

HE TOOK MY WHIPPING FOR ME

Rev. A.C. Dixon, a Baptist preacher who was born in the mountains of Virginia, relates the following:

Year ago there was a certain school in his section which no teacher could handle. The boys were so rough that the teachers resigned.

A young, grey-eyed teacher applied, and the old director scanned him, then said, "Young feller, do you know what you are asking? An awful beatin'. Every teacher we have had for years has had to take it." He replied, "I'll risk it."

Finally, he appeared for duty. One big fellow, Tom, whispered, "I won't need any help, I can lick him myself."

The teacher said, "Good morning boys, we have come to conduct school." They yelled at the top of their voices. "Now, I want a good school, but confess I do not know how unless you help me. Suppose we have a few rules. You tell me and I will write them on the blackboard."

One fellow yelled, "No stealin'." Another yelled, "On time." Finally ten rules appeared.

"Now," said the teacher, "a law is no good unless there is a penalty attached. What shall we do with the one who breaks them?" "Beat him across the back ten times without his coat on." "That is pretty severe, boys. Are you ready to stand by it?" Another yell, and the teacher said, "School come to order."

In a day or so "Big Tom" found his dinner was stolen. Upon inquiry the thief was located--a hungry fellow about ten. The next morning the teacher announced, "We have found the thief and he must be punished according to your rule--ten stripes across the back! Jim, come up here."

The little fellow, trembling, came up slowly with a big coat fastened up to the neck and pleaded, "Teacher, you can lick me as hard as you like, but please don't make me take my coat off!"

"Take that coat off; you helped make the rules!"

"Oh, teacher, don't make me!" He began to unbutton, and what did the teacher behold! Lo, the lad had no shirt on, but strings for braces over his bony little body.

"How can I whip this child?" thought he. "But I must do something if I am going to keep this school." Everything was quiet as death. "How come you to be without a shirt, Jim?"

He replied: "My father died and mother is very poor. I have only one shirt to my name,

and she is washing that today and I wore my brother's coat to keep warm."

The teacher, with rod in hand, hesitated. Just then "Big Tom" jumped to his feet and said, "Teacher, if you don't mind, I will take Jim's licking for him."

"Very well, there is a certain law that one can become a substitute for another. Are you all agreed?" Off came Tom's coat, and after five hard strokes the rod broke. The teacher bowed his head in his hands, and thought, "How can I finish this awful task?"

Then he heard the entire school sobbing, and what did he see? Little Jim had reached up and caught Tom with both arms around the neck. "Tom, I was awful hungry, Tom. I'll love you till I die for taking my licking for me! Yes, I'll love you forever.

Sinner, friend, we have broken many rules and deserve eternal punishment! But Jesus Christ took our scourging for us, died in our stead, and now offers to clothe us with His garments of salvation. Will you not fall at His feet and tell Him you will love and follow him forever? "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ, our Lord."