

HAVE YOU NOTHING TO GIVE?

There was once a heathen philosopher of much human wisdom and benevolence. He had not the light of revelation. He knew nothing of a Saviour's love, and though many came to hear him he could only teach his followers those truths which the light of nature can discover, and which cannot give dying sinners any solid hope for eternity. Yet he was loved and all but worshipped by his disciples. It was their practice, from time to time, to present him with some token of their affection, and, doubtless, their love prompted them to give to the very best of their ability.

It is recorded that on one occasion the disciples of this philosopher were presenting him with various offerings, but one among the rest held back; and when he could no longer remain silent, his eyes filled with tears, and throwing himself at the feet of his master, he exclaimed, "I am so poor and destitute, I have but one thing to give: *it is myself, to serve you the remainder of my days.*"

Christian, I ask you to consider the words of this poor heathen youth. Have you a Master who demands and has a right to your service? You have; though you may but poorly remember or love Him. He infinitely surpasses any earthly teacher. So *mighty*, that His greatness, the heaven of heavens cannot contain; so *loving* that "He is love" itself; so full of *wisdom* that He cannot err; so *gracious* that He is the Friend as well as Master of His disciples.

Now hear His words long ago to His people, written for our sakes and still appealing to us, my reader.

"If I then be a *Father*, where is mine *honor*, and if I be a *Master*, where is my *fear*." Have you ever given anything to this heavenly friend as the token of your love? Have you ever said, as the heathen lad, "I have *one thing* I can give you: it is *myself*, to serve you the remainder of my days." May it be indeed true of us, as of those long ago who "offered *themselves* willingly, and first gave *themselves* unto the Lord." Judges v. 2, 9; 2 Cor. viii 5; (*Adapted*).

"The Lamb was slain! let us *adore*,

And all His gracious mercy *own*;

And prostrate now and evermore

Before His pierced feet *fall down*;

Serve without dread, with reverence *love*

The Lord whose boundless grace we prove."