

Home and School.

FOLLOW THOU ME.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

What a motto for every-day use our dear Master gave us all when He said to Peter: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me!" It fits so many cases. Here, for example, is an obscure, hardworking pastor, who reads in his religious journal of the wonderful successes of a Moody or a Spurgeon: how one of them preaches every Sunday to six or seven thousand auditors, and how the other is blessed to the conversion of several thousands of souls in a single year. He throws down the paper in a sort of envious despair, and feels that he is an absolute nobody in the vineyard of Christ. "What is that to thee?" whispers the Shepherd's voice. "Follow thou me!" Ashamed of himself, the humble country parson turns to his Bible and his unfinished sermon again, determined that he will do his little *best*, even though his name never figures in the bulletins. If the Master smiles on him, it is enough. To save even one soul is reward for a lifetime's toil.

How often a self-distrustful Christian tries to excuse himself from active labours in the Church or Sunday-school with the stereotyped apology: "If I was gifted like A or B, I would be as active as they are in teaching or in public prayer or speech." Friend, the way to attain to larger gifts is to employ the gifts you have. Give Jesus thy one talent, and then He may trust thee with two. If you cannot speak glibly in a prayer-meeting, then stammer out your heart's thanks in the best fashion you can. It may be that your few broken words may accomplish more than another man's fluent harangue. I had an old disciple once in my church I would rather hear stutter out ten sentences than hear some others expatiate for an hour. He was a man who lived in "close groups" with Jesus. If you have no brilliant or thrilling experience to relate in the social meeting, then tell the honest story of how you do feel and what you are striving after. It is always a satisfaction to hear a man speak the *truth*. Christ

judges His servants according to what they have; never according to what they have not.

There is a gentle rebuke, too, of our murmuring discontent in those words of our Lord. Perhaps some poverty-stricken brother who reads this paragraph has an uprising of the old Adam in him every time he goes to church. He sees Judge A. drive up in his fine carriage, or Elder B. come in with his richly-dressed wife and daughters, and mutters to himself: "How is it that other people get up in the world so, while I can hardly keep a coarse coat on my back?" What is all that to thee, brother? Follow thou Him who had not where to lay His weary head. If thou art not rich, thou hast not the temptations of wealth, and never will be called to give account of a large stewardship. It is hard to be poor; it is hard to fall behind in life's race and see others pull up triumphantly to the goal; it is hard to lose our only wee lamb, while our neighbour has his table crowded with a group of rosy-cheeked children; it is hard to drink the bitter cup of disappointment. But methinks the Elder Brother draws up very close to such, and puts the arm of his love about them, and says very sweetly: "What is all this to thee, my child? Thou art mine. If mine, then an heir of heaven's glory. Where I am thou shalt be. Let not thy heart be troubled. Whom I love I chasten. What is this poverty, or failure, or bereavement to thee? *Follow thou me*, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. If thy feet are sore, follow me, and the green pastures will be all the softer by and by. If thy cross is heavy, let me share it with thee."

"Patience, my child. Thy Saviour's feet were worn,
Thy Saviour's heart and hands were weary here;
His garments stained and travel-worn and old,
His vision blinded with the pitying tear."

Shall the disciple be above his Master, or the servant expect to be above his Lord?—*N. Y. Independent.*