

# "The Man That Died For Me"

MRS. J. K. BARNEY.

Many years ago I wanted to go as a foreign missionary, but my way seemed hedged about, and after a few years I went to live on the Pacific coast. Life was rough in the mining country where I lived, and this was my chance for missionary work.

I heard of a man over the hills who was dying of consumption. "He is so vile," they said, "no one can stand it to stay with him, so the boys place some food by him and leave him for twenty-four hours. They'll find him dead some time, and the quicker the better. Never had a soul, I guess."

The pity of it all haunted me as I went about my work, and I tried for three days to get some one to go and see him and find out if he was in need of better care. As I turned from the last man, vexed at his indifference, the thought came to me, "Why don't you go yourself? Here's missionary work, if you want it."

I'll not tell how I weighed the probable usefulness of my going, or how I shrank from one so vile as he. It wasn't the kind of work I wanted. At last one day I went over the hills to the little adobe cabin. It was just one room. The door stood open, and up in one corner on some straw and some blankets I found the dying man. Sin had left awful marks on his face, and if I had not heard that he could not move, I should have retreated hastily.

As my shadow fell over the floor he looked up and greeted me with a dreadful oath.

"Don't speak so, my friend," I said. "I ain't your friend," he said. "I never had any friends, and I don't want any now."

I reached out, at arm's length, the fruit I had brought him, and stepping back to the doorway I asked him, hoping to find a tender place in his heart, if he remembered his mother, but he cursed her. I asked him if he ever had a wife, and he cursed her. I spoke of God and Jesus and his death for us, but he stopped me with his oaths, and said, "That's all a lie. Nobody ever died for others."

The next day I went again, and every day for two weeks, but he did not show the gratitude a dog would have shown. At the end of that time I said, "I'm not going any more." "That night when I was putting my little boys to bed, I did not pray for the miner, as I had been accustomed to do. My little Charlie noticed it and said, 'Mamma, you did not pray for the bad man.'"

"No," I answered with a sigh. "Have you given him up, mamma?" "Yes, I guess so." "Has God given him up, mamma? Ought you to give him up, mamma, before God does?"

That night I could not sleep. The man dying, and so vile, with no one to care! I got up and went away by my self to pray, but as my knees touched the floor I was overpowered by the sense of how defective had been my prayers. I had had no faith, and I had not fully cared, beyond a selfish sentiment. Oh, the shame, the shame of my missionary zeal! I fell on my face literally as I cried, "Oh, Christ, give me a little glimpse of the worth of a human soul."

Did you ever ask that and mean it? Do not do it unless you are willing to give up ease and selfish pleasure, for life will be a different thing to you after that revelation. I stayed on my knees until Calvary became a reality to me. I cannot describe those hours. They came and went unheeded, but I learned that night what I had never known before, what it is to travail for a human soul. I saw my Lord that night as I had never seen him before.

The next morning brought a lesson in Christian work I had never learned before. I had waited on other days until the afternoon, when, my work being over, I could change my dress, put on my gloves, and take a walk while the shadows were on the hillsides. That day, the movement of my little boys went off to school I left my work, and hurried over the hills, not to "die" wretch, but to win a soul. There was a human soul in the balance and I wanted to get there quickly.

As I passed on, a neighbor came out of her cabin and said, "I'll go over the hills with you, I guess."

I did not want her, but it was another lesson for me. God could plan better than I could. She had her little girl with her, and as we reached the cabin she said, "I'll wait out here; and you hurry, won't you?"

I do not know what I expected, but the man greeted me with an awful oath. It did not hurt me as it did before, for I was behind Christ, and I stayed there. I could hear what struck him first.

While I was changing the basin of water and towel for him, things which I had done every day, and which he had used but never thanked me for, the clear laugh of the little girl rang out upon the air like a bird's note.

"What's that?" said the man earnestly. "It's a little girl outside who is waiting for me."

"Would you mind letting her in?" he said in a different tone from any I had heard before.

Stepping to the door I beckoned to her, and then taking her by the hand said, "Come in and see the sick man, Mamma."

She shrank back as she saw his face and said, "I'm afraid." But I assured her with, "Poor sick man! he can't get up, and he wants to see you."

She stood near him, with her face framed in golden curls, her eyes tender and pitiful, and in her hand the flowers she had picked from the purple sage brush. Bending towards him she said, "I'm sorry for 'ou, sick man. Will 'ou have a posy?"

He laid his great bony hand beyond the flowers on the plump hand of the child, and tears came to his eyes, as he said, "I had a little girl once and she died. Her name was Mamma. She cared for me. Nobody else did. Guess I'd been different if she'd lived. I've hated everybody since she died."

I knew then I had the key to the man's heart, and the thought came quickly, born of that midnight prayer service. "When I spoke of your mother and your wife you cursed them, and I know now that they were not good women or you could not have done it."

"Good women! Oh, you don't know nothin' 'bout that kind of women. You can't think what they was."

"Well, if your little girl had lived and grown up with them, wouldn't she have been just like them? You would not have liked to have her live for that, would you?"

He had not thought of this, and his great eyes looked off for a minute. As they came back to mine he cried, "Oh, no! no! I'd killed her first. I'm glad she died."

Reaching out and taking the poor hand I said, "The dear Lord didn't want her to be like them. He loved her better than you did. So he took her away where she could be cared for by the angels. He is keeping her for you. Today she is waiting for you. Don't you want to see her again?"

"Oh, I'd be willing to be burned alive a thousand times over if I could just see my little gal once more, my little Mamma!"

Oh, friends, you know what a blessed story I had to tell that hour, and I had been so close to Calvary that night that could tell it in earnest!

The poor face grew waxy pale, as I talked and the man threw out his arms as though his agony was mastering him. Two or three times he gasped as though 'losing' breath. Then clutching me he said, "What's that woman, you said 'other day 'bout talkin' to somebody out o' sight?"

"It's praying. I tell Him what I want."

"Pray now! pray quick! Tell Him I want my little gal again. Tell Him anything you want to."

I took the hands of the child and placed them on the trembling hand of the man. Then dropping on my knees, with the child in front of me, I bade her pray for the man who had lost his little Mamma and wanted to see her again. As nearly as I remember, this was Mamma's prayer:

"Dear Jesus, this man is sick. He lost his little girl and he feels bad about it. I's sorry for him, and he's sorry too. Won't you help him, and show him where to find his little girl? Do, please, Amen."

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Heaven seemed to open before us. There stood One with the prints of the nails in his hands and the wounds in his side.

Mamma slipped away soon, but the man kept saying, "Tell him 'bout about it, tell him everything—'bout oh! you don't know."

Then he poured out such a torrent of confession that I could not have borne it but for the One that was close to us that hour, reaching out after that lost soul.

It was the third day when the poor, tired soul turned from every thing to Him, the Mighty to save. "The Man that died for me."

He lived on for weeks, as if God would show how real was the change. I had been telling him one day about a meeting and he said, "I'd like to go to meetin' once; I never went to one of them things."

So we planned a meeting, and the boys came from the mills and the mines and filled the room.

"Now, boys," said he, "get down on your knees, while she tells about that Man that died for me."

I had been brought up to believe that a woman shouldn't speak in meeting, but I found myself talking, and I tried to tell the simple story of the cross.

After a while he said, "Oh, boys, you don't half believe it, or you'd cry; you couldn't help it. Boys, raise me up. I'd like to tell it once."

So they raised him up, and between his short breathing and coughing he told the story, and this, as well as I can recall, is a part of what he said:

"Boys," he said, "you know how the water runs down the sluice-box and carries off all the dirt and leaves the gold behind. Well! the blood of that Man she tells about went right over me just like that; it carried off 'bout everything. But it left enough for me to see Mamma, and to see the Man that died for me. Oh, boys, can't you love him?"

Some days after I saw that the end was near, and as I left him I said, "What shall I say tonight, Jack?"

"Just 'Good night,'" he said, "and when we meet again I'll say 'Good mornin' up there.'"

The next morning the door was



## Arranging For Big Exhibition

Edinburgh, Jan. 14.—Arrangements for the great Glasgow exhibition of 1911 are beginning to take definite shape, and it is clear that the site of 50 acres in Kelvingrove Park, within a mile of the centre of the city, will be the scene of a most interesting and successful show. The scheme falls into four great sections—national history, modern, fine arts, industry and entertainment. The exhibits in the historical section will be housed in the Palace of History, and will form the largest and most noteworthy collection of Scottish historical portraits, literature, etc., ever brought together. The representation of eventful scenes in Scotland's romantic history is being arranged on a large scale, and there are to be reproductions of a number of old Scottish buildings, so arranged as to make a picturesque facade to the slooohs in which the historical exhibits are housed. Exhibitors will be encouraged to assist the committee by occupying these buildings and representing conditions of home and business life, costume and indoor arrangement of the olden time.

In the place of Modern Art will be housed collections of pictures, sculptures, and applied arts. All the pictures will be by Scottish artists and will represent a century of Scottish artists and will represent a century of Scottish art. The whole of the space available on the south side of the park adjoining Sanchiehall street, will be occupied by the Palace of Industries. This building, with an ingenious arrangement of covered promenade and enclosed quadrangle, will occupy an area of 110,000 square feet, and provide accommodation for extensive displays of exhibits, both national and international in character.

A large amount of space has been set apart for the exhibition of electrical apparatus and appliances and engineering discovery and invention and the development of electricity as an applied science. Among the lighter features of the exhibition will be a professional pageant of historical vessels on the river. Ships of all kinds, from the earliest Viking galleys to the present-day Harretanias and Dreadnaughts will be represented, and one scene will illustrate the building of the Comet, exactly 100 years ago. The pageant will be largely illustrative of Glasgow's part in the progress of steam navigation. In regard to foreign and overseas exhibits it is expected that the following countries will be represented: Japan, Italy, Austria, Holland, France, Sweden, Germany, Canada, Austria, New Zealand and South Africa.

## The Last Tree of Liberty Is Gone

Paris, Jan. 14.—The last of the Trees of Liberty, several of which were planted in Paris to commemorate the Revolution in 1848 is no more. A little tree planted with much ceremony flourished and grew to be one of the tallest in the city. Of later years the Tree of Liberty was only in theory a tree of liberty, for it was really a prisoner surrounded by houses and these year after year have increased in height, making the struggle of the tree harder, and death has proved the conqueror. The roots, however, spread and became dangerous to a house of eight stories so in its attempt to rival the house in height the tree was vanquished, and has fallen to the axe of the tree-feller.

## How To Cure Rheumatism

Is it an Internal Disease and Requires an Internal Remedy. The cause of Rheumatism and kindred diseases is an excess of uric acid in the blood. To cure this terrible disease this acid must be expelled and the system so regulated that no more acid will be formed in excessive quantities. Rheumatism is an internal remedy. Rubbing with Oils and Liniments will not cure, affords only temporary relief at best, causes you to delay the proper treatment, allows the mummy to get a firmer hold on you. Liniments may ease the pain, but you will no more cure Rheumatism than pain will change the fibre of rotten wood. Science has at last discovered a perfect and complete cure, which is called "Rheumacide." Tested in hundreds of cases, it has effected the most marvelous cures; we believe it will cure you. Rheumacide "gets at the joints from the inside," sweeps the poisons out of the system, tones up the stomach, regulates the liver and kidneys and makes you well all over. Rheumacide "strikes the root of the disease and removes its cause." This splendid remedy is sold by druggists and dealers generally at 50c and \$1 a bottle. In tablet form at 25 and 50c a package. Get a bottle today. Booklet free if you write to Hobbitt Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md. Trial bottle tablets 50c by mail.

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