

"Come Thou Apart with Me"

"Come thou apart with me, and rest awhile!"

Thus speaks thy Lord to thee;

"Come where no thoughts of sin and self divide;
Come now and follow me.

I would myself, my love to thee reveal;
I would thy wounds, thy pains, thy sorrow heal;
Yet closer come to me, my heart-throbs feel;

Come thou apart with me, and rest awhile.

"Come thou apart with me, sit by my side;

Tell me thy doubts and fears;

Come with thy sin-prone heart, with me abide;

I wait to dry thy tears.

I will make known to thee all thou shouldst know;

Truths deep and comforting to thee will show;

Guide where the living floods do constant flow;

Come thou apart with me, and rest awhile.

"Come thou apart with me; my hand holds thine;

I know where I thee lead.

Come to my 'secret place,' with me recline;

I will supply thy need.

Come to my 'holy place,' the place of prayer;

Cast all thy burdens down, keep not one care;

Fullness of joy and peace await thee there;

Come thou apart with me, and rest awhile.

"Come thou apart with me, I know the way;

All gloom shall quickly flee;

Come where earth's deapest night doth end in day;

Trust all thy life to me.

Come as thou art with me, all I provide;

Cease from thy unbelief, in me confide;

Come to thy refuge sure, come to abide;

Come thou apart with me, and rest awhile."

—Rev. Ernest G. W. Wesley.

Are You Sorry?

Someone was expressing wonder why an evangelist of great power in rebuking sin had such a small measure of success in turning men from their evil ways. "He has zeal, courage and enthusiasm," one said, "but there is one thing he lacks. He is wanting in actual sorrow over the sins of the world. He takes delight in making men feel their guilt, but it is evident that there is never a throb of pity in his heart when he looks upon the straying sinner."

A man who had been condemning the saloon-keeper in the most withering language, said, "No one can ever say that I have left anything unsaid or undone." "Have you ever grieved over his wickedness?" asked a gentleman. "Is your heart filled with sorrow when you see how far out of the way the sinner has gone?" The young reformer was forced to acknowledge he had not. "I do not believe one knows how to oppose sin till his heart has ached for the sinner," continued the good woman. Who shall say that she was not right? Christ alone perfectly hated sin, and Christ alone perfectly loved the sinner.—*Lookout*.

Can We Control Our Thoughts?

Can we control his thoughts! I answer unhesitatingly, he can. You may not control what comes to you, but you can dismiss it from you if you do not want it; you can build it into life and experience if you do. That is as true of the bad as it is of the good. You may receive by being passive; you may be won by refusing to protest; and if you do not protest against evil, ere long the evil will master you. Said Crouch:

"Those old black thoughts
No more as servants at my bidding go."

True it is, on the other hand, however—and one cannot say it too emphatically—that there is no tempter in the wide world, be he man or devil, who can force entrance to the citadel of your being unless you allow it. Sometimes, when a young man comes to me, and says, "So-and-so was my ruin, dragged me down, forced me to what I am," I reply to him:

"Nobody ever did anything of the kind. God will credit him with all he tried to do, and he would have been just as guilty if you had not given way; but he will not credit him with your giving way; that belongs to you." You are absolutely immune to evil thought if you close your mind to it and bid it depart. Your mind is like a room which is filled again with smoky fumes, but which, when the window is thrown open, becomes filled with the fresh air of heaven. And do not suppose the function of air has been merely that of displacing the fumes. It has done something else as well; the fresh air has fought the foul, swallowed it, overcome it, compelled it to become something else. That is what may go on in the mind of a man when he opens himself to the gracious influence of heaven. The "old black thoughts" shall, at the Spirit's bidding, go. When you say that a man cannot control the thoughts which come to him and take their place unbidden in his mind, I beg you not to receive them; drive them forth as they come. Welcome and use them if they are good, for according to your action on the thought which meets you is the life you are living and the destiny to which you go.—*Rec.*

J. R. Campbell, M.A.

Diversion's Mind Cure

Diversion is more than a pleasant word. It is a word filled with power. We think of it generally as a recreation of the mind, and miss its splendid office in the re-creation of character. A child is disappointed and crying; so people command silence, others create a diversion. But how trifling is this value of diversion compared with its power in the moment of temptation! You are fascinated, hypnotized, by the charm of evil persuasion or desire. Pray! Yes, but prayer is not the Christian's only weapon. Jesus said, "Watch and pray." Look out, as well as look up. Use your wits. They are God's gift as surely as is faith. Change your mind. Create a diversion. To drop a book, to prick your finger, to have to go to the door, will sometimes so change the current of thought that you get back your senses, your judgment, your self-control, and decision falls God-ward. There is a Christian mind-cure in the word "re-pent." Think again; think differently; change your thought; be diverted, turned another way. Diversion is a blood relation of conversion, and a secret moral of victory.—*Malthie D. Babcock, D.D.*

Made Over

Christ can make us over. He is doing it every day all around the globe for hundreds and thousands of His disciples. We must stop fretting because those with whom we live, and the circumstances of our lives, and the embarrassments and perplexities of our conditions are arousing antagonism, and simply, sweetly, like little children we must take from the hand that is pierced for us its white gift of peace. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," said the Master long ago. If we believe this, and look to the right source for its serene establishment, we shall be from our "treacherous selves set free," and shall become lovely and blessed in our lives.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour: if you put no wheat in it still grinds on, but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away. So the human heart, when it be occupied with some employment, leaves space for the devil, who wriggles himself in and brings with him a whole host of evil thoughts, temptations and tribulations which grind out the heart.—*Luther.*

"Few things compare with a retentive, accurate memory. It is in youth that this faculty is formed and trained, and one of the best methods of strengthening it is the habit of learning by heart passages from authors in prose and verse that you admire. When you get into professional and active life you will come home tired, with very little inclination to study; hence the importance of doing that work now."—*Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.*

"It were better to be ignorant of a great number of things to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything."—*Sidney Smith.*