

A PUSH ALL TOGETHER!

I could not help thinking, says the Rev. Charles Courtenay, of the Cornish motto, "One and all," when I saw, as any one may often see on the seashore, the launching of a fishing-boat. Five brawny fishermen, some out of the water, some in, were "one and all" bent on getting their craft into deep water. Two pushed with their hands, one with his shoulders, two with their backs—but all pushed. And at last the fruits of their pushing were reaped, for the big boat fairly floated on the water.

There is nothing like combination for doing good work. One man cannot do half so much as two, strange though it may sound. "Two are better than one" any day, and two together are better than two separated. But, of course, my readers know that very well. A person with two eyes in his head, and some sense behind the eyes, cannot travel very far without being a firm believer in combination. Certainly, married people have found it out, unless, unfortunately, they are married but not matched!

One, two, three,—Now! There is a lesson here for those who care to pick up. Combination is all very well, if someone is allowed to take the lead; somebody to count; somebody to say "Now." It was the united push at the same moment that sent that boat into deep water. But for this they might have pushed till doomsday, and never moved the boat ahead a single inch. It was the "push all together" which did the work. I am not quite sure that people realize this sufficiently. At any rate it is worth mentioning, that there must be one to give the word.

Never mind how people push so long as they do push. I think this is a lesson that most of us need to learn. Some cannot push much, but they are wonders for criticising. Perhaps such critics do good sometimes; but I am afraid that, as a rule, they do more harm than good. If one man thinks he can push better with his hands, let him push with his hands; but if another prefers to push with back or shoulders, I am quite satisfied. But there, I suppose it is easier to criticise than to push.

Look at that lazy fellow weighting the boat, sitting down and doing nothing. Really he ought to be ordered out. What does he mean by it? Here again we have a picture true to life. He won't push, but he doesn't mind having a ride at some other person's expense. And as he sits there looking at the perspiring men beneath him, no doubt he feels like "a gentleman at large." Ah! the critic is bad enough, but this "dead weight" is infinitely worse. I wonder if my readers have ever faced this fact—that each of us is either a dead weight or a worker—that we are either helping on the work of God or keeping it back. It is worth thinking about.

There is one fact I should like to call attention to now, and that is, what would be the good of pushing if it were not for the rising tide? You must have noticed that they never attempt to move heavy boats until the tide touches the keel. They need the tide's help, of course; and the higher the tide the more successful the push. Very wise men in their day and generation are those fishermen. Let us learn from them that we need the rising tide of God's grace to make our spiritual pushing of any avail. You and I, perhaps, before now have tried to push without the tide; and hard and dreary and useless work it was. But we know better now, I hope. God

shall float the keel, and we will push at the bow, and then we shall do great things.

Every push tells—let it also be remembered. One push will not do the whole work, but it will do a bit of it, and bring it nearer to the floating-point. I say this because workers are apt to get despondent, and to fancy they are not successful. But no real worker for the Lord need be down-hearted. If they move a pin's point they have done something, and many a good work is moving on, which seems to our short-sighted eyes to be standing still. Besides, have we not the assurance—"Your labor is not in vain in the Lord?" Yes, every push tells, be it as feeble as it may. One final remark I would fain make, for I would not be misunderstood. Do we belong to the boat? Does the Captain recognize us as part of the crew? My

He thought that if he belonged to the Lord Jesus, he would be sure to die immediately.

Perhaps you think, also, that if you knew "how to go to the city" you would be taken there at once, and possibly you would rather stay here a little longer.

However, if you will look in the tenth chapter of Ecclesiastes you will read of some people who were weary, because they didn't know how to go to the city.

Are you ever weary? Does there ever creep into your heart a feeling of discontent? Now, if you knew "the Way," how to go to the city, that feeling would not come into your heart any more. The knowledge of that Way would satisfy you (Jer. xxxi. 25) and give you rest.

I want to reach some child who really does sometimes wonder how he or she

which satisfieth not," or to grope helplessly to find the way.

I daresay you have learnt the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel, and can easily remember who is "the Way" mentioned there, and who speaks of himself as "the Door" in the tenth chapter. It is the Lord Jesus Christ who is "the Way" and "the Door." He knows we shall always be weary and dissatisfied till we find him, and so he calls and invites us: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28).

He wants to change our weariness into rest. It can only be done by coming to him, and resting in him, and in his finished work—that work which made him so "exceeding sorrowful" and "full of heaviness."

He wants to give you rest now, and he will give you an eternity of rest by-and-by. Once you have known the Lord Jesus, you will never thirst for anything else (John iv. 14). Why shouldn't you have both these rests? Don't be like the little boy who would wait to come to Jesus "till he was ill, or had an accident or something." Now is the time.

That city will be, indeed, a happy place; for we read of many terrible things which shall never enter there:—They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat... (Rev. vii. 16). No more tears, no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain (Rev. xxi. 4). No need of the sun, neither of the moon. The gates shall not be shut. No night there. There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth; neither whatsoever worketh abomination, nor maketh a lie... (Rev. xxi. 17).—*The Christian.*

THE CRANK.

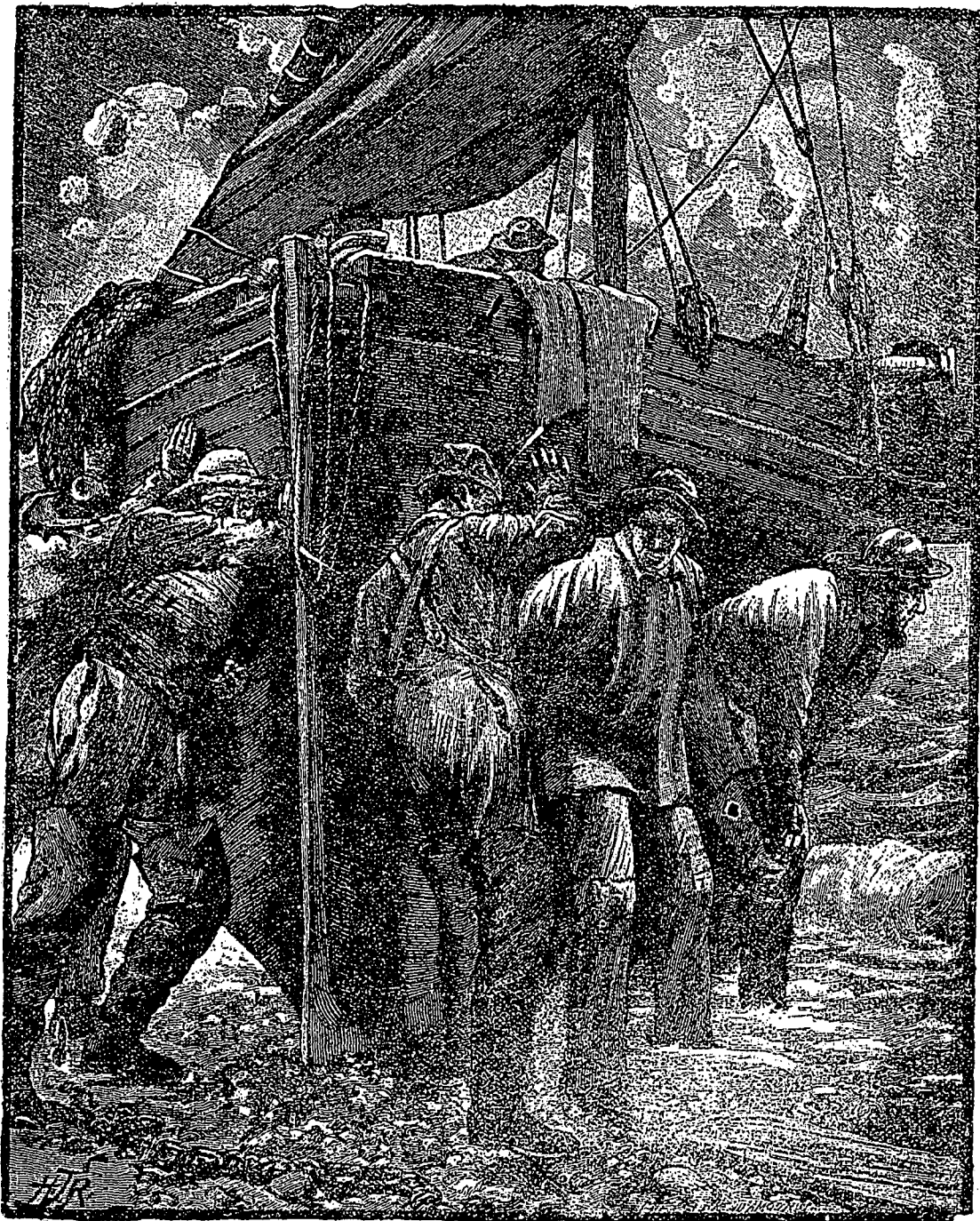
What would we do were it not for the cranks? How slowly the tired old world would move, did not the cranks keep rushing it along!

Columbus was a crank on the subject of discovery and circumnavigation. Harvey was a crank on the subject of the circulation of the blood; Galileo was an astronomical crank; Fulton was a crank on the subject of steam navigation; Morse was a telegraph crank, and any man who doesn't think as you do, my son, is a crank.

And, by-the-by, the crank you despise will have his name in every man's mouth, while nobody outside of your native village will know that you ever lived. Deal gently with the crank, my boy. Of course some cranks are crankier than others, but do you be very slow to sneer at a man because he knows only one thing and you can't understand him. A crank,

Telemachus, is a thing that turns something, it makes the wheels go around, it insures progress. The thing that goes in for variety, versatility, that changes its position a hundred times a day, that is no crank; that is a weather vane, my son. What? You nevertheless thank heaven you are not a crank? Don't do that, my son. Maybe you couldn't be a crank if you would. Heaven is not very particular when it wants a weather vane; almost any man will do for that. But when it wants a crank, my boy, it looks very carefully for the best man in the community.

Before you thank heaven that you are not a crank, examine yourself carefully, and see what is the great deficiency that debars you from such an election.—*R. J. Burdette.*



"NOW, THEN! A PUSH ALL TOGETHER!"

readers will know what I mean. Are we, who are trying to do God's work, on the Lord's side? Do we belong to the great Captain of our salvation? There are people who push religious institutions who are not religious people in the sight of God. I do not know what good their pushing will do, or what they can gain by it, but their first plain duty is—to go to the Captain.

HOW TO GO TO THE CITY.

"The labor of the foolish wearyeth every one of them: because he knoweth not how to go to the city."—Ecc. x. 15.

I said to a little boy one night, "Will you ask the Lord Jesus to make you his own little boy, and wash all your sins away?"

"No," he said, decidedly, nestling down into his bed; "I'll wait till I'm ill, or have an accident, or something."

can get to heaven—some one who is trying very hard to get there.

The little boy that I told you of a moment ago had a serious mood lately. His brother was, with others, singing hymns one Sunday evening, but he crept off into another room all alone. A lady found him there full of anxiety and thought.

"What are you doing, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm trying," he said earnestly,

"I'm trying to listen to the hymns."

"But why try so hard?" she enquired.

"Because, you know," he said simply,

"that's the way to get to heaven, isn't it?"

"The labor of the foolish wearyeth

every one of them." We often weary

ourselves because we don't know that

God loves us, that he doesn't want us to be

weary or full of care.

He does not want us to "labor for that