

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN

WALKING TO GEORGIA

A very simple incident has come to my notice of which I wish to tell you. It took place some years ago in my own country just outside of Washington, our capitol city. An express train was pulling out of the station of Alexandria, in Virginia. Just as it pulled out, an old Negro, black as night, hurried up to the station, and onto the train at the very last moment. The Negro got on the steps and pulled himself on, a big man, and black as a man's hat.

You could see he was evidently very tired. He entered the car and shambled his weary way up the aisles to the top end of the car, and stood looking for a seat. But there was none that he might take unless it were offered him. He shifted his weight on his feet and drooped his shoulders and looked the picture of weariness. By and by a young fellow sitting near beckoned him and said, "Uncle, sit down here." The old man came and said, "Thank you, sir," and sat down. And the young fellow guessed something about the old man, and as the newsboy came through the car, he stopped him and bought some sandwiches, and gave the old man a few. He said, "Thank you, sir; haven't had anything to eat today. Been walking since four o'clock this morning to catch this train, and was rather reckoning to fill up when I got down to Georgia."

Then he rambled on with his story. The old home was down in Georgia, and after the war he had come up to Virginia with "Marse" Henry to take care of him, his old master. "Now," he said, "Marse Henry's dead, and I am going back to Georgia." And his eyes gleamed at the thought of going home, and he patted the seat cushion lovingly as if it were his Georgia home. "I bought a ticket and I'm going back to Georgia." You would have thought that Georgia was heaven to hear him talk.

By and by the conductor came through the car for the tickets. But the old man could not find his. "Dear me," he said, "where did I put that ticket? It costs a mighty lot to buy a ticket for Georgia. I have been saving up for years. At last he found it pinned to the lining of his old hat.

While he was hunting, the conductor walked on to the woman in the next seat, a pale-faced woman, sitting with her babe in her arms.

"Tickets."

"I haven't got any," she said.

"Have to get off, madam!"

She started half up, and said, "Do not put me off. My husband is down South. He had to go down for his health. The doctor said if he didn't go to a warmer climate he must die, and we sold off everything we had to pay the bills and sent him off. We haven't anything; and now the doctor's word has come saying he can't live, and I must go to him, and I have no money."

"Sorry, madam; have to get off!"

And then, losing control, she said, "O my God, if you put me off—!"

And the conductor said, "I am sorry, of course, but I will lose my position if I don't. I have only one thing to do. I must do my duty."

And he turned back to get the Negro's ticket while the woman sank back in her seat with her babe, with eyes big and face white, staring helplessly out of the window.

And the old black man said, "Guess you'll have to put me off, sir. You don't expect an old nigger like me to have enough to buy a ticket all the way to Georgia, do you?"

And the conductor did not swear, but almost. He spoke roughly, and said, "Bah! there's

some excuse for this woman here, but you—if we were not so near the station I would stop and put you off right here!" And he passed on, calling, "Tickets!"

The old man pulled himself up to his full height and turned around to the woman. He said, "Here's your ticket; I do hope you'll find your husband better than you's afeared; I hope so."

She turned and stared with her distended eyes, not taking in what he was doing.

Then the train slowed up, and the old man with a smile in his eyes to the woman and her baby, shambled wearily to the door and down the steps, and the train pulled off, and the last they saw of the old man he was trudging patiently along the road "walkin' down to Georgia."

And as the story was told, there was no mention of Christ, but as I know the old slaves of the South, I know that man was a Christian man. For I know those old slaves well, and I know it was the Christ spirit in his heart.

Now how many of you think this is a very simple story? You see nothing in this old black man walking to Georgia? Ah! Suppose YOU start to walk to Georgia and then you will know what the story means. Let me ask you, please, "Have you ever walked to Georgia?"

That is what "Follow Me" means. When the last copper is gone, and your body is tired, and the call of need comes, that you pass out your through ticket to Georgia to someone in need, and you walk. That is what "Follow Me" means; that is what this secondary Calvary means. Only as we follow in the Georgia-bound shoes can our Master's plan through us work out. O Master, help us to put work out. O Master, help us to put on the Georgia tramping shoes today and refuse to use any other make from this hour!

And then, and only then, shall the great need of the world be met as our Master planned; although we will not begin to know a tithe of the results until the night is gone, and the morning breaks—the morning of a new day made by our Lord's return. Then we will wake up, and we will be fairly swept out of ourselves to find what God has been doing through us, while we have been tramping the road in our Georgia shoes. May the Master help us to get the right shoes today, and follow Him.—S. D. Gordon.

HOW TO HELP YOUR PASTOR

Hear him; never let him preach to your empty pew. "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another; and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching," (Heb. 10:25). The hearing of God's Word read and spoken, as well as the communion of saints, is a great help and privilege, and a good means of steadiness and perseverance. Hereby the hearts and hands of God's true children are mutually strengthened. It is most encouraging to your pastor, as well as a great help to him, to be always found at your post of duty.

Recommend him everywhere. C. H. Spurgeon attributed his great success to the fact that his members always spoke well of him to others, and thus they were his recommendation in the Lord. "As also ye have acknowledged us in part, that we are your rejoicing, even as ye also are ours in the day of the Lord Jesus," (II Cor. 1:14).

Pray for him. However weak his work may appear, always remember to pray for him. The Master's blessing made a few loaves and

fishes feed multitudes. Prayer will make what a pastor says and does, feed many. Members that pray believingly and earnestly for their pastors will find no time to speak evil of them.

Support him; that is honest. "Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things," (Gal. 6:6). Kindly read the verse that follows this one in your testaments. "Even so the Lord hath ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel," (See I Cor. 9:7-14).

Give him sympathy, real sympathy. Enter into actual fellowship with him in all his toils and cares. Jesus yearned for it in Gethsemane, and so does your pastor.

"And my temptation which was in my flesh ye despised not, nor rejected: but received me as an angel of God, even as Christ Jesus," (Gal. 4:14). "Therefore as ye abound in everything, in faith, in utterance, and knowledge, and in all diligence, and in your love to us, see that ye abound in this grace also," (II Cor. 8:2, 5, 7).

Hold him in reputation. "Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honor, especially they who labor in the Word and doctrine" (I Tim. 5:17).

Obeys him. "Obey them which have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls, as they must give account that they may do it with joy, and not with grief, for that is unprofitable for you," (Heb. 13:17).—*In Exchange. Holiness Banner and Church Herald.*

THE LIFE OF PRAYER

It is needless to say that many young people, and older ones too, are much perplexed on the subject of prayer. In their reading of the Bible they come across passages that lead them to believe they may have anything they choose to ask for—at any rate, this is their conclusion. Needless to add, the day soon arrives when their minds are disabused of this view. But does not the Book say, "Ask what ye will?" Yes, and it also says, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will." Manifestly then, there are conditions and terms which bank prayer around.

Our investigation of the subject of prayer, as well as our prayer experiences must convince us there are limitations. I cannot have everything I ask for or crave, and the reasons are not far to find. Is not one of our mistakes lodged in the misconception that prayer is chiefly asking God for something? Let us approach it from the opposite side, and think of prayer as adoration, as thanksgiving, confession, obedience and fellowship. Thinking thus of it, we shall find that our asking and receiving will become more nearly one both because we shall ask for less and God will grant more.

I am writing these lines chiefly to set before our readers a beautiful suggestion, the source of which I cannot now locate. It runs, "Let us say to God, 'Give me' less frequently, and 'Use me' more frequently." It does not require a very thorough study of the Bible on the part of anyone to learn that the prayer life really begins when we give ourselves to the Lord and ask Him to use us as He will. Is it not true that we receive little because we have given so little? He will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly. We shall find that He does not give sparingly if what we seek at His hand is to be used for His cause and glory.—*Exchange.*

The way to heaven—turn to the right and keep straight on.—*Spurgeon.*