

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

DRAWN BY LOVE.

THERE are two ways of making people do difficult things. One is by using authority, commanding them, and if they won't do it without, by using threatening and punishment. That way we will call the *driving* way.

But there is another very different and far more excellent way which makes people do things quite as difficult to do, indeed things far more difficult, and do them more quickly, more thoroughly, and with a really happy heart. What do you think that other way is? It is the way Jesus speaks of when He says, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." This way is not the driving way. It is the *drawing* way. All the disciples of Jesus are drawn. Well now, what is it to be drawn?

You have perhaps seen a needle lying on the smooth surface of a plate, following a loadstone which somebody was moving about underneath the plate. Wherever the loadstone went under the plate, there the needle went, following on the surface of it. The needle was drawn by the loadstone. Now, Jesus to men's hearts is like that loadstone. When the heart is near to Him it feels drawn to Him. Peter, and James, and John, and Mary, and Martha, they all felt something in that fair, dear life, for which they left their homes, their ships, their all. They wanted to be near Him, to follow Him wherever He went, and never to leave Him.

To be drawn by Jesus is a powerful thing. But that is not all. His power over men makes them more happy than anything else they have ever known. The needle as it follows the loadstone has no feeling; it is neither glad nor sorry. So the drawing of Jesus is not like that. It is more like what the drawing of honeyed flower is to the busy little bee; the bee is glad to be drawn, it is a pleasant and a joyful thing. To get to the attractive sweet it will travel far on its weary little wings, humming all the way, as if for very joy; and when it arrives, how eagerly does it thrust its little tongue into the delicious store and drink delight!

Now, what the sweetness of the flower is to the bee, Jesus is to those who know Him. He draws by His sweetness. People go to Him for the higher life and the nobler joy that they get from being near Him.

And Jesus draws us to save us; so that, though being drawn by Him is a delightful thing, it is a very serious one, too. One day, at the sea-side where I was staying, a steamer with many people on board was driven by a storm on to the rocks on the shore under the cliffs, and the sea, and the wind, and the rocks were breaking the steamer to pieces, and the big waves were leaping over it as they ran wildly towards the shore, and drowning the people on it. It was a dreadful day—the tempest was frantic, it rained in torrents, and it was bitterly cold; yet, as soon as I heard the sad news, I left my snug room and warm fire, put on my hat and coat, and set off at all speed to the place where the wreck was, to see if I could do anything to help to save the poor people from the dreadful death which threatened them. Many

people went there, too; among them brave coastguard-men. I found these trying their best to send a rope from the cliff to the mast of the steamer, which was rolling and leaping amongst the rocks and surf, almost buried in white foam, not far away from the cliff on which we stood. They were doing this to make a way for a chair on pulley-wheels that they had brought with them. What do you think they wanted to do with the chair? They wanted to send it along the rope to the ship, then to get one of the people on the sinking ship into it and pull it back again to land. How we watched the men try to shoot this rope to the ship and fail, and try again, and fail again! and oh, how maddening it was to see them fail and fail again! but our hearts leaped and shouted for joy when at last they succeeded. The other end of the rope was fixed fast to the steamer's mast, then the chair on the pulley-wheels was pulled along from the shore to the ship, and then a woman was put into it—for brave English hearts always say "Ladies first." The woman safely in, the men on land pulled, and the chair began to move. Then how excitedly we watched the precarious thing creep slowly along, fluttering in the furious wind, dashed by the clouds of spray; we feared lest the rope should break, or the poor creature should fall out of the chair down into the awful, boiling surf beneath, and be, after all, lost! So the chair came nearer and nearer, and our hearts were almost in our mouths; we scarcely breathed; for that moment nobody heard the roar of storm, nobody saw the rolling mountains of sea, or knew even that there was a wreck. Everything, all the world to us, as we stood breathless, hoping, fearing, was the woman. Another minute and she was landed. Yes, the woman was safe, and we wiped away moisture from our eyes which was not rain, and gave a ringing cheer, and we all felt to love her, and would have, every one of us, been proud to give her our warmest room, our best food. Many more persons from the wreck followed. Many were washed overboard, but many were saved. Now, the people in this sinful world are, in some respects, like the people in that sinking ship, and Jesus is like those good coastguard-men who drew them by the cords to land, and thus saved them. And I fancy, but I don't know, that I and those who anxiously watched that woman in the chair as she came across the gulf between us and that ship there among the breakers, are like the watching angels, and our welcome to her was like what theirs will be when Jesus lands us, saved, in heaven. Be that as it may, Jesus is the Saviour of the lost, and He saves them by *drawing* them, drawing them from earth to heaven.

Now Jesus draws by His love. His cords are love, His pulley-chair is love. How sick at heart we people on that cliff were, whilst the brave coastguard-men were trying to get their saving cords to the perishing crew! What was it that made us so? It was one little word "IF." Yes, that little word *if* made all the difference to the helpless people clinging to that doomed ship. *If* the men could get the ropes across all would be well; but, if they could not, then, dreadful to think, the people must be drowned.

And Jesus uses that word *If*. He says,

"I, if I be lifted up"—that is, crucified, cruelly nailed by wicked men to the cross—"I will draw all men to me." The death of Jesus on the cross was to show the love of Jesus. All His life showed His love. When a child at home, and a scholar at school, and a boy at play in Nazareth, He was loving; but His life at Nazareth did not give Him chance to show *how* loving He was. All His life long, everywhere: in Capernaum, in Bethany, in Jerusalem; to all persons: with poorly people, making them better; with little children, standing up for them and blessing them; with ignorant people, teaching them; with people who had done wrong, patiently and gently helping them to be sorry for it and to be better in time to come! in His whole life of thus doing good He was loving, but all that busy, loving life failed to show *HOW* loving. So He had to be put upon a cross, and spit upon, and scourged, and mocked, and treated, oh, so cruelly! before He could show to us how much, how wonderfully He loved. And when His heart had been seen blessing those that hated Him, and brimming over with prayers to God for the good of those who had killed Him, then He had shown all His love, and He said, "It is finished." He had got the cords across—the cords of love. No more "if" now. The loving life of Jesus had brought the cords down to the cliffs. The loving death fixed them to the steamer's mast. With such a Jesus, not a soul in all the world but must have hope.

One thing more. As Jesus is in heaven, we cannot see Him. But if we read about Him in the New Testament, and think of Him, and pray to Him, we shall feel Him; for people often feel what they cannot see. A gentleman that passed a little boy who was standing still and looking up into the sky stopped and looked up into the sky, too. But as the gentleman could see nothing, he said, "What is there up there, my boy?" "A kite, sir," was the reply. "A kite! I see no kite. How do you know there is a kite there?" Looking down at his hand, which held a stick with the kite-string to it, and gently moving it up and down, the boy replied, "I *feel* it, sir; it *pulls*." Now no man can see Jesus. Yonder He is, away up in the heaven, just out of sight; but the heart *feels* Him, by the cords of his love; He *pulls*.

Now, my dear children, do you take hold of His love, that is, *believe* in the love of Jesus with all your young heart; believe in it when you do wrong, believe that then Jesus loves to forgive you and to help you in every way that He can. That will draw you. That will be *Jesus* drawing you—drawing you to be a Christian through life in this world, and drawing you after you have done with this world, into heaven, to be blessed with Him, and to be for ever where He is.

THAT peace is an evil peace that doth shut truth out of doors.—*Tillinghast*

It is not great battles alone that build the world's history, nor great poems alone that made the generations grow. There is a still small rain from heaven that has more to do with the blessedness of nature, and of human nature, than the mightiest earthquake or the loveliest rainbow.—*George McDonald*.