

Come Unto Me.

(By the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, in 'British Messenger'.)

A gentleman in an inquiry-room who had been for some time conversing with a man who professed to be anxious about his soul's salvation, rose from the side of the man to whom he had been speaking, and begged of one well advanced in years to take his place, saying that he could not get the inquirer to see the way of salvation. As requested, the aged man sat down by the inquirer. 'What is wrong?' he said. 'Wrong? Everything is wrong. My soul is lost, and I have only found it out now.' 'Are there no people known to you, whom you can believe whatever they say to you?' 'Yes,' said the sorrowing one. 'Just as you believe them will you now believe God? God says in his word, "Come unto Me, ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." 'I wish to see that for myself,' said the man, as his aged friend took out his spectacles to read the message from his New Testament. 'Give me the book that I may read it for myself.' With his finger on the spot, he read the gracious words over and over again. 'God, I take you at your word,' he cried. Before they parted his friend asked him, 'How is it now?' 'My burden is gone,' was the reply. He had brought it to the great Burden-bearer, and having left it there he went on his way rejoicing.

In a recent remarkable book entitled 'Modern Miracles,' by Miss L. Thompson, a striking story is told of the conversion of a consumptive lad, who was helped into the light by this verse. He was a lad of irreproachable life, but he had never known what it was to have fellowship with God. Miss Thompson had often spoken to him, but had never evoked any response. One day, however, seeing how very tired this young lad was, she said to him softly, 'Jesus has words for the weary, but before giving you them I want to tell you a story.' Then she told how a friend of her own, a young man, had gone to Sutherlandshire to learn sheep-farming. The farm where he was placed was near the sea, and on it was a moor stretching along great cliffs overhanging the ocean. The moor was thus very dangerous for sheep, so every evening the farmer gathered all his sheep together. Once, on counting them up within the fold, one was missing. 'We must seek her before nightfall,' said the shepherd, and off they went. At last, after a long search, when peering over the cliff edge into the boiling water below the farmer suddenly cried, 'There she is; but how did she get there?' On a ledge of rock about twenty feet below, the sheep was grazing quietly on a beautiful bit of green grass. The ledge was long but narrow and the pasture was unusually rich. 'How will you get her up? Will you have a rope round you and go down?' 'Oh, no, if I went now, she is so pleased with that bit of green grass she would make one bound away whenever she saw me, and be over the cliff.' 'What then?' 'Oh, we've had to do this kind of thing before. I'll keep watching her. When she has finished eating this grass she'll grow hungry, then faint and weary, and then I'll go, and then she'll come to my arms, and be safe.' The dying youth's attention was roused as his friend went on to say, 'Don't you think if the Good Shepherd had come to you in your strong happy days you would have turned away. But He has been waiting, watching. This world can no longer give you anything more. You are faint and weary. Now the Good Shepherd knows His time has come. He is close beside you. And He says, oh! so tenderly, "Come unto Me, and I will give

you rest." May I ask Him to let you hear His voice, and come at His call?' 'Oh, I am so tired!' was all the poor lad answered. And then the good lady went on—'Yes, Lord, so tired, so weary, let him feel Thy compassion yearning over him, and accept Thy rest for the weary. Fold him safe in the arms of Jesus.' A faint amen seemed to come from the dying youth as the lady rose to leave. When next Miss Thompson called a wonderful change had taken place. The Lord Himself had spoken, and now the lad's lips, so long sealed, were opened. 'Oh, I'm so glad you've come! I've heard the Good Shepherd. It was this morning. Mother dressed me and put me in the arm-chair, and suddenly I got so faint she went to fetch me something, and when she was away I thought I would have died of weariness. Then all at once I seemed to hear Jesus say, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." I thought of the poor sheep, hardly able to creep from weakness, into the shepherd's arms, and I said, "That's me, Lord; but oh, Lord, I give myself to Thee"; and rest came at once. Rest and peace, and I thought He was saying, "Rejoice with Me for I have found My sheep which was lost." Shall we thank Him?' said the good lady. 'Oh, yes! That's just what I want you for, and to read the parable of the lost sheep.' The happy change thus produced continued to reveal itself during the rest of the poor dying boy's life on earth, and when, soon after, he passed into the eternal world, he did so with the happy assurance that he was one of Christ's sheep, and that he was going to be with One who would feed him and lead him to living fountains of waters, and who would wipe away all tears from his eyes.

Church Building—Raising Funds.

(By the Rev. A. J. Gerrish.)

Building a church edifice in a community should be preceded by a strong conviction in that community that such building is needed for the glory of God and the advancement of his kingdom. Be sure first that a church is needed, that the Lord wants it as well as men; for 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' Ps. cxxvii, 1.

Select a lot with a view to future needs, large enough to extend the first building if necessary in the future history of the work.

A church should strike for an edifice that it can reasonably expect to pay for itself. I would not build a hovel to worship the Lord in, unless the interested people all lived in hovels. The Lord ought to have as good as his people. A church edifice that will cost from \$800 to \$2,000 can be made as neat, tasty, well proportioned, light, and attractive as one much larger and more expensive. Such can be built as a part of a larger structure, should future success call for it, with but little waste of means. While I say, Buy your lot with a view to the future, I will not say, Build your church with a view to the future—if you must go in debt from \$5,000 to \$10,000 to do it. The rule should be, Build what you can pay for or nearly so. You can raise five dollars easier for a church building, before you commence building or while you are building, than you can raise one dollar afterward to pay a debt. You can have the same stimulus again when it is necessary to enlarge. This statement holds good whether you are buying an organ, making additions to your library, refurnishing the meeting-house. Raise your money first, then spend what you have in hand. It will come

easier and will bring greater satisfaction.

How to raise the money? I believe the subscription method to be decidedly the best. Let all interested say within themselves, This is our work, and we are going to do it. Then let them say it to one another and the community. Independent, determined endeavor will overcome great obstacles, and it will inspire outsiders with the belief that some worthy thing is about to be accomplished, which they will make no mistake in helping. Working people without much means can do more than they think if they will undertake it systematically and together. I knew a church made up of all poor working people that raised sixteen hundred dollars in three years for a new church, besides supporting the means of grace amongst themselves with some assistance, in the latter work, by friendly hands. Some pledged one dollar a week for one hundred weeks, others fifty cents a week for the same time, and others twenty-five cents. These sums were paid each Sabbath until the whole was paid. The money was put into a colored envelope, properly marked, and signed by the name of the donor, went in with the regular weekly collection and was cared for by a person appointed for the purpose, who kept strict account with each donor and lodged the money each week in the bank, until the result above alluded to was reached.

I know of a debt of thirty-five hundred dollars disposed of in a similar way. Monthly payments were made and everybody was asked to contribute something. The personal pledges were from twenty-five cents to five dollars a month. The ladies' society paid ten dollars a month, and on the third Sunday of each month, at all the services from morning to the close of the day, a collection was taken for this purpose. The result was that the debt was reduced one hundred dollars a month and the interest was kept paid. In three years the debt was quietly paid and no one felt suffering thereby. United, determined, continuous work will build a meeting-house, pay a debt, or do anything else God wants us to do, if we will accept his call and work till he gives us discharge.—Morning Star.

The Queen of Holland.

Prof. Gore tells in the 'Ladies' Home Journal' a pretty story of the Queen of Holland. When a little girl she made a habit of dividing her toys and playthings with poor children, and in many a peasant home in the Netherlands you may see a doll or other bric-a-brac of childhood carefully preserved and set up, like a household god, on the high shelf. The mother will proudly tell you: 'This was given our daughter by Prinsesje.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Aug. 18, Sun.—O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

Aug. 19, Mon.—Lord, be thou my helper.

Aug. 20, Tues.—For thy name's sake lead me and guide me.

Aug. 21, Wed.—Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.

Aug. 22, Thur.—I will guide thee with mine eye.

Aug. 23, Fri.—The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

Aug. 24, Sat.—I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.