

**HINTS AND
THOUGHTS
FOR CHRISTIANS**

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Hints and Thoughts for Christians by John Todd

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JOHN TODD

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CHRISTIANS.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.



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HINTS AND THOUGHTS

FOR

CHRISTIANS.

L

TURNING THE SPY-GLASS.

DID you ever look through a spy-glass? How it magnifies every object that comes within its range! How plainly you can see things that are a great way off! And then, did you ever turn it and look into the large end? How small, and how very far off it makes every thing look! And yet you see every thing very distinctly, though they seem so small.

In looking back upon the years and the things that are past, I sometimes seem to be looking through a spy-glass in this way. How small, and yet how distinct every thing appears.

▲

I was lately recalling the first funeral that I was called to attend after my ordination. It was in a distant part of the town, in a small brown house, low and old and humble, on the side of a hill. In it there lived a young widow with her two babes, and her aged father. They were all the world to each other. If I remember rightly, the husband had been suddenly and instantly killed at his work by the breaking of some machinery. And now his wife, the daughter of the old man and the mother of these little children, was to be buried. The house was crowded at the funeral, for all the neighbors respected this family, and felt for them in their sorrows.

I cannot recall the name of the family—they were not of my flock. But I remember the picture. The old family Bible much worn, lay on a little candle-stand, and the best chair in the house was set for the minister. Near the head of the coffin sat the old father, and on each knee a little grandchild, about eighteen months old—for they were twins. They were dressed in little white robes, with a simple knot of black ribbon on each shoulder. The aged one put an arm round each child, while the tears literally rushed down his face. But they, the little motherless ones, sat con-

tented, playing with the white locks of their grandfather, feeling that all was right with them so long as they had him with them. All the roomful of people wept at the sight, rather than at any thing that I could say.

I wondered if that mother, in her new home, was then thinking of these beautiful babes. I wondered if it was of such Christ was speaking when he said, "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father in heaven." And now I am wondering what must be the state of that Christian mother, reared in that little home, as her spirit hath grown in the world of light, and what is the history of those little babes: Have they been sanctified, and have they joined their mother, or do they still linger in this world of trial? In a lowly, very likely an unknown grave, that old man sleeps; but has he not forgotten all his tears here, in the blessedness of heaven?

Another thought—a more sad one. I said that all who attended that funeral were much affected. There was hardly a dry eye among them. But I never heard that one of them was so affected as to turn to Christ and become a Christian. Such feelings are "like the morning cloud and the early dew," unless the Spirit of the Lord make them deeper than tears.