

1: Sitting In the Dark - The Work Of The People

"To the Person Sitting in Darkness" is an essay by American humorist Mark Twain published in the North American Review in February. It is a satire exposing imperialism as revealed in the Boxer Uprising and its aftermath, the Boer War, and the Philippine-American War expressing his anti-Imperialist views.

Light, a source of light, radiance. From an obsolete phao; luminousness. To make to rise, I rise, shine generally of the sun, and hence met. From ana and the base of telos; to arise. Pulpit Commentary Verse Saw great light; saw a great light Revised Version ; unnecessarily except as a matter of English, for it can hardly mean a definite light, Messiah. And to them which sat. So the Hebrew, but the LXX. In the region and shadow of death. The region where death abides, and where it casts its thickest shade. The tense emphasizes not the abiding effect e. The father of the Baptist also remembered this passage of Isaiah Luke 1: Matthew Henry Commentary 4: Christ will not stay long where he is not welcome. Those who are without Christ, are in the dark. They were sitting in this condition, a contented posture; they chose it rather than light; they were willingly ignorant. When the gospel comes, light comes; when it comes to any place, when it comes to any soul, it makes day there. Light discovers and directs; so does the gospel. The doctrine of repentance is right gospel doctrine. Not only the austere John Baptist, but the gracious Jesus, preached repentance. There is still the same reason to do so.

2: To the person sitting in darkness | Power Line

Suffice to say I was never so happy as when Sitting in Darkness was rolling merrily along, and I was churning out weird, little stories. It's time for me to go back down to that dark place where the stories live.

May 11, Joselito Honestly and Brilliantly rated it it was amazing Uncle Sam had just defeated Spain during the brief Spanish-American war and part of the terms of surrender was the ceding of the Philippines, a Spanish colony for years, to the Americans. In , acting upon an intelligence information as to the whereabouts of Gen. What I find delightfully unique about this book written by an American from New Jersey about Philippine-American history is that both Philippine and American personalities were given equal attention and sympathetic treatment. Both Funston and Aguinaldo, for example, were heroic and each of their faults and inadequacies laid down without bias. Young Filipinos here at goodreads, do you know how the young, dashing, handsome ladies man, Filipino-heartthrob-boy-general Gregorio del Pilar met his end in the Battle of Tirad Pass while trying to slow down the American forces in hot pursuit of the fleeing Gen. One of our companies crouched up close under the side of the cliff where he had built his first intrenchment, heard his voice continually during the fight, scolding them, praising them, cursing, appealing one moment to their love of their native land and the next instant threatening to kill them if they did not stand firm. Driven from the first intrenchment he fell slowly back to the second in full sight of our sharpshooters and under a heavy fire. Not until every man around him in the second intrenchment was down did he turn his white horse and ride slowly up the winding trail. Then we who were below saw an American squirm his way out to the top of a high flat rock, and take deliberate aim at the figure on the white horse. We held our breath, not knowing whether to pray that the sharpshooter would shoot straight or miss. Then came the spiteful crack of the Krag rifle and the man on horseback rolled to the ground, and when the troops charging up the mountain side reached him, the boy general of the Filipinos was dead. After H company had driven the insurgents out of their second position and killed Pilar, the other companies had rushed straight up the trail Just past this a few hundred yards we saw a solitary figure lying on the road. The boy was almost stripped of clothing, and there were no marks of rank on the blood-soaked coat A soldier came running down the trail. Company got one of his silver spurs, and a lieutenant got the other, and somebody swiped his cuff buttons before I got here or I would have swiped them, and all I got was a stud button and his collar with blood on it. A private sitting by the fire was exhibiting a handkerchief. I guess that was his girl. There had been no time to bury him. Not even a blanket or a poncho had been thrown over him. Another perched on his head. The fog settled down upon us. We could see the body no longer.

3: To the Person Sitting in Darkness - Wikipedia

Second, much of SITTING IN DARKNESS is devoted to author Bain's trip to the Philippines in , a trip which Bain capped off by re-tracing the arduous trek up the eastern coast of Luzon that Funston and a small band of tribal soldiers had made in in order to capture Aguinaldo in the remote outpost of Palanan.

Some new hires get confused and use the number on the front right corner. That would be your badge number. Has it been that long? Lots of changes since I came on. OK â€” just a couple of things to get you oriented. If you have any doubts, ask your line manager. Now, get all your training out of the way as quickly as possible. I know it can seem overwhelming that you have three hundred and thirty seven Standard Operating Procedures to read and acknowledge in the next week, but just do the best you can. The SOPs are there to ensure we all do things the same way. This is a living document. For instance, need help giving feedback to a peer? Just have a look at Chapter Want to know how to blow off steam at the afternoon spin session in the company gym instead of bringing a high-powered rifle to the office? I remember when my wife and I were having some issues. It builds rapport and that sort of thing. She never really took to the culture, you know? It made it hard for me, because I had divided loyalties. I mean â€” it sounds awful to say this, I know â€” but I felt more at home here. Well, the folks at the Employee Assistance Program were great. They emphasized the fact that this type of thing was common and blah, blah, blah. Then, the counselor said something that completely illuminated my way forward. OK â€” enough about me. Let me show you to your workstation. I know your first few days can be a little overwhelming. I suggest just keeping your eyes open. See what others do and try to blend in. You want to find that sweet spot between being seen as a slacker and being seen as a show-off. Just hang in there, year after year. The name is Noone. Spelled just the way it sounds.

4: I Am No One | Sitting in Darkness

Sitting in Darkness reveals how within intersectional contexts of Chinese Exclusion and Jim Crow, these writings registered fluctuating connections between immigration policy, imperialist ventures, and racism.

Posted on August 25, by Scott Johnson in Books , Laughter is the Best Medicine , Literature To the person sitting in darkness We have lost the power at home twice this week, each time for several hours overnight. It seems to happen every time we have a serious summer thunderstorm. The utter silence and lack of light tend to disturb my sleep. Was it a poem? It seems to derive from a speech Twain gave to the Anti-Imperialist League in It was originally published in the North American Review that year. Reading the piece brought to mind one of my great Dartmouth English teachers, the late James Cox photo at right. Professor Cox was the funniest lecturer I have ever heard. I thought he was funnier than any comedian I had ever seen. He seemed to me to embody the spirit of Mark Twain. The Dartmouth Alumni Magazine published a brief profile of him by former former student Tom Maremaa in Humor and the river are the realm of pleasure; conscience is the realm of suppression. Professor Cox had a contrarian Freudian interpretation of an aspect of Mark Twain that has stuck in my mind. Theodore Roosevelt stood apart at the ceremony; since the assassination of McKinley he had been forbidden to mix in crowds or shake hands. After the exercise, when he was touring the campus, a crowd of them gave the college cheer and roared out his name. He took off his hat and bowed. Now that is funny. At least it made me laugh. It also made me wonder how Mark Twain would be greeted by Yale students nowadays. What about the fate of Huckleberry Finn? The progressive superego has intervened to suppress it on high school reading lists. Here is a little of what he had to say that I was vaguely remembering from class with him. What is it but an attack upon the conscience? The conscience, after all is said and done, is the real tyrant in the book. It is the relentless force which pursues Huckleberry Finn; it is the tyrant from which he seeks freedom. And it is not only social conscience which threatens Huck, but any conscience. The social conscience, represented in the book by the slaveholding of the Old South, is easily seen and exposed. It is the false conscience. But what of the true conscience the reader wishes to project upon Huck and which Huck himself is at last on the threshold of accepting? It, too, is finally false. A little later he writes: Comfort and satisfaction are the value terms in Huckleberry Finn. Freedom for Huck is not realized in terms of political liberty but in terms of pleasure. Thus his famous pronouncement on the raft: You feel mighty free and comfortable on a raft.

5: Sitting in Darkness: Americans in the Philippines | eBay

Sitting in Darkness has 14 ratings and 3 reviews. Joselito Honestly said: Uncle Sam had just defeated Spain during the brief Spanish-American war and par.

Sir, it is pie. It will bring into camp any idiot that sits in darkness anywhere. But not if we adulterate it. It is proper to be emphatic upon that point. This brand is strictly for Export -- apparently. Privately and confidentially, it is nothing of the kind. Privately and confidentially, it is merely an outside cover, gay and pretty and attractive, displaying the special patterns of our Civilization which we reserve for Home Consumption, while inside the bale is the Actual Thing that the Customer Sitting in Darkness buys with his blood and tears and land and liberty. That Actual Thing is, indeed, Civilization, but it is only for Export. Is there a difference between the two brands? In some of the details, yes. We all know that the Business is being ruined. The reason is not far to seek. It is because our Mr. Chamberlain, and the Kaiser, and the Czar and the French have been exporting the Actual Thing with the outside cover left off. This is bad for the Game. It shows that these new players of it are not sufficiently acquainted with it. It is a distress to look on and note the mismoves, they are so strange and so awkward. It is bad play -- bad. And only for money? Was that a good pretext in a small case, when it had not been a good pretext in a large one? Is this Civilization and Progress? Is it something better than we already possess? These harryings and burnings and desert-makings in the Transvaal -- is this an improvement on our darkness? Is it, perhaps, possible that there are two kinds of Civilization -- one for home consumption and one for the heathen market? And we gave it them -- with the long spoon. The same number -- and the same column -- contains some quite unconscious satire in the form of shocked and bitter upbraidings of the Boers for their brutalities and inhumanities! Next, to our heavy damage, the Kaiser went to playing the game without first mastering it. He lost a couple of missionaries in a riot in Shantung, and in his account he made an overcharge for them. China had to pay a hundred thousand dollars apiece for them, in money; twelve miles of territory, containing several millions of inhabitants and worth twenty million dollars; and to build a monument, and also a Christian church; whereas the people of China could have been depended upon to remember the missionaries without the help of these expensive memorials. This was all bad play. Bad, because it would not, and could not, and will not now or ever, deceive the Person Sitting in Darkness. He knows that it was an overcharge. He knows that a missionary is like any other man: He is useful, but so is a doctor, so is a sheriff, so is an editor; but a just Emperor does not charge war-prices for such. A diligent, intelligent, but obscure missionary, and a diligent, intelligent country editor are worth much, and we know it; but they are not worth the earth. We esteem such an editor, and we are sorry to see him go; but, when he goes, we should consider twelve miles of territory, and a church, and a fortune, over-compensation for his loss. I mean, if he was a Chinese editor, and we had to settle for him. It is no proper figure for an editor or a missionary; one can get shop-worn kings for less. The results have been expensive to Germany, and to the other Disseminators of Progress and the Blessings of Civilization. They would muse upon the event, and be likely to say: There are rich Chinamen, perhaps they could afford it; but this tax is not laid upon them, it is laid upon the peasants of Shantung; it is they that must pay this mighty sum, and their wages are but four cents a day. Is this a better civilization than ours, and holier and higher and nobler? Is not this rapacity? Is not this extortion? Would Germany charge America two hundred thousand dollars for two missionaries, and shake the mailed fist in her face, and send warships, and send soldiers, and say: Shall proceed against neighboring village to-morrow, where a massacre is reported. She affronts England once or twice -- with the Person Sitting in Darkness observing and noting; by moral assistance of France and Germany, she robs Japan of her hard-earned spoil, all swimming in Chinese blood -- Port Arthur -- with the Person again observing and noting; then she seizes Manchuria, raids its villages, and chokes its great river with the swollen corpses of countless massacred peasants -- that astonished Person still observing and noting. And perhaps he is saying to himself: Is there no salvation for us but to adopt Civilization and lift ourselves down to its level? Chamberlain was playing it in South Africa. It was a mistake to do that; also, it was one which was quite unlooked for in a Master who was playing it so well in Cuba. In Cuba, he was playing the

usual and regular American game, and it was winning, for there is no way to beat it. The Master, contemplating Cuba, said: There, in Cuba, he was following our great traditions in a way which made us very proud of him, and proud of the deep dissatisfaction which his play was provoking in Continental Europe. Moved by a high inspiration, he threw out those stirring words which proclaimed that forcible annexation would be "criminal aggression;" and in that utterance fired another "shot heard round the world. For, presently, came the Philippine temptation. It was strong; it was too strong, and he made that bad mistake: It was a pity; it was a great pity, that error; that one grievous error, that irrevocable error. For it was the very place and time to play the American game again. And at no cost. Rich winnings to be gathered in, too; rich and permanent; indestructible; a fortune transmissible forever to the children of the flag. Not land, not money, not dominion -- no, something worth many times more than that dross: The game was in our hands. If it had been played according to the American rules, Dewey would have sailed away from Manila as soon as he had destroyed the Spanish fleet -- after putting up a sign on shore guaranteeing foreign property and life against damage by the Filipinos, and warning the Powers that interference with the emancipated patriots would be regarded as an act unfriendly to the United States. The Powers cannot combine, in even a bad cause, and the sign would not have been molested. Dewey could have gone about his affairs elsewhere, and left the competent Filipino army to starve out the little Spanish garrison and send it home, and the Filipino citizens to set up the form of government they might prefer, and deal with the friars and their doubtful acquisitions according to Filipino ideas of fairness and justice -- ideas which have since been tested and found to be of as high an order as any that prevail in Europe or America. But we played the Chamberlain game, and lost the chance to add another Cuba and another honorable deed to our good record. The more we examine the mistake, the more clearly we perceive that it is going to be bad for the Business. The Person Sitting in Darkness is almost sure to say: There must be two Americas: We must arrange his opinions for him. I believe it can be done; for Mr. He presented the facts -- some of the facts -- and showed those confiding people what the facts meant. He did it statistically, which is a good way. He used the formula: Now, my plan is a still bolder one than Mr. Let us be franker than Mr. Chamberlain; let us audaciously present the whole of the facts, shirking none, then explain them according to Mr. This daring truthfulness will astonish and dazzle the Person Sitting in Darkness, and he will take the Explanation down before his mental vision has had time to get back into focus. Let us say to him: On the 1st of May, Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet. This left the Archipelago in the hands of its proper and rightful owners, the Filipino nation. Their army numbered 30, men, and they were competent to whip out or starve out the little Spanish garrison; then the people could set up a government of their own devising. Our traditions required that Dewey should now set up his warning sign, and go away. But the Master of the Game happened to think of another plan -- the European plan. He acted upon it. This was, to send out an army -- ostensibly to help the native patriots put the finishing touch upon their long and plucky struggle for independence, but really to take their land away from them and keep it. That is, in the interest of Progress and Civilization. The plan developed, stage by stage, and quite satisfactorily. We entered into a military alliance with the trusting Filipinos, and they hemmed in Manila on the land side, and by their valuable help the place, with its garrison of 8, or 10, Spaniards, was captured -- a thing which we could not have accomplished unaided at that time. We got their help by -- by ingenuity. We knew they were fighting for their independence, and that they had been at it for two years. We knew they supposed that we also were fighting in their worthy cause -- just as we had helped the Cubans fight for Cuban independence -- and we allowed them to go on thinking so. Until Manila was ours and we could get along without them. Then we showed our hand. Of course, they were surprised -- that was natural; surprised and disappointed; disappointed and grieved. To them it looked un-American; uncharacteristic; foreign to our established traditions. And this was natural, too; for we were only playing the American Game in public -- in private it was the European. It was neatly done, very neatly, and it bewildered them.

6: Sitting In Darkness, Sleeping In Silence: My Battle With Depression And Loneliness by D. Terry

Sitting In Darkness, Sleeping In Silence has 2 ratings and 1 review. Steffani said: This book is genuine raw emotion of real life situations that I feel.

For this Study Guide to be useful, you will need to print it out. But if you plan to print this out from one of the KSU public computer labs, be sure first to go into the File menu, choose "Page Setup," and click on "Black Type. You can download it here. Plan on reading the story at least a couple of times before you undertake to write on it. You may find the language difficult because both Twain and the authors he quotes in the course of the piece are writing in the language customary at the turn of the last century in newspapers, which except for tabloids were directed at a quite literate public. So expect the piece to take some getting used to. Devote your first reading just to acquainting yourself with what the scheme of the piece is. First, though, print out a copy of the Notes to the piece. Skim through them before you start to familiarize yourself at least in a sketchy way with the situations that stimulated Twain to write, and then keep the notes on hand for consultation as you read what he wrote. Twain of course is ultimately addressing his fellow American citizens. He pretends, however, to be addressing them as stockholders in a troubled business venture. He speaks as a business consultant, helping them to confront a problem: What sort of people is he trying to reach? Is he aiming, for example, to influence people like the Rev. Ament, of the American Board of Foreign Missions? How about President McKinley? What condition of understanding does he assume his intended audience to be in? What are their values? What is their awareness of the world? How did this come to be? What effect on his intended audience do you suppose he figured this approach might have? What does he expect their immediate reactions to be to what he acquaints them with in the course of the piece? Why and how does he expect them to get beyond these immediate reactions? What overall change does he imagine would take place in their general outlook on their own situation, if they were to think through their reactions to the piece? What does he expect them, finally, to appreciate the real point of the piece to be? What point is Twain making in opening his piece with the passage he quotes at the outset from the New York Tribune Christmas Eve, ? Now undertake your second reading of the story. Go to the Notes on this story. Go to the Writing Assignment on this story. There is a fine collection of adjunct resources compiled by Jim Zwick, on Anti-Imperialism in the United States, Unheeded Lessons About U. Permission is granted for non-commercial educational use; all other rights reserved. This page last updated 12 March

7: 'Sit in Darkness' in the Bible

Sitting in Darkness: Mark Twain and America's Asia Hsuan L. Hsu The bestselling status of the Autobiography of Mark Twain () and the recent controversy over the NewSouth edition.*

ULL OF LOVE to the place where he had been brought up, our Lord had gone to Nazareth, and in the Synagogue he had preached the gladdest tidings; but, alas, the greatest of prophets and the Lord of prophets, received no honor in his own country. He must go for the Nazarenes had proved themselves unworthy, but whither shall he go? The loss of Nazareth shall be the gain of Galilee. What if he should now turn away from them; I pray he may not have done so already. Yet, in turning away from them, he will deal with others in mercy. As the casting away of the Jews was the salvation of the Gentiles, so the leaving of these privileged ones shall open a door of mercy and hope to those who have not enjoyed the privilege aforesaid. To you who are not familiar with the gospel sound, to you who count yourselves more unworthy than the rest of mankind, to you desponding and despairing ones who write bitter things against yourselves, to you is the gospel sent. As aforesaid, the Lord preached to Zebulun and Nephthali, and the people who sat in darkness saw a great light, even so is he this day proclaimed among you. From the text it appears that some are in greater darkness than others; and that, secondly, for such there is a hope of light; but that, thirdly, the light which will come to them lies all in Christ; and, fourthly joyful news! God distributeth his grace and privileges even as he wills. The Galileans were notoriously ignorant: So are there many, to whom the gospel, even in the theory of it, is a thing scarcely known. They may have gone to places of worship in this country from their youth up, and have never heard the gospel, for the gospel is a rare thing in some synagogues; you shall hear philosophy, you shall hear ceremonialism and sacramentarianism cried up, but the blessed truth, "Believe, and live," is kept in the background, so that men may come to full age, ay, and even to old age, in Christian England, and yet the plan of salvation by the righteousness of Jesus Christ may be an unknown thing to them. They sit in the darkness of ignorance. The consequence is, that another darkness follows, the darkness of error. Men who know not the truth, since they must have some faith, seek out many inventions; for, if they are not taught of God, they soon become taught of Satan, and apt scholars are they in his school. Galilee was noted for the heresies which abounded there. But what a mercy it is that God can save heretics. Those who have received false doctrine, and added darkness to darkness in so doing, can yet be brought into the glorious light of truth. Though they may have denied the Deity of Christ, though they may have doubted the inspiration of Scripture, though they may have fallen into many traps and pitfalls of false doctrine, yet the Divine Shepherd, when he seeks his lost sheep, can find them out and bring them home again. In consequence of being in the darkness of ignorance and error, these people were wrapt in the gloom of discomfort and sorrow. Darkness is an expressive type of sorrow. There is no solace for our griefs like the gospel of Jesus Christ, and those who are ignorant of it are tossed about upon a stormy sea, without an anchorage. Glory be to God; when sorrow has brought on a midnight, grace can transform it into noon. This darkness of sorrow was no doubt attended with much fear. We love not darkness because we cannot see what is before us, and therefore we are alarmed by imaginary dangers; and, in the same way, those who are ignorant of the light of Christ will frequently be the victims of superstitious dread; ay, and true and well founded fears will arise too, for they will dread death, and the bar of God, and the sentence of justice. Believe me, there is no darkness so black as the horror which surrounds many an awakened conscience when it sees its ruin, but cannot find a Savior; feels its sin, and cannot see the way by which it may be expiated. Here, then, we have considered one part of this sad condition; perhaps it describes some of you. It is said next that they "sat in darkness. Isaiah speaks, in his ninth chapter, of a people that "walked in darkness;" but here the evangelist speaks of a people who "sat in darkness. The man who walks is active, he has some energy left, and may reach a brighter spot; but a man sitting down is inactive, and will probably abide where he is. They sat as though they had been turned to stone. They "sat in darkness," probably through despair; they had, after a fashion, striven for the light, but had not found it, and so they gave up all hope. Their disappointed hearts told them that they might as well spare those fruitless efforts, and therefore down they sat with the stolidity of hopelessness. Why should they make any more exertion? If God

would not hear their prayers, why should they pray any longer? Being ignorant of his abounding grace, and of the way of salvation by his Son, they considered themselves as consigned to perdition. They "sat in darkness. They said, "What matters it, since there is no hope for us? Let it be as fate appoints, we will sit still, we will neither cry nor pray. It is a most sad and wretched condition, but what a blessing it is that this day we have a gospel to preach to such. Many at this time, and in this City, are truly living in the domain of spiritual death. All around them is death. If they have stepped into this house this morning, their position is an exception to their general one. They will go home to a Sabbath-breaking household; they hear habitually oaths, profane language, and lascivious songs; and thus they breathe the reek of the charnel-house. If they have a good thought, it is ridiculed by those about them. They dwell as among the tombs, with men whose mouths are open sepulchres, pouring forth all manner of offensiveness. How sad a condition! It seems to such poor souls, perhaps, being now a little awakened, that everything about them is prophetic of death. They are afraid to take a step lest the earth should open a door to the bottomless pit. I remember well, when I was under conviction, how all the world seemed in league against me, the beasts of the field and the stones thereof. I wondered then the heavens could refrain from falling upon me, or the earth from opening her mouth to swallow me up. I was under sentence of divine wrath, and felt as if I were in a condemned cell, and all creation were but the walls of my dungeon. They are sitting there this morning: I am chilled through my very marrow, as though the frost of death had smitten me: I am unable now to hope, or even to pray, even my desires are all but dead. Like a frozen corpse is my soul. I have known some afraid to shut their eyes at night, lest they should open them in torments; others have been afraid to go to their beds, lest their couch should become their coffin; they have not known what to do, by reason of depression of spirit. I pray God that none of you poor darkened souls may be so foolish as to try to exclude yourself from it, though such is the perversity of despondency that I greatly fear you may do so. However small we make the meshes of the gospel net, there are certain little fish that will find a way of escaping from its blessed toils, though we try to meet the character, we miss it through the singular dexterity of despair. The fact is that when a man is sin-sick, his soul abhorreth all manner of meat, and unless the beloved physician shall interpose, he will die of famine with the bread of life spread out before him. Dear friends, may the Lord visit you with his saving health, and give to the saddest of you joy and peace in believing. Having given the description of those in the darkness, let us now pass on to the second point. To the benighted land of Zabulon and Naphtali the gospel came, and evermore to souls enwrapped in gloom the gospel has come as a cheering and guiding light; and there are good reasons why it should be so. For, first, among such people the gospel has reaped very rich fruit. Among barbarous nations Christ has won great trophies. What wonders God has done by that blessed church in Golden Lane, under our dear brother Orsman? What conversions have taken place in connection with the mission churches of St. God is glorified when the thief and the harlot are washed and cleansed and made obedient to the law of Christ. Some of us were brought very low before we found the Savior; lower we could not well have been: Be of good courage, there is hope for you. It is a further consolation to sad hearts, that many promises are made to such characters, even to those who are most dark. How precious is that word, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea? Many have laid hold and rested themselves on this faithful saying, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out. That also is a rich word, "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. They were to commence their labors amongst his murderers, amongst hypocritical Pharisees and proud Herodians; they were to begin where the devil reigned most supreme, and to present Christ to the worst sinners first. See you, then, that great sinners, so far from being excluded, are just those to whom the good news is to be first published. Be of good comfort, then, ye that sit in darkness: Moreover, remember, that the conversion of the more deplorably dark and despairing brings the highest degree of glory to God. When his glory passes by great sin, then it is mercy indeed. Where it is greatly displaced, it is greatly extolled. Many are saved by Christ, in whom the change is not very apparent, and consequently but little fame is brought to the good Physician through it; but, oh, if he will have mercy upon yonder mourner, who has been these ten years in despair; if he will say, "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmities," the whole parish will ring with it! If Jesus will come

and save that black, ignorant sinner, whom everybody knows because he has become a pest and a nuisance to the town; if such a demoniac has the devil cast out of him, how all men will say. Moreover, when they happily behold the light, such persons frequently become eminently useful to others. Their experience aids them in counseling others, and their gratitude makes them eager to do so. O sweet light, how precious art thou to blind eyes, when they are newly opened. You do not know what it is to be blind: But on high they shall behold Angels tuning harps of gold; Rapture to the new-born sight; Jesus in celestial light! So, when the spiritual eye has long been dim, and we have mourned and wept for sin, but could not behold a Savior, light is sweet beyond expression. And, because it is so sweet, there is a necessity within the enlightened soul to tell out the joyful news to others. When a man has deeply felt the evil of sin, and has at length obtained mercy, he cries with David, "Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee. Zealous saints are usually those who once were in great darkness; they see what grace has done for them, and for that very reason they feel an attachment to their dear Lord and Master, which they might never had felt if they had not once sat in the valley of the shadow of death. So, poor troubled ones, for these reasons, and fifty more I might bring if time did not fail me, there is hope for you. But now, the best part of our discourse comes under the third head. Hear ye the text. He is, however, a Savior that must be seen. Faith must grasp the blessings which the Savior brings. Let us consider how clearly Christ Jesus himself is the light of every believing eye, and delivers the most troubled soul from its misery.

8: Sitting in Darkness | weird little stories

To enlighten them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death: to direct our feet into the way of peace. Darby Bible Translation to shine upon them who were sitting in darkness and in [the] shadow of death, to guide our feet into [the] way of peace.

9: Light for Those Who Sit in Darkness

-- the people sitting in darkness has seen a great light, and to those sitting in [the] country and shadow of death, to them has light sprung up. English Revised Version The people which sat in darkness Saw a great light, And to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, To them did light spring up.

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