

HE TOOK
MY
WHIPPING
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Rev. A.C. Dixon, the great Baptist preacher who was born in the mountains of Virginia, relates the following incident:

Years ago, there was a certain school in this section of the mountains which no teacher could handle, and none lasted very long. The boys were so rough that every teacher resigned.

A young, gray-eyed teacher soon applied for the position. The old school director looked him up and down, and then said, "Young fellow, do you have any idea what you are getting yourself into? An awful be-atin' from the students! Every teacher we have had for years has had to take it."

The serious-minded teacher replied, "I'll take the risk."

On the following Monday morning, as he stood before his new students, one big fellow, Tom, whispered to his classmates, "I won't need any help, I can lick him myself!"

The teacher said, "Good morning, boys! We have come to conduct school, but I 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 black-board."

One fellow yelled, "No stealing!" Another yelled, "On time!" Finally, ten rules were written across the blackboard.

"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," was the decision of the boys.

"That is pretty severe, boys. Are you ready to stand by it?" inquired the teacher. Another yell, and the teacher said, "The rules stand. School comes to order!"

All was going well until in a day or so, "Big Tom" found his lunch had been stolen. Upon inquiry, the thief was located – a hungry little fellow by the name of Jim, about ten years old. The next morning the teacher announced, "We have found the thief and he must be punished according to your rules – 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."

"You must take that coat off, you helped make the rules."

"Oh, teacher, don't make me!" But he began to unbutton the huge, ragged coat anyway, and what did the teacher behold? Lo, the lad had no shirt on, with only strings for suspenders over his little bony body.

"How can I whip this child?" thought he. "But I must do something if I am to keep this school." The classroom was quiet as death.

"How come you to be without a shirt, Jim?" asked the young teacher.

Jim replied, "My father died this year and

mother is very poor. I have only one shirt to my name and she is washing that today, so I wore my brother's big coat to keep warm."

The teacher, with rod in hand, hesitated. Just then, Big Tom jumped to his feet and said, "Teacher, wait! I will take Jim's whipping for him!"

"Very well, there is a certain law whereby one can become a substitute for another. Are you all agreed?"

Off came Big Tom's coat, and after five hard lashes, 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 his neck. "Tom, I am sorry I stole your dinner, but I was awful hungry. Tom, I'll love you till I die for taking my whipping for me. Yes, I'll love you forever!"

Sinner friend, you have broken every rule and deserve eternal punishment! But Jesus Christ took your scourging for you; He died in your stead and now offers to clothe you 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"* (Romans 6:23).

- Selected.

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