes washed, or the floors swept, are homely things, and count for nothing in themselves; but it is the anger or the sweet patience or zeal or high thoughts that you put into them that shall last. These make your life.'

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 430 (2839)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Wisdom of Age

When the professor had spoken we stood for a moment silent, then he smiled and said briskly:

'I have been a botanist for fifty-four years. When I was a boy I believed implicitly in God. I prayed to him, having a vision of him -- a person -- before my eyes. As I grew older I concluded there was no God. I dismissed him from the universe. I believed only in what I could see, hear, or feel. I talked about Nature and Reality.'

He paused, the smile still lighting his face, evidently recalling to himself the old days. I did not interrupt him. Finally he turned to me and said abruptly: 'And now -- it seems to me -- there is nothing but God.' -- David Grayson.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 525 (3466)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Drowning in a Canoe

One of the men who accompanied Commodore Peary to the North Pole has since been drowned in a canoe in some waters near his home. After escaping the perils of cracks in the Polar ice, and giving the most human account of the dash to the north, George Borup lost his life in what he must have considered quite a negligible peril, compared with those he had passed through. It is so in the moral life. Souls that can brave successfully the big, outstanding perils, are often the victims of the small ones. A temptation to be dishonorable in a big matter is easily overcome; but many yield to the temptation to be unduly angry over small things. -- Sunday at Home.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 560 (3686)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Kill the Ivy When It's Small

In the gardens of Hampton Court visitors used to see trees that were well-nigh strangled by huge coils of ivy, which were wound about them like the snake around the unhappy Laocoon. There was no untwisting of the folds, they were too giant-like and fast fixed, and every hour the rootlets of the climber were sucking out the life of the unhappy tree. Yet there was a day when the ivy was a tiny sprig only asking a little aid in climbing. Had it been denied then, the tree had never become its victim. Vice, intemperance, lust, anger, avarice, like the vine, twine about a man, extract the life from him and leave him a wreck.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 649 (4436)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Helping the Butterfly

A naturalist one day was studying a cocoon, in which a butterfly was struggling to be free. He heard it beating against the sides of its little prison, and his heart went out in pity for the helpless creature.

Taking a tiny lancet, he cut away the fragile walls and released the little captive. But to his amazement it was not the beautiful creature that he had expected to see. It lay struggling upon the table, unable to walk, unable to fly, a helpless, unlovely object. In place of the gorgeously colored wings that he had expected to see, were weak, shriveled members.

What was the matter with this creature that should have been so fair? The prison gates had been opened too soon, the obstacle had been removed before the struggler had developed sufficiently through struggling to be ready for its glorious flight into the sunshiny skies and among the perfumed flowers. O God, when the walls seem to close about us, when we struggle and agonize to be free, when Thou dost not cut away the barriers, is it not because, in Thine Infinite Wisdom, Thou dost see that we are weak, and dost want us to become strong? Then at last, when the struggle is finished, like the butterfly, we may come forth....in glorious robes of splendid colors....in the everlasting robes of righteousness.- Christian Observer.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 670 (4571a)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Comfort of a Listening Ear

The world hungers for sympathy -- compassion. Often we can do nothing but sympathize, -- suffer with the distressed, -- but, oh, how it helps! A rural pastor relates this experience: 'A poor mother on a mountain farm met my pastoral visit by bursting into tears, and saying, 'Oh, somehow I felt just as if you would come today. I have so many troubles and problems that I want you to help me about!' Then she told me things that were beyond my wisdom to solve, and how just a little more of the dull burden would mean insanity. I was alarmed at the fool I must appear, for I did not know what to say. At length she surprised me by saying, 'You have settled my problems so nicely. You have given me just the help which I needed!' Then I knew it was sympathy, not wisdom, which she needed, for not a problem had I solved.' -- Methodist Review.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' -- page 677 (4639)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Analyzing the Flower

A botanist found a beautiful plant by the wayside. He sat down to analyze it. He pulled it apart and examined every part under a microscope. When he had finished he could tell the color of the flower, its classification, and the number of its stamens and pistils and petals and bracts, but the life and the beauty and the fragrance were gone.

Selected, from *Thesaurus of Anecdotes* -- Fuller.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

“But It’s Warm Now”

A lady, on getting into her carriage, remarked to the groom, ‘Jackson, it’s a very cold day. Will you remind me when I get home to send some warm blankets to the poor people?’ She arrived at her luxurious and warm rooms, took off her furs, and over a cup of tea made herself comfortable. Later, when Jackson reminded her of the promised blankets, her reply was, ‘Ah, yes, I remember, but it’s nice and warm now.’ The rich man in warmth and comfort had no feeling for poor Lazarus at the gate. – Sir Joseph Lyons.

‘5000 Best Modern Illustrations’ – page 677 (4638)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Just the Estate I Wanted

It is a fact that when our blessings seem few we often have many more than we realize. The story is told of a man, who, wishing to sell a small estate, sent for a real estate agent and asked him to write an advertisement telling about the estate. When the advertisement was ready, the agent took it to the man and read it to him. 'Read that again,' said the owner. The agent did so. 'I have been looking for an estate like that all my life, and I did not know that I owned it.' So it is with our blessings. We have had them all along and did not know it. – Hallock

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STORIES TWICE TOLD

Flowers Under the Snow

Many of us find life hard and full of pain. The world uses us roughly. We suffer wrongs and injuries. Other people's clumsy feet tread upon our tender spirits. We cannot avoid these things, but we should not allow the harsh experiences to deaden our sensibilities, or make us stoical or sour. The true problem of living is to keep our hearts sweet and gentle in the hardest conditions and experiences.

If you remove the snow from the hillside in the late winter, you will find sweet flowers growing there, beneath the cold drifts, unhurt by the storm and by the snowy blankets that have covered them. So should we keep our hearts tender and sensitive beneath life's fiercest winter blasts and through the longest years of suffering and even of injustice and wrong treatment. That is true, victorious living. – J.R. Miller.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' – page 705 (4852)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Whistle The Best You Can

A minister tells that one day he came out of a hotel whistling quite low. A little boy playing in the yard heard him, and said, 'Is that the best you can whistle?'

'No,' said the minister; 'can you best it?'

The boy said he could, and the minister said: 'Well, let's hear you.'

The little fellow began to whistle, and then insisted that the minister should try again. He did so, and the boy acknowledged that it was good whistling. As he started away the little fellow said: 'Well, if you can whistle better, what were you whistling that way for?'

Sure enough, why should not anyone do his best, if he does anything? The world has plenty of poor, slipshod, third-class work done by people who could do better if they would. Let every one try to do his best, whether in whistling, singing, working or playing.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' – page 746 (5191)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

A Few Kind Words

On one occasion the genial but sad-faced Eugene Field sat at a table in a New York restaurant. The voluble waiter rattled off a number of dishes that were ready for service. Field looking at him solemnly for a moment and then remarked: 'Oh, friend, I want none of those things. All I require is an orange and a few kind words.' There was more pathos than humor in the reply. To men and women of toil and travail how welcome are the few kind words! Without them a banquet is a famine; with them an orange is a feast.

'5000 Best Modern Illustrations' – page 744 (5172)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Using Love to Obtain

There was once a little girl who knew the way to get just what she wanted from her daddy. If it was a pair of skates, or a new tam, she came rushing up to him, as he sat in his easy chair, and nestling in his arms said, 'Daddy, I love you so. You are the best daddy ever. I would just do anything for you.' Then, sooner or later, it would appear that she wanted something very badly, and, in the end, daddy would pay. There were other times when errands were waiting for someone to run them and when daddy was tired and wanted quiet, his little girl seemed to forget how much she loved him. Of course, she was just a thoughtless young lady, and not consciously hypocritical. She was also quite, quite human; one with a great multitude of the sons and daughters of Adam who find creeds easier than conduct, promise simpler than performance, and loving words cheaper than loving deeds.

'The Christ Who Is All' – A.J.Traver, page 77

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Following the Conscience

'...W.T.Stead who went down on the Titanic, one of the many noble men on that doomed vessel who stepped aside for the weaker. He was (once) offered the editorship of a certain newspaper at a tempting salary. He asked whether he would be absolutely free to direct the policy of the paper. No, he was expected to conform to the general policy of the publisher. He was not a rich man, but without hesitation he refused the offer. When friends remonstrated with him, telling him he could not afford to be so Quixotic, he replied that he had 'A Wealthy Partner' on whom he could depend. That sort of religion counts....'

'The Christ Who is All' – A.J.Traver, page 66

STORIES TWICE TOLD

A Camel Left Over

An Arab who was dying, called in his most trusted friend, whom he wanted to become executor of his 'last will and testament.' He told his friend that he had 17 camels, of which he desired that his oldest son should receive one half ($1/2$); his second son, one third ($1/3$); and his third son, one ninth ($1/9$). On the Arab's death, his friend was confronted with the difficulty of dividing 17 camels into $1/2$, $1/3$; and $1/9$, in exact proportions! The 'executor' being a very honest and unselfish man, who himself owned but a single camel; he would carry out his friend's wish even if it meant to throw in his own camel into the lot. On doing so, he was able to give the oldest son, $1/2$ of 18 = 9 camels; and to the second son, $1/3$ of 18 = 6 camels; and to the youngest son, $1/9$ of 18 = 2 camels. On adding these together he found he had disposed of, $9+6+2$ camels, so that the one left over was his own! How often does the Lord ask u to do certain things, which seem to tax our strength completely; but we find, on putting into it all we have, the Isaac that we offered up is in the end, returned to us!

*A Recollection – A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Don't Walk

Of course we can read, Yet we do not always understand what we read, for often we approach the subject with preconceived ideas and notions. A woman from the southland, visited in Washington, D.C.; and one day came to a traffic crossing, where the sign read 'Don't Walk.' Immediately she stepped off the side walk into the path of the oncoming traffic. The policeman blew his whistle to attract her attention, and then asked her is she was able to read. She replied, 'Of course, I can read.' Thereupon he asked her, 'They why are you walking?' 'Oh,' she said, 'I saw that sign, but I thought it was an ad for the bus company!'

*A Recollection – A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Sticking the Nose In

On a cold frosty morning, a donkey pushed his nose in at the door of a blacksmith shop, where it was warm from a glowing fire. The blacksmith said to the donkey, 'Get out!' The donkey replied, 'You are stingy! I am only getting my nose warm.' Presently the blacksmith looked around and perceived that the donkey had his whole head in. The blacksmith said, 'Now get out, will you?' But the donkey pleaded that he was only getting a little breath of warm air, that his head surely would not trouble the blacksmith. After a while the blacksmith looked again and saw that the donkey was half-way into the shop. Then he shouted, 'Get out, get out!' But the donkey insisted that he was only getting a little warm. So the blacksmith yielded. By and by he looked again and saw that the donkey was altogether in the shop. Then he sprang forward shouting excitedly, 'Get out!' But the donkey said triumphantly, 'Which of us will get out?' And thereupon he turned around and began to kick at the blacksmith. The donkey was in full control.

An Aesop Fable, quoted in Zion's Watchtower 5934 (8/1/16)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Making it Easier for the Competition

In the early years of this century, it was not uncommon to see a shabbily dressed man coming down the street, crying, 'Umbrellas to mend.' He carried with him a few steel umbrella ribs and some cotton thread, etc. You would come out with a broken umbrella, and hand it to him to repair. In a few minutes he would return it to you, asking only a few cents for his work. One of these umbrella menders seemed to be more diligent than most others, and made sure that his work would really last. On being asked as to why he was so very careful, taking unusual pains to see that it was what it ought to be, he replied that he wanted to make it easier for the next umbrella mender that might pass that way; that people might trust him to do a good job too. He was just thinking of others.

*A Recollection – A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Salt Creates Thirst

At a missionary meeting some young people were discussing the text, 'Ye are the salt of the earth.' One suggestion after another was made as to the meaning of 'salt' in the verse. 'Salt imparts a desirable flavor,' said one. 'Salt preserves from decay,' another suggested. Then at last a Chinese Christian girl spoke out of an experience none of the others had. 'Salt creates thirst,' she said; and there was a sudden hush in the room. Everyone was thinking, 'Have I ever made anyone thirsty for the Lord Jesus Christ?'

Contributed by Jeannie Weeks

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Adding Burden to Burden

A dear old saint complained about the burdens he was called upon to bear. He had noted another who had no cross at all. So he asked Jehovah as to why he was to bear two crosses, while the other bore not any. The Lord made no reply; but added the burden upon him. Thinking that the Lord had not heard him, he again importuned the Lord. This time, however, the Lord responded. He told him that the other was yet too weak for the burden of a cross; and that he was being made stronger by the very bearing of the added burden! And, isn't it the strong who are admonished to bear the infirmities of the weak? (Rom. 15:1) Paul also says that we are to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. (Gal. 5:2)

Based on God's Burdens, a poem – Z.W.T. Reprints 1441

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Acres of Diamonds

...there once lived not far from the River Indus an ancient Persian by the name of Ali Hafed...Ali Hafed owned a very large farm...he had orchards, grain-fields, and gardens;...he had money at interest, and was a wealthy and contented man because he was wealthy, and wealthy because he was contented. One day there visited that old Persian farmer one of those ancient Buddhist priests, one of the wise men of the East. He sat down by the fire and told the old farmer how this world of ours was made. He said that this world was once a mere bank of fog, and that the Almighty thrust his finger into this bank of fog, and began slowly to move His finger around, increasing the speed until at last He whirled this bank into a solid ball of fire. Then it went rolling through the universe, burning its way through other banks of fog, and condensed the moisture without, until it fell in floods of rain upon its hot surface, and cooled the outward crust. Then the internal fires bursting outward through the crust threw up the mountains and hills and valleys, the plains and prairies of this wonderful world of ours. If this internal molten mass came bursting out and cooled very quickly it became granite; less quickly copper, less quickly silver, less quickly gold, and after gold, diamonds were made.

Said the old priest, 'A diamond is a congealed drop of sunlight.'... The old priest told Ali Hafed that if he had one diamond the size of his thumb he could purchase the country, and if he had a mine of diamonds he could place his children upon thrones through the influence of their great wealth.

Ali Hafed heard all about diamonds, how much they were worth and went to his bed that night a poor man. He had not lost anything, but he was poor because he was discontented, and discontented because he feared he was poor. He said, 'I want a mine of diamonds,' and he lay awake all night.

Early in the morning he sought out the priest... 'Will you tell me where I can find diamonds?'

'Diamonds! What do you want with diamonds?'

'Why I wish to be immensely rich.'

'Well, then, go along and find them. That is all you have to do; go and find them, and then you will have them.'

'But I don't know where to go.'

'Well, if you will find a river that runs through white sands, between high mountains, in those white sands you will always find diamonds.'

'I don't believe there is any such river.'

'Oh, yes, there are plenty of them. All you have to do is go and find them, and then you have them.'

Said Ali Hafed, 'I will go.'

So he sold his farm, collected his money, left his family in charge of a neighbor, and away he went in search of diamonds. He began his search, very properly...at the Mountains of the Moon. Afterward he came around into Palestine, then wandered on into Europe, and at last when his money was all spent and he was in rags, wretchedness, and poverty, he stood on the shore of that bay at Barcelona, in Spain, when a great tidal wave came rolling in between the pillars of Hercules, and the poor, afflicted, suffering, dying man could not resist the awful temptation to cast himself into that incoming tide, and he sank beneath its foaming crest, never to rise...again.

The man who purchase Ali Hafed's farm one day led his camel into the garden to drink, and as that camel put its nose into the shallow water of that garden brook, Ali Hafed's successor notices a curious flash of light from the white sands of the stream. He pulled out a black stone having an eye of light reflecting all the hues of the rainbow. He took the pebble into the house and put it on the mantel which covers the

STORIES TWICE TOLD

central fires, and forgot all about it.

A few days later this same old priest came in to visit Ali Hafed's successor, and the moment he opened that drawing-room he saw that flash of light on the mantel, and he rushed up to it, and shouted: 'Here is a diamond! Has Ali Hafed returned?' 'Oh, no, Ali Hafed has not returned, and that is not a diamond. That is nothing but a stone we found right out here in our own garden.' 'But,' said the priest, 'I tell you I know a diamond when I see it. I know positively that is a diamond.'

Then together they rushed out into that old garden and stirred up the white sands with their fingers, and lo! There came up other more beautiful gems than the first. Thus was discovered the diamond-mine of Golconda, the most magnificent diamond-mine in all the history of mankind, excelling the Kimberly itself. The Kohinoor, and the Orloff of the crown jewels of England and Russia, the largest of earth, came from that mine.

...Had Ali Hafed remained at home and dug in his own cellar, or underneath his own wheatfields, or in his own garden, instead of wretchedness, starvation, and death by suicide in a strange land, he would have had 'acres of diamonds.' For every acre of that old farm, yes, every shovelful, afterward revealed gems which since have decorated the crowns of monarchs. – Russell Conwell

Acres of Diamonds.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

A Home for the Jonquils

It was a cold night. I was mentally and physically tired and felt quite depressed. Customers in the store where I work had been cross and bothersome; tempers had been sharp all day; nothing had gone right. I was glad it was six o'clock and I could go home and relax.

I stopped at the corner store for some groceries, and even the clerk felt the mood of the day. Grumpily he said, 'Hurry up, lady, I want to go home, too.' As I was leaving the store, I noticed a single bunch of jonquils in a bucket of water; they were huddled together as though they were lonely and cold. They seemed to say, 'Please, lady, take us home.' They were so beautiful, yet so misplaced. I snatched them up, paid clerk, and left.

As I walked the short distance to my home, my step was lighter and my previously dampened spirit rose. Upon entering my dark room. I was struck with the golden brilliance of the flowers. As I tenderly placed them in a vase, I seemed to hear them say, 'But this isn't our home.'

I couldn't explain the feeling, but I had a strong impulse to take the flowers to my shut-in neighbor across the hall. As I entered her room, the shut-in stared for a moment, then said, 'How did you know? All day in my memories I've been walking among the jonquils in the garden I had years ago.'

As I placed the flowers into her trembling hands, I had the distinct impression that their heads nodded in approval, and as I left, I seemed to hear their golden bells ringing out their thanks.

Feeling warm and comfortable inside me, I forgot all the upsets of the day and again felt in tune with God. Do flowers talk? Yes, they do, I heard them. – Maude Jennings Shaw.

From a Letter to the Editor of the Long Island Star-Journal.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Song of an Old Man

I had been sitting alone in the little chapel for some time, busy at the organ in preparation for a meeting, and was about to leave the room, when an old man who had been in the reading-room adjoining came slowly toward me, and lifting his face toward mine, said: 'I like music. Won't you go back and play a little more for me?' He was eighty-four years old, as he told me afterward. His body was bent under the burden of years, and as I seated myself again at the organ he came and stood beside me, fully ripe, as it seemed, for heaven. He was alive to only one great thought...Jesus, the Savior and Master!

He had been turning the leaves of the 'Gospel Hymns' while my fingers ran over the key-board, and presently he laid the book before me saying, 'Play that slowly, and I'll try to sing it for you.' Softly and very slowly I followed him, as with a broken voice, often scarcely audible, he tried to sing.

'Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it then, where'er you go.'

It was little more than a whisper song; but as he took up the words of the chorus a glad smile spread over his face, and his voice seemed to gather strength from his heart as he looked rather than sang:

'Precious Name! Oh, how sweet:
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.'

It was true worship: the simple, glad expression of a loving, loyal heart. Verily, I sat alone with a saint that day, for as the other verses of the hymn were sung their wondrous meaning was interpreted by the face of the singer, and the veil seemed almost to fall away, revealing to me the thing unseen.

I had never seen the old man before; it is not probable I shall ever see him again in the flesh; but his life touched mine with blessing that day, for he had unconsciously brought the Master very near. God's work in the world calls loudly for consecrated talent, vigorous minds, songful voices, physical strength, business tact, enterprise, money and time. We realize this, and perhaps, finding that we have few, if any of these things, think that we have nothing that would be 'acceptable in God's sight.' He wants the best we have, it is true; but if the best is very, very poor, it is acceptable to the Father, who cares more for the love which prompts our service than for the service itself. There was no music in the old man's voice; indeed, it could truthfully be said that he almost had no voice; but he drew a soul a little nearer to the Savior with what he had. God owned and blessed his weakness. 'If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.' (Selected - Z. 1215)

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Bumble Bees Cannot Fly

Some years ago, I met a mechanical engineer, who, in the course of his conversation told me, that it had once been proven by the law of aerodynamics – after having measured the body and the wings of a bumble bee—that such a creature could never fly. But the bumble bee could not read; nor could it understand what the learned scientists were saying about it, so it just went right on flying!

*A recollection – A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Aqueducts Need Water

Travelers in southern Europe will occasionally run across some bit of ancient Roman architecture, among these are aqueducts. An interesting story is told of one such aqueduct built in the year 109 at Segovia, Spain. For eighteen centuries it carried cool water from the mountains to the thirsty city. Then the modern pipelines were laid, and the old aqueduct was no longer used. Almost immediately it began to fall apart. The dry mortar crumbled, stone loosened and began to fall. A few years of idleness ruined what eighteen centuries of service had not destroyed.

Tremendous power for good can be destroyed – sapped away, by careless neglect or disuse. The servant with one talent was denounced, not because he had stolen it, or gambled it, but because he had done nothing with it.

Selected – A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

A Canary in the Radio Studio

One morning I tuned in my radio to a station that had a canary in the studio. I do not think I every heard a canary sing sweeter. From his small cage, he was doing his best, not knowing that his song was being heard beyond the walls of that room. Yet thousands heard and were cheered.

What a lesson for Christians! Often we become discouraged and feel we do not have any talent. We feel that the little we can do for Christ does not amount to anything. But he does not judge us according to our abilities, but by our faithfulness to him. He can take our little and magnify it into something great and wonderful...surely, we can work for his glory and leave the results to him.

Selected – A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

The Human Bible

I remember the story of a chaplain who, passing over the fields, saw lying upon the ground a soldier that had been wounded. He had his Bible under his arm, and he stooped down and said to the man: 'Would you like for me to read you something that is in the Bible?' The wounded man said: 'I am so thirsty, I would rather have a drink of water.' The chaplain hurried off, as quickly as possible and brought the water. After the man drank the water he said: 'Could you lift my head, and put something under it?' The chaplain took off his own overcoat, rolled it up and, tenderly lifting him, put it as pillow for his tired head to rest on. 'Now,' said the man, 'If I only had something over me: I am so cold.' There was only one thing for the chaplain to do, and that was to take his coat off and cover the man. As he did so the wounded soldier looked up into his face and said: 'If there is anything in that book that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it.' There is infinite meaning in that story. The world could not know God until it saw Him in the face of Jesus Christ. And multitudes in our day will never see Jesus unless they see Him in our lives. – Banks.

The Scrap Book.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

What Science Cannot Measure

Science has its limitations. It can, and does tell us that a mother's tears are just so much hydrogen and oxygen (water), and so much sodium chloride (salt); how much it weighs, and what it measures – that is, how much space it occupies. Yet, you and I know that this doesn't begin to tell what a mother's tears really are; for, science is unable either to weigh or to measure the deep and sincere emotions that bring the tears into being!

Contributed – A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

First, Taste the Orange

An infidel was lecturing to a great audience and, having finished his address, he invited any who had questions to ask to come on the platform. After a short interval, a man who had been well-known in the town as a notorious drunkard, but had lately been converted, stepped forward, and taking an orange from his pocket, coolly began to peel it. The lecturer asked him to propound his question, but without replying to him the man finished peeling his orange, and then ate it. When he had finished his orange, he turned to the lecturer and asked him if it was a sweet one. Very angry, the man said, 'Idiot, how can I know whether it was sweet or sour, when I never tasted it?' To this the converted drunkard retorted, 'And how can you know anything about Christ if you have not tried him?'

Selected.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Paganini's Last String

A little over a century ago Niccolò Paganini's violin was enchanting many an audience in Europe. Paganini was a recognized virtuoso and his Guarnerius thrilled music lovers with the grandeur of its clarion notes. He was a gaunt, emaciated figure with waxen face and long black hair, and his clumsy movements frequently provoked unrestrained mirth. During one of his scheduled concerts it seemed that all the evil fates were conspiring against him. He came limping on the platform because of a nail he had run into his heel. As he was tuning his violin both candles fell out of the music box, and the audience tittered. After he had played only a few bars one of the strings broke, and the throng laughed. When a second string broke, the laughter became more audible. But when a third string snapped and Paganini continued to draw divine music out of the single remaining string, the audience fell into a deep silence and looked on in consternation. They completely forgot his clumsiness and the mishaps that might have wrecked a less determined musician. They realized that genius was revealing itself before them. It was he who had introduced the double harmony and the left-handed pizzicati (plucking the strings), and to hear him induce delicate harmonies out of a violin with broken strings was a revealing and memorable experience.

What was the secret of Paganini's determination to finish his solo? How did his song continue despite the broken strings? The answer is quite patent. He made full use of the one string that remained unbroken.

Alexander Alan Steinbach – in his 'In Search of the Permanent.' P. 42, 36

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Take the Burden Off Your Back

...A man who was toiling along the road under a heavy burden, was overtaken by a kindly driver, and offered by him a lift along his way. He joyfully accepted the offer, but continued to bend beneath his burden, which he still kept on his back. 'Why do you not lay down your burden?' asked the kind-hearted driver. 'Oh!' replied the man, 'I feel that it is almost too much to ask you to carry my burden too.' And so Christians, who have given themselves into the care and keeping of the Lord Jesus, still continue to bend beneath the weight of their burdens, and often go weary and heavy-laden throughout the whole length of their journey.

H.W.Smith in *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*, page 38.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

“There Ain’t No Such Animal”

A hardware salesman, visiting a farm, intrigued the farmer’s son by way of the interesting stories he told. One, however, he could not believe, and that was what the salesman had to say about an animal he called a giraffe. The salesman told the lad that this animal had a neck so long that he could, without stretching, reach the level of the barn loft while standing on the ground. The salesman, sometime later, on learning that a circus with some wild animals was coming to a nearby town, went to the farm to pick up the lad and bring him to that circus so that he might see a real giraffe. On reaching the circus, the lad on looking at the giraffe, his eyes as big as saucers, remarked, ‘There just ain’t no such animal.’ How reluctant we too, are at times to believe the Truth that our Heavenly Father puts before us!

*A Recollection – A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Always Copy the Original

In my early schooldays, in the Primary, in order to develop good penmanship, we were given what was then called a 'copy book.' On the top of each page, in beautiful script, there appeared a motto such as 'All that glitters is not gold.' Thus while practicing good penmanship we were being taught a nobility of character too. At any rate that top line was the pattern we were to copy on the succeeding five lines. The first copied line was always the best; it came closer to the original – the pattern! The succeeding line were never as good, because, instead of copying the pattern, we copied each succeeding line; thus gradually becoming poorer and poorer copies. It is that way in life too; instead of copying the noblest patten, Christ Jesus, we often copy 'copies' which copies are never, never as worthy!

A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

Living with the Dandelions

A man who had purchased a most beautiful estate, found in his grassy lawns, a goodly number of little yellow flowers – dandelions. While their golden petals looked resplendently golden in the morning sun, he knew that if he took no measures to rid his lawns of these encroachers, that it would not be too long ere his lawns would be completely overrun by the despoilers. Not knowing what measures were best to be taken, he wrote for counsel and advice to the Department of Agriculture, in Washington, D.C. They suggested that he use a certain chemical that would destroy the flowers before the seeds had a chance to ripen and be disseminated. He did exactly as he was told, only to find that the next year he had even more dandelions than he had had the year before. He again wrote to the Department of Agriculture, which this time suggested another chemical, but the results were no different. Three times in three years did he ask them for help. The fourth year he was desperate. He reminded them that three times he had now asked them for guidance in ridding his laws of the unwanted flowers; and three times he had done exactly as he was told; yet, instead of the condition improving, it had steadily grown worse. What was he to do now? This time they had but a single suggestion, and this was that he now try to learn to live with them!

‘O God, grant me the serenity to accept the things that I cannot change; courage to change things I can: and wisdom to know the difference.’

*A Recollection – A.C.F.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

“Likee Speech?”

When we do not know just what we should say, it is well for us not to say anything: for, if we do speak, it is possible that we will be embarrassed when the situation finally resolves itself. Many years ago there was a banquet at Princeton University, to which the great Chinese diplomat, Dr. Wellington Koo, was invited to be the guest of honor and the chief speaker. As one of a number of representatives on the student body on this occasion, a burly member of the Princeton football team, found himself seated next to Dr. Koo. Very embarrassed by the formality of the occasion, and utterly at a loss for conversation, the young man turned to Dr. Koo during the soup course, and said, ‘Likee soup?’

Dr. Koo urbanely bowed his head and grinned. Later, he arose and delivered a polished, thoughtful and witty address. Sitting down amidst applause, Dr. Koo turned to the chagrined student and said smilingly, ‘Likee speech?’

Selected.

STORIES TWICE TOLD

We Have Only Theories

Dr. W. R. Whitney, a past President of the American Chemical Society, picked up from his desk a small bar magnet. He brought it near a steel needle, and the needle leaped to the magnet.

Why? Dr. Whitney said: 'We have worked out elaborate explanations. We speak learnedly of line of force. We draw a diagram of the magnetic field. Yet we know that there are no lines there and the field is just a word to cover our ignorance. Our explanations are only educated guesses. Or consider the beam of light that comes speeding from a star, traveling hundreds of years. Finally it reaches your optic nerve, and you see the star. How does that happen? We have our corpuscular theory of light, our wave theory, our quantum theory. But they are all just educated guesses. 'So,' explained Dr. Whitney, 'After we are all finished with our theories and guesses, we are still backed up against the fact of God – the will of God at work in what we call science.'

Quoted from 'John Doe, Disciple' by Peter Marshall. Page 30-31

STORIES TWICE TOLD

He Who Never Sleeps

Bishop Quale had a sense of humor concerning himself. So he tells humorously of a time when he sat in his study worrying over the state of many things. He says that finally the Lord came to him and said, 'Quale you go to bed; I'll sit up the rest of the night.'

'Have no anxiety about anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God...And my God shall supply every need of yours according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus' – Phil. 4:6, 19 R.S.V

Travelling toward Sunrise – page 37.

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