

**I** *I have a thought,  
I am a creature of a day,  
passing through Life  
as an arrow through the air. I am a  
spirit Come from God, and Returning to  
God; just hovering Over the great gulf,  
till, a few Moments hence,  
I'm no more seen; I drop into an  
unchangeable Eternity! I want to know  
one thing-The way to heaven; how to  
land Safe on that happy shore. God  
Himself has condescended to teach  
The way; for this very end He Came  
from heaven. He hath written It down  
in a book. O give me that Book!  
At any price, give me the Book of God!*

*John Wesley*

## DO NOT DELAY!

On Sunday night, October 8, 1871,  
D.L.Moody preached to a large crowd in  
Chicago on the text, "What shall I do then with  
Jesus which is called the Christ?" At the  
conclusion of the message he told the people to  
go home and think for a week. Then they were  
to return and decide what to do with Christ.

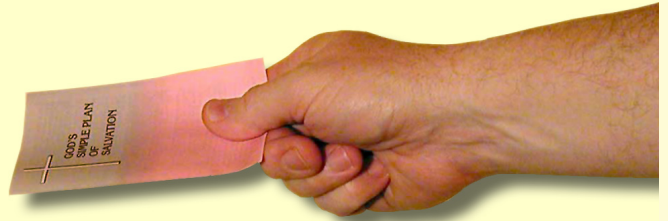
Sankey began to sing:

Today the Saviour calls; for refuge fly;  
The storm of justice falls, and death is neigh.

The hymn was never finished. The rush and  
roar of fire engines broke in. Before sunrise  
Chicago lay in ashes. Moody resolved never  
again to tell people to **decide later** what to do  
with Christ.

## What A Guy!

This is an excerpt from a letter we received,  
Oct. 2001, from Mrs. Nancy Farmer.



“My husband was a great believer  
in the tract ministry. He would buy  
them by the thousands and give them  
out in parking lots and other public  
places. **The day he was buried, some  
one had put two tracts in his hand  
as he lay in his casket and when the  
casket was about to be closed, there  
was only one.** We hope that whoever  
took that tract received the message  
into his or her heart.”

“I am 98-years-old, and life, with  
all it's frailties is still beautiful. I am  
at present writing a piece I call “If I  
Could Go Home Again.”

When, and if, I am 98-years-old, will I still  
be working for the Lord like Nancy? Will I  
have a sweet sprit like hers? And if the Lord  
tarries what would someone place in my  
lifeless hands as a symbol of my life?

May each of us determine to serve the Lord  
like this humble Christian family.