

SOME years ago there lived in one of the poorer sections of London a man who professed to be an infidel. Several of his Christian friends labored to bring him to have faith in the Bible and Christ, but all their efforts proved fruitless. As the years passed, he grew more hardened and cynical.

In time the weight of years lay heavily upon him, and one day he went to his bed for the last time. One of his Christian neighbors, who had faithfully endeavored to lead him to Christ, took his Bible and climbed the dark, dirty stairs to the garret where the sick man lay. He knocked on the warped door, and a weak voice invited him in.

As soon as he entered, the dying man looked up and rasped, "So it's you with that Book again! Take your old Bible from here. I want nothing to do with it!"

Sorrowfully the would-be friend returned home, where he related his experience to his wife.

All unnoticed by him, his small daughter had been listening. When he was finished, she went to her room and took from a drawer her most precious possession, the new Bible her daddy had given her at Christmas. With it tucked under her arm, she walked down the street to the infidel's home and up the same stairs her father had descended a short while before. Knocking on the door, she heard the old man's voice inviting her in.

"And what do you want, little girl?"

"Daddy said you didn't want his *old* Bible, so maybe you will take my *new* one." Bursting into tears, she laid it quickly on the table beside his bed and ran from the dingy room.

Shortly afterward the old man died. When the social workers went to remove his body, they found under his pillow the little girl's Bible and a piece of soiled paper, stained with the marks of many tears, on which these words were written:

I've tried in vain a thousand ways
My fears to quell, my hopes to raise;
But what I need, the Bible says,
Is ever, only Jesus.
My soul is night, my heart is steel,
I cannot see, I cannot feel;
For light, for life, I must appeal
In simple faith to Jesus.
He died, He lives, He reigns, He
pleads;
There's love in all His words and
deeds;
There's all a guilty sinner needs
For evermore in Jesus.
Though some should sneer, and some
should blame,
I'll go with all my guilt and shame;
I'll go to Him because His name,
Above all names, is Jesus.

Friend, you, too, need Jesus. Only through Him can you be saved. If you have not knelt at His feet and asked Him to take away all your sins, won't you do so now? He can cleanse you, and He can give you strength to keep clean. Let Him do it, *now*.

by
THOMAS
A.
DAVIS

1957

Our Greatest Need

LIVING WORDS

by DELLA ADAMS LEITNER

One word of peace, of hope and faith,
One thought I may express
May find a place in someone's heart
To comfort and to bless.

And even so one word of doubt,
Of gloom, defeat, or fear,
May change some life to grief till all
Its joys will disappear.

Dear God, I ask, oh, help me be
Mindful of all I say,
That nothing pass my lips to cause
Unhappiness today.