

Come Unto Me By **THE EDITOR**

(No attempt has been made in this sermon to follow any literary style. It was taken stenographically and is printed word for word as preached by the Editor)

August 26, 1926

I am going to speak to you tonight from words that are found in the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, and thirtieth verses. "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." You remember that it was said of Jesus of Nazareth, "He went about doing good." He saw and discerned the needs of the people, and the great heart of the Christ was moved with compassion, and because He was divine, He was able to supply their needs. His heart was touched by the sad and sorrowful fate of the people. One day He met a woman at the gate weeping because her boy was dead. Jesus walked over to the casket and took the boy by the hand, and said, "Arise." And the boy was restored to his mother. It was just a sample of the things Jesus did. The heart of Jesus was ever moved with compassion, and the sympathy of Jesus was forever expressing itself, not only in the things that He said, but also in the things that He did. **THE SAME JESUS CHRIST OF NAZARETH** that lived then is living in the land in which we dwell, and His arm is not shortened that He cannot save. The same tenderness and sympathy characterizes the Christ in the day in which we live, as in the days of long ago.

You remember the apostle Paul said, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ, for **IT IS THE POWER** of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." Are you meaning to imply that **YOU** have the power that can open the eyes of the blind, or bring peace to the sinner's heart?" some one says. "No! No!" Paul said, "for **THE GOSPEL IS THE POWER** of God unto everyone that believes." The gospel will bring you to Jesus. It is not a moral code or subscription to social ethics. It is only Jesus, the Personal Saviour, Who will come into your hearts and relieve you of every suffering, and wash away every stain and make you what you ought to be. Jesus looked with tenderest love into the eyes of the people who came to Him! How His heart was moved with compassion, and how anxious He was to supply their every need.

You remember it said in the text, "Come unto Me, **ALL** ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you" You have tried the yoke of the world so long. "Come unto Me, and you will find rest." Pleading,

beseeking, and loving, he went about doing good. He never used coercion. The message of Jesus was always an appeal. He never drove the people; but He used to LEAD THEM, and if men refused to participate in His salvation, they could not participate in His blessing.

Now for a little while, we are going to examine some words of the text. First of all, the “all inclusiveness” of the invitation of Jesus Christ: “Come Unto Me ALL YE.” As the meetings have gone on, I have watched the expression on the faces of the people. Many people are attracted by the stories of healing, and come, first of all, out of curiosity. I have seen men sit in the seat of the scornful. Multitudes sit in the seat of the skeptic. I have seen people change their very countenance, as the truth of God is driven home to the heart. And as we have been telling the sweet story, I have heard them say, “Is that for me, brother? Do you include me in those words of invitation that you are giving? Is it possible that there can come to my heart a power that will break that terrible habit that has fastened itself to me? Is there such a thing as hope, and deliverance, and peace, and contentment for a broken heart and wretched life like mine?” Yes, they have said it silently often; but I have heard the appeal and noticed the conviction in the voices of men to whom I have spoken. Listen, friend, I have a message. “COME UNTO ME ALL YE.” Everyone is included, and nobody is left outside. I believe that every man in Duluth can find his heart’s desire at the foot of the Cross. The trouble is we come to Jesus, not wanting to give Him anything, but to receive something. We try to receive the blessing, but we don’t want to give Him the thing that He must have in order that we might receive the blessing. But, unless *you do what the Lord wants you to do*, you cannot receive the blessing. “Come unto Me, ALL.” Hallelujah, for that word ALL. Praise God forever! You haven’t a sick child, but what that child can be made whole by the power of God. There isn’t a broken body in this town, but what the Christ of Nazareth can touch it with His nail-pierced hand, and make it whole! Oh, it’s so hard for some of us to grasp spiritual truths, and believe the word of Almighty God. Are you weary tonight? Are you borne down by the weight of grief, or is the cross hard to bear? Jesus is speaking and says, “Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.” You are included in the invitation of Jesus, and what He said, He meant. Praise His Name! And He meant every word He said. But there is a part you have to do. You *must* come to Him before He can come to you. I have seen lots of people that are willing for the Lord to come to them, but they don’t want to come to the Lord. Sometimes they will hesitate over the little thing of coming to the altar. There is a pride in their heart. A man said to me not so very long ago, “Mr. Price, will you fix me up? I’m sick in my body.” “Why, what do you mean, fix you up? Are you a Christian, brother?” And he said, “Just as good a Christian as any one else.” “Where did you find the Saviour?” I asked. “I don’t need to be saved. I’ve been a good man all my life. I believe if a man does right in the world that this is all God expects,” he said. But he went on, and later found out that he was a poor, lost sinner. He came to the altar weeping bitter tears. He came to Jesus and was saved and

healed and found happiness. God will come. "COME UNTO ME." But there is a part *you must do*.

You remember the story of the brazen serpent, set up by Moses. You remember that everyone that was bitten by the serpent was healed by a look at the serpent. Suppose some man was bitten by the serpent and ran down the street, and met a man who was healed and said to the man, "How did you get healed?" The healed man answered, "I ran down the street three blocks, and there I saw the serpent, and I saw there was life for a look. I'm healed, brother, because I went to the serpent." And the poor fellow, who had been bitten, sat down on the sidewalk, and said, "Why can't I get healed, too?" "Well, come to the serpent." "No, I won't do that. I'm just as good a fellow as you. I don't see why the same divine power can't heal me without going to the serpent." "There is life for a look." But he refused to come. There are people in Duluth that want healing, and yet it is like pulling teeth to bring them to Jesus who alone can heal. Can't I get healing some other way? You can't. If you can get healing some other way, you can get salvation some other way. If you could get healing some other way than by giving your heart to Jesus, the Lord would have to form a new plan of salvation; he would have to inaugurate a new system, whereby people could enter Heaven. You've got to come to God or He can't do what He wants to do for you. He wants to come into your heart in a blessed and wonderful way! I have found many people who want healing, but they don't want salvation. They are not willing to pay the price, and come to the altar in absolute surrender. If you could have I known the cases I know, and could have seen how the people, that are really healed make the necessary preparation, hundreds of you would be streaming to the altar to give yourselves unreservedly to the Master. Don't you hear Him calling you? Is not your heart hungry for the Christ? My heart wants JESUS. "COME UNTO ME." It's the Saviour calling. Oh, weary heart, REJOICE! And whether you are Jew or Gentile, bond or free, if you will come unto Jesus, Who is the Author and Finisher of your faith, He will give you the desires of your heart. The people that have found Him are the people who have found the blessings of the Lord. Blessed be the Name of Jesus. No one but Jesus could ever satisfy. I remember one time when I was in Spokane, a fellow came to the meeting. He sat there all evening, apparently unconcerned about the message. When the meeting was over, I went up to him. He seemed to be sitting in his seat, transfixed. He seemed to be dazed. I shook him by the shoulder. I smelt the fumes of liquor on his breath. I said, "Brother, what's the matter? Tell me your story." "I'm a wretched man," he replied. "Tell me your story, brother, I might be able to help you." He has told it over hundreds of times since, so I believe it will be alright for me to tell it again, for the Glory of God. This is his story as I remember it: "I was a bank cashier in the state of Illinois. I was holding a position of responsibility and trust. I was only 24 years of age. It wasn't a large bank. It was a branch of one of the larger banks. I was a member of the Methodist church, and sang in the choir. I married a fine girl, and for five years we lived an exemplary life, and

enjoyed each other's companionship. A little girl came to gladden our home. By that time, evil companions persuaded me to start to drink. 'Just take a social glass,' they said, and I didn't want to become conspicuous. The devil never shows you the end from the beginning. He puts sugar in the cup when first you taste it, but it soon tastes like gall and wormwood. It may be sweet at first, but oh, the bitter regrets and tears that come into your life after! He said, "I was going from bad to worse. I started spending my nights away from home. I tried to hide my habit. There was an iron railing round my house. My little baby used to run out and meet me and climb on the fence. I used to worry for fear she would fall. One night as I was going home I saw her run to meet me. She climbed to the top and waved her little hand. In a fit of rage I struck her. I saw her fall on that spike! I saw the blood, and I ran. I boarded a passing freight train, and when I came to my sober senses I was in Chicago. I found out later that my little one did not die. I understand she wears a scar. I didn't have the nerve to go back. I had already been in trouble, and the president of the bank told me that the next time I got drunk I would lose my job. I've lost my wife and the kiddy. For two years I've been drinking. I'm going to hell as fast as a man can go." I started to talk to him about the Man of Galilee. For a while he listened. I saw he was a man who had once known the way of salvation. After a time of persuasion and tears he dropped on to his knees. "But, I tell you. Jesus Christ can't save this man. My wife will never come to me. I've lost my wife and kiddy. I've got to get back to drink, to drown my sorrow." I said, "Don't be foolish. Give Jesus a chance." He will do it SOME WAY, if only you give Him a chance." That man was like a drowning man grasping at a straw. I knew from the way he prayed, that he had prayed before. I took him home with me until he got a new start in life, and one day we went down together to the union depot in Spokane. The train was ten minutes late, and I saw him looking anxiously about. He went to the back end of the platform, and there was a woman with a beautiful child just getting off the train. He ran to meet them, and they fell into each other's arms and embraced each other and cried. The little girl looked in amazement at the man. Then her mother said, "Darling, this is your daddy. I told you Jesus would send him back some day, and now what do you say, dear?" "Thank you Jesus," replied the little girl. I turned away! I didn't want to intrude, and in a few minutes, I was on my way home. Later that night he came up to me, and putting his arms around me said, "Remember the night I said He couldn't fix me up? Well, HE DID!!" And I said, "Brother, *He always does*. That is why Jesus came into the world; TO SAVE SINNERS." "COME UNTO ME, and I will give you rest." Yes, and it's a wonderful rest and peace that the Lord puts in our hearts. It's a peace that passeth all understanding. "I WILL GIVE YOU REST." There is a given rest and a found rest and a found rest. "AND YE SHALL FIND REST UNTO YOUR SOUL, FOR MY YOKE IS EASY AND MY BURDEN IS LIGHT."

Some years ago there was a fire in a certain home. A mother had left her baby near a gasoline stove, in the kitchen while she slipped over to the corner grocery store.

She hadn't counted on the wind coming in through the open door. The wind had driven the baby buggy against the stove. Fortunately the stove fell the opposite way from the buggy. The flames crept into the dining room. The mother saw the flames on the way back. She dropped her groceries, and ran. She rushed into the building, fought her way through the flames, grabbed her baby, and then dropped unconscious on the lawn outside. The fire brigade came tearing down the street. They gave her first aid, and then took her to the hospital. What a condition she was in. Her hair was burned away. Her face was burned and scarred. She screamed in her agony, as she came to, and then she remembered her baby. "Is my baby burned?" "Your baby doesn't have a scar," they said "Your baby is just as perfect as she ever was, but you've got to be quiet. We are going to graft skin on you. We are going to do the best we can. You've got to lie quiet." They brought the baby in. She examined the little body, and said, "Thank God, I don't care much what has happened to me, just so my baby is alright." She was a widow. They told her she would have to go through life wearing false hair, as the skin on her scalp was burned so badly. There would be a terrible red scar on her face that would never come off. The mother looked at her darling baby and said, 'I don't care about myself; if my baby is alright, and I'm glad she is!' The days went by, and the mother worked hard to keep the little home together. The little girl was growing up and was going to grammar school. One day she said to her mother, "Mother, why don't you go outside?" "Because," she replied, 'everybody looks at me so, and the scar is so noticeable on my face. I used to be beautiful, and now I'm going to tell you how I came to get the scar.' So she told her the story. The little girl went up to her mother and kissed her, and kissed her, and the mother said, "I'm glad I could do it, and the little girl said, "Some day I'm going to do something for you." Then she entered high school, and after graduation from high school the mother said, "I'm going to give you a chance that your mother never had. You are going to the university town. You will mix with fine people, but you will have to be as economical as you can. I can't afford to dress you like other girls." The girl went away to a town 150 miles away, and the mother worked, and worked, and worked. One day she got a letter. She didn't like the tone of it, but she was glad for the letter anyway. "Mother, you've got to send me silk stockings. I've got to have a party dress, and a ball dress. The girls laugh at me, in my simple gingham gowns. Harder work for mother, but she sent it! She loved her daughter so. One day as vacation time was nearing, some of Mary's friends said, "Since you live in the same town as we, we're going to call on you with the car." And Mary thought of the poor home, and the poor street. Then she answered. "Never mind coming to the house. I'll—I'll—I'll meet you at the drug store! No, I'll meet you down town." But a girl's curiosity is something that can't be denied, so they found the return address on one of her letters. They went down that poor street--a big limousine with a chauffeur. "It can't be here. This old tumbled down building! Mary cant live here! But I'm going to make sure!" She knocked at the door, and a woman opened the door with a big scar

on her face. The girl from the limousine asked, "Does Mary live here?" We're calling for her. Will you tell her we want her?" "Will you come in?" said the woman with the terrible scar. In they went. What a room! (Just a few old pictures on the wall, an old threadbare carpet on the floor, an old straight back chair near the little old table. The girl thought, "Can she live in a place like this?" "Is it really possible?" Just at this time Mary came down the stairs. "What made you come here?" "Oh, it's alright, Mary." Mary got angry, "It's alright, Mary. We thought we would save you the trip down town. Don't get mad at a little thing like that." But Mary was very much hurt. The girl asked, "By the way, who was that terrible looking woman that came to the door. What was she?" "That, —that---that——woman with a scar?" asked Mary. "Yes, that awful looking woman with the scar." "Why— she—is—the——woman—who— DOES OUR—WASHING." And through the open door her mother heard those words. The door slammed and the girls stepped into the car. Her mother put her face in her apron, wet with soap suds, and sobbed as though her heart would break, as she thought of the words, "Why—she—is——the— woman—who—*does — our — washing.*" Her thoughts went back to the day when she entered the burning building to save her baby. Pride! It is the spirit of the world, and it is the spirit of the age. Just this morning I heard a man take Jesus' name in vain. He wasn't mad. He was just talking, and he had to take His name in vain. Consider it--the Man who died on Calvary to redeem your soul from hell. The man that refuses to accept the Christ of Calvary is like Mary. Are you ashamed of your Saviour? Are you ashamed of Jesus?

"COME UNTO ME!" Who speaks--the Man that died for you. "COME UNTO ME." Who is speaking--JESUS OF NAZARETH, the Son of the living God. "COME UNTO ME." Who is speaking? The man that was born of a virgin, who was nailed to the tree, is calling you people. "COME UNTO ME all you that are laboring under false delusions, and are heavy laden with the problems and perplexities of the world. "COME UNTO ME, ye people that are weary in soul and weak in body, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Come before it is too late. Come before you have sinned away your day of grace. He will not add to your burdens. He will take them away. Oh, weary, heavy hearts, when you kneel in the presence of Jesus, you will find rest unto your souls. His yoke is easy. His burden is light. May God give you grace to come.