

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

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to preach. There was a small boy in the home where he was entertained. Mr. Knill spied the boy and asked him where he slept. He informed the lad that he would call him early the next morning and take him for a walk. There in the quietude and beauty of the early morning, Mr. Knill told the old, old story of Jesus and His power to save. He knelt with the boy and prayed. This he repeated with the lad two other mornings in succession. When all of the family had gathered for morning prayers, Mr. Knill took the lad on his knee, and as he called attention to his conversion, he said: "This child will one day preach the gospel, and will preach it to great multitudes." He spoke very solemnly, and called upon all present to witness what he said. Who was this small boy? It was Charles Haddon Spurgeon, who became one of the greatest preachers of modern times. Little does the world know of Mr. Knill. His first name is not so much as known; but the world will long remember Charles Haddon Spurgeon—the small lad that Mr. Knill led to Christ.

The Conversion of Moody

Mr. E. D. Kimball is unknown to the world. He was a Sunday-school teacher in Boston. One Sunday a boy joined his class whose name was Dwight L. Moody. Mr. Kimball resolved at once to speak to the boy about becoming a Christian. The boy worked in a shoe store, and it was there that he sought him out. Mr. Kimball says: "I found Moody in the back part of the store wrapping up shoes in paper and putting them on shelves. I went up and put my hand on his shoulder, and as I leaned over I placed my feet upon a shoe box. Then I made my plea, and I feel that it was a very weak one. I don't know just what words I used, nor could Mr. Moody tell. I simply told him of Christ's love for him and of the love Christ wanted in return. That was all there was of it. I think Mr. Moody said afterwards that there were tears in my eyes. It seemed that the young man was just ready for the light that then broke upon him, for there at once in the back of that shoe store in Boston the future great evangelist gave himself and his life to Christ." The world will hear little of E. D. Kimball, but it will never hear the last of Dwight L. Moody, whom he led to Christ.

THE CHURCH OF LIGHTED LAMPS

When the sun has set and darkness has fallen, the lamps are lighted in the quaint white houses of a little village in southern Europe. There is darkness only in the gray stone church that stands on the summit of a hill overlooking the town. This church is called the "Church of Lighted Lamps."

Legend says that this church was built long ago in the 16th century by an old duke. He had several beautiful daughters whom he loved devotedly. He dreaded to have them marry and leave home, for he said, "Each one has her place and the house is lonely in some spot without her."

As the duke grew old he began to wonder what he might leave behind him to perpetuate his memory. Finally, he decided to build a church so beautiful that men would worship as soon as they entered, because it would draw them to God. He drew up the plans for the building and watched eagerly as the work proceeded.

At last the day came when all was finished, and the duke took one of his daughters to see it. She admired the simple lines, the carving, and the stained glass windows.

The King's Highway

"But, Father," she said, "where are the lamps to hang?"

"There will be no hanging lamps, my daughter," he replied. "Each worshipper will carry his own lamp. I have provided small bronze lamps, one for each person in the village. When they all come to church it will be filled."

Then he added slowly, "Some corner of God's house will be dark and lonely if all His sons and daughters do not come to worship Him at the appointed time." And these words were carved in the stone over the doorway.

The years have passed. The bronze lamps have been handed down from father to son and carefully treasured. When the sweet-toned bell of the old church rings, the village people wend their way up the hill, each carrying his own lamp. The church is always filled, for no family wishes its corner to be dark and gloomy.—Author Unknown.

RETURN UNTO THE LORD

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Let us return to the Lord with our whole heart that He may make us wholly His. Let us turn to the God of Pentecost, and the God of Pentecost will turn to us.

It is for their returning to the Lord that the great work of intercession is needed. It is here the coming revival will find its strength! Let us begin as individuals in secret to plead with God, confessing whatever we know of sin or hindrance in ourselves or others. Let us seek to foster the spirit of confession and supplication and intercession in those around us.

Let us help to encourage and train those who think themselves too feeble. Let us lift up our voice and proclaim that revival is brought down from above by prayer, and that revival comes to the humble and contrite ones.

Among God's people everywhere, let there be "great searchings of heart" as to whether they are willing to deny themselves and give time and strength that the Lord requires to praying through for revival. Let every minister and Christian worker, and every believer give themselves in secret to their places in the front rank of the great intercession-host that must prevail with God, before the floods of blessing can come.

Of all who speak or think of, or long for revival, let us not one hold back in this great work of honest, definite, continual, unceasing pleading: Revive Thy work, O Lord! Wilt Thou not revive us again?

"Come, let us return to the Lord . . . He will revive us. . . He will raise us up, and we will live in His sight. Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord: His going forth is prepared as the morning; and He shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth."

CURE FOR INSOMNIA

You can't get to sleep at night? Sometime when you're lying awake during the "wee small hours," try one or all of the following:

Repeat the words of your favorite hymns.

Repeat Psalms or other memorized Scripture.

Read your Bible or some devotional literature (not fiction).

Do some praying for those on your prayer list.

You will probably be asleep before you know it—for the devil would rather let you sleep than to have our mind "stayed on Him."—Selected.