

## MEDITATION

By John Gill, Sr.

Three score years and two have quickly sped away. Viewing them in the light of Scripture I fain would know what the harvest will be. Some of these years were worse than wasted while others brought forth a certain fold but there was much chaff with the wheat. Some day I shall know of the harvest and till then must rest content. The wasted years would mock me had God not blotted them out. To dig up the ghastly remains of sin would be spiritual suicide, were we to center our thoughts upon it, so we drop the curtain on a mad career and raise it upon a shining way which for twenty-two years we have followed and from these years must come whatever eternal riches we may possess and the bank of heaven hold it till we reach the age of departure. We recall with a sense of shame our many failures to enter (even near by fields) where the harvest was white. We also recall some falls that injured us more than they would have done had we sprang instantly to the outstretched hands held out to assist us instead of moving so slowly toward them thus giving Satan an opportunity to dance in hellish glee for a season.

We now drop the curtain on failures and falls and immediately raise it upon the present and whatever future may have in store for us. The past must serve for a lesson in future days. Opportunities must not be neglected or shunned. Falls and failures must be guarded against and a closer walk with God maintained that we may catch the faintest whisper lest other messages be withheld. We must put God first in all things. When in doubt we must stand still till He speaks. Soul leanness must be overcome by more Bible study, prayer, praise, meditation and personal work. Past failures must not be the means of hastening our departure from the harvest fields for heaven by over much mourning over them. All future trials are to be met gladly lest the blessing be lost which they are bringing. We must bear in mind that God sometimes sends blessings in disguise and should never be cast to the winds. The soon coming of Christ is an event to be considered daily as signs are multiplying that show a speedy return of our Lord for His bride. If hopes are shattered, smiles are to follow in the wake of tears. The narrow way ends at one of the twelve gates where in deep meditation we now see our cross laid aside never to be taken up again.

The curtain now drops on earthly scenes and is instantly raised upon heavenly scenes on the inside. Here we receive the promised crown and are soon surrounded by a group of saints whom we had known upon the earth. They eagerly inquire about their loved ones left behind and there is general rejoicing over those on the narrow way with no sign of sorrow for others for in some mysterious manner the capacity for sorrow or sighing has been removed and I am told that a tear is never shed there nor a cry of pain is ever heard. Shining faces and glorified bodies are the order and not a careworn face is ever seen. Jesus now comes to greet us and being a late arrival He greets us first and the others in turn. We cannot describe our

feeling at meeting our Saviour face to face. Suffice it to say that the finite mind cannot conceive of the great joy that we experience. It must be felt to be understood. A trip along the river is now proposed by a sainted brother whom we knew in the flesh and away we go. All along the banks of this rippling stream we see groups of shining ones either sitting down or returning from their pleasant walk. Returning we gather around the great white throne and sing the songs of Zion which we had sung upon the earth but in a far sweeter strain here.

The banquet hall is next visited where the white bishop sits down with the latest arrival from the jungles of Africa. The color line has been washed away by the blood of Jesus. Martyr's lane (which by the way proves to be one of the main thoroughfares in the city) is now traveled for a considerable distance. Here we see shining faces that were once enveloped in flames and hands that had been chained to iron stakes are now waving palms of victory. Praise the Lord. Golden harps stand in open doorways and beautiful songs of praise float from windows thrown open to admit the heavenly breeze. Our dwelling is on a side street and contains all that we had sent up. No more, no less. Amen.

Retracing our steps to the gate of entrance we see groups of fathers and mothers surrounded by happy children who throw wreaths of beautiful flowers over them and go trooping back "Four Abreast" over the golden streets. Yes, streets of pure gold. Our story would not be complete without mentioning Job who was at one time the greatest man in all the earth. His crown of rejoicing is a handsome one indeed. He is eagerly sought for by many who were afflicted upon the earth and were comforted by reading of His afflictions and steadfastness. We have also met Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and other of the Old Testament characters and a thrill of joy swept over us as we hold their hand for a moment. Paul, Peter, James and John, have all been seen along with the New Testament saints. Needless to say that they fairly shine.

Faithful evangelists, pastors, missionaries, and teachers who refused the thirty pieces of silver are reaping the rewards of their labor here. Their cups of joy run over as day by day they meet the saints whom they were instrumental in bringing to this city. Amen and amen.

'Tis thus we muse as our sun sinks low in the west and the physical eye dims with an age that we would not exchange for the eye of youth, were this possible. The sure word of prophecy holds out eternal life for us when this tenement of clay crumbles and falls into an open grave. Blessed be the name of the Lord. If this is boasting it is boasting in Him for it is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory."—The Free Methodist. Blairsville, Pennsylvania.

"We need not feel responsible to destroy the works of the devil. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil."

## SOME DON'TS FOR PREACHERS

By F. Lincicome

Don't fail, if possible, to arrest the attention of your audience. To preach the gospel effectually, you must first arrest the attention of your hearers. The mind of every man, woman or child you meet is preoccupied.

It avails nothing for you to arise before, an assembly and say "please give me your attention." They can't do it, not one in a thousand has sufficient mental discipline to give you undivided attention, till you arrest it.

On the back seat sits the architect, criticising, not your sermon, but the style of your church. In the next seat is the physiognomist, scanning the faces of his neighbors, and by his side the phrenologist, counting the bumps on their heads. Further back is the young lover, casting his glances toward his sweetheart.

Some of the sisters on the other side are also engaged; some examining bonnets and ribbons, some taking patterns of the new styles of dresses. Another imagines she can see her boys stealing neighbor Jones' apples; another remembers that she forgot to return the clothes line that she borrowed last week; another wonders if poor little Jimmy might not get into the well before she gets back home.

These cases of inattention are not rare cases. I have given you only a glimpse of the mental workings, or rather wanderings, of every congregation you address, and of every congregation that assembles anywhere, till their attention is arrested. You have no right to complain of their inattention, and it will do no good to scold them about it. It is your business to arrest them, knock their thoughts and reveries into pi, and sweeping them away, insert your theme into their minds and hearts.

To do this you must wake them up and for you to wake them up you will have to be thoroughly awake yourself.

In the early part of my ministry I used to feel like appointing a committee to wake the people up who went to sleep when I preached, but of late years I have changed it and want a committee to come and wake me up.—The Free Methodist. Gary, Indiana.

"Look unto Jesus, who is the Author and Finisher of Faith. He is the Victorious One. He will take you straight through to life and peace. He will crown you with the life of the ages."

"Ye see your calling, brethren." Listen, dear one, do you really see your calling? We fear you do not so long as you are inclined to become discouraged. We fear the preciousness of your calling is obscured from your vision since you are inclined to lag behind. If you truly see your calling in the light of the Word of God, you will never more be inclined to discouragement or to lag behind. Then you will run with all your might. Your life will be lived in such a way that at its close you will be able to say, "I have kept the faith, I have finished my course."—Selected.