

**"IF I WERE RICH, I'D—"**

By Rev. R. Pierce

Many times have we heard this expression used by good people, whose loving hearts have been larger than their purses. And so when a friend made use of it in our presence, as he saw that a good work was in danger of being crippled for want of a more generous support, we fell into a thoughtful mood, and began thinking of the many things we could do if we had unlimited means to accomplish our desires and carry out our plans. Our thoughts ran in practical lines, born of our contact with those in need, and are given with the hope that they may be suggestions that someone will be able to put into execution.

**"If I were rich,"** I'd make a special study of those aggressive Christian agencies which, under God, produced the best results in the salvation of men and women, and see to it that they did not want for the means to carry on their work.

**"If I were rich,"** I would keep my eyes open for aggressive Christian young men and women, whose hearts were fired with a desire for the salvation of the lost, and who had been baptized with the Holy Ghost, but who had not the means to prepare them for the work, and send them for three years to a Nazarene Bible college, where they would not only receive a thorough biblical training, but also have opportunity of engaging in practical Christian work, and be constantly under the holy influence of godly teachers.

**"If I were rich,"** I would be a liberal patron of the Home and Foreign Missions of the Church of the Nazarene, and see to it that I had my Spirit-filled representatives at work on the foreign field; and also that many of the faithful pastors in our small charges did not suffer for support while pushing the work of holiness on their field.

**"If I were rich,"** I would liberally support such institutions as looked after rescuing poor children from the contaminating influences of vice, and which brought them under the teachings of the gospel, where they would be trained up as useful Christian men and women.

**"If I were rich,"** I would have my agents looking up worthy cases of distress, where the father, through sickness or accident, had been prevented from supplying the needs of the household, and so help to bear the burden.

**"If I were rich,"** I should take supreme delight in making little pleasant surprises to the toiling men or women with large families, whose meager wages will only permit them to provide themselves with the bare necessities of life—by sending a barrel of flour, or a week's groceries, or a ton of coal. What brightness and sunshine could be shed in many a desolate poor home, if a box of clothing, judiciously selected as to size and fitness, were left at the door by the express wagon without a word as to where it came from. What a pleasure it would give us to peep through that window and see that box unpacked. To watch little Susie's face light up with joy as a whole outfit, just her size, came forth; and to see little Willie clap his hands as his suit and hat and shoes are lifted out one by one. And the joy of the toiling mother—the longings of whose heart have been satisfied as the children are clothed—is still heightened, until the tears stand in her eyes, as at the bottom of the box there is a piece of dress goods for herself, something for

John, and a pair or two of blankets for the winter.

**"If I were rich,"** I would have shelters for poor, homeless men and women, where by the power of the gospel and loving hearts they could have an opportunity of again exerting their manhood or womanhood. If one out of one hundred was saved it would be a grand result.

**"If I were rich,"** I would have a "Rest for Christian Workers," in some secluded country place in Southern California, with all the comforts of a home, where those who toil in the great cities could "come apart and rest awhile;" where they would have the help of each other's fellowship and advice, and renew their physical strength for fresh victories for the Master, as well as receiving great spiritual uplifts from the teaching and fellowship of godly men; and see to it that their expenses were all paid, and that they were made to feel that they were guests of the Lord and not of man.

**"If I were rich,"** I would see to it that, as the steward of the Lord, the wealth which should be left after I had passed to my reward, should be left in trust for similar work to be carried on, and not left to ungodly relatives to squander in the devil's service.

**"If I were rich,"** oh, what could I not do! But we close here, leaving it for our readers to continue the catalog of possible things which could be accomplished if the surplus wealth of many Christians were consecrated to Him who has bestowed it upon them.—Herald of Holiness.

**HOW CHARLEY EARNED HIS MISSIONARY MONEY**

Boys and girls usually like money because of the good things it will buy, but one boy wanted it to send the gospel of Christ to the heathens. It is a good sign when a boy earns and saves the money he wants to give to Christ, instead of asking some one to give it to him.

One day Pastor Smith was very busy in his study, when suddenly he heard a rap at the kitchen door. He did not leave his work, for he thought the servant would answer it, but rap, rap, rap it came again and again, so that at last he rose and opened the door.

A bright-faced eight-year-old boy stood waiting, a queer knobby bag under his arm. "Good morning, Mr. Smith," he said in a business-like tone; "can I have your bones?"

"My bones, Charley? Why, no, I expect to use my bones a little while yet myself, if the Lord permits." Charley was considerably confused at first, but soon saw his mistake and said, "Oh, I mean the bones you have left from the table."

"Yes, certainly you may have them. But what will you do with them?" Pastor Smith said, looking down into the eager little face.

"Sell them and get missionary money for the heathen," Charley answered promptly. "You said Jesus wanted us to gather up the crumbs, and bones are just as good, and I sell them and have more money than any one else in the band."

Boys and girls, heed the call coming from our home and foreign boards; earn, and let Christ have his share of the money you make to carry on his work.—Missionary Outlook.

Weak men wait for opportunities, strong men make them.—O. S. Marden.

**"LIGHT OF AGES, LIT FOR ME"**

Light of ages, lit for me,  
Let me light myself from thee;  
Let the burning holy flame  
From thy powerful hand which came,  
Be my light along the way,  
Lead me to Eternal Day.

Light of ages, lit for me,  
May I ever thankful be,  
For the light that led me on,  
Through the storm and through the calm,  
Lighten all my path through life,  
Keep my soul from sin and strife.

Light of ages, lit for me,  
Give me faith my light to see,  
May the rays of sunshine bright,  
Be forever in my sight,  
Guiding me from day to day,  
All along the upward way.

As I pass along life's way,  
May I find the shining ray,  
When I draw my latest breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
Be the light to guide me "Home",  
Through the darkness and the gloom.

VAUGHAN B. DAYE

**THE BIBLE**

It is God's Book, given to men for the special purpose of revealing the way of salvation. It deserves a larger place in our daily program than it usually receives, and as another year rises before us one of the best resolutions we can make is to become better acquainted with this sacred volume.

It contains the world's best biographies.

It is an unequalled collection of narratives.

It contains a great code of law, the foundation of the world's best legal knowledge.

It is the most authentic and interesting history of things human and divine ever published.

It is a masterpiece of literature, old yet ever new, able to challenge and hold the attention of the best minds and yet so plain it is the delight of the humblest folks.

Here is heard the voice of duty.

Here God reveals the mystery or human origin and destiny.

Here He unfolds His plans for the world,—past, present and future.

Here we learn to think the great thoughts of God after Him in such problems as the origin of sin, the plan of redemption, and the possibility of a happy future for eternity. We believe it to be saved, obey it to be happy, study it to be wise. It is one of God's greatest gifts to men, a most worthy companion for all the days.—The Wesleyan Methodist.

God is not always on the side of big battalions. More can be wrought by truly surrendered weakness than is ever accomplished by self-sufficient strength. Hence no task to which any of His children is committed is a forlorn hope. When the love of Christ is the constraint which moves us to courageous self-sacrifice, we may always rest assured that our feebleness is no restraint to the Lord.—J. Stuart Holden.

"The worm crawls upon the earth, but it has a dream of coming wings."—Free Methodist.

Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation. 2 Cor. 6:2.