

"I WOULD LIKE TO SEE SOMEONE
GET HIM IN"

She was well-groomed, a little past forty years of age, and carried with her a certain air of refinement. Her car, which stood just outside the preacher's study, identified her as one who came out of rather comfortable circumstances. It was very evident from her manner that she was very intent upon the errand which had brought her to the church this morning.

"I have come to see you about my boy," she said, as the preacher motioned her to a chair. "He is just seventeen and has never given us any trouble until lately. He seems to have started running with the wrong crowd, and I am greatly worried about what may happen. I would like to see someone get him into the Church School, and I have come to see if you have some young men who would try to show an interest in him. It would not do, of course, to let him know that I have been in to see you about the matter, but there must be some bright boys who can get next to him in some way."

"We will be glad to try," replied the pastor, reaching for a pad of paper upon which to write down the name and address. He was not entirely unaccustomed to such an appeal. In fact, there was scarcely a week in which he did not hear it in some form or other.

"Do you and your husband come here to church?" the preacher asked innocently enough, for the woman was a total stranger to him, and he knew his people pretty well. "No," answered the mother, shifting about in her chair a bit, "but we live here in the neighborhood, and the boy knows some of the boys in your Church school."

"I just thought it might be easier to get him into the Church school where his parents belong," the preacher went on with a guileless expression on his face.

"Well, you see my husband is in business and away from town a good deal. When he gets in on Saturday, we like to have our Sundays together to ourselves. It is our only chance. Besides he belonged to one church and I belonged to another when we were married, and we just never went into any church. I know we ought to have done so, but then we did not know whether we were permanent in the city—his business is so uncertain you know."

"I think I have a plan then that will get your boy into a Church school class. We have a splendid men's class of business men that I know your husband will greatly enjoy. We also have a class of mothers under the leadership of a very intelligent woman, that would mean a great deal to you. Now, why not, next Sunday morning, all of you come to Church school together. I will meet you here and introduce you to the leaders of the classes and take your son, myself, down to the young men's class."

"This is very kind of you, I am sure, and I appreciate the invitation, but I do not believe we could, this Sunday at least. My husband and I have made some other plans." And there was just a trace of restlessness in her manner as she spoke.

"Then why not a week from Sunday? We will have some of the women call this week and get acquainted." The preacher was pressing the matter kindly, but relentlessly.

"Thank you so much. But it was not for

ourselves that I was concerned," and she was rising to go. "It's my boy. He needs the Church school. I would do anything to get him into some Church school class. I want him to get started into life in the right way, and in a crowd of church boys he has a better chance to meet the right sort."

With this the preacher became very serious. Rising to his feet he looked into the woman's eyes searchingly. "Yes, my good woman," he said, "I, too, would like to see someone get your boy into Church school. He needs to be there. Every boy does. The world he is going to live in is a very treacherous one, and he needs all the help he can get if he does not make a mess of life. But if anyone is going to get your boy into the Church school, you and your husband are the ones who are going to have to do it."

"You said just now that you would do anything to get him into Church school, but I guess you meant that you would do anything except go to Church school yourself. If your boy's future is not worth more to you than a Sunday's outing, then I do not see why you should ask other people to take a greater interest in him than you do yourself."

As the preacher looked out the study window and watched her drive away, he said to himself, "Yes, I would like to see someone get that boy into Church school with an example in the home like that of those two parents."—Christian Standard.

"WHO WILL GO FOR US?"

"Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me" (Isaiah 6:8).

Brethren, the heathen are perishing, and there is but one way of salvation for them, for there is but one Name under heaven given among men whereby they must be saved. God in the glorious unity of His divine nature is calling for messengers who shall proclaim to men the way of life. Out of the thick darkness my ear can hear that sound, mysterious and divine, "Whom shall I send?"

If ye will but listen with the ear of faith, ye may hear it in this house today, "Whom shall I send?"

While the world lieth under the curse of sin, the living God who willeth not that any should perish, but that they should come to repentance, is seeking for heralds to proclaim His mercy. He is asking even in pleading terms for some who will go forth to the dying millions and tell the wonderful story of His love, "Whom shall I send?" As if to make the voice more powerful by a threefold utterance we hear the sacred Trinity inquire, "Who will go for us?"

I feel in my soul, though I cannot speak it out, an inward grieving sympathy with God, that God Himself should have to cry from His throne, "Whom shall I send?" Alas, my God, are there no volunteers for Thy service? What, all these priests and sons of Aaron, will none of these run upon Thine errand? And all these Levites, will none of them offer himself? No, not one. Ah, it is grievous, grievous beyond all thought, that there should be such multitudes of men and women in the Church of God who nevertheless seem unfit to be sent upon the Master's work, or at least never offer to go, and He has to cry, "Whom shall I send?" What, out of these saved ones, no willing messengers to the heathen? Where

are His ministers? Will none of these cross the sea to heathen lands? Here are thousands of us working at home. Are none of us called to go abroad? Will none of us carry the Gospel to the regions beyond?

Are none of us bound to go? Does the Divine Voice appeal to our thousands of preachers and find no response, so that again it cries, "Whom shall I send?" Here and there a young man, perhaps with little qualification and no experience, offers himself, and he may or may not be welcomed, but can it be true that the majority of educated, intelligent, Christian young men are more willing to let the heathen be damned than to let the treasures of the world go into other hands?

We shall not always throw the emphasis on the last word "me," but read it also thus, "Here am I, send me."

He is willing to go, but he does not want to go without being sent, and so the prayer is, "Lord, send me. I beseech Thee of Thine infinite grace qualify me, open the door for me, and direct my way. I do not need to be forced, but I would be commissioned. I do not ask for compulsion, but I do ask for guidance. I would not run of my own head, under the notion that I am doing God service. Send me, then, O Lord, if I may go; guide me, instruct me, prepare me, strengthen me."

I feel certain that some of you are eager to go for my Lord and Master, wherever He appoints. Keep not back, I pray you. Brother, make no terms with God. Put it, "Here am I; send me—where Thou wilt, to the wildest region, or even to the jaws of death. I am Thy soldier; put me in the front of the battle if Thou wilt, or bid me lie in the trenches; give gallantly to charge at the head of my regiment, or give me silently to sap and mine the foundations of the enemy's fortresses. Use me as Thou wilt. Send me, and I will go. I leave all else to Thee; only here I am, Thy willing servant, wholly consecrated to Thee."

With my appeal, in earnest and at once, for it is the appeal of God, sit down and listen to that sorrowful yet majestic demand, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" And then respond, "Ready, yet ready for anything to which our Redeemer calls us."

Let those who love Him, as they perceive all around them the terrible token of the world's dire need, cry in agony of Christian love, "Here am I; send me."—Chas. H. Spurgeon.

THE SECRET

I met God in the morning

When my day was at its best,

And His presence came like sunrise,

Like a glory in my breast.

All day long His presence lingered;

All day long He stayed with me,

And we sailed with perfect calmness

O'er a very troubled sea.

Other ships were blown and battered,

Other ships were sore distressed;

But the winds that seemed to drive them

Brought to us a peace and rest.

Then I thought of other mornings,

With a keen remorse of mind,

When I too, had loosed the moorings

With the Presence left behind.

So I think I know the secret,

Learned from many a troubled way;

You must seek Him in the morning

If you want Him through the day.