

COME TO JESUS.

GUSSE M. MARTIN.

O sinner, come to Jesus, he is calling you today;
Will you not hasten to him, turn from all sin away?

Do not grieve the Holy Spirit if he's talking to your heart,
If you do you'll hear the answer, You must from me depart.

O sinner, come to Jesus, you're surely tired of sin;

Will you not listen to his voice and let his Spirit in?

If you would take the holy Book and read his precious Word,
I think you'd turn to Jesus and serve the blessed Lord.

Perhaps you think if you'd been there, your Lord they wouldn't have slain,
But you're crucifying him today and putting him to shame.

Now let me warn you, sinner, if you would see his face,

You must travel in the narrow way and run the Christian race.

Then when life down here is ended and on earth no more we roam,

We all will shout salvation and go singing to our home.

Though our troubles here be many and our friends, too, may be few,
Up there 'twill all be ended, when this life on earth is through.

O, I want to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay,

And I want to do his holy will each moment, day by day,

For he says in his holy Word if we will faithful be,

We can live with him forever throughout eternity.

I know if this earthly tabernacle of clay should be dissolved,

I have a home in heaven, an eternal home with God.

There no sickness e'er can enter and no sorrow ever come,

But God shall wipe all tears away in that eternal home.

Wesminster, S. C.

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY.

In a beautiful Swiss valley lived a farmer, who neither feared God nor regarded man; and who wished in everything to have his own way. One Sabbath afternoon in harvest time he had a large quantity of cut grain in his field. Observing the clouds gathering round the tops of the mountains and the spring becoming full of water, he called his domestics, saying, "Let us go to the field, gather and bind, for towards evening we shall have a storm." He was overheard by his grandmother, a good old lady of eighty years of age, who walked supported by two crutches. She approached her grandson with difficulty.

"John, John," she said, "dost thou consider? As far as I can remember in my whole life I have never known a single ear of corn housed on the holy Sabbath day; and yet we have always been loaded with blessings; we have never wanted for anything and thus far the year has been very dry, and if the grain gets a little wet there is nothing in that very alarming. Besides, God, who gives the grain gives the rain also, and we must take things as He sends them. John, do not violate the rest of this holy day; I earnestly beseech thee."

At these words of the grandmother, all the domestics came around her; the eldest understood the wisdom of her advice, but the young treated it with ridicule, and said one to another: "Old customs are out of date in our day; prejudices are abolished; the world now is altogether altered."

"Grandmother," said the farmer, it is quite indifferent to our God whether we spend the day in labor or in sleep, and He will be altogether as much pleased to see the grain in the corn loft as to see it exposed to the rain. That which we get under shelter will nourish us, and nobody can tell what sort of weather it will be tomorrow."

"John, John, within doors and out of doors all things are at the Lord's disposal, and thou dost not know what may happen this evening; I entreat thee for the love of God not to work today; I would much rather eat no bread for a whole year."

"Grandmother, doing a thing for one time is not a habit; besides, it is not a

wickedness to try to preserve one's harvest and to better one's circumstances."

"But, John," replied the good old lady, "God's commandments are always the same, and what will it profit thee to have thy grain in the barn, if thou lose thy soul?"

"Oh! don't be uneasy about that," exclaimed John. "And now, boys, let us go to work; time and weather wait for no man."

"John, John," for the last time cried the good lady; but alas, it was in vain, and while she was weeping and praying, John was housing his sheaves. It might be said that all flew, both men and beasts, so great was the dispatch. A thousand sheaves were in the barn when the first drops of rain fell. John entered his house followed by his people, and exclaimed with an air of triumph, "Now, grandmother, all is secure; let the tempests roar, let the elements rage, it little concerns me, my harvest is under my roof."

"Yes, John," said the grandmother, solemnly; "but above thy roof spreads the Lord's roof."

While she was speaking the room was suddenly illuminated, and fear was painted on every countenance. A tremendous clap of thunder made the house tremble to its foundation. "See!" exclaimed the first who could speak, "the lightning has struck the barn!" All hurried out of doors. The building was in flames, and they saw through the roof the sheaves burning, which had only just been housed. The greatest consternation reigned among the men, who but a moment before were so pleased. Every one was dejected, and incapable of acting. The aged grandmother alone preserved all her presence of mind. She prayed, and incessantly repeated, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" "Oh, heavenly Father let Thy will, and not ours be done." The barn with all its contents was entirely consumed. The farmer had said, "I have put my harvest under my roof," but he forgot what his grandmother said, "Above thy roof is the Lord's roof."

So thousands of others forget, and act as though God were altogether indifferent about His laws, and had not power to call His creatures to account. God has said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—My Paper.

PEACE.

God is a God of peace, and it is He alone that can give peace. "When He giveth quietness who then can make trouble?" Christ came to give peace to the troubled soul, and when He comes again, He will come in a glorious reign of peace. He now reigns in our hearts and gives us peace.

We are by and through Him absolved from all guilt, and remorse of conscience, and have not only peace with God, but peace with men—peace with all men. And we are to follow that kind of a life. "As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." It takes two to make a quarrel, and when we have peace with God, we have no quarrel with men. The quarrel is all taken out. Our inward peace is not disturbed by the conduct of others. If they are disturbed by us, it will be because of their sins. As long as sin reigns in the heart of men they cannot be at peace with each other. They cannot be at peace with God. Repentance and faith give justifying grace which secures peace.

When we follow peace, "pursue peace," our peace will be multiplied.

Not only is it our privilege to have peace with God, but also the peace of God, a peace which passeth all understanding; which will keep our hearts.—Sent of God.

SAD FACTS TO THINK ABOUT.

The women of America pay more for artificial flowers for their hats and bonnets, a great deal, than the whole Church of God for missions.

The men of America spend more in a year for tobacco than the whole church has spent in nineteen centuries to spread the Gospel.

Sinners spend more for whiskey in forty-eight hours than all the churches give to missions in a year.

The needless use of buttons that women put on their kid gloves would double the missionary contributions.

Obedient faith retains salvation.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

Away among the Alleghenies there is a spring so small that a single ox could drain it dry on a summer day. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a thousand villages and cities, and bearing on its bosom more than a half a thousand steam boats. Then joining on the Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar until the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is the rill, the rivulet, the ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.

COUNTING THE COST.

Two young soldiers were talking about the service of Christ. One of them said—"I can't tell you all that the Lord Jesus is to me, or what He has done for me. I do wish you would enlist in His army."

"I am thinking about it," answered his comrade, "but it means giving up several things—in fact, I am counting the cost."

An officer passing at that moment overheard the last remark, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of the speaker, he said—

"Young friend, you talk of 'counting the cost' of following Christ, but have you ever counted the cost of not following Him?"

For days that question rang in the ears of the young man, and he found no rest till he sought and found it at the feet of the Saviour of sinners, whose faithful soldier and servant he has now been for twenty-seven years. F. E. T.

THE LOVE THAT WINS.

A missionary in China once heard a group of Chinamen discussing the various religions by which China is afflicted. At last one of the group said: "It is just as if a Chinaman were down in a deep pit, and wanted help to get out. Confucius came along and said, 'If you had only kept my precepts you would not have fallen into this pit.' Buddha also came to the mouth of the pit, saying, Ah! poor Chinaman; if you were only up where I am, I would make you all right.' The Chinaman replied, if I were where you are, I would not want your help." But then there came along Jesus Christ, with tears in His eyes, He jumped right into the pit and lifted the poor man right out of it." This is the love that wins our hearts.

NOT A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

The minister with a cigar stuck in his mouth is not a worthy example for the boys and young men of the country, and he knows it. The minister of the Gospel who wants his son to contract the expensive, unhealthy tobacco habit, which stimulates a desire for alcohol, and contributes to the excitement of the lowest and most dangerous passions, is not the man to teach the youth of the land. The minister who does not want his son to use tobacco ought not to set the example before the families of his flock.

To a member of the Society: Every one, though born of God in an instant, yea, and sanctified in an instant, yet undoubtedly grows by low degrees, both after the former and the latter change. But it does not follow from thence that there must be a considerable tract of time between the one and the other. A year or a month is the same with God as a thousand. If He wills, to do is present with Him; much less is there any necessity for much suffering. God can do His work by pleasure as well as by pain. It is, therefore, undoubtedly our duty to pray and look for salvation every day, every hour, every moment, without waiting till we have either done or suffered more. Why should not this be the accepted time?—John Wesley, Sermons, Vol. 6, p. 764.

Those who live at the feet of Jesus, drink at the rivers of His pleasure, and rejoice with joy unspeakable.

It is not possible for a disobedient soul to retain salvation.

SELF.

The last enemy destroyed in the believer is self. It dies hard. It will make many concessions if allowed to live. Self will permit the believer to do anything, give anything, sacrifice anything, suffer anything, be anything, go anywhere, take any liberties, bear any crosses, afflict soul or body to any degree—anything, if it can only live. It will allow victory over pride, penuriousness and passion if not destroyed itself. It will permit any number of rivals so long as it can be promised the first place. It will consent to live in a hovel, in a garret, in the slums, in far away heathendom if only its life can be spared. It will endure any garb, any fare, any menial service rather than die.

But this concession must not be granted. Self is too great a foe to the child of God. It is everywhere present. It is the fly that spoils the ointment, the little fox that spoils the vine. It provokes God and man and its possessor. It drives to insomnia, invalidism, and insanity. It produces disorders and derangement in the whole physical, mental, and spiritual constitution. It talks back, excuses, and vindicates itself and never apologizes. It must die.

Dying to self is a poetic expression. It sounds romantic, heroic, chivalrous, supernatural, saintlike. It is beautiful to read about, edifying to think about, easy to talk about, entertaining to theorize about, fascinating to write about, refreshing to dream about. But it is hard to do. Yet it must be done. There is no abiding peace, power or prosperity without it.

We must die to good deeds and bad deeds, to successes and to failures, to superiority and inferiority, to leading and to following, to exaltation and to humiliation, to our foes, to every manifestation of self, to self itself. Jesus said, "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified. Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life (himself) shall find it." "He that will come after me let him deny himself." Christ could not be glorified till after death. Nor can he be glorified in his people till self dies. In close connection with this passage Jesus says, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth I will draw all men unto me." Self lifted up repels. Lifted up with Christ on the cross it draws. Happy those who can say with Paul from a real experience. "I am crucified with Christ nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me."

GRACE TIDINGS.

LEARN OF HIM.

The grace of God is designed to meet every emergency of the human race. In Christ, all fulness dwells. Has Satan laid his hand of affliction on you? Take that affliction to Jesus. Learn the cause and when that cause is removed, the affliction will be removed. "Let him that is afflicted, pray." This is the scriptural formula for every one. Prayer brings the soul in contact with Christ, and he will overrule every affliction of the devil for your good in some way. His "grace is sufficient." Though he sent not the affliction, he permitted it, and his grace will bring blessing out of the devil's curse. Hallelujah! Affliction itself is not a blessing, but a curse; but the soul that humbles itself under the hand of affliction and seeks God's will and overruling grace will, through that grace learn of him who was meek and lowly. God can teach us some lessons without these sore afflictions if we are wholly consecrated and living a life hid with Christ in God, but the human heart is so prone to selfish motives or unbelieving or foolish blunders that afflictions are permitted that our lessons may be learned.

Some things which are learned by sad experience, could have been learned by observation of others' lives and searching God's word, as well, had the heart been submissive and obedient. "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."—Amen!—Pentecost Herald.

"The religion which Zaccheus received did two great things: it threw his pocket-book wide open, and it brought salvation to his house."

"AFTER DEATH THE JUDGMENT."

When first I heard of Jesus' name,
I only then for refuge came;
I heard that he for sinners died,
And from his heart and wounded side
Had shed the water and the blood
To wash and make me fit for God.

I've found Him meet my every need,
That He a Saviour is indeed.
Each rising sun has been supplied
When'er to Him I have applied;
He is of grace the treasury,
And fulness dwells in Him for me.

—Selected.

GLEANINGS.

The vital, stalwart, Christian experience has a deeper foundation than a passing emotion.

Self-seeking, self-shielding, self-shirking of ministry and laity, are very much in the way of soul-saving.

There are no doubting, unbelieving Christians, they all believe with hearts unto righteousness with a faith that works by love.

You may mistake a mood for an impression of the Spirit, a depression for a presentiment; an exhilaration for a revelation.

Don't touch it! Suspicion has thrown in your way Slight, Rebuff, Insult, Hurt. Leave it there! Hasten on, nor miss one note of praise!

The Spirit of God is the bringer of joy, but the spirit of man is the transmitter of cheer for other men. Make yourselves good conductors of the joy of God, if you pretend to love your friends.—I. O. R.

Dr Payson was asked, when enduring great bodily affliction, if he could see any particular reason for the dispensation, "No," he replied, "but I am as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand; God's will is the very perfecting of all reason."

You will find it necessary to engage in the activities of objective Christianity to protect you against a morbid mysticism; and you will find it equally necessary to engage in the contemplations of subjective Christianity to prevent you from what is worse—materialism, rationalism and Phariseism.

"As a man is, so is his strength," said one of old to Gideon. And so it is. If people appreciated this more we should see more of them trying to get right with God and free from all sin, instead of seeking for power for service. The man who is where he should be spiritually will have all the power God wants him to have.—Witness.

You have no right to reckon on God's help and protection and guidance, and all the other splendid privileges which he promises to "the children of God, by faith in Jesus Christ," until you have this first blessing, the mercy of God in Christ Jesus; for it is "in" Jesus Christ that the promises of God are yea and Amen.—Havergal.

The man who expects to overcome sin in his own strength underestimates the nature and power of sin. Adam, the first man, fell under his power. It ruined Samson, the strongest man, and betrayed Solomon, the wisest man. How foolhardy to expect in our own strength to be a victor over an enemy that ruined the first, the strongest and the wisest.

When Paul was giving his great list of the hardships he had endured for the Lord Jesus, the number of times he had been stoned, shipwrecked, imprisoned, beaten and the like, he added as the climax of the list, "the care of all the churches." Often the greatest need of courage is in situations where there is no thrilling story to tell after it is all over, nothing but the humdrum doing of duty. To be cheerful and brave here is to be like Paul in the most difficult way.

The empty two-pound biscuit tin, which is carelessly thrown to one side in England, becomes in tropical Africa an article of considerable value. The people of Uganda use it to preserve their books from the attacks of insects. In this manner many a Bible has been carried about in safety. Taking note of this, the British and Foreign Bible Society has made its latest version in the Luganda language of a shape to fit a biscuit tin. A thousand copies of the new Uganda Bible have been printed.