HINTS AND THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTIANS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649602636

Hints and Thoughts for Christians by John Todd

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JOHN TODD

HINTS AND THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTIANS

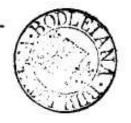


HINTS AND THOUGHTS

YOR

CHRISTIANS.

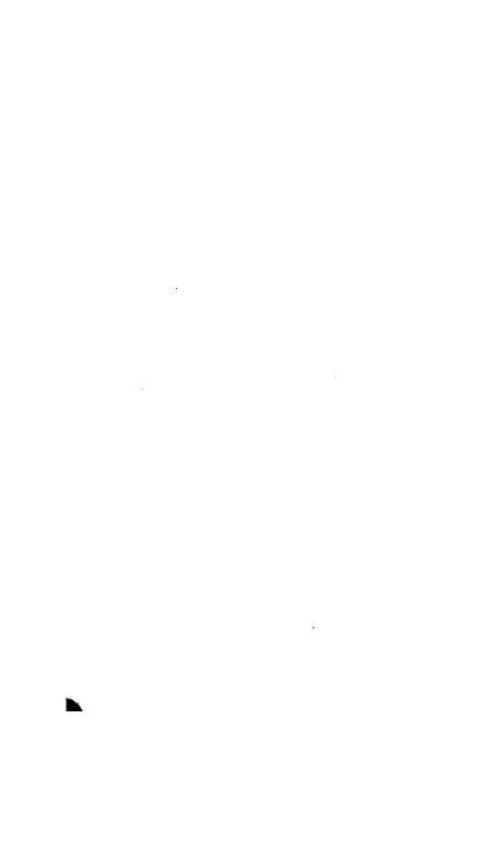
BY REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.



LONDON:

BENESSE AND SONS, 21, PATERNOSTER BOW, AND DERBY;
AND R. J. PIKE, NOTTINGHAM.
MDCCCLAIX.

141. K. 305.



CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	Turning the Spy-Glass	1
II.	Cutting Down Expenses	6
Ш.	Giving Made Easy	12
IV.	Uncle Jerry	20
V.	A Sting, and its Cure	26
	Home Missions at Home	
VII.	Home Missions at Home	39
VIII.	Our Friends	46
IX.	Why We Lose Our Friends	52
X.	A Minister Wanted	28
XI.	Spiritual Indigestion	65
	A Model Superintendent	
XIII.	Keeping the Sabbath	76
XIV.	How to Make our Prayer-meeting Dull	83
XV.	How to Make our Prayer-meeting Interesting	89
XVI.	Family Government	94

CONTENTS.

			PAGE
	XVII.	The Model Descon	
	XVIII.	"We Hire by the Year"	107
	XIX.	Preaching to Children	115
	XX.	Palingenesia	121
	XXI.	The Young Man's Letter	128
	XXII.	The Old Folks at Home	135
	XXIII.	Philarguria	141
	XXIV.	Tobacco-Raising Christians	157
	xxv.	A Queer Old Lady	164
	XXVI.	Anonymous Letters	168
	XXVII.	Christians Travelling	175
2	XXVIII.	Old Samp	182
	XXIX.	Breaking the Left Arm	187
		"The Age of the Press"	
	XXXI.	Hints to our Churches	201
	TYYII	Why Thomas was not at the Decree meeting	

HINTS AND THOUGHTS

FOR

CHRISTIANS.

Ŧ.

TURNING THE SPY-GLASS.

Dro 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.