

A Good Audience.

The Rev. Lyman Beecher was once engaged to preach by way of exchange for a country minister, and the day proved to be very cold and stormy. It was midwinter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the doctor urged his horse through the drifts till he reached the church, put his horse into a shed and went in.

As yet there was no person in the house, and after looking about he took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle and took a seat.

The hour came for opening the service, but there were no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not was only a momentary question with Lyman Beecher. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and that he had no right to refuse to do it because one man only could reap the benefit, and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching and benediction, with one hearer. And when all was over he hastened down from the desk to speak to the "congregation," but he had departed.

So rare a circumstance was of course occasionally referred to, but twenty years after a very delightful discovery came to light in connection with this service. Dr. Beecher was traveling in Ohio, and on alighting from a stage in a pleasant village a gentleman stepped up to him and called him by name.

"I do not remember you," said Dr. Beecher.

"I suppose not," said the stranger, "but we spent two hours together in a house alone once in a storm."

"I do not recall it, sir," replied the old minister; "pray where was it?"

"Do you remember preaching twenty years ago in such a place to a single person?"

"Yes, I do indeed, and if you are the man I have been wishing to see you ever since."

"I am the man, sir, and that sermon made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon are all over Ohio."—*Youth's Companion.*

The ancients used to say that Vulcan struck Jupiter on the head and the goddess of wisdom jumped out, illustrating that wisdom comes by hard knocks, writes Rev. Dr. Talmage in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "There was a river of difficulty between Shakespeare, the boy holding the horses at the door of the London theatre, and the Shakespeare, the great dramatist, winning the applause of all audiences of his tragedies. There was a river between Benjamin Franklin, with a loaf of bread under his arm, walking the streets of Philadelphia, and that same Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher, just outside of Boston, flying a kite in the thunder-storm. An idler was cured of his bad habit by looking through his window, night after night, at a man who seemed sitting at his desk, turning off one sheet of writing after another, until almost the dawn of morning. The man sitting there was industrious Walter Scott; the man who looked at him through the window was Lockhart, his illustrious biographer afterwards. Lord Mansfield, pursued by the press and by the the populace because of a certain line of duty, went on to discharge the duty;

and while the mob were around him, demanding the taking of his life, he shook his fist in their faces and said: "Sir, when man's last end comes it cannot come too soon if he falls in defense of law and the liberty of his country." And so there is, my friends, a tug, a tussle, a trial, a push, an anxiety, through which every man must go before he comes to worldly success and worldly achievement. You admit it. Now be wise enough to apply it in religion. Eminent character is only gained by the Jordanic passage; no man just happened to get good."

Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill its space with loving work
And therein stay.
Peer not through the sheltering bars
At to-morrow;
God will help the bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing and of making one's self loved is to be cheerful; joy softens more hearts than tears.—*Mme. de Sartory.*

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

—*Longfellow.*

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