

THE
GOSPEL WATCHMAN.

A Monthly Magazine of Gospel Truth.

FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.

“WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT? THE WATCHMAN SAID, THE MORNING COMETH, AND ALSO THE NIGHT;
IF YE WILL ENQUIRE, ENQUIRE YE: RETURN, COME.”

ISAIAH xxi. 12.

“SON OF MAN, I HAVE SET THEE A WATCHMAN UNTO THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL; THEREFORE THOU SHALT HEAR
THE WORD AT MY MOUTH, AND WARN THEM FROM ME.”

EBEKIEL xxxiii. 7.

THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

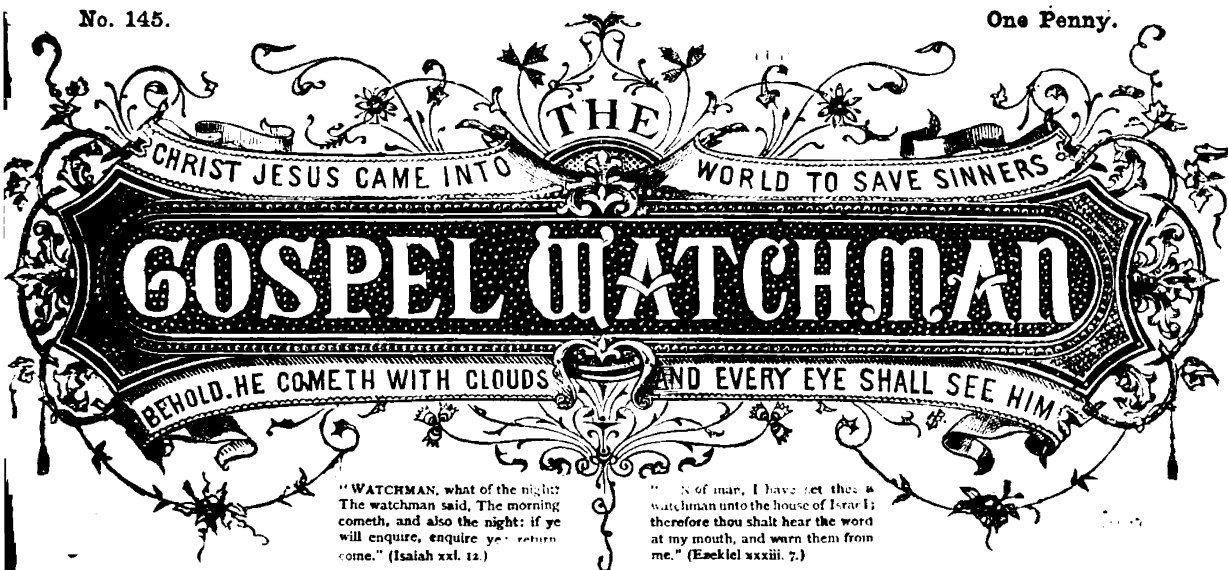
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"WATCHMAN, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will enquire, enquire ye: return come." (Isaiah xli. 12.)

"... of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

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THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE

For 1881.

ANOTHER year has hasted to its close; another waymark is passed on our short swift journey. But why should we mark its course? Year by year has thus rolled over us in quick succession, and time has been the same in 1880 as in 1879. But, dear reader, the passing of a year now is widely different to what it was in our youth, because we have got down the stream of time into the rapids, and the dispensation is hurrying to its close. Everything around us witnesses, with a voice that cannot be silenced, that the end of all things is at hand. Trouble and perplexity amongst the nations, and the spirit of lawlessness and infidelity amongst the people, all point to the ripening of a doomed earth for judgment. Laden with the guilt of ages, and stained with the blood of God's dear Son, her time is near to come. God only waits in long-suffering grace ere the vials of His wrath shall be poured out, not willing that any should perish. But the last hour of opportunity will come, the last gospel message shall be sounded, and then the long-gathering cloud will burst over a guilty world; the door of blessing be closed for ever to those who have rejected Christ; and *you* will be—*where?* Within or without?

Oh, beloved unsaved reader, we entreat you to pause and think over this solemn question! If you were called to appear before God to-night, *which?* It must be either within, in the light and gladness, the unending joy and rest; or without, in the black-

ness of darkness for ever! Ah! we say "time enough" now, because, if we reject the message to-day, we *may* hear it again to-morrow. But what will it be, in all those ages of remorse, never more to hear the word of invitation so long despised, never once again to get the message of His love, who has waited so long at the door of your heart, and waited still in vain! Perhaps you have heard it often from the lips of God's servants. Have you ever thought who sent it? Have you ever heard the voice of *Jesus*, saying, "Come unto me"? Have you ever thought how much this message cost Him? It is so easy for us to hear the gospel; but it cost Christ everything. Not the agony and blood of the cross only, ah! not this, but the wrath of a holy God against sin—the wrath that shall abide on the unsaved sinner throughout eternity. Jesus bore it for us. He trembled under its withering breath; He drank alone the dregs of this cup of trembling, and wrung them out. His God and Father hid His face from Him in His hour of direst need. Wherefore? Because He loved Him not! Ah! no. He was from the beginning the object of Jehovah's love, the centre of all His purposes. But let us read the secret in His own blessed words: He was "*made a curse for us.*" The sin that else had sunk us to the lowest hell was laid on God's beloved Son; and thus the wrath due to the believing sinner was spent to the utmost on our blessed Substitute. Is it any wonder that we love Him, that we serve Him, that we worship Him? But, dear fellow-sinner, not for us only; this was all for you, if you will have it. In that dread hour of suffering He was made a propitiation (mercy-seat)

"for the whole world" (1 John ii. 2; Alford's Translation), and therefore God has sent out freely the world-wide message, "Whosoever will." Dear reader, can you despise such grace as this? Will you sink under that awful weight of wrath? or will you accept the one way of escape that God has provided at such costly price? Ah! it is a solemn question, the answer to which must decide your eternal doom. *SAVED* or *LOST*, not for time's passing hour, but for a never-ending eternity. You may not seem to be a great sinner. It does not need this. If you never sinned a sin except the one of rejecting Christ, this is enough. Hear His own words: "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that *obey not the gospel.*"

It is not a broken law we read of here; the blood is sufficient for that. You may confess your sin in not keeping God's holy commandments; you may even mourn over it; but what about obeying the gospel? Jesus said, "Come." Not do, but come. "Come unto me." This is God's last remedy; He has no other. If your case is so desperate that this cannot meet it, you must be lost. But, blessed be God, there is no depth of need beyond its mighty reach, no deep-dyed sin outside its cleansing power. Beloved fellow-sinner, will *you* have this Saviour? Given for you by God to be a sacrifice for your sin; given to you to be your eternal joy and portion on the one condition of acceptance. Will you take God's gift, and be saved from wrath, and free from condemnation? Will you listen to His blessed invitation before the door is shut, while you are still outside? Perhaps this may be the last message you shall ever hear; for the same gracious voice that has said "come" in this day of His long-suffering, must in the hour of His judgment say, "Depart." Where will you hide in that awful day from the wrath of the Lamb? But He is waiting still, and still the voice of love is sounding in your ears the word of invitation, "Come unto me."

But, it may be, you say, Who can tell that the end is so near? Perhaps you question, with the scoffers in Peter's epistle, "Where is the promise of His coming?" Ah, there is yet another danger. Things may indeed go on for the coming year as in the past, and the long-suffering of God wait in 1881 as in 1880, but its close may find you no longer here. Your voice may be hushed for ever, and your limbs

still in death, before its course is run. And what then? Dear unsaved reader, once more we ask you, Whither are you bound for eternity? To say you do not know is but to close your eyes on the edge of a precipice. It may give you a momentary peace, but it can only increase your awful danger. As if one were to sleep on the line while an express train is hurrying on, unseen for a few moments longer, but rushing with inexorable speed on its appointed course; or to sit unmoved on a rock round which the tide is closing, stealing silently but surely on. Is it lesser madness to trifle with God, the God who gave you breath, the God who offers you salvation, the God who is to be your Judge?

Reader, where then are you going for eternity? Whether you will or not, you are hastening on nearer and nearer to its awful brink. Your feet, it may be unconsciously, are following in the broad road that leads to the awful abodes of the lost; lulled by the god of this world, allured by pleasure or by gain until you have forgotten whither you are tending. Oh, stop and think! be roused from your fatal death-sleep before you shall be awakened by the call to judgment, lest, while you linger, the night close upon you, and leave you with one awful thought echoing through your lost soul for eternity, **TOO LATE!**

A. E. W.

"ALMOST."

HOW many things are suggested to the mind by the word "almost." Men will run races, and almost win the prize. Ships are often within sight of harbour, and *almost* safe, yet, foundering, are lost. Trains arrive *almost* at the end of their journey, and yet break down; and thus hundreds of passengers, almost within the loving embrace of friends, perish. How many objects daily occupy the minds of people, striving with all earnestness for what they *almost* obtain, and yet miss. It is a sad word, nothing cheering in the sound of it, except perhaps in reference to the passing of time—almost the end of this year, and almost the beginning of another. The dispensation almost closing, and yet not yet closed. This "almost" before the end is a blessing surely to those who are privileged to hear the gospel of the grace of God. His long-suffering is salvation, "Not willing that any should perish." This almost means the extension of the grace of God, an

almost of momentous importance to those who hear it, lest, coming suddenly to a close, those who refuse to accept His mercy find themselves almost saved, and yet eternally lost.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Now, whichever way we look at those words of Agrippa, whether of hardened contempt or of sincere conviction, yet the "almost" here proves that he was not a Christian. It was singular how he came to hear such a sermon as Paul preached to him. Agrippa was governor or king of several of the eastern provinces of the Roman Empire. He had come with his sister Bernice to pay a visit of congratulation to Porcius Festus, the successor of Felix, who lately had been in office as governor of Judæa. The conversation between them turned upon Paul, who was then in confinement at Cæsarea, and whose remarkable history and conversion must have been very well known.

Festus tells Agrippa of the whole matter, and he is naturally desirous to see and hear this remarkable man.

It seemed necessary that Festus should give a statement of the charges made against Paul to the Emperor, and so, to gratify his friend as well as to hear Paul, the great preacher is allowed to appear before them, and to plead his own cause. The eloquence and power of this address is remarkable, and shows the earnestness and gift of this once religious Pharisee, but now devoted servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Festus can only say that Paul is mad; but Agrippa, who seems to have had his conscience awakened, exclaimed, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Paul closes his address by expressing affectionate desire that not only he, but all those that heard him, were both almost and altogether such as he was, "except those bonds." Alas! how many, like Agrippa, are content with expressing the desire, of whose life or testimony we never hear more.

"The disciples were called Christians first at Antioch." (Acts xi. 26.) Now let us see what it is to be a Christian according to the word of God? First let us see what a Christian is not, that we may be able better by contrast to see what he is. *He is not merely a reformed man.* Reformation may be a good thing for a man himself, and a good thing for his neighbours, but it is not salvation. Reformation is laying aside a bad habit, putting away some known sin by strictness in watching over

one's self. It is putting heavy chains and fetters on the evil nature; but this is not to be a Christian. Who would think of getting rid of weeds in a garden by cutting off the tops of them? Who would think that turning over a fresh leaf blotted out the records of an evil past? Reformation is not regeneration. The man in the tombs is an instance of this. He dwelt in the place of the dead. He was possessed with an unclean spirit. No man could bind him, no, not with chains. Man cannot tame man. He may tame every beast of the field, but not his fellow man. Fetters were broken by him; night and day he was the same, in the mountains and in the tombs, crying and cutting himself with stones. What a picture of man in his natural state is Mark vi. 7. But what is it to be a Christian? The rest of the illustration from the word shows us. Jesus came into the scene of man's ruin. What the fetters could not do, Jesus did by His word, "Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit." What a wondrous change! The man is found "*sitting*"—emblem of rest. "*Clothed*," type of a covering of righteousness, whereas he was naked before. "*In his right mind*," a true picture of regeneration. Not only saved, but desirous to tell of the power of that One who had done such great things for him, and so he is sent on a mission to his friends to testify that the same grace that had dealt with him could reach them also, so that the cities of Decapolis heard through him what great things Jesus had done. This is being a Christian; not reformation merely, *but transformation.*

Again, to be a Christian is to have *present forgiveness*; pardon on the ground of what Christ has done. It is a complete, full, righteous pardon. "Thy sins are forgiven," said the Lord to the woman in Luke vii. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." It is to be a separated man (Gal. ii. 20), a risen man. (Eph. ii. 6.) It is to be born of God. (John i. 13.) It is to have peace. (Rom. v. 1.) It is to have Christ for our object. (Phil. iii. 10.) But suppose, says one, that the Christian goes back; is he still a Christian? Scripture supposes nothing of the kind. Ours is to live the life; ours is to be true to the Lord, that the world may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus, and so glorify Him. The Christian is *washed* (1 Cor. vi. 11); washed in the blood of the Lamb; made whiter than snow. He is *sanctified*

(Heb. x. 10); set apart for God by the blood. It is one act, the washing and the sanctifying, all of God, not of us, lest we should glory. He is *justified*. (Rom. v. 1.) Pronounced fit for the presence of God, and now to be used as a clean vessel in His service. He is a child in the family of God to learn obedience. (Gal. iv. 7.) A sheep in the fold to follow the good Shepherd. (John x. 2.) A soldier like Paul, to fight the battles of the Lord. (2 Tim. iv. 7.) A labourer like Nehemiah, who both worked and fought. (Neh. iv. 17.) At the same time he is a pilgrim and stranger like Abraham, looking for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. (Heb. xi. 10.) If he lives up to his position in Christ, his walk and ways will bear eloquent testimony to the power of His grace. This is to be a Christian, and to have everlasting life.

Now, my reader, have you got it? Have you received any of those wondrous blessings of which we have been speaking? Do you say, "I do not think I am quite in possession of eternal life, but I hope to have it." Then let me say you are an *almost Christian*, and that is to be no Christian at all. Who ever heard of being almost a soldier? Everyone knows, that the moment the shilling is put into the hand of a man, he becomes a soldier. Who ever heard of a sinner being almost forgiven, or almost righteous, almost justified, or almost cleansed? Ah, no! Doubtless, progression takes place; but not even a child would suppose the possibility of going faster in a train before getting into it. The divine word is, "Ye must be born again," and not to be this is to be lost; not almost lost, but in the same sad condition in which we were born, afar off from God. Paul does not seek to persuade you, but the mighty Spirit of God does; and if you are not brought to immediate decision by Him, who can entreat you? Has the serpent-coil of sin fastened itself so tightly round you that you find it difficult to break away? Ah, my reader, consider the interests of your never-dying soul! consider the result of not accepting God's invitation, and receiving His gift, and you will desire to be a Christian; not almost, but altogether.

We read in another place, "Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." Oh, the terrors of a judgment without mercy when the opportunity to escape is for ever past away. Paul seemed to have got a glimpse of the terrible result of not being a Christian. He knew that it must be

life or death; heaven or hell; joy or sorrow. He knew there is no such thing as being almost saved, or almost lost; but that one or the other of these conditions belongs to every child of Adam. What he said to Agrippa he would say to you, "I would to God that *thou* were both almost and altogether such as I am."

What time can be better than the present to think of these things? The past year has rolled into eternity, and you are permitted to see the beginning of another. The hand of a gracious, loving God has bestowed innumerable benefits upon you. What better time than now? We never hear that Agrippa was persuaded to be a Christian, though he lived to be about threescore and ten. But we are persuaded better things of you. Perhaps even now the love of God has so touched your heart, you are ready to say—

"Fully persuaded, Lord, I believe;
Fully persuaded, Thy Spirit give!
I now obey Thy call,
Low at Thy feet I fall,
Now I surrender all,
Christ to receive."

Let not this passing world beguile you; neither let the snares of Satan, who paints present things in false colours, so that men are deluded by their false glare. If you want to see the world as it is, you must see it from God's point of view. Which, then, will you choose, the world or Christ? Is it with you, as with King Agrippa—

"Almost persuaded, now to believe,
Almost persuaded, Christ to receive!"

Ah! let it not be "almost" in this momentous question. We beseech you in Christ's stead, by that great love, by that precious blood, by the coming kingdom and glory, let the opening year find you safe for eternity, lest it be true of you, as of many—

"Almost persuaded, harvest is past;
Almost persuaded, doom comes at last.
Almost cannot avail,
Almost is but to fail;
Sad, sad that bitter wail,
Almost but lost;"

HERBERT R. FRANCIS.

"HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE, IF WE NEGLECT SO GREAT SALVATION?"

HEB. ii. 3.

THE word "salvation" implies danger, and expresses the idea of deliverance. Men are continually exposed to dangers, dangers by road and rail, by sea and land. We can scarcely lift a newspaper without reading of some terrible accident. There is one danger to which *all* are exposed, and that is the curse of sin. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," is a truth clearly unfolded in the Scriptures; but though clearly revealed, it is very little understood by the great majority of men and women.

The language of Scripture shows that men are perishing; that while the "broad" road is crowded, the "narrow" way is trodden by comparatively few. This is not, however, God's desire. He has no pleasure in the death of the sinner; and the object of Christ's mission to this earth, as seen in John iii. 18, reveals His heart of love, and manifests His desire to save. "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but THAT THE WORLD THROUGH HIM MIGHT BE SAVED."

"God loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all."

There is, therefore, life for the dead, pardon for the guilty, rest for the weary, peace for the troubled—a salvation FULL, PRESENT, and FREE.

It is
A GREAT SALVATION

when we consider (1) THE VALUE OF THE SOUL. A man may lose his health, his wealth, his property, his situation, his friends, his reputation; but if he can sing with the heart—

"It is well—it is well with my soul,"

all is well.

Men would part with everything before they would part with life. Satan, though the father of lies, speaks the truth when it suits him; and on one occasion he truthfully remarked, "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life."

(Job ii. 4.) The whole struggle of this world is for life, and for means to prolong and sustain it; but how short is the longest life compared with eternity! Compared with it

"Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear."

Think of the soul's immortality.
Millions upon millions of years shall pass over

your heads, and you shall either be enjoying the smile of God in happiest fellowship with the Redeemed, singing the new song of Moses and the Lamb, or weeping, and wailing, and gnashing your teeth amongst the lost in hell, cursing the day of your birth, and bewailing your guilt and misery. And this to continue for ever!

If all the leaves of the forest, all the sand on the sea-shore, all the drops in the ocean, were each to represent a million years, and that period of time were exhausted, eternity would be no nearer the end than at the beginning. What a thought! Every saved soul, every one who accepts of this "great salvation," will be preserved from an amount of anguish, pain, and agony a million times more than has ever been endured by every human being from the beginning to the end of time.

(2) The salvation is great when we consider THE EVIL FROM WHICH THE SOUL IS SAVED. Sin is an evil of the greatest magnitude. It is the abominable thing which Jehovah hates, and on which He cannot look. Every unsaved man and woman is bound by the chain of sin. Perhaps, dear reader, you have tried to break it. Now and again you have been awakened by the Holy Ghost to see yourself as a poor sinner, led captive by Satan, on your way to an eternal hell. You have resolved to amend your life, and to "reform" your ways. Perhaps you have renounced habits and companions by which you were enslaved, and have "turned over a new leaf" and tried to be "good." On looking back to the past, you must, however, admit that you have miserably failed, and you are beginning to think that there is no use in your "trying" again.

All this striving and working has been done in your own strength; but whenever you accept of this "great salvation" God will give you power over sin, and enable you to speak and live for Him.

(8) It is a "great salvation," because it REMOVES ALL FEAR OF DEATH AND JUDGMENT TO COME. If conscience be not seared, unsaved men are in a state of continual fear lest death should overtake them. Even professed infidels have trembled as they thought of the future. "I could die happy," said one, "if I were sure that the Bible were not true, and that there was no hell. The possibility of it being true is the thorn in my pillow." The wealthy Colonel Charteris offered £30,000 to anyone who could prove that there was no hell. If, therefore, men who reject the inspiration and authority of Scripture quail and tremble at the thought of death, how much more those who receive it as a revelation from God. Whenever a poor sinner comes under the influence of this great salvation, all fear of death and judgment is banished. He can take up the language of the

apostle Paul, and say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Death has no terrors for him. He knows that when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved he has a "building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." To be "absent from the body" is for him to be "present with the Lord;" and as to judgment, his sins are blotted out, never to be remembered again. (Isaiah xliii. 25; xlii. 22.)

It is a "great salvation" when we think of the AUTHOR OF IT, HIS LOVE, CONDESCENSION, AND COST. The impress of divinity was stamped on His countenance; for He was "the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person." It was He who procured for men, who "wrought out" and "brought in" this "great salvation." And think on what it cost! He had to leave heaven, the abode of His Father, the home of the angels and redeemed, and come to this world of ours.

"He made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men." He did not take upon Him the form of an archangel or a seraph, but of a man. He was born, not in a palace, but in a stable. He was not cradled to sleep on a velvet couch, but in a manger in a village inn. He did not take upon Him some influential or important position, such as that of a governor or king; but as a humble carpenter, from boyhood to manhood, He worked at His bench like an ordinary workman. No falsehoods did He ever tell; no persons did He ever deceive. "He was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." In thought let us stand at the foot of mount Calvary. See that excited crowd, as they wildly rush along, trampling on one another. What means that crucifixion? Who is that on the centre cross? Why does He suffer and bleed? Is He a thief or murderer? Has He conspired against the Roman Government? There is one, and only one, answer at hand. That crowd has gathered to see the crucifixion of the Son of God. On that cross He is bearing the penalty due to sin. Listen to that triumphant cry, "It is finished!" What is the meaning of those words? The work of atonement is completed. Justice is perfectly satisfied. The demands of law have been fully met, and on the ground of His finished work salvation is proclaimed to a guilty world.

"SO GREAT SALVATION."

Human language fails to express the greatness of the salvation of God. No imagination can conceive, no language can express, no rhetoric can describe, its height and depth, its length and breadth. If one could compute the length of eternity, he might be able to tell something of the vastness and grandeur of this salvation.

NEGLECT.

This is an astonishing word. "Neglect so great salvation." How can a sinner escape if he neglect

this salvation? The question is *unanswered* because it is *unanswerable*. A man cannot escape the damnation of hell if he neglects the salvation of God. Noah could only be preserved from being drowned in the deluge in one way, by taking refuge in the ark. There was but one way by which the first-born of Israel could be shielded from the avenger of blood. The bitten Israelites could only be healed of the serpent's bite by looking at the brazen serpent. Rahab and her friends could only have their lives spared by placing the scarlet line outside the window of her house. *Men and women can only be saved from the horrors of an undone eternity by accepting the salvation of God.*

"Neither is there salvation in any other." (Acts iv. 12.)

"I am THE way, and the truth, and the life." (John xiv. 6.)

Is it, can it be possible, that any man in his sound senses would be so infatuated, so mad, as to neglect such a glorious salvation—a salvation provided by the Lord Jesus Christ, purchased at the cost of His life's blood—a salvation which removes fear of death and judgment, and gives power over sin, and self, and Satan?

"IF WE NEGLECT."

Alas! alas! tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, aye, even millions of precious souls, are guilty of this dreadful sin.

Take a pitcher of water to yonder ill-fated traveller, dying of thirst on the burning sands of Africa. Does he "neglect" to accept of it? See how eagerly he quaffs the refreshing draught, and asks for more. Let us enter the condemned cell, where a poor murderer is lying, awaiting the day of his execution. Show him the pardon you have been commissioned to proffer him if he will but receive it. Does he "neglect" to take it. No; he at once grasps the document, eagerly and hurriedly reads it, and, with tears coursing down his cheeks, loads you with thanks and expressions of gratitude for being the bearer of such good news.

And, dear reader, will you, dare you, can you, one moment longer be guilty of neglecting God's great salvation?

I know very well that you have not the slightest *intention* of refusing to accept it. You "expect" and "hope" to be saved *sometimes* before you die. You are too well aware of the terrible doom of the Christ despiser to determine that you *will not* be reconciled to God; but let me say you are running an awful risk. *At any moment* you may be cut down as a cumberer of the ground, and called into the presence of a holy God, to receive the punishment due to you for your many sins. Every day you procrastinate you are less likely to get saved. Habits will get formed, and companions and associations will be more difficult to renounce.

When pressed to immediate acceptance of salvation, you calculate how long it is likely that you

will live; and if you think there is a fair prospect of seeing threescore years and ten, you think there will be "lots of time" in the future. Do not be cheated out of heaven by Satan. In the ears of the young he whispers, "Time enough;" and to the old he says, "Too late."

Reader, in order to be damned eternally you do not require to *refuse* or *despise* God's pardoning mercy; you have simply to *neglect* it. A merchant, in order to become bankrupt, does not require to throw away his goods. He simply needs to *neglect* his business, and very soon he will be unable to pay his debts. The sick man does not need to take poison in order to die; he has only to *neglect* the remedies prescribed by the physician. And so with you who are unsaved. You have just to admit the truthfulness of the Scripture, say you *intend* to accept of salvation *some* time, put it off once too often, die, and lift up your eyes in hell!

"GUILT OF NEGLECT."

We would severely censure the merchant who neglected his business, the patient who neglected to take the medicine, the captain who neglected his ship, the engine-driver who neglected his engine; but what must your guilt be, O fellow-sinner? After all that God has done for you—giving you health and strength, food and raiment, the comforts and necessities of life, loving friends to cheer and sympathize—notwithstanding what He has done for you, you have all your lifetime been living in rebellion against Him. You have broken His laws, trampled His commands under your feet, and if you had received what your sins merited, long, long are this you would have been amongst the lost in hell. At an infinite cost Jehovah has devised a way by which you can escape from the wrath to come; and at this very moment you may become a son of God, an heir of glory, and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. So anxious was He to rescue you from eternal misery and despair, that He gave up the Son of His bosom to bleed and die for you. He has sent His messengers to tell you that there is pardon for all your numerous and aggravated sins, and peace to your troubled heart. Will you *neglect* salvation any longer? If you do, you are practically saying to your best Friend, "I deserve to be punished for my sins, and if I do not accept of salvation, I shall be lost for ever. I will not now do as you wish me. I am content to call you a liar, to trample under my feet the blood of your Son, to resist the Holy Ghost, and to run the risk of being damned to all eternity."

"HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE?"

Though I cannot tell you how you can escape if you *neglect* salvation, I can show you from the word of God how you can escape the condemnation due to you for your sins. There is nothing in Scripture so clear as how sinners are to be saved. Paul's reply to the Philippian jailor was very

distinct and emphatic: "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*" (Acts xvi. 30, 31.) He did not say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and act up to it, and thou shalt be saved;" nor "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and do the best you can, and you will be saved." Nor did He say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with the right kind of believing, and thou shalt be saved." If you wish to escape coming wrath and judgment, do not think of your faith or repentance, your sorrow for sin or love to God, but get occupied with God's love to you, and the result will be, that you shall be able to take up the language of Scripture, and say, "We love Him, because He first loved us."

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) "Verily, verily I say unto thee, He that HEARETH my word, and BELIEVETH ON HIM that sent me, HATH everlasting life, and SHALL NOT come into judgment, but IS PASSED from death unto life." (John v. 24.) "ALL THAT BELIEVE are justified from all things." (Acts xiii. 39.)

ALEXANDER MARSHALL.

HOW MANY YEARS!

How many years of grace! for what but grace,
Unmerited and free,
Has granted me
The numerous gifts which o'er life's path I trace,
As countless as the steps my feet have trod,
And all from Thee, from Thee alone, my God.

How many years of Thy protecting care!
Beneath Thy sheltering wings,
While Hope still sings,
Safe from the storms and cruel fowler's snare;
Sheltered from harm beneath Thy brooding breast,
Till Thou shall bid me leave life's little nest.

How many years of Thy sweet, tender love!
Not always seen, perchance,
To sight's dim glance;
But, like the sun, still in the heavens above;
Forgive me, Lord, if like our world I turn
Away from Thee, and mine own darkness learn.

How many years of friendship with that Friend
Who with my peevish will
Is patient still,
And will be till these distant tokens end,
And I go home to be His chosen bride,
To dwell with Him, exalted at His side.

How many years of joy! Sometimes the song
Of Miriam o'er the slain;
And then again
The gentle joy that calmly flows along,
Like the sweet stream which called for Israel's praise,
The quiet joys of peaceful common days.

How many years! How many years are passed,
How many yet to come
Ere, safe at home,
I shall have reached the brightest and the last?
And looking back o'er all my years shall say,
"A Father's hand has led me all the way."

W. LUFF.

Notices.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We have now reached the close of another year of our happy service in conducting this publication, and we do so with great thankfulness and gratitude to God for His continued blessing, which has rested on our work. We have had continued testimony from various parts of the globe that the truths contained in *The Gospel Watchman* have been blessed to the salvation of souls. To Him be all the praise.

We take this opportunity of again asking our Christian friends for their practical sympathy and help in the circulation of our paper. We rejoice to say that year by year our circulation has been maintained; but we are still desirous of its extension, feeling confident that the Lord will use it to wider usefulness. We therefore ask our readers to aid us in the matter of making it known in circles where hitherto it has not reached.

Christians interested in evangelistic work of any kind will find our paper a most useful addition to the preached Word. It is well adapted for general distribution, or for lending from house to house.

The numbers for December and January are specially suitable for circulation at the close of the Old, and the commencement of the New Year; and we ask the prayers of the Lord's people that they may be used to arouse many from the sleep of death, and lead them to Him who is "THE LIFE."

These numbers will be supplied at reduced rates in quantities for distribution on application to the publisher. Sample Packets of Twenty or more back numbers, *gratis and post free*, to those who will seek to aid us by getting fresh subscribers.

The Editor would draw special attention to the special issue of the

Watchman's Message for 1881.

It is admirably adapted for very wide circulation, and ought to be sown broadcast.

It is supplied at the low price of 30/- per 1,000, *direct from the Publisher.*

THE LORD'S POOR.

For some years past a few of our readers have sent us small sums to distribute to the aged and sick poor of the flock. Knowing of many such, we would again say that we shall feel it a great privilege to be the medium of conveying any gifts that may be sent to us to those who, during the inclement season now approaching, are needing sometimes the very necessities of life.

RECEIVED.—S. T., \$20. R. A., \$10. Anon. 5s. and 10s.

OLD CLOTHES.

DEAR READERS,—The time of year has now arrived when most of our readers will be making a change of garments, and we would again put in our plea for left-off "old clothes." How many things could indeed be spared that would be most valuable to the poor children of God, and to many others needing help! The great depression in trade has prevented many this summer from getting employment, and those who work among the poor expect a very trying winter on this account. Rent and food is more than can be obtained in many instances, leaving no pence for "clothes," and therefore we would again plead for *anything* that can be spared. If our readers could have seen how gratefully those sent have been received they would be encouraged to do still further. Some working for the "Master," receiving small pay, have been thankful for additions to their small wardrobe.

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CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO

WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS

GOSPEL WATCHMAN

BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS,

AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM.

"WATCHMAN, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will enquire, enquire ye: return, come." (Isaiah xxi. 12.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

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FEBRUARY 1, 1881.

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SAVED IN TIME.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE GRACE OF GOD.

FEW months ago a small party of earnest men and women assembled one Sunday afternoon at a private house in one of the suburbs of London for the purpose of prayer. They were earnest because "they knew that their sins were forgiven them," that "they were the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus," and that "they had passed from death unto life." By the grace of God they were able to testify of these things with that confidence which is the outcome, not of presumption, but of faith built upon the word of the living God. In the full consciousness of these divine realities as to themselves, they were desirous of being the channel of communication of blessing to others, and had purposed to go out together during the evening into the highways and bye-ways of the great city with the loving invitations of the glorious gospel. They had met at an early hour in order to seek together in prayer the divine blessing upon their public testimony, and for special guidance as to the locality to be selected for this purpose that evening. The particular spot decided upon was in the midst of a poor and thickly-populated neighbourhood, consisting mainly of a series of rows of humble cottages, the inmates of which were rarely brought under the sound of gospel truth. Here a stand was made, and the singing of a hymn commenced, which soon attracted many of those who were passing by. They had not, however, proceeded very far when a female hastily emerged from one of

the cottages, and begged them in earnest tones not to continue the singing, as a young woman was dying in the very dwelling she had left. As her entreaty bore the stamp of genuineness, the request was at once complied with. Two of the ladies present desired that they might be allowed to see the dying woman. No objection was made to this, so they accompanied their guide into the cottage. Now, indeed, the truth of the woman's statement was made apparent, for in the corner of a comfortless room lay one who to all outward appearance was rapidly passing away from time into eternity. She was too feeble to say much, but was just enabled, in reply to questions put to her, to convey to her visitors that she was aware she was dying, that she had been a great sinner, and that she was afraid to die. It was very clear also that she was fully alive to her terrible position of danger, as evinced by her distress of mind, and at the same time very ignorant of God's way of salvation. Gently and lovingly the two ladies spoke to her of the Lord Jesus Christ, turning her attention away from herself—

1st. To HIS GLORIOUS PERSON.

2nd. To HIS FINISHED WORK.

They told her that although she felt herself to be a *great sinner*, He was a *great Saviour*—"Able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" (Hebrews vii. 25); that it was said of Him, "This man receiveth sinners" (Luke xv. 2); and that His own loving words were, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37); and yet again, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

It now became apparent, by the marked attention manifested and interest shown, that looking away from self to Christ brought a measure of relief; so, thus encouraged, they proceeded further to whisper into the dying woman's ear the way by which "God might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." (Romans iii. 26.) This led them to speak of

HIS FINISHED WORK.

They told her that although "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," nevertheless "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7), inasmuch as "while we were yet sinners Christ died for us;" and that He "hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." (1 Peter iii. 18.) For "it pleased Jehovah to bruise Him," because "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

As "cold water to a thirsty soul," these truths were received by the dying woman, and found an entrance into her heart. In the simplicity of the obedience of faith she laid hold on the hope set before her; she received the Lord Jesus by faith unto salvation. "Her guilty fears vanished before His sweet name," as she drank of the water of life freely. Having expressed the joy of her deliverance, she signified by a motion of her head her ready assent that a hymn should be sung. Slowly and quietly the ladies sang together—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on his gentle breast,
There by His love o'er-shaded, sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory, over the jasper sea."

The lips of the dying woman, now redeemed to God, were seen to move while the second verse was sung, as if she was desirous of giving utterance to the words:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe from corroding care;
Safe from the world's temptations; sin cannot harm me there."

But the feeble effort was too great, and ere the lines were concluded the spirit had left this world.

Dear reader, how is it with you? Can you say, "Safe in the arms of Jesus"? If not, the word of God plainly declares—"Boast not thyself of to-morrow." "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

W. H. F. C.

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

MATTHEW vi. 24.



FIRST let us look at the

TWO MASTERS.

The last solemn mention of Balaam in the word of God claims our attention. In Jude 11 it is said of some, "They ran greedily after the error of Balaam for reward." Numbers xxii. 7 also tells us of rewards. Balaam wanted to make the best of both worlds. He wanted to live the life of the wicked, and yet to die the death of the righteous. Now there cannot be anything more delusive than this—and it is the snare Satan has drawn many into in the present day—to have the world and the things of the world in one hand, and to try to have the things of God in the other. Mark the words of our Lord on this subject, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon. No man can serve two masters." (Matt. vi. 24.) No doubt it is what nature would like, and what Satan suggests; but it cannot be. The Lord says it; His Word declares it. How very important then for us to consider (1) Who is our Master? (2) What is our treasure? (3) Whom we are serving.

The Prince of this world is Satan. He is called the god of this world. He works evil in his own children. He blinds the eyes of them that believe not, hindering the gospel light from penetrating their hearts. He has three great agents for his power—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. These are like three steps down into the darkness of ruin. How fatal were these steps in the garden of Eden. *She saw, she took, she gave.* And what was the end? Death, death! as it always is.

Satan had accomplished his work. He had become master, and the wages of sin is death; "dying they died," being separated from God; and now all have died in Adam, and have since been separated from God.

Oh, what a terrible master to serve, and how awful the wages he pays!

Reader, sin has separated you from God; and if you continue thus, dying you shall die. Not great sins merely; but if it be only sins of thought, still we are sinners. The helpless babe is born a sinner! The stream is poisoned at the fountain. All have sinned; such is your condition, if you are not born again. Think not for a moment it can be otherwise. This is not merely the opinion of the writer; it is the fixed, eternal, unalterable word of God.

Then we read of another Master—the Master of the house—the Lord of life and glory. As Master He has power over the door of the house of which He speaks (Luke xiii. 25). He has His hand on the handle of it, and is about to shut it. Soon He will rise from the throne of His matchless grace; and *the door shall be shut*. The Lord stood by the door of the ark and called Noah into it, and shut him in to his perfect safety.

My reader, what will the vain excuse of the farm and the merchandise avail when He who stands at the door shuts it in your face? because He did not cease to call you, and you did not answer to His call, but neglected the great salvation.

Turn to the next chapter, and you will see the Master of the house is angry; and surely we can see the justice of the judgment those men had brought upon themselves, by refusing His love. He had a right to be angry.

No; you cannot have the world and Christ. By nature you are dead in sin. But to know Christ our Lord is to be dead to sin, because He died for sin; on the ground of this rests your peace.

Oh, my reader, which have you—the world or Christ? The praise of this world, or the approval of the Lord Jesus? Again, we are warned in the language of love not to lay up for ourselves treasures on earth, but to lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven.

Thus we have

TWO TREASURES.

We all know how true it is, that where the treasure is, there the heart will be. The earth is not the place to lay up treasure in, for it is doomed to be judged, as of old were the cities of the plain.

Earthly treasures only bind the heart to this scene, and make it harder to let go when called to depart. Besides, the *moth* and the *rust* are there. Disease and death are ever staring us in the face, and spoil so much of the treasures, eating, like rust, into the grandest scenes and the brightest earthly pleasures. But there is a place where treasures *shy not*, nay, cannot be, touched by the spoiler. The precious stones cannot be touched by the trial of fire soon to come, if they are laid on the foundation, Christ Jesus. Whatever He gives us may be used for His glory; for, being His, we are only stewards of it. Time spent in His service, what a treasure time becomes! and all too short to do His blessed work. Money, what a treasure this, if used rightly to help His work and gospel labour

in a thousand ways. But what a curse both these things are when not used for Him!

Time. "Oh, the weary day!" "What shall we do next to get through the day?" "How shall we spend the money? in what sin or pleasure?" "To what amusement shall we go?" Treasures of earth! soon to go, and leave you without comfort or peace in prospect of eternity. Men are bound to their sins, and sins have fastened them down, till soon it will be too late to loose them.

Some time ago, at the sea-shore, a man might have been seen standing and gazing intently on the water before him. A few days before, his son, a boy of about thirteen, had gone out with two others in a boat. They had little experience in the management of it, and had tied into a knot the rope which held the sail, and fastened it to the side of the boat. The wind had come down suddenly upon them, and in a moment they were capsized, and in the water struggling for life. The boy was drowned, and his father had come down to look at the spot where he had sunk. On examination of the boat afterward, it was found that the rope, which should have been held in the hand, had been tied, and thus he was lost! My dear reader, sin has fastened itself around you like the fatal rope, and unless you are loosed and set at liberty by the Lord Jesus you will be lost for ever.

Again I ask, Which are yours now, treasures of earth, or treasures in heaven? Now, again, let us consider the

TWO DEBTORS

of Luke vii. This is a grand picture of gospel truth. One owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. He who then forgave sins is still the same; He still forgives those who have nothing to pay. This is mercy, not judgment, but pardon on divine ground.

How blessed to hear the Saviour say now, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace." Remember there are two things the sovereign of a kingdom can do—either forgive or condemn, and so with the Lord. He does forgive, because, in the riches of His grace, He once was condemned in your stead. A soldier had deserted in the time of the Duke of Wellington—desertion then was punishable with death after the third offence—a warrant was got out for his execution, and it was headed to the Queen for her signature. It was a sad thing to send a man into eternity with a stroke of the pen, and Her Majesty was young at that time; and she

asked the duke, who gave it to her, if there was nothing redeeming in the man's character. "Well," said the duke, "he is, they say, a good sort of fellow; but I see no reason why the law *should* not take its course." The Queen took the paper, and writing across it the word "PARDONED," handed it back to the duke. Now, who would dare to say the soldier was not forgiven when the Queen had done this? What higher authority or power could dispute it? None. Thus God forgives the sinner on the ground of what Christ has done. "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." (Acts xiii.) You must be forgiven, or lost for ever. If you are seeking to pay *yourself*, remember, nothing short of the uttermost farthing must be rendered—hence the abiding wrath of God comes on those who cannot pay it; or will you take the place of those who have nothing to pay, and accept forgiveness? Next we come to

TWO MEN.

Any one seeing those two men going up into the temple might have said, "What a difference between them!" One surely is all right; he has got the word of God written upon his garments. But the Lord, who told the parable, settles the question as to who was justified and who was not. True, they both went up to pray, and to the right place too; but how different their prayers! One, in the pride of self-religiousness, spoke of what he had done and had not done; the other had no eyes to look to heaven; but, knowing the value of the blood of the sacrifice before which he stood, in faltering accents he asked God to be propitiated for him, *a sinner*. The teaching of this for us is most striking; it sets forth *justification*—"he went down to his house *justified*." The ground of justification is blood-shedding. This man had to ask God to *meet him*; for that is the meaning of propitiation. But, blessed be God, we have not to ask that, but to thank God He is *propitiated*, and that He will meet us through the most precious blood of His dear Son, of which the lamb of the Jewish sacrifice was a figure. Only in one place can we meet God, and that is Calvary; only on one ground, there can we be justified. He who died has met every claim for us, broken down every barrier, and snapped every chain fastened around us by Satan. By that shed blood we are forgiven; not by works, or good deeds, or prayers, or religion; not one or *all* of these can save a soul or put away one sin.

Oh, my friend, which of the two men do you asso-

ciate yourself with? for they are types of two classes of mankind. One—Self-righteous, who got nothing; the other—a helpless sinner, who got everything from God.

Again, the word of God speaks of

TWO WAYS,

the broad and the narrow. (Matt. vii. 13, 14). A man was engaged once in driving a coach in America. The road was a dangerous one, down a steep incline; and passengers were often afraid as it dashed down, and held on, expecting it to go over; and besides this danger, the man was often drunk, and their lives were in jeopardy. A break was attached so that the driver could hold back the coach, which he did in times of need. After this he was taken ill, and lying on his bed, and it seemed he was nearing his end. His wife often noticed that he was constantly moving his feet, and asked him one day why he was so restless. With faltering voice he replied, "I am going down the steep incline, and I cannot find the break."

My reader, there are *two ways*; one is broad and smooth, and ends in eternal death; the other is narrow and safe, and ends in eternal life. It is easy to go down a smooth river with the current; but are there no dangerous places, no rocks hidden beneath the smooth waters, over which you may be wrecked? Oh, thousands are madly going down! Be not you so foolish; be warned ere it be too late. The wages of sin is death. If you are in the broad way, the prince of this world is there too; for he is the governor of the road; but if you are in the narrow way, the Lord of life and glory is with you, and will "never leave—no, never forsake you." Thus you may be confident; not in self, but in Him who proved His love to you on the cross, and is now in the glory for you; and yet present to help by His Spirit in every time of need.

Which way are you going? Which side are you on? These questions are of the deepest importance, and must be answered.

The writer had once to reply to a written question, "Can you say your sins are washed away by the precious blood of Christ?" What a question. How was it to be answered with satisfaction to the poor distressed soul? Was there a way? Was there any hope? Could it be? The word of God answered it, and it is on that Word you are asked to rest. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth US from all sin." (1 John i. 7). This leads us to notice that there are

TWO OPINIONS.

1 Kings xviii. 21. The altars of Baal had been set up, and the priests of the false god are vainly seeking to show that they are the true worshippers. They shout, they cry, they cut themselves, they leap upon the altar; but no answer, no fire comes, "There was neither voice, nor answer, nor any that regarded." The prophets of Baal are four hundred, and Elijah is seemingly alone. The man who stood for God was not afraid, or ashamed to repair the altar that was broken down. He took twelve stones; for remember, he represented the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who would vindicate His honour, and prove that He was the mighty God before the disobedient multitude. Calmly the wood is laid in order, the bullock is cut in pieces, and the four barrels filled with water, and poured out upon the sacrifice, and on the wood. Three times this is done; and then Elijah asks the Lord to let it be known that He is God. Then the fire comes down and consumes the sacrifice, the wood, the stones, and the dust, licking up the water that was in the trench. Of what opinion are they now? Readily they cry, "The Lord, He is the God! The Lord, He is the God!" But the prophets must die. Judgment must come down upon them, and why? *They had forsaken the Lord and His commandments.* This is the secret. How terrible to learn that the Lord He is God, when it is too late to have the mercy of that God. Not too late for you, my friend. Judgment has not yet begun to show itself on the earth; it is "mercy still reserved for thee;" but soon it will come. Baal had his time to prove his power, and Elijah could calmly wait. Grace reigns now, and God—the God of grace—waits to receive every lost and weary soul. He waits for *THEE*. But oh, soon His time will come when He shall manifest His mighty power, and declare to heaven and earth, and even things under the earth, that *He is God*. Now what is your opinion, or your thought? Moses said, "I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you *life* and *death*, blessing and cursing, therefore choose life." (Deut. xxx. 19.) We see here the responsibility resting upon us to receive the message of mercy. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ is sufficient to meet the need of the most depraved, and bring them to His feet. Upon your decision hangs eternal blessing, or eternal separation from God, or what He calls *death*. Upon your choosing depends your

salvation or condemnation, therefore *choose life*, and choose it *now*. Sin is like a smooth path on which can be easily written many good resolutions. Said an old writer, "Achan little thought that the golden wedge would separate his soul from his body, and the Babylonish garment would prove his shroud; so beware of sin." But oh, remember the Sin-bearer, and cast in your lot with Him; and believe on and trust Him before every opportunity be gone. But before I close we shall look back once more, and see a veteran soldier in the army of the King of kings in a strait

BETWIXT TWO.

Phil. i. 23. Doubtless chained between two soldiers may have suggested the idea about which the great apostle writes, when he says, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." In prison, waiting the order for his execution from the greatest despot the world has ever seen—yet calm. He looked back, and was not ashamed; and forward, to see the glory.

Was he in doubt as to salvation? Oh, no! He knew what he had written to the Romans, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation." (Rom. i. 16.) And to Timothy, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 15.) And mark, the chief of sinners too, he was. He was clear as to justification, hence Romans iv. and v. 1. His peace was a settled question. (Phil. iv. 6, 7.) His standing in Christ. (1 Cor. xv. 1-4.) Indeed, taking the entire range of gospel truth, he was prepared to give a confident answer to every question, and yet he was in *a strait*; but the difficulty was not about himself, but about others. Which would glorify the Lord most, to stay and toil on, or go to be with Him, though it be through a martyr's death. Paul was in a strait betwixt two, and yet he was always confident. The joy of the Lord possessed his soul. Home and rest he longed for—to bathe in the full ocean of the love of God. He could say—

"I've sat beside the river
And tasted of Thy grace;
I long to drink the fountain,
And see *THEE* face to face."

With Paul it was, as one has said, "To serve Christ was worth living for, but to be with Christ was worth dying for." He could look right through the precious wounds of God's dear Son, and see his

home and rest; his sins all forgiven, and even a crown laid up for him in heaven. Paul was not a man of two ideas, or two opinions, or of two sides; he was one who had been decided in his unconverted days, and now in the days that remained he was truly a man with one idea. Oh, my reader, on which side are you? Pray consider. Is it the world? is it sin? is it self? or can you say *Christ for me?*

What will all the riches or pleasures of the world do for your soul? When you come to gather up your feet in the departing hour, WHAT THEN? Will you do as one did in his dying moments, cry out, "Cover my head! Cover my head!" He got just a glimpse of the eternal world, and was horror-stricken; but the clothes he clutched could not hide him then. Oh, Christless one, what will you do when there will be no shelter for thy poor distressed soul? There is one Christ for you now, one Saviour who loves you, one God who is long-suffering, and you will not come. Who shall be to blame if thy soul goes sinking down, down, down into an eternal hell, without one ray of hope?

Oh, bestir thyself! Awake from thy sleep! Danger is near; the door shall soon be shut.

May the God of all grace give thee peace in believing for Christ's sake. HERBERT R. FRANCOIS.

"I LOVE JESUS; DO YOU?"

THE following incident in the life of that honoured servant of Christ, Robert M. McCheyne, which, I think, has not appeared in print before, was related by one who knew the circumstance, in the presence of the writer and others, some years since. It is but another proof of the burning desire he had for the salvation of souls, and the loving, as well as personal, way he had of speaking to others. Shortly after his conversion, while sitting by the fireside one night, his mind reverted to his uncle and aunt and their two daughters, who were members of the Church, and in many respects manifested a religious zeal, but whom he thought, after all, might not be really converted. He rose from his chair, and throwing his plaid across his shoulders, said, "I must go to uncle and aunt," although those present tried to dissuade him from going, on account of the distance and the lateness of the night. He started off, and after walking through the dark and cold for some miles, reached his uncle's house, and with a beating heart and a

trembling hand knocked at the door, all the time wondering how his message would be received. When the door was opened, and his voice so unexpectedly heard, his two cousins and uncle and aunt came hurrying forward, and thinking something must have happened, said, "Why, Robert, whatever has brought you at this time of night?" He stood looking at them with solemn earnestness, unable to speak a word. "Is it bad news? Oh, tell us, Robert!" said the uncle. With tears in his eyes, and a voice tremulous with emotion, he said, "Uncle, *I love Jesus; do you?*" Then turning to the others, he said again, "*I love Jesus; do you?*" Thinking he was excited, or had overworked his brain through hard study, they became a little alarmed, and after getting him into the room, tried all they could to divert his mind by changing the conversation, and by his cousins playing and singing at the piano. At last he asked if he might be allowed to read the Scriptures, which he did, and then kneeling down, prayed, but with such earnestness and burning fervour, that they all felt he had got a real Christ. His was a real change, and his two cousins attributed blessing to their own soul through that visit, and became themselves earnest workers for Christ.

"*I love Jesus; do you?*" Could you say that, dear reader? Has that wondrous, matchless love of Christ, which was displayed on Calvary's cross, when He, who knew no sin, was made sin for us, won and drawn your heart to Him? I ask you again, Has it? If not, why not? "God is love." "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) What more could God do, and what has not the Lord Jesus done? Has He not finished the work the Father gave Him to do? Did He not say, "It is finished," ere He died on the cross? Was He not there as the sin-bearer, making a full atonement for the sinner's sins—the just dying for the unjust? Surely the very thought of such love ought to draw our hearts unto Him. Hear what God says: "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 8.) And those who have trusted in that love can say, "We love Him because He first loved us" (1 John iv. 19), and sing—

"Oh, love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries."

"If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha." (1 Cor. xvi. 22.) Solemn words, but true! S. BROW.

THE GOSPEL OF OUR SALVATION.

THE gospel of salvation! oh, who has heard the call?
A world-wide invitation of blessing free to all!
What matchless love, provided at such a mighty cost,
A pardon for the guilty, a ransom for the lost!

The gospel of salvation! oh, sinner, come to-day!
No God, no hope, no Saviour: 'tis madness to delay!
Beneath thy feet the yawning gulf, above the thunders roar;
Haste, while the voice of mercy sounds that soon shall call
no more!

The gospel of salvation! 'Twas Christ that met the claim,
Who bore the curse, and set us free in His thrice-blessed
name;
And still in heaven for us He stands, the Lamb that had
been slain,
His death our life, His wounds our peace, His cross our
endless gain.

The gospel of the glory! Its price was paid in blood;
Its depth, the sinner's utmost need; its height, the throne
of God;
Its breadth, the fulness of His grace who came from heaven
to die;
Its length, before the worlds were made to all eternity.

The gospel of the glory! the pledge of endless joy,
Where sorrow's blight can never come, or moth or rust
destroy;
Where all His scattered saints shall meet, for evermore at
home;
While in His rest there's room for thee, O sinner, haste,
and come!

A. E. W.

"HE REDEEMED ME,"

OR, DEVOTEDNESS.

THE tears of a slave girl, just going to be sold, attracted the notice of an Englishman as he entered the crowded auction-room of a Southern, Slave State, in America. She stood on the degrading block, a mark for every eye, shrinking in painful timidity from the cruel gaze of that pitiless sea of faces. The other slaves of the same group did not seem to care about it, while each stroke of the hammer made her tremble.

The kind man stopped to inquire why she alone wept, and was informed that the others were used to such things, and might be glad of a change from the hard, harsh homes they had come from, but that this girl had been brought up by a good owner, and she was terrified to think what might be her fate.

The bidding is going on briskly, and she is about to be knocked down, to a man of harsh and repulsive aspect, when the Englishman, gazing upon the

scene which is being enacted with amazement and horror, his brow flushing with indignation, exclaimed, "Is it possible that in this nineteenth century of light and religion, in the midst of a so-called Christian country, human beings are still exposed and sold like beasts of burden? Nay, though it should cost me every penny I possess, I will rescue one at least from this degradation and misery."

Loud and clear his voice peals over the clamour and confusion of the place, "Twelve hundred dollars!"

"Thirteen hundred," growls the brutal planter.

"Fourteen hundred," replied the Englishman.

"Fifteen hundred," bids the American.

There is a pause; the girl stands, her arms imploringly extended, her dusky features streaming with tears. The Englishman can bear it no longer. "I will rescue her," he cries, "though it should leave me penniless. Sixteen hundred dollars!"

"Any advance on sixteen hundred dollars?" shouts the auctioneer. "Going at sixteen hundred, going, gone!"

The planter turns away with a scowl on his stullen face; he cannot afford to waste more money on such a worthless piece of goods. Let the Britisher have her.

So she is unbound and delivered over to her new master, who, after complying with the necessary formalities, turns to her and says gently, "My girl, I belong to a nation where slavery is unknown, and where this disgraceful traffic in human flesh is loathed and despised. I bought you to-day, but it was only to set you at liberty. Go, my child, you are no longer a slave."

Yet no joy came to the poor girl's face. "Free! free!" She hears his words, but the idea is so new and stupendous that it conveys no meaning to her mind. She had been born a slave, and knew not what freedom meant.

"What do you mean?" she cries, in tones trembling with agitation. "How can I be free? my father and my mother died in slavery; now there can be no freedom for me."

"Will this prove it to you?" replies the Englishman gently, as he places the papers in her hand. "I am going away to England, and I shall leave you here; you are now mistress of yourself."

Her tears fell fast on the signed parchment which her deliverer brought to prove her freedom. Still she only looked on him with fear.

At last he got ready to go on his way, and as he explained to her what she must do when he left, the light did dawn on her as to what freedom was, and falling down at his feet, she sobs out, "Oh, massa, massa, take me with you! I will serve you all my days; I belong more than ever to you; my life and all I have is yours."

When strangers used to visit that master's house, and noticed, as all did, the loving, constant devotion of the glad-hearted girl, and asked her why she was so eager with unbidden service, night by night and day by day, she had but one answer, and she loved to give it:

"He redeemed me!"

"He redeemed me!"

"He redeemed me!"

If deliverance from earthly slavery called forth a life-long devotedness to one who had ransomed her with a sum of money, how much more should redemption from Satan, sin, and eternal death call for whole-hearted consecration to the Lord Jesus Christ, who has redeemed us, not with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with His own precious blood.

An eternal and wonderful covenant was made between God the Father and His Son, in which the Son on His part undertook to pay the penalty of sin for all who should believe. God the Father covenanted to justify them by His Son.

In fulness of time Jesus Christ, God's Son, performed His sacred stipulation. He paid the price. He was born at Bethlehem as a man; He endured years of scorn and rejection; He suffered in Gethsemane; He was spit upon, mocked, scourged, nailed to the cursed tree; He endured the wrath of God against sin in His own body on the cross; He died; He descended to hades; He rose again; He ascended into heaven. He claims the souls He has purchased with His precious blood. We are not our own; we are bought with a price. We belong to another, even to the Lord Jesus; we should therefore glorify God in our body and in our spirits, which are His.

Our Lord purchased us at so great a price, not only that we should not perish (John iii. 16), but He gave Himself for us, the Church, in order that we might be sanctified and cleansed, made glorious, without spot or wrinkle, but holy and without blemish.

As He looks down upon His Church now, does He see it thus? True, as united to Him and as

washed in His blood, believers are white; but should there not be here, and now, a greater conformity to His image, a growing likeness? Where is it?

Surely, if we gaze on Him, behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we shall be changed into His image from glory to glory.

In Titus ii. 11-14 we have the school of God, the school of grace. We are to be trained by grace to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in *this present world*. This is more than judicial. We are to look for that blessed hope, and the appearance of the glory of the great God and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Oh, read the fourteenth verse. Jesus gave Himself for us; paid the price of His blood; endured the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God. What for? In order that He might redeem us—from what? From hell? Yes. From wrath? Yes. But more, from the hell of *all* iniquity in our hearts here below, and "purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

Again read, in 1 Peter ii. 24, Jesus "*His own self* bare our sins in *His own body* on the tree." Why? "That we, *being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness.*" And so Paul tells us, "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God in Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 11.)

In confirmation of this, read also, and meditate upon, 2 Cor. v. 15; Gal. i. 4., where we learn that He died for all, that they who live should *not henceforth live unto themselves*, but unto Him who died for them. That He gave Himself for our sins *that He might deliver us out of this present evil world*, according to the will of God.

In the epistle to the Romans, when Paul had logically propounded the dogmas of doctrine and laid the stable foundation of free, full, and eternal redemption, through faith in the person and work of our Saviour Jesus Christ, he proceeds to build thereupon the superstructure of good works, and to show no less explicitly the essential junction of a life of whole-hearted devotedness, entire consecration, holiness, and godliness.

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

Shall we not love Him who so first loved us? Shall we not first give ourselves to the Lord? (2

Cor. viii. 5.) Shall not our consecration, or self-dedication, be entire and once for all?

Just as we read in history, that when the ambassadors of Callatia were negotiating an unconditional capitulation, Egerius, on the part of the Romans, inquired, "Are the people of Callatia in their own power?" Having been answered in the affirmative, he next demanded, "Do you deliver up yourselves, your city, your fields, your boundaries, your temples, your utensils, all your property, divine and human, into my power and the power of the Roman people?"

"We surrender all."

"And so," said he, "I accept you."

In like manner we should be wholly given to the Lord.

CHRYSE BRADY.

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.

"Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi. 2.

SUCH were the closing words of an earnest appeal to the unsaved who were present at a gospel meeting, and He who has promised that His word should not return void caused them, like an arrow, to enter the heart of one of the King's enemies.

A young man, caring neither for the things of God or eternity, and living only for the world, sauntered into the hall just before the close, and the above words rang in his ears. He thought little of it, having heard them repeatedly before; but this time they were not to be so soon forgotten. While walking home, a voice kept saying, "'Now is the accepted time.'" He went straight to his room without speaking to any one; but the still small voice said, "'Now is the day of salvation.'"

For the whole of the week a conflict seemed going on. He lost his sleep, and his friends wondered what was the matter, yet he dared not tell them the cause of his anxiety. At the end of the week he said to himself, "I can stand this no longer;" but the voice said, "Now." He hurriedly left his house one morning, and started off to see the one who from the platform on the previous Sunday evening had uttered those words; but arriving at the house his courage failed him, and he turned to go home. "'Now is the accepted time,'" whispered the strange voice. He turned again toward the house, and violently pulled the

bell, lest he should again be tempted to turn back without seeing the evangelist. He was admitted, and was soon sitting face to face with the servant of God, who asked, "What is the matter, my friend?" He said, "I cannot get peace; and thoughts of God and eternity trouble me."

"'Now is the accepted—'" "Oh, sir," he said, "do not say that, for it is that which troubles me. I cannot get that text out of my mind since you repeated it last Sunday, so now I want to know what I shall do."

"What can you do? What have you been doing all the week?"

"I have done all I can. First I tried to drown my thoughts; but in the gaiety of the world I could not hush the voice, it still haunted me. I then tried working and praying, and hoped to get comfort; but to get rid of these thoughts seemed impossible. I have waited all the week, thinking by this time I might have forgotten those words."

"But why not *take* the salvation which God has provided and *now* offers to you? then you will have the 'peace which the world cannot give.'"

"But must I not *do* something?"

"No; only take the salvation by believing. You said just now that during the past week you had done all you could. If such is the case, it is useless to try any longer; and God says, 'To him that *worketh not*, but *believeth* on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.' (Rom. iv. 5.) And Jesus Himself said, 'This is the *work* of God, that ye *believe* on Him whom He hath sent.'" (John vi. 29.)

"Do you really want to be saved?"

He waited in silence for some minutes, and then said, "I know if I have Christ *now* I must give up the world, and I am not prepared for that."

After speaking for a little while on the importance of choosing *now*, and warning him of the danger of delay, he hastily rose and left, saying, "I am not ready *now*, another time I might think differently; but I must have a little more of the world first."

So the interview ended. Whether he kept to his choice I cannot say; but he left choosing the pleasures which are only for a season rather than eternal happiness.

It may be, dear reader, that you have had the importance of immediate decision pressed upon you, and you perhaps, like many others, have said, "Oh, to-morrow will be soon enough."

"I will to-morrow, that I will;
To-morrow I *will* do it.
To-morrow comes—to-morrow goes,
And *still* they are to do it;
And so salvation is put off
From one day to another,
Until the day of death is come,
And judgment is the other."

Any time will suit man but *now*, and any day after to-day. To-day he is pressed with engagements far more important in his thinking, than the realities of eternity; but God says, "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." (Heb. iii. 7, 8.) Not one single promise have you to rely upon that you may have salvation to-morrow. Procrastination is the thief of time; and hundreds there are who waited for to-morrow, but it never came. Now their doom is sealed, and the smoke of their torment will ascend for ever and ever. (Rev. xiv. 11.) If it were possible for you to ask them how it was their end was so awful, and why they did not accept the free pardon offered to them, in bitter agony they would have to tell you that they waited until it was too late, and now an endless eternity of weeping and wailing is their portion. The young man to whom I referred chose the world before Christ. A large multitude were assembled, and asked to choose between two notable men: the one was a noted robber and murderer, associated with crime of the basest sort, and far-famed for his wickedness; the other was no less than the Son of God, who went about doing good, whose faultless character Pilate and Herod were agreed upon (Luke xxiii. 14, 15), and whom the very devils were bound to acknowledge as *holy*. (Mark i. 24.) These two are held up to public gaze; and the multitude are asked to choose whom they will have,

BARABBAS OR JESUS.

They instantly made their choice, and with united voice they cried, "We will not have this man (Jesus) to reign over us; we will have Barabbas." So they desired a murderer to be granted unto them, and killed the Prince of life. (Acts iii. 14.)

When will you, dear reader, think about these things? We ask you *now* to make your choice. You are asked to choose between Christ and the world, between now or perhaps never. Will you be foolish enough to choose to-morrow, and risk your soul being beyond the reach of mercy? or will you, while it is called to-day,

"Take salvation—
Take it *now*, and happy be!"

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: *but* knew thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." (Eccles. xi. 9.)

"Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for to-morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun."

F. H. D.

GOD IS MERCIFUL.

IN a wretched hovel in S—— a woman lay upon her death-bed. She had been an upright, hard-working woman. Whilst in health, she had been quite satisfied with her prospects for the world to come. She had felt *sure* that God would be merciful to such a well-doing person as she was. But now death was at hand. She was about to meet her God. The light of eternity was dispelling the false notions of time. She was without Christ; and now she saw clearly that to be without Christ is to be "without hope." She saw that, notwithstanding all her goodness, she was just about to enter on an undone eternity.

Her neighbours came round her. They reminded her how respectable and honest and hard-working she had been, and told her *she* had little reason to fear. But this brought her no comfort. In letters of fire the Lord was writing upon her awakened conscience, "By the deeds of the law shall *no flesh living* be justified."

A Christian minister was sent for. He showed her that she had just cause to be alarmed; that even *one unpardoned sin* would be enough to sink her soul down to hell. But he told her of Jesus, and of the fulness of pardon which has been purchased through His sufferings and death. He showed her that it was for *SINNERS* Jesus died, and not for good people. (read Mark ii. 17; Rom. v. 6-8); and that *BECAUSE* she was a *SINNER* she was invited and commanded by God to take Jesus as a Saviour for herself in particular, and to receive *at once* the pardon and salvation which He died to purchase.

She heard the good news sadly and unbelievably. Summoning her remaining strength, she said, "I thank you, sir, for coming to see me; but it's too late now. I shall never *sever* see you again."

It was the last effort of her failing strength. She died shortly after, and died without hope.

Reader, are *your* sins forgiven? Have you accepted Jesus as a Saviour for yourself in particular, and *obtained forgiveness* through His blood? Or, is your only ground of hope for eternity a vague notion that God will be merciful to you? God is merciful—so merciful that He took THE SON out of His bosom, and gave HIM to die in the stead of ungodly men and women. He is so merciful that He makes welcome into His family *whosoever* comes to Him willing to be saved, for the sake of Jesus. But remember, *JESUS is the ONLY CHANNEL through which His mercy can reach you.* He will not be merciful to any one who does not *accept JESUS* as a Saviour for himself in particular. Have you done that? Are you doing that?

One may say, "I have never committed any great sin: God will be merciful to *me*." No; He will not. He will cast you into hell for your little sin, unless you accept *Jesus*, and the pardon and salvation purchased through His blood. (Read Acts iv. 11, 12.)

Another may say, "I am not what I should be, but I am very sorry for my faults: God will be merciful to *me*." No; He will not. If you do not receive *JESUS*, THE GIFT OF GOD, to be your own, you *must* perish, and that for ever. (Read Acts iv. 11, 12.)

Another may say, "I attend the church, and do the best I can: God will be merciful to *me*." No; He will not, dear reader. Doing the best you can is but a laborious way of getting to hell. It takes the best that *Jesus* can—His life, and his sin-stoning death—to bring a man to heaven. God is so merciful as to have given His SON to die for the ungodly.

Take your own place. It is that of an ungodly sinner. Plead as your only hope the sufferings and death of *Jesus*. He died for the ungodly. Claim His death, then, as your own—His dying as a reason why you should live. Present that plea to God, and at once His merciful salvation is yours—yours *righteously*—yours for ever. But let me warn you not to hope that God will be merciful to you if you continue to neglect the salvation which He has provided for you through the sufferings and death of His dear Son. Such a hope is but a ruinous delusion. Cast it from you.

Flie to *Jesus*. He has solid hope to give.

"This is the stone which was set at nought of

you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

"SINNER, COME! SINNER, COME!"

Some coloured converts in South Africa have recently erected a building for worship and preaching of the gospel. To this has been attached a bell, which is rung before each service. The tones of the bell give out the sound of the words, "Sinner, come! sinner, come!"

ARK! the gospel message sounding,
Sinner, come! sinner, come!
Grace o'er sin is still abounding,
Sinner, come! sinner, come!
Full and free is God's salvation,
Far and wide the proclamation,
Loving is the invitation,
Sinner, come! sinner, come!

Has thou long in sin been sleeping?
Sinner, come! sinner, come!
Bitter is the harvest-reaping,
Sinner, come! sinner, come!
All thy true condition knowing,
God is freely life bestowing,
Now the streams of grace are flowing,
Sinner, come! sinner, come!

Has the world the heart been keeping?
Sinner, come! sinner, come!
Some new pleasure ever seeking?
Sinner, come! sinner, come!
All who love its course to follow,
Soon must share its night of sorrow,
Canst thou count upon the morrow?
Sinner, come! sinner, come!

Has the heart for sin been breaking?
Sinner, come! sinner, come!
Art thou to its doom awaking?
Sinner, come! sinner, come!
He who does the message send thee,
Still is waiting to befriend thee,
All His mercy shall attend thee,
Sinner, come! sinner, come!

Now the blood of Christ is speaking,
Sinner, come! sinner, come!
Of the pardon thou art seeking,
Sinner, come! sinner, come!
In His blessed name believing,
To His work and merit cleaving,
Life, and joy, and peace, receiving,
Sinner, come! sinner, come!

W. H. F. C.

Notices.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We have now reached the beginning of another year of our happy service in conducting this publication, and we do so with great thankfulness and gratitude to God for His continued blessing, which has rested on our work. We have had continued testimony from various parts of the globe that the truths contained in *The Gospel Watchman* have been blessed to the salvation of souls. To Him be all the praise.

We take this opportunity of again asking our Christian friends for their practical sympathy and help in the circulation of our paper. We rejoice to say that year by year our circulation has been maintained; but we are still desirous of its extension, feeling confident that the Lord will use it to wider usefulness. We therefore ask our readers to aid us in the matter of making it known in circles where hitherto it has not reached.

Christians interested in evangelistic work of any kind will find our paper a most useful addition to the preached Word. It is well adapted for general distribution, or for lending from house to house.

THE LORD'S POOR.

FOR some years past a few of our readers have sent us small sums to distribute to the aged and sick poor of the flock. Knowing of many such, we would again say that we shall feel it a great privilege to be the medium of conveying any gifts that may be sent to us to those who, during the inclement season we are now passing through, are needing sometimes the very necessities of life.

RECEIVED.—J. G., 10s. J. G. P., 14s. Mrs. T., 5l.

Advertisements.

THE GOLDEN LAMP; or, Truth in Love for the Children of God. Price One Penny.

CONTENTS FOR THIS MONTH.—"Do the First Works;" or, A Voice from Ephesus. A Word in Season. The Morning Star (Poetry). The Beginnings of Gospel History—II. The Divine Message to Mary. Notes and Replies.

THE MISSIONARY ECHO: A Record of Labour for the Lord in other Lands. Price One Halfpenny.

CONTENTS FOR THIS MONTH.—FRANCE—G. E. Faithfull; W. Bird. ALGERIA—George Pearce. SPAIN—George Spooner; Mrs. Fenn. INDIA—Thomas Heelis; Miss Anstey. SOUTHERN STATES—James Wharton. QUEENSLAND—T. Manders.

LONDON: JAMES E. HAWKINS, 36, BAKER STREET, W.;
AND 12, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

In Memoriam.

HENRY MOORHOUSE.

WITH very great sorrow we record the death, in the prime of his life and of matured capacity for usefulness, of our beloved and valued brother, Henry Moorhouse. For the past three years he has suffered from disease of the heart, was called to his rest at midnight of Monday, 27th December, aged forty, and was buried on the last day of the old year in the presence of many of his brother-evangelists and other friends, some from long distances. Among those who took part in the service at the grave were his early and constant friends, John Hambleton, Richard Weaver, and John Street.

But, being dead, he yet speaketh. All our readers, and all who know Mr. Moody, know how much, at the outset of his career, he owed to Henry Moorhouse. Truly the seed sown by the brother who has gone has borne abundant fruit, and, we trust, will bear yet more abundantly for years to come, in the work for God of D. L. Moody, Major Whittle, and others in America, as well as not a few in England, who profited by his simple, clear, and forcible expositions of the Good Tidings.

The following letters express some little of the affectionate regard in which he was held:

"DEAR BROTHER,—Our dear little brother has gone home; his great heart was too big for his little frail body. I stayed at his house three or four nights a week while labouring in Manchester during December. His sufferings were great, coughing for hours together, but his happy smile throughout completely answered to that precious peace of soul reigning within. 'Oh, all right,' he would say, 'it's only a cough; it would be worse if there were no cough.' Calling to see him on Monday last before he left us, I grasped his arms, as his face betokened that the enemy, death, was doing his last work, and said, 'Harry, we shall soon meet up yonder.' He replied, while gasping for breath, 'Sure, sure, sure!'

"There was a native simplicity in this dear lad ever since he was brought to the Lord. We travelled together when he was about nineteen, and his little anecdotes would, in two or three minutes, fill a whole congregation with tears of joy. In his sleep, at that time, he would talk of Jesus, and often be as though he were preaching, saying, 'We ought to be more honest, more truthful; living near to God. God wants men; Christ wants men; the Holy Ghost wants men—men of truth, men of God!' His growth in the knowledge of his Bible in the years that followed has been proved by his works, which will follow him. How plainly visible is the work of God, in putting into such a little frail vessel as our brother, such a treasure, showing us all that the excellency of the power is of God, and not of us.—Yours in Him,
JOHN HAMBLETON."

MR. CHARLES INGLIS writes:—"Although suffering intense pain, he was enabled to cheer the sorrowing ones around him with such words as 'All, all is well;' and to his own 'little Willie' he could leave that precious text that he ever loved to speak of—'God is love.'"

When we saw him a week or two since, he said he thought his work for Christ was nearly done; and as we gazed at his remains, we could hardly realize even then that those lips would never again tell of Jesus and His love to sinners, and that his well-worn Bible, which lay in its accustomed place, would never again be used by him in helping young converts, and in edifying the Church of God.

Twenty years ago he was brought to Christ in one of the meetings in Manchester, and from the very first began to speak for his Lord; and from that time till just before his departure he has been incessant in the Master's service. Some of us who knew him intimately, and have laboured with him in this and other lands, have met not only with many who were brought to Christ through his instrumentality, but very many Christians to whom his precious Bible-readings have been made a lasting blessing. Yesterday (Dec. 31) a number of us carried his remains to the Ardwick Cemetery to await the morning of the resurrection, when the sleeping saints will be changed, and the living ones caught up to meet their Lord in the air. As we stood around that open grave we were able to sing, though our eyes were dimmed with tears—

"There'll be no parting,
There'll be no parting there."

And as that song went up from the many who were there, we thought of the day about to dawn when we all should meet to go no more out for ever. Need I ask that friends here and in America will remember his widow in their prayers, that the God of all grace may sustain her in this heavy trial?

CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO

WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS

GOSPEL WATCHMAN

BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS

AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM

"WATCHMAN, what of the night?
The watchman said, The morning
cometh, and also the night: if ye
will enquire, enquire ye: return.
" (Isaiah xxi. 12.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a
watchman unto the house of Israel;
therefore thou shalt hear the word
at my mouth, and warn them from
me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

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"SUDDENLY DESTROYED!"

A NUMBER of persons professed conversion at the gospel meetings then being held in the village of B—. Not a few who had previously considered themselves "very good Christians," and were looked upon as such by others, discovered that they were guilty sinners, under the condemnation and wrath of a holy and sin-hating God.

Mrs. — regularly attended the services, and became deeply concerned about her soul. The Holy Spirit showed her that she was ruined and lost. Night after night she seemed greatly troubled, and though again and again pointed to God's way of salvation, appeared not to be able to grasp it. The cause, however, was discovered—she was pursuing a course of conduct she knew to be wrong, and she was aware if she became a Christian she would have to renounce it. She was unwilling however to do so, and preferred risking her soul's salvation, and though again and again urged to decision she procrastinated.

Some time after this two of the Lord's servants were led to preach the gospel in the village. Mrs. —, on being invited, refused to attend the meetings, declared that the preachers were "deceivers," and did everything in her power to prevent others from going. Day by day she became more active and determined in her opposition to the truth; and when the preachers had occasion to pass her house, if she saw them, she spoke jeeringly and insultingly.

The last of the open-air meetings of the series

was being held in the immediate neighbourhood of Mrs. — house. Everything that she could do to disturb the meeting was tried, and she was heard shouting, at the pitch of her voice, "You are deceivers, you are deceivers." The preacher in closing his address solemnly repeated the following Scripture in her hearing: "He that being **OFTEN REPROVED HARDENETH HIS NECK, SHALL SUDDENLY BE DESTROYED, AND THAT WITHOUT REMEDY.**" (Prov. xxix. 1.) Little did he know that the words would be so soon fulfilled. Shortly after this, while seated one day at her own table recovering from a severe illness, a blood-vessel burst, the blood spurted out, and with a low, deep moan she passed into eternity.

Reader, take warning from this sad and solemn incident. Don't you remember the time when you were concerned about your soul's welfare, and were "almost persuaded" to be a Christian? You did not wish *them* to be saved. You reasoned within yourself, and said, "If I become a Christian I shall have to give up this, that, and the other thing, and I am not willing to do so." Those impressions are now gone, and you are "gospel-hardened." Take heed! "Because there is wrath, **BEWARE LEST HE TAKE THEE AWAY WITH HIS STROKE:** then a great ransom cannot deliver thee." (Job xxxvi. 18.) Continue in your present condition and the Scriptures may be fulfilled in your experience: "He that being **OFTEN REPROVED HARDENETH HIS NECK, SHALL SUDDENLY BE DESTROYED.**" You have been often warned, and entreated to escape coming wrath and judgment; but you have hardened your neck, and stole your heart in rebellion. Doubtless you

expect in the future to have "leisure" to think on these things more seriously and calmly; or, it may be, you are waiting till a "sick-bed," or a "death-bed." Be warned. Before to-morrow morning you may be cut down as a cumberer of the ground, and then you will find out, when too late, that you are lost to all eternity. Think of the poor Christ-rejecter in the village of B——. Doubtless she "expected" to get to heaven at the last; but she chose the world, and was "suddenly destroyed." Settle the great question *now*. Christ or Satan? Heaven or Hell for eternity? Which? Delay not a moment longer, but even now look away from self and sin to the Lord Jesus dying for you, and be saved for eternity. (Isa. xlv. 22; John vi. 47.)

ALEXANDER MARSHALL.

THE PEN-Y-GRAIG MINE EXPLOSION.

IT was discovered that another living collier was in the mine. One of the exploring parties heard the voice of a man speaking to them, but could not recognize what he said. After some time, they succeeded in bringing up John Morgan. As he came up out of the cage, he was supported on either side by a fellow-labourer. Morgan had been in the pit exactly thirty-six hours since the explosion took place. He was found lying under a large heap of rubbish, but some planking had fallen so as to form a complete archway over him. When the crowd carrying Morgan arrived at his house, the scene which took place was exciting in the extreme. On the door-step stood his youngest son, a boy of about seven years old, down whose cheeks the tears streamed as he clapped his hands, danced about for joy, and shouted, "Dadda is coming home again, dadda is coming home again." (*Daily Telegraph*, Dec. 13th, 1880.) What a scene of joy! Who can enter into the joy of that child, or of that wife, who had given up as dead her husband, having been so long entombed! It was like life from the dead. When all hope had fled, then to have the joy of welcoming home one so dear to them all. The joy of this wife was founded upon a fact, not a rumour. If anyone had come to our friend in all her sorrows, and said, "Well, *perhaps*, after all, he may not be dead, and so make the best of it. Live in hope; bear up, it may be all right," and so on, certainly it would not have brought her much peace or comfort; but when, borne along by two strong men, she sees the form of

one so beloved being brought into the house, then she can rejoice in the *fact*.

Now, so it is with the sinner in reference to a vastly greater matter, not of the body, but of the soul. Why may we have joy? Why may we have settled peace? The answer is plain and simple. Because Jesus died. He who was rich, for our sakes became poor, and shed His blood for us. You may have been thinking of the sad past of sin and folly, of all you have done and left undone, and wondering, Is there mercy for me? am not I too far gone? are not my sins too many and too dark? Oh, no! the mighty Jesus brings you the glorious news Himself. He died, but now He lives. He made peace, He broke the bars of the grave, and having put sin away, now offers salvation to whosoever will. Does not joy spring up? My friend, it is a *fact*; a certainty, not a hope. To prove that He put away sin, He rose from the grave, and was seen of many, before He took His present place at God's right hand. Our friend was freed from the rubbish of the earth around him by a band of strong men, who knew his state, and the sad end that seemed to be before their companion; but they worked, and at last brought to the surface this poor man. Surely this is like Jesus! He has seen our danger, and He came to save. His mighty arm has wrought out salvation. He did it in love and compassion to sinful man. His blood is a proof of this.

The party of workmen must have entered into the joy, and all more or less did. The children clapped their hands, and said, "Dadda come home." They could not enter into the danger the father had been exposed to, but they understood the joy of his return. Are you coming home, my friends? Are you coming to the One you have never known, but who now opens His loving arms for you? There will be joy in heaven when you come back. Angels will rejoice, and oh, what joy on earth! Joy in your heart first, joy in your home, joy for those you know and who know you. I have sometimes thought what an awful word that is—"There is but a *step* between you and death" (1 Sam. xx. 3); but it seems to me very true. Of many who hear the gospel it is terribly true, as in regard to our miner friend, only a step between them and death. But think what a step this is! Though you may not think it near, it may be; and are you prepared? It is a PARTING STEP, A SOLITARY STEP, A SOLEMN STEP. May God help you to decide now, and to take the step that shall bring eternal blessing to your precious soul.

H. B. FRANCIS.

HAVE YOU PEACE IN BELIEVING ?

A COMIC singer was brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and as soon as he had found joy and peace in believing, he determined to serve the devil with his voice no longer, so he felt constrained by the love of God to forsake the occupation which had been the means of his earning the bread which perisheth.

For some time he was unable to get work in which he would be able to glorify God, so that his money was exhausted and his clothes nearly worn out; but he knew in whom he had believed, and was confident that He "would not withhold any good thing from them who walk uprightly."

One day, while walking along the road, he was met by one who had been employed at the same music-hall, who thus accosted him:

"Well, your religion has not done much for you. I see your coat is very shabby, and I venture to say you are out of cash. Now look here, take my advice, give up your Christ and your hymns, and come and sing songs again at —— music-hall; then you will be like me, with plenty of clothes, and a little money in the pocket as well."

"Thank you for your advice," he replied; "but I can boast of having more than you, although, as you rightly judged, I am without money."

"How do you make that out?" he asked.

"I will tell you," he answered. "You know that, after we had finished of an evening, we *always* went home of all men the most miserable; and you to-night will go home, after the performance, as wretched as possible. You cannot deny it; but now that I have Christ I always go home happy, and I would sooner have peace with the Lord Jesus than all the money I ever earned, with misery now and despair throughout eternity."

He made no reply; for he felt what had been told him was the truth. He had not *peace*, and oh, how readily would he have given his money, his all, if he could have felt like his friend! So, with his mind still more uneasy than at the first, he left his friend to go on his way.

Dear reader, have you *peace*? There is peace to be had which the world cannot give, and better far, it cannot take away. The peace which this world tries to give does not last. It may last until you are on your death-bed, or until you enter the gates of eternity; but then you will arouse your-

self to see that you have been lulled to sleep in the arms of the wicked one, and he whispered, "Peace, peace, when there was no peace;" for God Himself has declared there is no peace to the wicked. (Isa. xlvi. 22.)

The men of this world will tell you the only way to get peace is to save up sufficient money, so that in your old age there will be nothing to worry, and you will be sure of ending your days in peace. What a false statement! Yet there are many who believe it, and like a French gentleman, who firmly adhered to his belief, that if he could only realize a certain amount he would retire from business and live in *peace*. His business considerably increased, but with it increased mental weakness. He could not sleep at night for fear of being robbed, and kept loaded firearms near his bed. So he lived, with plenty of money, but without that peace which he had hoped to get with it.

There are some who will tell you that peace and happiness can be found in palaces of pleasure, and in drinking deep draughts of this world's follies and gaieties; but be sure of this, although men persuade, and the world allure, yet you will not find peace in such things; for after the pleasure is over there is still left a sting on the conscience, with a heavy, sorrowful heart, and often an aching head.

There was one who tried everything that could be found in this world to produce happiness. He was indeed a *wise* man, for he had his wisdom given him from God, and he summed up his experience, and said, "All is *vanity* and *vacation* of spirit." (Ecl. ii.)

Surely you will not say that is *true peace*; but there is One who can give the guilty conscience peace, and if you are seeking peace you must get it from that One, who *alone* can give comfort to the troubled soul.

If we look back to the manger, and trace His life on to the cross, we shall see that His mission was to make the way whereby He might speak words of peace to poor lost hell-deserving sinners.

While a few poor shepherds were minding their flocks, a glorious announcement was made that in the city of Bethlehem there was born "the King of the Jews," who was to save His people from their sins; and almost before they fully understood the wondrous message, they heard the whole host of heaven praising God and giving Him the glory; for on earth is to be proclaimed peace. (Luke ii.

8-14.) With all possible haste they make their way to the city, and there they find the Son of God "lying in a manger;" for there was no room elsewhere for Him; and with glad hearts they returned praising the One who had privileged them to see Him whom kings and prophets had desired to look upon.

But men's hearts were hard, and their eyes blinded by the god of this world. They wanted some one who would come with the glory of an earthly monarch. They saw no beauty in the One who was "a friend of publicans and sinners," and who would not countenance that which was contrary to the mind of God, but openly reprov'd of hypocrisy and sin; and as the One "separate from sinners," He was also the "rejected of men," a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. (Isa. liii. 3.)

As we behold His agony in Gethsemane's garden, we ask ourselves why it was He endured those hours of agony? And as we follow Him to the cross, and hear him cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and again, "It is finished," as He bows His sacred head and dies, we ask again, Why was it? Dear friend, tell me why it was?

"Was it for crimes that I had done
He died upon the tree?"

Yes, He died for *me*, that He might make peace through the blood of His cross (Col. i. 20), so that I, a rebel, might be reconciled to an injured God.

You may know that He died to make peace; but have you got it?

"Being justified by *faith*, we HAVE peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. v. 1.) We are justified by *faith*; not by anything that we can do, but on the ground of what another *has done*. It was after the resurrection that the Lord Jesus spoke peace to His disciples, and when He had spoken peace He showed them His hands and His feet (John xx. 19-25); and on the ground of what He had done, seen by the print of the nails in His hands and feet, they were able to rest in a finished work.

"That which can shake the cross
May shake the peace it gave,
Which tells me Christ has never died,
Or never left the grave."

You will not get this peace by working or waiting; but now, in whatever condition you may be in, you may have joy and peace *in believing*.

F. H. D.

THE DISEASE AND ITS CURE.

"They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick."—LUKE v. 31.



ANY were the diseased ones brought to Jesus in the days of His flesh; and none went from Him disappointed, all obtained the needed cure. Healing virtue continually flowed from Him for the restoration of disordered bodies and minds, and blessed "gracious words," like healing medicine, poured forth from His divine, compassionate lips for the recovery of their disordered souls. His word gave them freedom from bodily pain; His word also conveyed life, liberty, and unspeakable joy to their guilt-oppressed souls. "A great multitude of people came to hear Him, and to be healed of their diseases; and they that were vexed with unclean spirits: and they were healed. And the whole multitude sought to touch Him: for there went virtue out of Him, and healed them all." (Luke vi. 17-19.)

In these cures we see the manifestation, both of divine mercy and of divine power. By them we learn that the great mission of Jesus Christ into the world was to work miracles in man's souls—to cure spiritual diseases. This is clearly implied in the text quoted above—our Lord's reply to the Pharisees, who murmured that He sat down with publicans and sinners: "They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick." The sickness here referred to was doubtless man's *moral* ruin and misery. Those who feel the need of a physician are those who know and feel the pain of their disease. Such were these with whom the blessed Master was eating at this time. To them Jesus was a Friend indeed; for He, and He alone, could relieve them in their present need and distress of soul.

Bodily sickness was to Christ a faint outward picture of man's terribly degraded inward state as a fallen sinner. When physical disease has done its worst it can but bring the body to the grave; but that awful moral disorder, sin, robs the soul of all that can be called blessed now, and at length, alas! will bring soul and body to eternal darkness and misery. Think of the *loathsomeness* of man's disease. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores." (Isa. i. 5, 6.) Such is the moral spectacle that man presents to God. It is not an overdrawn picture; it is the

divine estimate of man's spiritual ruin. What a wreck! What hath sin wrought? Man is altogether corrupt; there is no health in him. Shapen in iniquity. Born in sin. "Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart only evil continually." (Gen. vi. 5.) "Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: their feet are swift to shed blood." (Rom. iii. 13-15.) Could anything be more appalling or sad than this unerring description of the utter depravity of human nature.

2. Consider the **UNIVERSALITY** of the disease. This moral contagion reaches to every member of the human family. There is no exception to the rule. The poison of sin is in every heart. The stream of corruption flows from the fallen head to every child of Adam's race. "As it is written, There is **NONE** righteous, no, **NOT ONE**. They are **ALL** gone out of the way . . . there is **none** that doeth good, no, **NOT ONE**." (Rom. iii. 10, 12.) What a sweeping declaration! *Not one* is exempt from sin. *All* are spiritually sick.

3. The disease of sin is also **INCURABLE** as far as man is concerned. It is altogether beyond human aid. It baffles every man-devised remedy. "For thus saith the Lord, Thy *bruise is incurable*, and thy wound is grievous . . . thou hast no healing medicines." (Jer. xxx. 12, 13.) We have sometimes seen the physician standing in the midst of anxious watchers by the bedside of some loved earthly friend, and after close examination, he sadly answers their earnest enquiries by saying, "I can do nothing more; he is beyond the reach of my power." The physician is utterly helpless to cope with the disease. So in the case of man's spiritual state, every human effort must be fruitless, and human skill entirely fail to stay the deadly progress of sin, or heal the sin-stricken soul. The restoring balm, the life-giving virtue, the healing medicine, is not found in the sinner's own works or in any human merits. "Many physicians" may be tried (see the case of the woman in Mark v. 26), but all in vain; disappointment and despair must be the experience sooner or later of all who slight "God's remedy for sin." If Jesus is neglected, the malady must come to a *fatal issue*. Now let me earnestly ask you, dear reader, Have you seen your sickness? Have you felt the pain of your disease? Are these things to you *realities* or fables, idle tales? Do you feel your need of the great

Healer? Have you ever come in contact with Him? Have you so seen your guilt and need as to be led to cry like, *David*, "Lord, be merciful unto me: **HEAL MY SOUL**; for I have sinned against thee?" (Pa. xli. 4.)

I remember some time ago visiting frequently a man brought down by consumption, and although he was daily sinking, he was continually speaking of "getting better," and soon "being about again." He spoke in this strain the last morning I was with him, urging him to trust the Saviour of sinners; and in the evening, as the sun was setting in the western skies, his soul passed into eternity. That man, notwithstanding that he had been told of his condition, seemed to be entirely ignorant of his imminent danger. How sad! And is not this an illustration of many, who are spiritually sick, in danger of losing their immortal souls, and yet utterly careless about it? Is this your case, dear reader?

"Time is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh;
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee."

Having so far looked at the disease, let us now consider the Physician.

"I will restore health unto thee, and I **WILL HEAL THEE** of thy wounds, saith the Lord." (Jer. xxx. 17.) This is a gracious promise to poor "outcast" Zion. And how rich in comfort, how full of encouragement, for the disconsolate sinner who, feeling the burden of guilt, knowing something of the terrible malady of sin, and the fruitlessness of all his own vain attempts to better his state—"I **WILL HEAL THEE**." David speaks with joy of The Great Physician in Psalm ciii. 3: "Who healeth **ALL** thy diseases." And again in Exodus xv. 26: "I am Jehovah that healeth thee." The Almighty Healer, who trod the wilderness with Israel of old, we meet again in New Testament times, clothed in human form, "Who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed with the Devil." (Acts x. 38.) And, blessed be God, whose compassion and power remains unchanged to this day.

1. He is the **ONLY** Physician.

The power to cure the sin-sick soul belongs only to Christ. Marvellous cures have been wrought in the bodies of men by earthly physicians of late, and these things are causes for thankfulness. But, oh! whence shall help come? Who can supply a

remedy that will touch the moral disorder of the soul? Who can rid man of the leprosy of sin? Who can restore health to the sinner deformed with the guilt of transgression against the Most High? We answer, "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." When Ephraim saw his sickness, and Judah saw his wound, then went Ephraim to the Assyrian; YET COULD HE NOT HEAL YOU, nor cure you of your wound.

"In vain the soul may elsewhere go,
Jesus alone can save."

Oh, look to Him, fellow-sinner, He can raise you from your spiritual ruin. Perhaps you have tried almost everything—alms, resolutions, reformations, prayers, and "religious duties." You have "waited," and "hoped," and wept, but all in vain. You are brought to your wits' end. May you now look to him who alone can relieve you, and who says to you as you read this paper, "WILT THOU be made whole?"

2. Surely the EXPERIENCE of this Physician should encourage thee. What a variety of cases sought His aid when on earth, to be cured of bodily complaints, and not one went away unblest. And oh! blessed news; though you may think your case a most extreme one, we tell you that he has treated most successfully some of the worst cases that could possibly be found. Think of Saul of Tarsus, "the chief of sinners;" John Bunyan, and John Newton, and a host of others, who might be mentioned as "testimonials" to the skill and power of the Son of God. Put your case into His hands, and you shall find a balm for every wound, a salve for every sore, healing medicine for every malady.

3. His treatment is INFALLIBLE.

He never lost a patient. Not one ever failed of cure that He took in hand. He has no "home for incurables." Sin may almost have done its worst in you; you may be given up by your friends as beyond recovery; you may be among the off-scouring of society—one of the devil's castaways, as old Rowland Hill would say; and yet Jesus Christ will receive you, and make you whole. Oh, seek His face without delay! Go at once to Him. He is always "at home" when a needy one knocks at His door.

State your case fully to Him; tell Him your sins, your desires, your sorrows, your tears, and He with tender heart will listen to your tale of woe, and with unfailing skill and gentle hand will bind up your broken spirit, and pour the oil of joy into your wounded soul.

4. Consider the PRODIGIOUS MANNER of His cure.

He heals his patients with His own stripes—"By His stripes we are healed." (Isa. liii. 5.) He heals our wounds by being Himself wounded—"He was wounded for our transgressions." He removes our sickness by bearing it Himself. My dear friend, look by faith to Him who was nailed to yon blood-stained tree, and *believe* that He hung there for thee. Trust the healing virtues of His precious blood. If thy conscience is smitten and thy soul afflicted by the bitterness of sin, believe in thy inmost soul that he was "stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted" for thee. If thou art feeling the curse of thy malady, remember that the "Man of Sorrows" was "made a curse" FOR THEE. If with breaking heart you are longing for pardon and peace, consider the meaning of those wondrous words that fell from the lips of the Saviour on the tree—"Reproach hath broken my heart." (Psalm lxxix. 20.) O, sinner, with tears of contrition bow, confessing "HE DIED FOR ME."

Not only are we healed by His stripes, but He also heals by His word—"He sent His word and healed them." (Psalm cvii. 20.) He needs but to speak and the cure is effected, the work is done, the sinner is made whole, his conscience is at ease—his heart at rest. "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.) Rest your soul, dear reader, not upon your feelings or thoughts, but upon His unchanging Word. Dost thou believe on the Son of God? If you do honestly believe that He was wounded for your transgressions, and bruised for your iniquities; if you do in your heart believe that He *finished* the work, and that God hath raised Him from the dead, then His word says that you *have* everlasting life—"hath everlasting life." His word says you are healed—"With his stripes we ARE HEALED."

"The Great Physician now is near,
The sympathising Jesus;
HE SPEAKS the drooping heart to cheer;
Oh, HEAR THE VOICE of Jesus!"

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." (John vi. 47.) May God, for Jesus' sake, bless these words to every reader's soul, and may each one at last be found in "that land" whose inhabitants shall never say "I am sick."

W. B. L.

THE TWO STUDENTS;

OR, "YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN."

BY GEORGE BRADY.

TWO young men were passing through college. They were companions in early life, and in worldly pleasure and sin. They were indifferent as to religion, wholly destitute of the grace of God, and entered with zest into the ordinary vices of youth.

The usual time arrived for choosing their lot in life. One of them, apparently better disposed, selected the vocation of a clergyman; not that he was a converted man, or called thereto by God, but because that profession suited his inclinations. Having made his selection, he pursued the usual divinity course at Cambridge, and underwent the customary training for the ministry. At the end of three years he deemed it right to reform his habits of life, to avoid fast company, to don a sombre garb, and to adopt airs of formalism, such as he considered befitting his sacred calling. In due time he was ordained and appointed to a curé of souls, where he assumed the bearing of a correct parish curate, and prepared weekly a moral essay for the pulpit. His friend, on the contrary, made no profession of religion, but pursued his evil course. It pleased God, however, in His infinite love and mercy and sovereign grace, to arrest the latter in his downward career, and to reveal His Son in him, so that he turned from sin and wickedness unto God; and as he had been zealous for evil, so now he became devoted to the Lord who had washed him in His precious blood, and became a lay preacher.

It so happened that the two friends met one day in the streets of London; and after the usual salutations and congratulations the recent convert, strongly suspecting that his clerical friend was not a true believer, endeavoured to ascertain his condition. To all his remarks he obtained a ready assent, but still he was not satisfied. At last he asked him point blank the question,

"HAVE YOU BEEN BORN AGAIN?"

This was a homethrust the clergyman was not prepared for. He shrugged his shoulders and looked wonderingly. He became angry at the preposterous idea, and finally turned on his friend, and said, "How dare you, who have only just changed from a life of sin, ask such a question of me, a minister of Christ?" and he went away from him in a rage.

Four months had elapsed the evangelist received a letter from the clergyman, begging him to forgive his hastiness, and to come and see him as soon as he could. He lost no time in complying with the invitation, and was cordially received. After dinner, as they sat alone, the evangelist again asked him, "Well, R——, have you been born again? Four months ago I put the same question to you, and you did not like it."

The clergyman, with deep emotion, replied, "No," and burst into tears. He then opened his heart to his friend, and told him that ever since he had probed him with the question, "Have you been born again?" he had been miserable. "In fact," he added, "after much consideration and anguish of mind, I have been compelled to admit that I have not yet experienced true conversion, and have never been born again; and therefore have I sent for you, to beg your advice and prayers in my unhappy state."

His friend thereupon opened to him the Scriptures, which declare plainly, that unless a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God; and he testified to his own conversion, and earnestly proclaimed the free and glorious gospel.

After some conversation, and much prayer, the clergyman also was able to declare with joy and peace that now he too received Christ, and the pardoning mercy of God through Christ. The verse which conveyed peace to his soul was this: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." (Isa. liii, 6.)

Hitherto he had carefully studied and written out essays for his congregation; but the following Lord's-day he ascended the pulpit without note or MS., and giving out the text, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3), he proceeded to make a confession to his congregation to the effect that while he had for many Sundays been preaching to them, and while he had been doing his duty in the parish, yet that all that time he had been a stranger to divine grace, and had not been regenerate. "My dear friends," said he, "you have all regarded me as a good young man, as a model curate; but though I have been attempting to preach religion unto you, I did not know Jesus myself, and I am bound to testify that until lately I was an unconverted man; all the time I was preaching about Christ to you I was myself religiously and respectably going to hell! It was

only a few days ago that I learnt to know Him; and I will now, by the help of God, endeavour to set Him before you."

The congregation was aroused, the Holy Spirit commenced a great work among them, and many traced their conversion to that confession of their minister. It was joyful to witness the effect on the people of the gospel from that new-born soul. It was as though God had taken a scythe, and mowed them down as the grass of the field. The congregation seemed to bow their heads in deep sorrow before the Lord.

Perhaps the most important sermon of the greatest Preacher that ever lived was delivered to one man by night. The subject was—

"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN."

It is a universal truth, that every man, woman, or child, ere they can enter heaven, must be *born again*.

Four times does our blessed Lord reiterate this fundamental truth in John iii.

"Verily, verily, I," Jesus, the Son of God, "say unto thee"—to you, O my reader! to each, and all—"Except a man be born again," or from above, "he cannot see," much less enter into, "the kingdom of God."

Again, He says, verse 5, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water *and of the Spirit*, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Again, in verse 7, "Ye must be born again;" and the fourth time in verse 8, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: *so is every one that is born of the Spirit*."

Consequently, it is absolutely essential that we have experienced this new birth, and accepted pardon in Christ, ere we can possibly receive power to enter on a life of holy obedience. As a branch must first be grafted into the tree ere it can bear its fruit, so we must be first united to Christ ere we can bring forth the fruit of His Spirit.

Reader, you have been born once into this world, and there is before you the *first* death of the body, when your earthly life will come to an end, and the *second* death (Rev. xx. 14), when your final doom will be fixed. Unless you are born a second time you cannot inherit the kingdom of God. You cannot enter into, nor could you enjoy, the kingdom of

heaven; nay, you cannot now even see it. (John iii. 3, 5, 7.)

An elder of the Church of Scotland, highly respected for many years, took the lead in religious matters, and taught regularly in the Sunday school. He had a son in the ministry, a godly, converted man. They attended together a revival meeting. In the course of the address it was said that we must be born twice, or else we must die twice.

BORN ONCE, DIE TWICE;
BORN TWICE, DIE ONCE.

was reiterated. This thought kept ringing in the ears of the elder all that night. Next morning, being harvest-time, he was walking in his fields, but the thought would not leave him. He at last burst into tears, and exclaimed to his son, "I fear I have only been born once, and shall die twice; I feel the second death." His son pointed him to the Saviour, and had the joy of seeing him find peace in believing. He lived many years after, and often testified how long he had been a formal professor and church member without having been born again.

Plain as is the language of the Lord Jesus respecting the absolute impossibility of salvation without conversion, "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 3); dogmatic as is His word—

"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN,"

yet there is no truth so ignored, so deceitfully handled, as the universal necessity of the new birth. Regeneration, conversion, the new birth, all mean one and the same thing.

Joining the Church is not being born again. Church membership, ecclesiastical position, are not regeneration. These things are good in their place, but they are not repenting and being converted; they are not "the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." (Titus iii. 5.) You may be a good Churchman, and yet only a whited sepulchre. You may read family prayer, and be unrenewed; you may perform service in church, and be a false shepherd; you may sing sweet hymns in the choir, and yet be a hardened sinner. "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord." "Having the form of godliness, yet denying the power thereof." (2 Tim. iii. 5.)

Amendment of the old nature, self-improvement, turning over a new leaf, religiousness, sanctimoniousness, doing the best you can, are not being born again. Such like proceedings are unreal, mere externalities. They are not being "alive from the dead." (Rom. vi. 13.) "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." (2 Cor. v. 17.) Mere reformation differs as much from regeneration as white-washing an old rotten house differs from taking it down and building a new one in its room. "That which is flesh is flesh," and never can be turned into Spirit. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." (Jer. xiii. 23.) "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" (Matt. vii. 16.)

Doctrinal knowledge is not conversion. You may be dogmatic on the fundamentals of religion; you may be sound as a bell on creeds, evidences, confessions, and schisms; you may be a heresy-hunter, and yet be spiritually blind; you may be very sound in your own opinion, and consider all who cannot see eye to eye with you as very dark; you may speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and yet be as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. (1 Cor. xiii. 1.)

Baptism is not the "new birth." You may be sprinkled as an infant, you may have water poured on you as an adult, you may be immersed as a professor, and yet remain unchanged in heart, unrenewed in nature, not born again of the Spirit. Thousands of baptized persons have never undergone aught but the outward form; have never been regenerate; have never been made children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven; have never known a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness; nay, they have lived and died in their sins: "For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God." (Jer. ii. 22.) That "born of water" in John iii. 5 does not mean baptism is evident from the following Scriptures: "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." (1 Peter i. 23.) "Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth." (James i. 18.) "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word." (Ps. cxix. 9.) "Now ye are clean through

the Word which I have spoken unto you." (John xv. 3.) "Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word." (Eph. v. 25, 26.) "In Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the gospel."

Moreover, Christian baptism does not appear to have been instituted by our Lord until two or three years subsequently. (Matt. xxviii. 19.) If baptism meant spiritual renewal or regeneration, how is it written, "Jesus Himself baptized not" (*read, regenerated not*)? Or would Paul have said, "I thank God that I baptized (regenerated) none of you"—I never performed the rite without which you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven?

And this new birth can only take place here and now. There is no place for it after death.

IT IS NOW OR NEVER.

"In the place where the tree falleth, there shall it be." (Eccles. xi. 3.) "For there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." (Eccles. ix. 10.) Settle it then as an article of your creed, that you yourself must experience this new birth, or regeneration, or conversion, ere you can now see the kingdom, or hereafter enter heaven.

I beseech you then, my reader, to stop here, and in the sight of the living God to hold yourself to the solemn, searching question—

"HAVE I BEEN BORN AGAIN?"

and not to rest day nor night until you can clearly and satisfactorily testify—"One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see" (John ix. 25); "We know that we are of God" (1 John v. 19); "We know that we have passed from death unto life" (1 John iii. 14); "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." (2 Tim. i. 12.)

The new birth, though difficult, is yet simple; though past man's power, is yet in the power of God; for you will observe, in the same third chapter of John, that our most blessed and gracious Lord proceeded to explain this stupendous truth to the inquiring Rabbi: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." To understand this illustration, may I ask you to turn to Numbers xxi. and read from the fourth to

the ninth verse:—The children of Israel “journeyed from mount Hor by the way of the Red Sea, to compass the land of Edom: and the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way. And the people spake against God, and against Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread.” Mark their sin—unbelief in Jehovah, rank unbelief, notwithstanding all He had done for them. Now see their punishment: “And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died. Therefore the people came to Moses, and said, We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee; pray unto the Lord, that He take away the serpents from us.”

There are not more hopeful words to be heard from a lost man than “I HAVE SINNED.” It is a special work of the Holy Spirit to convince the world of sin, “of sin, because they believe not in Jesus.” May He so convict my reader, that he may strike upon his heart, and cry, “God be propitiated to me, the sinner!” “And Moses prayed for the people, and the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole, and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live.” *God provided the remedy.* “And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.”

In a word, the lesson to be learned from this incident is—

“LOOK AND LIVE.”

“There is life in a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.”

Just as one of the children of Israel, through whose veins the poison of the serpent flowed, was immediately made whole by a look at the brazen serpent, so may any sin-bitten soul be immediately healed in soul by a look of faith at the uplifted Son of man.

There may be seen abroad a fine painting of this scene in the wilderness. In the foreground stands the pole on which the brazen serpent is lifted up. We are not given any description of the pole: it may have been rough or smooth, of fine wood or of coarse. So our attention is not to be directed to

the instrument which God uses to point to Christ. Look not on the preacher, but on the uplifted Saviour. Beside the brazen serpent stands the fine old man, Moses, beseeching the people to look and live. At the sides of the painting several groups are depicted of unbelieving Israelites. One group is busy with sticks beating off the venomous reptiles; but it is useless; they trust to their own efforts, and die. Another group is engaged in fruitless efforts to heal themselves with balsams and plasters, but all in vain; one, again, is prostrate before Moses, looking to him and not at the serpent; another is lying at his ease, in apparent indifference: they reject the only remedy, and are lost. But many, in simple faith, look to the God-provided remedy, and are immediately healed. Mothers too are holding up their little ones, that they also may look and be saved.

But some may say, This incident is very beautiful; but what authority have you for applying it to Christ and the way of salvation? Again, we turn to the New Testament, and in John iii. 14 we read: “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.” Have you not here a divine commentary on the scene narrated in the book of Numbers? Can we go beyond the Lord’s own use of this telling illustration? We have sinned; “all we like sheep have gone astray.” We have been born sinners; we have inherited sin from Adam; we have the pollution of sin in our veins; we have transgressed in thought, word, and deed. All is “wounds and bruises and putrifying sores.”

Oh, my reader, let the Holy Spirit convince you of sin, of the sin of not believing in Jesus, and cry aloud from the very depth of your inmost soul, “I HAVE SINNED!”

And now look to Jesus and live. God the Father has provided a remedy for sin. Just as the man bitten by a serpent looked to a serpent and was healed, so every sin-bitten soul may look to the Sin-bearer, Jesus Christ, and be saved: “He was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.” “He was made a curse for us.” “He His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.” His blood has been shed in place of the sinner: “He was wounded for our transgressions.” He has been lifted up on the cross in order that whosoever believeth in Him, looketh to Him, trusteth in Him,

casts himself in utter self-abandonment and helplessness on Him, may be saved.

Look then now, my reader, and you shall receive Christ as your Saviour from the penalty and power of sin, and you shall receive the Holy Ghost as an indwelling Spirit, to give you power to overcome sin, self, and Satan. He who thus believingly looks at the crucified Son of God, is born from above, and snatched as a brand from the burning.

If then you are enabled before God to answer the solemn question, "*Have I been born again?*" in the affirmative, remember that it is an act of God, definite and complete; and give Him glory by believing that the new birth introduces you into the family of God, makes you His child, a brother of the Lord Jesus, a temple of the Holy Ghost, an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

NO SALVATION BY SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.

IT is said that a burying-party on the battlefield of Sebastopol, when rifling the pockets of a dead soldier, found a tract, and a New Testament. The gist of the tract was this: There are two planks, the one rotten, the other sound, over a yawning chasm. A traveller steps on the rotten plank, and down he goes. Another plants his foot on the sound plank, and passes over safely. But a third puts a foot on each plank, and falls headlong. That was used as an illustration of the result of a man's hope for eternity. Some trust to their own righteousness, and perish. Some rely only on the righteousness God has provided and are saved; while others rely partly on their own righteousness, and partly on the righteousness of Christ. This last class embraces, I think, the great majority of our religious people who are not Christians. At the close of a meeting the other night, I conversed with two young men who were deeply moved. The one said, "I have found out to-night the mistake of my life." "What is that?" I asked. He replied, "I have been religious for some years, but I always knew that I was not right. I see now that I have been trusting a little in Christ, and a good deal in myself." The other said that he had been trying to work out his own righteousness. When asked how he had succeeded, he said, "It has beat me fairly." Two texts were given him—Romans x. 3, "For

they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God;" and Romans v. 17, "Receive the abundance of the gift of righteousness."

It is astonishing how many intelligent people one meets with, who have listened to plain gospel preaching, and are yet quite in the dark about the free grace of God. One is often forced to smile at the way in which the deep-rooted self-righteousness of the human heart expresses itself. "Is this your idea"—I once asked a woman who was earnest enough to seek counsel—"that you are to do the best you can, and that Christ will make up what is wanting?" Relieved to find her views stated more clearly than she had stated them herself, she said hastily, "Aye, that's just it." Thousands upon thousands are in the same error, and in their blindness struggling on at a needless and hopeless task. They do so under the idea that they must do what they can, forgetting that they can do exactly nothing by way of earning or meriting God's favour. Now, reader, this may be your case. I beseech you to make sure that your views on this point are perfectly clear and scriptural. Have you not noticed how God speaks about this matter? The Bible everywhere degrades and denounces our own righteousness, and warns us against trusting in it. You never can do anything that gives you a claim at the bar of heaven. If you have a particle of faith in your own righteousness you have no room in your heart for Christ. Even faith has nothing about it to merit the gift which it receives. One verse should settle the matter for ever. 2 Cor. v. 21, "For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Have you accepted that Divine gift of righteousness?

"No hope can on the law be built
Of justifying grace;
The law, that shows the sinner's guilt,
Condemns him to his face.

"Jesus! how glorious is Thy grace!
When in Thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just."

Notices.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Cup of Consolation; or, Bright Messages for the Sick Bed, from the Two Great Volumes of Nature and Revelation. Compiled by an invalid. With introduction by J. R. Macduff. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

This volume of extracts, in poetry and prose, from various authors, will be very acceptable to those for whom it is especially designed. It is arranged in short portions for each day in the year. Many of the extracts are very sweet.

Garden Graith; or, Talks Among my Flowers. By Sarah F. Smiley. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

Many will welcome this new volume from the pen of Miss Smiley. It contains many lessons full of spiritual meaning taken from nature as seen in the garden, and from thistle as well as "the lilies" the authoress draws some very good similes, and imparts instruction which will be useful to many.

Consecrated Women. By Claudia. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

In this volume we have a short record of the lives of several handmaidens of the Lord, who have yielded themselves to Him as consecrated to His service. It will be a useful present to young Christians.

Spent in the Service. A Memoir of Achilles Daunt, D.D., with Selections from his Letters, Diaries, and Sermons. By F. R. Wynne, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

This memoir of Mr. Daunt will be valued, not only by those who knew him, but by many others who delight to read of one who was "spent in the service" of his Master. He laboured chiefly in Dublin and Cork, and his preaching was made a blessing to many souls.

Words of Comfort for the Weak in Faith. By M. J. M. London: W. Mack.

We trust this little book of "heart-breathings" may find its way into many homes and speak to many hearts. The poems are full of deep spiritual experience, and are calculated to minister comfort to the tried and sorrowful. They are the outflow from the pen of one who, having known something of trial and of the covenant faithfulness of God, can testify of the same for the help and encouragement of others. The price of the little book is: paper covers, 1s.; and limp cloth, 1s. 6d.; and we trust many of our readers will procure copies of it.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We take this opportunity of again asking our Christian friends for their practical sympathy and help in the circulation of our paper. We rejoice to say that year by year our circulation has been maintained; but we are still desirous of its extension, feeling confident that the Lord will use it to wider usefulness. We therefore ask our readers to aid us in the matter of making it known in circles where hitherto it has not reached.

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THE MISSIONARY ECHO: A Record of Labour for the Lord in other Lands. Price One Halfpenny.

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"NO ONE CAN BE SURE OF THAT; WE MAY ONLY HOPE."

I WAS seated in a third-class compartment, and just as the train was about to leave two more passengers pushed their way in, and before they had time to get seated the train rolled out of the station. As we were dashing along, and knowing the next station was not many miles beyond, and just as I was thinking about handing a few gospel leaflets, one of the two last passengers who got in opened a little bag, and to my joy began handing some tracts and gospel books to his fellow-travellers. They being entire strangers to me I sat looking on, when it came my turn to receive one. After looking at it, and finding it contained pure gospel truth, and just as I was about to say a word of encouragement, the train arrived at the station, and they both rose up to get out. While one of them was passing me, I said, "I am rejoiced to see you giving away these silent messengers. Then of course you know you are saved!" "I am happy to say I am." "And you are sure of that?" "Yes, quite sure." By this time he had stepped on to the platform, and closing the door behind him, said again, "I am sure of that." An elderly lady who was sitting directly opposite me, and who had heard the stranger's answer to my question, said in a half-whisper, but sufficiently loud enough for me to hear, "*No one can be sure of that; we may only hope.*" I immediately, looking over to her, and as if she had been speaking to me, said, "I beg your pardon, what

did you say?" "Why, no one can be sure they are saved; we may only hope." Of course, this remark gave me a fine opportunity of presenting the gospel, not only to the lady, but to all in the compartment. And we had a happy and a profitable time till we reached the journey's end. The remark of this lady is but a sample of ninety-nine cases out of a hundred one meets with continually—persons who believe no one can be *sure they are saved*, and think it right only to *hope*. Yet God's word is very plain and decided on this important subject. While I admit it is quite right and scriptural to "*hope*;" yet hope spoken of in the New Testament invariably has reference to the resurrection of the body, the coming of the Lord Jesus for His saints, and other kindred truths, but never respecting the salvation of the soul, which is always spoken of as a present, and not a future thing. "He that hath the Son *hath* life." "He that believeth on Him is not condemned." "Who-soever believeth on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

From the beginning of the creation of man it has been Satan's object to get him to doubt God's word. He does not want sinners to see that if they believe on the Lord Jesus Christ they are saved, and that it is their privilege to *know* and enjoy the blessed assurance of it. He knows very well those who only hope they are saved will never help others, can never speak to others about the

certainty of salvation. How can they if they are not sure, not positive, their own soul is saved?

Dear reader, God's word is as positive as God Himself. And He would not only have every sinner come to Him and be saved; but He would also have sinners *know* that if they have come to Him and trusted in Him only for salvation they *are saved*, and should *know* it, enjoy it, and speak about it. If you were going a journey on an important matter, surely you would not rest till you were sure you were in the right vessel, in the right train, or on the right road. And if you entertained the least doubt about it, or only "*hoped*" you were right, how anxious you would be, and immediately you would begin making inquiries so that you might be sure you were right. It is the devil that is telling people they can't be sure about eternal things, and that they may only hope. And he knows too well that hope is a delusive one, a hope which is false, and will deceive and land all those who have been duped by him into a never-ending burning hell! It is the hope of the hypocrite, and, just like the poor man who is carried by the mighty rushing torrent clutches a passing floating plank, which only helps to carry him more swiftly and more certainly to the fearful rapid, to be precipitated into the awful boiling surge below to perish for ever, so will it, so must it be, with all those whose hope is only that of the hypocrite; for the hypocrite's hope shall perish, and not only his hope but himself too. The sinner must first be *saved* and *know it*, and then, and not till then, has he any right to hope; for the hope spoken of in the word of God is for the believer who *is saved*, and called a "good hope," a "living hope," and a "blessed hope." May this hope be yours, dear reader.

S. BLOW.

WHICH IS THE BEST SECURITY?

THE failure of the City of Glasgow Bank frightened everybody who had anything to lose. It spread desolation far and wide. The amount of misery, despair, consternation, and ruin that event occasioned is incalculable. Every one who was so unfortunate as to hold even a single share in the doomed concern was liable to lose all he possessed in the world, and many did lose all. They were cleared out, left penniless, and were fortunate if only they could begin the world again. Distrust prevailed everywhere, about every security, and in every person; "Men's hearts

failed them for fear;" universal panic ensued, and the general feeling was that no one with a grain of sense would hold a share in an unlimited bank, or become partner in a concern where all he possessed would be at stake.

To avert the possibility of such a recurrence, the Legislature has passed an Act to enable Joint-Stock Banks to register as "Limited," so that the shareholders should in future be liable for an ascertained amount. Many of the chief banks have availed themselves of this provision, to the great relief of their shareholders; and all who have funds to invest or spare cash to deposit at interest are anxiously inquiring where they can safely and profitably do the one or the other. The universal questions are, *Whom can I trust? Where can I place my deposit in safe keeping?*

Many people have no money to invest, no spare cash to place on deposit; still, although you, my reader, may not be burdened with much gold or silver, you are now possessed of an invaluable deposit, and I can recommend a bank worthy of your unlimited confidence. It is of this deposit and this place of security I would now speak.

First, then, as to the *deposit*. The invaluable deposit of which you are possessed is your immortal soul. No need to stop and prove that, your conscience says yea to that fact. The most valuable treasure you possess is your never-dying soul. Everything else is passing away—friends, relatives, money, lands, honours—all, all are vanishing, and will soon be worthless and forgotten; but **YOUR IMMORTAL SOUL WILL LAST FOR EVER AND EVER**, either in heaven or in hell; either with the Lord or with the devil; either in happiness or in misery. So that the question arises, Where shall I deposit my soul? With whom shall I place it in safe keeping? How shall I be able to say with Paul, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto (deposited with) Him against that day." Shall I trust it to myself? Nay, you yourself are the very worst guardian. "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." Shall I take refuge with my fellow-sinners? Nay, "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God." "Cursed is he that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm." Self and all other refuges are refuges of lies, false trustees, and will land the soul in hell.

Secondly, as to the *security*. For this invaluable deposit, the never-dying soul, we need a guarantee

of perfect safety and unlimited resources. These essentials are to be found in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in Him alone.

As to *safety*; you have, in the first place, the omnipotence, the faithfulness, the wisdom, the love of God—for Jesus Christ is God—all pledged for the security of those who trust Him. For another thing you have the sure foundation of His person and work as God-man. "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation; he that believeth shall not be confounded." The Son of God in our human nature stood in the sinner's place, bore the sinner's curse, condemnation, and death, and satisfied, by the offering of Himself and the shedding of His most precious blood, the utmost demands of God's justice against sin. Is not this a sure foundation?

Moreover, you have the words and promises of God, "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand;" "My Father which gave them Me, is greater than all (that can possibly be against them); and no one is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand." Chosen in Christ from eternity, given to Jesus by the Father, purchased by His precious blood, indwelt by the Holy Ghost, delivered from the penalty and power of sin, and preserved by the power of God unto eternal glory. Is not this a security without a flaw?

Are you saying to yourself, "I am satisfied that this is a sure foundation, a safe resting-place; I believe that the Lord Jesus Christ is worthy of confidence; I am sure that they are secure who are in His keeping?" Is that enough? Nay, the children of this world are wiser in their generation than to think that enough in matters of this life. You hear of a safe bank; you inquire into its stability, you acquaint yourself with the character of its managers, and satisfy yourself that you may safely trust your money to its keeping. Do you stop with learning all about it? What use would it be to you to know all this? Nay, you go farther; you show your faith in the concern by trusting it, and placing your money in it; you are not at peace till you have safely deposited your capital. In like manner, now that you know about Christ, who He is, and what He has done, and are convinced He is worthy of confidence, that He is all powerful to save and preserve your soul, do not stop with believing about Him, but go a step farther, and believe in Him and on Him; show your faith in

Him by trusting Him; confide in Him, deposit your soul in His safe keeping.

Are you further inquiring, How can I *do* this? How can I lodge my soul with Christ? I would give all I possess for this security; I would do anything if I could only partake of this blessing. Now let us clear up this point of *doing*. Salvation is for your receiving, not of your doing. It is a transaction wrought out exclusively by the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The work done by Christ for the salvation of mankind is an accomplished fact. Look at those substantial bank buildings. Did you build them? Did you put a stone in them? There they stand; you may enter the bank and deposit your money in it, or you may refuse to trust it, and pass it by; but all the same, the bank is there. In like manner the work of Christ is a mighty fact. You may avail yourself of it, or you may distrust it; you may accept it, or pass it by. Whether you avail yourself of it, or reject it, all the same, the atonement is a fact. It is a work planned from all eternity by God, who is love, and accomplished by Jesus Christ His Son, who was equipped for the work by the Holy Ghost. Show your faith in the proffered salvation by a simple acceptance, without which it can avail you nothing.

Moreover, the moment you deposit your soul with the Lord Jesus, the instant you accept Christ, you enter into partnership with Him, and share in His unlimited resources. "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit;" "Ye are complete in Him;" "Truly our fellowship (partnership) is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ."

Seeing then these things are so, that you have an immortal soul which you cannot keep yourself, and that you may have the absolute security of a divine Saviour, show your sound sense by closing with this offer; and now, at this moment, in the place where you are, and as you read these lines, lift up your heart to God, and say, "Lord, I commit my whole self, soul and body, into thy hands. Once for all I make a deposit, a permanent investment of all my interests for time and for eternity into thy safe keeping. Henceforth I desire to live to thy glory, and testify to the sure foundation I have found in my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"Behold, God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song. He also is become my salvation."

"I know that safe with Him remains,

Protected by His power,

What I've committed to His trust

Till the decisive hour."

THE LIVING WATER.



SHALL never forget the Christmas I spent at B——. The weather was cold, and a sharp frost during the night had entirely cut off the supply of water, and as I went out in the morning I found we were not the only ones inconvenienced; for most, if not all, in the neighbourhood were in similar circumstances. We had not been waiting long before a man came and opened the plug in the road, and after fixing a standpipe cried, "WATER, water!" Very soon a number of people were gathered round, several making haste for fear they should be too late.

"How long do you stop?" I asked of the man who had turned on the water.

"Half an hour, sir," he replied; "but I shall stop about five minutes over the time."

"But suppose after you are gone more want water, what must they do?" I asked.

"They will have to *want*," he replied! "if they do not come in time they must go without."

The time expired, and he turned off the supply and prepared to go, and, as I expected, almost before he was out of sight several came for water. "Stop!" they cried; but he went on his way unheeding their cries.

The above little incident seems to illustrate the gospel in several ways. We found that water was *indispensable*, and however much we might have thought it an unnecessary article, we had to come to the conclusion that we could not do without it. We find it a necessity of *every* individual, whatever their position, whether they occupy a throne or are condemned to live in a dungeon, *all* NEED water or they must die, there is no alternative. Hagar knew that as she laid her son down under a bush to die, for all the water that Abram had provided her with was spent; but God heard the lad's cry for water, and the mother's eyes were opened, and she saw a well and gave him to drink, and he lived. (Gen. xxi.)

The children of Israel could not get on in their wilderness journey without water, and as soon as they were thirsty they murmured against Moses, when it was the LORD who had brought them out of Egypt, and He was able to supply their need, so He brought forth water out of a dry rock that their needs might be satisfied. He supplied them with water on the ground of grace alone; their murmurings proved they did not

deserve it. Men must die without water, and as surely as it is required to sustain natural life, so surely is the "living water" needed to give spiritual and eternal life to poor lost sinners.

You may, dear reader, think that it is not so important; but be sure of this, that you can only *live* by taking a life-giving draught from the fountain of the water of life.

Those who pass by the "wells of salvation" without stopping to drink, will find out to their sorrow that they have gone on to the land of drought, where the water of life would be invaluable, but where it is not to be found. Find out your need, and you will then see that there is an *infinite* resource in the Lord Jesus. There is *enough* for all.

"Millions have been supplied,
No one was e'er denied,
Come to that crystal tide,
Come, sinner, come."

It flows down to your need, and its course cannot be stopped. Many years ago the devil would have stopped it if he could; but it would be far more easy for a man to stop the Thames from flowing than for anyone to try to stop the *river* of life.

Another thing I noticed was that there was nothing to pay, no charge was made, it was *free*; so it is with the water of life. The Lord Jesus said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." (John vii. 37.) No mention of payment; for "whosoever will, let him take the water of life *freely*." (Rev. xxii. 17.)

"The water of life is flowing,
FAMILY, freely, freely."

But you may ask, "How can I get it?" Go straight to Him in whom all fulness dwells.

I noticed that *all* who went for water took *empty* vessels; some brought jugs and others cans, but *all* were empty. They did not fill them with rubbish and then take them to have the water put over, that would seem ridiculous; and yet there are some who would go to the fountain of living waters filled with their own righteousness and good works of their own devising. Such rubbish is no good, and only hinders being filled with the "water of life."

"I am an empty vessel—not one thought
Or look of love I ever to Thee brought;
Yet I may come, and come again to Thee
With this, the empty sinner's only plea—
THOU LOVEST ME."

There was not one returned without their vessel being filled, except those who came too late, and there has never been a sinner who has come as poor and needy to the Lord Jesus, who has been turned away from Him. But the time will come when it will be too late; wherefore remember that *now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.

We find it is offered to

“WHOSOEVER.”

I love that word because I know it means *me*; and God reminds us, just before He closes His book, that “*whosoever* will, may take of the water of life freely.” (Rev. xxii. 17.) “Ho, *every one* that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.” (Isa. lv. 1.) What an invitation! It does not matter what your condition is, you have but to “*come*.”

“I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and DRINK, and live.’”

You must *stoop*. The Israelites saw the water running at their feet, and they had to *stoop* to get it, and then they had to *drink* in order to quench their thirst.

Dear friend, just bend to the will of God, lay aside that which keeps you from taking your right position, and when you stoop to the feet of Jesus, and bow before Him as a *sinner*, then you will be able to receive from His hands the pardon you need.

But not only must you stoop, you must drink for yourself. A cure wrought on a friend would not benefit you if you were suffering from the same disease, nor will the fact of your friends being saved benefit you; there must be a *personal* acquaintance with Christ as the Life-giver, or you will be lost.

It is only the “living water” that can satisfy the soul, nothing else can; you may try the world, but it will only end in disappointment. Was the rich fool satisfied? No; for the Scripture tells us that he intended pulling down his barns and building greater. (Luke xii. 16.) There is nothing in the world that can satisfy the soul; and Jesus said to a poor woman who *daily* came out of the city for water, “Whosoever drinketh of this water *shall thirst again*: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him *shall never thirst*; but the

water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.” (John iv. 13, 14.) She knew that she needed to be continually coming; her supply of yesterday was gone, and she wanted some more, and here was One ready to give her “water” that could effectually satisfy her.

Reader, beware that you forsake not the fountain of living waters, and hew out for yourself a cistern that can hold no water. (Jer. ii. 13.) God invites you to drink of that living water which flowed from the cleft Rock of Ages; then you will be able to say—

“I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.”

If you reject such love and mercy, remember that such an offer will not hold out for ever; and as it was with the rich man (Luke xvi. 19–31) so must it be with thee. How solemn. In hell he lifted up his eyes, and desired a single *drop* of water to cool his tongue; and that simple request had to be refused on account of his despising the *living* water in his lifetime.

Let not this be your experience; but now, just as you are, come and prove that the water of life can satisfy the thirsty soul. F. H. D.

DID JESUS DIE FOR ME?

TAKING advantage of the fineness of the weather, and the cheapness of an excursion ticket, I took my seat in a carriage on the B—— Railway. Scarcely had I had time to look around me and see who were my companions, when the door was shut, the whistle sounded, and we were off.

I was soon drawn into conversation with a young man, who sat opposite me, about the rapidity with which we were being carried along, the cheapness of the fare, and the number of our fellow-passengers; but observing, from a certain restlessness of manner, that there was something pressing heavily on his mind, I quietly put to him that most important question—“Is your soul saved?” “Ah, sir, that’s just what I want to know. With all men life is uncertain; with me it’s sure not to be long. If I were sure of that, sir, I could die happy, and I could live without being in constant dread of some accident befalling me—of dying in my sleep—or of

sudden illness carrying me into the presence of my Maker, before I was ready." "You have thought seriously about meeting God, then?" I interrupted. "Ah, sir, but my conscience tells me I am a sinner—that 'all have sinned' that God speaks about in the Bible sets me thinking how I am to get rid of my sins."

Taking from my pocket a small New Testament, I read to him (Acts xiii. 38, 39), "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him" (that is, by Jesus) "all that believe are justified from all things." "That's quite true, sir; I've read it before; in fact, I'm pretty well acquainted with Scripture, and I do believe every word of the Bible; but what I want to know is, forgiveness of my sins, salvation for my soul. If I could see it in God's word that Jesus died for me, then I could believe it and be happy; but I can't see it is for me."

After a moment's hesitation, and in answer to my question, he told me his name was "James S——." "James S——," I said to him hastily, "Why I did not see that name in the advertisement that told me of this cheap excursion by which we are now traveling, and yet you are here. In fact, I did not see my name there, but that of the Secretary to the railway company, and that was given merely as a guarantee that the advertisement was genuine; and yet there are hundreds more in this very train—hundreds have gone before us, and hundreds, doubtless, will come after us. You and I and the others merely saw the advertisement, or were told of it. We had a desire to go. Having procured our tickets at the booking office, we took our seats in the carriages, never doubting, although the fare was very low, and the distance long, we should be carried to our destination."

"I never doubted it for a moment," said he. "And yet you did not see your name in the advertisement? Nor did it even tell you that all who came would be received as passengers?" "Certainly not; who ever thinks of doubting a respectable railway company?" "And yet you doubt God, my friend. *More faith in a railway company than in God!* God says, 'By Jesus is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and all who believe are justified from all things.' Suppose it had said, 'If 'James S——' believes he will be justified from all things, you would at once have turned round and said, 'Ah! but this may mean some other "James

S——'; someone in America, or someone who lived here fifty years ago.' God's 'all,' therefore, includes you. 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink.' (John vii. 37.) 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' (John iii. 16.) 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out' (John vi. 37.) Mark, my friend, God says, 'all who believe are justified.' Do you believe? 'If any man thirst.' Do you thirst? 'Whosoever believeth.' Do you believe? 'Him that cometh.' Have you come?

"The price has been fully paid. Do you accept the pardon? Ah! It was paid, not with such corruptible things as silver and gold, 'but with the precious blood of Christ' (1 Peter i. 19) on the cross of Calvary! There the bleeding Saviour hung! There he poured out his precious blood!

"There He gave his life a ransom! His blood cleanseth from all sin! The ransom price has been accepted; for that same Jesus who bare our sins upon the cross is risen from the dead, and all who believe in him are justified from all things. Believe it, and you have instant forgiveness of sins. Believe it, and you have passed from death unto life."

"Oh, sir, I see it now—simply believe."

"I do believe it! I do believe it!
I am saved through the blood of the Lamb!
My happy soul is free,
For the Lord has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus' name!"

Ah, that little word *believe*, my reader, settles the soul's eternal destiny! Do you believe?

Jesus having come into the world will profit you nothing, unless you believe in Him. His blood having been shed will avail you nothing, unless you are justified by it. His death and resurrection will but leave you to perish in your sins, unless you believe on Him, "whom to know is life eternal." (John xvii. 3.)

"We speak of the mercy of God,
So boundless, so rich, and so free;
But what will it profit my soul,
Unless 'tis relied on by me.

"We speak of the Saviour's dear name,
By which God can poor sinners receive;
Yet still I am lost and undone,
Unless in that name I believe.

"We speak of the glory to come,
Of the heavens so bright and so fair;
But unless I in Jesus believe,
I shall not, I cannot, be there!"

TAKING GOD AT HIS WORD;

OR, PRESENT SALVATION.

WHAT are you thinking about, Willie? Your face has such a contented expression that your musings must surely be upon a happy subject."

The speaker was a slight fair youth of about eighteen, and Willie, the one addressed, might be a year older. Both were apprentices in the British merchant service, and Willie stood alone, as it were, amidst the crew of the *Ocean Queen*, for there was something about him that none of them quite understood; never was an oath heard from his lips, and in the wildest storm there was a quiet fearlessness in his manner as of one whose heart was at peace with God. His friend Jack had watched him, and wished he could know more of his inner life; but hitherto the friends had never talked seriously, though sometimes religious matters had been touched upon. Now, however, Jack hoped that he would get him to speak freely, nor did he hope in vain.

"What am I thinking about, Jack? Of that verse in the 103rd Psalm, 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.'"

Jack listened in silence, and was wishing to say something, when Willie went on:

"I call that a grand promise that we, such sinners, may have our transgressions removed thus far off! It takes such a load off my heart when I know that I am saved; for God hath laid my sins upon the Saviour, and I can look up and say joyfully, 'I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

"How I wish I could say the same! I am so afraid to die. I have always had a longing after better things, but I am so easily led! I couldn't help laughing the other day, when old Ned made such a comical face, because you looked grave at his oaths, and after you were gone he said, roughly, 'We'll have to think afore we speak if that canting hypocrite is to be minded.' He spoke as if I should agree with him; but I said plainly, 'Ned, though I laughed at the face you pulled, you needn't think that I am as bad as yourself; and as to Willie being a canting hypocrite, I only wish I was like him!' He scowled at me, and I walked away to tell you I was sorry I laughed, and haven't had the courage to do so until now. Willie, I wish you would talk to me more; perhaps then I should grow good like you!"

"I am not good, Jack, only I seek to serve my Saviour. I have been wrong not to speak out before. I am so afraid of myself, for I haven't long been a Christian; but now about yourself, old fellow, do you really mean you are anxious about your soul?"

"Indeed I do, I keep praying to God to pardon my sins, and make me live for eternity, but it does no good; I feel worse instead of better! Everything is a puzzle to me. For instance, how can I know if God forgives me?"

"How do you know your bills are paid?" said Willie in his earnest voice.

"Oh! of course *that* can be known, don't I have the receipt to prove it?"

"And haven't you God's *word* to assure you of salvation? Let us take three of the plainest Scriptures. It says: 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' (1 Tim. i. 15.) That's you and I, surely; again, 'While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' (Rom. v. 8.) 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life, and *shall not* come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.' (John v. 24.) Now, Jack, you believe the Scripture which says you are a sinner, but you won't believe God when He says that on believing in Christ you *have* everlasting life, and *have* passed from death unto life."

"If I only could!" burst from Jack's lips: "You seem to make it so easy; but yet,—yet, I cannot feel that I am saved!"

"Ah, there's the difficulty I had myself! I wanted to *feel* before I *believed*. I wanted to be happy before I could take God at His word; and yet how full and free are all the invitations to seeking souls: 'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;' and, 'Whosoever believeth shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' Look at the last invitation in the Bible, '*Whosoever will*, let him take the water of life freely.' I wonder if an illustration will help you to take home that word '*whosoever*' to yourself? A lady I know sent a present to the letter-carrier of a small village. Not knowing his name, she addressed it, 'The Letter-carrier, Blackwell.' Weeks passed, and no answer came, so she wrote again to inquire if it had been received. 'Oh! yes,' was the reply; but though he was the only letter-carrier there, he had been so afraid of a mistake that he had never opened the parcel till her letter came, as he feared it might be sent for by somebody. Is not this just how we

treat God? We see that salvation is for *sinners*, that Christ expressly says He came to call sinners, and not the righteous, to repentance. Yet with all this we hesitate to accept God's great gift, we treat Him as if He were untruthful, and make ourselves miserable by this wicked unbelief. A friend said to me when I hesitated thus, 'If you have really come to Christ, and He has cast you out, you are the first one He has ever so treated, and if I could believe He acted so, I should cease to have any faith in Him.' I thought her words too strong at the time, but they did me more good than anything, they just shut me up to God's bare word, and at last I knelt down and prayed, 'Lord, if I never yet have come to thee to be saved, I come now. I have no faith, but I want to be thy child. I believe Jesus died for my sins—Lord, help thou mine unbelief.' I could not say more, Jack, but somehow from that day I have thought little of feelings, and looked alone to the word of God. It is not what *I think*, but what *He says*, is the real test, and as a drowning man would cling to the rope which is to save him, so I cling to the promises, remembering especially those words, 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.'

"And now, Willie, is it all plain sailing with you? Is it all right, old fellow?"

"No, indeed; I find my heart always inclined towards evil. I find I am more sinful than I ever thought myself. It is a daily, nay, hourly warfare; but, 'thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ,' I have to confess my failures, and look up for daily grace to meet daily need. It is just going onward, 'looking off unto Jesus.' Don't you know the lines?"

"Looking off unto Jesus, I go not astray,
My eyes are on Him, and He shows me the way;
The path may seem dark as He leads me along,
But following Jesus I cannot go wrong."?

Willie pulled out a soiled hymn-book from his pocket, and pointed out the verse as he spoke; but Jack was called away before he had time to finish reading the hymn, and a week passed ere they had more talk. Willie often wondered what his state of mind was, for he did not look happy, and when he tried to make opportunities for conversation, Jack avoided them purposely. So he could only pray that God Himself would be his teacher, and give him no rest till the great question was settled; but at last an opportunity came, he found himself alone with his friend, and at once asked:

"Well, Jack, how is it now? Can you lay hold upon Christ, or is it still darkness?"

For a moment there was no reply, then he burst out, "Oh, why ever did you talk to me? I thought myself miserable before, but I am ten times worse now. To-day I am trying to care nothing about it. I am no worse than others, and God is merciful, I shall be all right in the end, I daresay."

There was a recklessness in his tone which pained Willie extremely, and for a minute he did not reply, but silently lifted up his heart to God for wisdom to be given him that he might deal rightly with this troubled soul, and then, putting his hand upon Jack's shoulder, he said, gently but earnestly:

"You are usually one to look matters fairly in the face. This subject *must* be settled, and that quickly. You remember the other day how nearly we ran upon a rock in that dense fog; we had been steadily going towards it unknowingly, and only saw it just in time to save ourselves from shipwreck; but when we *did* see it, were we such fools as to go on to our doom? No, not one of us breathed freely until the danger was passed. And now with you and I, dear old boy, God has opened our eyes to see ourselves as lost sinners, and He has also showed us the one way of salvation, even through Jesus, who says, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,' and 'neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' The Scripture is so plain on this point, and Christ is waiting to be gracious to us. Oh, 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?'"

Again there was a pause, and only by the pressure of Jack's hand upon his own could Willie tell how deeply his words were felt. Again he sought guidance from God, and presently went on:

"I can't be happy while you are in this undecided state. Think how awful it would be to die unsaved. You must accept the Saviour as your own *now*. Let us both plead earnestly for this great blessing."

As he spoke he knelt down, and after a minute's hesitation Jack followed his example. I cannot tell you the words they used, I only know they prayed for pardon and peace for the anxious one, and that he might at once take Christ at His word, and Jack looks back upon that night as the period of his new birth. Before he rose from his knees he said, from his heart, "My Lord and my God."

No longer doubting, no longer *hoping*, but safe on the Rock of Ages.

Now, indeed, was Willie rejoiced; for together they could seek to follow Him who had loved them, and given Himself for them, and often their prayers went up together, that even on board the ship they might be burning and shining lights, and by God's blessing useful in winning souls to Him.

Dear reader, if you are still unsaved, I ask you the question Willie asked Jack, though it may be in different words.

If God has opened your eyes to see your need of a Saviour, why do you delay seeking Him? Why do you trifle with your never-dying soul? You know you ought to seek salvation; you know you would *like* to be safe; perhaps you go even further than this, and say earnestly, you really *mean* to be a Christian some day. But when? You say, "To-morrow," and God's word says, "*Now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

In earthly matters you can be eager enough, and will you be less eager to settle this all-important matter? Eternity is near, your peril is great. Oh, why will ye die? My prayer is that God may give you no rest till you have come to Christ in deed and in truth.

"Oh, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light!
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart,
Thou wouldest be saved—why not to-night?"

THE HARVEST PAST.

THE SOLILOQUY OF A SOUL ETERNALLY LOST.

(JER. viii. 20.)

THE harvest is past, and the reapers are gone;
The summer is ended, I sorrow alone;
God's mercies and judgments were slighted by me,
And now for deliverance no hope can I see.

The harvest is past, and the wheat all returned,
And now with the chaff I am doomed to be burned;
All warnings of danger I madly out-braved:
The summer is ended—and I am not saved.

The harvest is past, and my soul in despair
Must dwell with the lost, and their agonies share;
In deep desolation I mourn at the last—
All hopeless the future—the harvest is past.

To think of a heaven, and friends who are there—
Oh, memory, why dost thou enhance my despair?
If with those dear loved ones my lot I had cast,
I now would be saved, but—the harvest is past.

Oh, sorrow of sorrows, eternally great!
I'd now accept mercy, but, ah, it's too late;
God's judgments o'erwhelm my poor soul at the last;
I have my reward, and—the harvest is past.

Though banished from God, in this torment to dwell,
If prayer for the erring could rise out of hell,
I'd groan out petitions for ages to come,
To save one poor sinner from this awful doom.

"BEHOLD, I COME AS A THIEF."

"**B**EHOLD," saith the Lord Jesus, "I come as a thief;" that is, *unexpectedly*. "But know this, that if the good man of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up; *therefore be ye also ready*: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

"Behold, I come as a thief;" that is, in the dead of night, when men are all *fast asleep*. So will the Lord Jesus come at a time when the world are altogether *asleep in spirit*, altogether *unaware and thoughtless*, none of them thinking of any such things at all, all just thinking that things are going on as usual, and will go on as usual, for their time at least.

"Behold, I come as a thief;" that is, to find men *unprepared*. "For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark; and knew not, until the flood came and took them all away; *so shall also the coming of the Son of man be*."

"Behold, I come as a thief;" that is, *suddenly*. "For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even to the west, *so shall also the coming of the Son of man be*."

Solemn, awful, startling words! full of comfort, indeed, to those who know and love the Lord Jesus Christ as *their Saviour and their Friend*—"whose they are, and whom they serve"—but full of terror, alarm, destruction, and despair, to those who know Him not and love Him not.

To those who love Him, and are looking for Him, Christ will come to bring *blessing and glory*; to those who love Him not, but love the world, and live for it, He will come to bring *judgment and punishment*.

Yes; there is an awful day coming for the world. Some morning, when all are going about their day's business or pleasure just as usual, or some night, when people are asleep in their beds, or awake for deeds of darkness—when "the adulterer has waited for the twilight, saying, No eye shall see me," and thieves "in the dark break through houses, which

they marked for themselves in the day-time"—suddenly, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, *the heavens will open*—a light brighter than the sun will make the noonday look pale, or break in upon the darkness of night—and “then shall they see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory.” Then what will sinners do, when the angel’s trumpet-blast shall resound through earth and heaven, and they shall feel in that tremendous moment that they have *trifled too long*, and that now it is *too late*, and *all is lost* for ever and ever!

“YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.”

AND must I, Lord, be born again,
As one who, dead in sin,
Has not the faintest gleam of light,
Or spring of life within?

Oh, yes, it must be! Thou hast said
(And, Lord, I own it true),
That though its *life* I need to get,
I nought for life can do.

But am I left in gloom like this,
To wither as the grass?
And may I not from death to life
By some blest passage pass?

Oh, yes; for He in whom is life
Has bid me *look* and live!
And says He came on earth and died,
Eternal life to give.

That e’en as Moses lifted up
The serpent on the pole,
So He Himself hung on the cross,
To heal the sin-bit soul.

Ah! this is news my heart receives
(A note from heaven indeed);
It takes me to the cross at once,
And meets my utmost need.

No more at self I look at all,
But on the cross I gaze;
And on the wonder-working sight
That Calvary displays.

Healed as I looked, and saved and blest,
I say to others, “Look!”
Look, look at Him, who on the cross
Our sins and sorrows took.

A. M. HULL.

Pages for Believers.

RIGHTEOUSNESS AND HOLINESS.

BOTH of these the sinner obtains the moment he believes in Christ. Christ instantly becomes his righteousness before God, and in Christ also he is at once a “saint;” *i.e.* a *holy one*. Thus righteousness and holiness, as parts of a believer’s portion in Christ, are most closely connected; they are also intended to be seen side by side in his life and walk here below. But still they differ from each other. As characteristics of God Himself they differ; righteousness has to do with God rather in *action* and in government; while His holiness is a thing of His inmost *being* and His very nature. Both are also gloriously seen accomplished by God in the risen Christ now at God’s right hand, and thus both are made ours. In us they differ as they do in God. As those who are made to be at peace with God through Christ we are justified; *i.e.* we are declared *righteous* in Him; but as those who are “born of God” by His begetting power through His word and His Spirit we have His nature in us, and are *saints* or *holy ones*.

The obedient angels are also “holy ones,” and are thus spoken of in various Scriptures; for they are still as sinless and undefiled in nature as in the day they were first created, being “elect,” and also upheld by God, which the fallen angels were not; but they do not stand to God in the near relationship of “begotten ones,” and therefore are not made “saints” nor *holy ones* in the sense nor after the same quality of holiness in which saved sinners are. How watchful, then, should be our walk!

Again, as those who in Christ are made to be “the righteousness of God in Him” we are to God’s *glory* and to His praise; but as those who are born of Him, and are His “saints,” we are in harmony with His very nature, and are *His delight*. Hence *pleasing God* is what is said (1 Thessa. iv. 1, &c.) in connection with His having given to us His *Holy Spirit*; just as in 1 Peter iv. 14, “the Spirit of *glory* and of God” resting upon us is our cheer whenever we suffer “for *righteousness*’ sake.”

Also, “righteousness” turns our thoughts more to “Jesus Christ the righteous,” in whom we stand; while the Holy Ghost is more connected with what

we are before God in "holiness," though neither is to be kept in view to the exclusion of the other. And since the Holy Ghost is the great Author of "holiness," whether for us in Christ above, or in us for pleasing God here below, our constant aim should be not to grieve the Spirit, that we may better know the holiness of our "high calling" above, and may on earth more yield our members as "servants to righteousness unto holiness," and may have more abundantly our "fruit unto holiness" in this short life. (See Rom. vi. 19-22.)

Mark too the *order* of the two in Rom. vi. 19. Righteousness comes first, then holiness; for how can there be any growth or increase in that "holiness" which is God our Father's nature, save as there is a walking in those steps of righteousness which are marked out in Christ Jesus for us? just as in our unregenerate state "uncleanness" led to "iniquity." (See former clause of v. 19.)

Then also as to *emblems*, of the two there is a difference. The *sword* is God's great emblem of justice or righteousness; but the frequent emblem for holiness is *fire*—the *consuming fire*! The keen edge of the sword, dividing accurately between what is just and what is unjust, is an apt and solemn emblem of the exactness of divine righteousness; it cannot pronounce that to be spirit in any of us which is only flesh; nor that to be flesh which is spirit. Even among men "the sword of justice" is a common phrase. But if God *holds* and *wags* the sword of justice, fire—the fire of holiness—is as His very nature. "Our God is a consuming fire."

At Eden we see these two emblems *united* in God's banishment of the sinner. "A *flaming sword* . . . turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life." As a sword it testified to the justice of man's expulsion from the garden; as a *flery* flaming sword it bore witness to the holiness of Him whose nature could no more tolerate what was contrary to it than fire can cease to consume what comes in its way.

How truly and fully both these elements of God's mind against the sinner were met and satisfied by Christ at the cross! At Calvary the sword of justice pierced and slew Him in our stead; and there also did the wrath of God *consume* Him as the burnt-offering and peace-offering, and as the sin-offering also, for all our guilt.

And as the fruit of all this, we once more see

these two divine elements combined for our blessing in our Lord Jesus Himself as He walks amidst the churches of His saints. It was thus John saw Him at Patmos, when not only "out of His mouth went a sharp two-edged *sword*," but also "His eyes were as a flame of *fire*, and His feet like unto fine brass as if they *burned* in a furnace." And this righteous and holy ministry of our Lord was not for His *assemblies* only, but also for *individual* believers. "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." No wonder then that, in response to this character of His Master, Paul speaks of the "crown of righteousness which the *righteous* Lord" shall give both to him and to all them also that love His appearing; and Peter says, "As He which hath called you is *holy*, so be ye *holy* in all manner of conversation."

And lastly, in the visions given us of the coming eternal glory of the redeemed, we see the same blending of sword and fire. In Rev. xix. all the caught-up saints are seen sharing the white horse *sword-bearing* action and character of Christ; for they too are with Him "upon white horses clothed in fine linen, white and clean." "Know ye not," says Paul, "that the saints *shall judge* the world?" and in their unsullied worship before the throne, in Rev. xv., they stand on "the sea of glass mingled with *fire*," singing and "having the harp of God." Thus blessedly and solemnly shall God's saints, who are also His righteous ones, have fellowship with God and with the Lamb, both in His righteous acts and in His uncompromising and consuming holiness.

True, divine holiness then, as wrought out by God; first, for us in Christ; second, as wrought in us by the Spirit, who fashions Christ in us; and third, as fully and for ever accomplished in each saint when changed to the image of the heavenly—*this* holiness is a solemn yet most blessed subject, and may most fitly warn us against the spurious modern doctrine of "holiness through faith," with its evil fruits of self-esteem, and of lowering the true divine standard by which alone the saint should take his estimate of sin.

"To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

H. D.

Notices.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Coming Prince, the last great Monarch of Christendom.
By Robert Anderson, LL.D., author of *The Gospel and its Ministry*. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

It is not often that we come across a book so well worth reading as this volume. It deals with the great events of the future in a clear and intelligent manner, and while avoiding the mistake in fixing dates as to the close of this dispensation, it forcibly presents the great realities of the prophetic word, and defines the position and character of this present time. It is the clearest exposition of the prophecy of the Seventy Weeks of Daniel that we have ever read, and Dr. Anderson has done good service in opening up the mystery of this much controverted part of the word of God. We gladly commend this volume and hope that it may find a wide circle of readers.

Waymarks for Wanderers. Five addresses by W. Y. Fullerton. London: Passmore and Alabaster.

In these addresses we have the oft-told story of "The Prodigal Son" again repeated with freshness and power. They are full of gospel truth and earnest appeals to the unsaved, and are calculated to be very useful to leading souls into the knowledge of the love and grace of God.

The Life of William Farel. By Frances Bevan. London: A. Holness.

We have much pleasure in drawing attention to this interesting account of the life of one of God's servants in the dark and persecuting period of the Reformation. Of the many raised by God as His faithful witnesses at that time, the name of William Farel will ever stand among the foremost rank. Mrs. Bevan has combined with the narrative of his life and labours so much gospel truth and scriptural teaching that this volume makes a most useful present. The thrilling scenes of his untiring labours in Geneva and other towns of Switzerland are described with great freshness; and we feel as we read them as if we were almost in the midst of them. It ought to have a very wide circulation in these days of a revival of the Papal system in our own land.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We take this opportunity of again asking our Christian friends for their practical sympathy and help in the circulation of our paper. We rejoice to say that year by year our circulation has been maintained; but we are still desirous of its extension, feeling confident that the Lord will use it to wider usefulness. We therefore ask our readers to aid us in the matter of making it known in circles where hitherto it has not reached.

Christians interested in evangelistic work of any kind will find our paper a most useful addition to the preached Word. It is well adapted for general distribution, or for lending from house to house.

Advertisements.

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CONTENTS FOR THIS MONTH.—"With Christ." SPAIN—A. R. FENN. INDIA—T. Healis; E. Cornelius. STRAITS SETTLEMENTS—W. Macdonald; Miss Kidner. AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA—W. O. Cave; T. Manders. NEW ZEALAND—A. HODGKIN. BRITISH GUIANA—J. BYRNE. Miscellaneous.

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CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO

WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS

GOSPEL WATCHMAN

BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS

AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM

"WATCHMAN, what of the night?
The watchman said, The morning
cometh, and also the night: if ye
will enquire, enquire ye: return,
and ye shall be saved." (Ezekiel
xxxiii. 1-6.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a
watchman unto the house of Israel;
therefore thou shalt hear the word
at my mouth, and warn them from
me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

LONDON: JAMES E. HAWKINS, 36, Baker Street, W.;
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MAY 2, 1881.

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"NOT YET! NOT YET!"

T was a fearful night at sea; the storm had been raging for hours, and a vessel had got ashore on the terrible beach at —; the waves were breaking over her, and it became apparent that she would shortly go to pieces. The crew and passengers were huddled together on deck, awaiting the awful death that seemed inevitable.

The coastguard, seeing this, prepared their rocket apparatus, and did all in their power to rescue the poor people. The ropes were fired, and made fast by those on board; and as one by one ventured into the cradle, and were drawn ashore through the foaming surf, a shout of joy was sent up from the crowd of people on the beach, all so willing to give a helping hand.

But there was one who was afraid to trust herself to this—the only means of escape; and as the cradle came back each time, when urged to get in, she repeated the words, "Not yet! not yet!" so another went before her. She still hesitated, until all had left; and as the cradle was brought to shore the last time the rope broke, and she was alone on the wreck, all hope gone! In another minute a heavy sea dashed over the vessel.

The next morning the beach was strewn with pieces of the wreck, and there was also found the lifeless body of her who had said the day before, "Not yet! not yet!"

Have you never said these same words, friend, when urged to accept a greater salvation, even that of your soul? You may have had many warnings of the coming doom of the Christ-rejecting one, and

when pressed to receive the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, you have said, "Not yet! not yet!"

It may be the Lord has laid you low with sickness nigh unto death, and you have promised if He only raised you up again your life would be different, you would turn to Him and live. He gave you that desire; you had your health restored; and then came the devil's whisper in your heart, "Not yet! not yet!"

Mayhap you have had sorrow at home: death has come into your family; a dearly-loved one has gone to be for ever with the Lord, and you promised that one that you would seek the Saviour, so as to meet again in heaven. But the same devilish thought came, "Not yet! not yet!"

You have heard the gospel preached with power; the wondrous grace and love of God our Saviour has been proclaimed in your hearing, your heart seemed to melt as the words of love were spoken forth, and the loving invitation given for you to come, and you almost made up your mind to do so, but again Satan triumphed, and the answer was, "Not yet! not yet!"

Your hair may be turning grey now; that once light, buoyant step has changed to a staid, slow pace; you begin to feel the burden of life becoming heavier to bear, cares seem to accumulate, business troubles increase, family sorrows deepen, you turn hither and thither seeking for rest, but find none; and you are almost persuaded to take the only true eternal rest found alone in Jesus, when the fiends chuckle in very delight as they hear again the words, "Not yet! not yet!"

Mark you, friend, you have only one life to live,

and how short or how long that may be God alone knows.

"A point of time, a moment's space
May land you in yon heavenly place,
Or shut you up in hell."

And there is only one salvation; and how will you escape if you neglect it? There was no other way of escape for the poor woman on the wreck, she neglected the only one, and the result was, she perished. This must be so with you, if you still continue to say, "Not yet! not yet!" This salvation of God's providing is perfect in every way; whatever thy need may be it shall be met, yes, 'tis—

"Salvation for the guilty, salvation for the lost,
Salvation for the wretched, the sad, and sorrow-tossed."

But it is also a salvation for the present moment. Oh, beloved friend, it is now that God wants to save thee, and it is now that you require His salvation! "Not yet!" is the devil's lie; "Now!" is God's truth.

"Salvation now—this moment! then why, oh, why delay?
You may not see to-morrow: now is salvation's day!"

Seeing then that "all things are now ready," the victim has died, His precious blood has been shed, the sacrifice has been offered, and, what is more, accepted by God on the sinner's behalf, will you in the face of this again say, "Not yet! not yet!" Oh, remember, dear friend, that death may come and cut short thy false hope! Thou wilt not be able to say to the king of terrors, "Not yet! not yet!" Or else the Lord himself may come and take His waiting people home. What then for thee? "Left behind!" For what? The fearful looking for of judgment to come. Thy "not yet!" will avail thee nothing in that day; the overflowing scourge shall come and sweep away every refuge of lies, and the sinner shall stand naked in the presence of his God.

May the God of all grace lead you to repentance
and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. G. S. J.

THE HEALING POWER OF JESUS.

AS SEEN IN MARK V.

IN this chapter we have three distinct pictures of the condition of an unsaved sinner—the demoniac, the woman diseased with an issue of blood, the daughter of Jairus dead; and in each case we see it needed the power of Jesus to bring about the desired change in their

conditions. The demoniac "had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces: neither could any man tame him." It needed the power of Christ then to set the captive free; and the same power is needed now to deliver one from the dominion of Satan, who rules men in a variety of ways: some he rules by their lusts, some by their pleasures, some by their ambition. But Jesus came "to preach deliverance to the captive," and to put the delivered one in the blessed position of sitting at His feet that thus he might be fitted to go home to his friends and tell them how great things had been done for him.

The poor woman "had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse;" but now, as she beheld Jesus, she says within herself, "If I may touch but His clothes, I shall be whole." Nor was she disappointed. In her case we have another phrase of the condition of the sinner, by nature diseased, corrupt, defiled. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores." She did not question her need, but was deeply conscious of it. How to be cleansed was the problem that troubled her. Is it thus with thee, dear reader? Art thou conscious of thy deep need? Until one is brought to see their need and to realize their condition they can never know the joy and rest of soul which fills the breast of those who have been healed of Jesus. How painful her feelings as she visited physician after physician in the vain hope of being bettered. The sad fact was too evident, she was getting worse, and now her resources were gone.

"Long time I have spent in anxious thought,
Seeking for healing and finding none;
But each day is more with anguish fraught,
My money is spent and my strength is gone."

She "spent all that she had." There are many whose experience is precisely the same. Dissatisfied with themselves, feeling the evil of their corrupt nature, they resort to various expedients for bettering themselves. They listen to sermon after sermon, become outwardly religious, partake of the Lord's supper, give out tracts, thinking by such means to find the rest they so much long for. They are miserably disappointed; nothing bettered, but rather worse, is their experience; and not a few, after trying these

various plans, have given all up, and plunged again into open sin and immorality; whilst others, their resources gone, have sat down thoroughly disheartened; for such there is an invitation fresh from the lips of the lover of our souls: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"—the very rest you have been seeking to earn, "Come unto me" and take it, without money and without price.

"Few, if any, come to Jesus,
Till reduced to self-despair.
Long we either alight or doubt Him;
But when all the means we try
Prove we cannot do without Him,
Then at last to Him we cry."

And then we notice the simplicity of her faith, "If I may touch but His clothes, I shall be whole." She had doubtless heard of His mighty works, and believing that His skill could meet her case she touched, and "straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up." The crowds were thronging Him, and many must have touched Him; but this one received virtue from Him. She did not doubt His willingness to heal her as did the poor leper who came and, worshipping Him, said, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean;" nor, like the father of the boy possessed with a dumb spirit, who doubted His ability to cast out the evil one, "If thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and help us;" but believing both in His power and willingness, she touched and was healed.

Had she been asked, when pressing her way through the crowd, "Have you faith?" she might have been somewhat perplexed, and begun to look in at herself; but if the question was put, "Do you believe He is willing and able to cleanse you?" how her faith would shine out in the answer, "If I may touch but His clothes, I shall be whole." We see she was not occupied with her faith, but with its object—Jesus. Many practically doubt His willingness to save them. "Oh," says one, "I am such a sinner! would He be willing to receive me?" "May I come as I am?" says another. "Must not I wait for the Holy Spirit? Must not I repent?" They thus doubt His willingness to save them as they are, and they remain in the crowd, and at a distance from the only One that could "better" them. Many, on the other hand, doubt His power to save them. "What!" you say, "I have only to believe and be saved? Must I not work? Must I not pay the strictest attention to the ordinances of the Church

first?" "No; you are reversing God's order, and this is what we naturally do. God says, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.'" (Rom. x. 9.)

She had not long to wait before the cleansing took place; it was both perfect and instantaneous, and she was deeply conscious of it; she did not merely "hope" it was so. Thus it is with those who in simple faith trust, on the authority of the Holy Scriptures, the finished work of Christ—"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. x. 10.) "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.) Could words be plainer? "He that believeth hath." Even as this woman was cleansed the moment she touched the hem of His garment, so the sinner is saved—eternally and everlastingly saved—the moment he trusts Him. Then, like her, he will confess with joy, though tremblingly it may be, what Christ has done.

We cannot but notice how this dear one wisely seized the moment which presented itself of securing the blessing. Had she delayed, had she allowed this occasion to pass by without coming to Jesus, she might never have had another opportunity. We need to press home upon the conscience and heart that, respecting the question of the soul's salvation, there is not a moment to lose. Leave not the consideration of thy eternal destiny until you come to lie upon a dying bed; but remember, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." If you die unsaved you will not be able to cast the blame upon God; you will not be able to say, "I desired to be saved; I sought, but found not." Ah no; none will thus speak in that day!

The daughter of Jairus presents us with a further illustration of the condition of the sinner. "Dead in trespasses and sins." This is true of all, without exception. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." (Rom. v. 12.) The source of our natural condition is a fallen man: "In Adam all die." Life comes through Christ alone. He undertook man's case, suffered, defeated Satan, died, rose again, ascended into heaven, and is seated upon the throne; we are called upon to exercise faith in One who was "delivered for our

offences, and raised again for our justification." He thus becomes the Life of the believer; and "when Christ who is our Life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." Whilst unending misery—the lake of fire—will be the everlasting portion of those who have not heard His voice, "glory" will be the blessed condition of all who have been born again by the incorruptible seed of the word of God, which "liveth and abideth for ever."

J. W. C.

CONSTRAINING LOVE.

"**I** CANNOT STAND THAT," exclaimed a rough weather-beaten tar.

He seemed able to stand anything. He had stood the beating of many a storm; often had he mounted up to heaven and gone down again into the depths; many a time had his soul been melted because of trouble. Yet he had ridden out the storm, trod the billowy deep boldly, and given his troubles to the winds. But now he meets something he "cannot stand." What is it? He can stand the perils of a lee shore; he can buffet the hardest gale that ever blew off the "Horn;" he can do and endure more severe labour and hardship than most men; but now he knocks under. What is it? It is the picture, on the cover of a tract, of a woman teaching a child. "Oh," said he, "I cannot stand that! It reminds me of my poor dear mother. It is just the way she used to teach me; but she is no more," and he burst into tears.

"God so LOVED the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

God is reconciled to you.

God beseeches you to be reconciled.

The work of Christ for your salvation is finished.

An offer of pardon is presented to you, and only awaits your acceptance.

Everything on God's side is ready.

Whatever step is to be taken is for you to take.

What is that step?

Only to believe, only to accept.

Now let us clear away the ground.

Notice, you have to deal with God alone.

There is God and the sinner.

God all love and grace.

The sinner full of wrong thoughts about God and about himself.

If you can only see God as He is and yourself as you are, you shall have peace.

Pray this prayer with all earnestness and reality—"Oh, God, show me myself."

The sight of self in its real sinfulness and helplessness is appalling.

But when God shows you yourself do not stop there, but cry aloud from the depth of your soul—"Oh, God, show me Thyself."

Then the sight of God, His love, His grace, His gift of Christ, meets the deep need of self, and gives peace and assurance for ever.

Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace.

See then how favourably you are circumstanced. You have not to propitiate an angry Deity; you have not to make a sacrificial offering.

Dismiss your bad thoughts about God. He is Love; He is reconciled.

Dismiss your efforts to satisfy His justice. It has been satisfied by Christ Jesus.

See the love of God shown forth plainly and manifestly in the cross of Jesus.

See there the provision God Himself devised.

See His only-begotten Son Jesus Christ bearing your sins in His own body on the tree.

Believe that all your sins have been laid on Him, that He by His one offering has fully satisfied God's justice, has fully met all claims against you, has paid your mighty debt, that in Him you have been judged, sentenced, and punished. When He died, you died; when He was buried, you were buried; when He rose, you rose.

Believe and live.

A poor gay votary of fashion, living some years ago in Paris, living in the world and for the world, lay in bed suffering from a heavy cold. Her sisters came in full of merriment and laughter. "Have you heard," said they, "the latest joke?" "No; what is it?" "Oh, there is a mad fellow come over from England preaching what he calls 'the gospel.' He rants away in English, and one of the French pasteurs interprets. It is the most ridiculous thing out. All the world is going, and we are going to hear him.

By-and-by they were gone, and as this poor sick girl was lying alone in her bed, there came into her heart—she did not know why—an indescribable desire to go too. She rang the bell for her maid, and said, "I want you to dress me." The *bonne* looked surprised, and said, "You are unfit to get up, ma'am." "Never mind, I am going to get up;

send for a carriage." The servant expostulated; but go she would. She drove to the hall. There was but one vacant seat, just in front of the platform, and she was shown into it. By the time the hymn was sung and prayer offered, she was tolerably solemnized. Then there was the silence of death as the strange preacher, our dear friend, H. Grattan Guinness, came to the front of the platform and looked her full in the face as if he had been specially sent to her. He paused for a moment, and as she looked up wondering her eyes met his. Gazing at her as though he would read the secrets of her heart, he suddenly said, "*Poor sinner, God loves thee.*"

"I do not know," she afterwards stated, "what more he said. I have no doubt he preached the gospel very fully, but I heard nothing more. I sat there sobbing as if my heart was broken. I scarcely knew what it was. I could not help it. *I could not stand that.* As I sat there it seemed as if my whole life passed before me—a loveless, godless life. I had turned my back on God, lived for the world, lived for pleasure, lived in sin. That voice kept ringing in my ear over and over again. I could hear nothing else. "*Poor sinner, God loves thee.*" How I got out of the room I do not know. I found myself by-and-by kneeling at my own bedside. Tears were streaming from my eyes. Still I heard that voice within my soul—"Poor sinner, God loves thee." At last I looked up, conscious of my own utter unworthiness. I dared to look up, and I cried out, "O my God, if thou lovest me, I have never loved thee before, but now from this time I take thee at thy word! I trust thy love; I cast myself on thy love."

Then the world faded away from her; its attractions lost their charms; the empty gaieties of life in which she had been living passed away like a dream of the morning; and she went on her way a new woman, born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the received love of God.

Yes, poor sinner, God loves thee. What more do you want? Be reconciled; be satisfied. God is reconciled; God is satisfied.

"I hear the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

"'Tis everlasting peace!
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same."

Assuming that you have taken Christ, accepted pardon, are reconciled to your Father, then you have been born again, you are regenerated by the power of the Holy Ghost, you are united to a risen Christ, His life is your life. "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Now confess this. Give thanks to the Father, who *hath* made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; who *hath* delivered us from the power of darkness, and *hath* translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His love, in whom *we have* redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins.

When will all this take place?

The moment you believe.

What! am I not to ripen for glory? Am I not to be made meet for heaven?

The instant you are united to the risen Jesus you are as ripe for glory, as meet for heaven, as ever you will be.

How is this?

Because Christ is your meetness. "Christ is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

You will never have any other standing, any other meetness, any other sanctification than Christ, and you have Him now on being united to Him.

"Oh happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

"Behold *the manner of love* the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."

When?

"*Now* are we the sons of God."

Behold, gaze upon, believe, the wondrous position into which grace hath brought you.

"Ye *are* complete in Him."

"He *hath* perfected for ever them that are sanctified."

"There is *now* no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

"Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect?"

Full grasping your standing in grace, knowing that you are risen with Christ, "set your affection on things above, and not on things of the earth."

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your

reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

"Ye are bought with a price: *therefore* glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

Saved now, saved fully, saved eternally, given to Christ by a covenant God, trust Him to keep you.

Now remember, you are saved fully not only from hell, not only from punishment hereafter, but from the power and dominion of sin here and now.

"He shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

"Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

"Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness."

Stand fast then in the power of these glorious truths.

Ever remember that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.

Ever remember that your salvation, first to last, including your meetness for the companionship of Jesus, is all to the praise of *the glory* of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved.

Do not tarnish the glory of God's grace by any legalizing qualifications.

Grace, grace, grace upon grace.

Live worthily of this grace and gospel. Be filled with joy and the Holy Ghost. Glorify God by a consistent walk. Be occupied "till He come."

Wait for that day, when He will come again, and those who are alive and remain shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

There are two things rarely to be met with—a free gospel, and a full salvation. A free, gratuitous, unconditional gospel for the worst of sinners, and then a full preservation, an eternal redemption, a certain glorification for the weakest believer.

Jesus died for this very purpose.

Any deviation from these truths is legalism in one form or another.

A sinner may at once be saved—freely, and for nothing.

When saved he is at once united to the risen Lord, whose life is his life.

He has been given to Jesus by the Father, and Jesus will keep all that which the Father has given

Him. He has been chosen by a covenant God, and in pursuance of the covenant Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are pledged for his final entry into the eternal abodes of bliss.

What ground have we for all this? Simply God's word in its plain sense, not shorn of its power by the legal devices of the schoolmen.

Is not this a great salvation? No wonder the angels desire to look into it! Let it be the subject of your wonder, adoration, and praise now, as it surely will be in the endless ages of eternity.

CHRYNE BRADY.

"FIRE! FIRE! ESCAPE FOR YOUR LIVES!"

IT is said that at one time, while a play was being performed in a certain theatre, fire was discovered among the scenery. One of the actors rushed upon the stage and raised the alarm, shouting at the pitch of his voice the words that appear at the head of this paper. The audience, however, did not take in their perilous situation, but thought he was performing his part in the play. The indifference of the people as they sat still on their seats, thinking they were being entertained by the actor's faithful representation, roused him to his inmost soul; and again he warned them of their danger, but they heeded it not.

What was to be done? no time could be lost, for every moment the devouring element steadily approached the audience. Frantic with excitement, he ran to the curtain behind him and hastily tore it aside. The terrible reality of his words burst upon the people in an instant, and each one immediately sought to make good his or her escape.

Unsaved one, as you read these words you are approaching "the devouring fire"—the "everlasting burnings." The holy Son of God has drawn aside the curtain, and we see a rich man in the flames of hell, crying for a drop of water to cool his tongue. This is no exaggerated picture, but a faithful description of the state and abode of those who despise, reject, or neglect the great salvation of God.

In solemn tones and grave we warn you to "FLY FROM THE WRATH TO COME." Mercy's door stands open wide.

"Jesus the Just has died,
Died for the sinner's sin:
Justice is satisfied;
Hasten to enter in."

Jesus says, "I am the Door; by Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved." W. P. C.

THE SILENCE OF GOD.

(Read PSALM I.)

IN the psalm open before us we have three very solemn accusations by the living God against the ungodly.

I. HATING INSTRUCTION.

"Don't trouble me," said a man to the writer one evening after a gospel service, "I keep my thoughts about my soul to myself. I know I am a sinner. I know all you say is true, but I don't want to be troubled." Ah, is not this hating instruction, not wanting to be disturbed? In fact, confessing the sad truth that the mind is not awake to the deep importance of the question, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Hating instruction, fast asleep in the arms of Satan, the god of this world, and content to be so. On the edge of a mighty precipice, and yet not conscious of danger. Having been drugged by the pleasures of the world, and fallen a prey to the sin of indifference and unconcern about the soul's salvation. The eye filled with dreams of pleasure or of gain never to be realized, flashing like a phantom before the mind. This is hating instruction.

An officer in the Roman army went round to see if the sentinels were at their posts. He found one asleep, and at once drawing his sword, he said, as he plunged it into his side, "I found him asleep, and I left him so." Such will be the terrible condition of all those who possess the instruction God has given in His word, and yet refuse to receive its warnings or its invitations. "Hating instruction." Is this your case, my friend? Have you begun at the beginning of the instruction God would give you by the teaching of His Spirit? Suppose we learn the A B C of salvation; God's first lesson to sinful man.

A. "All have sinned."

B. "Behold the Lamb."

C. "Come unto me."

Your ruin first, and then the remedy God has provided in the Son of His love. This only can make you wise unto salvation. "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." The way to heaven is only by Calvary, and the way to spell out God's love is to learn the A B C first.

II. "CASTEST MY WORDS BEHIND THEE."

'This is no negative position of those who cast away the truth, but a positive treating with contempt the word of the living God. What would you think of a friend, if when a message of love came in a letter, it was thrown down carelessly, or cast into the fire? Yet this is the way that thousands treat Him who came from heaven to earth that He might save the lost from the wages of sin. It is quite a matter of unconcern with them as to the claim the word of God has upon the soul; to say nothing of resisting the Spirit, so often striving with the ungodly. Then how vain are the excuses often heard, such as, "I hope it will be all right in the end;" or, "Am I not to work out my own salvation?" or, "I shall have to give up so much," forgetting that it is not a matter of what we give up, but of what we get. God does not make a bargain with the soul as if we should have so much salvation for as much as we give up; but, alas! His precious word, that tells plainly the way of peace and pardon, is not only set aside, but trampled under foot and cast behind.

If some Scriptures are hard to be understood, as many objectors plead, how plain and simple the words of the Lord, "Come unto me;" or, "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life." Again, that soul-sustaining passage, which has brought life and peace to thousands of souls, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities," and many others.

Alas! the word of God, though professedly believed in, is really and practically denied. Not to believe it is to refuse it; just as not coming to the feast in Luke xiv. was counted as refusing to come. The precious word of God, open so long in this Bible-land of ours, has become so common that few really accept its teaching. Alas! the rejectors will be left without hope soon.

III. THE CONSENTING TO EVIL.

This seems to mark a downward course. Getting into the broad way; yielding to the power of Satan, and being led captive by him. Like Jonah, who went down to Joppa, down to Tarahish, down into the sides of the ship, and was found fast asleep. He had gone from the presence of the Lord, farther and farther, consenting to the sin of disobeying God, and not hearing His word, and

thus bringing judgment upon himself. Ah, let us take heed that we are not convicted of the sin of slighting God's word, while outwardly we take the place of believing it all. Felix assented to the truth of what Paul said, but he rejected it so far as it claimed present obedience—"Go thy way for this time." God sends a message of divine grace, and where does it find you? Gliding down the slippery paths of sin; and you say, "I have no time now," which means you have time to spend in the sins and follies of the world, or it may be in fruitless building on the sand, instead of the rock, Christ Jesus. Oh, my friend, this consenting to evil is one of the most terrible things, because just as a straw shows the course of the stream, so does this going in the ways of the world show the state of the heart which is at a distance from God. The signalman on a railway, the bricklayer at a building, the soldier at his post, the clerk at his desk, have each their special work, and must give special attention to what they are doing. What would be the result if they each allowed other things to come in? Why, sad indeed. An accident on the line; a badly-constructed house; wrong entries, and the like. Now apply this to the matter of salvation. Are you sure you are on the right line? Quite positive you are building on the rock foundation? Are you quite sure the account is settled between you and God? If not, you are charged with despising His word, and casting it behind your back. But again, let the Word search you.

IV. "THOU GIVEST THY MOUTH TO EVIL, AND THY TONGUE FRAMETH DECEIT."

How this charge marks the discerning eye of God upon all your ways! Have you been always true, always loving your neighbour as yourself? Did you never sit and speak against your neighbour? Rather, does not the memory of sin in this matter cause you many a saddened moment? You forgot God then, and now you remember your sin in all its bitterness. From one step to another you have gone away from God, until you are described by Him in these sad words, "AFAR OFF."

Now mark what He says, "These things hast thou done, and I kept silence; thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself: but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes. Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver." All this has been done, and not done. These

positive sins, this negative position of distance from God, this hating instruction, and casting His words behind thee; this consenting to evil, and speaking against thy brother; all this was done, and you thought because I kept silence I did not know, or I did not take note, and so you passed away from mercy and peace. And you said moreover, He is such an one as ourselves. But you forgot that now is the day of grace. God's silence is one of long-suffering, not willing that any should perish. God's silence speaks eloquently of love seen in the cross of His dear Son, where the blood streamed down which is the sinner's title to rest now, and to glory hereafter. He lingers—He holds back the judgment—His long-suffering is salvation. The moments are precious moments; faith grasps them, and believes the record of that love seen in blood. Here He stands with open arms to receive thee; with open heart to speak peace to thy soul. Here He lives as an Almighty Friend, as Giver of life eternal. Having paid the mighty debt, He hands thee, lost and undone as thou art, the full receipt. Does the living God keep silence for nothing all these long years—all this time of His grace! Years pass away, and still He keeps silence. He does not judge—does not condemn. Oh, the priceless value of this day of grace! But it will not always last. The time will come when He will tear in pieces, and there will be none to deliver. My reader, will you resist that power then? No; for "who can stand when He appeareth?" Will you call in that day on the rocks and mountains to cover you, or will you be covered now by the righteousness of God? Will you hide now in the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world? Then when He shall break the silence, He will find you safe, hidden in the Rock of Ages!

"Oh the glory of the grace
Shining in the Saviour's face,
Telling sinners from above
God is light, and God is love!"

"God in mercy sent His Son
To a world by sin undone;
Jesus Christ was crucified,
'Twas for sinners Jesus died.

"Christ the Lord will come again,
He who suffered once will reign!
Every tongue at last shall own
Worthy is the Lamb alone!"

HERBERT R. FRANCIS.

"A SURE FOUNDATION."



CHRISTIAN was one day having some conversation about eternal things, with a man who "professed to be religious." The Christian, of course, was able to say he knew for certain that he was saved, and going to be forever with the Lord; the other believed he was a Christian, and hoped, if he "continued faithful to the grace already given," he would be saved at the judgment-day.

The Christian was anxious to know what the dear man's foundation was, so he said, "Robert, how do you know you are a Christian?"

"Well," was the reply, "you know what a drunkard I used to be. I earned good wages, but it all went to the tavern-keeper; my family was in destitution, and I was miserable. I saw it would not do, so I made a business of reforming myself, and gave up drinking, joined the church, began to hold family worship, and have since tried to do my duty; so I feel confident that if I continue faithful to the grace already given, I shall be saved at last."

You see, dear reader, there is nothing about Christ or His precious blood in all this experience. The foundation of all his hopes was that he had "done his duty" in turning over a new leaf, and becoming a better man to his family than he was when a drunkard, &c., things commendable in themselves, if looked at from a moral stand-point, but ensuring certain destruction when rested upon for salvation. In short, dear reader, this man was being duped by Satan out of his soul; for Jesus says, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." (John iii. 6, 7.) His experience was "reformation," not "regeneration," and Jesus says such "cannot see the kingdom of God." (John iii. 3.)

I remember conversing some time ago with a woman whose husband owned a saw-mill. They had just erected a new mill, and on asking what was the matter with the old one, she informed me that it had been swept away by a sudden flood of water coming upon it; but added, "There is no danger of this one falling, for we had the men dig till they reached the rock, and *then* we laid the foundation."

That's it. The old one was built on the sand, hence its downfall. The other was built upon the rock, hence its safety. The man referred to above thought he was on the way for heaven; but his hopes were founded on what he had done, was doing, and intended to do—a foundation of sand, that will

not stand the storm of judgment. It was right in his own eyes; but God says, "There is a way which *seemeth* right unto a man, but the **END THEREOF** are the ways of death."

Dear reader, stop and think. What are you resting in for eternity? Is it in yourself, your past experience, present feelings, and future intentions? or is it in Christ and His finished work at Calvary's cross? To rest in the former is to be deceived and *lost* forever; to rest in the latter, is to be *saved* now and forever.

I beseech you, dear reader, if you have a shadow of a doubt concerning your salvation, do give your soul the benefit of it, for it is far too precious to be trifled away, and lost in hell, through self-deception or neglect. There is salvation for you now, provided at infinite cost by "the God of all grace."

By nature and practice you are lost and ruined, and in danger of being damned to all eternity, and you cannot save yourself, nor even help to do it; but, blessed be God, "The Son of man is come to *seek* and to *save* that which was *lost*." "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) God loved the world—not a good, righteous, God-seeking, and God-loving world; no, but a bad, unrighteous, God-forgetting and God-hating one; still He loved it. Yes, sinner, He loved you, and loves you this moment, sinner and rebel though you are, and have been, and His love made provision for your salvation; for "He gave His only begotten Son." Just think of it! What a gift! "His only begotten Son," and *for you*; gave Him that He might take your place, bear your iniquities, receive your judgment, and die your death. Why? "That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Reader, do you believe on the Son of God? Do you believe on Him as *your* Saviour? If so, take Him at His word, and thank Him for everlasting life. Do not think there is time enough. "Now is the day of salvation." Oh, the varied experience of the lost in hell! Some are there because they neglected salvation, saying there was "time enough yet." Others scoffed at salvation through Christ, and so tried to save themselves. Some trusted themselves and Christ, and others thought they were converted because they saw lights, heard sounds, or "felt good," &c., but none of them trusted Christ Jesus only.

I close with a solemn question, and wish you to ponder it well, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.) T. D. W. M.

DECIDED FOR CHRIST.

IN the closing verses of the ninth chapter of the gospel of Luke, we have brought before us three separate characters, each one being distinguished by a marked stamp of individuality. Three men are brought into direct contact with the Lord Jesus Christ, and, as it would seem by the context, simultaneously. We will consider them in the order in which they are recorded; but before doing so, it may help us to examine the circumstances under which they had the privilege of an interview with the Son of God. We read in the fifty-first verse of this same chapter, "And it came to pass, when the time was come that He should be received up, He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem." Jesus had just before told His disciples that "the Son of man should be delivered into the hands of men." Just as Abraham and Isaac went together to mount Moriah, so the Lord Jesus, having come to do the Father's will, became the willing victim, and, being the Lamb of God's own providing, steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem, there to accomplish redemption and to finish the work that was given Him to do. If poor sinners were ever to be saved, it was necessary for "the corn of wheat to fall into the ground and die." This then was the occasion of the journey now undertaken, and Jerusalem the destination of the way he was travelling at this particular time.

I. COUNTING THE COST.

"And it came to pass, that, as they went in the way, a certain man said unto him, Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." What a blessed resolution! Here we have in a few energetic words the expression of a mind that was made up, and of a determination to follow Christ. Taking the words in their simplicity, and as the honest outcome of the promptings of a heart filled with zeal, we can but admire the earnestness of spirit manifested therein. No compromise is suggested, no delay is hinted at: "Lord, I will follow thee." Let us remember these words. If believers, there was a period in our history when we were for the first time, by the grace of God, enabled to say, "Lord, I will follow thee." Let us not be satisfied with that. Encouraged by the consideration of this case, let us say it from the heart again and again. If our footsteps have faltered and our pace has flagged, we may, with profit, think of this man of purpose and

determination, and in his words renew our pledge of fealty to our crucified and risen Lord. His love demands this from us, His heart desires it. He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem for our eternal good, let us steadfastly resolve the little time we are here below to be decided for Christ.

"Our only grief to give Him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow Him."

"And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head."

Every attentive reader of the gospels must have been struck by the fact that the Lord Jesus when upon earth frequently addressed His reply to the heart of his interrogator rather than to the question put or remark made. It was so in the case of Nicodemus, when the Lord said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." It is so in this instance. The Lord ever knew what was in man, and could bring to light the hidden or unexpressed thoughts of the heart. There surely was no desire to discourage, but it may be that he had not counted the cost. It may be that, having been attracted by the wondrous words that proceeded out of the mouth of the Lord, and struck by the mighty works performed by Him, enthusiasm had filled his heart. He had only very recently delivered a child from an unclean spirit, so that they were all amazed at the mighty power of God, and wondered every one at all things which Jesus did. The effect of this may have brought him to a sudden and therefore unconsidered determination to cast in his lot with Jesus. Was he prepared to do this at any cost? Did he know that when the messengers went into a certain village of the Samaritans, to make ready for Jesus, they did not receive Him? Had he counted the cost? The Lord desires us to be intelligent followers of Him. Happy are they who can say, "Yea, we have counted the cost—

"We bear His cross and seek His crown."

II. PROCRASTINATION.

"And He said unto another, Follow me. But he said, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. Jesus said unto him, Let the dead bury their dead: but go thou and preach the kingdom of God."

This case differs from the former inasmuch as we read of a specific command given—"Follow me," and subsequently a direct commission to "preach the kingdom of God." But a delay is asked for. Now the Lord knew exactly the circumstances in

which this man was placed before he was thus invited to follow Christ. It may have been that the father was already dead; if so, it is difficult to understand how one of the chief mourners would be found just then amongst the crowd, and especially so when we remember that in the East the burial of the dead took place the same day as the decease. Now we know that Jesus was not unmindful of filial obligations, and the delay consequent upon the burial of the dead would have been of short duration. It is more probable, however, from the demand made and the reply given, that the father was infirm or aged—perhaps both, and the desire of the man was to remain at home until all the circumstances of his domestic life set him free to follow Christ. How many in this our day are willing to become Christians at a convenient period—at some future time when it suits them, when some future point has been gained, but not now, not to-day! God still speaks to-day, and tells us that “now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.”

III. A DIVIDED HEART.

“And another also said, Lord, I will follow thee; but let me first go bid them farewell, which are at home at my house. And Jesus said, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.”

Here we have undoubted evidence of a divided heart. There was a desire to follow Christ, and yet a stronger desire for one more look at those who were dear to him in this world. Perhaps that last farewell, that last look, the entreaties of those at home, might have prevailed to prevent his following the Lord at all. The surroundings of home life and earthly associations might have been too strong for the young pilgrim. How often is this the language of many in this day, when the gospel is presented to them! “Yes; I should like to be a Christian, but not *just now*. Only a little more of the world, a few more years of pleasure and enjoyment of life, and then I will follow Christ. I can't quite give up my worldly friends and relations just yet, I am still young; but by-and-by I will think differently. I do not disbelieve the gospel, but I would rather not entertain it seriously just yet.” There are occasions in this life when indecision might involve the gravest consequences; how much more so when the results are eternal! There may also be less desire of heart to follow Christ at a future time than there is at the present moment.

Christ therefore calls now; God speaks and warns to-day. He has the first claim upon the heart and its affections. The tide of natural affection and human relationships, however right and seemly in their proper sphere, must never be placed before the just claims of God. Let us notice that this man betrayed a divided heart by the very language he used: “But let me *first* go bid them farewell which are *at home* in my house.” His clear duty and privilege was to obey and to follow at once; other opportunities might then have been given when in the path of obedience and service for any necessary explanations.

What is the lesson then to be learnt from these three interesting incidents? Surely this: the paramount importance of being decided for Christ. Fellow-believer, be decided for Christ yet more and more. Let this be clearly manifested as opportunities occur. Undecided one, be decided for Christ; receive Him *now* into the heart by faith unto salvation. Jesus now invites you; the voice of mercy now sounds in your ear; the precious blood that cleanses from all sin *has* been shed. Christ is risen from the dead. May the language of our hearts ever be, “Lord, I will follow thee.”

“My heart is fixed, eternal God,
Fixed on Thee;
And my immortal choice is made,
Christ for me.
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who did for me salvation bring;
And while I live I mean to sing,
Christ for me.”

W. H. F. C.

“WHAT MUST I DO?”

“**W**HAT must I do,” has oft been asked,
“Eternal life to gain?”
Man anxious seems for any task,
If this he may obtain.
But all the doing has been done,
As God has clearly shown,
When, by the offering of His Son,
His purpose He made known.
He laid on Him the sinner's guilt,
When came the appointed day;
And by that blood on Calvary spilt,
Took all our sins away.
Such was the sacrifice He made,
The law could ask no more;
For not a mite was left unpaid
When He my judgment bore.
How glorious, blessed, and complete
That finished work must be,
Where God with man delights to meet,
There He has met with me.
And still the memories of the past
Shall with my spirit stay;
‘Tis Jesus first, ‘tis Jesus last,
And Jesus all the way!

Evangelistic Notes.

Mr. J. DENHAM SMITH has been preaching at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, during the past month. The hall continues to be well filled, and many have been brought to the Lord.

Mr. CHARLES INGLIS has been preaching at Merrion Hall, Dublin, during the past three months, and has been much encouraged in the work there. He sails for Australia about the end of May.

Mr. W. R. LANE has also been labouring in Dublin, chiefly among the soldiers. Since his return he has been preaching at Kensal Hall.

Mr. HERBERT W. TAYLOR has been preaching at Malden Hall during April.

Mr. JOHN C. RAINY is holding special meetings at Exeter and neighbourhood, and many have been led to the Lord.

THE UNION HALL MISSION.

THE annual meeting of this mission was held on April 7th, when a large and interesting gathering took place of the workers and friends. In the afternoon the meeting for prayer and exhortation was held in the small hall, when Mr. J. O'NEILL and Mr. JOHN McVICKER gave addresses to believers. In the evening the hall was well filled.

Mr. ROBERT BILKE, the superintendent of the work, called for praise and thanksgiving for the marked blessing which God had permitted to rest on the labours of His servants during the past year. Not only had the work extended, but many souls have been led into light and liberty. On this, the twentieth anniversary of the mission, he (Mr. Bilke) looked back upon the small beginnings in the little hall in the Harrow Road, and subsequently in Bell Street. The erection of Union Hall had marked a definite step of progress, but still there was "more to follow;" for now there are healthy and vigorous branches in Kensal Green and Kilburn Lane (Queen's Park).

One very important feature of the work is the teaching of the young for Christ, and he rejoiced to say that there are about 300 children in the Sunday-schools at Union Hall, 300 in Kensal Green, and more than 200 in Queen's Park. Thus over 800 little ones are committed to their care, and not a few of these have been led to the Saviour. The mothers' meetings also call for special praise, as they are very largely attended from week to week, and are followed by much blessing. In order to accommodate the large numbers of children who attend Union Hall, some alterations are suggested which will provide increased space, and which will cost about £50. Should the Lord incline the hearts of His people to send the means, the alterations will at once be proceeded with.

The tent work during the summer months has proved intensely interesting, reaching as it does a class who will not enter even a Mission Hall. In Queen's Park last summer many of such—belonging to the roughest and most careless classes—were led into the joy of salvation. Definite arrangements are not yet completed, but it is hoped this summer to strike out in a new direction, while vigorously maintaining the work already in operation.

Mr. WILBRAHAM TAYLOR read and expounded 1 Peter i. 22-ii. 9, leading the thoughts of his hearers along the lines of purity and obedience. "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth." It is remarkable that while Peter, in the early days of his discipleship, was a wilful man, his whole epistle seems full of obedience and submission. Having purified our souls in obedience to the truth through the Spirit, we are brought unto unfeigned love of the brethren—a new relationship, an everlasting relationship.

Mr. R. ANDERSON, LL.D., spoke on the words, "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection."

Taking these words apart from their primary and dispensational teaching, Mr. Anderson pointed out that every believer in the Lord Jesus Christ is admitted to have a part in that most glorious of all resurrections, and hence he is "blessed and holy." Very full of meaning is that word "blessed," which may be illustrated by the words fortunate, successful, happy, prosperous. After an interesting reminiscence of the way in which the late Henry Moorhouse described sham and real prosperity, the speaker proceeded to point out that we have here something which should cheer us on our wilderness journey. True blessing can only be found and realized in close communion with God, and thus it is linked with holiness. There is only one way of holiness, and that is by the precious blood of Christ, which not only cleanses us from sin, but also separates us unto God. And they must embrace separation from evil, and all that is contrary to the mind and will of God. The grand test of our life is not what we say, but what we do. We cannot have blessedness without holiness. God hath connected the two, and what God hath joined let not man put asunder.

Mr. J. E. HAWKINS said, that as one who had known the work for over eighteen years he was thankful to know that the Lord has blessed and prospered the mission. He then read 2 Thess. ii. 13-16, and said the Spirit seemed in these verses to draw our minds from the dark apostasy of the early part of the chapter, and tells us to stand fast and hold fast. He referred to Nehemiah and the building of the wall, how that the nobles did not put their neck to the work, while others did a double share. (Neh. iii.)

Mr. A. C. P. COORS spoke on "Still praising God" (Ps. lxxxiv.), and

Mr. HERBERT TAYLOR closed the happy meeting with prayer.

Those who desire to help in this work may send their contributions to Mr. BILKE, 18, Victoria Road, Kilburn.

Notice.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

WE take this opportunity of again asking our Christian friends for their practical sympathy and help in the circulation of our paper. We rejoice to say that year by year our circulation has been maintained; but we are still desirous of its extension, feeling confident that the Lord will use it to wider usefulness. We therefore ask our readers to aid us in the matter of making it known in circles where hitherto it has not reached.

Christians interested in evangelistic work of any kind will find our paper a most useful addition to the preached Word. It is well adapted for general distribution, or for sending from house to house.

Advertisements.

THE GOLDEN LAMP; or, Truth in Love for the Children of God. Price One Penny.

CONTENTS FOR THIS MONTH.—Sodah. The Beginnings of Gospel History—V. The Birth of Christ. Oil for the Light. Brief Remarks on the Book of Job. Notes and Replies.

THE MISSIONARY ECHO: A Record of Labour for the Lord in other Lands. Price One Halfpenny.

CONTENTS FOR THIS MONTH.—"Preach the Gospel." ALGERIA—George Pearce. FRANCE—William Bird. FAROE ISLANDS—A. Peter Macdonald. INDIA—E. S. Bowden. SPAIN—Mrs. Blaine; Maria P. BRITISH GUIANA—Mrs. Huntley. STRAITS SETTLEMENTS—Philip J. Hoquard; J. L. Whantley.

LONDON: JAMES E. HAWKINS, 38, BAKER STREET, W.; AND 25, BAKERHOUSE SQUARE, E.C.



"WATCHMAN, what of the night:
The watchman said, The morning
cometh, and also the night: if ye
will enquire, enquire ye: return.

"SONS of man, I have set thee a
watchman unto the house of Israel;
therefore thou shalt hear the word
at my mouth, and warn them from
me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

LONDON: JAMES E. HAWKINS, 36, Baker Street, W.;
and 12, Paternoster Square, E.C.

JUNE 1, 1881.

S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

"ARE YOU READY?"

BY CHEYNE BRADY.

THE sun had sunk below the horizon, heavy clouds had gathered, the lightning frequently shot across the heavens, and sounds of distant thunder warned of a coming storm.

Many a family had retired to rest with the consciousness of safety under the shelter of His wings, who saith, "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long." (Deut. xxxiii. 12.) But with others it was not so; for while the storm was gathering nearer and nearer one had gone to her bed with this assurance in her soul, If the Lord comes to-night I am ready; while by her side lay her husband, who was not ready. He meant to be ready by the time he came to die. He did not intend to be lost; and as the last words of his wife, "Are you ready, Jack?" died away as they fell asleep, the reply was for the hundredth time repeated, "I hope I shall be soon."

For a while sleep sealed their eyelids; but at midnight a tremendous crash of thunder awoke them, and their room was filled with the lurid glare of the incessant lightning. Peal upon peal of thunder shook the ground; and walls and roof seemed to gape wide open as if all things were about to be swallowed up.

"Jack, Jack, the Lord be a-come!" shouted the wife in triumph. "The Lord be a-come! I be ready; I be ready. My blessed Jesus have washed away all my sins. I be ready; blessed Jesus, come."

But it was far different with the husband. There he lay with his head covered up, and crying, "Light a candle; fetch the Bible!" and springing up in bed, with trembling fingers he sought in vain for the word he wanted to find. Again the thunder rolled through the heavens. "O Lord, have mercy! O Lord, have mercy on me! Do'ee wait, Lord, a bit till I be saved. O Lord, don't come; I shall be lost!" And sobs and tears choked his utterance; while the wife cried, "Get on thy knees, get on thy knees, man."

As the storm passed off, and quiet took the place of the crash of the elements, the wife said, "Jack, don't thee never get caught like this again;" and then upon their knees did they both plead for a present pardon, and not in vain; for both are now waiting without fear or torment the coming of the Lord.

The above scene is described in their own words. On asking the man what had removed his dread, he said, "I knew if the Lord had come that night I must have been lost, for I had not received Christ as my Saviour; but I have now received Him. I didn't think anybody could ever tell or make sure they be saved, because I thought it depended upon a man's good behaviour; but I found it was a gift only to be took, so I took it; and wasn't I glad when He took that great pile of sin from off me, and made me happy. Yes, I be as happy as a bird; now I can sing for joy!"

"*And there shall be earthquakes in divers places.*" (Matt. xxiv. 7.)

At Scio, in Turkey; at Agram, in Austria; at Ischia, in Italy, there have very recently occurred

fearful earthquakes. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the earth trembled, yea, opened; the towns were swallowed up; thousands in an instant of time were buried alive in the ruins. The shocks may still be heard. The shrieks of the bereaved still re-echo in the deserted villages. Where next? Alas! who can tell?

"And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for *your redemption draweth nigh.*" (Luke xxi. 28.)

Yes, our redemption, for which we wait; we "who have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." (Rom. viii. 23.)

But what of the unsaved? To them instead of redemption it will be "everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power." (2 Thess. i. 9.)

Are you ready?

"Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." (Matt. xxiv. 44.)

How am I to be ready? By accepting Christ. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." (John i. 12.)

Oh, my reader, these are solemn verities. It behoves you to decide, and that quickly, so that you may be ready, and be able to say, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." (Rev. xxii. 20.)

THIS BLESSED HOPE, THE SPRING OF HOLINESS.

There is much attention given, and properly given, to holiness, consecration to God, and a consistent walk. We have full sympathy with all scriptural exhortations to holiness. We believe that one of the strongest incentives to holiness is the hope of the coming of our Lord. "*He that hath this hope in Christ purifieth himself, even as He is pure.*"

Seeing that the blessed Lord may come any day, or hour, or moment, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting on the coming of the day of God?"

If we are waiting the return of our Lord, surely we shall have our loins girded—girded with sound truth, oil in our vessels, with our lamps, the unction of the Holy Spirit.

Rejoice, believer, for He is coming.

Any moment the Lord Jesus Christ may return.

Our ears may *hear* the shout, the voice of the

archangel, the trump of God. Our Lord, my Lord, is coming. We know not the day, nor the hour, but it may be to-day, this hour "Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

We shall *see* Him, we shall behold Jesus. The man Christ Jesus, with arms outstretched in blessing, with the marks of the nails and spear, but glorified. At the same time we shall witness the resurrection of all the "dead in Christ." All who have ever fallen asleep in Jesus shall awake and arise from among the dead. There will be the dear little ones, the humble disciples, the eminent saints. The wicked dead will not rise, they will remain in their graves.

Then seeing Him we shall be transformed, all the living saints and the raised saints be changed; these bodies of humiliation will disappear, or be changed into bodies of glory, bodies like His, such as He appeared in after His resurrection, bodies like Moses and Elias on the transfiguration mount. With the body of humiliation will be cast off for ever the flesh, the body of sin and death, the old Adam nature; and we shall be like Him in appearance, glorified physically; but, oh, greater joy still! we shall be like Him morally—no more sin, no more the slightest taint of evil. Oh, that will be glory!

Then we shall, along with our dear fellow-believers who have been raised, a glorious company whom no man can number, arrayed in white robes, washed in the blood of the Lamb,—“Then we shall be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord.”

Be comforted, believer, He is coming. Rejoice in the Lord, again I say, "Rejoice, for your joy is unspeakable, and full of glory."

It is often most erroneously imputed to those who look for the second advent of the Lord Jesus Christ, that the hope is visionary and unpractical; while, on the contrary, we maintain that waiting for the Son from heaven is the true attitude of every believer, and exercises on them the most powerful influence.

In fact, the hope is generally connected in Scripture with exhortations to practical duty. All Christian graces are developed and strengthened by the glorious hope.

In Romans xiii. 11 we are reminded that now it is high time to awake out of sleep; for "now is our salvation (that is, our full salvation, the redemption of the body) nearer than when we believed" (that is, when we were born again). "The night is far spent (that is, the night of this age as dispensation), *and*

DAY (that is, the day of His coming) is at hand." What then, are we to be careless, or dreamy, or sitting with folded hands, or eyes gazing into vacancy looking for the Lord? Nay, Paul goes on to exhort, "Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light."

The Lord is coming, the day is nearer, "Walk honestly as in the day; put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."

In 1 Corinthians i. 7 believers are described as "waiting for the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. Who shall also confirm you unto the end, that ye may be *blameless* in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ."


This blessed hope should permeate every thought of the heart, every word of the lip, every act of the life. We should be confident that he who hath begun a good work in us will complete it until the day of Christ. Our moderation should be known to all, for "the Lord is at hand."

The Lord will establish our hearts unblamable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all His saints, and the very God of peace will sanctify us wholly, and our whole spirit and soul and body shall be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ; for faithful is He who calleth us, who also will do it. We may well be patient unto the coming of the Lord, and as "the end of all things is at hand, be sober and watch unto prayer."

Rejoice then, believer, while you "look for that blessed hope, and the appearing of the glory of the great God and Saviour Jesus Christ."

THE JOURNEY TO THE GRAVE.

ECCLES. ix. 10.

 NOTHING can be more certain than the fact that if the Lord delays His coming we shall die. Sometimes we are reminded very forcibly of this. And the passing away from earth of a person of distinguished talents and honours, such as the late Earl of Beaconsfield, tends to call forth solemn reflection on the subject. Round the world the wires have conveyed the intelligence of his death, and politicians of every shade of opinion have expressed regret. But who of us have thought of the unknown future into which his spirit has entered for eternity? As all have eagerly listened to the account of his last moments, who has remembered that our brief sojourn here is but the passage to a life beyond, that can know no

change and no ending? Surely these are thoughts that claim our attention; for, as the hymn says—

"Death comes down with reckless footsteps
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will tarry knocking
When the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But the door is fast;
Grieved, away the Saviour goeth
Death breaks in at last."

The rich and poor, the learned and ignorant, alike are taken away by the same ruthless hand. Let us remember the words of the wise man, that "there is *no work* in the grave." He had toiled and laboured to get—"I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces;" and yet he hated life, because the work that is done under the sun is grievous; and he hated all his labour, because he *should leave it unto the man that should come after him*. This then was the verdict of Israel's greatest king, "Behold, *all* is vanity and vexation of spirit." But what of the life beyond? Ah, this is the time to think where we are going, and what eternity will reveal to us; for as there is no work, so also there is *no wisdom* or knowledge in the grave! If we would be wise for eternity, it must be *now*.

Let us mark also that the journey to the grave is often *quickly* taken. Sometimes in the midst of the gay world, its business or its pleasures, the inevitable call comes. Not long since a steamboat full of pleasure-seekers, with about seven hundred on board, were launched into eternity—the *Princess Alice* went down, and all these found quickly a watery grave. But the journey to the grave is also *general*. The coroneted earl, the forgotten pauper, alike must yield to the one great enemy. It is also *certain*—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Are *you* near it? You may be, and then the sad, sad afterwards; for "after death the judgment." Are you prepared? You are hastening on. Whether you will or not, every passing moment brings you nearer to the time when you shall stand in the presence of God. You shall then be weighed in the divine balances, and how will it be if you shall be found wanting? Now God is ready to bestow on you freely the robe of righteousness, the ring of love, and the joy of a full salvation in your heart. But if you are wanting then in this blessed forgiveness, what will you do? Will the anguish of the outer darkness be too great a punishment for you

who have had such precious opportunities of being saved? What more could the Lord have done? Has He not met the question of sin in His own body, and put it for ever out of sight?

Ah, dear reader, the hour is coming in which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice! With what joy shall we who know Him hear His call, and catch the first sight of the blessed face once so marred for us! The living and sleeping saints shall be caught up in their glorified bodies to meet Him, "and so shall we ever be with the Lord." But how will those who rejected and despised His grace meet Him when He comes to reign and judge? A dear saint of God wrote on a piece of paper, as her eyes became dim in death, the words, "Hinder me not!" and sent it to friends who were praying for her recovery. She longed to be gone, and to be present with the Lord. He had won her heart, and now no joy could equal the joy of seeing Him.

Dear reader, would this dying be a joy to you? Perhaps your temporal business is settled, and the matters concerning every other interest carefully looked after, but what of the eternal interests of the soul? Is this forgotten, or left to chance and the awful folly of doing the best you can at the last moment? Ah, stop and think before it is too late! Will you refuse the gift? Will you despise the ransom? Will you reject the love? There is but one way to die in peace, nay, to die rejoicing, and that is to know we are washed in the blood of the Lamb, ready to meet God without fear as our Father in Christ Jesus. Let us remember He overcame death. When Peter and John went to the sepulchre they found it empty. Therefore He is the resurrection and the life.

Dear reader, if you have not yet found this precious Saviour, let the gracious offer of full pardon and perfect deliverance speak now to you, and cause you to yield yourself to Him for life and glory. Then the journey to the grave, if you should take it, will be only a door to the eternal joys beyond. Grasp the mighty arm of love, and let that arm grasp you. Bend to the

"Not hard conditions,
'Tis only look and live."

Let the glory He is preparing for those who love Him win you, and then no terrors of the grave or death can fright you from the peerless reward He has promised. Oh, what rest to be

"Purchased and saved by love divine,
With full consent Thine, Thine, to be,
And own Thy sovereign right to me."

Dear reader, this is the day of God's invitation. Will you hear His voice *now*, and let the matter once and for ever be settled, for Jesus Christ's sake? Amen.

"Come, behold a great expedient,
God revealed in flesh appears;
God Himself becomes obedient,
And the curse for sinners bears:
'Tis a great, a glorious plan,
Wounding sin, yet sparing man.

"Oh, the wisdom of contrivance!
Oh, the grace that shines therein!
God forgives without connivance,
He forgives, yet spares not sin:
Justice sees the victim bleed,
Nothing more can justice need."

H. R. FRANCIS.

"BUT MAY I TAKE IT THAT WAY?"

ONE Sunday afternoon I was sent for to see a woman who was lying very ill. After a few words as to her sickness the following conversation took place:

"Well, dear friend, are you saved?"

"That is what I want to know. I do not feel certain."

"What is the hindrance? Is it that you cannot believe?"

"Oh, no! I do believe fully."

"That is, you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour?"

"Yes!"

"That He died for you, a poor sinner, and paid the penalty of your sins?"

"Yes!"

"Now can you say from the heart those words of the apostle Paul, when speaking of Christ, 'He loved me, and gave Himself for me?'"

"Yes, I can!"

"Now listen to what the word of God says; and turning to John iii. 36, I read, 'He that believeth on the Son'—'you say you do that?'"

"Yes, most truly!"

"Well, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life;' so you have everlasting life, have you not?"

"But may I take it that way?"

"That is the way I have taken it, and I am saved. I just took God at His word, and believed the record He has given of His Son."

A further visit during the week convinced me that on the Sunday afternoon that dear woman found peace and joy through believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. My experience leads me to think there are many

dear souls in just a similar condition to the one I have mentioned; that is, most sincere, earnest people, who have by the power of the Holy Spirit through the word of God been brought to see themselves as poor, lost, hell-deserving, needy sinners; and also led to look upon the Lord Jesus as the Saviour of God's providing, and to believe in Him as such, and yet not have that blessed assurance of salvation which God's word warrants.

My dear reader, are you at all in this condition? If so, nothing but the clear statements of the Holy Spirit in the word of God can help you. You must not look within; for there you will only find that which will make you mourn—a "heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," and which will never know change.

Neither must you trust to your feelings; for, as Mr. Moody well said, "they are like the strings of a violin, and the devil is an accomplished artist; he can play any tune that may suit." Feelings are changing emotions not to be relied upon for one moment.

Nor must you look for help from what people may say. You may go to six different persons, and very kindly and lovingly they may give you six different remedies, each at variance with the other. No, my dear reader, open God's book, and you will see therein a blessed antidote for thy need.

Now look for a while at the case of the Philippian jailor, as recorded in Acts xvi. Here was this man deeply convicted of his state and position as before God; the very question that he puts to the apostles shows this; for no man would ask, "What must I do to be saved?" unless beforehand he knew himself to be lost. That knowledge must of necessity be the ground, the very foundation, of his enquiry. Still, what I wish you most to notice is the answer that God gives him through His servants, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." How simple! you say. Yes; wonderfully so! seeing the tremendous issues that are involved in it. But this believing, what does it mean? Why, something more than mere assenting to what is written about Christ. Let me illustrate what I mean. Suppose I am very thirsty; I have water offered me to quench that thirst, I take the vessel in my hand, *i.e.* I give my assent to the fact that it is what I need; but that is not sufficient, I must make that water a part of myself before I get any benefit from it; I must put the vessel to my lips, and receive the contents into myself. The Bible is the vessel, that which it con-

tains is Christ; so believing in Christ is, in other words, receiving Him into myself. (John i. 12.) This then is what the awakened sinner has to do, and God in His wondrous grace does all the rest. Yes; for look at the passage again: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." And why is there this certainty? What foundation is there for it? The cross of Christ, friend. That mighty work of the blessed Son of God, in His death and blood-shedding, has for ever fully atoned to God for the sins of all who believe in Him. He has *once* suffered for sins, the just for the unjust; and that "*once*" suffering being sufficient, God has now exalted Him a "*Prince*" and a "*Saviour*," in virtue of the work of redemption being accomplished. So, you see, God being satisfied, all the sinner has to do is to rest satisfied also in Him in whom God is resting, even Jesus! and His blessed word of assurance comes: "He that believeth on the Son '*hath*' everlasting life."

One word more. I must remind any careless or self-righteous reader of the other side of the question. We have been talking of receiving Christ, and the rich and abundant blessings accruing to the receiver by it. But what about the rejecter? for be sure, dear friend, you must come under the one or the other; you have either received Christ, or you are still rejecting him. You *must* be either a believer or an unbeliever, there is no middle or third condition. And as the word of God is very plain and unmistakeable as to the position of the believer, so it is also as to the unbeliever; for read to the end of that verse we looked at in the gospel of John (chap. iii.): "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." These are weighty words. May the solemn truths contained therein burn into thy conscience and awaken that same longing desire which the jailor expressed in the words before quoted—"What must I do to be saved?"

Believe, you say, and all is done,
And I am saved, and glory won.
Oh! are you sure? It seems to me
Too simple and too good to be.

Dear friend, 'tis all that God requires;
Although the natural heart desires
To do some great or wondrous thing,
Pardon and peace and life to win.

But Christ Himself the work has done;
On Calvary's cross He paid the sum
Of our redemption price in blood,
Which was accepted by our God.

So to the sinner who receives
The word, and on the Son believes,
Pardon and peace and life is given,
And endless joys with Christ in heaven.

G. S. J.

BEAUTIFUL IN DEATH.



HOUGH over thirty years ago, I remember the circumstances as vividly as if it had only happened yesterday. I was a boy at school. One day, between the morning and afternoon lessons, some of us were playing at "touch," others at "coach and horses," in the playground. In it was an elder-tree, which, of course, we were forbidden to climb; but its strong and widely-extending branches, its thick and easy trunk for climbing, made the temptation too great to resist, and naturally and boy-like the forbidden tree was frequently used when we required its services, especially when any one of us wished to display any act of valour or conquest in our games.

Poor Charlie had mounted the tree, and was perched on the middle of one of its branches overhanging the playground, laughing defiantly at the boy who was determined to spring upon and touch him the first opportunity that afforded itself; and just as he saw the boys who were playing at "horses" about to pass under the tree, he gave a spring up and on to the bough where poor Charlie was, who in a moment dropped from the bough, intending to alight all right on the ground, but not noticing the boys at the time galloping under him, his legs caught one of the boys' shoulders, and he was precipitated head-foremost on to the ground. We lifted him up, and carried him into the schoolroom, and laid him on a couple of forms. After a while he seemed to recover from the shock of the fall, and walked nearly two miles home in the afternoon. On the following morning, calling at his house, thinking he was all right and ready for school, we saw the blinds drawn down, and the poor, sorrowing, broken-hearted mother met us at the door to tell us poor Charlie was dead. He had broken a blood-vessel, and had died during the night. We were asked upstairs, and there upon his bed we saw him who had only the day before been full of life, health, and fun, lying a cold, lifeless corpse. As I gazed upon him, my eyes filling with tears of sorrow, which went silently coursing down my boyish cheeks, I remember thinking to myself, as I saw his lovely, angelic face, "Why, poor Charlie looks more beautiful in death than he did in life." And oh, I have thought many a time since, how poor Charlie, as he lay wrapped in his death-shroud, beautiful to look upon, but "beautiful in death," was but a faint picture of many, in these days of so much hollow

profession, whose lives you cannot but admire, whose characters seem all that one could wish! Strict in all their religious performances and duties, generous, kind-hearted, amiable, loving and lovable, you cannot but appreciate the high tone of their moral character; and yet you know there is no spiritual life in their souls. They are beautiful, but *beautiful in death*. Some, alas! are so-called ministers of Christ; others elders in kirks; others members of churches and chapels, communicants at the Lord's Supper, Sunday-school teachers, district visitors, tract distributors, yet, alas! dead to God, dead to Christ, *spiritually dead*, dead in trespasses and sins. Beautiful, but, alas! alas! *beautiful in death*. How solemn! how painfully, lamentably solemn!


Beloved reader, is this your condition morally? You may not be openly depraved or immoral, yet if you have not come to Christ as a lost, guilty sinner, and got life, *eternal life* in Him, with all your morality, religiousness, and respectability, you are dead in your sins—a Godless, Christless, lifeless soul. The young girl whose death is recorded in Mark v. was as dead as the young man who was being carried to the grave (Luke vii. 11, 15), or as Lazarus, who had been buried four days. (John ii.) And these three are just typical of the sinner dead in sins in three different stages, but the whole three were *dead*. Now, it was Christ *alone* who could give life to the young woman, the young man, or Lazarus. Christ and Christ *only* is the One who gives life to the sinner dead in his or her sins. Christ is the Life, and God *gives* eternal life, and that life is in His Son. "He that hath the Son hath life." Mark, "*hath* life." The three whom Christ raised from death to life *know* when they lived; and sinners who have been raised from death to life spiritually, *know* they live. God says, "I write unto you that *believe*, that ye may *know* that ye have eternal life." Not "*hope*," but "*know*." "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is *passed from death unto life*." (John v. 24.)

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved—
And know thyself spotless as He."

S. BLOW.

"I HAVE CHRIST! WHAT WANT I MORE?"

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

 In the heart of London city,
'Mid the dwellings of the poor,
These bright, golden words were uttered,
"I have Christ! what want I more?"

By a lonely, dying woman,
Stretched upon a garret floor,
Having not one earthly comfort—
"I have Christ! what want I more?"


He who heard them ran to fetch her
Something from the world's great store.
It was needless; died she, saying,
"I have Christ! what want I more?"

But her words will live for ever,
I repeat them o'er and o'er;
God delights to hear me saying,
"I have Christ! what want I more?"

Oh, my dear, my fellow-sinners,
High and low, and rich and poor,
Can you say, with deep thanksgiving,
"I have Christ! what want I more?"

Look away from earth's attractions,
All earth's joys will soon be o'er;
Rest not till your heart exclaimeth,
"I have Christ! what want I more?"

STILL! STILL! STILL!

 YOUNG man living in the south of London was for some time deeply concerned about his soul, yet he made up his mind to count well the cost ere he decided for Christ. There seemed to be a conflict going on in his soul; for while the Holy Spirit was pressing home conviction, the devil was bringing before his view all that he would have to "give up." There were his companions in sin, they would be sure to laugh at him, and those of them he liked best would be sure to have nothing to do with him after he turned into a saint; and there was the world with all its attractions, so loved and sought after by many young men; he would have to give up everything, and perhaps, he thought, get nothing after all that he lost. However, he could not stifle his convictions, so he determined to turn a bit religious, by being more regular at the house of God, and paying more attention to his private devotions, at the same time leaving off many of the ways he believed to be contrary to a *religious* life; but it did not last long; for after a little while he sadly experienced the folly of a form of godliness where the power is denied.

He then determined to have nothing more to do with religion. He had tried it (*without* Christ),

and proved it a miserable failure. So he said, "I will have the world while I can, and I have resolved to chance the rest."

It was the Holy Spirit that had *convicted* him of sin, and the same Spirit would not rest until he was truly *converted* to God. A friend said to him one Sunday evening, "I am going to hear Mr. H——. He is to preach at B—— to-night, and if you come, it will be nice to walk home together." He knew Mr. H—— as an attractive speaker, and so he consented to go. He went, and the preacher spoke for a good while upon the sin of neglecting salvation, and the awful eternity awaiting the lost, who will for ever be without hope; and while closing, he said, "How solemn the thought of being a thousand years in hell, yet *still*, and after another thousand, *still*! 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust *still*: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy *still*: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous *still*: and he that is holy, let him be holy *still*.'" (Rev. xxii. 11.)

He listened with interest during the first part of the address; but when the terrors of hell were pictured, and the never-ending agonies of the lost spoken upon, his stubborn will would not bend to listen to such rubbish as he thought it, and as soon as the meeting closed he left in a very angry passion.

He was secretly hoping he should not see the one who invited him to come; but he found he could not avoid it, so he determined not to answer any more questions than he was obliged. "How did you like Mr. H——'s address?" asked his friend, as soon as they left the meeting.

Now how to answer that question he did not know; for if he had said what had passed through his mind during the preaching, he would have had to confess that he had thought all manner of evil against him. He could not say that, and to make no reply would be uncourteous; so he said, "Oh, Mr. H——! yes, he was very good. I have heard him preach better."

"You really think he was good; and therefore you mean to say what he said was *true*?"

"I should not think he would say what was untrue."

"But do *you* really believe what he said was the *truth* of God?"

"I confess, I wish I did not."

"Why?" asked his friend.

"Because the terrors of hell must be awful."

"But," said his friend, "if you disbelieved a

fact that happened yesterday, would it make it any the less a fact because you choose to disbelieve it?"

"No; certainly not."

"Well then, you see what God says is true, whether you believe it or not; and if you disbelieve God's word, it is still the same word, and heaven must pass away ere His word fails."

"But am I bound to go to hell, whether I like to or not?"

"No; God says, 'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.' (Rom. iii. 23.) For by one man sin entered, and death, the wages of sin, passed upon all men. We could not help ourselves; but when we were without strength Christ died for the ungodly.

"The just for the unjust
Has died on the tree."

And now 'whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'

Now I would ask you, before I leave you, "Do you believe?"

"Of course I do," he replied; "I am not an infidel."

"I know you believe *about* a God; but that is a different thing to believing *in* Christ for salvation."

Here the conversation ended, and the young man retired to his room, resolved not to sleep until he could say he was saved by believing. He knelt down, but he could not pray. Regularly had he said his prayers, but now words could not express the desire of his heart; but there was One who needed not words, and instead of *prayer* He put a song of *praise* into his mouth, for He revealed Himself to the drooping soul, so that he could sing:

"Happy day! happy day!

When Jesus, my Saviour, my sins washed away."

"How easy!" he exclaimed, jumping up from his knees; "why, I have not got to pray, but just to believe."

Thus it was he passed from death to life. He believed the record that God has given of His Son, and so he obtained "joy and peace in believing."

Dear reader, are you trying to lead a religious life apart from Christ? If you are trusting in your prayers, or your church going, or forms of any kind, instead of trusting in the blood of Jesus, you will certainly find out sooner or later that it is a miserable failure, and nothing short of the blood can satisfy the claims of a holy God, or make a foundation on which a sinner can stand. Do not be satisfied with believing *about* God, or *about* Christ. Hundreds

believe there is a God, and even devils believe and tremble; the lost in hell believed the Son of God died; but that is a different thing from believing *in* Him as Just and yet the Justifier of the ungodly, and trusting in Him for salvation.

Come then and take your place as a lost sinner. Confess to Him that you deserve to be for ever shut out from His presence, and then remind Him of His own gracious promise—"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) He will receive and pardon you; for He delights in mercy, and "He will joy over thee with singing." (Zeph. iii. 17.)

"'Tis His great delight to bless you;
Oh, how He loves!"

Put everything aside until the all-important matter is decided, and ask yourself whether you will be among the "righteous *still*," or among the "filthy *still*."

F. H.

NOTHING TO PAY.

A FACT.

An evangelist was once travelling in Scotland, and as the train in which he was going was about to start, two women got into the same compartment in which he happened to be. They had baskets of apples and other things with them, to sell which they were going to a town at some distance, for by this means they earned a living for themselves and their families. Presently our friend overheard one suggest to the other that she should get under the seat and conceal herself, as the guard was coming round to examine the passengers' tickets previous to starting. This she did. The guard opened the door and examined all the tickets, and the woman escaped observation, her companion having thrown a shawl over her as she lay under the seat.

The evangelist then made enquiry as to the reason for this concealment, and learned that these poor women expected to have gone by an earlier and cheaper train, but had missed it, and that the additional expense of going by this one was more than their means would admit of, so that they could get only one ticket instead of two; moreover, it was necessary they should get to the town to which they were going, in order to sell their goods, and so obtain the means for procuring food for their families.

It then suggested itself to our friend that this was a good opportunity for impressing a vital truth both

on the poor woman herself and those present; so he said, that although she had escaped now from the guard, as to her ticket, yet a day was coming when God would surely come in judgment, and then it would not be possible for her to escape the consequences of sin, as "all things are naked and open unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." (Heb. iv. 13.)

This remark seemed to impress all present, and the woman herself most of all, as she burst into tears, and again stated how her circumstances forced her to act as she had done. After some further conversation, our friend asked her if *he* might pay the fare for her, and so when they came to the end of their journey there should be no difficulty about her ticket. She thanked him, but still did not seem as if she could bring herself to believe that a stranger would do this for her; in fact she had *no faith* in the offer.

As she drew near the end of the journey, and the train stopped at the place where the tickets were to be taken, fear again took possession of her; she heard the guard shutting the doors of the carriages one after another, each one nearer than the last, and her alarm increased, as she saw not *how* she could escape detection; she was about again to conceal herself under the seat, but our friend said,

"Did I not say I would pay for your ticket? Can't you trust me?"

With much trembling she remained still, not venturing to say a word; in fact not having a word to say, and just waited sitting in her seat till she should see how things turned out.

The guard opened the door, took all the tickets one after another, and when he came to her our friend said,

"Here is money, I will pay for this woman."

The guard took the money and left, closing the door, and now the poor creature breathed freely, she saw that what had been promised *was done*, that there could be no claim against *her*, and that all she had to do was to take her basket and go where she pleased. Her joy was intense, she thanked our friend over and over again, asked his wife, who was with him, to take as much of her fruit as she pleased, nay, insisted that she should take some, and pressed them upon her; her gratitude knew no bounds; how ashamed she must have felt at having doubted the kind offer, and no doubt till this day she has a grateful remembrance of one who *proved* himself a friend at such a time.

Such is faith. Reader, if you are one who has already "passed from death unto life," you know what it is to trust your Father's promises, to "sit still" while the Lord "fights the battle" for you, to cast yourself upon Him and say, "I have no strength," but "mine eyes are on thee." If you do, happy are you, yea, thrice happy! you "know whom you have believed," and that "He is able to keep that you have committed unto Him." (2 Tim. i. 12.) You can see also how this woman's *works* proceeded from a grateful heart; all the gifts she could bestow could not pay her fare, or settle the matter with the guard of the train, but *that* having been done *by another*, she showed her *gratitude* to the person who proved her friend in time of need by every means in her power. Such are the only works acceptable to God, those which spring from a heart sensible of what God has done for it, in the person of His Son when He laid down His life for sinners.


But, dear unconverted reader, you who have as yet seen no beauty in Christ, you who have not as yet seen your lost condition in the sight of a holy God, who cannot pass over sin; you who, if God should come in judgment, would be struck dumb with the consciousness that you deserved nothing but hell, how would it be with you if the Lord should suddenly call you into judgment? It would be a much more serious thing than it was for that poor woman, who had no ticket when the guard of the train demanded it. You would be speechless. What *could* you say? That Holy Eye would read every thought of your guilty heart, you could conceal nothing from *it*, you would stand condemned; the word "DEPART" would *surely* be pronounced, and your portion would be with all those who reject God's free offer of salvation.

But I do not wish to look too long at what *must* be, if you *still* go on rejecting the offer of pardon through the blood of Jesus. I would rather point you to ONE who has paid the debt due by you, who has "borne *your* sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter ii. 24), who has *fully* satisfied God's just demands against you a sinner, and who says in His word, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou *shall* be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.) You have nothing to bring in order to recommend you to Him, you have only to "*stand still and see* the salvation of God" (Ex. xiv. 13), only to *trust* HIM. You see if this woman had trusted our friend *at the beginning*, she might have been happy all through the journey;

but the fact was, she had no faith or trust in him, hence all her trouble. And so it is with many. They will not trust God; they will not *believe* what He so plainly tells them, that the Lord Jesus Christ *has suffered in their stead*, and that *they can have eternal life now if they only believe*. Is not this dishonouring to God? Must not such conduct grieve one who has so loved them as to give His only-begotten Son to die for them? And yet this is what people are doing every day. Dear friend, it is out of love to your soul, and a desire to proclaim what God has done for poor, lost sinners, that I address myself so plainly to you. Accept a FREE GIFT. "The gift of God is eternal life." (Rom. vi. 23.) You have nothing to do but *take* it; then TAKE eternal life—is it not worth the taking?—and you *shall* have happiness now as well as through eternity. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." (Isaiah lv. 1.)

P. S.

WHAT IS IT "TO BELIEVE?"

 WE are in these days of gospel preaching continually being told that all we have to do to inherit eternal life is "to believe." Under a deep conviction that thousands of anxious souls are in darkness and doubt through not having a correct knowledge of what is meant by believing, we pen these few thoughts, trusting that the Holy Spirit may bring a knowledge of the truth into some hearts thereby. The first thing we will consider is, Who are told to believe? If we carry our thoughts back to the cases recorded in the word of God, we shall find that wherever the command was given to believe, there was a felt need. How is it that we have so few anxious inquirers in our congregations? How seldom are our hearts gladdened by the cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The cause is simply this. Many go to their places of worship from week to week, it may be they hear the gospel faithfully preached, and yet they never feel their need of a Saviour, and consequently have no anxiety whatever as to their future state. These do not trouble themselves as to what is meant by believing, and unless God in His great mercy is pleased to awake them out of their sleep, they will

eternally perish. The one who anxiously wants to know what it is to believe is he who by the Spirit of God has been brought to see himself in his helpless, lost, and ruined condition, and has been led to cry out, in the agony of his soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner." If this paper should fall into the hands of such an one, let him now thank God who by His infinite mercy has led him thus far, let him rest assured that the worldling has not such fears as these. God has begun a good work in him which He will undoubtedly finish.

To these sensible sinners I would then address a few words, trusting that God may bless them to their precious souls. What is it then that conscious sinners must believe in order to enjoy peace in their souls? It is not a dry historical fact merely. There are few but what believe that Christ came down from the glory, that He lived for thirty-three years on this earth, that He was then crucified for sinners, and was raised again from the dead, and now sitteth on the throne of God in heaven. I repeat, there are few but what believe all this; yet the mere belief in it as a fact in history will no more save their souls than believing any other circumstance which may have occurred in the ages past. "These things have I written unto you that believe *on* the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life." (1 John v. 13.) There is a vast difference, my friend, in believing *on* Christ and believing *about* Christ. We may illustrate it thus. You see some men, we will suppose, sinking a shaft; they have a box, in which they raise and lower themselves by means of a rope. You see the rope, it is a thick, strong one, and the men tell you that it is of such great strength that it is impossible for it to break, and that they trust their own lives to it with the greatest confidence. You believe all this, there is no room for doubt at all. But this is simply believing *about* the rope; and if you were wanting to get down to the bottom of the shaft for some purpose, you might believe all this for a long time without getting there. You must believe *on* it. You must place yourself in the box and be lowered by this rope, your whole weight and very life depending upon it, before you could see the bottom.

There is nothing of self in all this, you depend

entirely upon the rope, and the more faith you have in its strength the more comfortable will you feel during the descent. It is quite possible to go down this deep shaft, trembling and doubting your safety all the time, and yet arrive at the bottom just as safely as some who feel quite safe. And so it is in the things of eternity. Many who have truly rested on the finished work on the cross, go doubting all their days, instead of enjoying that peace and joy which is the true portion of the child of God. We have given a feeble illustration of what is meant by believing on Christ. It is no mere head-work. We must trust Him with all; we must see that we can do nothing ourselves in the salvation of the soul; and in this we have cause for thankfulness; for, as one has truly said, if our salvation depended on the movement of an eyelash, we could never be quite certain that the movement was made correctly, and we could consequently never be perfectly happy; but since Christ Himself has done all, it must have been perfectly done, and the clearer we see this with the eye of faith, the happier we will necessarily be. True, we may have seasons of gloom and darkness, but this does not affect our peace. We may sometimes be cold and indifferent to the things of eternity, but He never changes. We can sing—

"My love is oftentimes low,
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.
I change, He changes not,
Our Christ can never die;
His truth, not mine, the resting-place,
His love, not mine, the tie."

Oh, sinner, rest all on Him! He is mighty to save. There never was a poor sinner trusted in Him yet in vain; no, not one. Every one who ever rested upon Him, or now rests on Him for salvation, is either now in heaven or on his way there. Not one can be lost. Oh, it would not be a salvation worthy of our God if it were possible for a poor sinner who had once trusted in Jesus to fall away! In fact, it would not be a gospel at all, for gospel means "good news;" and how could it be good news to tell a guilty sinner, one who felt that he was altogether helpless, that if he

rested on the finished work of Christ he would be saved, but he must be very careful afterwards, or he might land in perdition at last! The true child of God at all times finds his greatest joy in walking in a manner pleasing to his heavenly Father; but this he does, not that he may be saved, but because he is saved.

"THEY CAME TO HIM."

"Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners for to hear Him."—LUKE xv. 1.

THEY came to Him, these sinners of the street,
The publicans, all branded with disgrace,
Came as they were, and at His blessed feet
Drank in His words, and gazed upon His face.

They came to Him from all the regions round,
From far and nigh drew near to His dear side;
In crowds they came, for He was much renowned,
"The Friend of sinners," so the scoffers cried.

They came to Him, until His friends would say,
"The Master hath not time to eat His bread;"
But He—He would not have them turned away—
"Forbid them not to come," He gently said.

They came to Him, when, in a desert place,
He sought to be alone in silent prayer;
And did He drive them back? Behold his grace!
He taught the following crowds, and fed them there.

Once, when the loving Saviour sat at meat
In Simon's house, a woman sought Him there;
And drawn where He reclined, she washed His feet
With flowing tears, and wiped them with her hair.

And then, made sweetly bold by His kind look,
She dropped a kiss—she heard the converse cease:
The guests all wondered; but the Saviour spoke—
"Thy sins are all forgiven thee, go in peace."

And was there ever one who came denied,
And sent away unanswered? No, not one.
His heart was free to all, His arms spread wide:
Of all who sought, His mercy cast out none.

And, sinner, guilty sinner, know thou this—
The Saviour thou dost seek is still the same;
Though raised to heaven, and robed in heavenly bliss,
"The sinner's Friend" is still His honoured name.

Come to Him, then, all guilty as thou art,
Come in thy rags, thy wretchedness, thy sin:
Where Jesus dwells no angel cries, "Depart!"
His door is open, sinner, enter in!

WILLIAM LUFF.

Evangelistic Notes.

MR. J. DENHAM SMITH has been preaching at St. George's Hall, Regent Street, during the past month.

MR. JOHN HAMBLETON has been holding a week's meetings at Evely Iron Room, Liphook.

LORD RADSTOCK is preaching on Sunday evenings at St. James's Hall, Regent Street.

MR. CHARLES INGLIS, who has had great blessing during three months' special meetings in Dublin, has during the past month been at Nottingham, Walsall, and Swindon. He sails on the 11th of June, from Plymouth, in the ss. *Orient*, for Australia, to hold some evangelistic meetings.

A meeting to commend Mr. Inglis to the Lord will be held at Union Hall, Carlisle Street, Edgeware Road, on Thursday, June 2nd, at 7.30.

Notice.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We again ask our Christian friends for their practical sympathy and help in the circulation of our paper. We rejoice to say that year by year our circulation has been maintained; but we are still desirous of its extension, feeling confident that the Lord will use it to wider usefulness. We therefore ask our readers to aid us in the matter of making it known in circles where hitherto it has not reached.

Christians interested in evangelistic work of any kind will find our paper a most useful addition to the preached Word. It is well adapted for general distribution, or for lending from house to house.

Advertisements.

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CONTENTS FOR THIS MONTH.—Hinds' Feet for High Places. "At Eventide it shall be Light." (Poetry.) The Supremacy of Love. On Christian Marriage. The Beginnings of Gospel History—VI. The Presentation of Christ in the Temple. Notes and Replies.

THE MISSIONARY ECHO: A Record of Labour for the Lord in other Lands. Price One Halfpenny.

CONTENTS FOR THIS MONTH.—"Full of the Holy Ghost." FAROE ISLANDS—W. Sloan. SPAIN—J. R. Wigstone; R. J. Senington. INDIA—F. Miles. AUSTRALIA—John B. Kenny. CHINA—Joseph S. Adams. UNITED STATES—Richard Irving. NEW ZEALAND—Walter Paterson.

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"WATCHMAN, what of the night! The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will enquire, enquire ye: return, come." (Isaiah xli. 14.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

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JULY 1, 1881.

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NO LADDER, BUT A NEW BIRTH.

BY CHEYNE BRADY.

PEOPLE talk of a ladder to heaven. It is a false, misleading idea. There is no ladder to heaven. Misty divinity has invented all sorts of ladders, with rounds of amendments—good works, charities, ceremonies, ordinances, legalism, ritualism, penances, &c.

Some good men teach as if faith in Christ placed one on the first rung of the ladder, and then we were to ascend the rest of the rounds and climb to heaven as best we might.

No wonder they consider chronic ups and downs the proper Christian course. One step up and two steps down is sure to be the result.

No wonder they can never be sure until they get to the top.

All these ladders are planted on the earth, but none of them reach heaven. Luther kicked the *sancta scala* (the holy staircase) from under his feet, which he was wearily climbing to earn the forgiveness of his sins. The word that gave him liberty was, "The just shall live by faith;" that is, the justified person shall have life by his faith.

On my conversion, in August, 1861, after twenty previous years of ladder-climbing, a day long to be remembered, God revealed His Son in me. Such a revulsion took place instantaneously in my soul. From a formalist and legalist, tied and bound with the chain of my sins, I was laid hold of unto eternal life, and the joy of the Holy Ghost pervaded me; and now I can soberly and solemnly testify to twenty

years of uninterrupted peace with God, joy unspeakable and full of glory, blessing without the shadow of a doubt of full acceptance, vital union, covenanted preservation, power of life, eternal salvation, perfection in Christ, and oh, such a blessed hope that any day the dear Lord may come and take up His believing saints to be for ever with Him!

Away then with the whole notion of steps unto heaven. The instant you believe you are "added to the Lord," you are saved by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son. By an act of sovereign grace God unites you to His Son. Henceforth you are "one with Him." "He that is joined to the Lord is one Spirit." No ladder, but a new birth. Created a new creature in Christ Jesus, all things are from God. Hence follow the fruits of faith, the obedience of faith, the glorifying God by a new life, all proceeding from, but not acquiring, our union to Christ. All the fruits, but not the root; all the superstructure, but not the basis.

Because you "stand in grace," rejoice in tribulations, &c.

Because you are "risen with Christ," seek those things that are above.

Because you are "complete in Him," let no man defraud you of your reward in a voluntary humility, &c.

Because you are chosen, called, &c., walk worthy of your vocation, with all lowliness, &c.

Because you await His appearing, purify yourself even as He is pure.

The school of God is to train His children, but not to manufacture them.

If you want power of a holy walk worthy of

your vocation, don't climb ladders, but hold fast Ephesian and Colossian truth. Don't be beguiled of your reward by a voluntary humility. And oh, as you grasp that for which also you are grasped of Christ Jesus, you will, as it were naturally, certainly spiritually, walk worthy of the gospel, and follow the practical exhortation of the latter parts of these glorious epistles!

Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. There are plenty of ladders down from your standing in grace. There are sliding, slippery ways of unbelief and legalism, which drag many down from the standing of their high calling in God. "Be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

It is written, "*Ye are complete in Him.*" "He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." "He hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." There are no steps here. All is grace, grace, grace upon grace.

Consider that the salvation of sinners is "*to the praise of the glory of His grace*, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved." "That in the ages to come He might show *the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness towards us in Christ Jesus.*"

"Must we not be
Lost in wonder, love, and praise?"

Do not tarnish that glory. Do not frustrate the grace of God. Do not forget that you have been purged from your old sins. If Christ be in you, you are one with Him, "you are *as He is* in this world," and will be like Him morally and physically when redemption is completed. And so as we see the day approaching, we shall not be found in mid air hanging to an imaginary ladder, but knowing that our meetness for glory is Christ Himself, we can look up at all times, and say, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

WHAT IS CHRIST TO YOU?

THIS is a very important and searching question, an answer to which will go far towards deciding what is our state before God. In times like these we ought to be decided, and to know how we stand in reference to eternity. We ought not to be satisfied with an uncertain hope or an ill-founded confidence. Our calling and election should be sure. We should be able to say, with the beloved apostle, "*We know that we are of God;*" "*we are passed from death unto life;*" "*now are we the sons of God.*" Our standing before God

depends on our connection with Christ, and the state of our heart depends upon our intercourse with Christ. Let us, then, briefly look at the question—

WHAT IS CHRIST TO YOU? If I reply for myself, I say, He is *the foundation of my hope*; for I have no hope towards God but what is founded on His person, sacrifice, and finished work. I hope for pardon, because He died for sin; I hope for justification, because He rose from the dead; I hope for eternal life, because He ever liveth to make intercession for me. The depravity of my heart, the imperfection of all my services, and the unholiness of my life, forbid my hoping for acceptance with God, access to God, or the enjoyment of God, upon any other ground. The Lord Jesus Christ, therefore, is my hope. He is also *the object of my faith*. As I believe in God, I believe also in Him. I believe Him to be what His word declares; I believe He has done what the gospel proclaims; I believe He will give what He has promised to those that seek Him. I have no confidence but what is founded in Christ. Take away Jesus, and I despair; but while He occupies His proper place, I can believe that God will graciously pardon, fully justify, and faithfully keep my soul. My trust is in Him, and in Him alone. I rely on His obedience, blood-shedding, and perfect work. I depend on His mediation, substitution, and atonement, for eternal life; and feel persuaded that He will keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. He is *the source of my supplies*. I look to Him for all I need for body and soul, for time and for eternity, for temporal and spiritual things. I believe that the wealth of God is stored up in Him; that every blessing promised is in Him; that all the provisions of the everlasting covenant are entrusted to Him; that He has heaven and earth at His command. I therefore ask of Him, look to Him, expect from Him. To Him I confess my poverty; with Him I lodge my complaints; to Him I present my petitions; from Him I expect my supplies. I believe the testimony that it hath pleased the Father that in Him all fulness should dwell. I have had a glimpse of His glory, and perceive that He is full of grace and truth. I have received with pleasure the information that all things are delivered unto Him by His Father. I therefore repair to Him as the fountain of living waters; I trust in Him as able to supply all my needs; I expect from Him, because He has kindly and faithfully promised. He is *the subject of my meditations*. Not a day passes but my thoughts are occupied with

Jesus. Forget whom I may, I never forget Him. Nothing feeds, nothing refreshes, nothing delights my soul like vigorous meditations on Jesus. I dwell at times on the glories of His person, the riches of His grace, the merit of His blood, the transcendent glory of His righteousness, the tenderness of His sympathy, the constancy of His love, the vastness of His resources, the greatness of His power, the variety of His characters, the glory of His offices, the prevalence of His intercession, and the grandeur of His second coming, until I am enamoured with His beauty and enraptured with His love. My meditation of Jesus is sweet, and it makes me glad in the Lord. My soul is satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth praises Him with joyful lips, when I remember Him upon my bed, and meditate on Him in the night-watches. It is delightful to occupy our thinking powers on Jesus and His glorious salvation. May I meditate upon Him daily and hourly, and may my last thought in the article of death be a thought of Christ. He is *the theme of my song*. No song pleases me if the name of Jesus is not in it; and the more it has of Christ in it the better it pleases me. It is sweet to think of Christ, but it is at times a little heaven on earth to sing of Christ. Herein we resemble the inhabitants of the better world; for they are singing—"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

"Oh, that I could now adore Him,
Like the heavenly hosts above,
Who for ever bow before Him,
And unceasing sing His love!
Happy songsters,
When shall I your chorus join?"

He is *the solace and joy of my soul*. In sorrow I repair to Him for solace, and in sadness for the joys of His salvation. There are times when no one can make me happy but Jesus; but He always can: blessed be His holy and adorable name, He sometimes does. When all is dark within me, when all is dreary around me, when all is discouraging before me, He fills me full of joy with His countenance. One look from His eye, one word from His lips, one breath breathed on my soul, relieves, restores, and makes me happy. He is the river of pleasure in which I sometimes bathe; He is the Eden of delights in which I sometimes walk; in Him are the wells of salvation from which at times with joy I draw. Take away Jesus, and my soul droops, desponds, and dies; give me Jesus, and the enjoy-

ment of His presence, and I can do without any other heaven. He is the glory of my brightest days, and my solace in my dreariest nights.

"When upon my restless bed,
Amidst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows His head,
'Tis morning with my soul."

In a word, He is *the Alpha and the Omega of my salvation*. It begins, it proceeds, it is completed in Him. He engaged in the everlasting covenant. He appeared in the fulness of time. He bore our sins and carried our sorrows. He put away our sins by the sacrifice of Himself. He brought in the everlasting righteousness. He conquered death, hell, and the grave. He ascended up on high, and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. He sent His gospel by His servants, and His Holy Spirit to apply it to the heart. He ever lives to intercede for us. His strength is perfected in our weakness. His grace is sufficient for us. Having obtained help from Him, we continue to the present day. By His grace we are saved. Such is the testimony of Holy Writ, and such are the views that revive my faith, refresh my soul, and endear my Redeemer to my heart. My experimental religion began with my feeling my need of Him; it proceeded until I realized my interest in Him; it stands now in my daily making use of Him; and it will be perfected by my everlastingly enjoying Him. Jesus is my all, and my heart at this moment says—

"Christ shall be my living theme,
Christ shall be my dying hope:
All I want is in His name;
Nor can I sink with such a prop."

And now, reader, WHAT IS CHRIST TO YOU? Have you been able to go with me in my statements? Is thine heart as my heart is? Perhaps you say, "Yes; but the half has not been told." The half! No, not the ten thousandth part. The glories of Jesus are infinitely beyond our comprehension. Now we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but that which is perfect will soon come, and then shall we know even as also we are known. Is Jesus precious to your soul *to-day*? Is He the joy and rejoicing of your heart? Is He divinely glorious in your estimation? If so, you are the subject of the Spirit's work; for He it is who glorifies Christ before us, within us, and by us. He takes of the things of Jesus, and shows them unto us. Without the presence, power, and operation of the Holy Spirit, we should never trust in Him, boast of Him, look to Him, or surrender ourselves into His hands to be saved by Him.

Every right view of Christ, every honourable thought of Christ, every sweet enjoyment of Christ, every effort to honour Christ, every attempt to imitate Christ, flows from the work of the Holy Spirit in our hearts. The more we experience of the Spirit's work, the more shall we love Jesus, exalt Jesus, extol Jesus, obey Jesus, and be conformed to the likeness of Jesus. Oh, that the Spirit of God then would work more powerfully in all our hearts!

But perhaps my reader has no sympathy with me, but looks upon what I have written as a mere rhapsody. Is it so? Then from my heart I pity you, from my heart I pray for you. You need just such a Saviour as Jesus is. No one but Jesus can save you from hell, raise you to heaven, or give you solid happiness in the present world. But Jesus can. Oh, that you felt your need of Him! Oh, that you would flee to Him to be saved from the wrath to come! Oh, that you would cast yourself into the arms of His mercy, and enjoy a free, full, present, and everlasting salvation! What is Christ to you now? Is He your precious Saviour? Is He your daily food? Is He the joy and rejoicing of your soul? Is He the foundation of your hope, the object of your faith, the source of your supplies, the subject of your meditations, the theme of your song, the solace and joy of your soul, the Alpha and Omega of your salvation? He *will* be your Judge by-and-by. He will either condemn or justify you. He will either invite you to inherit a kingdom prepared for you, or command you to depart from Him into everlasting burnings, prepared for the devil and his angels. Which will it be? Which? Have you come to any conclusion on this point? Have you decided in your own mind whether you shall go to hell or heaven? If so, to which are you going? If you have not, is it not time you had? God grant that each of my readers may be led to sing, in the words which have been sung so often, which have ascended to heaven from so many true hearts—

"Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of Thee;
No music's like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

"Oh, let us ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to us speak,
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec!

"Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

"When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the sacred throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song."

THE SURE FOUNDATION.



SHORT time ago there was an extensive piece of ground lying waste. It had been used for a stone-yard, but the lease having expired, and the ground considerably increased in value, the owner thereof determined to make a good bargain when he granted a new lease, so that he intended on fixing upon the best offer. One day a gentleman called upon him, and stated that he would buy the lease if he would fix his price, as he wanted to build a very large mansion upon it. After the agreements were signed and sealed, he applied to several builders to send in estimates for the building, according to the plans that he had; they were also to fix the earliest date that it could be completed by, as he was in a great hurry to occupy it.

The estimates were accordingly sent in, and one was agreed upon, and the building was to be completed by a certain date; and very soon the workmen were engaged in clearing the ground. When they were going to lay the foundation, a sharp frost set in, and it was thought that the work would have to be stopped; but the builder would not hear of that, for it would have been a great loss to him if he did not have it finished by the time he fixed. The work of laying the foundation was therefore continued, and many watched its erection with delight as the massive stonework decorated the front; yet no one thought that such a noble building was resting on a bad foundation. One night a terrible crash was heard, and then the rumbling sound of falling stones, which soon brought a number of spectators to see what was the matter; all seemed to be in a state of confusion, and a look of surprise was seen on the countenances of the bystanders. "I wonder how it was?" asked a young man standing by. "I can tell you," said his friend; "the matter is easily explained, the foundation was bad; the bricks might have been good, but the foundation was not solid. You perhaps remember that it was laid in frosty weather, and it only needed the heat of the sun to thaw the mortar, and then the bricks fell closer together, and the consequence you can now see."

As I watched that fallen building, I thought of some I knew, who are building on a foundation that is not secure, and which only needs the heat of God's wrath to prove it unsafe.

Are you, dear reader, building on a good or bad foundation? You hope to go to heaven, but what

does your hope rest upon? You expect to have your sins forgiven, but what is the ground of your expectations?

Some rest contented with *doing* their best, and they build a structure of good works, which to the natural eye has a grand appearance, and commend themselves to their friends by a show of alms-giving and charities; but God does not look at the outward appearance, He looks right into the heart, and if the foundation is bad, your "good works" will prove to be like castles built in the air. What is the *best* you can do in order to merit salvation? If you try to keep the law you must fail, and if you fail in *one* point you are accounted guilty of all (James ii. 10), and the condemnation that is upon you is *death*, for it is the wages of sin. "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way," doing that which was right in our own eyes, without a thought of God, and the very "best" we can do is in the sight of God as filthy rags. But you may say, "I try to do my duty; I pay my way; my character is not stained; and I try to be religious." That is what some one said to me a short time ago, and she finished by saying, "I am sure if anybody goes to heaven I ought to."

Perhaps you would stand a good chance if going to heaven depended on what you say you do; but as it does not, I fear you stand a very bad chance. You may speak the truth in saying "you pay your way," &c., but do you think that the men of Sodom were *all* rogues, and did not "pay their way"? and they were destroyed in the cities of the plain when fire from heaven consumed them. The men in the time of Noah might, some of them at least, have been "moral" or "religious;" but that did not save them. The only place of safety was inside of the ark; and judgment came upon all outside, whether moral or immoral, religious or irreligious, honest men or rogues—*all* who were not sheltered by the ark were swept off by the judgment of God.

There are some who rest on a bad foundation, such as, "I attend to all the ordinances of the church, I have been baptized, confirmed, and always go to the sacrament." Many have said this to me, and I fear that such is the foundation of many in this present day; they do not only *try* to be religious, but they *are* in their own way. Are you resting on what you are? If so, be sure of this, that your religious ceremonies will lead you to destruction and endless perdition. If you say you were made a

child of God by sprinkling of water, you deceive your own self; for Jesus said to the religious Pharisee, "Ye must be born again." (John iii.) Nor will going to the Lord's table make you a whit better for the presence of God. The children of Israel were sheltered from judgment by the blood on the doorpost; and after the blood was put upon the lintels and sideposts, they went inside and feasted on the lamb. (Exodus xii.) It was not because they fed upon the roasted lamb that the destroying angel passed by, but because the blood was sprinkled outside, that was a necessity to keep themselves secure while their feasting was a privilege. So, dear friend, is it with you; the sacrament will not keep you from the judgment and wrath of God, but the **BLOOD** only can safely shelter you.

"You own the Son of God has come;
You own He bled and died;
You do not doubt these solemn facts;
But is the *blood* applied?"

There is another class of people who know themselves to be sinners, but are careless or unconcerned as to accepting salvation; and if you speak to them they will tell you the foundation they build upon is "the goodness and mercy of God." True He is *good*, He is *merciful*; and that is why He is patiently waiting for the wanderer to return. But while He is *merciful* He is righteous and holy, and will not have His mercy trifled with. "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed." We deserved to be banished from the presence of God for ever;

"But His grace o'er sin abounding
Rescued us from misery."

A young man lay dying. For many long years he had despised the mercy of God; and now he was brought down to his death-bed. While racked with pain in mind and body, his weeping mother came and whispered in his ear, "God is merciful." With a wild shriek he cried, "Mother, don't say that. I know He is merciful; but I have despised His mercy." And, lying back on his pillow, he died.

God is dealing in mercy with you now; but by-and-by He will deal with you in judgment. What will you answer, when all the foundations that you rest upon are swept away, and you stand alone with none to pity, none to plead your cause? Try the foundation that you rest upon; and if it is bad, do not rest upon it any longer, but find out

THE SURE FOUNDATION,

on which you can build with the greatest assurance. A dying Christian said, as she closed her eyes in

death, "I know but one foundation, and on that I can with confidence rest; it is the atoning blood of Christ." Other foundation can no man lay, for on this *one* the whole Church of God rests.

The work of the Lord Jesus on the cross was a finished work; and nothing can be added to it to make it more perfect; and on that work I rest. If it were left to me to work out a righteousness suitable for the presence of God, I should come far short of what His holiness demands; and it was because of my hopeless and helpless condition that the Son of God died. It was God who made the way; for He said, "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a *tried* stone, a *precious* corner stone, a *sure* foundation." (Isa. xxviii. 16.)

God has given you His word to assure you that He has *tried* the foundation, that He has laid and proved it to be firm and safe. Take God at His word; build on this foundation; and set to your seal that God is true. (John iii. 33.) We should build on this foundation because it is the *ONLY* one. You may try the other false ones that I have mentioned; but that will be like the house built upon the sand, which only needed the storm to beat against it to bring destruction. The fire of God's holiness, or the storm of His wrath, will try your foundation, and will sweep away the refuges of lies that you may be trusting in. (Isa. xxviii. 17.) Will it be like the alime-pits in the vale of Siddim, which would prove a bad foundation for a tower whose top was to reach to heaven? or will it be like the house on the rock (Matt. vii. 24), which could not be moved by storm or wind?

Dear reader, be wise in time; delay not to take shelter in the only true hiding-place; rest not until your feet are firmly planted on the Rock of Ages; and then you will be safe, and able to say—

"On Christ the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand."

F. H. D.

THE MORNING.

ISA. xxi. 11, 12.

BY MRS. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

ROM. xiii. 12.

BLEST morn! that ends the saint's long night,
When shall we hail thy dawning light?

PS. cxxx. 6.

When shall these dreary clouds depart,
That chill the weary, longing heart?

1 COR. xv. 52.

When shall we greet the first surprise,
That bids Thy Church to glory rise?

1 THESS. iv. 16.

When shall the welcome trumpet sound
To wake the sleepers, prison bound?

1 COR. xv. 53.

And this vile, mortal clay of mine,
In Jesus' heavenly image shine?

1 THESS. iv. 17.

As quick and dead are caught away,
Amid the grandeurs of that day?

1 JOHN iii. 2.

When shall we see the glorious face,
Of Him we love, our Prince of Grace?

2 COR. v. 10.

When shall we in His judgment stand,
To take our honours from His hand,

1 COR. v. 13, 15.

And part at last with all the dross,
That costs our souls such serious loss?

REV. xix. 7, 8.

When shall the Bride, in white array,
Shine forth upon her marriage day?

PSA. xiv. 13.

And, radiant above compare,
Pass in, those festal joys to share

JOHN xix. 30.

With Him whose shame and bloody fight
Opened for her the gates of light.

LUKE xxi. 28.

Sweet Day! thy dawn must soon appear;
The heralds sound thy coming near;

REV. xxii. 16.

The morning star will shortly rise,
To cheer the weary watcher's eyes;

ISA. xxv. 9.

And we, who mourn the night as long,
Shall change our wail to gladsome song.

ISA. xxi. 12.

Yes, morning comes! but also night!
The hour of Satan's fiendish might;

JER. xxx. 7.

The time of Jacob's trouble sore,
The vials held in vengeful store,

REV. xix. 11-16.

Till Zion's King, with rod of ire,
Shall plead His rights by blood and fire.

ISA. xiv. 7.

Then, when the whirl of woe is passed,
And tortured earth finds rest at last,

REV. xx. 3, 4.

When plagues and terrors flee away,
Before the grand millennial day,

REV. xix. 1-5.

The Lamb's redeemed, victorious throng,
Shall shout His praises, loud and long.

MATT. xxv. 46.

Oh, sinner! this fair day we wait,
In blackest night shall shroud your fate;

2 COR. vi. 2.

Then grasp deliverance whilst you may,
While, briefly, hellish hordes delay,

HEB. x. 29.

To execute the wrath of God,
On all who slight ATONING BLOOD.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

I HAD been visiting at the Cottage Hospital for some months, principally in the "Keayon Ward," and had seen many cases, more or less interesting from a natural point of view, pass out, cured. But I rarely came down from reading or singing to the patients without turning into the sitting-room to have a few words with the matron, about whom there was to me an indescribable attraction.

She was a young woman about thirty; tall and graceful, with gentle brown eyes, and a winning smile, which lighted up her face when she spoke. But the brilliant fluctuating colour, while it added to her personal attractions, told but too plainly a tale of the mischief working within. Still she seemed quite unconscious of this herself; and as she was very reserved as to her spiritual experiences, for many weeks I was anxious and unhappy about her, though the Lord in a special way laid her upon my heart in prayer.

After kindly assisting me to put up some texts upon the walls, one Friday afternoon, I put the personal inquiry to her for the first time, "Do you know Christ as *your* Saviour?"

With a slight hesitation, while the colour rose to her cheeks, she replied, "I hope so; I have not served Him as I ought; but I think I can say, I do know Him."

"Then it is all well with you for time and eternity," I responded, as I took her hand to say good-bye.

A week passed before I was able to call at the hospital again. When I did so, it was to hear from one of the nurses the startling message, "The matron has been taken suddenly ill since yesterday, miss; and wishes you to go up and see her."

In a few moments I was at her bedside, listening to her account of her sudden attack, and her plans for removal to a convalescent home when she got over it. Then, anxious—perhaps faithlessly anxious—to have a clear testimony from her, I said, "And you are resting in Christ, in His finished work, dear?"

She looked up quietly, as she replied, "I've—nowhere—else—to—rest; please read—to me."

I opened at John x., and as I came to those blessed words, "The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep," her heavy breathing told she was asleep. It was getting dark, and snowing

heavily; and as my time was up, I rose softly, and left the room, giving a promise to the nurse that I would call early next day.

Never shall I forget the sight which met me when I entered her room next morning. Tossing restlessly to and fro, laughing, muttering, singing, utterly unconscious of anything passing around her, the scarlet cheeks and sparkling eyes telling of the fever raging within.

"She has been like that all night," said the nurse. "She knows no one, not even the doctor; but maybe she'll know you, miss."

I bent over her. "Do you know me, dear?"

What a thrill went through me as those dull, unconscious eyes looked up at mine, and she muttered, "Your hair looks nice."

Then there flashed to my mind the lines—

"Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,"

and laying my cold hand upon her forehead, I said, "Well, you know *Jesus*—Jesus the Saviour?"

Oh, the power of that name! How it breaks hearts now, as it shall bow knees hereafter! Her dull eyes brightened, and she bent her head as she replied, "Yes, I—know—Him."

These were the last coherent words I heard from her. She lingered some days in the same sad state (as regards her body), and then, as an early December evening was closing in,

"Her spirit still mourning its fetters
Was loosed by the hand of God."

Reader, how little I thought, as I sat in her cosy private room that Friday afternoon, that I was talking to her then, calmly and quietly, "*for the last time.*" Talking of the hospital, of her prospects, and of things which would never again be of interest to her. Yet so it was.

And to you and to me, dear reader, there will come a day when we shall do everything "*for the last time.*" Can we tell how soon? This may be the last paper I shall ever write. It may be the last you will ever read: how solemn, yet how sweet, is the thought to me. Is it less so to you? and do you shrink from the thought as one of dread and gloom?

Ah, if you know not Christ as your Saviour you may well shrink! And the future—the future perhaps so near at hand—can only be "blackness of darkness" for ever. "Because I have called," are His own words, "and ye refused; I have stretched

out my hand, and no man regarded . . . I also will laugh at your calamity ; I will mock when your fear cometh." One more appeal He makes to you now through these pages. One more entreaty falls from His own loving lips : " Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die ? " Once more, and it may be "*for the last time,*" the unlimited offer reaches your ears : " I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."

Will you accept or reject this salvation ?

A. S. O.

THE PRODIGAL SON ;

OR, THE STORY OF A FATHER'S LOVE.

LUKE IV. 11-24.

NOW full of interest is the parable of the prodigal son ! how remarkable are the circumstances attending its delivery ! The speaker on this occasion was the Lord Jesus Christ. To some He was known only as Jesus of Nazareth, the lowly son of a carpenter ; by very few as the Son of the living God—God manifest in the flesh. The audience was composed of publicans and sinners, who drew near to hear Him. What a privilege thus to be able to draw near to the One of whom it was murmuringly said, " This Man receiveth sinners," and to listen to the " gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth ! " The Holy Ghost has preserved to us in this chapter some of these words, and has placed them on record by the pen of the inspired evangelist for divine blessing to successive generations. In accordance with that which had been foretold of Jesus, he spoke to the multitude in parables ; and here we have before us that which is familiarly known as " the parable of the prodigal son," or which may be more correctly designated " the parable of the loving Father." The blessed Lord appears in this discourse to bring before His hearers the joy of the father in welcoming home his truant son more prominently than the joy of the prodigal in being thus lovingly received, although the latter most assuredly has its place. This was part of the mission of the Lord Jesus. He came to reveal the Father ; and He did this so perfectly that He could say, " He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." And who could better testify of the love that was in the Father's heart than the One who was Himself the gift of God to a lost and ruined world ? He came from God, and went to God, and shines forth as " the brightness of the Father's glory,

and the express image of His person." Such was the speaker. What then were His words ? " And He said, A certain man had two sons : and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living."

The nature of this request denotes plainly enough that there was lurking in the heart of the son a spirit of alienation from all the affections of home and home-life. This spirit was the very germ of the evil that subsequently revealed itself by outward manifestations. The heart itself was wrong. Here was the root of the sin. The future experiences were the fruits. Hence the force of the divine injunction—" Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

The spiritual significance of this request as between fallen man and God is simply the outward expression of the desire to be independent of God. The man of the world desires to be his own master. He wishes to lay out his plans for the future in accordance with the projects of his own will, and for the gratification of his own pleasures. The prodigal had grown weary of daily dependence upon his father's bountiful provision, and sought to have the management of his affairs into his own hands. He wanted to possess that which he legally could claim as his own, and to dispose of it without the checks of home-life, and the restraints of a father's presence. The simple believer knows that the path of dependence is the only path of security and blessing. It has, however, been asked, Why did the father acquiesce in so unhappy a request on the part of his son ? Because he had at heart the true welfare of his son. It would not have been profitable to have detained him at home against his will. It would not have been conducive to the discipline and happiness of the home-circle to have maintained there one in whose heart a spirit of insubordination was being encouraged. It is often so in the providential dealings of God with the children of men. When His service becomes irksome, or other than perfect freedom, to those who are His children by faith in Christ Jesus, and in their short-sightedness and folly they fancy they can do better elsewhere, God sometimes permits them to make the trial, and to discover by bitter and humbling experience that to leave the path of dependence and obedience for the gratification of self is to exchange a loving Master for an exacting tyrant, and the position of a willing servant for that of an unhappy slave.

How often rebellion of heart is very rapidly followed by rebellious ways! It was so in this case: "And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a *far country*, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."

For a while we may conjecture that the prodigal, so soon altered in character as to have become a squanderer of that which he had acquired, thought himself happy in his altered circumstances, and congratulated himself upon the step he had taken in becoming his own master. So with the sinner. He does not at once perceive that he is hastening to bankruptcy and ruin; the resources of natural delights and the pleasures of sin are not immediately exhausted; but, like the prodigal, he sooner or later finds himself "*to be in want.*" "And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want."

If he would now stop and think, he would discover in this reversal a call to return homewards. But the will was unbroken, although the spirit may have been subdued by adversity. He must venture still further, like the poor gambler who, having lost all his possessions, is still eager to risk his last piece of money, in the hope that by one more throw he may retrieve his fortunes. "And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him."

How subtle is the strategy of the great enemy of souls! how fair are his promises! Notice in this case how the position of the prodigal has been reversed. The aspirant for liberty is now willing to hire himself out as a servant. For the sake of the food of which he stood so sorely in need, he accepts employment of a most menial character, and especially so from a Jewish point of view. It is well, however, that in the midst of his dire distress he has leisure and opportunity for serious reflections. We can picture to ourselves the forlorn youth sitting in deep dejection upon the ground as the past and the present pass in review before his mind. He contrasts his own position with that of the hired servants in the home upon which he had turned his back; he thinks of the abundant bread in the house of plenty; he recalls the portion of goods which he had so lavishly squandered upon others; and now no man would give to him. These meditations bring him to a true sense of his condition. The Lord Jesus

says, "He came to himself." The Great Physician knew that all this time he had not been himself; he had been led captive by the power of "the evil one." He thought he was free; but he was bound hand and foot. He dreamed of liberty while the fetters were being slowly and surely wound round him. Man's extremity is God's opportunity. The climax had been reached at last; and at this juncture we have brought before us the three great component parts of true conversion —

CONVICTION	}	CONVERSION.
CONTRITION		
CONFESSION		

These three are contained in his own words: "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants." How touchingly are the conditions of true conviction, contrition, and confession expressed!

"And he arose, and came to his father." This is true conversion, a real change of front. He turns his back on the "far country," and sets his face homewards. So with everyone who is "born again." There is a turning to God; not to a party, nor a sect, nor form of belief, but to God. It was so with the Thessalonian believers; they "turned to God from dumb idols."

Blessed be God, "He draws nigh to them that draw nigh to Him." In the actions of the father we have a representation of this: "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

In the presence of such love, and in the pressure of this warm embrace, a full confession is made of sin, both as regards God and the father. There is, however, a notable omission—no mention is made of his employment as a hired servant. In his most sanguine moments he had not contemplated such a reception; and love like this must not be dictated to. So it is with regard to the believer and God. He is not merely saved from the wrath to come, wondrous fact though it be; he is introduced as a blood-bought son into the family of God; he is made fit for the Father's presence. "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither

the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry." That joy had a beginning, but it has no ending; it lasts throughout eternity. "We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Finally, what great truth do we learn from this sublime parable? God is reconciled; God is waiting to be gracious to the poor sinner who, by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and resting on His finished work, thus returns to Him. Cleansed from all sin by the blood of Jesus, robed in divine righteousness, and feeding on the rich provision of everlasting love, how happy is the portion of the believer!

"No wrath God's heart retaineth
To usward who believe;
No dread in ours remaineth,
As we His love receive.
Returning sons He kisses,
And with His robe invests;
His perfect love dismisses
All terror from our breasts."

W. H. F. C.

LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?



H, what wilt Thou have me to do, my Lord,
On the earth with its teeming crowd?
Shall I tell of the gracious incarnate Word,
Or sing of His blood that flowed?
Or mutely pass on when the sombre pall
But figures the denser gloom
Of thousands who deeper than sepulchres fall,
To judgment's eternal tomb?
Shall I find my ease midat the thorns of woe,
Or pillow on thistly down,
And deafen my ears to the deathly throes,
That haunts earth up and down?
Shall I gaze on the gliding and subtle crawl,
And never a warning cry,
Till grasped unto death in that fatal thrall,
The victim unhelped must die?
Ah, never, my Lord; there are souls around
Thou sawest through burning tears,
When Thy Spirit with yearning agonies groaned
Which entered Jehovah's ears!
Thy heart is unchanged in its love and grace—
Oh, teach me its deathless power,
In the favour of love Thy ways to trace,
For the rest of my little hour!
I agonize, Lord, at Thy feet, to know
Thy will by Thy Spirit's light,
To worship, or serve, or wait below,
Then order my steps aright;
Thy glory, Thy glory alone to seek,
Possessed by Thyself alone,
My life and my lips Thy ways shall speak,
And souls be for glory won.

Pages for Believers.

SEVENFOLD SANCTIFICATION.

IN the New Testament *sanctification* means separation; but the Christian's sanctification does not chiefly consist of what may be called practical "holiness, without which no man can see the Lord." That is essential; but practical holiness, or the departing from evil on our part, would be impossible, but for God's part in sanctification, which ought always to be regarded as the greatest part of sanctification. There may be traced a sevenfold sanctification in the New Testament.

1. "*Sanctified by God the Father.*" This is followed by "preserved in Christ Jesus—called," which shows that this sanctification cannot be anything wrought in us, for it is entirely in the mind of God before we have been "called" by the gospel at all. This is the gracious separation of the saints in the eternal purpose of "God the Father." "*Thus they were,*" said Christ, "and thou gavest them Me." This is surely as truly "an act of God's free grace" as is justification. Again, we read of saints as—

2. "*Them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus.*" "According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love." The Christ was set up from everlasting; and all who shall ever be with Him in heavenly glory were separated, in the love of God, by His choosing them in Christ, "Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself." We read further of—

3. "*Sanctification of the Spirit.*" This comes after election, and before obedience, and the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus (1 Peter i. 2), and must be "an act of God's free grace," a thing done at once, and as perfect as God can make it. It cannot mean progressive holiness, but perfect sanctification, as it is quickening us together with Christ, and consequently separating us at once and for ever from our connection with our fallen head, Adam. This is surely practical sanctification on God's part, but

we are entirely passive in it. This is the great separation from sin, in the death and resurrection of Christ, by lifting us out of the nature that sins; for we are not in the flesh, but in the spirit; not in Adam fallen, but in Christ risen. "How shall we, that are *dead to sin*, live any longer therein?" We read also of—

4 "*Sanctification by blood.*" Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate. That precious blood of Christ purges the conscience from dead works to serve the living God; and we enter into the holiest of all, as worshippers, in the full value of Christ's offering of Himself as a sacrifice for our sins unto God; and the whole will of God with regard to us being fully done, Scripture says, "*We are sanctified*; for by one offering He hath perfected for ever *them that are sanctified.*" We are *saints* "by the blood of Jesus," not by attainment. "*We are sanctified*;" we are *saints*; and that, too, by the will done in the work of Christ—all by an act of God's free grace; and this sanctification is complete, and admits of no degrees. If we are *saints*, *we are*; and we are not partially sanctified by blood, but perfectly "*sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus once for all.*" If we are not perfectly sanctified, this would degrade the blood of Christ to the level of the blood of bulls and of goats, of which it is said, "It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away *sins.*" If Christ's work is perfect, then all who trust to it are perfectly sanctified from their sins by it. We read also such words as these:

5. "*Sanctify them by thy truth.*" This occurs in such a connection as to show that the root-idea is separation. "For their sakes," says Christ, "I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified through the truth." He gave Himself up for the Father's glory, and having been rejected here, He has been raised from the dead, and set at God's right hand, apart from the world; and His disciples are now separated from all their earthly connections, and connected with Him, risen and glorified, being thus sanctified by the truth of His grace, work, acceptance of God, and glory in heaven; and just in proportion as we grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ, we shall be sanctified politically, ecclesiastically, socially, and personally. We are

formed for heaven by knowing better and better the Christ of glory. We are also sanctified and cleansed by Christ, by the washing of water by the word. We read also these words:

6. "*Purifying their hearts by faith.*" The word is the medium, faith is the instrument. There is an expression, "Sanctified by faith;" but, though made much of by some, it is wrongly applied; for faith is not so connected in Acts xxvi. 18. It reads, "That, by faith in me, they may receive remission and an inheritance among the sanctified." But although that passage does not say we are sanctified by faith, it is, however, the truth, that we are so, as taught elsewhere, and it is in fact the teaching of all Scripture, that in proportion to our faith, so will be our measure of sanctification; for by faith we get into our souls such divine realities as wash out as far as they reach all our own merely human thoughts, and leave us with "Jesus only." We read also of—

7. *Practical sanctification.* "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification; for God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness," "and the very God of peace sanctify you wholly," "and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." There is everywhere enjoined a holy life and walk, the old man disallowed, put off, and the members mortified. "If ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

These few hints show how wrong it would be to run away with one phase of sanctification, and make it appear as if there were no other. Ill-taught men should beware how they trouble the saints with their own partial, crude, and hazy views, and wait until they know better themselves, something of the depth, breadth, and fulness of Holy Scripture, before they set up for teachers or censors of those who know the mind of the Spirit; and dear saints should pray much to be guided into all truth on every subject, and go direct to the Holy Scriptures, and not be satisfied to drink at the meagre and muddy streams of modern theology. May the Holy Spirit give us all to experience more powerfully this subject of sanctification, and receive it in all its divine fulness, and have it carried out in all its practical details, so that we be living epistles, known and read of all men.

Evangelistic Notes.

At this season of the year, when special efforts are being made to reach the multitude by means of tent and open-air meetings, we would ask the Lord's people to remember these efforts in prayer.

Mr. J. ALBERT BOSWELL, of Edinburgh, writes: "The prayers of God's people are asked for tent meetings being held in Edinburgh during the summer months. Mr. J. Ritchie has been helping during the month of June, and Mr. R. T. Hopkins and Mr. C. Morton are expected to follow up the work. Pray that a great work for God may be done in this great religious centre, where there is much of the form of godliness, with little, often, of the power; and many of God's own children seem blinded to the growing darkness and spreading infidelity around."

Mr. J. G. McVICKER has been preaching at St. George's Hall during June.

Mr. CHARLES INGLIS has left this country for about twelve months' evangelistic work in Australia.

Lord RADSTOCK has been having good meetings at St. James's Hall, Regent Street, on Sunday evenings for several weeks past.

Mr. J. A. VICARY is having much encouragement in his work in Bristol and neighbourhood. He desires prayer for blessing on the meetings being held in four different tents that he has pitched.

Mr. W. R. LANE has been preaching at Kilburn Hall during June. He is now in Dublin for a short time.

Notices.

SPECIAL.

We shall be grateful to those of our readers to whom the Lord has imparted the gift of writing for the press if they would send us original articles, narrative or otherwise, suitable for this magazine or for our *Gracious Words Almanack*, which we shall soon be preparing for the coming year. We are constantly hearing of blessing through our pages, and our readers might have fellowship in our joy in this service, if they would use the gift the Lord may have imparted in writing for our paper.

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"WATCHMAN, what of the night:
The watchman said, The morning
cometh, and also the night: if ye
will enquire, enquire ye: return,
come." (Isaiah xli. 12.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a
watchman unto the house of Israel:
therefore thou shalt hear the word
at my mouth, and warn them from
me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

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S. W. PARKER & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

ASLEEP!—BUT WHERE?

THERE nestles under the south side of the Quantock Hills, in the county of Somerset, a number of large villages.

From one of these, during the Christmas week of —, a man came into Wellington, on a seasonable visit to his friends. It was a long-projected visit, so several others made their way thither also, who, like himself, were settled some distance off.

The day was spent in mirth and jollification; each seemingly vying with the other as to who could eat and drink most.

It was a late hour before the company broke up, and the one of whom we speak was the last to leave. Not was he rendered in a better condition for finding his way home, by the extra glass or two that were pressed on him before he started, just to keep out the cold. Though indeed he had done his part, during the day, to show his host that he thought well of his tap.

A friend accompanied him a great part of the distance, and perceiving that he was decidedly muddled, to say the least of it, tried to persuade him not to leave the road, nor venture, as he declared was his intention, to take the short cut across the fields. But he was obstinate, and when they came to the stile, insisted on bidding his friend good-night and no less of bidding I.

Though he endeavoured to dissuade him from going, he did not think how fatally that what he would end.

This night was dark and cold, and his wife, already bedeviled with drink, must have certainly forsaken

him. On and on he wandered, far away from the beaten track; now stumbling over a newly-ploughed field, now groping his way through some thorny hedge.

Still doggedly pursuing his way, that same obstinacy that made him take it kept him up to it. Surely, muttering to himself, he would shortly be at home. Little dreaming, poor unfortunate, that each step he took but carried him farther and yet farther astray.

On and on he must have tramped, until, overcome at last, feeling about for some drier, sheltered spot, he lay down to sleep.

To sleep his last sleep!

Strong and healthy, he slept; yet he waked not again on earth!

No weakling's death was his.

Oh, for a voice to wake the sleeper! But all is still as the grave; and the wind whispers mournfully among the trees, as if sighing with pity o'er the wretched man.

As deep as have been his excesses, as far as have been his wanderings, so much the sounder are his slumbers.

Does he dream of home, and turn himself on his hard couch? *Fatal turn!* Yet what danger does he know! Alas! unconsciousness of danger is danger increased a hundredfold.

The next morning a lime-burner came to examine his kiln, which he judged must be buried through by this time.

Yes, the fire had done its work on the hard stones, and on something else.

What was that charred object lying on the surface

there, just a little nearer the farther side from which he stood? He started with horror! Was it—could it be—A MAN!

He went round to look.

'Twas even so—a man burned to death!

Ah! 'twas he who left home hale and hearty yesterday; in *eternity* before to-day. He lay down all unconscious of his nearness to the burning kiln, but rolled over in his sleep, and fell into the devouring element.

Other men are doing the same now—to-day. Obstinate they pursue the downward road, an easier path—a *shorter cut*—to them.

“There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.” (Prov. xvi. 25.)

Flooding on in the dark night of sin, filled with the cup of this world's pleasures—the cup that inebriates but does not cheer—hoping to get to heaven *at last*; where is the man that does not?

Despairing even of this, wearily they lie down to sleep where best they can, seeking rest in many things short of home, *short of Christ*.

Unsaved soul, *thou* art the man. *Thou* wanderest on, “having no hope, and without God in the world.” *Thou* sleepest, not on the edge of a burning kiln, but on the brink of an awful hell.

SLEEPEST! But, thank God, within sound of a voice—within reach of an almighty arm.

AWAKE! FLEE! LEST THE NEXT TURN SHOULD BE THY LAST.

J. C. R.

BY-AND-BY.



“H, where is the place? Do show me the place!”

The demand, which was rather an entreaty, proceeded from an elderly woman, very respectably dressed. She was intensely excited. Tears were flowing down her cheeks, where time had already made its furrows. The same excitement was on every countenance. Evidently some great calamity had occurred. We followed the old woman and her guide into a large room, where, a most awful and ghastly spectacle presented itself. Upon various tables lay *twenty-two corpses!* There were the old man and the infant; mothers, daughters, sons, and husbands; some of them almost crushed out of every semblance of humanity.

“What was the cause of all this? No powder-mill

had exploded, and sent forth its lurid flames. No ravaging army had spread slaughter and destruction around. It was Sunday morning. All was bright, and calm, and happy. The bells were ringing merrily from every steeple, to welcome the day of rest. A party of pleasure was on its way from a large city. Laughter and merriment were universal, when, in a moment—while the laugh was ringing in the ear, and the jest had scarce parted the lip—the air was rent with shrieks and groans of mortal agony! A collision had taken place between two trains, and, without warning, twenty-two persons suddenly passed from time into eternity!

Weeping friends and heart-stricken relatives filled the room where the dead were laid. They were in their holiday attire, stained with their own blood.

The old woman we have alluded to passed from one mangled body to another, until her eye rested on that of a young man in the prime of life, frightfully disfigured. With a paroxysm of grief, she took the cold hand in hers, and, seeing I looked sympathizingly at her, poured out her grief in heart-rending language.

“Oh, sir!” she said, “this poor lad is my son. He would go yesterday. I wanted him not to. And now—you see. He was a kind lad, sir.”

“Do you think,” said I, “that he had given his heart to God?”

I had doubts myself; for I thought a man that had truly come to Christ would know the value of the Lord's-day as a means of grace, and not spend it in his own pleasures. Still I was anxious to know if there had been any signs of repentance; for who knows but in that awful hour, God, who is *love*, may have heard the dying cry of some who, in the hour of extremity, implored salvation in the Saviour's name!

“Why, sir,” replied the woman, “he went to church sometimes; and he never swore nor got drunk.”

“Did he pray?”

“Why, yes, sir—sometimes.”

This was poor encouragement. Still I felt interested in the young man; and having directed the weeping mother to Him who Himself wept at Lazarus' tomb, I promised to call on her.

On fulfilling my promise, a day or two after, I found the history of the widow's son was as follows. Oh, that the unconverted reader may take it as a beacon of warning, and lay its lessons to heart!

Thomas White was an only son. His mother

petted him with a foolish fondness. She was blind to his faults, until they forced themselves on her notice; and then her rebukes took no effect. His father had died when he was very young, leaving a small annuity to his widow. Out of this Mrs. White apprenticed her son to an engineer. His master was a pious man, and frequently, in conversation with his apprentices, urged them to give their hearts to the Lord. Young White felt softened, and resolved to do so. It was the early striving of the Holy Spirit, whose "viewless way" is seen in every good thought and holy emotion. For a time he regularly attended the means of grace, and seemed earnest about his soul. But in an evil hour he formed the acquaintance of a young man, who became his evil genius. He was light-hearted, gay, and dissipated. He ridiculed White so intensely that he led him to avoid all mention of religion, while he assiduously strove to draw him from its influences.

Young White was fascinated by his friend's society, and he gradually yielded himself entirely to his influence. The first strivings of conscience were quenched. Sunday evening was spent in strolling about and smoking—often, alas! in playing cards. One day he and several others were out bathing. Ever fond of adventure, White sought the deepest part of the pond. He had swam some time, when he felt cramps; and before he had time to cry out, he sank. Presently one of his companions called out, "Where is White?" An alarm was raised; the pond was dragged, and he was recovered. For a time he hung between life and death. With returning consciousness came a resolve once more to turn to God. In an agony of soul he sought for pardon through Christ. Several weeks passed. Every one who visited him believed him a changed man. In course of time he recovered; and while walking out one day, he encountered his old companion. White had resolved he would shun him; but it was in his own strength his resolution was made.

"So I hear you've turned Methodist again, Tom," he said. "I didn't believe it, for I thought you had too much good sense for that; but I heard you were *really converted*." And he made a grimace at the expression.

Tom was silent.

"Is it true, old fellow? No, I see it is not. So come to my lodgings, and we'll have a bottle together—it will do you good."

With an accusing conscience, but unable to resist, White consented. He listened to the ribald words

heaped upon religion, and the blasphemous infidelity of his companion, and he felt himself a partner in the sin. Despair seized on his soul. Satan whispered, "It is no use praying any more. This is the second time you've fallen. There is no more hope for you." With a wretched heart the young man returned home, with those words sounding like a knell within him—"It is impossible for those who were once enlightened . . . if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance, seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame." In vain did poor Thomas White try to drown the voice of conscience in sin—it still made itself heard.

In due time Mrs. White removed to Brighton. Here Tom's evil genius led him into still greater dissipation. All this time conscience kept urging him to return to God. Yet still the same plea was urged, "I will by-and-by." It is one of the most marvellous things in existence, *that God's patience is so great*. We think, if we give a man a trial twice, or even thrice, and he does not amend, that he has no further claim on our sympathies. But just think of the numberless times the Lord deigns to try us. He knocks at the closed door. He knocks gently, then loudly. There is no response; and yet He knocks again and again, and still waits, long after human patience would have been exhausted.

About this time a storm occurred at Brighton. It was one of the severest ever known. The wind, which was almost a hurricane, howled along the deserted streets, bringing down frail tenements and chimneys in every direction. The sea, lashed to fury by the tempest, threatened to wash away the securely-built parade. One man was actually blown down by the fury of the wind! Young White and his profligate acquaintances were returning home on this memorable night. The storm made no impression on their minds. Just, however, as they were turning a corner of a street, a chimney-pot was thrown from a tall house, and a fragment, in its fall, struck White, and he fell senseless to the earth. He was carried home to his wretched mother, and this time all hopes were given up. In a terror not to be described, his conscience awoke at the sight of an impending eternity.

"O God," he cried, "have pity on me! But there's no pity for me. I have sinned too much. There's nothing but hell for me." In vain did they reason with him on the infinite love of Christ,

willing at all times to save to the uttermost. Satan urged his repeated backslidings, and despair seemed settled on his heart. By slow degrees, after much prayer, his mind grew calmer. He seemed to be in a more hopeful condition. But it was only a transient beam of light. His soul was unrenewed. The impression was not lasting. In his heart of hearts he longed to return to the sins he loved, and hoped, *by-and-by*, he should yet be saved!

Thomas White recovered. His heart was not grateful. He thought not of the mercy that had hitherto spared him. He not only returned to his old companions, but formed an acquaintance with a young female of dissolute morals. To supply this new "friend" with money, extortionate demands were made on the mother, who, still hoping, even against hope, in her son's future reclamation, gave him all she had.

It was Saturday night, previous to the accident. White and the female we have alluded to were spending what they called a gay evening at a public-house. The former was much the worse for liquor, and, before he left her, promised to take her to London on the morrow. When the morning came, he rose and dressed himself with care.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"To London."

"Don't go, Tom," said she, imploringly; "stay at home with me, and take me to church. You're never at home now."

"No; I must go, mother; and if I stayed, I shouldn't go to church."

"Oh, Tom, you haven't been since you got better! What will become of you?"

He seemed staggered by the question, but tried to laugh it off by saying, "You're very dull to-day; but never mind, you'll see I shall become quite a religious man *by-and-by*."

She saw him depart, despite her entreaties; and with a heavy heart she returned to her room, where she indulged in a flood of tears.

At the station he met his wicked companion.

"Come along," he said in high glee. "I mean to have a jolly day. The old lady tried to keep me at home to go to church; but it was no go." And with an irreverent laugh they entered the carriage. A few hours later, their mangled corpses were brought back, and the frightful intelligence of the catastrophe conveyed to their homes.

Reader, this is a sad but a true story. It proclaims, as with a voice of thunder, to those who

have not as yet turned to God, "*Stifle not your conscience! Trifle not with sin! 'To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.'*" The long-suffering of God invites you to repentance. Thousands sink into hell with this word on their lips, "*Time enough yet.*" Will you go on in sin till it is too late? Will you continue to despise the invitation of that merciful Saviour, whose arms are open to receive you? Will you continue deaf to that loving exhortation, "*Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?*" Remember your continuance in sin is a deliberate choosing of damnation for yourself. Oh, turn, we entreat you—turn to that Saviour who gave His life to ransom sinners from eternal death. Tens of thousands, like yourself, have come to Him, and received forgiveness, and then "gone on their way rejoicing." They never knew what happiness was till they tasted of the pardoning love of God. Give your heart, then, to Jesus. Say, in the simplicity of faith—

"Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

"WEE WILLIE;" OR, THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.



GRAVEYARD is at all times a sad spot to the thoughtful, in spite of all man's efforts to make it bright and beautiful.

It is not now in outward appearance the gloomy place of former days, when the skull and cross bones carved upon the stone marked the place where lay the mouldering dust of the departed. In this, as in many things, we have copied the practice of other lands, where they deck their graves with wreaths of everlasting flowers, and in every way seek to make these scenes of sorrow as bright and cheerful as possible. Adorned with costly monuments, and planted with shrubs and flowers, they seem almost a mockery of the stern reality that reigns around.

Oh, the heart sorrows that are told out here day and night in the ear of an unheeding world! The broken pillar tells of one who was the stay of the happy home, laid low in the midst of life and here; and tells the story of a widowed heart left to finish its pilgrim days in solitude and sadness.

Again, mark the many names upon that marble slab. They tell how death has snatched one by one from that family circle till the heart-broken

parents are laid beside them in the dust. And yet again, these words, "Our only child." What depths of woe they speak to us of!

Some time ago the writer was walking amidst one of these scenes of human sorrow and misery. One grave in particular arrested his attention. It had no costly marble slab or monument. That sacred spot belonged probably to some in humble life. A few pieces of marble marked the place beneath which the little coffin lay (for it was a child's grave), and between those bits of marble some loving hand had laid a covering of cement, on which were spelt, with what appeared to be large white china buttons, the words, "Wee Willie."

As we look at those simple words, how the last sad scene seem to rise before our eyes! The merry laugh is hushed. We almost hear the weary moan in the chamber of death. The little feet no longer patter through the house. There lies "Wee Willie." Each laboured breath may be his last. His bright eyes are wide open, and gazing upwards. His little hands are outstretched to grasp something unseen to us; and with the sacred word "mother" upon his lips his spirit wings its flight. Can it be that he has seen one he loves who had gone before? Or is it that he is beckoning the weeping ones around to join him above? All this and much more was told out by "Wee Willie's" grave.

Can we live amongst these scenes of suffering and sorrow unmoved? Have they no voice to warn us that this is not our rest! That we too are nearing the end of the valley, the last step of which will take the child of God into the bright glory of His presence, whose loving hand has led them all their pilgrim days below, and who has been near them, though unseen, amidst all the darkness of the pathway. And you too, dear unsaved reader, are nearing the end, when the second death and outer darkness, without God and without hope, must be your portion if you die rejecting God's love in Jesus.

Reader, are you but a graveyard? I mean by this, Is that sad heart of yours still dead in sin? And are you but trying to wear a cheerful face and laugh that merry laugh to hide the misery of the death that reigns within? Perhaps you have stood by the death-bed of one you loved, and as you held their cold hand in yours they made you promise you would trust the Saviour who had saved them. But are you yet unsaved? Trying to forget your promise; trying to forget eternity; trying to be happy? An infidel once said, "I am very happy;" but his sad and hopeless face seemed always to say, "I am very miserable." How often his words come back to the writer's memory—"I am very happy." What, happy without a ray of light to

shine into the dark future! The words of another unbeliever were far more truthful, "My friends are passing away, and I am leaving all I love; it is sad for me." Yet this sad scene is but the valley of the shadow of death after all, though dark enough those shadows are; and well may we say, in the words of Scripture, to that dark fiend who worked this woe, "What is this that thou hast done?" But if the shadows are so dark, what must the substance be? Beneath the smiling face is hidden the worm that never dies—a conscience that but waits to hear those awful words, "Depart from me, ye cursed," from the Judge's lips to waken it to its eternal gnawings. A memory that will bring back with cruel vividness the hand of mercy thrust aside, and the love of Christ rejected.

Yes; though men may strew those graves with flowers, and loving hands may twine the garlands for the dead, we seem to see beyond all this, down through the silent grave to where they lie await their final doom. They once lived amongst us. Some scoffed at Christ, and openly defied the God of heaven; some (like the leaf that glows in the autumn sun, and yet its bright hues are but painted by the hand of death, soon to become the sport of the wintry blasts) have sought to hide the death that reigned within with a religious life; but they are now the sport of hell. Yes, that religious life was but the beauty of the fading leaf. We tremble as we write it, a whited sepulchre, and now they have their place amongst the lost in hell.

Reader, have you found a friend to guide you through the darkness? Sir Noel Paton, in his famous picture, "Light in darkness," has faithfully depicted the valley of the shadow of death, the mouldering bones and withered leaves, the crown, whose jewels are falling from their settings, and mingling with the dust; while through the valley sweeps the bitter blast that withers all around. Yet One is standing there, calm amidst the scene. He holds a trembling hand in His—the hand of one whom death has sought to claim, but whom He claims from death again.

Reader, hast thou a friend like this to guide thee? One who has trodden the dark valley first alone? Yet more, One who has met the king of terrors, who has through death destroyed him who hath the power of death, and led captivity captive. He waits to be thy guide, and in His hands He holds the keys of hell and death. (Rev. i. 18.) That hand is now outstretched to save. Will you not trust Him? Your goodness will not satisfy God's holiness. His finished work on Calvary's cross alone can do it.

Yes; God is satisfied with Jesus; and for you to trust Him, to believe on Him, to be satisfied with Him,—this, this indeed is salvation! Then will you, entering into His rest, cease from your own works, and lay aside your filthy rags? Then should you fall asleep in Jesus no such sad words would speak from your tombstone to the living as the

following, which the writer once saw written on an unbeliever's grave—

"Remember me as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I;
As I am now so you must be,
Prepare thyself to follow me."

How hopeless they sound! They seem to leave us in the blackness of darkness, for ever without a ray of light, without a hope. But He who was forsaken of His God, who has trodden the wine-press alone, He only can save you, and lead you safely through the dark valley, so that your last step should be into the bright glory of His presence, prepared to stand with Him without a spot before the throne. (Jude 24.)

J. A. B.

WORTH THREE MILLION AND A HALF OF MONEY!

THOUGH born in the suburbs of the metropolis, it was not till recently I visited the Tower of London. I happened to be in the neighbourhood one morning, and while passing I noticed a number of people pressing round the lodge gates. After making enquiries of a passer-by for the cause, I found—it being a free day for the public—they were waiting their turns to be led over the tower. As I stood looking at the people and then at the hoary walls of that ancient pile, which had been both a royal palace and a prison, I thought of the martyrs—Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer—who had been prisoners in its gloomy cells. Of the poor ill-fated Anne Boleyn, whose ephemeral reign and mournfully brilliant career was so abruptly closed by the headsman's axe. Of the noble Anne Askew, whose body was so fearfully tortured ere she was burnt at Smithfield, for having denied the Popish doctrine of transubstantiation. The bloody tower, where it is supposed the two royal princes, sons of Edward IV., were so cruelly murdered. The Beauchamp Tower, with its walls so full of curiously sculptured designs, and autographs scratched and cut by the hands of the prisoners who were immersed within its dismal recesses. The well-known Traitor's Gate. The heading-block, mask, axe, and the horrid instruments of torture. All these I knew were to be seen inside; and as my memory recalled much that history had made me familiar with, I felt an irresistible longing to see what I had only heard and read about. In a moment or two I joined the group, and ere long I was with others walking over and inspecting places and things so replete with traditional and historical associations.

The last place we were taken into was the Record or Wakefield Tower, where the "regalia" or crown jewels are kept. In this apartment we had a fresh guide, who after explaining briefly the different crowns, sceptres, swords, coronation bracelets, &c., and just as we were passing through the iron gate, called out, saying, "Now, ladies

and gentlemen, take a good look before you leave; for you may never see such a sight again. What you have been looking at within these glass cases is worth three and a half millions of money." During his explanations I had noticed his husky voice. His constitution seemed to be breaking up, and I had an impression he would not be there long; and as I turned my eyes from the glittering crowns, resplendent with diamonds, I thought of his precious soul, which was of more value than the whole world. So I lingered, and was the last to pass out. While doing so, I put my hand on his arm, and in a soft tone said, "Friend, do you know your soul is of more value than the mass of wealth you have been so kindly explaining to us? for God says, 'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'" "You are right, sir," said he; and as he spoke I felt his whole frame twitter, and immediately I saw the tears start and float in his eyes. By this time another group was waiting to enter, so I had to leave the old pensioner, who shortly after had to give up his post through failing health, and is now in eternity.

Beloved reader, you too have a soul equally as precious, equally as valuable; a soul that must either live eternally in heaven or in hell; a soul that is of more value than the whole world. And I would kindly, affectionately ask, Is that precious, priceless soul of yours *saved*? Is it *safe* for time and eternity? Is it washed? Is it redeemed? Are you sure it is *safe* in the keeping of Him who says, "The redemption of their soul is precious"! If you have not *believed* on the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of your soul, you must be a Godless, Christless, prayerless, hopeless soul, and the solemn message may come to you, "Thou fool; this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Oh that you would hear the voice of God, and your soul shall live! Oh that you would believe on Jesus Christ, and your soul should be saved! It is Christ alone who can satisfy the afflicted soul, and redeem and deliver it from going down into the pit. Will you trust Him, will you come to Him, that your soul may delight itself in fatness? Then, if asked the question, "Is it well with thy soul?" you could answer,

"It is well, it is well with my soul!"

"My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!—
My sin (not in part, but the whole)
Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!"

"For me be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live;
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whither Thy people to my soul."

"But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming, we wait;
The sky, not the grave, is our goal.
Oh, trump of the angel! oh, voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul."
"It is well, it is well with my soul."

S! BLOW.

THE GREAT DECISION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY CHEYNE BRADY.

"He went away sorrowful."—*Matt. xix. 22.*

"He went on his way rejoicing."—*Acts viii. 39.*



WHY did the young man go away sorrowful?

Why did the eunuch go on his way rejoicing?

Because the one had accepted Christ and the other had rejected Him.

Each was an inquirer; each asked the way of salvation. To each faith in Christ was preached; but one turned away from the Lord; the other confessed Him. No wonder sadness was depicted on the face of the young man who deliberately preferred this world to the next; no wonder fulness of joy filled the heart of him who had found Jesus.

Look at our blessed Lord, the God-man, surrounded by His disciples, tried by hard questions of the Pharisees. Lo! some loving mothers bring to Him their little children, that He should put His hands upon them and pray. They press upon Him, carrying their infants in their arms; but the over-zealous and slow-of-comprehension disciples rebuked them that brought the children, and would have hindered their approach. The disciples no doubt considered the Lord's business in teaching grown-up people should not be interrupted by the women and little ones, and thought within themselves, What use in children coming to Him? what could they understand?

But when the gracious Master saw it, He was much displeased, and uttered the touching words—"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not. . . . Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

Children too young! nay, to them the kingdom is open; and their elders must become as little children ere they can enter in. See the helplessness, the simple trust, the implicit obedience of the child; such you must become ere the mysteries of the kingdom can be revealed to you.

Then the sympathizing Man, the Lord of life and glory, took the infants in His arms, pressed them to His loving heart, put His hands upon the little children, and blessed them.

What a scene! How homely! how heavenly! how simple! how glorious! how human! how divine!

We talk of the little time between the cradle and the grave; but, oh, we should rather associate the cradle and heaven! the babes pass quickly into the places prepared for them in the heavens.

Look at the subsequent scene. Jesus was going on the way, when an earnest young man, a ruler, who doubtless had witnessed His blessing of the children, and had heard His words, came running and knelt down on the road, and asked Him, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may inherit eternal life?" All this showed he was genuine, sincere in his inquiry, zealous and anxious to ascertain the Master's opinion.

At first sight it appears a proper question; but on examination it betrays utter ignorance of the subject and disregard of the words just uttered by the Lord. He was evidently on the wrong tack; he thought he could be saved by his doing. Instead of receiving the kingdom in the helplessness of a little child, this young man thought he could do something to deserve it. The Lord knew his weak point. To show him his error, to show him himself, that he was not as good as he thought, the Lord replied, "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." In complete ignorance of the spirituality of the law, of his own helplessness to keep it, of his innumerable transgressions, and of his worldly heart, he replied, "All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?"

What a question! Self-righteousness demonstrated, ignorance of self, of sin, of God.

This idea of works, or merit, or law-keeping, is the greatest obstacle to salvation. The law of God is not a penance to enable us to merit heaven; it is designed to show us ourselves. God does not expect us to keep the law as a ground of salvation.

Notwithstanding, the Lord looked on him with love and compassion, and taught him graciously,—"One thing thou lackest: if thou wilt be perfect, go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow me."

In dealing with individual cases, we find our Lord in the first instance reveals the inquirer to himself, shows him the depravity of his heart, convinces of sin. Thus he dealt with Nicodemus, to whom he demonstrated his error in resting on his blamelessness; thus he dealt with the woman of Samaria, to whom He showed her sinfulness.

Do we not learn here an important lesson! If the inquirer can only be shown what he is in himself—a sinner, and what God is for him—a Saviour, there must be peace.

An evangelist in his rounds once stopped at a country inn. He was waited on by a little maid. He questioned her as to the state of her soul, and

found her utterly ignorant, careless, and indifferent. She "did her duty," "did no one any harm," and thought herself "all right." On leaving, the man of God obtained from her the promise that until he returned she would daily offer to God the simple petition—"O God, shew me myself." On his next visit he was met by Mary with the exclamation, "Oh, sir, I am miserable! God has shown me myself, I'm a lost sinner! what shall I do?" and she wept bitterly. The evangelist then directed her to the finished work of Christ on the cross, and told her to make this her daily prayer: "O God, shew me thyself." Some time elapsed before he next went in that direction; but on his reaching the inn Mary met him with a bright smile and joyous face, radiant with heavenly peace. Great was his thankfulness when he found that the Lord had revealed Himself to her as her Saviour. God! Now she knew that whereas once she was dead in trespasses and sins, now she was pardoned, saved, and strengthened by the Holy Spirit to discharge her daily round of duties.

Reverting to our subject, we find that in this instance the Lord revealed to this amiable young ruler that his heart was set on this world, and not on heaven; he trusted in his great possessions, and could not believe in and follow Jesus; he would rather lose his soul than give up his riches; he did not rightly estimate the treasures of heaven.

Gloom, dejection, deep sorrow, took possession of the young man. He turned his back on Jesus; he was not willing to part with his wealth; he had not the godly sorrow that leadeth to repentance, but the sorrow of the world, which worketh death.

He went away sorrowful.

Let us turn from this sad scene and look at the contrast.

In Ethiopia, far south of Jerusalem, there dwelt a black man. He was an idolater, and worshipped gods of his own imagination. He held a position of great trust and importance under his queen, Candace. He was the great man of the court. Evidently in earnest as to his faith, he was a zealous observer of his creed.

But he was dissatisfied with his religion. Wealth could not satisfy the craving of his soul. Rank and power failed to lull his troubled conscience. The Holy Spirit had evidently awakened him. What rest could he find in the meaningless superstitions of his country?

The death of the Lord Jesus Christ is the central fact of all history. The blood of the God-man is a golden thread throughout all time. No other fact has ever engaged so much attention. In no other event can it be said that all mankind is interested. And not only so, but this unique transaction affects eternity. Upon the estimate which each child of Adam forms of the death of the Son of God his eternal destiny depends.

The report of this event has reached every quarter of the globe. People of all nations were in Jeru-

salem when there was darkness over all the land. The rumour reached idolatrous nations.

To the eunuch came tidings of the great events which had taken place at Jerusalem, that Jesus of Nazareth had been crucified, and that the course of nature had been disturbed by darkness at mid-day. He had heard that Jerusalem was considered by many the place where men ought to worship; he undertook a pilgrimage to the land of the Holy. Doubtless many well-meaning advisers sought to dissuade him from so profitless a journey, but the Spirit of God strove with him.

With his chariot and his cavalcade of attendants he made a long and tedious pilgrimage to Jerusalem. On his way to the temple he saw a scene, and heard the bleating of the sheep, and cooing of the turtle-doves. As he drew nearer he saw the slaughter of the sacrifices, the sprinkling of the blood; and the tables of the money changers, who exchanged the Roman coins for the shekel of the sanctuary; he heard also the confession of sin by the priest. Unintelligible all this appeared to him. Perhaps he was permitted to come near as a stranger. In the synagogue he heard the law, which terrified him. Nor sacrifices nor law could give his soul peace. All was inexplicable, and he rose to return to his own country.

Cast your eye now across the desert leading to Gaza. See a long cavalcade of an eastern magnate—camels led by slaves, runners clearing the way. In the principal chariot, drawn by a slave, sits the black man.

One thing, however, he carried with him. Being wealthy, he was enabled to procure a parchment roll of the prophet Isaiah. This he held in his hand, and was reading, evidently much perplexed at its meaning. At that time the Old Testament was written on rolls of parchment, and only to be procured at great cost. How different now that the whole Bible may be had for 5d., and the New Testament for 1d.! With this treasure he set out on his return journey, and was so interested in its contents, though ignorant of its meaning, that he perused the roll diligently in his chariot.

Here then we find an anxious soul—a man troubled in his mind respecting his state, and diligently seeking after God. Does God see this stray sheep in the wilderness?

We shall see.

The death of the Lord Jesus was a heavy blow to His disciples; His resurrection was a great relief; but it was not until the gift of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost that they fully believed. Immediately they obeyed the command of the Master to preach the gospel, beginning at Jerusalem. Persecution speedily arose, and the disciples were scattered abroad. Wherever they went they preached the Word.

Among the disciples we find Philip the evangelist. He went to a city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them. The people with one accord gave

heed to those things which Philip spake, and there was great joy in that city. What a sphere of usefulness Philip was in! Surely he might say, Here is my place; the Holy Spirit helps my preaching, and gives evidence in resulting converts. But no; "the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem to Gaza, which is desert."

Why was Philip to leave the abundant harvest in Samaria and go to a lonely place? Because of the stray sheep in the wilderness. "He arose and went: and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority . . . was returning, and sitting in his chariot read Esaias the prophet. Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot."

God, who heard the feeble inquiry of the anxious, lonely stranger in the wilderness, sent the evangelist to instruct him in the way of life.

Philip was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. Behold him running to stop the chariot. As he approached, he heard the stranger reading aloud the prophet Isaiah, and said, "Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him."

While it is the office of the Holy Spirit to take of the things of Christ and show them unto us, He usually employs human instrumentality for the purpose.

"Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." "Whoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? They cannot call on God until they believe that He is. How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? Hearing of God comes before faith in Him. "How shall they hear without a preacher?" God uses weak human instruments to proclaim His gospel: "How shall they preach, except they be sent?" God, by His Spirit, fits and sends the instrument; He sent Philip all the way from his busy work at Samaria to preach to the black idolater in the wilderness. "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!"

Is it not beautiful to see the evangelist Philip hastening to teach the swarthy inquirer?

Is it not deeply interesting to trace the inquiring soul travelling from Ethiopia up to Jerusalem, and returning, reading the prophet Isaiah?

The place where he was reading was the 53rd of Isaiah—that blessed chapter of the evangelical prophet: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement which purchased our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and Jehovah hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. He is brought as a sheep to the

slaughter, and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened He not His mouth: in His humiliation His judgment (legal trial) was taken away: and who shall declare His generation? for His life is taken from the earth."

The eunuch had seen the lambs slaughtered; but they had not shown him Christ. He read the Scriptures, but his eyes were not yet enlightened. "I pray thee," said he to Philip, "of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?" Momentous enquiry, on the right understanding of which depends our salvation.

"Then Philip opened his mouth, and began of the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus."

Jesus! Oh, what a word! Jesus, Saviour! Jesus, the LAMB slain from the foundation of the world; Jesus, the Lamb of God who beareth away the sin of the world.

In that word Jesus is comprised the whole purpose of God for man's redemption.

Jesus gives repentance and full remission of all sins.

Jesus gives His Spirit with power over self, sin, and Satan.

Jesus is preparing a place for us in heaven, and will come again to take us to Himself.

Light dawned on the dark mind of the Ethiopian; the Spirit of God breathed upon him. In the animal offered he saw the substitution of the victim for the sinner; in Jesus slain he saw His Substitute; in the blood spilt he saw the compassions of the Lord Jesus. He saw Jesus to be the true Sacrifice; he saw Jesus in Isaiah the prophet; he saw his sins laid upon Him, His blood covering his sins.

Probably Philip wound up his discourse about the Lord Jesus with His command to the disciples: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned."

"And as they went on their way, they came to a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?"

Verse 37 is generally considered to be an interpolation, a sort of formula, added by tradition. Nowhere are we told that a convert is not to be baptized until he believe with all his heart. Few there are who can truly say so much. Nay, if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." And baptism is the fit mode of confession.

"He commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch." The sinner was immersed in the water; therein he was baptized into Christ's death. He rose out of the water, a new man in Christ

Jesus; he got a new Christian name; he was united to the risen Saviour, and thenceforward he received from him, by virtue of his union with Him, power to become a son of God, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and grace to walk worthy of the gospel.

"When they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more; and he went on his way rejoicing." What a sight for the angelic host! What joy in heaven! another soul born into the kingdom!

Why did he rejoice? Because he had found the Saviour; because his sins were forgiven; because he was accepted in Christ.

Philip was caught away from him; his mission was accomplished. Was the new-born child of God left alone? Nay, not alone; the Spirit of Christ took up His abode in the convert's heart; the Lord Jesus Himself became His Guide through the wilderness, his High Priest, his Advocate, his Intercessor.

"He went on his way," returned to Ethiopia. Thither he carried the glad tidings of great joy, and became himself the first evangelist to that heathen land.

The same gospel and the same blessed Saviour are meeting every traveller through this wilderness-world, and each sin-burdened one may see his sins laid upon his Substitute; each polluted soul may be washed in the blood of the Son of God; each unworthy sinner may look to the Lord Jesus and live, may accept Him; and forthwith he is pardoned, counted righteous, filled with the Spirit of holiness, made a king and priest unto God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

Now, reader, which will you do? Will you reject the message of mercy? will you turn your back on Christ? If so, your doom is fixed, your condemnation passed by yourself, and you will go away sorrowful, burdened with sin, without God and without hope.

Or will you accept Him?

Is it an onerous thing to close your hand upon a gift? Is it so hard to believe God? Has He not said—

"All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way?"

Can you assent to that?

Has He not also said—

"Jehovah hath laid upon Him [Jesus Christ] the iniquities of us all?"

Can you give God credit for telling the truth in these two particulars?

Set to your seal that God is true; give the lie to Satan, and your evil heart, when they contradict God; let God be true.

Close then with God's offer of Christ; accept Him; renounce self in all its phases; and take Christ to be your Saviour from the penalty and from the power of sin; and then you also

Pages for Believers.

THE HIDDEN MANNA—A WHITE STONE—AND A NEW NAME.



HE promise addressed to the overcomer in Pergamos is blessedly adapted to the heart of the faithful in all times. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." (Rev. ii. 17.)

The promise is to the individual overcomer, as in each of the other addresses to the seven Churches. Owing to the Church having failed, the question now is one of *individual responsibility*. In the period to which the epistle to the Church at Pergamos refers, we find three great evils—

Firstly. Dwelling where Satan's throne is. He being "the prince of this world" (John xiv. 30), the Church has thus risen to a place of recognition and ascendancy, instead of being poor and contemptible.

Secondly. The terrible evil of having in it the seducing doctrine of the false prophet Balaam, who, having failed to curse God's people, then sought to join them in affinity with the world; and

Thirdly. There are those in the assembly who hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes—for here there was the actual teaching, the allowing of evil deeds. With these three dark evils abroad are contrasted these three bright promises to the individual overcomer.

The Lord Jesus speaks of Himself in John vi, as the Bread which came down from heaven in connection with the manna which was the wilderness food for Israel, openly spread out around the camp, to be gathered fresh every morning. This was for the sustenance of God's earthly people. So He has provided for us now "the living Bread," even the Son of God, who gives life to our souls; and it is by feeding upon Christ, or living in communion with Him, that we are refreshed and strengthened for the way. His strength becomes our strength. His joy becomes our joy. Whatever He has, we thus appropriate. This is done, of course, only by communion with Christ—feeding upon Him. And as in food for the body, when we eat it, we appropriate it, making it part of ourselves, and from it derive support, so also is it with our souls when we feast on the bread of heaven. If this be what the manna means, what does the *hidden manna* signify?

As Israel journeyed through the wilderness there was a golden pot containing this manna ordered to be kept in the ark, for a memorial when they entered in rest the land of promise—reminding them of their past journey, and of what they had enjoyed during it, and, above all, of the Lord's faithfulness in supplying their every need. And so, for us, the promise of eating the hidden manna shall be that eternally blessed remembrance of a suffering Christ on earth, as our souls have sought Him in daily com-

munion. Thus, as in John vi., not only do we find the Lord Jesus under the title of the "living Bread," that from which we derive our life, but also He is "the Bread of God," that in which God Himself finds all His delights centred; and so it will be, for we shall have the everlasting enjoyment of fellowship with God in His delight, in a once humbled Christ; ours shall be the same kind of joy, though of course of a different measure.

In addition to the eating the hidden manna, is the promise that the overcomer shall receive "a white stone," and in the stone a new name written, known only to the one who receives it. This doubtless has in it the thought of the ancient custom of giving a vote in favour of any one, by way of a mark of approbation. And so Christ will give this secret mark of approbation on the morning of the resurrection to the one who in the midst of much ruin and opposition has been faithful to Him, though down here, misunderstood by all around, even by true Christians. And on this white stone shall be inscribed a new name, known only to the one who gives it and to the receiver. This new name we make for ourselves; each day, as it were, putting some letter or part of a letter into it, in solemn yet blessed connection with our living in daily communion with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ. The new name depends on the different characters of our service, which vary in each saint.

We repeatedly find in the Bible the name significant of the character of the servant: thus Jacob rightly received his name, for he was a supplanter (Gen. xxvii. 36), but he received his new name of Israel after the hollow of his thigh was out of joint, and as a prince he had power, with God and with man, and prevailed. Moses is another who received his name from an incident in his infancy which characterised his whole after course of separation; as also the new name of Peter given to Simon son of Jonas (a dove). Mary of Bethany was characterised by this that she sat at the feet of Jesus (Luke x., John xi., xii.), as well in the valley of the shadow of death as in the supper-room. Paul in his long life of faithful service, in face of many dangers and much opposition; John in his loving devotion, and Peter in his boldness for the blessed Master, whom he once had denied, together with many others, bring to our minds varied characteristics in service, each growing up as precious fruit to Him for whom it is prepared.

And though there are public joys in heaven, common to all, thousands and thousands of saints joining in the song of praise, as surely there are joys we share in Christ together here. Yet He must have our individual affections as well as our more general ones. As we have learnt Christ down here, so shall our souls in the glory privately enjoy this fellowship with Him, with which no stranger shall intermeddle. If we could really enter into the solemn truth that each day of our lives tells according to its results on eternity, how it would lead us, through God's grace, to live watchfully, laying an embargo on every word and action and, above all, specially watching that from which our words and actions spring—our thoughts—that Christ may indeed dwell richly there, our mind being set on things above, not on things on the earth. Blessed as the reward is, when the overcomer receives it, most fully will he prize it, not only for its own value, but also as a token of the love of the Divine Giver. Yet let not the thought of the reward be our great incentive, but rather the glory of Him who has called us out of darkness into his marvellous light, in order that we may show forth His praises. Then all will go well with us, until the time when journeyings and conflicts shall be all over, and He shall come and receive us to Himself, according to His promise; and so shall we ever be with the Lord, there to feast in unbroken communion on the hidden manna, when we receive the white stone in which is written the new name. H. W. T.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."—Ps. xvii. 15.

WHEN now my heart is ravished
With my Saviour's precious love;
And, as hasting on to glory,
Daily I His sweetness prove.
Though He leads to living pastures,
And I taste a flowing tide,
Yet, until I see His beauty,
I shall ne'er be satisfied.

Many a song He gives to brighten
All the long and dreary night;
Many a cup of joy He gives me,
For in me He has delight.
Surely, with such love abounding,
I could give up all beside;
Still, I'm sure, until I see Him,
I can ne'er be satisfied.

Oh, my heart, with grace uplifted,
Would each fiery trial stem
But to gaze upon the Victor,
Decked with many a diadem
Him to see, I've sweet desires,
Who for me once bled and died;
And I know, till I behold Him,
I can ne'er be satisfied.

For with Him, I know, are treasured
 Rarest things, both new and old;
 But His love, His heart's affection,
 Choicer is than finest gold;
 Changeless, too; than death e'en stronger,
 For my Love was crucified;
 And until these eyes beheld Him
 I can ne'er be satisfied.

Soon the day-dawn will be breaking,
 And the shadows flee away;
 Now, by faith, in joy and gladness,
 I await the coming day;
 For I know my soul is safely
 Hidden in His wounded side;
 And anon, He sweetly tells me,
 I shall soon be satisfied.

Lo! He tells me now His secret,
 Gilding o'er each gloomy trial;
 Telling me, in lov's low whisper,
 It is but "a little while;"
 Yes, for soon, to brightest glory,
 He will fetch away His bride,
 Then I'll shine in His own likeness,
 And be ever satisfied!

Notices.

SPECIAL.

We shall be grateful to those of our readers to whom the Lord has imparted the gift of writing for the press if they would send us original articles, narrative or otherwise, suitable for this magazine or for our *Gracious Words* which we shall soon be preparing for the coming year. We are constantly hearing of blessing through our pages, and our readers might have fellowship in our joy in the service, if they would use the gift the Lord may have imparted in writing for our paper.

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CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO

WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS

GOSPEL WATCHMAN

BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS, AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM

"WATCHMAN, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will enquire, enquire ye: return, come." (Isalah xxi. 12.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

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TAKE GOD AT HIS WORD.

VN aged woman lay upon her death-bed.
"You seem ill," said her pastor.
"Yea," she replied, "I'm dying."
"Are you afraid to die?"

She looked up, surprised that her pastor should ask such a question—he who had so often preached that the sting of death was removed, and pointed out the certainty of passing away to be with Christ.

"No," she testified, "God knows I'm not afraid to die; I HAVE TAKEN HIM AT HIS WORD."

Reader, have you taken God at His word? Do you give God credit for telling the truth? Just take these words of God.

First—

About sin.

"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way."

Again—

"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

Can you set to your seal that God is true?

Have you yourself not gone astray as a silly sheep? are you not going your own way and not God's way?

Take God at His word, and say in your heart, "Yea, Lord, thy word is true. I am convinced of my sinfulness; I am a sinner; I am lost!"

Secondly—

About the Saviour.

"And the Lord (Jehovah) hath laid on Him (Jesus) the iniquity of us all."

"Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree."

Count these words true; believe them, and say, "Amen. Lord, I believe that thou hast laid all my sins on the Lord Jesus, that thou hast punished Him instead of me."

This is faith, the link between the sinner and the Saviour.

Taking God at His word and believing are the same. There is no difficulty or mystery in faith. Coming to Christ is believing on Him. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." To receive Christ is to believe. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name."

To lay hold on Christ is believing. We have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us. To feed on Christ is to believe. "Whoso eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, hath eternal life." To look to Christ is to believe. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved."

To take God at His word is an infallible remedy for all doubts and fears. God has spoken. God is true. God uses our common words to express His meaning in order that we may understand Him. God is to be believed, trusted in, rested upon.

Listen to God, and God only. Be sure that whatever thoughts or answerings arise in your heart contradictory to the word of God are untrue. Don't be casting about for some excuse for continuing in unbelief. Reject every imagination of the heart; cease from every effort to think, or say, or do; receive every word of God, and heed nothing else. Rest

satisfied with the person and work and word of Christ.

Just take the other words :

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, HATH everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life."

Are not these the words of the Lord Jesus ?

Are they not true, and easy to be understood ?

Did the Lord Jesus mean what He said ?

You have heard God's word about sin, you believe in God who sent Jesus to die for your sins ; now affix the seal of your faith, and *know* that here, and now, you *have* eternal life ; that judgment was passed on you at the cross ; that you have now passed from the death and condemnation of sin unto the risen life of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

If you say, "I do believe all this, and yet I am not saved," issue is joined between you and the word of God.

God says one thing, and you say another.

If you say, "I do believe that God, who is love, gave Jesus, His only Son, to shed His blood on Calvary's cross for sinners ; that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures ; that He was buried ; that He rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures ; and yet I am not saved"—then a controversy arises between you and God. God says one thing, and you say the contrary. Which is true ?

Observe God's love in reasoning with us. He says, "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater." You are in the habit of giving credence to the word of your fellow-man, surely God's word is better deserving of belief. When you are walking on the road, you ask your way of a stranger, and show your faith in his word by following the direction he points out. You would not make a man a liar by doubting his word. Mark the alternative, "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son." Why make God a liar by disbelieving His word ?

You see, my reader, that you are on the horns of a dilemma.

If you say you believe, and yet are not saved, you contradict God.

If you don't take God at His word, you give Him the lie.

You must either consent to what God says, and come to the conclusion at once—"I believe, and therefore I have eternal life ;" or contradict God, and say, "I believe the word of God, but I have

not eternal life ; I don't know whether I am justified or not."

Hasten, then, this moment, to confess Christ. Just take God at His word, and give Him the same credence that you give to the word of an upright man, and say, "I am a sinner ; I feel I am lost ; but I believe that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, I believe God's word, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' I count these words true, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin.' He gave Himself for us with the object 'that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.'"

CHRYNE BRADY.

"A FRIEND OF SINNERS."

MATTHEW xi, 19.

AND is there a Friend for sinners ?

A Friend who will hear their prayers,
A Friend to whom they may whisper
Their sins, and sorrows, and cares ?
A Friend who will keep His promise,
Whose gentle and tender face
Will welcome them to His bosom,
O'erflowing with love and grace ?

And is there a Friend for sinners ?

A Friend who will kindly stoop
To comfort the broken-hearted,
And solace the souls that droop ?
A Friend who will rescue the fallen,
And banish their dark despair :
Will enter earth's dens and hovels,
And scatter His mercies there ?

And is there a Friend for sinners ?

To answer their abject need ;
A Friend who will show Himself friendly,
Not only in word, but deed ;
A Friend who will gather the outcasts,
And shelter the homeless poor ;
A Friend who will feed the hungry
With bread from the heavenly store ?

There is such a Friend for sinners !

His name is the Prince of Life ;
And once in our lowly nature,
He shared earth's trouble and strife.
A Friend—no other is like Him ;

So noble, so patient, so true,
That all who are blessed with His friendship
Want others to know Him too.

Then come to this Friend of sinners !

Ye hopeless and guilty, come :
Ye wanderers, wretched and weary,
Come, make His bosom your home.
His mercy will aid you when dying,
His love will be true to the end :
He calls—He is waiting, poor sinner,
Is waiting to make thee His friend !

WILLIAM LUFF.

THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

JEHOVAH'S dealings with the children of Israel are full of instruction and profit. Prominent among these is the divine appointment of the six cities of refuge. Here we have afforded us a striking illustration of the full provision God has made in the gospel for the sinner. If we turn to Numbers xxxiv. 9, we read the clear instructions given by Jehovah on this subject:

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, When ye be come over Jordan into the land of Canaan; then ye shall appoint you cities to be cities of refuge for you; that the slayer may flee thither, which killeth any person at unawares. And they shall be unto you cities for refuge from the avenger; that the manslayer die not, until he stand before the congregation in judgment. And of these cities which ye shall give six cities shall ye have for refuge. Ye shall give three cities on this side Jordan, and three cities shall ye give in the land of Canaan, which shall be cities of refuge. These six cities shall be a refuge, both for the children of Israel, and for the stranger, and for the sojourner among them: that every one that killeth any person unawares may flee thither."

From the verses that follow we learn that these six cities, three of which were situated on the eastern side of Jordan, and three on the western side of the same river, were set apart for the safety of the poor manslayer, as distinguished from the murderer. Jehovah's mercy would not permit the slayer to be without shelter from the anger of the avenger of blood. He also ordained that they should be so situated as to be near at hand whenever and by whomsoever, whether stranger or sojourner, they were required. The clearest instructions were given on the subject. The cities themselves were easy of access. They were to be set apart, and publicly made known. The unfortunate manslayer would know exactly which way to turn, and where to flee, even though the feet of the avenger of blood were pressing close upon him. Outside the city he might be in imminent danger from the outstretched hand of the avenger; but once within the gates, he would be perfectly secure. Revenge could not reach him there. The moment his feet touched the precincts of the city of refuge he could breathe freely, and feel himself secure. The gates would be closed

behind him, and there the revenger of blood must return the sword to its scabbard. These things were to be a statute of judgment unto the children of Israel throughout their generations and in all their dwellings. What a lovely provision! How merciful in its design and object, and truly worthy of the gracious Jehovah from whom it emanated! We notice then particularly that, God having made the provision, it remained only for the unhappy manslayer to avail himself of it. Without this the city of refuge could be of no service to him. The moment he apprehended his danger he was to flee. If the revenger of blood found him at any time without the borders of the city of refuge, he could slay him with impunity. He owed it therefore to his own safety to put forth all his energy to reach the portals of security without delay. It would have been foolhardiness in the extreme to loiter along the road, or to sit down with quiet indifference, and to say, "If I am destined to escape, I shall escape. There is no need to hurry; I can wait a little time, and take it easily." Oh no! He would indeed have been foolish who argued thus with himself. There was but one thing to do, and that was to escape for his life, and at once. The elders at the gate of the city would see from afar his rapid strides toward them; their ears would be open to him as he pleaded his cause, and set forth his claim to admission; and having once made good his plea, the honour and stability of the ordinance of Jehovah compelled them, as in duty bound, to afford to him the shelter he sorely needed. Within, he was as safe as the laws of God could make him, so long as he remained there; without, he was exposed to imminent danger. Within and without, how great the difference!

Now, in comparing the appointment by Jehovah of the cities of refuge with the ample provision made for the poor sinner in the gospel, we observe many points of similarity as well as of contrast. The contrasts we may briefly notice are these:

First. With the poor manslayer it was only a question of temporal safety, and life in this world. As regards the trembling sinner who has fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before him (Heb. vi. 18), "which hope," says the apostle, "we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast," it is a question of eternal salvation and everlasting life.

Secondly. The manslayer who found a refuge in the city was not to be wholly exempted from judg-

ment, as we learn from Joshua xx. The believer has passed from death unto life. For him there is and can be no judgment. The Lord Jesus Christ has borne the judgment and the penalty. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." (Romans viii. 1.)

Thirdly. There was the possibility, although not the probability, of the manslayer falling into the hands of the revenger of blood if ever he ventured outside the gates of the city. The believer in Jesus is eternally secure. He can never perish. He is kept by the mighty power of God unto salvation, and will eventually be presented before the throne with exceeding joy.

The points of similarity are these, among others :

First. It was Jehovah the Lord who appointed the cities of refuge to be set apart, and gave directions accordingly. The idea was divine in its source. It did not originate with the Levites, nor with Moses, nor any of the children of Israel. So it is with the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the sinner's only refuge from the wrath to come. He was the Lamb of God's own providing. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son," and God "has set Him forth to be a Prince and a Saviour." No human mind could have compassed so divine and complete a plan for the salvation of sinners. To Him be all the praise and the glory. Amen.

Secondly. As before noticed, the advantages of the city of refuge were of no avail to him for whom they were designed unless deliberately appropriated. So again it is with the Lord Jesus Christ: "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." The manslayer had to flee to the city, and the sinner must come to Jesus. Jesus stands with open arms and loving heart, ready to receive, to shelter, to save eternally. "Come unto me" is His loving invitation. To delay is folly and madness. Judgment sure and solemn must certainly fall on all those who are not in Christ!

"Come now, just as thou art,
Nor longer stay away;
In yonder sky dies out
The fading light of day.
The night is coming on!
The darkness and the gloom
Foretell the rising storm,
But Jesus bids thee come."

W. H. F. C.

"DON'T SPEAK TO ME OF THOSE THINGS."

H WAS travelling in a steambost not long ago, when, just at landing, I was accosted by one whom I had known some years ago as a fellow-labourer in the gospel. After asking about his relations, and of his worldly prospects (which, if one might judge from outward appearance, were good), I said, "Well, and about spiritual matters, my friend?" Said he, "Oh, I know, but don't talk to me about those things; I have given them up." And we parted after a few more words, and "the way of transgressors is hard" ringing in his ear. Have you, my friend, ever said as much? Perhaps you don't like to be told you are a sinner, and that you too, if unsaved, are getting nearer the end from which no change can be made. How passing strange it is that men dislike the sound of grace and love, and, like Felix, put off from day to day the eternal interests of the soul.

Oh, be warned! be warned! I read of a saint of God whose last words, as he passed away, were, "Christ, Christ, Christ! Amen, Amen!" He had, like Paul, lived Christ, and was going to be with Him. What will your end be? Oh, think now, my Christless friend, and be saved! I once read of a young physician, the son of a godly mother; he began a practice in a village which soon became extensive. He was brought amongst godly people, and was really led to see himself as a sinner, and the extent of his sins as very great. He listened to the solemn presentations of gospel truth, and was penetrated with deep convictions of sin. His conviction of the absolute necessity of repentance was pungent and scriptural; and he promised himself, his friends, and his Saviour that he would repent, and be a Christian, and attend to the service of the Lord. But he would not do it then. He delayed, but not to find a convenient season. His delay, which he only intended should be temporary, was fatal. As it seemed God was grieved, resisted, departed from him, and the seven spirits, more wicked than the first, which at the beginning appeared to have been expelled, returned, possessed, and controlled him. He no longer felt conviction; no more was he concerned about his soul. He was not found in the place of prayer; he avoided the ministry of the word of God, and at length profanity and drinking and other forms of vice acquired; and, worst of all, he seemed to vie with other wicked

men in sin, became a leader of the ungodly and profane, scoffed at religion, and ran to every "excess of riot."

That sinner, though unwilling and depraved, did preach the truth—not by his life, for it was ungodly, but by his death he did proclaim its necessity. He was soon seized with an incurable disease, and then, as if conscious of his terrible situation, and as if determined to stifle the voice of conscience and bury all thought and memory, he took opiates until he was mad, and died as a fool dieth.

He placed himself in the hands of those as ungodly as himself, who suffered no Christian friends to approach him, and thus came his sad end, or at least as far as his life here below is concerned, lost and undone, without hope and without God in the world. Oh, sorrowful sight! terrible end!

What a wasted life! What blasting of fond hopes! What sending the hairs of the fond mother with sorrow to the grave! What a sacrifice! What precious time lost and spent in the service of the god of this world! What folly is all this, and yet thousands live and die like this. Oh, my friend, will you be so mad! Will you refuse Him that speaketh from heaven, and the testimony of the Spirit as to the value of the blood of Jesus Christ! What gain was there after all! He preferred the world to Christ. He could only grasp a little of it if it is true; but he lost his soul, his precious soul.

Oh, what are you doing with the moments of grace given to you? What are you doing with PARDON, with LOVE, with the BLOOD of JESUS, with FORGIVENESS, with MERCY? Are you putting off and putting away the day of your visitation? Surely the charge the Lord made when on earth is still suitable to you, "Ye WILL not come unto Me that ye might have life." Oh, blinded sinner! Oh, guilty, lost, and condemned one, "why will ye die?" Can you find a reason for living without God and salvation, heaven and eternal peace? The voice of His word, hear it; let it ring again and again. Ah, come the words from Calvary, whilst the rocks rend and the veil is divided in two! The dying Saviour cried, "IT IS FINISHED." Mercy's work—love, grace, and pity—hear it again. Hell trembled, but you may not. Satan's kingdom began to fall, and soon will be at an end, for He shall put down all rule, and authority, and power. Do you say you have no responsibility! Why did He die, do you think? What need was there, if not to put away sin?

This age of learning and progress would put another colouring on sin. Is there less sin? Is man's heart any better? What saith the Word? Let this be our guide. Don't let us add to it, or alter it one word.

But now freely take the water of life; it is at your feet. He gives thee *all*; but He offers it now. This is *His time*, not yours. You have to bend and take, because of your utterly lost condition.

Now come, face this question, and let that grace deal with you, and He will save you, for He longs for it. The Lamb is on the throne, the throne of grace; and He who is there desires thy richest blessing. He is surely *waiting*, longing for this. His very being there shows us this. If not, why does He not come and take those who have believed to be with Him? He will give thee drink; thy thirsty soul shall be satisfied. You are afar off now, but you can be brought near by His blood. (Eph. ii. 13.) The blood of Jesus can and does cleanse from all sin. (1 John i. 7.) Eternal life also can be had without money, being justified by His blood. (Rev. v. 9.)

Do let me persuade you, for time is so short. St. Paul says, "Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." Let not the words of a backslider, nor the story of the young physician, be lost upon you to show you how subtle Satan is, and thus bring you to face solemnly the question of your soul and the interests of eternity. Hear, and your soul shall live. May it be so, for Jesus' sake.

H. R. FRANCIS.

THE BEST NEWS.

TWO merchants who met daily on their way to business generally accosted each other with the question, "What is the best news?" Usually the answer had reference to the business in which they were engaged, but on one occasion, when the question was put, the other replied, "The best news in the world to-day is, Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." No doubt the speaker felt what his words implied, that all other news were poor in comparison with this.

Was this answer true? Undoubtedly! That must be the best news that concerns the greatest number of individuals. Worldly news, however good, is not good news to all. Good to some often means bad to others, but the words quoted are good

news to the whole human race, and if accepted as God would have them accepted, will prove to be of infinitely more importance than any earthly news could possibly be, the one having a relation to the present, to time, the other to eternity, heaven and hell.

Reader, whoever you are, this is good news to you. In many outward respects the inhabitants of the world differ, but all inherit a sinful nature, there is no exception to this rule. One thing is common to all mankind, SIN. One name broad as humanity itself, SINNER. This is God's testimony, "ALL have sinned; there is no man that sinneth not, they are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." Believe it or not, reader, it is an awful fact! You have sinned, and the wages of sin is death. As a sinner you are already condemned, not waiting to be, but condemned now. Your death-warrant stamped by the great seal of the Majesty of heaven, you cannot save yourself, friends cannot help you, no human arm strong enough to effect deliverance; unaided from above, your case is hopeless. For Christ declared, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see—much less enter—the kingdom of God."

Do you enquire, How shall I escape? Is help to be obtained? Thank God for the good news, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Never such a journey and work undertaken before, never will be again, for a world exposed to death, Christ looked at them as one man, and stepping from the battlements of heaven, said, "Lo, I come to the rescue, I come to save. I take that sinner's place, the responsibility resting upon him put it on me, the wrath due to him I will bear, the death he should die I will die." Wondrous love! the eternal Son of God exchanging the palaces of heaven for the life-long suffering and crucifixion agonies of earth; the only sinless man consenting to be treated as the only sinner; the Author of all life giving up His own. In no other way could man be saved! "Without the shedding of blood" (and the shedding of blood is God's expression for death) there could be no remission of sin. It was not enough, to sweat drops of blood in Gethsemane, not enough for those long sharp thorns to pierce His brow till the crimson stream covered His face, this shedding of blood could not purchase redemption. He must be nailed to a cross. He must be lifted up between heaven and earth. HE MUST DIE. Life had been

forfeited by man, life must be given by man's substitute. His life was precious, but by His death He finished transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness.

Have you received this Saviour? He offers you Himself, and with Himself all the benefits that are to be derived from His holy life, and sin-atonement death. Seeing your danger, and His gracious offer, will you not say, "Blessed Jesus, I know I deserved to die, but I thank thee for dying instead of me. I accept thee as my Saviour; I commit the keeping of my soul to thee; I place myself unreservedly in thy hands; I take thee to be my Lord, my God, my life, my salvation, my all, for time and eternity. Give me strength to overcome and forsake the sins that cost thee thy heart's blood, and to live before the world as one redeemed at such a price should live. Shall this be so before you lay down this tract? You must either accept or reject. Rejecting Christ and His salvation, you seal your own doom, Decide your eternal destiny, and the inscription on your tombstone might be—"SELF DESTROYED."

G. HEFFORD.

THE ARK.

"And the Lord shut Man in."—GEN. vii. 1-16.

NEVER the waste of waters gliding,
 Tempest-tossed, but undismayed,
 In that Ark of God's providing,
 On Him every hope now stayed:
 God Himself has shut the door
 Ere the dread destruction hour.

In our Jesus, what is needed!
 We are not less safe than He,
 Though we seem to drift unheeded
 On a fickle, treacherous sea.
 How secure! Our Ark within—
 God's own hand has shut us in.

Round our keel the waves are surging,
 Storms their awful threatenings lend;
 While the world is loudly urging,
 Distant still the coming end.
 We are safe from storm or flood,
 Shut in by the hand of God.

Blessed Ark! we would not guide it
 North, or south, or east, or west;
 It is safe, what'er betide it,
 He who planned will guide it best.
 Safe the Ark! what'er the road,
 Shut in from earth—but in to God!

L. T.

THE SECRET OF TRUE HAPPINESS.

WHEN trying to tell the story of the cross in the city of L——, Mass., as I sat engaged with the *old book* one morning in June, the door-bell rang. I answered the call. "Good morning, sir." "Good morning, madam." "Can I sell you a book, entitled, *The Pathway to Life; or, The Secret of True Happiness?*" "I am very happy," I said, "that I have a book also which tells how and where true happiness can be obtained; and more than that, it also gives me assurance of eternal salvation, the knowledge of sins forgiven, and also makes me quite sure of being with Jesus throughout eternity. And knowing that my soul is safe from the wrath of a holy God, my sins having been dealt with in the person of my Substitute, God having raised Him, Jesus, from the dead, proving thus that the work was finished, I can say that I have found out, according to the word of God, the secret of true happiness." "I presume," the agent replied, "the book you refer to is the Bible, and what you say may be true; but apart from that book (*the Bible*), the book I offer for sale cannot be excelled. The tone of the writings are so highly moral." "Possibly that may be," I answered; "but morality is one thing, salvation is quite another. The words of Jesus to a highly moral man, named Nicodemus, recorded in John iii. 7, 'Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again,' proves this fact. Now, friend," I said, "have you in the light of God's holiness seen yourself a lost sinner on the road to hell, going on to be damned?" "Indeed," she replied, "I have never been lost. I have never been on the road to hell. I shall never be damned. I have always loved Jesus, and tried to live right, and MY HEAVENLY FATHER is too kind to turn any of His children into hell."

Alas! poor soul. Deceived, deluded by her "father the devil, who was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it." (John viii. 44.) Never having known her need of Jesus, never having taken her place before God as a lost sinner, she knew nothing whatever of the power of the blood of Jesus on the conscience to give peace, or on the heart thus giving rest, yet having her mind blinded by the God of this age, could by lip call God her Father. This poor woman was but one of the many who can talk quite glibly about "my church, my dear pastor," and other flesh-pleasing topics of a

similar nature for hours without fatigue, but who know nothing about the new birth. The popular religion of to-day was established about six thousand years ago, a poor, cold, lifeless, bloodless thing, the originator of which "went out from the presence of the Lord." (Gen. iv. 16.) His followers shall go away into everlasting punishment, banished for ever from the presence of the Lord, there to suffer the vengeance of eternal fire, and the unending gnawings of the undying worm, with the pain of the unquenchable fire.

Reader, pause, think. Ask yourself the important question: Have I as a lost sinner trusted Christ? Am I ready to meet God, for meet Him you must? Have I been born again, according to the word of God? "Not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." (1 Peter i. 23.) God puts a question to you—can you answer it?—"What shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?" (1 Peter iv. 17.) But you may ask, What is the gospel? "For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures." (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4.)

Dear reader, such was God's love to you, that on yonder cross of wood hung the loving Son of God. "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of His fierce anger." (Lam. i. 12.) Listen to His dying cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." "It is finished." The blood has been shed; God has received His portion; His claims against the sinner have been met; the life of the sinner was demanded; the life of the sinner's Substitute was given, "that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." (Heb. ii. 14, 15.) Thus then sin has been put away for ever by the offering of Jesus on Calvary's cross. Once for all Satan's power is destroyed. God has raised His Son from the dead for our justification, and Jesus declares, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, hath everlasting life." (John vi. 47.) Reader, God is satisfied, are you? Believe the gospel, then of a truth you will be able to say, "I too have found out the secret of true happiness." Reject it, and you perish.

W. P. D.

THE HAPPY FARMER.

FARMER H—— was a very happy man. He was prosperous, and had everything that this world could give that would increase his happiness. But with all this he did not know the real, lasting happiness which is given to those who trust in the Lord. (Prov. xvi. 20.) He was opposed to anything that tended to religion, and made his boast in following in the paths of unrighteousness, and delighted in the "pleasures of sin." He never thought of going to church, although he was the churchwarden, but spent his Sundays in walking over his farm or reading his newspaper.

Many times did his friends seek his reformation, but when spoken to he would always laugh and say, "I am quite *happy*; I am the *happiest* man in the world."

The village was something like the farmer, without the knowledge of the gospel, so a few young men determined to go and preach there. One of them was a bright, happy Christian, whose heart yearned for those who were living without hope; but as he lived some distance, the farmer thought he could not do very much harm if he invited him to stay at the farm-house, so that he could continue his cottage meetings, which were so much liked by his labourers.

The farmer watched his visitor rather closely, and found him to be *very* happy; and in course of conversation he found out that it was not money made him happy, for he had not it, and was entirely dependent on the Lord for his support. It was a paradox for the farmer; he could not understand it, for the young man had had trials without number, and still he was happy; and as he could not solve his problem, he determined to ask his visitor when the opportunity offered.

Seeing he was alone one day, the farmer asked, "Are you happy?"

"Yes," he replied; "I cannot help being happy."

"Is it your friends who make you happy?"

"No."

"Is it money?"

"No, I have none."

"Is it because you have plenty of pleasure?"

"No."

"Will you tell me what it is then?" he asked.

"Yes, I will gladly," he replied.

He then showed the farmer how that his happiness did not consist in the enjoyment of an outward object, but of an inward one.

"I am happy," he said, "because I know that all my sins are forgiven; and you may have the same assurance by trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ as *your* Saviour."

As he reasoned of sin and its punishment, and of the wondrous work of Jesus at Calvary, when "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree," and the result of His finished work, the farmer's heart was opened to receive the truth as it is in Jesus, and he there found the source of true joy and happiness.

He was made happy, and with his heart and voice he sang—

"I am so glad
That Jesus loves me."

From that time he sought the things of the Lord. Old things had passed away, and all things had become new, so that he refused to go to the Derby, although his arrangements were made. His friends who had sought his reformation chided with him; and as he spoke of his newly-found Friend they laughed, and said he was too religious now, and would not suit them.

Dear reader, do not be persuaded into a reformation, it will not do you any good; for God has declared that "ye must be born again" (John iii. 7), and nothing short of that will avail.

"Ye must be born again,
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice,
'Tis *life* poor sinners need."

I would ask you, my reader, if you are happy? You may perhaps feel happy, because you have everything that your heart could wish for. You may have prosperity, kind friends, and every enjoyment this world could produce, but that is not the happiness that will last through eternity. If the pleasures of the world were taken from you, and adversity were to take the place of prosperity, as you saw your fortune failing, or your loved ones passing into eternity, would you be *happy* then? If you were laid upon a sick-bed, and brought down to the brink of the grave, as death's cold hand was placed upon your head, would you be *happy then*?

If by your rejecting God's love you turn aside from His ways, and, unheeding His voice, you cross the threshold of eternity without hope; as you enter the portals of hell, there to abide for ever and ever in utter despair, beyond the reach of mercy's hand, I ask you solemnly, Would you be *HAPPY then*? You would not; for the Lord has said that there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. (Matt. xiii. 42, 50.) But you may ask, "How can I be happy if I know such a portion awaits me?"

He is a happy man who knows his sins are forgiven, and has a bright prospect before him of being with the Lord; to go no more out for ever; and if you, dear reader, have not the knowledge of sins forgiven you cannot be happy. "Blessed [or *happy*] is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." (Ps. xxxiii. 1, 2.) The way to get happiness is to get forgiveness. When I asked the farmer why he was happy, he said he could not help being happy, because he knew that every sin had been forgiven. While you are carrying your load of iniquities about with you you cannot be happy, for they will burden your soul and fill your spirit with heaviness.

There are some who say you cannot know your sins are forgiven until after you are dead; but I am sure of this, that if I did not know my sins were forgiven I should be most miserable.

While walking along a country road a few Sundays ago I overtook a man who was making his way to a church some distance off, and as we were in conversation I asked him if his sins were forgiven.

The question evidently took him by surprise, and he said, "I shouldn't like to say they were."

"Wouldn't you?" I asked.

"Well, sir," he said, "I should like to *know* they were, but we cannot know for certain that God will forgive us; we must wait and see."

"Indeed!" I said; "that is something new to me. I do not find it in God's word; and may I ask where you are going?"

"To church, sir; for I am a Churchman."

"Do you join in the Apostles' Creed?"

"Of course I do," he indignantly replied.

"Then you say, 'I believe in the forgiveness of sins.' If you believe in the forgiveness of sins, how is it yours are not forgiven?"

He told me he had never thought of that; and as we walked on I showed him how that God could be just, and the justifier of those who believe in Jesus, and could righteously forgive on the ground of atonement; and before he left me he took God at His word, and said he knew for a certainty that his sins were forgiven, and would be remembered no more. (Jer. xxxiii. 34.)

Sin leads to death; for "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23), but forgiveness of sin leads to everlasting life. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that

God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." (Rom. x. 9.)

Have you ever thought of what sin is, and what its consequences are? You may think you are not any worse than others, and you may try to make yourself happy and satisfied with that thought, but God says there is no difference, for all have sinned; but when there was none to take pity God came forth in wondrous love and mercy, and gave His Son, the Just for we the unjust; that we might be partakers of His eternal happiness.

If you want *present* happiness you must know *present* forgiveness. Many hope to be forgiven when they die, and I fear such rest on a false hope; for the hope of the hypocrite shall perish.

The Lord Jesus said to one sick of the palsy, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee." (Luke v. 25.) He did not say they would be forgiven, but they *are*; and as the man thought of that he glorified God, for he knew the Son of man had the power to forgive sins. If you want to be happy come to the One who waits with outstretched arms willing to embrace you, and make you happy during your lifetime, and all through the countless ages of eternity; for "in His presence is fulness of joy, and at His right hand there are pleasures for evermore." (Ps. xvi. 11.)

F. H. D.

THREE "COMES."



LET us just for a few moments turn to the word of God, and there look at three "comes." First, the Invitation; second, the Reward; and third, the Lament. You will find the first in Matthew xi. 28: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." These are the words of Jesus Himself, and though they were addressed to weary sin-burdened ones eighteen hundred years ago, they are quite as applicable to-day to the same characters. Let us pause then and examine this loving invitation, "Come unto me." Jesus shows here very plainly that He was not merely a man; for no man ever lived who could say, "Come unto me." No; it is very clear from this Scripture that Jesus was God manifest in the flesh. Who does He invite to come to Him? The weary and heavy-laden, those who felt the burden of their sins. And so it is to-day. All who feel themselves to be sinners are invited to come to Him, and He will most assuredly give them rest, according to His promise; and what rest it is

to know that all my sins are cast behind God's back, and that He will remember them no more! We must know our need of this Saviour. We must know that we are sinners before we can accept Christ as our Saviour—the "whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." And so it is in spiritual things; until a man knows that he is lost and ruined by sin, he never feels his need of a Saviour; but as soon as he sees this he is on the right road for salvation. If any who read this paper do not yet know themselves to be sinners, I would just ask such an one to turn to Romans iii. 9-23, where he will see what God says of the sinner out of Christ. "All have sinned." Am I not in the "all"? Certainly; and when I believe this, not only because I feel it, but because God says it, then I am invited to come to Jesus, and I shall find rest and peace.

The second "come" you will find in Matthew xxv. 34: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." This is the reward, and none will receive it save those who have responded to the invitation just noticed; and what a glorious reward it is! Oh, who can tell the blessedness of the kingdom that Jesus has gone to prepare for them that love Him! If you have come to Him by faith, and are truly resting upon His finished work for the salvation of your precious soul, you will enjoy this eternal bliss; but if not, alas! you will be among those of whom we read, in verse 41 of the same chapter, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Hell was prepared for the devil and his angels, and not for man, and any who find themselves in this horrible place will have themselves only to blame for it.

The third "come," the lament, you will find in John v. 40: "And ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life." These are also the words of Jesus, and with what sorrow they must have been uttered. To think that He left the realms of bliss to come down to this sinful world, that He was fashioned as a man, that by His works He abundantly testified as to who He was, and yet His own would not receive Him, they would not come unto Him that they might have life. And are there not thousands now of whom the same words may be used? They will not come. The invitation is given. Christ has died. The Spirit is willing. None are ever cast out who come as guilty sinners pleading the death and resurrection of Jesus. Yet sinners will not come. They will devote any length of time to

making themselves very comfortable down here, but not one hour to the welfare of their precious souls. Oh, reader, think of these things! Remember, Christ died for sinners. He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. He said, just before He gave up His life upon the cross, "It is finished." The great work of redemption was accomplished. God is perfectly satisfied with the work, and He can now accept the sinner by virtue of that perfect sacrifice. I do trust that you will not put off this great matter, but come to Jesus now, just as you are; do not wait until you are better, this is a delusion of Satan, who wants to keep you from Christ if he can. Come now; for "now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." W. H. QUINN.

[TURN TO JESUS.]



Oh, turn ye! oh, turn ye! for why will ye die,
When Jesus the Saviour is passing so nigh?
His blood is most precious, His grace is most free,
And this moment He's ready to give pardon to thee.

How long will you linger, His offer refuse?
How long will you trifle, His mercy abuse?
The time is at hand for "His anger to burn,"
And then you will find it too late to return.

You have promised before, but have failed in your vow,
Will you say it, and keep it, and do it just now!—
Will you give up your folly, your work, and your way,
And turn to the Lord without further delay?

If you do it in truth, it will be to your fame
That you clung to His cause, His cross, and His name.
When He comes in His glory He will meet you in love,
And give you a home in the glory above.

But if, after all you have heard and have known,
You harden your heart and His offer disown,
Then I warn you beforehand, 'twill be a dark day
For you when the saints are all passing away!

It were better by far you had never been born,
Than live here in sin, and depart all forlorn;
For sure as it's written, His presence you'll flee,
And your dwelling for ever with Satan shall be.

Oh, turn then to Jesus, while yet there is grace;
And here you will bask in the smiles of His face!
And when He is coming to take you away,
You will sing and be happy on that glorious day.

Oh, turn then to Jesus, and join with our choir;
Give your heart unto Him, to be filled with His fire!
We're looking, and waiting, and watching to hear
If we cannot discern that His footsteps are near.

It cannot be long till He's seen in the sky,
For th' events of the day say His coming is nigh.
Get your harp in good tune, and your heart full of love;
You will need it all yonder in the mansions above.

I am grieved when I think this call may be vain,
That some may go home to their folly again.
May the Lord in His mercy arrest you with power,
And save you from him whom your soul would devour.
And if we should never sing praise here again,
We shall praise Him above, and for ever, Amen.

W. G. D.

GOD LOVES YOU; CAN YOU REFUSE HIS LOVE?

JULY came round with its sultry but bright days, so enjoyable to the healthy and robust, but so trying to the weak and suffering.

As I passed through a noisy street in Bermondsey, I felt for a poor dying man I could see lying on a sofa in the inner room of a house there. His face too plainly told me that he was fast sinking, and, as I learnt, without any hope for eternity. To him, poor sufferer, the future was a lightless chaos—a black night. Twice I tried to get to see him, but was refused, although it was through one of his best friends and neighbours who endeavoured to obtain for me the introduction. Earnestly did I look to the Lord to open the door of that house to me.

A few days after, when coming home from business early one Saturday afternoon, I was told, to my joy, that Mr. H——, the dying man, had sent for me. A minute or two after I was hurrying through the street, lifting up my heart to the Lord to give me the right word. When I arrived at the shop I was met by his wife, son, and daughter, all crying bitterly. I was shown up a very steep flight of stairs, and pulling myself up by the rope banister, found myself in a clean, neat bedroom, with the poor dying man lying on the sofa. He scowled at me as I went in, as much as to say, I would never have sent for you if I could have helped it; but I will make it uncomfortable for you.

I sat down near him, and said, "I have brought you a message, dear H——."

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"God is love," I replied.

"What!" he said, lifting himself up in a rage. "How dare you say that to me! Love, indeed! Pretty love, to give me here seven years of awful pain and suffering. Be off out of the room!"

"Step!" I cried. "When I came through your shop I saw a young man crying bitterly; who was it, my friend?"

"My son," he replied; "my poor, dear son," and he burst into tears, "and I don't know how to part with him. I have given him a good education, he has been my pride and delight, and now I have to part with him; yes, part with him," and the poor fellow shook with convulsive sobs.

"Hark!" I said, "the great God above had a Son whom He loved more than you love yours. Your love, compared with His, is but as a grain of sand

on the vast seashore, or a drop in the mighty ocean; but still, with all the love He had for His Son, He loved us poor sinners, who deserve His wrath and righteous judgment, and sent His Son down to be judged, and to die in our stead, that we, through faith in Him, might be saved from the wrath to come, and have eternal life with Him. Is not that love? and cannot we say, God is love? Oh, dear H——, do come to Jesus and rest! Surely He sent you this illness to bring you to Himself. Come just as you are—poor, wretched, and vile. He will wash all your sins away, make you fit for glory, and soon come to take you away to be with Him and like Him."

The hot, burning tears rolled down the poor man's face as he rocked to and fro, and exclaimed, "Oh, what love! I never knew it before; I see it now."

Full of praise to God, who had awakened this once hard-hearted man to think of His great love to sinners, I dropped on my knees, and poured out my heart to the God of love and the One who came to do His will and die.

Many days passed away. The once hard sinner mourned over his sins and guilt, and above all his former hatred of God and contempt of Jesus Christ His Son. And joy, divinely given, filled his soul. The nearer his end came the brighter he was, manifesting to all around his joy, and leaving such a bright testimony! One lovely evening in August, during an attack of delirium, he passed away, dwelling in his wanderings on the One who loved him, and gave Himself for him.

Dear reader, do you know "God is love"? Do you know His Son as your Saviour? Can you say "He loved me and gave Himself for me?" If not, what is your hope? Where will you spend eternity? Your good works are of no avail; your righteousness is as "filthy rags;" you can but now stand in God's presence as a guilty, lost sinner. Oh, if you knew this you would indeed feel your need, and go to Jesus as you are, and rest in Him as your Saviour—the only Saviour.

'Tis not doing, 'tis not praying,
'Tis not weeping saves the soul;
God is now His grace displaying;
Jesus died to make me whole.
Look to Him, and life-works follow;
Look to Him without delay;
Sinner, look! and ere to-morrow
Thou wilt weep and praise and pray.

"The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world." (1 John iv. 14.) "God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?"

But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

W. S. W.

Notices.

SPECIAL.

We shall be grateful to those of our readers to whom the Lord has imparted the gift of writing for the press if they would send us original articles, narrative or otherwise, suitable for this magazine or for our *Gracious Words Almanack*, which we are preparing for the coming year. We are constantly hearing of blessing through our pages, and our readers might have fellowship in our joy in this service, if they would use the gift the Lord may have imparted in writing for our paper.

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CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO

WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS

GOSPEL WATCHMAN

BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS

AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM

"WATCHMAN, what of the night!
The watchman said, The morning
cometh, and also the night: if ye
will enquire, enquire ye: return,
come." (Isaiah xxi. 12.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a
watchman unto the house of Israel;
therefore thou shalt hear the word
at my mouth, and warn them from
me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

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HAPPY TOM.

THE Isle of Athelney, where King Alfred hid himself from the Danes, is a memorable spot in the West of England.

In that neighbourhood many *spiritual* conquests over the power of darkness have been witnessed.

One trophy of divine grace was that of Thomas D., who was well known as being far, very far, from God, by sin and wicked works. He was a strong, powerful man, and in his reckless course would, as a farm-workman, sometimes perform wonderful feats of labour. Through this he at length ruptured a blood-vessel, was laid aside from all work, and though he lived a considerable time after, the injury eventually brought him to the grave.

During his long illness the writer had many interviews with him. At first he was so sullen that it was painful in the extreme. He would roll over in his bed and turn away, as if determined not to listen to instruction. (Prov. i. 7.) He was reminded of his awful danger, and pointed to HIM whose *abundant* blood cleanseth us from *all* sin. (1 John i. 7.) But labour seemed to be in vain, and strength spent for nought. But no! although this distressing state of things continued for some time, yet the precious seed sown in tears was not lost. (Ps. cxxvi. 5.) The Faithful Promisee, who commands the light to shine out of darkness (2 Cor. iv. 6), shined into his heart. The set time had come. There was a slight movement of the head, an inclining of the ear to receive the message. He hearkened, and his soul was made to live. (Isa. lv. 3.) Quickened from the long sleep

of death, and under deep conviction of his guilt, he exclaimed, "I feel I am a wicked sinner! my sins seem too heavy to be pardoned!"

The language of poor Tom's heart now might have been expressed thus—

"Lord Jesus, on Thee I venture to call.

Oh, look upon me, the vilest of all!

For whom didst Thou languish, and bleed on the tree?

Oh, pity my anguish, and say, 'Twas for thee!"

"I want," said he, "to be able to say, I am saved! I hope I shall! I beg the blessed Jesus to pardon my sins." Thus coming to Him, the God of hope soon filled his thirsting soul with all joy and peace in believing (Rom. xv. 13), and he now longed to be *with* Christ. One morning he said, "I shall go happy now; I love Him more than my own soul. I thought I should have died in the night, and I should dearly like to have gone. He will hold out His arms to receive me, and I won't be afraid." Love had cast out fear. (1 John iv. 18.)

When cautioned not to trust in a false hope, he would say, "It is no flattery, it is from the bottom of my heart. I must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, if I had died before! I shudder to think of it!"

Grace shone brightly in this brand plucked out of the fire. (Zech. iii. 2.) He could not read a single line; yet he grew rapidly. His constant communion with his God and Saviour was really delightful. Prayer was the element of his renewed spirit; and his fervent cry was, to be "kept in the right road."

Such was his tenderness of conscience, that he

would anxiously enquire respecting his dreams, which he feared were sometimes sinful. He would say, "It isn't I, is it?"

So much were his affections withdrawn from earth that, notwithstanding his fits of suffering, he longed for the next struggle, hoping it might be the last.

He had a couplet, which was a great favourite, and oft repeated—

"Jesus shall be all my plea,
Jesus lived and died for me."

One night two messengers came to say that Tom appeared to be dying. It was about midnight when I entered the sick-chamber, and oh, how changed the scene, as compared with that of former days! it was now the gate of heaven. There sat our suffering brother, supported in an arm-chair, and surrounded by weeping friends.

He grasped my hand. I said, "You are worse?" He replied, "Yes, going to flee to Jesus! blessed Jesus! my dear Jesus!" I enquired, "Are you happy?" He exclaimed, "Happy, happy, happy! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

In speaking of being, on the following Lord's-day, in the courts of the Lord, I remarked, "You will then have a better place." He said, "Yes, I shall then be in heaven." He rallied, however, and survived for some weeks, still possessing the same heavenly joy, and frequently pouring out his heart thus: "Praise the blessed Jesus! Lord Jesus, lift up my spirit! Dear Lord, remember me!" At our last interview, he said, in a firm voice, "I BELIEVE IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND I SHALL BE SAVED." I bade him farewell, and the same night intelligence was brought that he was gone.

Should this simple narrative be read by some heavy-laden sinner craving to see clearly the way to be saved, think of poor Tom, the cottager. He had no trust in forms and ceremonies; no! but he went direct to CHRIST. Take the same course, poor soul, and without doubt you will be able to say—

His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne:
He shall have all the praise, for He
Hath loved and lived and died for me.

Should this case meet the eye of some one faithfully labouring for souls, but almost ready to faint, we would say to such, Persevere, persevere; for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not (Gal. vi. 9.)

A. O.

ALMOST AND ALTOGETHER.

READ ACTS XXVI.

IN this chapter we have a rather remarkable scene which took place in a Roman court of justice. The prisoner has been lying in the dungeon for two long years, although no definite charge has been brought against him. King Agrippa came to the city, and heard of the case. The King desires to see and hear the man for himself, and fixes the day for the trial. The day arrives, the court is crowded with spectators, anxiously waiting for the trial to commence. At length the king puts in an appearance with great pomp, clad in his royal robes, and escorted by governors and great men, and takes his seat upon the bench. All eyes are fastened upon him, many no doubt desiring to be like him, coveting his position and grandeur. The prisoner is summoned, and placed at the bar. All eyes are now turned to get a sight of him. He is a poor, despised man, one who has been fearfully persecuted. He stands alone at that bar, having no able counsellor to defend him, no leading barrister to plead his cause, and yet he is perfectly calm, with a heavenly smile upon his countenance. The case is briefly stated by the governor, the king then turns to the prisoner, saying, "You are permitted to speak for yourself." He commences his defence by stating what he was and what he used to do. He narrates a never-to-be-forgotten incident, which took place as he was going to Damascus. A light from heaven shone upon him, revealing to him where and what he was in God's sight, also that he heard a voice which broke his heart.

From that time he had been a changed man, old things had passed away, and, behold, all things had become new; and he had gone forth proclaiming the glorious gospel of the grace of God. So clear and convincing are his arguments, so weighty and solemn are his facts, that he not only clears himself of all crime, but well-nigh persuades the king to identify himself with him. The king is constrained to confess, "Almost thou persuadest me to become a Christian. Almost thou persuadest me to become one of that sect which is everywhere spoken against." The prisoner replies, "King Agrippa, almost will not do. It must be altogether or not at all. It is either in Christ or out of Christ, either saved or lost. There is no neutral ground, no middle position. Almost persuaded! I would to God, that not only you, but also all that hear me this day,

were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds. I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed into His hands against that day. He has saved me by His grace. God is my Father, Christ is my Saviour, the Holy Ghost is my Comforter, Heaven is my home, and Glory my inheritance. I have through grace that which the world cannot give, and death cannot deprive of. God has made me an heir to a throne, which shall be secure when all other thrones shall fall. He has given me a kingdom, which shall remain when all other dynasties and kingdoms shall pass away into eternal oblivion; a portion which shall last when these elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the heavens pass away with a great noise, and the earth and the works therein shall be burnt up—that which shall remain undisturbed throughout all cycles of eternal ages. I would to God that, not only you, but that all that hear me, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."

Dear reader, I would ask you the question,

WHAT MADE THE DIFFERENCE

between this poor despised prisoner at the bar, and the king upon the bench? Did he deserve such wondrous blessing more than the other? Had he been better than Agrippa? Had he done something great and meritorious which the king had not done? We have but to look down his defence, to see that he was no better than others. Perhaps much worse than many. He tells us, in verses 4, 5,

WHAT HE WAS.

A Pharisee, one of the strictest sect of the religious world. One of those who prayed at street corners, and fasted often, giving tithes of all they possessed; yes, so exact were they, that they would not pick mint, or thyme, or rue from their gardens, without giving a tenth to God.

But when this Pharisee of the Pharisees saw himself in God's light, he then had, like one of old, to exclaim, "Woe is me; for I am undone! I am a man of unclean lips, I am the chief of sinners." He found he had a name to live, but was dead; a form of godliness, but denied the power; a lamp of profession, without the oil of grace. He had to learn, like another of his sect, "that he must be born again, or never enter heaven." (John. iii.)

Reader, are you building upon such a sandy foundation? The testing-time is coming. The clouds are fast gathering, the darkness is thickening, and soon the storm of vengeance will burst upon

this poor deluded world. And if you are not built upon the atoning work of the Lord Jesus, your structure of good works will fall, and great will be the fall of it. Saul was a Pharisee, but had to be *born again*.

Then, in verse 10, 11, he tells us

WHAT HE DID.

Hating the Lord Jesus, he persecuted His followers, arresting and casting them into prison, causing many to blaspheme the precious Name which is above every name. Calling Him whom the Father had sent an impostor; giving his word against those that refused to blaspheme, and staining his hands with their innocent blood. Is there one to whom Satan has been saying, "You are too bad to be saved"? Take courage by a Saul of Tarsus, a blasphemer, a persecutor, and yet *saved by grace*. Blessed be God, the Gospel still is, "Come unto me, *all ye that labour and are heavy laden*, and I will give you rest; and him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son still *cleanseth from all sin*."

Then, in verse 13, we have

WHAT HE SAW.

Having witnessed the murder of Stephen, and caused great persecution in the Church at Jerusalem, he hears of a company of believers in Damascus. He hastened to the chief priests, and obtained their signatures, and authority to exterminate this sect of the Nazarenes. But God's eye is upon him. God's heart is yearning over a Saul of Tarsus. Suddenly the heavens open, and a light above the brightness of the sun, shining in its noontide splendour, bursts upon him, and he hears a voice from that Glory, saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" The arrow of conviction penetrates his soul, and from that day he had become a changed character. His eyes are opened, his heart touched, henceforth for him to live was Christ; to spend and be spent in the service of Him who had saved him by His grace.

Hence, in verses 17, 18, he receives

A DIVINE COMMISSION.

Sent forth to open other blind eyes—life to those who were blinded by a mere dead formalism, or by dark superstition and idolatry, and warn them of their danger. To turn them from darkness to light, to proclaim liberty to them—liberty from sin's dominion, and from Satan's captivity. To preach the forgiveness of sins through the risen Christ, and tell of an inheritance which is incorruptible,

undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Such was the wondrous salvation he had to proclaim through faith in Christ. Not only salvation from the flames of an eternal hell, not only to have the assurance that the believer shall not perish, *but that he has eternal life*, that he is sealed with the Eternal Spirit, and made an heir to eternal glory. All things are his, for he is Christ's, and Christ is God's. When the believer grasps this by faith, then it is he turns his back upon the world's gilded shams, and has God's eternal realities. It was when the God of glory appeared to Abraham that he turned his back upon every thing at home. It had all been eclipsed by that vision of glory. And as the apostle is proclaiming these wondrous truths before Agrippa, his heart glows with his subject, he gets warm with his theme; the governor interferes by charging him with madness. "Nay," replies the apostle, "I am not mad, most noble Festus; I was once. When going to Damascus, I was not in my right mind then; but since I saw His lovely face, since I heard His blessed voice, I have sat at His feet, clothed, and in my right mind; and now I speak forth the words of truth and soberness. The king can confirm what I say, for these things were not done in a corner, but publicly in Jerusalem." He then gives a direct personal appeal to Agrippa's heart.

"BELIEVEST THOU THE PROPHETS?"

Then it is we have the king's confession, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." He sees and knows that Paul has something he has not, he is *almost* persuaded to decide that this Saviour should be his Saviour. The apostle sees the struggle going on in Agrippa's breast; he seizes the opportunity, and he exclaims, "ALMOST! it must be *altogether* or not at all. *Almost* persuaded! Think of Noah's day, when the door was shut, it mattered not whether they were five yards or five miles away from the ark, they were shut out. *Almost* persuaded! Remember Lot's wife, she had *almost* escaped judgment, but was turned into a pillar of salt. *Almost* persuaded! Think of Orpah, who wept, and started to go with Naomi, but returned after all to a condemned scene. *Almost* persuaded! Remember the five foolish virgins, they were *almost* like the wise, they were *almost* in time, when the door was shut, and yet shut out. Beware! Agrippa.

"*Almost* will not avail, *almost* is but to fail,
Sad, sad that bitter wail, *almost* but *lost*."

LOST! Reader, what does it mean? We can understand a child lost in London, or a ship lost at

sea; but what can describe "*a lost soul*"? a soul that must live for ever! a soul that falling mountains cannot crush or eternal ages annihilate! a never dying-soul! Lost amidst eternal darkness. Lost amidst the weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Lost, and *lost* for ever! Thank God, it is not so yet. God is still saying, "Come *now*, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "*Now* is the accepted time, behold, *now* is the day of salvation." "I would to God that not only thou, but that all which hear me, were both *almost*, and *altogether* such as I am, except these bonds," For I am *persuaded*, that neither life nor death, nor angels, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." May this be your *persuasion*, for Christ's sake.

G. H.

A LOOKING-GLASS SERMON.

DO stop at introspection is very bad; but to see oneself as God sees us is good for sinner and for saint. In truth, we cannot see God aright as our Saviour until we have been shown ourselves as sinners. One address we heard from Mr. — may be termed a looking-glass sermon. He held before the audience a mirror, in which the opinions they held of themselves were first depicted and then dissolved in the view that God had of them. Not only did he strip them of all their *fancied* goodness, but he forced them to see their utter badness in God's sight. The imagery of moral self-satisfaction gradually faded away, and there arose the spectacle of a self-condemned, speechless suppliant for mercy. The simper of self-reliance was changed into the look of despair.

We know very little of each other. We are strangers to each other's spiritual life. Still more wonderful how little we know of ourselves. Our neighbours know more of us than we know of ourselves. To see ourselves as others see us would be beneficial. How ignorant we are of our faults! See you drunkard; he will not admit his *falling*. The most he will allow is, "I don't mean to say I don't like a little more than I ought; but I'm not a drunkard." Look at you covetous neighbour; he loves money, but won't admit it. All he confesses is, "The truth is, I'm not a spendthrift."

There are so many charities, it is hard to make a selection." And so the selection is never made. He is known to be a close-fisted man; it would be as easy to get a five pound note out of him as to draw a tooth out of a rhinoceros. Then look at your passionate folk. Some people are addicted to evil tempers. Do they allow it? No; they say, "For my part, I suffer extreme provocation, and then I am a little hot." And so all round people are deceived even as to their glaring faults.

But it is a little matter what our neighbours think of us, or what we think of ourselves. There is One who knows us, One who searches our inmost souls, One from whom nothing can be hid.

If our flagrant sins are found out, if our lives were read aloud before our neighbours, and all secret sins disclosed, it would cause a blush of shame. We might remove from that vicinity, we might emigrate, but we cannot get away from Him. We shall have to render account for the things done in the body.

Ask, What does God know about me? God is Judge. God knows everything. "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His." (2 Tim. ii. 19.)

A clean line divides a congregation. You are either on one side or the other—either on the Lord's side, or on Satan's. All are His by creation. Are we His by faith? by voluntary surrender? by acceptance of His life to be our life?

That is the real question, "Am I the Lord's, or am I not?"

Some delude themselves, by outward forms, that they must be the Lord's. They go to church, carry a prayer book; obviously they are the Lord's; they have family prayer, and so on. Where did they learn these passports to blessedness? Where does this new gospel come from? When the Philippian gaoler asked, in the anguish of conviction, "What must I do to be saved?" we do not read, "Pray and read your Bible;" nay, but, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved." Men have invented a religion of their own. They are mantled with their religionness, they practically put this miserable religionness in the place of God. It is a means of keeping us far from God, instead of coming near. It is not real, but a pretence, a show, a pretentious sham! I am as my father before me; I am as my neighbour beside me. They die without Christ; they put religion in the place of Christ. There is blind superstition among Protestants as among Pagans. Forsooth, we pity the Hindu with

his idols; we laugh at the praying machine of the Buddhist, which turns off prayers as the wheel goes round; we smile at their folly, and flatter ourselves we know better than that. What do you know? You kneel down, and repeat "Our Father" with just as much recognition as the Buddhist with his wheel. You blame the Hindu for his mechanical religion, you yourself perform the same mechanical act in your forms.

Some years ago a preacher was delivering a strong sermon to men. The churchwarden, a highly respectable man, staggered to the vestry like one who had received a mortal wound. He sobbed aloud, "Oh, sir, your mission is coming to an end! You have been preaching Christ crucified; I have been listening, and now others have received blessing, I've received none. I have sat here since a boy, I have led a good life, I have heard evangelical truth, I am as familiar with the gospel as you are, have heard it—loved it—for fifty years; but I never in my heart received gospel blessing, never cast myself in simple faith in Jesus Christ. To me the gospel has been a pleasant song. I have been outwardly respectable, I have sinned against the gospel so long there is no mercy for me. My neighbours could say of me, Oh, he's very religious, he conducts family prayer, he is one of the excellent of the earth!" Ah, my readers, when God opened his eyes he found himself a miserable sinner; but depend upon it, that day did not pass until he was saved.

God knows the character of the religious act on which we build. We judge by quantity, God by quality. We cannot worship God truly until His Spirit is imparted, cannot receive the Spirit unless we humbly receive it by faith. How many acts are merely a distinct insult to God! Is it not an insult to think God is pleased by the repetition of twelve paternosters? A Roman Catholic priest was called on by a friend. He was kneeling down repeating prayers from a book. "Stop a few minutes," he said, on his knees; "I'll be with you in a minute." Then he gabbed off twenty more Paternosters or Ave Marias, and jumped up to take a walk with his friend. Base superstition, you will say. Great insult to the Majesty of heaven. Quite right. Are your own personal devotions any better? Are they not just as much superstition?

On one occasion a mission was being held. A Christian lady was anxious for the salvation of her servants, and induced them to attend. She sent her girl to the mission. On her return, she said, "Well,

Mary, how did you like the preacher?" "Don't like him at all, ma'am. Don't want to hear him again; he's the hardest man I ever heard. I never did but one fault, and he actually began to talk about that." Her mistress persuaded her to go again, and again asked her, "How do you like him?" "Worse than ever, ma'am; he fixed on two or three wrong things I've done." It took much persuasion to get her to attend the third time. This time her tone was altered. "Well," she said, "if that man's right, I'm all wrong." Conviction of sin was beginning to seize on her. She went the fourth night, and came home late. "Well, Mary," said her mistress; but the expression of her face was different, she had remained to the after meeting. "Eh, mistress," she said, "yon man showed me that I'm a big sinner; but he has also showed me that I've got a great Saviour."

God knows the motive from which our actions spring. We can see the act, but can't tell the why; can't read the heart. God knows when the motive is to glorify Him. Years ago a preacher went to the city of Liverpool. He was accompanied to the church by a lady, one very useful among the people, one who had done great things. The preacher asked her about her work, and found her deeply interested in classes, and all kinds of good works. He felt led to say a few strong words as to the importance of a right motive, that we should work from love. Being much forgiven we should love much. The lady was silent. They reached the mission-hall. He felt led to dwell on the same topic in his sermon. The after meeting was held and concluded, and the church empty; but the preacher's eye fell on a solitary figure kneeling at the end. He went forward, and to his surprise it was the lady all by herself. He was about to withdraw, thinking she was praying. She beckoned to him; her eyes were red with weeping. "Speak to me," she said; "I need it more than anyone. I'll tell you all. Six months ago I was a gay, giddy woman, engaged to a man to whom I was deeply attached. He deceived me, broke his engagement, and went off with another. My heart was blighted, life lost all charm to me; I hated everything, and turned from the world with disgust and nausea; I wished I were dead, life became weary and hopeless. I said, 'I must find something to do.' I came and undertook the work with energy. Here I found new interests; I loved to be loved. The void

in my heart was filled up; but oh, how my heart smote me when you spoke to me and preached! All has been a miserable hypocrisy from beginning to end!" She was crushed and broken down before God, until she was enabled to give all to the healing Jesus.

What does God know about you? He knows every secret sin—the evil thought, the impure affection, the crooked walk in business, the tricks of trade, the white lies, the insincere flattery, the meaningless nothings—He knows all. The time is coming when He will judge the secrets of men's hearts according to the gospel. Are you prepared to meet that scrutiny? O God, hold up the mirror of thy truth, and reveal us to ourselves. CHEYNE BRADY.

THE TWO DEATH-BEDS.

In a gorgeous room in a mansion old,
Profusely bedecked with purple and gold,
Sat a dignified person, enveloped with care
With the warmest of robes, in a large easy-chair;
But, alas! in spite of the wealth around,
And the fact that his name with fame was crowned,
He knew he was dying, and ill at ease,
Was so fretful and sad that nought could please.
We asked of this man with thoughtful brow,
"Pray how does this world appear to you now?"
The eloquent writer opened his eyes,
'Twas Gibbon, and thus he replied with sighs—
"All things are fleeting and passing away;
I look back, all is gone, time will not stay;
Forward, alas! all is dreary and dark;
Not a ray of light, not a single spark."
Life wasted, time lost, yet compelled to die,
His spirit entered eternity.
Deeply distressed at so fearful a scene,
Thinking it better far not to have been,
We left the old mansion, and went to a cot,
Where dwelt a sick Christian of lowlier lot.
With his thin grey hair, and his wrinkled skin,
Eyes bright with the light of the joy within;
Though his limbs were feeble, his end was near,
Yet his answer showed that he felt no fear;
For we asked, as we marked his glazing eye,
"Do you think, my friend, you will shortly die?"
Slowly he turned, and then calmly he said,
As he raised his eyes to the skies o'erhead—
"I can hardly tell, and I do not care,
Let Thy will be done, is my constant prayer.
If I die, it is only with God to be;
If I live, I know He will be with me."
More blessed I thought is this poor man's state
Than that of most men by the world called great.
Mine be such feelings when life fades away,
Not anxious to go, unmindful to stay,
Only desirous to be as seems best
To Him who would have us eternally blest;
And, oh, when the moment of parting shall come,
His presence be with us, and guide us safe home!
Where our souls, from all sorrow and sin set free,
Shall worship our God through eternity.

J. R. B.

IN GREAT PERIL!

FOR some little time past God has been daily endeavouring to speak to sinners—both children and adults—upon the Dawlish beach, through his servant — preaching Jesus Christ. He who “searcheth the heart” alone knows who has responded to His call.

On Friday, the 19th August, He caused His voice to be heard in a very solemn tone; a fellow-creature—one of the many bathers—was seen buffeting with the roughness of a tempestuous surf; her peril attracted the attention of all; the preacher ceased his preaching, while breathless and noiseless anxiety at once laid hold of the beholders. The bather, however, was a swimmer, and by dint of exertion had well-nigh reached the breakwater, when kind and helping hands rescued her from her struggles. Some of the spectators had lifted up their hearts to God to ask Him graciously to preserve the struggler from drowning, and thankful to Him they were when, covered by a sheltering garment, they saw her walk again upon dry land.

This scene suggests a word or two that may, by God's grace, indelibly fix it upon the heart, even real and solemn thoughts as to eternity.

Because our friend — sees so many of his fellow-creatures—like the bathers on the sands—disporting themselves happily amid the treacherous waves of this world, and because he knows how some surging wave may carry them away, and launch their souls into eternity, he has been moved with compassion, and has daily tendered them wholesome words of exhortation: the which service of love his Master will surely remember in “that day.” (Matt. xxv. 23.)

What a solemn simile, yet what a stupendous contrast, may be found in meditating upon the peril of that swimmer, and her rescue from a watery grave, and the rescue of a sinner from the perils of an eternal hell! The former *felt* the force of the sea; she saw her fellows on the breakwater; she saw them risk themselves in measure to render her assistance; it encouraged her, and presently she experienced the power of the help, and was landed safely upon the well-compacted building of stony rock, which, after all, being but of man's building, had the possibility of being unable to resist the force of the seething waters. With the latter, however, it is far different: the sinner, saved by Jesus, comes to Him as God's “chief corner-stone, elect, precious:

and he that believeth on Him shall not be confounded.” (1 Peter ii. 6.)

May I, with all entreaty, ask my readers where, spiritually, *their* feet are set? Perhaps the question has not heretofore crossed their minds, and they are happy, light-hearted, and heedless too of the danger that is so nigh at hand. But, my friend, allow me to be personal. The danger of *your* soul being lost is nigh—*very* nigh; it is a solemn reality. You know not how soon the sea of sin may engulf and overwhelm you, or how soon you may find yourself drifting away, be quickly removed from your hilarity, and have the danger of *eternal death* staring you in the face.

In the scene before us, God graciously allowed the struggling one to overcome the waves, to reach the proffered help, and eventually to be rescued; but when the time comes that *you* shall have to feel the surging power, the tremendous force of life's last waves, and your inability to breast them, you will find that (unless you come to Jesus, the Rock, *now*, and find your security in Him *now*) you will have *no power* to extricate yourself from the fearful overwhelming tide. Yea, you *may* find that you have no Rock to flee to *then*, no helping hand *then*. (See Prov. xxx. 26.) What an awful thought! Accumulated sins, too mighty, too surging then, and the depths of immeasurable woe—an inevitable doom!

Blessed be God, that last tremendous wave has not *yet* swept over you. The patience of the *living* God has not *yet* ceased, neither has His love ceased to flow. That love which gave His only begotten Son to die, that the perishing might *not* perish, flows towards His creatures still in all its fulness, as is manifest in that He continues to send His messengers laden with His messages of love to ruined man.

In the incident before us it was the kindness of fellow-men that held out the rescuing hand to the one that was well-nigh overcome; but what *man* could (or what *man* can) give or hold out the rescuing hand to the sinking sinner? *None!* *No, not one!* Jesus, the Son of God, *alone* can do that; for He alone has passed through the waves of death; *He* alone has met the overwhelming tide of the wrath of God; *He* was “made sin.” (2 Cor. v. 21.) He “bore our sins in His own body on the tree” (1 Peter ii. 24), and in His agony we hear him cry, “Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves.” (Psalm lxxxviii. 7.)

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Psalm xxiii. 1; Matt. xxvii. 46.)

Reader, I solemnly and affectionately ask you whether you have ever pondered these words? Whether you have ever asked yourself, "Why did the holy Lord Jesus suffer thus?" If not, let us do so together now. With subdued and reverential awe we jointly answer, "Truly Jesus suffered thus; but not on His own account; for He had no sins—not one. He knew no sin." We ponder, and with subdued and bated breath we venture to lift our trembling eyes towards the heavens—aye, even unto Him—this *same One*, "seated on the right hand of the Majesty on high" (Heb. i. 3)—and with broken and trembling hearts whisper, "Lord Jesus, can it be that this, thine agony, was endured for me? Is it possible that it could have been for me?" We listen to His answer—how marvellous, and yet how true—"Who-soever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?" (John xi. 26.)

Aye, my fellow-sinner, let a sinner but *know* and *feel* that he is sinking, that he is well-nigh overwhelmed by the surging tide of sin; let him but *find* how utterly valueless are all his own exertions, how utterly useless are any helping hands; let him *so* look unto Jesus, and he will find that Jesus, the Lamb of God, stands out before his soul as the *only one* that can meet his dire need.

Jesus is the *only one* who can save;

Jesus is the *only one* who can be a covering;

Jesus is the *only one* who can be a rock of salvation; for

JESUS IS "THE RESURRECTION, AND THE LIFE." (John xi. 25.)

To one who has "so learned Christ" (Eph. iv. 20), the earnest desire to "please Him" (2 Tim. ii. 2) will be the motive of his heart while passing through the remaining portion of his earthly journey. Such an one has been consecrated to God: an earthen vessel, truly, but consecrated to God; for the blood—as also the holy anointing oil—have been put upon the "tip of his right ear, upon the tip of his right thumb, and upon the great toe of his right foot." (Lev. viii. 24, 30.) He is indeed a consecrated vessel of God; that he may listen *so*, act *for*, and walk *with* God, in the midst of that same world wherein hitherto he has lived "*without* God in the world." (Eph. ii. 12.)

Bought with no less a "price" than the blood of God's dear Son (1 Cor. vi. 19), and "sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise" (Eph. i. 13), he is "in Christ

a new creature: old things *are* passed away; behold, all things *are* become new." (2 Cor. v. 17.) His body is the temple of the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. vi. 20), and his earnest prayer is that he may be able to glorify God in that body, and in his spirit, which *are* God's. To this the devil strongly objects, and will dispute his ability to do so at every inch of his path; but the power of Christ to overcome him will be granted, just in proportion as the child of God looks to Him for it. "The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God" (Eph. vi. 17), becomes his constant weapon, and ALL God's holy admonitions and precepts are eagerly sought for; and his prayer is, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." (Psalm cxix. 18.) The vastness of that "law" and its *wondrous things* may appal him for the moment at times; but seeing that in himself he will *never* be other than the weak and helpless one, and remembering the word, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me" (Phil. iv. 13), he will invariably take courage again, and like David, when he was greatly distressed, he will encourage himself in the Lord his God. (1 Sam. xxx. 6.)

May many who witnessed the scene on the *Devil's* beach, on Friday, 19th August, 1881, as well as many, many others, be brought to know the Lord Jesus Christ, the blessed Son of God, and find Him to be (each one for himself) their own eternal Saviour—the *only* and *everlasting* ROCK OF SALVATION.

T. P. H.

FOUND GUILTY.

A TRUE STORY.

"**H**AVE you heard that Corporal H—— has been charged and found guilty of smuggling tobacco?" asked a soldier of his companion.

"No, I have not heard it, neither do I believe it; for I saw him in the barrack-room a little while ago."

"Well, if that was the case it cannot be true; for I know he was not in a position to pay the fine, and the only alternative was fourteen days' imprisonment."

But it was true, and the reason he was able to be at his post was only known to two or three, who kept it a secret lest it should reach the colonel's ears.

When landing at Southampton he was suspected, and a special search was made, and the Custom-house

officer in looking through his kit came across a large parcel of tobacco, and accordingly gave him into custody. He was brought before the magistrate, found guilty, and ordered to pay a fine of £2, or in default fourteen days' imprisonment.

The poor fellow was ready to sink in despair; he had only lately been promoted to corporal, and if he were obliged to suffer the term of imprisonment it would be the means of his losing his stripes and lowering his position; as regarded paying the fine it was useless to think about it, for his money was expended, and a promise of payment could not be accepted by an officer of justice. Looking round the court, his eyes rested on a private who had peeped in to see how the case was proceeding.

"Private D——," he cried, "will you help a fellow-comrade? You are the only one that can, you are the only one that will."

"I will then," was the reply.

The poor young soldier's face brightened up as he heard those words; but the private was thinking how he could fulfil the promise he had just made, for he too was without money, except what he would need to take him to the barracks in the evening. But there was one way; that was, to make a sacrifice and part with his watch; so going out of the court he went straight into a shop, sold his watch and returned to pay the fine, when they both went to their quarters in the evening.

The first thing that strikes our notice in this little incident is, that the prisoner as he stood in the dock did not seek to justify himself; he knew that if he had tried to he would have been unsuccessful, for there were many witnesses who could prove the charge laid against him; besides, he had in his possession the contraband article, and it condemned him, he had no excuse to plead; and yet there are many who seek to justify themselves before God, who looketh at the heart, and seeth that it is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, and He has declared the sinner to be guilty.

His sins are many, and his very thoughts condemn him; for the imaginations of the thoughts of his heart are only evil continually, and even the thought of foolishness is sin; yet while he knows this he will not bow his stubborn will and own himself a sinner. Reader, have you ever owned yourself to be a sinner? God has declared that all have sinned, you are included in the "ALL." If such is the case, what is the consequence? After the prisoner is found guilty the sentence has to be

passed, and then *after that* the sentence has to be carried into execution.

Whether you plead guilty or seek to justify yourself it does not hinder the sentence being passed. God is a righteous Judge, and He has found you guilty. You are guilty, it is proved by your thoughts, your words, and your actions; all go to prove without a doubt your guilt as a sinner. You are condemned already (John iii. 18), and the sentence of death is passed upon you.

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." (Ezek. xviii. 4.) "The wages of sin is death." (Rom. vi. 23.) There is no option in your case; you have broken the law, that law condemns you, and you must abide the consequences and wait for the execution of the sentence you so richly deserve, when a messenger of justice will be commissioned to wreak its vengeance on you. You must die, you must be bound hand and foot, and cast into outer darkness, where there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Will you have aught to answer? No, you will be like the man without the wedding garment, who was speechless, self-condemned, and without excuse. You too will have to acknowledge the righteousness of the sentence, and say with others in the like position, "We receive the due reward of our deeds."

Dear reader, the sentence is truly passed upon you, but it is not yet carried into execution; for judgment is suspended for a time that grace may triumph.

There is a Friend who has the power and is willing to help a poor condemned sinner. He is the One who is despised and rejected of men; a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; the One who is hated without a cause; but His love and tenderness is so great that He befriends guilty sinners. He was the only one who *could*, and the only one who *would*, help them in their ruined and lost condition. He helps them when they cannot help themselves. There are some who say that "God helps those who help themselves," and however true the old English proverb be in some cases it is not true in regard to salvation; but if you feel you need assistance you can place your case entirely in His hands; for

"He is the very Friend you need,
He'll prove Himself a Friend indeed."

If you will let him undertake your cause, He will show you how He pays the sinner's debt and sets the prisoner free.

It is said that convicts get quite tired of life and sometimes try to murder the warder on purpose to forfeit their life. If such is so hard an existence, what

a terrible thing it must be for a lost soul to spend a never-ending eternity, where hope and mercy can never come! If such were only realized, how quickly would pardon be accepted; how few would say "there was plenty of time," or "it is not so important as is made out."

You may ask, "How can I find out this Friend? Will he deign to look upon such as me?" Yes, He will. But you may say, "You do not know what a sinner I am." No, my reader, I do not, but He does. He looked down upon man, and

He saw him ruined by the fall,
Yet *loved* him notwithstanding all,

and then He devised a way, a wondrous way, of delivering the prisoner from the bondage of sin and Satan, and that way was by a sacrifice. The soldier sacrificed his watch for his comrade, but the Son of God gave Himself; not a sacrifice of silver or gold, but His own precious blood. Why did He make such a sacrifice? It was because He *loved* the poor sinner. But why did He love a sinner? I cannot tell the reason, can you? I *know* God *loved* the world, for He proved it when He gave His Son. I *know* Christ *loved* the sinner because He did not withhold His very life's blood.

He bore on the tree
The sentence for me.

And now God has accepted my substitute, and has shown it in raising up His Son from the dead. When God was satisfied with the finished work of His beloved Son, the tomb could hold Him no longer. It mattered not that the stone was great, the royal seal good, or the watch strong, all had to give way, to show that the grave was vacant, and that Christ had risen for my justification. It would have been far easier for the Philistines to have kept Samson within the walls of Gaza, than for the combined power of men and devils to keep the Lord Jesus in the grave. Now He is risen, and there is no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that *JUSTIFIETH*. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is *risen* again," (Rom. viii. 1, 33, 34.) I find that Christ *has* died, and I say, "*He died for me.*" Can you say the same? When He suffered on Calvary's tree, did He bear your sin?

Oh, why was He there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus *thy* guilt was not laid?
"Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing flood,
If His dying *thy* debt has not paid?"

Reader, it is a personal matter, it is *your* guilt, *your* sin, *your* transgression that concerns you. The prisoner at the bar was not thinking how the next case would come off, his object was to get *his own* fine paid.

Come then and fall into His hands, own yourself a guilty sinner, plead the merits of that precious blood which has atoned for thousands, and you will receive from His hands a pardon, sealed with His own blood, instead of the death-warrant that you justly deserve, then you will know the joy of forgiveness, the happiness of those who make the Lord their trust, besides having God for a Father, Christ for a Friend, and heaven your home—is not all this worth having?

The corporal afterwards paid back his friend, but *we* cannot do that to any extent, His love is so great, His compassion so amazing, His mercies past finding out. What do I owe Him? My life I had forfeited, then that must now be His, and spent for Him. All I am, and all I have,

"Can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee,
'Tis all that I can do."

F. H. D.

"HOW TO BE HAPPY."

A QUESTION THAT ALL THE WORLD WANTS ANSWERED.

HOLDING with a friend along the turnpike towards the town of Taunton, I called his attention to a large placard headed with the above title. Below were directions for the reader to attend the V— Rooms, where certain well-known persons were announced to give evening entertainments. Then followed a list of prices of admission. Remarking to my companion that this was a question to which the world was longing to obtain a right answer, and inwardly conscious that the answer displayed was sadly wrong, such thoughts as the following fitted through my mind. Trusting to the Lord to add His blessing, I commit them to all readers—the indifferent, the thoughtful, and the child of God.

"How to be happy." How our weary, struggling world has sought and seeks in manifold ways to settle the question! and how unavailing all its efforts! The wisdom of the world how miserably it fails! What disappointments! What fruitless, or worse than fruitless, projects are pursued, and

what wrecked hopes are to be seen on every hand! "Oh! where shall rest be found?" The traits of sadness and anxiety discernible in the countenances of our fellow-creatures, all the activities of life, seem to ask, in perplexed and indirect language, "Where? We seek happiness, where—where can it be found?"

Thank God for His word—it brings an answer clear and complete.

In Rom. v. 1 we read, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Here is what man needs—"Peace *with* God." If this be possible of attainment, our question is answered—happiness is found. Man in and of himself is conscious of three certainties; viz., (1) He exists in the world; (2) He must sooner or later depart this life; (3) He longs to depart in peace. If he could add for a (4th) certainty, "I shall depart in peace," then without doubt the whole current of his life would be changed; he would live and die happy because at peace with God.

"Can man make peace with God?" "How is it to be done?" Such are often the questions asked by earnest seekers. Our answer, based upon God's truth, is an emphatic, "No! Man can never make peace with God." Yet, blessed be God, there is hope for the poor sinful creatures of earth. But it springs not from man; it comes to man from God through Christ. Listen! "God was in (or by) Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." (2 Cor. v. 19.) That cross, on which hung God's well-beloved Son, is God's way of salvation for ruined and helpless sinners—God's way of making peace with and for them. Hence you read of *Jesus* "having made peace through the blood of His cross" (Col. i. 20); and of *man* "made nigh by the blood of Christ. For He is our peace." (Eph. ii. 13, 14.) Thus, as our first quoted passage declared, "peace with God" is through our Lord Jesus Christ. What a word is this for thee, poor sinner! To know that peace with God is already made; that God is already reconciled to you; and that the message, sweet in its pleading tones, is, "Be ye reconciled to God." Peace with God based upon any other ground is a delusion and unsafe; this peace alone is that which can never be broken; it alone satisfies God.

Dear reader, can you join your voice with those who have trusted Christ, and say, "We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ"? If you cannot, having proved the inability of the world

to bestow true happiness, go to Christ in faith, and thy soul shall be abundantly satisfied with His own words, "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee."

But even a Christian is not always happy; or perhaps I ought to say, not so happy at one time as at another. Christian experience witnesses to this fact. Many things, private, social, and public, conduce to bring this about. And, alas! a fruitful source of this "loss of the joy of salvation" is our misunderstanding of God's word. Does a believer think that his or her peace *with* God hangs or depends upon their frames, or feelings, or any such things? If they do, then they have strangely misapprehended. Beloved brother or sister, I know your experience varies; as yet you have not attained to the fulfilment of the exhortation, "Rejoice in the Lord *always*;" but—oh sweet and soul-soothing thought—thy peace *with* God changes not, it never fluctuates. Thy peace with God depends not upon you, it rests with God, and is eternal and unchangeable as Himself. But—and I would lovingly urge it upon you—thy enjoyment, thy consciousness or assurance of this blessed fact, does depend upon you, as our Father's word shows.

Do you ask as a child of God, "How am I to be always happy?" "How can I always realize peace in my soul?" I reply, by doing as God wishes and directs. Here is the secret, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." (Phil. iv. 6, 7.) Here "the peace of God ruling in our hearts and minds," or, in other words, "our being always happy," is conditional upon the burdened heart emptying itself before its God. The praying saint is the happy saint. This is God's ordering. "Peace *with* God" is by faith in Christ—this is for the conscience, "The peace of God" is by prayer—this is for the heart and mind. To miss the distinction between these two is to be inextricably confused, and is fatal to the happiness which God would have His children possess.

No, dear fellow-saint, thy heart cannot be full of self and thy own cares, and full of God and His peace, at one and the same time. By prayer then keep thy heart empty, and so by prayer shall thy heart be filled. So, in the face of all that may lie before us, we shall be able triumphantly to exclaim, "None of these things move me."

And now a last word, and it is this: There is in God's word even a higher and richer blessing for the saint than the sweet enjoyment of the peace of God, although this is inestimable. It is, in the words of Holy Writ, "the presence of the God of peace." It is possible, nay, it is God's mind concerning us, that we should at all times realize His own presence. It is our Father's will that we know with assurance that *He* is with us; that we should, even in our direst extremities, be able with His servant of old to speak of Him as "the Lord of hosts, before whom I stand;" or with his dear Son to exclaim at all times of our experience, "Alone; yet not alone, for the Father is with me." To sing is one thing, but to enjoy experimentally the old loved hymn—

"Fear not, *I am with thee*; oh, be not dismayed!" is far, far better.

Yes, indeed. Oh that this blessedness, sweeter than all others, might be maintained in our souls! It is God's mind that it should be His children's portion, and here in His word is the secret of its possession—"Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you." (Phil. iv. 9.) "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." (John. xiii. 17.) Other passages might be quoted, but let these suffice. *Obedience* is that which God delights in, and without which there cannot be real communion. It is the secret of thy highest joy below as it will be of thy supreme happiness in heaven. Be an obedient child, then thou canst not be unhappy, and thy heaven is begun on earth.

J. DURDEN.

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CHRIST LIFTED UP.

BY REV. ROBERT GILCHRIST,
SHOTTS, N.B.

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"WATCHMAN, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will enquire, enquire ye: return, come." (Haggai xxi. 12.)

"SON of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me." (Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.)

LONDON: JAMES K. HAWKINS, 36, Baker Street, W.; and 13, Paternoster Square, E.C. NOVEMBER 1, 1881. A. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

"I DON'T WANT TO BE A CHRISTIAN."

"I DON'T want to be a Christian," I said, "to be obliged to give up everything that makes life pleasant, and go about with a long face all the rest of my days. No, thank you; I am very happy as I am."

So saying, I turned away from the earnest, pleading face of my sister, and banished the disagreeable thought from my mind.

Alas! how little I then knew; how little I realised what an awful sin I was guilty of in deliberately refusing to listen to God's message of salvation.

No; I was perfectly content to go on with the life I had hitherto led. Why should I give up the world at nineteen? I had all that any girl could desire—a happy home, plenty of friends, and balls and parties without number. If I became a Christian, I should have to relinquish the latter, so of course it was absurd to think of it.

Just about this time some gospel meetings were being held at the Assembly Rooms, and were crowded to excess each day. I heard of one or two "conversions" among the young girls whom I was in the habit of meeting in society; but when told of the wonderful change that had come over these gay worldlings I laughed at the idea, prophesying that "it would soon wear off."

"Won't you come and hear for yourself?" entreated my sister. "It can do you no harm to go for once."

But I steadily refused, and plunged deeper than ever into a whirl of gaiety.

One day, however, my mother begged me to leave a note at the house of a lady who lived close by.

"I think you may have to wait for an answer," she said, as she sealed and handed it to me.

At first I rebelled. I knew the lady to whom the letter was addressed was one of those whom I dreaded to encounter; but at length I consented to go, determining in my own mind to let her see that I had no intention of being spoken to about my soul, should she attempt to broach the subject.

So feeling no doubt very grand and superior, I set off.

"Mrs. C—— was at home. Would I please walk upstairs?" was the answer to my inquiry. I followed the servant, inwardly resolving to "hold my own," whatever happened.

To my horror, when we reached the drawing-room, I found myself in the midst of one of the dreaded "meetings" I had heard so much about.

There was a look of surprise on the faces of all the occupants of that room as I entered, which brought the hot blood with a rush to my cheeks. Mrs. C—— rose to meet me, and in her gentle way motioned me to a seat near the door; and the reading continued as before. I shall never forget my feelings as I sat there. Fear and indignation strove for the mastery. I saw it all. I had fallen unsuspectingly into the trap that had been laid for me by my mother and Mrs. C——. Now there was no escape. Gradually the words forced themselves on my hearing.

Curiously and critically I listened, wondering what there could be in that dry and uninteresting book, to light up the faces of one and all; then,

somewhat wearied with listening to what was so much Greek to me, I set to planning how best I could slip out of the door and run downstairs without being noticed.

During the prayers that followed the reading, a lady who had been sitting close beside me pleaded with God for "the one outside the fold," entreating that the Lord would not let me leave the room without a blessing; and, oh, how wonderfully He answered that prayer!

Deeper and deeper those words sank into my wretched, sinful heart. I felt, as I knelt there, that a holy God was searching me through and through, and all my sins, like a great wave, came sweeping over me, carrying all else before it.

What had I been doing? How had I dared to turn away from the God who was at this moment reading my very soul?

Terrified, I rose from my knees, and stood as though in a dream, whilst all the others, with the exception of the one who had prayed for me, left the room.

She came across to me, and asked me that question I had always dreaded:

"Are you saved?"

"No," I answered abruptly.

"Do you want to be?"

For a moment I hesitated.

"I am too wicked," I said falteringly. "Oh, you don't *know* what I am, and all the dreadful things I have done," I continued, battling with the great choking sobs that would come, in spite of my efforts to keep them back.

"Never mind what you have been, or what you have done, child," was the quiet rejoinder. "If you know yourself to be a sinner, just listen to what God says to you." And opening her Bible she read, "When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6); and, "I came not to call the righteous, but *sinners* to repentance."

"But," I said doubtfully, "how do I know that was meant for me? How can I know God wants *me*?"

My companion did not answer, but turned again to her Bible, and from the last chapter of Revelation read this verse, "*Whosoever* will, let him take of the water of life freely."

"Now," she said, "do you suppose God has left you out in that '*whosoever*'?"

"No," I answered slowly, while the wonderful truth began to dawn across my mind.

"Then if you believe it was for you, as well as for the rest of the world, that Christ died, you are saved. 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.'"

I needed no more! I saw it all as clearly as possible, and a joy I had never experienced before, even when I had imagined my happiness complete, flooded my whole being. Oh, the wonderful grace of God to a wretched sinner!

I had entered that room, proud, rebellious, stiff-necked; I left it humbled and broken down by the sight I had had of the love of Christ which led Him to lay down His life for me. From that moment I believe the current of my life was changed.

"Old things passed away, and all things became new." With a sort of horror I turned from that which I once imagined was "happiness." Nothing but the grace of God could have made me do this; good resolutions and "turning over new leaves" are worse than futile. Oh, how often we make good resolutions! I wonder who has *not*. But when temptations come, *are* we able to resist them?

Never, in our own strength. We can alone be conquerors through Him that loved us.

Ah! dear young ones (to whom I am especially writing), have you never felt, in the midst of the giddy whirl, a sensation of dissatisfaction and discontent, as if everything was not *quite* as it should be?

Oh, the heart-aches, jealousies, and bitter feelings that exist in this great weary world! Christ alone can satisfy and fill the aching voids. Will you not come to Him? There is no question of "giving up" this thing or the other. When Christ enters the heart all else sinks into utter insignificance, so that one gladly and willingly turns from what fails to satisfy, to rest in that great love, the length, breadth, depth, and height of which no mortal can fathom.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

"In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judæa."—MATT. iii. 1-12.

A long interval of some four hundred years had elapsed since the last of the Old Testament prophets had spoken. Terrible vicissitudes filled up the history of those years.

Rent by internal dissensions and fierce party

strife, their country again and again desolated by heathen conquerors, the Jewish people had yet been preserved amidst convulsions which shattered empires, and changed time after time the entire aspect of the world.

Their temple restored and beautified by the wicked Herod, all its services were now punctually observed; the Scriptures read every sabbath in the synagogues, and the worship of Jehovah outwardly professed as the religion of the land.

"In these days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea."

Forth from the deserts, where, alone with God, he had been girded for his life-work—in the spirit and power of Elijah, a man "filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb"—he comes suddenly into public prominence, and the whole nation is stirred by his mighty summons to repentance.

"Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

What was it the multitudes went out to see?

"A man clothed in soft raiment;" nay, "a prophet and more than a prophet"—a man filled with the Holy Ghost bearing God's own message to His rebellious people. He is the forerunner of the King, and comes to proclaim the kingdom, the rising of that Sun of Righteousness of whom Malachi, the last of Israel's prophets, had spoken, the ushering in of that day which should "burn as an oven" when "all the proud and all that do wickedly" should be as "stubble," leaving them "neither root nor branch."

Like the midnight cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him," the Baptist's cry is a cry of alarm, startling and solemn. The time for careless indifference, for mere formal orthodoxy, is past; the axe and the fan are ready to do their work. Fruit, good fruit, God is seeking. Every tree destitute of such "is hewn down and cast into the fire." The wheat is gathered into the garner, not a grain is lost, for "He will thoroughly purge His floor," and the chaff, the light worthless chaff, "He will burn with unquenchable fire."

These are words not to be trifled with, and men feel their power. They crowd around the uncourtly preacher, and express in baptism their faith in his testimony and the confession of their sins. No outward ceremony however would avail now: Pharisees and Sadducees unchanged in heart receive no welcome as they press to the Jordan's side. "Generation of vipers, who hath warned you to

flee from the wrath to come?" Such are the burning words which cut home to their consciences, and send them away rejecting "the counsel of God against themselves, being not baptized of him."

Repentance is no empty form, not a mere surface excitement, but a radical change of thought and feeling, going down to the very roots of a man's being, and affecting the whole course and current of his life and actions. Not a mere flippant acknowledgment of being a sinner that costs nothing to make, but the discovery in God's presence of the shame, and the wrong, and the eternal undoing of a life of sin, and a resolute determination to set the face Godwards, and, like the prodigal, for ever to abandon the hucks and the swine.

"Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." Hear this! Heed the voice that speaks now from heaven! God "COMMANDETH all men every where to repent: because He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead."

But John not merely preached repentance, his whole soul glowed with fervour and love as he testified of the blessed One who stood among them whom they knew not. "John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on Him which should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus."

Clear and emphatic was his testimony to Christ, and that too not merely as the Judge standing at the door ready to "discern between the righteous and the wicked," but as the lowly self-emptied One, who had come to be the Saviour of a guilty world. And in this character John loved especially to present Him. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

It was not asceticism nor philosophy, not some new departure in theology or morals, that John came to preach, but a living personal Christ, upon whom he had seen the Spirit descending like a dove, and remaining on Him, and whom thus he knew to be the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, the only "Life" and "Light of men."

It was no sorrow to John when disciples left him to follow Jesus. As he looked upon that holy spotless One in His walk, the words fell naturally from his lips, "Behold the Lamb of God;" and the two who hear him speak have found for ever an object for their hearts.

No envious feeling rises in the mind of John when told how "all men come to Him." Faithful followers are forsaking him to follow Christ, and soon a prison will close its doors upon himself, and end his testimony. Yet the Bridegroom's voice is enough for this honoured servant of the Lord. As he stands amongst his own diminished numbers, he rejoices greatly; for "He that hath the bride is the bridegroom." "He must increase, but I must decrease." "This my joy therefore is fulfilled." But He who filled John's heart with joy was the object of supreme delight to God; for "the Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into His hand."

Eternal destinies are decided by acceptance or rejection of that object of the Father's love.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

Friend, is thine heart right with God in the matter of His Son?

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

The world boasts of its progress, its wisdom, its morality. This is the fruit God is seeking—a true appreciation of Christ.

Is He to you the Lamb of God's providing, whose blood has made atonement for your sin, and whom now you seek to follow and to please, and whose voice is sweeter than music to your ear? Or is He still the "root out of a dry ground," having no beauty, no comeliness, that you should desire Him?

Will God accept your works of righteousness when that which He prizes most has been rejected and despised?

Think of the solemn words, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema."

Will a few formal prayers, a scriptural creed, or even an outwardly blameless life, be esteemed as love? Nay, "if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be condemned."

Love to Christ can alone spring from the knowledge of His love to us. And that love we learn as we gaze upon the cross. There we behold "love that no tongue can tell, no thought can reach;" the love of God triumphing over the very climax of human wickedness and sin, giving up the dearest subject of His love to a death of unutterable shame, in order to save the very murderers of His Son. The cross shows us to be not merely sinners, but enemies and haters of God, and at the same moment reveals the wondrous fact that God loves us, and

"commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

Can you believe this and remain unreconciled to God? Impossible! "We love Him, because He first loved us."

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

E. W. H.

A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES.

"O, Chris, I shan't come with you to-morrow."

"But why not, Jack, old fellow? If you only knew how happy I am in knowing Christ as my Saviour, you'd want to have the same happiness, I know."

"Well, I'll come another time, I promise; but not to-morrow."

"But why should you put it off? why not come to-morrow instead? I tell you, if I had only known the gospel was such good news, such glad tidings, I'd have listened to it long before I did. Yet know, Jack, we've been pals in all sorts of mischief, and shared good luck and bad luck, and stuck to one another so many years, that now that I'm saved and made happy, I just long for you to be the same."

"Well, I'll just tell you the truth—these are the only clothes I've got, and I shouldn't like to show you up by going with you like this."

"But that doesn't matter a bit; all the people that go there are working folks; the preacher will be a working man, and it's just chaps like you and me that the hall was built for, and if you'll only come, I tell you, you'll get a hearty welcome instead of getting looked at. Now do say you'll come to-morrow, Jack, and I'll meet you, or call for you."

"No, not to-morrow, Chris; but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'm going to get a new suit next Saturday, and I'll meet you, and go with you on Sunday week."

The above is the substance of a conversation which occurred one Saturday evening in October, 187—, between two young fellows just entering upon early manhood: John B. and Christian B. lived in the north of London. They had long been close friends and companions in the

service of Satan; but, in the mercy of God, the latter had been led to go to hear the gospel preached. The portion chosen by the speaker of the evening was the well-known passage in Isaiah liii.: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." Chris had often heard these words before, but without effect. To use His own words, in writing home the glad news to those of His relatives who were Christians, "The words had often come to my ears before; but this time they sank right down into my heart;" and there and then resting upon the finished work of Christ, he found pardon and peace.

This took place at L——, in Herefordshire, and one of Chris's first acts upon his return to London was to seek out his old friend, to tell him of his newly-found joy, and to seek to get him to go to a place where the gospel was preached; but the only result was that given above, and with that he had to leave his friend.

John R——'s work was among a number of horses. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday passed by as usual; but on the Thursday morning following the above conversation, one of the horses became restive, and kicking out as John was passing behind, the poor fellow received a blow in the side of the head, which stretched him bleeding and senseless upon the floor. He was picked up, and conveyed with all speed to the hospital; but it was of no use; he lingered on in unconsciousness through the Friday, and then on the Saturday, at the time when he intended to buy his new suit of clothes, in which to attend the preaching of the gospel, he passed into eternity. Whether in the interval before his injury he heeded the entreaty of his friend, and turned with purpose of heart to God, is known only to Him; but as far as man was concerned his last offer of mercy, his last warning of danger, his last invitation to Christ was received on the previous Saturday, when he calmly put the matter aside until he should have purchased his new suit of clothes.

Dear friend, whoever you may be reading this paper, let me ask you to put to yourself the question, "If God should call me from this scene within a week from to-day, where should I spend eternity?" If you have been led by God's grace to see yourself a helpless, ruined, hell-bound sinner, and to lay hold by faith upon the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, then in life or in death it will be well with you; but if not, if you have heard all about

the work wrought out upon Calvary's cross, but have never appropriated the value of that work to yourself as an individual sinner, then, by the shortness of time, by the nearness of eternity, by the uncertainty of life, I pray you be wiser than was poor John R——; let nothing lead you to put off the matter any longer; but now, this moment, where you are, and as you are, close in with God's offer of mercy, accept the pardon and peace and everlasting life that He now offers you in His Son, remembering that He has declared, "My Spirit shall not always strive with men;" and, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."
J. B.

"OH, WHAT AN EXCHANGE!"



At the close of a very earnest gospel address in a mining district in England, the preacher invited those who wanted to be saved to remain behind for private conversation, when difficulties which existed in the mind might be relieved by the aid of God's word and prayer. One stalwart miner walked up the aisle towards the preacher and asked if he were to stay, could he be sure of knowing his sins forgiven? he said he would stay if such an assurance could be given him, but he would tell them plainly he didn't believe it. His example was followed by nine others, and the rest were dismissed. Portions of the Word were read and explained, and several Christians prayed for blessing upon the seekers. About midnight they all, with one exception, professed to find peace in believing, and left. One, two, and three o'clock passed, and yet no light seemed to dawn upon his soul. The preacher knew that God in His infinite love was waiting to be gracious, that Christ had died to save the poor, lost, guilty sinner, and that therefore the hindrance was in the miner, whom Satan was seeking to hinder from coming as an undone sinner to an able and willing Saviour; he therefore felt unwilling to go away, though urged by others to do so.

Looking to the Lord for guidance, the Bible was again opened, this time at 2 Cor. v. 21, and he was pointed out what a complete transfer was there made for the believer in Jesus. "For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." For some time the poor sin-convicted miner looked from the words to which the preacher's finger was pointing, and which he was reading with tears in

his eyes, to the preacher's face; this he did several times, and at last exclaimed, "Is that it? Oh, I see it all! I see it all! Why, bless Him, He took all my sins—my swearing, drunkenness, my wickedness, and—and gives me His righteousness—the righteousness of God! Oh, what an Exchange!" His joy scarcely knew bounds. Thanksgiving was offered to God for His grace in thus saving his soul through faith in the atonement of His Son.

The poor—not poor any longer—miner went home singing; his voice was heard ringing in the streets just as the grey streaks of dawn were lighting the horizon—

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear."

When he reached his wretched home, he sang out to his wife, who was not surprised at his long absence, for it was a usual occurrence, "My lass, I have not been to the 'public' to-night; no, nor ever shall again; I've been converted; my sins are all forgiven; Jesus has taken them all away and given me His righteousness. Will you come to the preaching to-night?" "Aye, that I will, Johnny lad, and glad to." He just had time to get a bit of breakfast and go off to his work, for he had to go down the pit before six o'clock. His work-mates heard him singing—

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear."

Presently a loud rumbling noise was heard in the mine, and when the cause was ascertained it was found that the roof had given way, and a large block of earth had fallen and covered the subject of this narrative. Before eight o'clock that morning his corpse was carried home, but his newly-saved soul had gone to be "with the Lord."

Reader, had he resisted the conviction in his soul, wrought there by the Holy Ghost while listening to God's love in giving His Son to be his Saviour, in the gospel, what vastly different, eternal results would have been his portion. The difference is between being **ETERNALLY SAVED** and being **ETERNALLY LOST**.

How is it with you? If you were as suddenly called from time into eternity, would you go to be "with Christ" and share evermore His glory, and sing of His redeeming love? or would your destiny be that "lake of fire," the eternal abode of the devil and his angels?

If unsaved, let me entreat you to find that Scripture I have quoted, and give it five minutes' meditation, and may God give you the simple faith to appropriate the blessed truth and take the transfer for yourself.

He, who knew no sin, was MADE SIN for us, that we might be MADE THE RIGHTEOUSNESS of God in Him!

"He hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust." "Verily, verily I (Jesus) say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life."

G. W. G.

"HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH."

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."—ISAIAH LV. 1.

HO, every one that thirsteth,"
This is the Saviour's cry,
"Come to the living waters—
Oh, freely come and buy."
No gold from you He needeth,
The priceless gift is free;
If thou His blood but pleadeth,
'Tis all He asks of thee.

Why should you waste your treasure
On things that fade and die?
The world hath not one pleasure
The heart to satisfy.
Death and corruption dwelleth
In all the joys of earth,
And thou thy soul thus selleth
For what is nothing worth.

Come to the living waters,
True blessings to obtain;
Come, all ye sons and daughters,
And never thirst again.
'Tis God, thy Saviour, calls thee,
He will the blessing give,
And whosoever willeth
Can go to Him and live.

Come, for the feast is ready,
The doors are open still;
Come, for the Master waiteth,
His princely house to fill.
Hark how He gently tells thee
That there is room to spare;
His very love compels thee
To enter freely there.

Now is the time appointed,
Now is the open door;
For soon the hour is coming
When time shall be no more.
One swift, one fleeting moment
May pass and seal your fate,
And leave you through eternity
To mourn you came too late.

R. M. W.

TWICE BORN IN ONE HOUSE.

SOME time ago I read in one of our periodicals the statement "that very few, if any, who neglect the salvation of the soul to a late period of life, ever become converted to God at all;" and, as a proof, giving a list of one thousand conversions, divided into classes according to age; out of that number 999 were converted before they were sixty years of age, and one only after that period. I felt such a statement was calculated, not only to discourage Christians who may be anxious about aged friends, but would have a similar effect upon the aged themselves. At the same time, it appeared to limit the power of the gospel, and the grace of God. While I would not encourage the young to procrastinate, seeing that God says, "NOW is the accepted time, and NOW is the day of salvation," yet the same blessed truth equally applies to those who are advanced in years. I would regard no case, however bad, as hopeless, believing that still "the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and that however aged a person may be, however aggravated his guilt, if, seeing his danger and willing to give up his sin, he only comes by faith to the Lord Jesus Christ, he will prove the truth of Christ's own words, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out," and by blessed experience will know "that He is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by Him." I trust the following account of one who sought and found peace at a late period of life may encourage others to "go and do likewise."

In the year 1875, while conducting a series of evangelistic services in the town of Monmouth, I noticed in the congregation an aged woman, listening very attentively, and evidently deeply impressed by the message delivered. After a few evenings, the anxious ones were invited to remain at the close of the service; amongst others who stayed was the one referred to, and whom we afterwards knew as Mrs. L—. She was naturally very reserved, and for a time tried to hide her feelings, but at length confessed her anxiety, and very earnestly enquired, "What must I do to be saved?" For several days she continued in this distressed state of mind; all that could be said or read to her brought no relief. We felt powerless, but knew He who had wounded could heal, and in His own time and way apply the balm to her wounded spirit. This He graciously did. As we entered the hall one evening she was

standing at the door, her eyes sparkling with joy, and to the question, "Is it well?" she grasped my hand in both hers, and said, "Thank God, it is well. I can say now, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast.'"

My time being fully occupied, and Mrs. L— living a long distance from the town, I had but little opportunity of conversing personally with her. From others I learned she had been many years a widow, was of moral and upright character, but of a very reserved, independent, and unsociable disposition. The nights were very dark, the weather and the room in which the services were held was bitterly cold, the distance for one 78 years of age long, the road lonely, yet none of these things deterred Mrs. L—. Night after night she might be seen stepping along, lantern in hand, singing as she came, toward the place of meeting. Whoever might stay away, her seat was seldom empty, and though the series extended over three months, she never wearied, her happy smiling face encouraging the preacher, and giving unmistakable evidence of a change wrought within.

Two years pass away, and another series of services were arranged to be held in the same town, these Mrs. L— attended regularly as before. Could I find time to visit her cottage some afternoon? I promised to do so, and, accompanied by a friend, fulfilled that promise the first opportunity. We found her in the garden, of which she was justly proud, for though small it was literally covered with flowers of every hue, in the midst of which stood the cottage, a poor old dilapidated place, all rapidly going to decay, and forming a strange contrast to the life and beauty around.

"And this is where you live, Mrs. L—?" was my remark on entering.

"Yes," she replied smiling. "To you no doubt it looks a poor, lonely, uncomfortable place; but I would not exchange it, poor as it is, for the finest house in the world. I really love the old place, and no wonder. *I have been born twice in this house.*" Pointing to the room above, she continued, "In that room I was born into the world, here I spent my childhood, my youthful days, my married life; here my father, mother, husband, and children, all but one, have died; and here, unless my blessed Saviour comes quickly, I expect to die too."

"You have passed through many changes in your time, Mrs. L—?"

"Yes," she again replied, "but the most impor-

tant change of my life took place in this very room," and rising from her chair, and going towards the window, she said, "Two years ago on this spot I passed from *death to life*."

"Perhaps you will tell us how it occurred, Mrs. L——?"

"Well, for several days I had been in great trouble about my sins. God's Spirit had shown me what a sinner I was; that my whole life had been a life of rebellion against God. It was my usual washing-day, and I was anxious to get it done, so that I might not miss the meeting. As I stood there rubbing the clothes, the thought came to my mind, "You are washing the clothes, but your heart stands more in need of washing than they." Yes, I said to myself, it does. Oh that I could get it washed as easily! Then I thought of what I had heard of God's love to poor sinners; how, though they deserved death, He gave His Son Jesus Christ to die for them, and that He was ready to cleanse and save to the uttermost all that came to Him; that He had even said, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' I could scarcely hope that He would cleanse and save such an old sinner as me, but I could but try. As I stood reasoning with myself, the burden grew heavier. I felt as if I could bear it no longer, and said, 'I'll wash no more clothes till my heart is washed in the blood of the Lamb.' I fell on my knees and cried as I had never cried before, 'Lord, wash me! wash me! and I shall be whiter than snow.' All at once the text came, 'The blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth us from all sin.' I said, 'That is what I want. I trust that blood to cleanse me.' In an instant the burden was gone. I saw that Christ died *instead* of me, the just for the unjust, the good for the bad, and that *believing* on Him I had eternal life. I felt as if I was in a new world, all seemed changed around me. The old cottage looked better, the flowers in the garden brighter. I could scarcely wait for evening to come, so that I might tell you I was a new creature in Christ Jesus, that I had passed from *death to life*, that old things had passed away and all things had become new."

I looked around the room, it was very humble; there were but few of the necessaries, to say nothing of the comforts, of life there. As if reading my thoughts, she said, "I am like the poor woman you told us of, who went from the workhouse to heaven; she had not much of this world's goods, but she had

Christ. I have but little of this world's goods, but I have Christ, which is far better. My stay here will be but short, and then 'for ever with the Lord.'

"But living by yourself, so far away from town and friends, are you not lonely, Mrs. L——?"

"No," she replied, "it's not like living alone now, the blessed Saviour is always with me. I cannot see Him, but I know He is here; I talk to Him all the day, just as I talk to you now. I want no one else, He is just the best friend I have on earth."

We had not much to say that afternoon, Mrs. L—— was the preacher, and listening to her hearts were warmed and cheered. Sitting there we felt it was not large houses, expensive furniture, or grand surroundings that make happiness. How was one having none of these things, and yet as happy as a queen upon her throne. Why was this? Ah, she had the love of God shed abroad in her heart; the Spirit bore witness with her spirit that she was a child of God. As regards *this life* she could say, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." With reference to *death* she could say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me," while as to the *future* she could also say, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but when He appeareth we shall be like Him, for we shall be Him as He is." Reader, how is it with you?

As we closed our last meeting, we said to Mrs. L——, "Good-bye. God be with you." She said, "I shall not bid you good-bye to-night. I shall come to the station to see you away." "But we leave early, and your house is a long way off." "I shall be there," was the reply, and sure enough she came, bringing in her hand a large bouquet of flowers gathered from her garden. As the train came up she said, "Farewell, I shall never see you on earth again, but we shall meet on the other side," and quoting our closing hymn—

"There will be no parting there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There will be no parting there."

A Christian sister, working as a Bible-woman in the town, who often visited her, writes: "It was really wonderful to see the change wrought in Mrs. L——; from being an unsociable, hard, and unforgiving woman, she became gentle and compassionate as a little child. Though seldom attending any place of worship before her conversion, she now became a regular attendant at the meetings on Sundays, as well as attending three or four meetings each week. She literally hungered and

thirsted for the word of life, and very rapidly grew in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The aid she received from the pariah (three shillings per week) keeping her from actual want, she plodded on in her quiet way, never uttering a complaint, but ever ready to tell of the goodness of God to one—as she said of herself—so unworthy. The only trouble she had now was in reference to her son, the only one left to her, and from whom some years before she had parted in anger, declaring she never would forgive him. Having been forgiven herself, and knowing her time on earth was short, she yearned to see and tell him of her forgiveness. She knew not where he was, but made inquiry, and though she had never travelled before, took two or three long journeys on foot to find him. At length her efforts were crowned with success, they were reconciled to each other; he again visited her home, and her heart was filled with joy. ‘God has done great things for me,’ she would say, ‘I have but one desire more, that my boy may be saved and follow me to heaven.’ Still her faith wavered not. ‘I may not live to see the change, but it *will* take place. God is the hearer and answerer of prayer, and *there is nothing too hard for Him.*’

“Thus Mrs. L—— went on in her simple, earnest, faithful way, witnessing with her life as well as her lips for about two years more, when suddenly the call came, ‘Come up higher.’ It was Sabbath morning. On the previous evening she had visited the town to buy her few necessaries; had called and spent a little time as usual with some dear friends, who, like herself, had been brought to know the Lord through the evangelistic services. She was at the time suffering from pain; said she had passed two or three sleepless nights, but that God’s presence had cheered her in the midst of all, and spoke very lovingly of that Saviour who had loved and washed her in His most precious blood. They little thought that would be her last visit; but so it proved. Returning home she retired to rest; the next morning her neighbour (the only one near) not seeing her about as usual, knocked at the door, and inquired if all was well. She answered from the bedroom window ‘that she had been very ill during the night, but was now better, and intended to go to church.’ Time passed on, and all being silent in the house, another knock was given, but this time no answer was returned from within. Getting alarmed, a friend was sent for. He came; and receiving no answer to his knock, the door was forced open, when the

body of Mrs. L—— was found stretched across the hearth. To all appearance she had attempted to kindle the fire, but had not succeeded. On examination, it was found the spirit had fled; instead of joining the worshippers of earth, she had joined the worshippers of heaven. At that humble cottage door had halted the chariots of the King. No earthly friend was present to see her departure, no breast on which to lean her dying head, no loving hand to close her eyes or wipe the death dew from her brow, yet no doubt the one she loved better than all of earth was there. ‘Lo, I am with you alway’ extends to the latest moment of life. How she realized that presence, what she said, saw, heard, or felt, is hid from all. This we know, the world faded, heaven dawned, the spirit fled. Glorious change! For her to die was gain; sickness, weariness, and pain giving place to immortal health; old age to perennial youth; sorrow to eternal joy; the lowly abode of earth to the mansions of the blest above; the body left behind, the soul present and for ever with the Lord. A few days after, all that was mortal was interred in St. Mary’s churchyard, alongside her husband and children, there to wait till the resurrection morn. Then that body shall be restored, strong, beautiful, and vigorous, meet abode for the enraptured spirit that shall tenant it again; ‘fashioned like unto His own glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself.’”

Thus ends, dear reader, the brief account of one who lived a long life without God, but who through grace saw her sinfulness, her danger, heard of Christ, trusted His blood for cleansing, and was made happy in a Saviour’s love. Have you seen *your* sin, *your* danger? Have *you* fled to Christ for refuge? Did *you* ever say from your heart—

“Jesus, I do trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul;
Guilty, weak, and helpless,
Jesus, make me whole”?


If not, will you do it *now*? You are guilty. Sin is upon you. Eternal death awaits you. You cannot deliver yourself. No earthly friend can help you. *Only* Jesus can save, His blood *alone* can cleanse. Trust Him, and you are eternally saved. Reject Him, you are eternally lost. This is the alternative divinely put, “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on Him.” Wrath now. Wrath to come. Ages pass, still wrath to come. Oh, reader, escape for thy life,

escape now. "Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation." Delay not. Heaven with all its glory is yet within your reach. Christ Jesus died to save you, waits to receive you, has saved tens of thousands bad as you. But even though He had not, though you were the blackest, vilest sinner that ever trod the earth, you have only now and *as you are* to cast yourself at His feet with the cry, "Lord, save, or I perish," and you shall prove that

"As He answered praying Paul,
And sinking Peter too,
As soon as you for mercy call,
He'll surely answer you."

G. HEFFORD.

"I HAVEN'T GOT THE ASSURANCE."

 WHILE staying in a pretty watering-place in Scotland, as I was passing over the links one morning, I noticed a lady sitting on a seat alone. After apologizing for my intrusion, I asked if she would kindly accept a little book to read at her leisure.

"Certainly," she replied; "I am always glad to read anything that is good."

The courteous way in which she received the book led me into further conversation with her; so I said, "I presume you are a Christian?"

"I hope I am."

"But are you not sure of it?"

"I should not like to say I am quite sure, though I believe in Christ, and know He is the only One in whom we can trust for salvation. I must candidly confess *I have not got the assurance*, and, you know, it is not the privilege of all believers to have it."

Finding she was, like many at the present day, looking into *herself*, and not the *word of God*, for the assurance of salvation, I referred her to several suitable portions of Scripture. While doing so, I noticed her looking anxiously across the link, and then, smiling, she said:

"Oh, here is my niece coming! she will be able to talk with you better than I can, for she has got the assurance."

When her niece reached the seat where we were, I said to her, "I have been speaking to your aunt about assurance, and she tells me you have it. Then *you know you are saved?*"

"Oh, yes!"

"And you have the assurance?"

"Yea."

"Is it in your feelings?"

"Certainly not."

"Where is it then?"

"In Christ, and the testimony of His own word."

"What Scriptures would you give to confirm what you say?"

"There are many, but there is one I am very fond of, which I think is very clear. It is this, 'He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.'" (John v. 24.)

How frequently we hear people say, "I have not got the assurance," just as if the *assurance* of salvation was only for a favoured few, and not the privilege of *all* who have trusted in Christ. The Scriptures say, "The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever." (Isa. xxxiii. 17.) "For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." (1 Thess. i. 5.) The reason why many who profess to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ have not got the assurance is just this, they do not really and truly believe on Him, but are secretly clinging to a bit of their own self-righteousness, which is nothing else but "filthy rags;" or looking into their "*sinful self*," and changing, fitful feelings, and not wholly and exclusively to the Lord Jesus Christ, and the bare testimony of the written word.

Beloved reader, may I ask, Have you got the assurance of salvation? In short, do you know you are saved, and that your sins are all forgiven? Are you certain about this? Do you ask, Can anyone be sure that they are saved? I answer, Yes, they can; and this is having what many call *assurance*.

God's word is very positive on this important subject. Though "*all* have sinned and come short of the glory of God," "Christ was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." "Therefore being justified by *faith*, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. v. 1.) "He that *hath* the Son *hath* life." (1 John. v. 12.) "Whoever believeth in Him should not *perish*, but have everlasting life." "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life." (John iii. 15, 36.) These and other Scriptures are a full proof that "*assurance*" is the blessed privilege of *all* who simply trust in Christ. And the word of God is the ground of this assurance, and not our experience, realization, or feelings. "He that believeth on Him is not condemned." (John iii. 18.) "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life." (John v. 24.) How many would substitute for "*hearing*," "*seeing*," "*believing*," "*feeling*," "*having*," "*hoping*!" And no wonder then that they have not got the assurance. The "*full assurance of faith*" is just believing what God says, whether you feel it or not.

S. BLOW.

Pages for Believers.

HOLINESS.

A WORD FOR YOUNG CONVERTS.

WE have had much speaking on the subject of holiness, and it is well to have our minds stirred up in the things of God. But while earnestly contending for the truth, let us never forget that the hearing ear is the preparation for the understanding heart. Let us always wait to get the word from the Master before we speak for Him, remembering that He who knew most of the mind of God, had His ear opened morning by morning to hear as the learner. This, then, is our privilege and our power. First, to see that we have got the message—then to give it. We shall find ourselves borne along in a strength not our own, for His word shall perform that which He pleases, and shall prosper in the thing whereto He sent it.

Now let us turn a while from our own thoughts to see what the Spirit of God says about holiness. We shall look briefly at two passages in Eph. iii. and 2 Thess. iv., which seem to grasp the Christian life from its beginning in the first divine seed sown, to its close in the fulfilment of our one blessed hope. The one shows us the inflow of divine life and strength; the other, the result of this in the richness of matured fruit, found at His coming to the Husbandman's eternal praise. First, then, let us turn to Paul's prayer in Eph. iii. He is evidently coming to ask of God the very highest blessedness for these Ephesian saints. It was to be a gift according to the richness of God's glory, to receive which they needed to be strengthened with might by His Spirit. What then was this wondrous thing to be granted, from which Paul expected such rich result? Not the gift of tongues, neither of healing, or of doing mighty works. Just "*to know the love of Christ.*" Dear friends, does this seem a little thing to us? It did not seem a little thing to Paul, for he adds, "That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." "This is life eternal, that they might know thee." Such were the words of our Lord Jesus on the earth; and just as our first breath of life is in the knowledge of Him who gave Himself

for us, so all our growth in holiness and spiritual strength is simply in the going on to know more of Jesus, and as we learn of His love, to get it deeply reflected within. This is the being rooted and grounded in love—this is getting settled on the foundation.

Now look at 1 Thess. iii. 12, 13. This reaches on to the coming, when the fruit shall be manifested. "The Lord make you to increase and abound in love." This is not love to a select few, not love to those in whom we see the likeness of Jesus, and whom we cannot help loving; but love "toward one another, and toward all." Like unto God's love wherewith He loved the world, as we read in John's epistle, "Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." It may be small in measure, but if it is a drop from the ocean above it will be the same in kind. "To the end He may establish your hearts unblameable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all His saints." Here we see that not alone our service, but our *hearts*, shall pass under the light, the eternal all-searching light of God's holy eye; and yet there is an exhortation so to be established in the love of Christ now that we may be found unblameable in holiness before Him. Now these are wondrous heights of glory and blessedness to set before us as we wait amid the shadows for the bright and morning star. Only let us remember that the first step of ascent in the ladder of holiness is *love*, and we never can reach the top unless we commence at the bottom. This is not a looking in for what is not there, but a looking off unto Jesus—learning little by little the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of His great love wherewith He loved us—until we can spell out in our lives here some of its heavenly language for the world to read. We may talk much about holiness, and even think we have attained to it, but we never can speak a language until we first learn the A B C.

Dear young Christians, shall we then sit down as little children before this wondrous mystery of love in the heart of Jesus until we are full with its riches? and then while learning our own emptiness we shall be filled with the fulness of God.

A. E. W.

Notices.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We are now reaching the close of another year of our happy service in conducting this publication, and we do so with great thankfulness and gratitude to God for His continued blessing, which has rested on our work. We have had continued testimony from various parts of the globe that the truths contained in *The Gospel Watchman* have been blessed to the salvation of souls. To Him be all the praise.

We take this opportunity of again asking our Christian friends for their practical sympathy and help in the circulation of our paper. We rejoice to say that year by year our circulation has been maintained; but we are still desirous of its extension, feeling confident that the Lord will use it to wider usefulness. We therefore ask our readers to aid us in the matter of making it known in circles where hitherto it has not reached.

Christians interested in evangelistic work of any kind will find our paper a most useful addition to the preached Word. It is well adapted for general distribution, or for sending from house to house.

The numbers for December and January are specially suitable for circulation at the close of the Old, and the commencement of the New Year; and we ask the prayers of the Lord's people that they may be used to arouse many from the sleep of death, and lead them to Him who is "THE LIFE."

These numbers will be supplied at reduced rates in quantities for distribution on application to the publisher. Sample Packets of Twenty or more back numbers, gratis and post free, to those who will seek to aid us by getting fresh subscribers.

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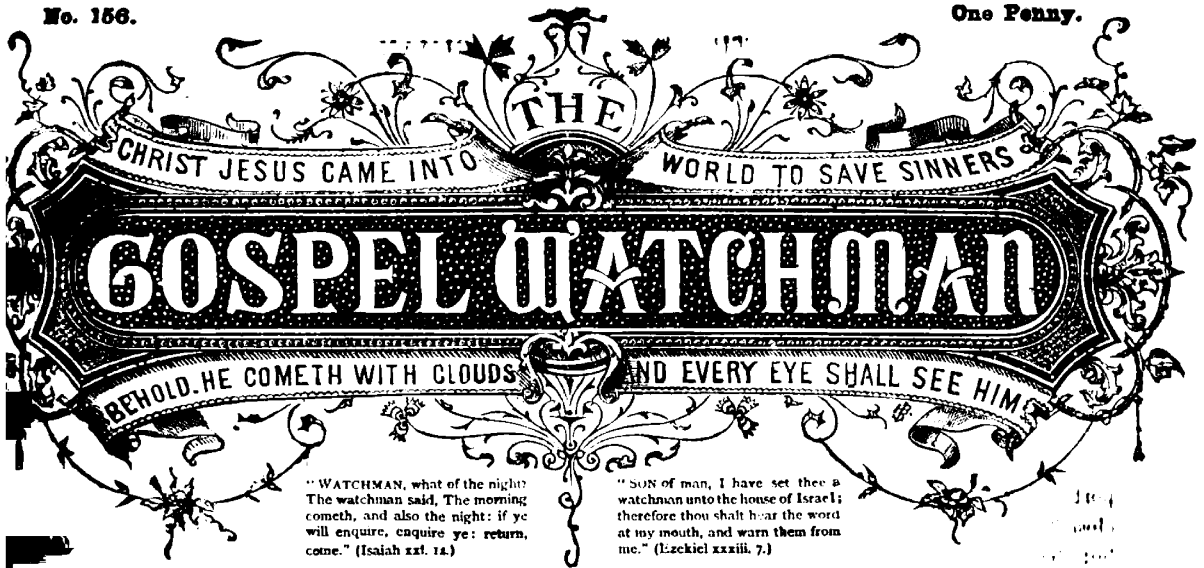
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"MISSED THE PORT."

THE following is an account of an incident I read of some time back.

It was a day long to be remembered by the sailors exposed to the fury of the tempestuous sea. The heavens were mantled in gloomy clouds, the rain descended in torrents, and the fierce wind blew into the mouth of the harbour, rendering the narrow rock-bound entrance exceedingly dangerous. Many persons had gathered along the shore, and stood watching the waves dashing against the massive stones that lined the pier.

Some had anxious faces, and were thinking of absent friends exposed to the perils of the great deep; some, moved by a common sentiment of humanity, were waiting for an opportunity to succour the distressed; and all were alike ready to aid in saving those about to perish. Shouts of joy arose from each spectator, as one storm-tossed bark after another sailed into the harbour, and anchored beyond the reach of the raging billows. As the day advanced the wind increased in fury, and the frowning clouds cast a yet deeper gloom over the angry waters. It was almost sunset, when all eyes were turned towards a large schooner which was rapidly approaching the shore. Each voice was hushed in silence, and all stood in breathless suspense, doubting whether she could safely enter the narrow mouth of the harbour. Suddenly the silence was broken by an aged sailor, who threw up his hands, and exclaimed, "Missed port! gone! lost!" The next moment the noble vessel struck the projecting rocks, was dashed to pieces, and every one on board perished?

The ship on her voyage is in many ways a picture of the life of man here on earth. There is the storm and the calm, the cloud and sunshine, which make up his days. But more than this, the ship is going on, she has an object in view, business to transact, a port to gain. So it is with man; he has an object in view, he has business to transact, and he has a port to gain. Now, dear friend, I would ask you, What object have you in view in this voyage of life that you have entered upon? Is your desire fixed on some earthly thing? are you striving to become rich? or is your aim only to become comfortably settled? or perhaps you are seeking enjoyment in the world's pleasures, or trying to make a name that shall live when your body shall be crumbling into dust. Your object in life may be one of these, or some other I have not mentioned; but whatever it is apart from the glory of God, it is not worth living for. The apostle Paul says, "The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, therefore all died: and he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them." (2 Cor. v. 14, 15.) Do you know, dear reader, anything of the precious truths Paul speaks of in these words? In your own soul do you know that Christ died for you, He, the just one, for you the guilty one, and that on the cross He fully atoned for that guilt of yours? If you know this, then I beseech you let your object in life be His glory. Then, like the ship, you have a business to transact. I read of one in early life who said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" You remember who this was, the blessed Lord Jesus

Himself. Do you know anything of this also? or are you so occupied with your own concerns that you have thought, and perhaps brought yourself to believe, that you have no time for any other? What a delusion this is! God has not only given you time and opportunity for transacting the affairs of this life, but also of that which is to come. Beloved reader, I pray you make Him your own God and Father in Christ Jesus, and then your business will be His, and His business will be yours, and you shall know what fellowship with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ is in your own soul.

Also the ship has a port to gain. What is the port you desire to rest in when this life comes to its close? I hear you answer, "Heaven, to be sure!" but, friend, what course are you taking? there is only one that leads up thither, and that is the "narrow path;" are you walking in it? How many a ship has bid fair for the desired haven, but has been lost on the rocks; and how many a young man and young woman have seemingly started fair on the voyage, having their faces heavenward, but where are they to be found now? Awful to think of! they are lost, and that for ever! Some evil habit or worldly pleasure has drawn them aside, and why? They were never truly regenerate, never born again, they had never trusted in Christ to the saving of their souls. Turn for a moment to the incident I have recorded. Here was a vessel in a fearful storm, the harbour of refuge was before her, destruction on either side! has she the power to enter the place of safety? No! Although she struggles bravely, the power against her is too great; she yields to it, and she "missed the port," and was lost.

Dear, dear friend, God places before you an open heaven, but there is such a mighty power of evil both within you and surrounding you that you have no power to enter it of yourself, and even if you had you could not be admitted in your present unregenerate and sinful state. No! your first step heavenward is to "Christ;" for He is the way. Accept Him and what He has done for you on Calvary's cross. Shall His precious blood be shed for you in vain? shall His dying love be any longer rejected by you? What more, beloved, do you desire? Here is a complete and perfect salvation offered, that shall not only save you from eternal destruction, but give you also a sure and certain title to the glory.

I beg of you accept it now! Time is fast hastening on. How quickly the days go by! week follows week, and the years tell up, and as the day of our

birth comes round it whispers loudly of the day of our death. Yes, death, or the coming of the Lord, will put an end to the voyage; the vessel will have reached its destination; but tell me, dear reader, where will that be? Is it the many-mansioned home where Jesus is that you are making for? will that glory-land of light and joy be your eternal harbour, your port of safety? or are you still tossed about on the troubled seas of this life, without a ray or beacon of hope to guide? and shall it have to be said of you, when the voyage is over, "Missed port! gone! lost!"

G. S. J.

THE DECEIVER AND THE GIVER.

WHILE passing along one of the main thoroughfares in the south of London, I was attracted to a little group of people standing at the corner of one of the by-streets; they were gathered round a man who was standing on a low stool holding a purse in his hand, and while waiting I heard him say, "Now look here, ladies and gentlemen, there is no deception, I assure you; in fact, you can see for yourselves, and everybody knows that 'seeing is believing.' I put three shillings into this purse, and will sell it for one shilling."

I wondered whether anybody would be simple enough to believe such a statement, and was surprised to see him sell several. One of the purchasers was a young man, whose eyes glistened at the thought of his shilling so quickly making three. So after he had paid his money and received the purse, I went up and asked him whether he had as much as he expected. He opened the purse and showed me twopence, which was all the pure contained, and before I could say another word he darted off exceedingly mortified, and afraid lest I should laugh at his folly.

A short time after, at the corner of one of the streets in Soho, there was a similar-looking company, and a man was standing in the centre inviting his hearers to take of the salvation which God has provided, and offers without money and without price.

To illustrate how *freely* it is offered, he said, "Now look here, my friends, I hold in my hand a shilling, you can all see it, I work hard to earn them, but this one I will give to any one who needs it if they will just come and take it."

"I need it," said a poor woman rather louder than she was aware, so that it caught the ear of the speaker.

"If you need it, come and take it," he said; but she did not seem willing to move.

"Well, my friends, I know some of you are very poor, so I will give you another chance," he said, as he again repeated his offer.

After a moment or two a poor woman advanced towards the speaker, and said, "Will you be so good as to give it to such a poor woman as me, sir?"

"Take it, my good woman," he replied.

She at first hesitated, then raised her hand and received the shilling.

As I thought of the contrast of these two men my mind was directed to another two—Satan trying his hardest to deceive, God offering eternal life as a free gift.

The first man to whom I referred was a deceiver and a cheat, who quickly slipped away as soon as a policeman came in sight; the other was an upright, honest man, and all the laws of England could not hinder him giving his shillings or his pounds, yet the rash statement of the first was believed sooner than the simple offer of the second.

Satan is not always pictured in Scripture as a "roaring lion;" for if he always presented himself in his true colours, many would resist him until he fled from them; but he comes with the subtlety of the serpent, and thus takes captive the unwary prey. Ever since his success in *deceiving* the woman in the garden he has practised the same craft, and will by-and-by be allowed, not only to deceive individuals, but even nations. (Rev. xx. 7, 8.) He deceives by lying words or apparent good offers, and oftentimes does he *transform himself* in order to carry out his crafty plans more successfully.

Some years ago there was a war with some tribe of Red Indians, and only one man could be spared from the white men's small force for picket duty at a certain point; and two or three who had occupied the point were missing, and could not be accounted for, and one volunteered to occupy the point, with the determination to fire at everything that showed. The first hour or two was quiet, when he heard a rustling sound in the belt of the forest, about sixty yards distant. He lowered his gun, but saw it was only a wild pig coming cautiously into the open in search of food. The sentry was pleased to watch the animal that had broken the silence of his dreary watching. He remembered his determination to fire at everything,

and raised his rifle. How absurd to fire at a pig! What would his comrades say when they came to his relief? Wouldn't they laugh! He would be chaffed about it as long as he lived; it would indeed be a standing joke. "I'll fire;" and carelessly he pulled the trigger, and instead of a pig falling down dead, a yell of agony and rage was heard, as an Indian sprang into the air and fell down dead. If savages can so cunningly devise a way of deceiving a watching sentry, how much more can the god of this world deceive unwary ones!

Dear reader, be not deceived by him; have your eyes opened by the great Physician, then you will be able to see the gins and snares he has laid for you to fall in.

Be not deceived by his lying words; for in the garden he said, "Thou shalt not die" (Gen. iii.), and we can see the consequences of that lie being believed. DEATH has passed upon all men, for all have sinned, and the wages of sin is death; he will deceive you by his lies if you listen to him, for he is the father of lies. "Time enough yet," or "never too late to mend," with many such-like sayings he will whisper in the ears of sinners, or by fair sounding speeches he will bid the anxious one to seek a refuge in the form of godliness, where the power is denied, and assures them they will find the rest they need in keeping the commandments of men and ordinances of their own devising. Do not give heed to such unfounded lies; but go straight to the Author of truth, and He will not deceive you, for it is impossible for God to lie.

But there are some whom Satan has deceived by apparent grand offers of worldly glory and success. In the temptation of the Lord Jesus the devil took Him up into a high mountain, and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time, and said, "All this power will I give thee, and the *glory* of them, if thou wilt bow down and worship me." But Jesus said, "It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." (Luke iv.) If the *glory* of the world is offered to you, you must close in with the bargain, for you cannot serve God and mammon; choose then between the world's fast-fading glory, and that glory which is yet to be revealed, and which is real and eternal. That young man who let his shilling go for twopence was called a fool, yet methinks those are the fools who sell their souls for nought—for a passing pleasure, or a darling sin.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (Gal. vi. 7.) And if Satan blinds your eyes so that you sow tares instead of wheat, rest assured the harvest will reveal the hidden things of darkness.

If you have found out the folly of being deceived by Satan, and seen that his are bad bargains, go at once to

THE GREAT GIVER.

He is indeed GREAT, for His bountiful hand offers no mean gifts. His great gift is His Son—the One in whom He had all His delights centred, and *with* whom He was ever well pleased; yet He spared Him not, but gave Him up for us all; and how shall He not with Him freely give us *all* things? If you want to see God's *love* for the sinner you can see it in the gift of His Son, and if you want to see His hatred of sin you can see it in the cross of Christ; God proves His love by His gifts.

If I said to a shivering, starving beggar, "I love you," he would only have my word for it; but if I fed and clothed him I should give him a proof that I really meant what I said.

God has said that He loves sinners, and He commends that love, because that, "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v.) Dear reader, do you believe it? Have you ever felt your need of a Saviour? Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*, and if you are a sinner, wherefore not for you?

There are some who know themselves to be sinners, and yet they think the gospel is *too good to be true*. I should think the same if it was any other than God who wrought salvation for the lost; but no human mind could have conceived such a wondrous way of bringing ruined sinners into so glorious a position; it was God alone that planned, and it is the word of the Unchangeable that tells me by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ I am saved for time and eternity. Come and test these words, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;" many have proved them to be faithful, and I beseech you to do the same.

But you must *take for yourself*. The woman who felt her need would not take the offered shilling. So many in the present day are continually deploring the ruin and misery that sin has incurred, and yet they will not accept God's remedy. Do not you, my reader, be amongst them; for they are like patients who prefer to suffer rather than to take a skilled physician's prescription.


Poor trembling one, doubt no longer; let all your fears, and doubts, and misgivings go to the winds, and come with boldness to the One who so delights in giving, even to Him who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Plead His merits and not your own; raise the hand of faith by the Holy Spirit's power, and—

"TAKE with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives."

Beware that you neglect not such wondrous love; for although He is long-suffering, yet He will one day withdraw His offers of mercy, and then take vengeance on those who reject Him and say, "We will not have this Man to reign over us;" but may you be one of those who shall consent to make Jesus King by bowing to Him now, and taking the gifts He offers.

F. H. D.

NOTHING TO PAY.

 NOTHING to pay! Ah, nothing to pay!
Never a word of excuse to say;
Year after year thou hast filled the score,
Owing thy Lord still more and more.

Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily, thou hast nothing to pay;
Ruined and lost art thou, and yet
I forgave thee all that debt."

Nothing to pay! The debt is so great,
What will you do with the awful weight!
How shall the way of escape be made?
Nothing to pay! Yet it must be paid!


Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily, thou hast nothing to pay!
All has been put to My account;
I have paid the full amount."

Nothing to pay! yes, nothing to pay!
Jesus has cleared all the debt away,
Blotted it out with His bleeding hand!
Free and forgiven and loved you stand.

Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily, thou hast nothing to pay!
Paid is the debt, and the debtor is free!
Now I ask thee, Lovest thou Me?"

SPARE IT ANOTHER YEAR.

A WORD FOR THE CLOSURE OF 1881.

 OR three years the owner of the vineyard came seeking fruit from that fig-tree, and had found none. The leaves were lovely, the foliage beautiful; but the owner was not seeking beautiful foliage, he desired fruit; but, alas! there was *nothing but leaves*. The sentence goes forth, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" But as these solemn words fall from the Master's lips, the vine-dresser who stands by begins to intercede on behalf of the barren fig-tree, saying, "Let it alone *this year also*, till I shall dig about it, and dung it, and if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then

after that thou shalt cut it down." One more year of long-suffering and of patient grace to be given which was to decide the future of that fig-tree.

Beloved reader, has not this a voice to you? Do not these words come home with solemn power to your heart? Many years has the Lord been seeking fruit from you. Not for three years only, but perhaps for thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, yea, for threescore years and ten it may be, the Master has come seeking fruit; but, like the barren fig-tree, He has found *nothing but leaves*, only an outward form of godliness, a Christian only in name, for there has been no change of heart, and no life-fruit for God.

You look back during your past life, and, oh, how vivid to the mind are that mother's tears and that father's prayers for the conversion of their child! The entreaties of that Sunday-school teacher to become a Christian are still fresh in the memory. You remember that serious illness when you thought you would die, when you vowed to God that if He raised you up you would become a Christian. He heard your prayer, and granted you the desire; but again there was *nothing but leaves*. The little child was taken from your bosom, or that godly mother and pious father removed from your midst. Their dying prayer and final request was, "that you would meet them in heaven;" and again, as you took that sorrowful farewell, you resolved to decide for Christ. But, alas! alas! after all the strivings of God's Spirit, after all the work of the divine Husbandman, there has been *nothing but leaves*.

Yet another year of long-suffering has been granted to you, which has well-nigh rolled into eternity, and now, standing upon its very edge, you are still un-*saved*. You review the past twelve months, and how many have been cut down. Many known to you. Yea, some from your own family circle, and from your own fireside, have been removed by death, and you have been spared. Dear friend, shall all this be in vain? Is the close of another year to find you still un*saved*, still no fruit, *nothing but leaves*, notwithstanding all the privileges and blessings during 1881? Is it still true of you that there is

"Nothing but leaves! The Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life,
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reaps from years of strife
Nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves"?

Oh, how intensely solemn if the sentence should go forth against you ere this year closes—"Cut it down"—fixing your eternal destiny, your eternal doom!

Let me entreat of you, by all that is real and lasting, for the sake of your never-dying soul; let me urge you by the ineffable joys of heaven, by the unutterable woes of hell, to seek the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near. Time is flying fast; your privileges and opportunities will soon be gone for ever. The last year, the last month, the last week, the last hour and moment of your life here will come. God's last message of mercy and invitation to accept salvation will be given; and, oh, how unspeakably solemn if you should pass it by unheeded, rejected! How will you escape if you neglect so great salvation? God says, Come. The Lord Jesus still says, Come. The Holy Ghost says, Come. All heaven echoes, Come. Saints upon earth re-echo, Come. Delays are dangerous.

"Delay not from death to flee!
Oh, wherefore the moments in madness waste,
When Jesus is calling thee!"

God is in earnest to save you, the world is in earnest to allure you, the devil in earnest to deceive and ruin your soul for eternity, and can you be indifferent? God has loved you; Christ has died for you, and is risen again—a proof that upon the cross He met all the claims of a holy God; and now the Holy Ghost proclaims through Him the forgiveness of sins. By faith in Christ God offers you a free, and full, and present salvation, a free and plenary pardon, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come unto Him and live. Believe it, accept it, and be saved.

Then, if spared another year, it will be a bright and happy one, enjoying peace which the world cannot give, and knows nothing of, receiving a power that shall enable you to bear much fruit to His glory, so that when you are summoned into His presence by death, or by the Lord's personal return, you shall have an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, instead of *nothing but leaves*. G. H.

EASTBOURNE.

THE JUDGMENT.

THE last long note has sounded,
The dead from dust to call;
The sinner stands confounded,
With fear on fear surrounded,
As by a sea unbounded,
Before the Judge of all.

No longer now delaying
The hour of dreaded doom;
No more the sentence staying,
No more the cross displaying,
In wrath His throne arraying,
The Judge, the Judge has come!

Cease, man, thy God-defying;
Cease thy best friend to grieve;
Cease, man, thy self-relying;
Flee from the endless dying;
Swiftly thy time is flying;

EMBRACE THE SON AND LIVE!

DR. BONAR.

SIN'S WAGES. GOD'S GIFT.

THERE was once a working man, who spent his Sundays partly in bed, partly in the public-house, the remainder in lounging with ungodly companions in the streets or fields. Rain falling heavily one Sunday he could not get out as usual, and walked about his room not knowing how to spend his time. On a little table by the window was placed an old family Bible that had belonged to his mother. He opened it, and began to spell out letter by letter the first words that caught his eye. "F-O-R for, t-h-e the, w-a-g-e-s wages, o-f of, s-i-n sin, i-s is, d-e-a-t-h death." "For the wages of sin is death." He closed the book; the words had gone like an arrow to his heart. Turning to his wife, he said:

"Wife, if those words are true, I have been earning those wages all my life."

He could find no rest; standing, sitting, walking alone, or in company, the words rang in his ear, "The wages of sin is death." That evening he was found listening to the Gospel. The text chosen by the preacher was, "The wages of sin is death: but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.) The Spirit of God applied the word, he then and there saw the way of salvation, accepted God's gracious gift, and returned home rejoicing in Christ Jesus as his Saviour.

Reader, if unsaved, you too have been earning these wages all your life! Your condition at this moment is one of spiritual death as the result of sin. Dead to the life of God, cut off from connection with God—dead in trespasses and sins. Fearful position! and yet but an earnest of what is to follow. By-and-by the payment in full will come—death, eternal death, the second death, a death which leaves the soul in the lake of fire. (Rev. xx. 14.)

"There is a death whose pang outlasts the fleeting breath. Oh, what eternal horrors hang around the second death!"

Sad it is to know that to this death you are hastening. Every day, every hour, every moment brings you nearer. How near you may be none but God, who holds thy breath, can tell; but should the brittle thread of life be cut, your destiny is at once decided, your doom eternally fixed. Oh that each may see the danger, and escape ere it be too late!

Reader, have you seen this? Do you ask, Is there life, and how is it to be obtained? Thank God,

there is life. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.) Here God meets your need. In perfect justice He could have banished every transgressor to eternal death, but instead of that His love devised a way of escape. "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him." (1 John iv. 9.) Life could only come through death. "The wages of sin is death." God gave His only begotten Son to receive the wages due to the sinner, to be his substitute, to enter into his standing, to take his guilt, to bear its penalty, to die his death; by that death on Calvary the law's claims have been fully met, justice completely satisfied, eternal life purchased and procured for all who will accept it in God's way; namely, as a free gift from Himself through Jesus Christ our Lord.

And this is the only way life can be obtained. "He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son hath not life." (1 John v. 12.) Mark the order. Christ first, then the life. Receiving Christ, a life as eternal as God Himself is received. "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish." (John x. 28.) Sinner, this is what you need; *if*, you will perish without it. Lay hold of it, make it your own by believing in Him. In this as in other gifts two persons are interested; each must do their part; one gives, the other receives; what belongs to the one becomes the property of the other on receiving. God has done his part—He has provided the gift, and now offers it freely. "Who-soever will," may take! the offer is real. Accept it as such. While reading this, say to God: "O God, I believe thy word. I thank thee for thy gift. I joyfully accept it from thy hands." Say to Jesus, "O Jesus, I accept thee as God's gift to me, a poor unworthy sinner. I yield myself to thee." The moment you believe in Christ, that moment the gift is yours—life is yours, a life that will lift you out of the trammels and fetters of sin, and bring you into the sunshine of God's smiles, and open up to you all the glories of eternity.

Reader, have you accepted that gift? If not, why not? you must accept or reject it. Accepting it you live, rejecting it you die. I beseech you, commit no such act of folly;

"But take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives,
And know with assurance thou never canst die,
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives!"

G. HAZARD.

HOW THE ROCK GAVE WAY.

IN a quarry a miner was working. He wanted to reach a piece of the rock above him (for it was a slate mine), so it was necessary that he should tie a rope round a projecting piece above where he wanted to work, and then fasten the rope round his body, lowering himself to the distance required. This done, he began to work, when suddenly the rock above him gave way and fell with a crash. He was extricated by his fellow-workmen, badly crushed, and it was evident that life was almost extinct. His friends said, "Ask him if he has any message to his wife?" so one spoke into his ear this question. He replied, "The rock above me has given way, but the Rock Christ Jesus will never. Tell her this." And he died. It was a message of comfort to a sorrowing wife, but it also told of one who had found the Lord precious in a dying hour.

Dear friend, have you found Him precious? You may not meet a sudden death like this poor man, but still death is near, and "the end of all things is at hand." You will need a light in the dark valley; you will want one to lean on when human strength fails, and an untried eternity looms out before you. *Such a one is Jesus.* He gave Himself for you. He offers to carry you safely through to the other side—the glory side. Will you not let Him? He loves you. He died to save you; more than this, to bring you nigh by the blood of Calvary's cross. You need no preparation, no religion, no works, no goodness, no steps to Him. Trust your all to Him on the ground of what He has done. He says, "Come," and you have but to answer the invitation, and haste from a doomed world to the arms of Jesus. Life is short. Time is hastening by. A few more years and the destinies of millions will be settled, yours amongst the rest. The pleasures of the world are fading, and leave nothing behind but sorrow. Sinner, why will you die? Oh, the endless love of God, and the endless sorrow of the lost! How wide the gulf between these two verities, and yet the Son of God Himself plunged into the floods of divine wrath, that we might be brought nigh, and know that love! Oh, sinner, think ere it be too late! Look at the world heaving with convulsions. The old resources of Satan are breaking up; his lies are being discovered, and many who had been enslaved for years are bursting their chains by the power

of God, and getting the liberty of sons. Will you be left still his dupe, or will you flee to the Saviour before it is too late, and the door shall be shut?

We read of a monarch who sat upon his throne, seeming to enjoy all the pleasures of a banquet. As the merriment of the guests increased, said one of the courtiers, "It must be the best thing to be a king." This was told to the king. He left his throne, and bade the courtier sit upon it, first having suspended by a hair a dagger over the throne. The courtier suspected nothing; but as soon as he raised his eyes and saw his danger, he fled. Such is the position of those wearing an earthly crown, and this was the lesson the king wished to teach his courtier.

Dear reader, perhaps you are fascinated by the world's glitter, and see not your danger; but He who spake as never man spake declares plainly in reference both to His love and His judgment. (See John iii. 17, 18.) You may have renounced the world outwardly; but remember, you have a worse enemy within—a heart deceitful and desperately wicked, and nothing can bring you true peace but getting a new life. If the smitten Rock is underneath you, you may rest securely, as did our friend the miner. But the door of mercy will not be always open. (Luke xiii. 25–27.) It will soon be closed, and then, oh, horror of darkness, the soul lost, and lost for ever! But it is not yet too late to listen to the oft-repeated invitation, "Come to Jesus." I beseech you stay not till tomorrow's sun shall rise, but even now, in the midst of the darkness of unbelief, look and live. "Look unto me, and be ye saved." You may come, so to speak, doubting, but you will go away believing. Cast yourself, all miserable as you are, on Him who has promised, "*Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.*" Take the word He has spoken. Thousands have ventured their all upon it, and are safe, rejoicing in His presence. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but His word never. *Will you take it?* "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." (John vi. 47.)

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

H. R. FRANCIS.

THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

REV. XX. 11.

I. THE VISION OF THE THRONE.



JOHN saw it—the great white throne, right before him; saw it as plainly as eye ever saw anything on this earth!

Is it still visible, this great sight, in these days of the nineteenth century? Do you think, dear friends, that you have ever had anything like a clear vision of this throne? Have you, on the contrary, been so taken up with the sights of this world, that you have never looked into the next world with any fixity of gaze, so that the great white throne could rise up before you in visible reality, in clear and strong outline?

There are many like you; many who sleep so soundly and comfortably, that they are not aware the house is on fire; many who are so busily engaged at pleasant games in the cabin, that they cannot discern the signs of a coming storm.

And who can tell the infinite sorrow of our Father's heart as He sees men daily and hourly occupied with little cares and little pleasures—how to pass a successful day at business, how to spend a pleasant evening with companions, and all the while time is speeding on, and bringing nearer and nearer death and the judgment, and yet they are unprepared for death and preparing only for judgment. God has revealed to men by His servant John the great white throne—the reality of the judgment, that they may read and learn, look and see clearly in God's book this authentic vision of what is to be, lest they should perish, not having seen and prepared.

John saw it was great—no attempt to estimate the magnitude of it, to give in feet or inches any idea of the arithmetic of it: simply, it is great, a throne all worthy of the greatness of Him that sits on it, an emblem of the power of the Judge.

Then he marks that it is white—the colour of purity, holiness, perfect incorruptibility, judgment clear as sunlight. How does that colour agree with yours, O friend? Is there anything of this purity in you? When God looks on your heart, and sees the many thoughts and fancies that have their home there, does He see your heart to be white as the throne? I speak not of your outward life; but deep down in your heart, is there purity there by the blood that cleanseth from all sin? If not, then tremble exceedingly at the vision of the throne,

for white tells of perfect purity and perfect justice, not of mercy.

II. THE JUDGE ON THE THRONE.

The throne is occupied. One sits there—John knows him well; had been a friend of his in the years gone by; at supper one evening, had leaned upon his breast in perfect reciprocated love; had also stood at the foot of the cross on Calvary in the midst of the mocking multitude, and looked up with breaking heart to this same One with nails in His hands, and nails in His feet, and blood streaming down to the ground. He whom John saw on the great white throne had been the crucified One. He had been the rejected One. He has come by the power of His Holy Spirit, willing to save, and offered free salvation to all that read this—to the young and old, to the strong and the weak, the light-minded and the grave, the thoughtful and the thoughtless—and yet although He has revealed something of His wondrous love, many have rejected Him and are content to lay aside this paper, and think no more about it; wake up next morning and go about their usual business as if there were no Christ at all, no living, loving Saviour-heart, that could be wounded by their rejection of Him. He is the rejected One in scores of families now. They have just simply excluded Him from their houses—from their hearts. Perhaps they read His words and profess a kind of *religiousness*; but Him in His present life-giving power they still reject. John sees it all changed. He is no more the crucified One, the rejected One, but the great Judge of all, seated on the great throne of judgment—

“A dreadful form,

With wreath of flame and robe of storm.”

But surely this cannot be Jesus whom we know as our Saviour! There is no love and tender pity in His face now—no great and infinite mercy—nothing of the meekness and gentleness of the Dove or the Lamb. He is the same. For unconverted, unforgiven, unrenewed sinners, all the mercy has left His face, the light of love has gone, and there is only stern justice—nay, more, all ablaze with holy anger, the infinite, eternal, inexorable, unquenchable wrath of the Lamb—wrath of Him who was slain, wrath of Him whom you once rejected, O friend! The very heavens and the earth flee away before His face. They cannot bear to look on Him. They turn and flee away. The earth that had been changed by man's

sin from an Eden into the scene of centuries of oppression, and robbery, and murder, and adultery—that had reared broods of vipers—the generations of men and women who had lived as rebels against Him—the earth that had drunk up His warm life's blood, flees away. The heavens that had seen it all—seen men hate one another, kill one another; seen all the abominations done under the sun—they also flee from His face—the face of the great Judge on the great white throne, and John saw it all.

III. THE PRISONERS BEFORE THE THRONE.

John saw the prisoners. "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God," and they did not want to come; poor souls, they were afraid with a great terror. Many had never cared about religion at all, unless of a quiet and so-called respectable sort; had never cared about coming to a prayer-meeting, because Jesus was in the midst; had been often enough at church or chapel, and liked the service very well if the preacher did not speak of judgment and what comes after judgment. So now it is natural that they would rather be *excused* from coming. "We are afraid of Him who sits on the throne. Rather than come and stand before Him, we would prefer to conceal ourselves in the dens and caves of the earth. Or, if that is not possible, we can call on the rocks and mountains to fall on us, and cover us from His face. It would be better, much better, to perish like beasts than face Him whom we have so often rejected." But where are the dens and the caves? the rocks and the mountains? Where are they? Ah! no refuge in them; they are fleeing away! See earth is disappearing in the vastness of immensity; in a moment we shall not be able to see it. And the heavens—why, the stars are going out, one by one, and the moon and the sun cannot be discovered. The very heavens are passing away. Where shall we hide? What shall we do? What will become of us? We cannot stand before His face. He was crucified for sinners, and yet we would not have anything to do with Him. Oh, what would I not give to be back in my old home, sitting at my comfortable fireside! I used to grumble then at little things that went wrong, and grow discontented with life, and say, "I wish it were all over." But how glad I would be of it now. Would that I could get back to my old existence. Would that I were a child again, at my mother's knee, just entering life. I did not prize it then. I see the value of it now, and I have wasted it all. I

refused to believe the good news of God, and now no good news can come to me for ever. I am sure of hell. Anywhere, anywhere, in or out of the world, rather than stand before the Holy One on the throne. Even hell would be better, the company of devils to be preferred, to my position here before Him who died, and whom I rejected so often.

John says, "I saw *the dead*." He does not try to tell the number. If he had, where would he have found the figures, and where the mind that could have understood them had they been set down in black and white? He does not even say they were "like the stars," or as the sand by the sea-shore for multitude—simply, "the dead." And we try to realise it, and endeavour to figure up in our minds some idea of the hosts of men and women that peopled earth before the flood, the generations from that time till Christ came, and the vast crowds that have been swarming into and out of this life since He came, and then we give it up and say, "This is too great for us; we cannot realise it."

What is perhaps more profitable may be done. We can summon up before us all whom we in the past years of our existence have known, and are now dead and buried. We shall see them again. In spirit I can see many of them whom I knew well. They are now in their long home, which is *not* the grave. I can see one that used to come to me and talk about religion, and then go away back to his old sins, especially that of drunkenness, and died in a lunatic asylum. I can see another that was my friend in Edinburgh, and gave himself up entirely to the Lord's work, and fell asleep in Jesus not long ago. I can see some that lived easy, Christless lives, and tried to get into the kingdom on their deathbeds. Poor souls! they did not know which way to turn, and were so ill that I know not whether they could find Christ the door or not. But there they stand to be judged. And you have many acquaintances whom you shall see on that day before the great white throne. There is the man who always doubted the existence of a God, and could debate the question with skill—that's settled now. The gay and happy young soul that never could decide to follow Christ—often intended to do so, but never did—that's decided now. The man and woman of the world that could smile at the enthusiasm of the Lord's people and make fun occasionally of their eccentricities—there they stand with nothing in religion to mock at now. The man that could not open his lips

without swearing, finds it a perfectly easy thing now. The sensualist has nothing to gratify his passions now, for his body has passed into corruption, and he thinks it would have been better had he ceased from sinning once. There the wife and her husband, that were never absent from their pew in church, but always kept at a distance from Jesus—they are near enough to Him now. People who never understood conversion can see the need of it, and its eternal impossibility for them, now. They had very conscientious scruples about it, had their own thoughts on the matter; but they know God's thoughts of it now, and it is too late to learn them.

And what will you say to me then? "You were not earnest enough. You ought to have forced us to be converted, rather than let us die and come to this of it. What matter though you had offended us, if only our souls had been saved?" Oh, Christless souls, in terror of that day of judgment when I shall see you all before God—not so contented-looking as you are now—in terror of seeing you there in woe and anguish, I summon you now, in the name of God, to repent, for the day of the Lord is at hand, and you may be there before Him before you know.

IV. THE JUDGMENT OF THE THRONE.

He saw the trial proceed. No witnesses are called to appear for or against any one. There is no necessity for the accused to plead "guilty," or "not guilty." All that has to be done in a human tribunal but it is all otherwise here—before the bar of the Almighty it is not needed. The books of testimony concerning a man's life, activities, and non-activities, are opened and read. Would it not be profitable, O friends, if possible, to open them now and read a few pages? If you ask Memory, you will soon be admitted to a reading, and be able to see many a page which will be exceedingly interesting to you that day. Some of the pages are not very pleasant to look on, and when you do see them, a pang of remorse shoots across your breast to think you were so bad. But what must be the awful feeling to have those books opened up and read before all men; not a word lost by whispering, not a single word omitted; all you ever did and tried to forget; all you ever thought and were glad no one knew you thought; all once more seen and recognised by you, as you hear it uttered out before all men. "But I have done many kind things in my life, many good actions. I have often prayed and read the Bible; my days are not each one a record of evil; you make me so black and vile that I do not know myself." Ah! yes, dear friend; but you have

forgotten one thing which makes every day black enough—that which is entered daily at the close of the record—"another day of rejecting Christ, God's beloved Son; another Christless day; another day of resisting God's Spirit and stubbornly turning a deaf ear to God's mercy in Christ Jesus."

"But I could not help it. I felt it was my nature to sin. All the people I knew sinned. I could not prevent the sin that rose up in my heart, or came from the body that God had given me."

Look at the hands of the Judge! Do you see the print of the nails? these hands were pierced through and through. He suffered death for sinners, and yet you would not have Him to be your Saviour. And you knew it all. So in view of the cross of Christ, and all the sufferings for sin that Christ in the form of man underwent, all the universe, yourself included, will acquiesce in the sentence of eternal damnation, because you could live without Christ and despise His precious blood.

Then, how can any man stand before God? Listen to what takes place in connection with those who on earth believed God's testimony concerning His Son. As the books are opened at the commencement of the day there's not the slightest trace of fear on the face of one of them. Ah! but I knew they have cause for fear. I have known them guilty of many sins. Yes; but hear. What do the books say? Not one sin laid to their charge! Accused of not one offence! The blood of Jesus has taken every foul stain away. The Judge says—"I stood in their place and suffered death for them, and now justice demands that they should be free." God declares them just. He declared them just when, as sinners, they accepted the sinner's Saviour.

John saw another book opened, the Book of Life. In it were the names of the believing, and therefore the living ones. Oh, friends, that book is lying open for you now! As you are, come and have your name entered: "A sinner that, by the grace of God, now believes in Christ Jesus."

The other verses give reason for coming to Jesus. All whose names were not found written in the Book of Life were cast into the Lake of Fire!

Don't fool away your time in any dispute about the question, whether a man can know when he has eternal life or not. If you will think on it, then try to find a single instance in God's Book where a saved man did not know the fact. Then turn to 1 John v. 13, where God says, "Ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God."

Pages for Believers.

WAYSIDE TESTIMONY.

HOW cheering to the heart and refreshing to the spirit it is to meet with a believer, and more especially when we little expect it! What joy it is to take the hand of such an one as we say, "Your Saviour is my Saviour too;" and to speak together of the infinite grace that has met us in our individual need. Such was my happy experience not many days ago. The joy was unexpected, and therefore none the less welcome. I had previously been reading a very touching account of the dealings of God in grace with a crippled sailor lad who had fallen from the mast whilst at sea, a height of sixty feet. It was a marvellous thing to the surgeons who attended to him at the hospital that he had not been killed on the spot. But God, who is rich in mercy, had His purposes of love concerning him. He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow who prayed often for her seafaring boy. So it came to pass that in a moment of imminent peril the precious life was spared; not by chance, as men lightly speak, but by the merciful interposition of a prayer-hearing God. After a time, when the resources of medical science were exhausted, he was brought home to the widow's cottage with an injured spine, but ere long was able to rejoice with joy unspeakable in the fulness of God's salvation.

A few days ago I was brought into contact with a young man who had been employed as a letter-carrier in London. About six months back, whilst in good health, he met with a serious accident, which had not only incapacitated him for further work, but had also injuriously affected his brain. Seeing how very ill he was, I thought the history of the crippled sailor might prove of some interest to him, and having a copy of the little book in my possession, I handed it to him to read when I had left. He took it from me readily, saying, "I shall be very glad to read this, but *my feet* are on the rock." He then told me with attractive simplicity that before his accident he cared very little for divine things until about five months ago he was brought to the Lord, and although his physical sufferings had been very great, at times almost unbearable, his soul had been full of joy. "My doctor," he added, "told me at his last visit that I shall never

recover; but I have *no fear of death*, it is only going home for me."

How blessed this is, I thought, as I afterwards reflected upon the case. Here is a dying man sounding the same note of triumph as the apostle Paul did nearly two thousand years ago, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." The same grace which worked so mightily in the great apostle had been working also in the souls both of the happy sailor and the peaceful letter-carrier. Working too on the same lines as it has done with many thousands more, bringing them first to see their own personal need, and then to rest in the all-sufficient work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the efficacy of the blood that maketh atonement for the soul. Thus it is we hear on all sides that poor sinners, those who feel their need of Christ, are being saved, each one to swell the glorious song of praise to the Lamb who died on Calvary—"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." W. H. F. C.

"HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL
IN NO WISE CAST OUT."

JOHN vi. 37.

ARK! 'tis the voice of Christ, the sinner's friend!
Sweet words He speaks, illumed with heavenly ray—
And words of grace and love—"Whoever comes
To me, I will '*in no wise*' cast away."

"*In no wise!*" No! His truth, His faithfulness
Is pledged to this, if nothing else beside;
He spake the words, and now points to the cross,
Whereon, to prove them true, He groaned and died.

"*In no wise!*" No! Howe'er unworthy thou,
Howe'er debased by sin, and sunk in crime;
However young, or old, in health, infirm,
Of whate'er region, people, tongue, or clime.

"*In no wise!*" No! Though mercy's loving voice
Has often called, and loudly, all in vain;
There's mercy still; *but come to Christ*, and you
Shall find that grace triumphant still doth reign.

"*In no wise!*" No! No power of earth or hell
Can bar thy entrance, if thou wilt but come;
Thousands are pressing in, yet—precious thought—
Within the Father's house there "*yet is room.*"

"*In no wise!*" No! The loving heart of Christ
Can ne'er reject the contrite sinner's cry;
'Tis only they who still refuse to come
In sin and unbelief must surely die! A. M.

Notices.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We are now reaching the close of another year of our happy service in conducting this publication, and we do so with great thankfulness and gratitude to God for His continued blessing, which has rested on our work. We have had continued testimony from various parts of the globe that the truths contained in *The Gospel Watchman* have been blessed to the salvation of souls. To Him be all the praise.

We take this opportunity of again asking our Christian friends for their practical sympathy and help in the circulation of our paper. We rejoice to say that year by year our circulation has been maintained; but we are still desirous of its extension, feeling confident that the Lord will use it to wider usefulness. We therefore ask our readers to aid us in the matter of making it known in circles where hitherto it has not reached.

Christians interested in evangelistic work of any kind will find our paper a most useful addition to the preached Word. It is well adapted for general distribution, or for lending from house to house.

The numbers for December and January are specially suitable for circulation at the close of the Old, and the commencement of the New Year; and we ask the prayers of the Lord's people that they may be used to arouse many from the sleep of death, and lead them to Him who is "THE LIFE."

These numbers will be supplied at reduced rates in quantities for distribution on application to the publisher. Sample Packets of Twenty or more back numbers, *gratis and post free*, to those who will seek to aid us by getting fresh subscribers.

The Editor would draw special attention to the special issue of the

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THE LORD'S POOR.

For some years past a few of our readers have sent us small sums to distribute to the aged and sick poor of the flock. Knowing of many such, we would again say that we shall feel it a great privilege to be the medium of conveying any gifts that may be sent to us to those who, during the inclement season now approaching, are needing sometimes the very necessaries of life.

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For 1881.

"THE LORD IS MY LIGHT AND MY SALVATION."—PSALM xxvii. 1



"BEHOLD, NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION."—2 COR. vi. 2.

W I S H Y O U

ALL the paths of the Lord are mercy, and truth unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies. PSALM xxv. 10.

HE hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin. 2 COR. v. 21.

ALL have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. ROMANS iii. 23.

PEACE, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near. ISAIAH lvii. 19.

PEACE I leave with you, My peace I give unto you. JOHN xiv. 27.

YOUR iniquities have separated between you and your God. ISAIAH lix. 2.

NO man cometh unto the Father, but by Me. JOHN xiv. 6.

EXCEPT a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. JOHN iii. 3.

WE were reconciled to God by the death of His Son. ROMANS v. 10.

YOU hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins. EPHESIANS ii. 1.

EVERY one that doeth righteousness is born of Him. 1 JOHN ii. 29.

AS far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us. PSALM ciii. 12.

REDEEMED.....with the precious blood of Christ. 1 PETER i. 19.

"SALVATION IS OF THE LORD."—JONAH ii. 9.

THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR.

"THE Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR OF THE LORD." (Luke iv. 18, 19.)

These words, a prophecy concerning Himself, were read by our Saviour when He stood up to teach in the synagogue at Nazareth.

But why did He close the book when He had read "THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR OF THE LORD?" Because if He had read further it would have been, "And the day of vengeance of our God" (Isa. lxi. 2), and that was not what our Lord had come to preach. No; we have just finished another year, and are about to enter upon a new one, but IT IS STILL THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR OF THE LORD. God still invites sinners to come to Him. Christ "is still able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Heb. vii. 25.)

Yes, Christ still pleads His shed blood as sufficient to atone for the sins of every poor sinner who trusts in Him. And so when Jesus had read this, He gave the book to the minister, and sat down. And He is sitting now on the right hand of God pleading for us, while we, His ministers or servants, tell the joyful news of redemption through His blood to poor lost sinners; but the time will come, and we none of us know how soon, when He will rise up—the "acceptable year" will have passed away, and then will be "the day of vengeance of our God" to all who have rejected Christ.

Oh, dear unsaved one, do not trifle with this matter any longer; do not enter upon this new year without Christ! You may never see the end of it. What an awful thing it would be to be lost eternally, because Christ was offered to you, and you refused to have Him.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.)

"The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (2 Peter iii. 9.)

TO-DAY.

TO-DAY means the present time. In this view how precious and important is every moment. Is it not as if it were said that heaven or hell hangs upon a moment? Reader, the present moment is given you to seek the salvation of your soul, but of another moment no man living is certain.

What are the solemn warnings of Scripture in reference to the time in which we are called upon to make our peace with God? Let us hear: "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace" (Job xxii. 21); "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart" (Ps. xcvi. 7, 8); "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

Thou art yet on earth, in the place of hope, where opportunities are enjoyed; and this little messenger of mercy is telling you that the God who can bless thee for ever, or curse thee for ever, is inviting and entreating, nay, even beseeching thee to escape His curse and accept His blessing. To-day there is time for this, and therefore the gospel call is, "Seek the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near." (Isa. lv. 6.)

How awful if, amidst all the means of grace and mercies afforded you, you are not one degree more fit for heaven; but, alas! alas! abundantly more fit for hell! Dying in this condition, what will you do? Where will you flee for refuge? How will you escape, if you neglect so great salvation? When the great day of God's wrath is come, how will you be able to stand? What will you say to Him? You will be found speechless!

"As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways" (Ezek. xxxiii. 11); "The Lord your God is gracious and merciful, and will not turn away His face from you if ye return unto Him" (2 Chron. xxx. 9); Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me" (Rev. iii. 20); "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.)

Reader, to-day God sets before you an open door of mercy. To-morrow that door may be shut. "To-day if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart."

"FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME."

THIS was one of John the Baptist's words. He did not flatter the people, saying, "Peace, peace, when there was no peace," but was a faithful and true witness, telling the people all their sin and all their danger.

If you, reader, are unconverted, I say to you to-day what John said to the people about him, "**FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME!**" *There is wrath on its way to meet you.* Conscience tells you so. You know you cannot meet God's judgment. You cannot excuse your wicked tempers—your selfish acts—your godless life. Your conscience accuses you of disobeying, dishonouring, hating God, and warns you that He is coming to judge you, and that when He judges you He cannot acquit you. So that your conscience says, "Wrath is coming." And what is more, Christ says, "Wrath is coming." Yes, Jesus, who had so much comfort for all, who was so kindly to all publicans and sinners, even He speaks of a "worm that dieth not," and of a "fire that is not quenched." He warns all who refuse to follow Him, that one day they will cry unto Him, but He will say, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." So that God in your heart, and God in Christ, both proclaim that wrath is on its way to meet every impenitent sinner. Therefore, **FLEE FROM IT.**"

FLEE! You must move quickly. To-morrow wrath may be here; TO-DAY it may be here. It is not a time to look about salvation leisurely; you must *flee* from the doom that threatens you. With all your strength, and heart, and mind, you must run for refuge. Like Lot, "tarry not in all the plain." Rest not, day nor night, till you are as safe as God can make you. "The axe is laid at the root of the tree." It must bear fruit now, or it may never have the chance again.

And flee to the only refuge God sets before us; not to drink to drown your fears—not to lies, to beguile them away—not to mere decency, to soften them down: **FLEE TO CHRIST.** Go to Him, and put forth your prayer for mercy; flee to Him, and tell Him all your fears, and all your guilt. Hide yourself, like a fluttering bird, in His bosom, and then you will be safe; for He says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out;" and His gospel testifies, that "whosoever believeth in Christ shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

THE DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON.

ON a certain night, near two thousand five hundred years ago, Belshazzar, king of Babylon, was banqueting with his princes and nobles, and while they were revelling in their godless pleasure, and drinking their wine out of the holy vessels taken from the temple at Jerusalem, suddenly they were terrified; for, lo! the fingers of a man's hand appeared, and wrote the doom of the king and his courtiers upon the wall of the palace. They were startled as they beheld the strange appearance, but could not understand the writing. They sent for the astrologers and wise men of Babylon to interpret it, but they could not decipher the message that God had sent to them. At last they sent for Daniel, the man of God, and he fearlessly tells the king and his ungodly associates of their imminent doom. He declares, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting;" and the solemn record immediately follows: "In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain."

Cyrus, king of Persia, after besieging the city of Babylon for some time, had, by diverting the current of the river Euphrates, found its empty channel a means of access, and the gates on this night of revelry being left open, according to the word of prophecy by Isaiah many years before, he and his hosts entered the city, and swift destruction overtook Belshazzar and his princes.

Reader, how is it with you? Are you conscious that in yourself you are like Belshazzar—"weighed and found wanting"? and have you availed yourself of the full provision God has made in Christ, so that the one who trusts in Him is accepted before God in all the merits of Christ? If you are not *in Christ*, you are in God's sight *found wanting*, and a doom worse than Babylon's will overtake you, unless you turn to Christ and accept His salvation. The time is coming soon when God will bring forth the even balance of the sanctuary, and only those who are washed in the blood of Christ will pass the standard of infinite righteousness; and all those who are trusting in their own goodness, or to any human device, will find that the searching eyes of the righteous Judge will discover every refuge of lies, and overthrow every false hiding-place, and **FOUND WANTING** will be the sentence of His lips. Oh, my reader, let this New Year, to which God in mercy has brought you, witness your decision for Christ. Turn to Him with all your heart, and He will clothe you with His righteousness, and cover you with His merits, so that you shall be able to say—

"Bold shall I stand in that great day;
For who sought to my charge shall lay,
While by Thy blood absolved I am
From sin's tremendous guilt and shame?"



THE WATCHMAN'S MESSAGE.

"But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."—MATTHEW XXIV. 37-39.

And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thou shalt see the flood. And he did as the Lord commanded him. And the Lord said unto Noah, I have seen righteousness before me in this generation. And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thou shalt see the flood. And he did as the Lord commanded him.



"And the flood was forty days upon the earth; and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lift up above the earth."—GENESIS VII. 17.

THE ARK.

Come to the Ark, the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear:
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near!

Come to the Ark, ere yet the flood
Your ling'ring steps oppose;
Come, for the door which open stood,
Is now about to close.

THE ARK.

THROUGHOUT Scripture we cannot find a more beautiful and striking type of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners, than we have in the ark. In the days of Noah sin so abounded that God could suffer it no longer, and was, so to speak, forced to sweep from off the face of the earth all who would not take warning, but who went heedlessly on in their own ways, fearing not God. But God in His love, willing to save, prepared an ark by the hands of Noah; and when we consider the length of time taken to build the ark, the long-suffering of God is magnificently set forth. One word from God, and the ark could have been in readiness; but not so, one man is put to work, and plenty of time is given for all to hear of the coming flood and this place of refuge. Every nail driven was not only a warning voice, but a gracious invitation to believe and live. But, oh solemn thought! thorough indifference reigned; the voice of Noah fell upon their ears as rain upon the flinty rock, opinions passing, most likely, from one to another, upon the weakness of mind and folly of Noah. They would not believe the message from God. God can justly say, "I would, but ye would not." But after one hundred and twenty years, or thereabouts, of warning, the time was up—God's long-suffering came to an end; the ark was finished, all the animals God wished saved were gathered into the ark, then Noah, his wife and family, "and the Lord shut him in." (Gen. vii. 16.) The door was shut.

Dear unsaved one, what a voice of warning is this to you! Forget not that God's word is as true to-day as it was in the days of Noah. Christ is now the ark of God, prepared by God upon Calvary's cross, while He was nailed to that accursed tree. Oh, what a voice to the sons of men! nails driven through those precious, blessed hands and feet of the adorable Lamb of God, and all, all to prepare an ark for sinners! And yet innumerable are the souls who treat all this work of God with indifference; who think of none of these things. But God is not mocked; the day is fast approaching when He will again shut to the door, and those who have not entered into the Ark must be left outside for judgment, for there is no other way of escape. In the days of Noah some might have climbed to the top of the highest mountain, but all was of no use; the ark was the only place of safety. And so it is now, dear reader; no safety out of Christ. "There

is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1); but all who have heard the gospel and who are not in Him must perish. "But how am I to get into Christ?" you may ask. Well, I will tell you the way. Christ is the way; Christ is the door; Christ is the ark. Come to Him. "Him that cometh to me," says the Lord Jesus Christ, "I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) He will take you in if you will only come to Him; the only hindrance is with yourself; you will not come to Him. How often has the blessed Lord to say, "Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life." (John v. 40.) Other vessels may be afloat very like an ark. Beware of anything short of Christ, the Ark of God. Religion is not the ark, neither are prayers—nothing short of Christ. "By Me," says the blessed Lord, "if any man enter in he shall be saved." (John x. 9.)

"O'er mountain, hill, and vale,
Glides safely on
The ark.
"The wind blows strong and keen,
But stronger is
The ark.
"How high the billows rise,
But higher is
The ark.
"How safe, how very safe,
Are all within
The ark!"

REMEMBRANCE.

"Son, remember."—LUKE xvi. 25.

AND is there remembrance in hell?
There is! to the sinner's dismay:
And none but the *lost one* can tell
How bitter the anguish, *for ever* to dwell
On scenes which have passed away.

Remembrance? Ah, yes! of the sound
Of mercy, so much to be prized;
How the *lost* can, in Jesus, be *found*,—
Of a love which could never know measure or bound,
All madly refused and despised.

Remembrance? Ah, yes! of the hour
When conscience spoke sternly and loud;
When the soul was enthralled by a power,
And tears, bitter tears, might have fall'n like a shower;
Yet all passed away like a cloud.

Remembrance? Ah, yes! of the time
When the soul seemed inclined to relent,—
When it seemed as if then it could climb
Up, up to the beautiful, sorrowless clime—
Blest season! neglected, misspent.

Remembrance? Ah, yes! but in vain
Words strive each remembrance to tell?
Enough that Jehovah hath said,
And the fact in the pages of Scripture is read—
There shall be remembrance in hell!

"JACK, WE SHALL PRAY FOR YOU."

IT was the last day of the year, and a ship lay at anchor off a large city. Weekly, and sometimes nightly, a few of the men met for prayer, and of late they had prayed earnestly for one of their number, who carried his dissipation and recklessness beyond all limits. He never ceased deriding the "canting Methodists," as he called his godly companions, and his influence threatened to defeat their efforts for the spiritual good of the crew. Just before the sailor's watch on the last night of the year, one of his comrades said to him kindly, "Jack, we meet to-night to pray the old year out, and *we shall pray for you.*" Jack turned round in a rage. "Make *me* your subject if you dare, and I'll knock your brains out," was his answer.

All alone he kept his watch. Overhead shone the pure stars, and far away gleamed the lights of the city, and still the parting words of his comrade rang in his ear. "I wonder what they'll say," he thought at length, after his anger had died away. "Well, if they mention all my sins, they'll have enough to keep them busy;" and, one after another, scenes of sin came up before him, scenes from which many of the participants had been called away to judgment. Rousing himself, he tried to shake off their memories, but in vain. "*We'll pray for you,*" rang in his ear. All at once the texts learned at his mother's knee from his almost forgotten Bible came up before him. Vainly he whistled, and sang, and tried to think of anything, everything else. God's Spirit will accomplish its work. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," said memory. "The wrath of God abideth on him;" and passage after passage came up before him. He saw himself a sinner before an avenging, alighted God; and despairing, trembling, he threw himself upon his knees. "Oh, what a long list of sins I've got scored up against me," he groaned; "I can't ever get it chalked out!" He saw himself *widened* and helpless; but as one of old appeared to Peter, walking on the sea, the blessed "Son of man," so across the wild waves of doubt, of anguish, and despair, came the heavenly comforter into the heart of this poor sailor, saying, "Be not afraid, *only believe;*" and, like the disciple Thomas, his

heart responded, "My Lord and my God." Alone upon his knees he heard the far-off city bells toll out the dying of the year, and merrily chime in the advent of the new, and a "new creature" Jack arose from his knees; and grasping the hand of the comrade who came to relieve his watch, said, with a tearful voice, "Ned, I'm a new man in Christ Jesus."

His conversion was indeed sincere. God's Spirit perfected the good work begun in him; and as he contemplated the abyss from which he had been snatched, he could not sufficiently admire divine goodness. Jack was unwearied in his efforts to show his late companions the folly of their ways; and more than one had reason to hold in grateful memory Jack's *new year*. "He that sitteth upon the throne saith, Behold, I make all things *new.*"

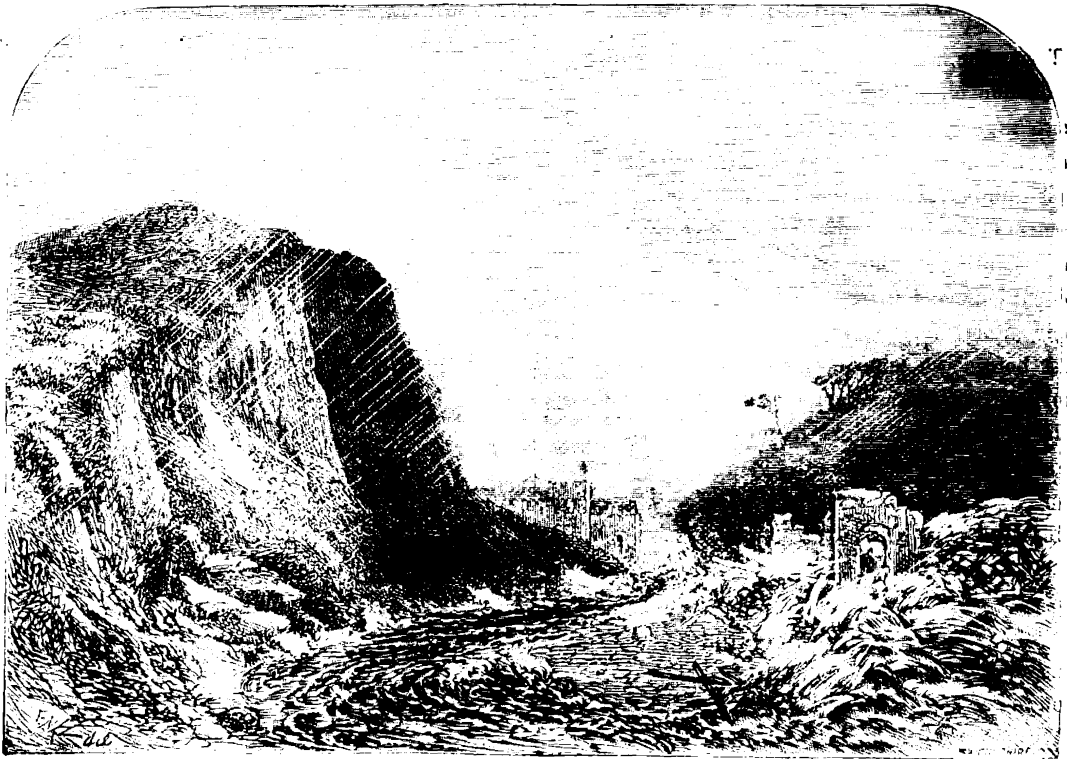
"BEHOLD, HE COMETH WITH CLOUDS.

THE Lord, whom scoffers scorn and slight,
Will shortly come again
With two-edged sword, when He will smite
Ungodly, sinful men;
No soul, not sheltered in the Lamb,
Can face that dreadful day;
For Jesus is the great I AM,
And over all hath sway.

When every eye the Lord shall see,
And judgment falls on men,
How will it fare, dear soul, with thee?
Oh, where wilt thou be then?

All kindreds of the earth shall wall,
Each tribe from pole to pole;
With terror shall the boldest quail,
And each unrighteous soul;
While they who're Christ's shall be with Him,
His holy image bear,
Have joy that overflows the brim,
And all His honours share.

That solemn day must come to pass,
Yea, soon it will be here,
And fall upon the faithless mass
Who will not heed or fear;
But now is Jesus on the throne,
And grace still shows to those
Who trust in Him, and Him alone,
Although they were His foes.



THE HOUSES UPON THE ROCK, AND UPON THE SAND.

THE TWO BUILDERS.

Matt. vii. 24-27.

IN our picture we see two houses, very similar, and built on opposite sides of the same stream; but while the one stands firm against the tempest, the other yields to the shock of the storm, and is fast going to ruin. Why is this? One is founded upon a *rock*, the other is built upon the *sand*.

This world is divided into two classes, those who obey the words of Christ, and those who do not. How can I obey His words? By first believing on Him—coming to God as a sinner, and seeking salvation through the blood of Jesus. Then, having found the Saviour, you can begin to build upon Him, the only true Rock, and prove your love to Him by keeping His commandments.

How different the course of the man who builds upon the sand! Diligently he piles one good work upon another, and very cleverly imitates the house upon the rock. His friends compliment him on his success, and whisper that some people stand as good a chance of going to heaven as others who pretend to be so religious. Wait a while. The

sun has shone brightly hitherto, but clouds are gathering. The wind rises fast, and soon the rain descends in torrents. And now the mountain stream begins to swell, and rushes down the valley like a cataract. The shifting sand yields, the walls begin to tremble, and soon nothing is left of what was once so fair but a heap of ruins. Why? Because it was built upon the sand.

Which are you building on, reader? I do not ask, What are you building? though that is an important question; but, What is your foundation? "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, that is Jesus Christ." You smile at the madman who built his house upon the sand. See in him a picture of yourself if not resting on Christ. The storm of God's judgment will soon burst upon a doomed world, and the floods of His wrath will sweep away every refuge of lies. Leave, then, the ground of your fancied righteousness, and trust in Christ alone. He is able and willing to save. Then you can sing—

"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand."

The Watchman's Message.



"IS IT SPRINKLED?"

"AND why ask that, my son? Why so anxious about a thing so unimportant?"

"Oh, father, do not speak so! You know how God, by Moses, has commanded the blood to be sprinkled on the lintel and the two side-posts before midnight, else the firstborn must die."

"The Almighty is merciful, my son; and surely we are not Egyptian sinners, that we should be so terribly afraid of a judgment intended only for them."

"Yes, father, merciful indeed, wonderfully merciful to choose and spare a people like us, more guilty, it seems to me, than Egypt itself. But then the mercy is—to provide the blood as the means of deliverance, not to save us without it, much less in contempt of it."

"Well, then, is not the blood already shed? and does not that satisfy you? Were you not with me in the afternoon when I slew the lamb, and collected the blood in the basin? Do you call that contempt of it?"

"I know it, father. I saw the blood shed, but is it sprinkled?"

"And why so particular about that, my boy? Can you not be satisfied when you know that the blood was rightly shed, at the right time?"

"Oh, father, do not treat me so! Is the blood sprinkled? That is the thing for me. If it is not, you know I am the one to suffer for it."

"Well, really, my child, I am not sure whether this thing, that so concerns you, has been done or not. I hope it has; but I have been so busy with other things, and so many of the neighbours have been in and out talking over matters, that I cannot speak for certain about this sprinkling. Nor can I think, after all, that it matters so much as you seem to fancy."

"Fancy! What do you mean, father? If God is true, then, in an hour or two I shall be dead, unless this thing be really done. Mother! sister! bring here the lamp, and let us see whether the blood be on the door-post or not. . . . Oh, what is this!—no sign of blood? Yet look again—look all round—on this side—on this—on the lintel. Alas! no—nothing of the blood here!"

"Well, surely, I told the lad to have the thing done, and it seems he has overlooked it. But, since you are so anxious about the matter, I hope the basin may still have the blood in it."

"Hope, father! and is that the thread on which your firstborn's life now hangs? Well, let us put an end to the hoping, and know the worst!"

So they seek, and seek for the basin. The moments seem hours. And then, after longer search than should have been needed in such a case, and well-nigh buried amid the rubbish of the court, the vessel is found; the hyssop branch is dipped in it, the blood is sprinkled on the door-post. And now the fevered youth can rest, and quietly wait for the

appointed hour. The hour arrives—the agent of destruction goes forth—each unsprinkled house is entered. "And it came to pass, that at midnight the Lord smote all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, from the firstborn of Pharaoh on his throne, to the firstborn of the captive in the dungeon." And there was a great cry throughout all the land, because "there was not a house where there was not one dead." But as true as is the sentence of judgment, so true is the word of mercy. To all the blood-sprinkled houses there comes nothing worse than a glorious *passover*. "When I see the blood, I will pass over you," saith the Lord "and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you." (Exod. xii. 13.)

And now I ask every one who has read thus far, Can you suppose such a case, or can you not? Probably not. You can hardly fancy to yourself a father at once so profane and so cruel on that terrible night. A son's life was at stake. Not likely, then, that it would be thus recklessly trifled with. But now there is a greater blood that has been shed, even the blood of God's Son; and there is a greater life that is at stake, and that life, reader, is *thy soul's* life of endless well-being. And so I cannot but come and, with somewhat of the agony of that youth, ask of thee, brother, "*Is it sprinkled?*" This, and this only, you know, could avail in the case of that firstborn. It was not the shed blood, but the shed blood *sprinkled*, that could save him from the overhanging sword. And so now. The blood has been shed, truly enough, most perfectly and gloriously shed, once and for ever, and for all, on Calvary. And there, surely enough, has the eye of God seen it; but, brother, has He seen it *on thee*? That is the question. *Is it sprinkled?* It may seem strange, but so it is;—not even the ocean fulness of the Lamb's blood, as overflowing our earth, but only the blood, *as sprinkled on thee*, can save thy soul. Canst thou, then, be to thyself what the father in our parable was to his son? Canst thou put away the vital question with such sad trifling as we supposed in him? Thousands do. They say "The Almighty is merciful. We are not so bad as many. Our Saviour died for us. We hope it is all right, or that it may turn out so at last. But we are not certain; and who is? We have so much else to think of." And so on. And thus they rest. And all the while the blood is not sprinkled; the soul is not saved. The midnight of death and judgment is on the wing. Any moment the destroyer may start up, sweep along, burst into the house, and then, no more *pass-over* for thee, thou unsprinkled one.

And now, reader, the blood has been shed. The one life has been given for the many. The Lamb of God has yielded to be bound, and on Him has been "laid the iniquity of us all." (Isa. liii. 6.) As for satisfaction to Eternal Justice, and perfect provision of salvation for the lost—all that is "finished."

HOW AM I TO KNOW WHEN I AM SAVED?

YOU come to know that you are *lost* by believing the Bible, and being conscious of it. The word of God and the voice of conscience corroborate each other. In like manner the Bible and your own conscience should assure you that having believed in Jesus you are saved. To be saved is to have bowed down to two truths—first, "I was lost;" secondly, "Christ has saved me." Before you can say that you must have believed it. The same book that alarms you by telling you that you are lost in Adam, that there is a judgment-seat and a hell, also comforts you by telling you that Christ has taken away your sins.

You read, for instance, in John v. 24, and there are numerous passages of the same import, "Verily, verily"—"of a truth, of a truth," a sort of double buttress, put there by our kind and wise Lord to guard the precious truth behind from the assaults of the enemy, "I say unto you"—never mind what *Satan* says, nor your own heart, nor your friends, religious but unsaved, or irreligious, mind what *I* say—"He that heareth *my* word." It must be "my word," however, "and believeth on Him that sent me, hath," h, a, t, h, HATH; not shall get it if he takes care in future, but "*hath* everlasting life;" not life for a week, a month, a year, but "*everlasting* life, and shall *not* come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." Now you may be as conscious that you have heard and believed as that you are in existence; therefore you may know that you *have* everlasting life, or, in other words, that you *are* saved. Christ lives though He was dead, and He is alive for evermore; and He says, "Because *I* live, ye shall live also." (Rev. i 18; John xiv. 19.) You are not to conclude that you are saved because of any attainments in sanctity, or any feelings, frames, experiences, glows, visions, voices, dreams, &c., but simply because *God* says it. Having *once* got it from God's own lips in the Bible, you will *always* find it there.

You have paid your rent, and have got a receipt, which is safe in your desk. If your landlord or his agent were to come to your door and demand payment a second time, would you take up this ground, "I am not in your property, sir"? or would you stand and say, "I think I paid you," or "I feel I paid you," or "I hope I paid you," or "I remember I paid you," or such like? Ah, no! you would say,

"Stand a moment, sir, till I get my receipt." In like manner, having *believed*, you are not to deny that you are a sinner when the "accuser of the brethren" (Rev. xii. 10) casts up your sins to you; nor are you to say, I *think*, or I *feel*, or I *hope*, or I *remember*, &c., I *am*, *was*, or *will be* forgiven. No; you may admit all he says about you, but refer him to Rom. viii. 33, 34, and kindred texts, and he will at once decamp; for he cannot stand one look of your black account, discharged by God's own hand with red ink—the blood of His own dear Son.

HALF-WAY TO CHRIST.

HALF-WAY to Christ is a dreadful place. There is no neutral ground in Christ's territory. You must either be for or against Him.

Half-way home is to be still excluded from light, love, and happiness.

"Almost saved" is—still left to perish! If you are already half-way to Christ, what is to hinder your progress? If you believe with the understanding, why should you not believe with the heart also?

Why will you halt on the threshold when the door stands invitingly open, and you may enter if you choose?

Are you satisfied with being half-way to Christ? Living and dying in that condition you are lost eternally.

Come nearer. No need to stand afar off. Half-way to Christ is a dreadful place! But *is* Christ is salvation. And He says, Come!

REMEMBRANCE.

"Son, remember."—LUKE xvi. 25.

AND is there *remembrance* in hell?
There is! to the sinner's dismay;
And none but the *lost* one can tell
How bitter the anguish, for *ever* to dwell
On scenes which have passed away.

Remembrance? Ah, yes! of the sound
Of mercy, so much to be prized;
How the *lost* can, in Jesus, be found,—
Of a love which could never know measure or bound,
All madly refused and despised.

Remembrance? Ah, yes! of the hour
When conscience spoke sternly and loud;
When the soul was enthralled by a power,
And tears, bitter tears, might have fall'n like a shower;
Yet all passed away like a cloud.

Remembrance? Ah, yes! of the time
When the soul seemed inclined to relent,—
When it seemed as if then it could climb,
Up, up to the beautiful, sorrowless clime—
Blest season! Neglected, misspent.

Remembrance? Ah, yes! but in vain
Words strive each remembrance to tell?
Enough that Jehovah hath said,
And the fact in the pages of Scripture is read—
There shall be remembrance in hell! A. M.

WHAT THEN ?

AFTER the joys of earth,
 After its songs of mirth,
 After its hours of light,
 After its dreams so bright—
 What then ?

Only an empty name,
 Only a weary frame,
 Only a conscious smart,
 Only an aching heart.

I will cause

TO CEASE

After this empty name,
 After this weary frame,
 After this conscious smart,
 After this aching heart—
 What then ?

Only a sad farewell
 To a world loved too well,
 Only a silent bed
 With the forgotten dead.

the

VOICE OF MIRTH

After this sad farewell,
 To a world loved too well,
 After this silent bed
 With the forgotten dead—
 What then ?

Oh then—the Judgment throne !
 Oh then—the last hope—gone !
 Then, all the woes that dwell
 In an eternal **HELL** !

and the

VOICE OF GLADNESS.

Jer. xvi. 9.

THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE
ETERNAL.—2 Cor. iv. 18.

There shall be

NO MORE DEATH.

AFTER the Christian's tears,
 After his fights and fears,
 After his weary cross,
 'All things below but loss'—
 What then ?

Oh then, a holy calm,
 Resting on JESU'S arm,
 Oh then, a deeper love
 For the pure Home above.

NO MORE SORROW.

After this holy calm,
 This rest on JESU'S arm,
 After this deepened love
 For the pure Home above—
 What then ?

Oh then—work for Him,
 Perishing souls to win,
 Then JESU'S presence near,
 Death's darkest hour to cheer.

NO MORE PAIN.

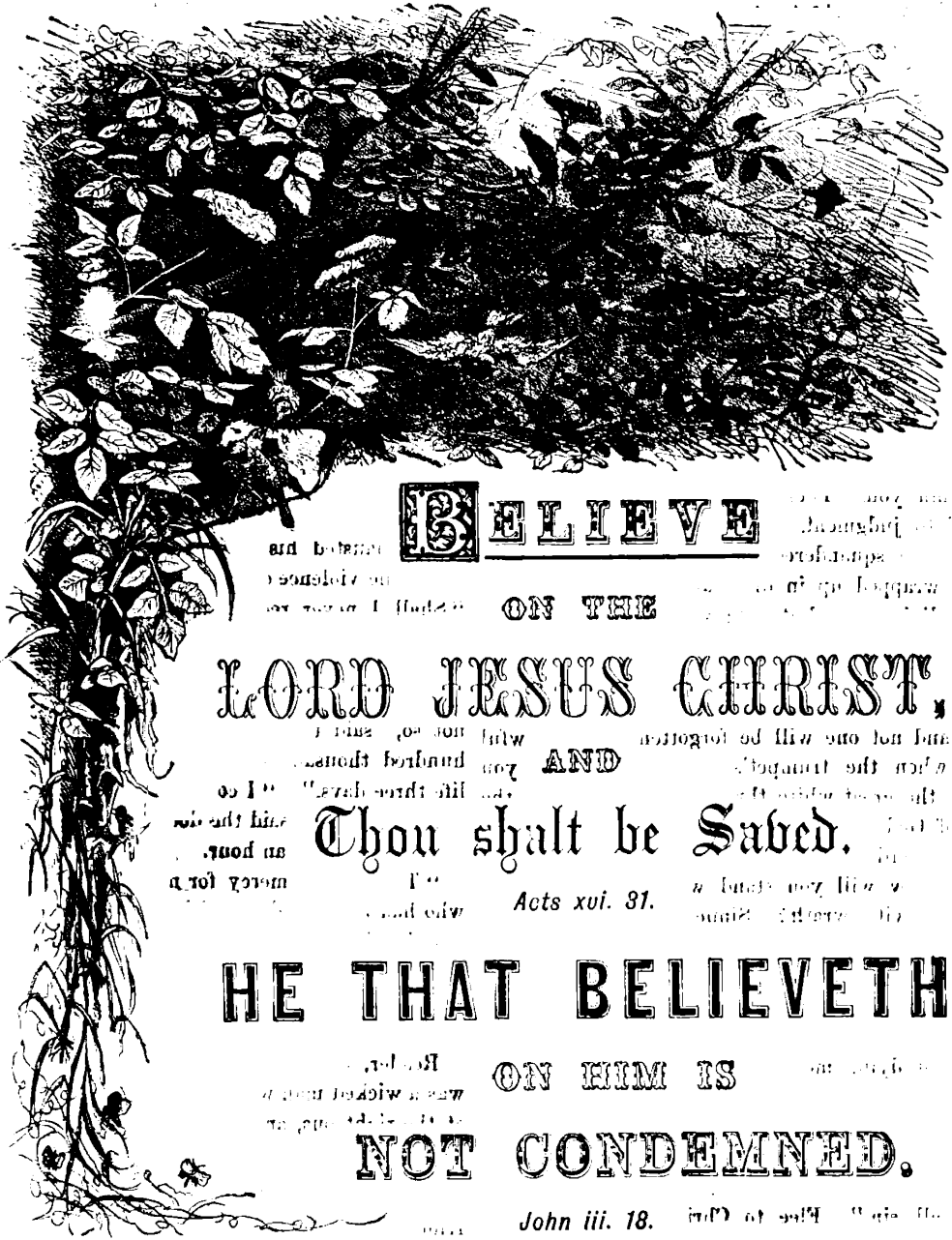
Rev. xxi. 4.

And when the work is done,
 When the last soul is won,
 When JESU'S love and power
 Have cheered the dying hour—
 What then ?

Oh then—the Crown is given !
 Oh then—the rest of **HEAVEN** !
 Endless life, in endless day,
 Sin and sorrow passed away.

The Watchman's Message.

"HE THAT HATH THE SON HATH LIFE."—1 John v. 12.



"HE THAT HATH NOT THE SON OF GOD HATH NOT LIFE."—1 JOHN V. 12.

BELIEVE

ON THE

LORD JESUS CHRIST,

AND

Thou shalt be Saved.

Acts xvi. 31.

HE THAT BELIEVETH

ON HIM IS

NOT CONDEMNED.

John iii. 18.

"OH, HIDE ME!"

MISS ~~H~~ had just left a boarding-school, where she had finished her education, and acquired all the knowledge and accomplishments that were necessary for her position in the world. She looked forward to spending many happy days; was admitted into church membership. She supposed that she was right for time and eternity, but had never been converted, and was still a stranger to the pardoning love of Jesus, living, as thousands of nominal Christians do, with the world's fashions and pleasures reigning in her heart and mind. At length she was laid upon a bed of sickness; her days were numbered, and her career of self-indulgence was soon to close. It was very sad to witness her last moments. Grasping the curtains, she cried in agony of despair, "Oh, hide me! hide me!" as if the very darkness of death was revealing hell to her Christless soul!

Dear reader, you may be possessed of all that is moral and amiable in the sight of men, yet be destitute of saving grace. God will see in you ten thousand unforgiven sins for which He will condemn you. Then know that God will bring you into judgment. Your opportunities wasted; your time squandered on poisonous novels; your heart wrapped up in dress and gaiety, while God and religion are shut out; your mirror consulted, while the Redeemer is neglected; your fondness for worldly delights, but your immortal soul forgotten. All these sins are crying to heaven against you, and not one will be forgotten on that awful day, when the trumpet's sound will bring you before the great white throne, and the eyes of the Son of God shall pierce each corner of your soul. No rock will hide nor mountain cover you on that day. How will you stand when God shall gird Himself with wrath? Sinner, be wise in time; vengeance comes. There is no refuge but at Calvary's cross. Reader, stop and choose Christ now. Are you afraid of following Christ lest you be laughed at? Think which is worst, the silly laugh of dying men, or the eternal curse of the eternal God. Better enter the way to heaven with all the world against you, than take the way to hell with all the world applauding you. Reader, "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin." Flee to Christ for refuge. His blood alone can atone for sin. There is no hiding-place for sinners but under the shadow of the cross.

LAST WORDS OF DYING SINNERS.

MILLIONS of money for one moment of time!" exclaimed a dying lady of rank, of beauty, and of power; but not a minute was to be found for her in the world of time. She had spent her years in the pursuit of pleasure, and never had one moment to spare for the great concerns of the world to come.

"It is too late; I am lost!" was the dying cry of a young man who had passed through a revival of religion, and had not been moved by the power of the Holy Spirit. Sudden sickness seized him, and death stared him in the face, and he was filled with anguish when he saw the danger of his precious soul. He was urged to fly to the Saviour, and trust Him, as did the thief on the cross. But with the lamentation on his lips, "Too late, I am lost!" he expired.

"I won't die now," cried a young lady, when she felt the pangs of death getting hold upon her. But as they increased, and she saw there was no way of escape, and that, whether willing or not, she must die, she cried out, "Lord, what must I do?" and fell back in death.

A rich man was dying, and when the physician had exhausted his skill in fruitless attempts to arrest the violence of his disease, the sufferer asked, "Shall I never recover?" "You are very ill," answered the doctor, "and should prepare for the worst." "Cannot I live for a week?" No; you will probably continue but a little while." "Say not so," said the dying man; "I will give you a hundred thousand pounds if you will prolong my life three days." "I could not do it, my dear sir, for three hours," said the doctor; and the man was dead in less than an hour.

"There is no mercy for me now!" said a youth who had been careless and irreligious in health, and now in sickness felt that the atonement which he had despised was not within his reach. He died without hope, protesting to the end that there was no mercy for such a sinner as he.

Reader, would you die as these sinners died? It was a wicked man who said, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." But oh, remember that if you would die the Christian's death, you must live the Christian's life. "Seek the Lord while He may be found; call upon Him while He is near."

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." (Heb. iv. 7.)

THE GREAT FOUNTAIN.

AN aged gentleman was on a visit to one of the noted American watering-places. Whilst taking a draught of water one morning at the spring, a lady came up to take her usual glass at the same time. The gentleman, turning towards her, in a pleasant yet thoughtful manner asked, "Have you ever drunk at *that* GREAT FOUNTAIN?"

The lady coloured, and looked surprised, but turned away without a word of reply.

In the following winter the gentleman was in Rochester, when he was invited to attend a meeting for religious conference and prayer. At the close of the meeting he was asked to visit a lady who was dying. As he entered the sick-room the lady fixed her eyes very intently upon the gentleman, and said with a smile, "Do you not know me?"

"No. Are we not strangers to each other?" was the reply.

"Do not you recollect asking a woman at the spring last year, 'Have you ever drunk at that great fountain?'"

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I do remember."

"Well, sir, I am that person. I thought *at the time* you were very rude; but your words kept ringing in my ears. They followed me to my chamber, to my pillow. I was without peace or rest till I found Christ. I now expect shortly to die; and you, under God, were instrumentally the means of my salvation. Be as faithful to others as you have been to me. Never be afraid to talk to *strangers* on the subject of religion."

What a blessing was granted on this short but faithful word! Little do Christians know how God may own His truth. Let us faithfully scatter the precious seed, and He will give the increase.

HE SAVES ALL KINDS.

ARE you *old* in years? He came to save you. He can and *will* save you, on the very threshold of eternity, if you put your trust in Him. He will in no wise cast you out. He saves not only the young, but the old; even hoary-headed sinners shall find in Him a full and free salvation. "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." (Heb. vii. 25.) "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him up from the dead, thou shalt be saved." (Rom. x. 9; John iii. 14, 15.)

Are you *rich*? You still need His mercy, and He can save you. "For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him. *For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.*" (Rom. x. 12, 13.)

Are you *poor*? He can save you. Your poverty is no hindrance to your salvation, but it may rather be helpful than otherwise. To the poor, emphatically, is the gospel preached.

"One windy afternoon," says Dr. Hamilton, "I went with a friend to a country almshouse. There was sitting before a feeble fire a very aged man, and to keep from his bald head the cold gusts of wind he wore his hat. He was very deaf, and so shaken with the palsy that one wooden shoe constantly pattered on the brick floor. But deaf, and sick, and helpless, he was happy. 'What are you doing, Wisby?' said my friend. 'Waiting, sir.' 'And for what?' 'For the appearance of my Lord.' 'And what makes you wish for His appearing?' 'Because, sir, I expect great things then. He has promised a crown of righteousness to all that love His appearing.' And to see whether it was a right foundation on which he rested that glorious hope, we asked old Wisby what it was. By degrees he got on his spectacles, and opening the great Bible beside him, pointed to that text, 'Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ . . . and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.' (Rom. v. 1.)"

GRACE.

GRACE is the sweetest sound
That ever reached our ears,
When conscience charged and justice frowned,
'Twas grace removed our fears.

'Tis freedom to the slave,
'Tis light and liberty;
It takes its terror from the grave,
From death its victory.

Grace is a mine of wealth
Laid open to the poor;
Grace is a sov'reign spring of health;
'Tis LIFE FOR EVERMORE.

Of grace then let us sing!
(A joyful, wondrous theme!)
Who *grace* has brought, shall *glory* bring,
And we shall reign with Him.

"Search me, O God, and know my heart."—PSALM CXXXIX. 23.

"THY LOVE TO ME WAS WONDERFUL."

2 SAMUEL I. 26.

I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine,
And with unfailing lip and heart
I call this Saviour mine.

"For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us."—1 THESS. V. 9, 10.

GOD IS LOVE.

1 JOHN IV. 8.

"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He first loved us, and sent His Son to be a propitiation for our sins."—1 JOHN IV. 10.

"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."—JEREMIAH XVII. 9.

"The Scripture hath concluded all under sin."

GALATIANS III. 22.

"GOD COMMENDETH HIS LOVE TOWARD US, IN THAT, WHILE WE WERE YET SINNERS, CHRIST DIED FOR US."

ROMANS V. 8.

"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life." ROMANS VI. 23.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 TIMOTHY I. 15.

GOD IS LIGHT.

1 JOHN I. 5.

"Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."—HEBREWS VII. 25.

'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me;
I live because He lives.

"JESUS SAID, LOVEST THOU ME?"

JOHN XXI. 16.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."—PSALM H. 10.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."—PROVERBS IV. 23.

The Watchman's Message.



THE TABERNACLE OF ISRAEL. It has been in the glorious light of the sun.

THE BLOOD ON THE MERCY-SEAT.

"And he shall take of the blood of the bullock, and sprinkle it with his finger upon the mercy-seat eastward; and *before* the mercy-seat shall he sprinkle of the blood with his finger seven times."—Lev. xvi. 14.

THE precious blood of Christ is the ground of God's redemption-glory. It is the righteous channel through which His grace flows freely and unhinderedly to a ruined world. It is God's provision for the absolute and eternal justification of sinners believing on Jesus. It is the basis—most holy and blessed—for the full and final blessing of Israel. On no other footing can God act holily and righteously, and withal in matchless grace and love, in blessing poor sinners. It is the theme of praise, the burden of holy song, the joy of God, the confidence of the sinner, the meditation of the saint, and the wonder of mysteries to angels.

I entreat you, my reader, to be simple and clear as to the ground of God's present actings in grace. Let every saint and sinner on the face of the earth know that the blood of the Lamb of God has infinitely and eternally glorified God in respect to sin; know too that that precious blood shed on the cross, and its efficacy owned on high, is the sinner's only title to remission of sins (Matt. xxvi. 28), to peace with God (Col. i. 20), and to glory. (Rev. vii. 14.) God is now dealing in grace with sinners; not imputing their trespasses unto them. He is reconciling the sinner—alienated from Him by wicked works—to *Himself*. Wondrous blessing! The cross of the blessed One declares God's righteousness, "that He might be just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." Is there any hindrance to thy blessing? Are there barriers in the way to God? *None* on God's part. On that morning when the God of glory triumphantly raised His beloved One from the tomb, and crowned Him in heaven with glory and majesty, the last barrier to peace and blessing in His presence was gone. Need the enormity of thy sin, the aggravated character of thy guilt, keep thee from confiding in the Saviour-God? Ah, my reader, you could not for an instant think so, had you read aright the lessons of the cross, the tomb, and the now-occupied throne of God! The blood which cleanseth from *all* sin is ever before the eye of God, and the efficacy of that blood is *eternal*.

Oh, how distinctly we can trace the shadows of the past in the glorious light of the present! Those

dim Jewish shadows are now lit up with wondrous beauty. The patterns, or types of heavenly things, can now be easily read. One name—sweetest word which ever fell upon the ear of man or angel—is the substance of every shadow, the reality of every figure, the image of every pattern and outline—

"In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw."

Amidst the numerous rites and ceremonies comprised in the Jewish ritual there was none more important, or more blessed in its teaching to us, than when the high priest, on the tenth day of the seventh month, entered the most holy place—the presence of God, and sprinkled the blood of the bullock seven times *upon* and *before* the mercy-seat—the meeting-place between God, enthroned in His majesty, and the sinner in guilt and transgression. (Exod. xxv. 22.) Have you, my reader, grasped the realities of the twofold action of the high priest on the annual day of Israel's atonement? The seven-times sprinkled blood upon the mercy-seat told of God maintaining the righteousness of His throne, and upholding the glories of His character, while dealing with a sinful and guilty people; while the seven-times sprinkling *before* the mercy-seat spoke of the perfect standing of the worshipper in the presence of God.

THE THREE APPEARINGS.

HEBREWS ix. 24, 26, 28.

HE hath appeared—the Christ of God,
To put away our sin;

Yes, here on earth He once appeared,
Eternal bliss to win;

Closing man's history on the cross,
The verdict there was given—
That man, as man, *without the blood*,
Could never enter heaven.

He *doth* appear—the Christ of God,
Before the Father now;
Appears for us in glory bright,
With "victory" on His brow;
There lives the Priest, the Advocate,
And Intercessor there;
Our names upon His hands, His heart,
Before His God to bear.

He *shall* appear—the Christ of God,
He shall appear, and soon;
No sacrifice for sin, but One
Who brings eternal noon;
To bear away from these poor scenes
His own beloved, His bride,
To seat her, cleansed, and clothed, and crowned,
For ever at His side. A. M.

"HE HAS MADE ME GLAD."

ONE evening, during the month of August, when people were seated thickly on the sea-shore enjoying the balmy breezes from the south, I thought it a fitting opportunity to scatter a few gospel leaflets among them. Presently I was recognized, and the leaflet graciously received by a lady, she at the same time saying, "I am very glad to meet you. I have listened to your addresses for some time past; and as you so kindly mentioned that you would visit any enquirers at their own residence, I venture to ask you to call on me at my home to-morrow morning." This I promised, and continued scattering the seed of the kingdom.

I shall not easily forget the interesting conversation which took place when I called upon her the next morning. She told me that she had been brought to the verge of the grave some time before by a long and serious illness, and feared another attack. She had for a long while been seeking the assurance of sins forgiven, but to no purpose. She had listened attentively to the preached word on the Esplanade; and this made her more anxious than ever to know of a full salvation. She said, "I have tried and prayed very much that I may have peace with God; but the more I try, and the longer I pray, only seems to leave me further from the peace I am longing for."

"Yes, dear friend," I said; "and it ever will be so until you cease your trying. It is an insult offered to the Lord—this trying to help Him to save us. It is not a question of, Am I a great sinner, or a little sinner? as the world terms it; but, Have I sinned at all? 'The thought of foolishness is sin.' We are all guilty. The Lord Jesus could see our helpless and ruined state, 'and became a curse for us.' Our sin demanded the shedding of blood: 'He bare our sins in His own body on the tree.' God loves the sinner though He hates the sin. Now 'He' (the Lord Jesus) 'hath put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself;' 'He hath made peace through the blood of His cross;' 'He is our Peace.'" "But I want to feel it; I would like to realize it before I believe," she said.

"No," I answered; "let the Lord have His own way, He must know best. He says, 'After ye believed, ye were sealed with the holy Spirit of promise;' 'the gift of God is eternal life.' We cannot pay for a gift, or it would cease to be a gift; neither can we feel that we have it before we accept

it. 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' The eternal life is in Christ; and 'he that hath the Son hath life.'"

After my quoting many other texts of a similar kind, she said, "How very plain it is! I see it all now. How could I have been so blind so long a time? and I have been so anxious about it."

I shortly after left the house, rejoicing that the Lord had led me to this dear one. When writing to a friend more than a year after, she adds, referring to the subject, "The light of God's holy gospel shone into my heart in a moment. I felt that I had lost a heavy burden that had been weighing me down until I could hardly bear myself. Suddenly I was subdued with such a heart-stirring joy that I could not speak to anyone; and by that I knew that the Spirit of God was moving my soul with love to the Saviour. I had found such a delightful calm and peace within—'That peace which passeth all understanding'—save by those who have experienced it. . . . How true are these words, even in my case—

"I came to Jesus as I was, weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place, and He has made me glad!"

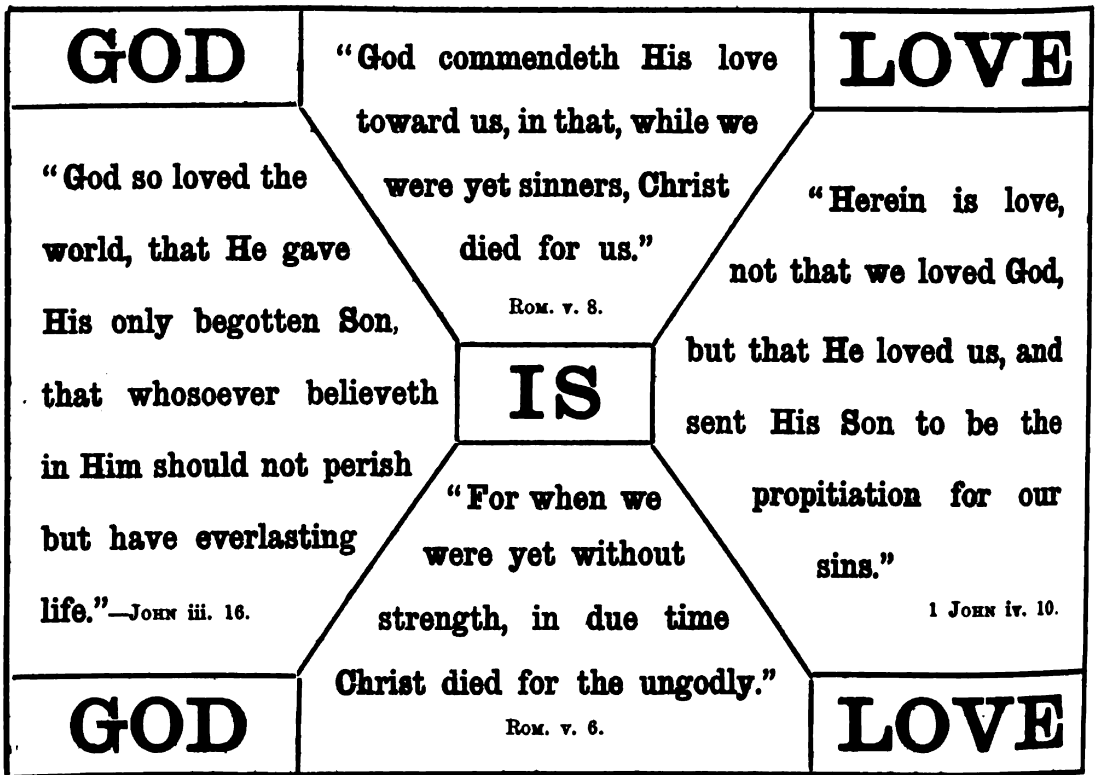
"Not only has He made me glad as regards myself, but He has heard and answered my prayers for the conversion of my husband, who could not think that he only had to 'look and live.' 'Look to Jesus and be saved!' said I to my husband. Example made him seek to find the precious Saviour I had found. And now ours is a happy home, for we rejoice in the Lord who has shown such loving mercy to us. Even our children go to bed and rise again in the morning singing their hymns of praise; their favourite hymn being, 'Once for all, oh, sinner,' &c."

Dear reader, have you realized that you are a sinner, and that "Christ died for the ungodly"? For this is the record that He hath given to us eternal life: "These things have I written to you, that ye may know that ye have eternal life." Allow me to entreat you to trifle no longer with your soul of so great value, but at once accept the full and free salvation He offers you. E. P.

Those who die resting upon their religion must perish for ever; with those who die trusting to the blood that flowed on Calvary, it is "absent from the body, present with the Lord."

GH! tell to earth's remotest bound,
GOD IS LOVE.
 In **CHRIST** we have redemption found:
GOD IS LOVE.
 His blood has washed our sins away,
 His **SPIRIT** turned our night to day;
 And now we can rejoice to say,

GOD IS **L**OVE.



The Watchman's Message.

"JESUS SAID TO HIM, ZACCHÆUS, MAKE HASTE, AND COME DOWN; FOR TO DAY I MUST ABIDE AT THY HOUSE."
LUKE XIX. 6.



"HE MADE HASTE, AND CAME DOWN, AND RECEIVED HIM JOYFULLY."
LUKE XIX. 6.

THE CALL OF ZACCHÆUS. LUKE XIX. 1-10.

THE CALL OF ZACCHÆUS.

LUKE XIX. 1-10.

THE narrative illustrated by our picture is doubtless familiar to our readers. When only little children we listened with wonder and delight to the story of the little man who climbed a tree in order to see Jesus, and perhaps we think now that such a story is too childish to claim our attention, forgetting the words of Christ—"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. xviii. 3.)

This simple narrative teaches some of the grandest truths of God's Holy Word—lessons which need to be learnt as much by the wisest philosopher as by the unlettered peasant, and sufficient to make a man wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

First, we notice the intense eagerness of Zacchæus to see Jesus. He had heard, no doubt, of His wonderful words and works, and would let nothing

stand in the way, or prevent his catching a glimpse of the great Teacher. Are you as anxious to learn something about the Saviour? Jesus Christ is passing by to-day. Are you too busy to leave your desk or workshop to see Him? Perhaps the world has so engrossed your heart that you have no thought left for the Son of God.

We see again the *willingness* of Jesus to reveal Himself to Zacchæus. He stopped under the tree where the waiting soul was to be found. He was only passing by, and might well have hurried on to get clear of the crowd. But no; there was one who wanted to know more about Him, and that desire must be satisfied. He is just as willing now. "Him that cometh to me," said He, "I will in no wise cast out."

"Jesus is a willing Saviour,
Frankly, freely He forgives;
And the soul which looks unto Him
From that happy moment lives."

Thirdly, we see that Zacchæus got *more than he expected*. A passing glimpse was all he looked for, but he was spoken to by the Lord, and had the Son of God as a guest at his table; or rather Jesus took possession of his house, and received *Him* there as a guest. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find." You may come to Jesus for forgiveness; you shall find Him a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Again, we remark the urgency of Christ's word. "*Make haste . . . TO-DAY I must abide at thy house.*" It was the word of a King. If Her Majesty were to invite you to dine with her at a certain hour, you would not think of delaying a moment beyond the appointed time. God has offered to meet with you, and He has fixed the time—*to-day*; and the place—the cross of Calvary. Will you treat His message with contempt, or close with the gracious offer, and gladly say—

"I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus saves me, saves me now."

We may learn another lesson from the words "*Come down.*" Zacchæus was chief among the publicans, and he was rich. He had climbed the tree to get a better view, but the first word of Jesus to him was, "*Come down.*" Blind Bartimæus in the gutter was nearer salvation than Zacchæus in the tree. Perhaps you have been trying to commend yourself to God. He bids you come down, and take the place of the guilty sinner. Then He can bless and save you.

Lastly, we remember that Jesus was passing through Jericho *for the last time*. Had Zacchæus missed that opportunity he would never have had another of seeing Him, and receiving Him into his house. Just as surely your last chance of accepting Christ is coming soon; nay, perhaps it has already come, and as you read these lines, your eternal destiny is trembling in the balance, and the Holy Spirit is about to utter the fearful words, "*Let him alone.*" The conscience that has often trembled under the sound of God's word is about to become hard and callous. An awful calm will reign where before there was anxiety and distress—a calm only to be broken by the hand of death, or the sound of the judgment trumpet. Angels listen for your decision. God Himself pleads with you, perhaps *for the last time*. What will you do? Will your proud heart yield? Another moment and perhaps your doom will be sealed, and your day of mercy past. Are you so mad as to let Satan cheat you out of heaven? *To-morrow! To-morrow!* How many souls have been wrecked on that word *to-morrow!* Soon death's icy hand will stop your beating heart, and *what then? Eternal death. Eternal ruin.*

"Then all the woes that dwell
In an eternal hell." J. G. W.

A MESSAGE FOR THEE.

THERE'S a message of *hope* in the Bible for thee,
Whatever thy name or thy station;
For the rich and the poor, for the bond and free,
A message of perfect salvation.
There's hope, brother, hope; let thy spirit grow stronger;
Go read the glad promise, despairing no longer,
There's a message of *grace* in the Bible for thee,
A message that tells of God's favour,
Of infinite mercy, abundant and free,
Without either merit or labour.
'Tis gratis—for nothing—the blessing He giveth;
The poorest, the meanest, His bounty receiveth.
There's a message of *love* in the Bible for thee:
God wills not thy death, but would rather
His child should return with a penitent plea,
To weep at the feet of his Father.
There's love, brother, love in the Word thou art alighting,
A message from Home, the lost wanderer inviting.
There's a message of *peace* in the Bible for thee,
A message the troubled heart thrilling,
Until, through its weeping, faith's eye seems to see
The Saviour His promise fulfilling.
Then hushed are the fears that with hope have long striven—
"Son, go thou thy way, thou art pardoned, forgiven."
There's a message of *joy* in the Bible for thee;
First note of the heavenly singing;
Before its glad echo earth's discords all flee,
While joy bells are merrily ringing.
Oh, yes, there's a message, a message that cheereth,
Whenever the heart its soft whispering heareth.

W. LEVY.

NOW, OR NEVER.

BROWNLOW NORTH, the distinguished evangelist, who but a few years ago entered into his rest, when first awakened to a sense of eternal realities, felt impelled to kneel down and pray. He hesitated. A servant was coming down the room to kindle a fire, and he could not be seen praying by her. But in a moment the thought came flashing upon him, "This is your only chance. If you don't pray now, you will be lost for ever. It must be now, or never." That instant he was on his knees, and from that moment he entered upon a new life—a life for which thousands will have to praise God throughout eternity.

A young man, years ago, who had often resolved to lead a Christian life, but as often broke his resolution, was one night, amid his folly, made to feel that he was on his downward course that could end only in hell; that his only hope was to make, at any cost, an unreserved surrender of himself to the Lord Jesus; and that as certainly as he did that the Lord Jesus would receive him just as he was, and would save him in spite of earth and hell. Along with the revelation of these truths came this conviction, This is your last chance. You have promised well before, and gone back. If you go back this time, you will never have a chance again. It must be now, or never. In a moment that young man, with clasped hands, looking up into a wintry sky, and into the face of the risen Jesus, exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, from this day forward let me be wholly thine!" The Lord took him at his word, and from then onward his path was one of brightness and joy.

Take an instance on the other side. A woman is under conviction of sin. Her husband, a man of God, is reading to her one night a book on the way of peace. Suddenly she cries out, "Shut that book!" The truth was too bright for her. She saw the sacrifice she must make if she became a Christian. She trembled. She felt it was now, or never. There was one darling sin she could not part with, and she would not. That was her decision. And what was the result? From that moment her course downward was with increased velocity, until at last she died, and was buried in a drunkard's grave.

Reader, are you unsaved? Will you be warned? The Spirit of God speaks to you once more. You are bidden to yield yourself to Christ. You feel

you can do it now. Take care! the crisis has come. With you now it must be—NOW, OR NEVER.

"'Almost persuaded,' harvest is past!

'Almost persuaded,' doom comes at last!

'Almost' cannot avail; 'almost' is but to fail!

Sad, sad, that bitter wail—"Almost' but lost!"

IT COST HIM HIS SOUL.

TWO gentlemen were out riding one day, when they came to a very splendid estate, occupied by a wealthy nobleman.

The scene was beautiful. The green meadows on either side, and the trees in the distance, between which and under the shadow of the hills was a magnificent castle.

Altogether it was a perfect picture for an artist to paint, and there seemed to be nothing lacking that could promote happiness.

"What is the value of this estate?" asked the gentleman of his friend. "I do not know exactly," he replied; "but I know what it cost its former owner."

"How much, sir?" he asked. "It cost him his soul."

Dear reader, I would ask you to think just for a moment as to what it profited the owner of that estate when he found that it had been the means of his losing his soul. It may have been that for years his heart had been set upon it, and every effort possible he had made to get it, and when he got his fancied prize he found out to his sorrow that "it cost him his soul."

Do you intend to sacrifice your eternal interests for a few trifles that will fade, or else you will leave them; and then whose shall those things be that thou hast?

Think ere you make an unalterable decision, and if there is anything hindering you from taking God's salvation, I warn you to put it away, lest in the last day it be said of you, "It cost him his soul."

What do you value your soul at? Some have been foolish enough to exchange it for a single pleasure, or a few grains of gold, and after gathering the few grains together they have said within themselves, "Soul, take thine ease; thou hast much laid up for many years;" but God comes upon the scene, and says, "Thou fool, this night thy soul is required of thee," and in an eternity of torment he ever remembers "it cost him his soul."

F. H. D.

"CAN ANY HIDE HIMSELF IN SECRET PLACES?"

JEREMIAH xxxiii. 24.

"YEA, THE DARKNESS HIDETH NOT FROM THEE."

PSALM cxxxix. 12.

"Adam and his wife hid themselves."

GENESIS iii. 8.

**THOU
ART
MY**

"I flee unto Thee to hide me."

PSALM cxliii. 9.

**HIDING
PLACE.**

"The kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains."

REV. vi. 15.

"The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place."

ISAIAH xxviii. 17.

PSALM xxxii. 7.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the

Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in Him will I trust."

PSALM xci. 1, 2.

*Oh, safe to the Rock that is higher than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;*

So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be;

Thou blest "ROCK OF AGES," I'm hiding in Thee!

In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour;

In times when temptation oasts o'er me its power:

In the tempests of life, on its wide heaving sea,

Thou blest "ROCK OF AGES," I'm hiding in Thee!

**ROCK
OF
AGES.**

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

ISAIAH xliiii. 2.

The Watchman's Message.

"And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days."

LEVITICUS xxiii. 40.



THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

"In that day, the great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink."

JOHN vii. 37.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES:

LEVITICUS xxiii. 33-44.

THIS was the third of the great annual festivals which required the presence of the people at the place of the sanctuary. It lasted a week, and its primary object was for a memorial of the dwelling of the Israelites in tents while they wandered in the wilderness. It presents also a picture of millennial joy and glory. Israel's first feast was the Passover—redemption—the remembrance of the grace that saved them out of Egypt; and this was their last—a foretaste of glory. So is it with believers now: they begin at the cross—grace—and end with glory. Grace is the bud, and glory the eternal fruit; grace begins, and glory crowns.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

THE blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

Reader, do you believe this? It is God that says it about the blood of Jesus. The eye of God has seen the blood; and God has said of that blood, what He never said of anything else, that it cleanseth from all sin. This is the mind of God about the blood. Do you believe what God says about the blood of Jesus? If you believe it is the blood that saves, you will trust in the blood, you will cling to the blood, you will depend on the blood, and plead the blood. The moment you believe what God says of the blood, you will, as a lost sinner, trust in it, knowing nothing can save you, nothing can cleanse you, but the blood of Jesus. God has said it is the blood, and God must know. What He says must be true. I once thought I must do something; now by grace I see that the blood of Jesus has done all.

God says it is THE BLOOD OF HIS SON that cleanseth from all sin. But remember, reader, He has said this only about the blood; so that if you trust in anything else, you cannot be saved; for God says it is the blood that cleanseth. The cleansing is confined to the blood; so that those not cleansed by THE BLOOD are never cleansed at all. Those not saved by the blood are never saved at all; for God has said of the blood what He says of nothing else—that it cleanseth from all sin. Do you believe what God says of the DEATH of Jesus? Do you depend on the blood of Jesus? It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul; God says the blood makes the atonement. By the blood is meant the death of Jesus; and believers are said to be reconciled to God by the death of His Son. Christ has died. Christ has risen; the work is finished; those that trust in the blood are SAVED; those who do not trust in Jesus are LOST. For God says, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

"He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." Reader, you need the Son of God, the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, to shelter you. For only those who have the Son have life. The life is in Jesus; the redemption in Jesus; the salvation in Jesus; Jesus is all. Oh, you need Jesus, none but Jesus. None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good. Jesus is kind; Jesus is gracious; Jesus is full of compassion.

Oh, if you did but know half His worth, you would lean on none but Jesus, cling to none but Jesus, trust in none but Jesus! And as a drowning man would cling to a plank cast in to save him, so would you CLING TO CHRIST, hang on Christ, rely on Christ, glory in Christ, think well of Christ, delight in Christ, and say of Christ—HE IS ALL.

THE GREAT RANSOM.

1 TIMOTHY ii. 4-6.

OUR God and Saviour will have all men to be saved. He has no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, but rather that he should turn unto Him and live.

He has proved His willingness to save, in that "there is one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus; who gave Himself" in room of, or "a ransom for all."

That is to say, "As none of us can redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him" (Psalm xlix. 7), God in His infinite love and grace has Himself provided Christ Jesus as the ransom, and has given, and now offers to you, *Christ*. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son."

Will you then empty your hands of all your own merits, take God's gift, and come by Jesus Christ *the way*? If so, then He is the propitiation for your sins, and in Him you have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins; for "through His name all that believe shall receive the remission of sins." (Acts x. 43.) But if you deliberately refuse God's gift of His Son, and persist in bringing to God as a ransom for your soul your good works, experiences, or feelings, then beware; for *there is wrath*, and a great ransom cannot deliver thee. (Job xxxvi. 18.)

For this gospel of God that He has provided—Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all—is only for a testimony in *its own time*, that is *now*.

"Long as the lamp holds on to burn,
The greatest sinner may return."

But let death find thy hands full of thine own good works, instead of Christ the ransom, *then* even that *great ransom* cannot deliver thee; for thou hast trodden under foot the Son of God, and *eternal* damnation is the award of refusing *eternal* redemption.

Flee from *the wrath* to come.

T. C.

WE ALWAYS SAY OUR PRAYERS.

I WAS one day invited to the house of a strictly-religious gentleman, and while we were sitting in the drawing-room the conversation turned to religion and religious subjects.

I was informed that one of the family, the only son, had wandered in the paths of iniquity, causing them trouble and sorrow. The desire of the father was that the erring son should return home, and lead a moral and somewhat of a religious life.

I said that if he *only* turned religious without turning to Christ he might be socially better, yet in the sight of God he would remain the same—a *sinner* guilty and condemned; and that whether we are religious or irreligious, we stand on the same platform before God. God Himself has said, "There is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. iii. 23, 23.)

"But I do not think it means that," he said.

I replied that I believed what God says to be true.

"Oh, yes! so do I," he said. "But I know we are all right; for we always say our prayers, and do the best we can."

I tried to show how useless it was to rest contented with *saying* prayers; but without avail. They believed that was all that was required, and determined to go on in the way which seemed right in their own eyes.

The next time I went to that house I found that the one who rested on *saying* prayers had passed into eternity, whether trusting in the poor prayers or in the blood I cannot say; but the judgment-day will reveal.

Dear reader, what are you trusting in? Is it in your church membership, or *saying* prayers, or any religionness of your own? If you are, I tell you, in the name of God's Son, that you are deceiving your own self, and you will find out to your sorrow that you have been led blindfolded by the "god of this world" right into the gates of hell, and there he will tear the bands from your eyes, and reveal to you your folly.

God is beseeching you to *take* of His salvation, and your part is to *receive* from Him the gift He offers, and *thank* Him for it.

F. H. D.

"OH, THE LOVE OF CHRIST IS BOUNDLESS!"

OH, the love of Christ is boundless,
Broad and long and deep and high!
Every doubt and fear is groundless,
Now the word of faith is nigh.
Jesus Christ, for my salvation,
Came by water and by blood:
Clear I stand from condemnation,
In the risen Son of God.

I was "waiting" once for pardon,
I was "hoping" to be saved;
"Waiting," though my heart would harden,
"Hoping" danger might be braved.
When, by God's own truth confounded,
I a sinner stood confest,
Richly then His grace abounded—
Jesus gave me perfect rest.

Was it weary work believing?
Days and weeks and years of toil?
Weary work a gift receiving?
Who would God's salvation spoil?
No; 'tis faith's delight to ponder
What the Son of God hath done,
On the throne to see Him yonder,
Holy, crowned, the living One!

'Tis not doing, 'tis not praying,
'Tis not weeping saves the soul;
God is now His grace displaying;
Jesus died to make me whole.
Look to Him, and life-works follow;
Look to Him without delay!
Sinner, look! and ere to-morrow
Thou wilt weep, and praise, and pray.

INSURED FOR EVER.

I WAS travelling lately with a friend, a brother in the Lord, from London to the north of England; and we had taken our seats, and the train was about to start, when a gentleman got into the carriage. A friend who accompanied him, after having bid him farewell, came back, and said, "By-the-by, have you got an insurance ticket?" "Oh, yes," said the gentleman, "I am insured." My friend turned to him, and said very quietly, "Are you insured for ever?" The gentleman looked seemingly surprised, but answered (not at all understanding what was really meant), "No; I only insure for a year at a time." "But I," said my friend, "am insured for ever." Still misunderstanding, the gentleman replied, "Oh, yes, I know you can do it by one payment, but it costs a great deal!" My friend answered, "Yes; mine was done by *one* payment, and cost a great deal indeed. It cost me nothing, but it cost God His Son."

ARE there not with **YOU** sins against the Lord?

2 CHRON. xxviii. 10.

There is **NO** difference: for **ALL** have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. (*Rom.* iii. 22, 23.)

WHO can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?

NOT ONE. (*Job* xiv. 4.) Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? (*Matt.* vii. 16.)

WHAT is the hope of the hypocrite?—*JOB* xxvii. 8.

The hypocrite's hope shall perish: his hope shall be cut off, and his trust shall be a spider's web.

(*Job* viii. 13, 14.)

WHAT shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—*MARK* viii. 37.

The reader is requested to supply the answer.

WHO then can be saved?—*MATT.* xix. 25.

With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible. (*Matt.* xix. 26.)

WHAT must I do to be saved?—*ACTS* xvi. 30.

BELIEVE on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. (*Acts* xvi. 31.)

How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?

The Scripture gives no reply.

HEB. ii. 3.

Can you give one?

WHAT shall the **END** be of them that obey not the gospel of God?—*1 PETER* iv. 17.

Whose **END** is destruction. (*Phil.* iii. 19.)

Whose **END** is to be burned. (*Heb.* vi. 8.)

Whose **END** shall be according to their works.

(*2 Cor.* xi. 15.)

The Watchman's Message.



THE DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON.

“AND Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of

the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged.”—ISA. xiii. 19-22.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON.

ON a certain night, near two thousand five hundred years ago, Belshazzar, king of Babylon, was banqueting with his princes and nobles, and while they were revelling in their godless pleasure, and drinking their wine out of the holy vessels taken from the temple at Jerusalem, suddenly they were terrified; for, lo! the fingers of a man's hand appeared, and wrote the doom of the king and his courtiers upon the wall of the palace. They were startled as they beheld the strange appearance, but could not understand the writing. They sent for the astrologers and wise men of Babylon to interpret it, but they could not decipher the message that God had sent to them. At last they sent for Daniel, the man of God, and he fearlessly tells the king and his ungodly associates of their imminent doom. He declares, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting;" and the solemn record immediately follows: "In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain."

Cyrus, king of Persia, after besieging the city of Babylon for some time, had, by diverting the current of the river Euphrates, found its empty channel a means of access, and the gates on this night of revelry being left open, according to the word of prophecy by Isaiah many years before, he and his hosts entered the city, and swift destruction overtook Belshazzar and his princes.

Reader, how is it with you? Are you conscious that in yourself you are like Belshazzar—"weighed and found wanting"? and have you availed yourself of the full provision God has made in Christ, so that the one who trusts in Him is accepted before God in all the merits of Christ? If you are not *in Christ*, you are in God's sight *found wanting*, and a doom worse than Babylon's will overtake you, unless you turn to Christ and accept His salvation. The time is coming soon when God will bring forth the even balance of the sanctuary, and only those who are washed in the blood of Christ will pass the standard of infinite righteousness; and all those who are trusting in their own goodness, or to any human device, will find that the searching eyes of the righteous Judge will discover every refuge of lies, and overthrow every false hiding-place, and **FOUND WANTING** will be the sentence of His lips. Oh, my reader, let this New Year, to which God in mercy has brought you, witness your decision for Christ! Turn to Him with

all your heart, and He will clothe you with His righteousness, and cover you with His merits, so that you shall be able to say—

"Bold shall I stand in that great day;
For who ought to my charge shall lay,
While by Thy blood absolved I am
From sin's tremendous guilt and shame?"

READY FOR ANYTHING.

READER, this is what you would like to be. It is quite natural. All people want to be forearmed. But remember—The true Christian, the believer in Christ, the converted man, he is the only happy man, because prepared.

Such an one is in an ark. When the last fiery deluge is sweeping over all things on the surface of the earth, it shall not come nigh him. He shall be caught up, and borne securely above it all. He is in Christ.

Such an one is in a hiding-place. When God arises to judge terribly the earth, and men are calling to rocks and mountains to fall upon them and cover them, the everlasting arms shall be thrown around him, and the storm shall pass over his head. He shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. He is in Christ.

Such an one is in the city of refuge. The accuser of the brethren can lay no charge against him. The law cannot condemn him. There is a wall between him and the avenger of blood. The enemies of his soul cannot hurt him. He is in a secure sanctuary. He is in Christ!

Such an one is rich. He has treasure in heaven, which cannot be affected by worldly changes. He need not envy the richest merchants and bankers. He has a portion that will endure when bank-notes and sovereigns are worthless things. He has Christ!

Such an one is insured. He is ready for anything that may happen. Nothing can harm him. Banks may break and governments may be overturned. Famine and pestilence may rage around him. Sickness and sorrow may visit his own fireside; but still he is ready for all—ready for health, ready for disease, ready for tears, ready for joy, ready for poverty, ready for plenty, ready for life, ready for death. He has Christ!

Reader, this happiness may be yours! Accept Christ, and be happy!

NOT I, BUT CHRIST.

HOW varied are the examples we have in the Bible of sinners coming to Christ and being immediately saved. We read of some who came, who doubted His willingness, but believed in His power; of another who doubted His power, but reposed in His willingness. We read of some who asked earnestly, and of others who never uttered a word, but only touched the hem of His garment. We read of the bruised reed, the smoking flax, the little faith and the strong. Yet all had their need supplied—*none* were sent away.

And what do all these varied and expressive figures teach us? Just this, that it was not *the way* in which they came that was of any moment; it was that they did come, and it was to Jesus they came.

Their believing was not what it ought to have been; their asking was not what it ought to have been; all was faulty; yet Jesus sent none away.

Yet how often do we hear people say, "I am afraid I have not come, or believed, or asked as I ought." This is quite true; and all is faulty. But it is not your coming rightly, or believing rightly, or asking rightly, that saves you. It is *Jesus—Jesus only*. You are making a saviour of these instead of Christ. The Lord says, "He that believeth on me *hath* everlasting life." But you say, "I do believe, yet I cannot feel that all my sins are forgiven, and that I have eternal life." Now, you are making a Saviour of your feelings. The Lord Jesus does not say, if you feel you have everlasting life, but if you believe. "Only believe."

"But I cannot believe that I have now eternal life, because I have been, and I am, such a sinner." "Christ Jesus came into the world to *save* sinners." It is just because you are a sinner that you may claim Him for your Saviour. You could have no claim whatever to a saviour if you were not what you are—a sinner.

Perhaps you think, "Well, if I were only better than I am I could believe it." You would believe if you were better! You would be more pleased with yourself if you were better! Is not this self-righteousness? God's desire is to make you displeased with your *self* in order that, looking away from yourself to Christ, you may be pleased only with Him. God's design all through life is to make you more dissatisfied with yourself, and more

satisfied with Christ and His work for you. The more sinful you see yourself to be, the more precious will Christ appear; the less precious Christ appears, the more will you become satisfied with yourself. Perhaps you say in despair, "What am I to *do*? I have not peace!" *Do nothing*: Christ has done all. He has done the work of salvation. Believe and live. A father sends a letter full of good news to his child. What will make the child glad and happy? Simply believing it. God has sent you a message: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." What will make you glad and happy? Simply believing the Spirit's testimony of Christ in the word of God. "He that believeth not God *hath* made Him a liar." How can man commit this fearful sin? "Because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son." And what is the record that God asks us to believe about His Son? "And this is the record, that God *hath given* to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." Thus, you must either believe your own heart and make God a liar, or believe God and make your own heart a liar.

WHAT IS THE RESULT?

"CHRIST died for the ungodly." He did not die for His own sins; for He had none; but, as it is written, He died for our sins. (1 Cor. xv. 3.) "He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." (Heb. ix. 26.) And what is the result? The result is, that there is now no need whatever for you to lose your soul. There is now no necessity at all for you to spend eternity in the lake of fire. Sin has been punished in the person of God's own Son. God is satisfied. The work that saves is a finished work. Then why are you not saved? Because you have not received Christ. That is all. Believe on Him. Give God credit for speaking the truth. And what will be the result? The result will be, that you shall have everlasting life on the spot; for it is written, "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life." (John iii. 36.)

TELL me if your affection is set on things above, or on things beneath; and then it won't be hard to tell if Christ be yours or not.

CHRIST neglected, is just another way of saying Christ rejected.

**“ EXCEEDING GREAT
AND PRECIOUS PROMISES.”**

2 Peter i. 4.

“ALL THE PROMISES OF GOD IN HIM ARE YEA, AND IN HIM AMEN.”—2 Cor. i. 20.

“Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and
I will give you rest.”—Matt. xi. 28.

“Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.”—John vi. 37.

<p>I HEARD the voice of Jesus say, “Come unto Me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast.”</p>	<p>REST IN SAFETY.</p> <p>Job xi. 18.</p>	<p>I CAME to Jesus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad; I found in Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad.</p>
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“I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life
freely.”—Rev. xxi. 6.

“Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.”

John iv. 14.

<p>I HEARD the voice of Jesus say, “Behold, I freely give The living water: thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live.”</p>	<p>DRINK ABUNDANTLY.</p> <p>Cant. v. 1.</p>	<p>I CAME to Jesus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream; [vived, My thirst was quenched, my soul re- And now I live in Him.</p>
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“I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in
darkness, but shall have the light of life.”—John viii. 12.

<p>I HEARD the voice of Jesus say, “I am this dark world's light: Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright.”</p>	<p>LOOK, YE BLIND, THAT YE MAY SEE.</p> <p>Isa. xlii. 18.</p>	<p>I LOOKED to Jesus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And in that light of life I'll walk, Till travelling days are done.</p>
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“He that hath received His testimony hath set to his seal that
God is true.”—John iii. 33.

“HE IS FAITHFUL THAT PROMISED.”

Heb. x. 23.

The Watchman's Message.

" I WILL HEAL THEIR BACKSLIDINGS,"



**WILL ARISE
AND GO TO MY FATHER,**

**AND WILL SAY UNTO HIM,
Father, I have sinned against Heaven,
AND BEFORE THEE . . .**

WHEN HE WAS YET A GREAT WAY OFF,

**His father saw him,
AND HAD COMPASSION, AND RAN,
AND FELL ON HIS NECK, AND KISSED HIM.**

LUKE XV.

" I WILL LOVE THEM FREELY."—HOSEA xiv. 4.

" RETURN UNTO ME: FOR I HAVE REDEEMED THEE."—ISAIAH xliiv. 22.

" RETURN UNTO THE LORD THY GOD."—HOSEA xiv. 1.

THE BACKSLIDER.

"And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father. And he arose, and came to his father."—LUKE xv. 17, 18, 20.

THE PRODIGAL.

"FATHER, I am no more worthy
To be called Thy son;
Yet, in tenderness and pity,
Own Thy erring one.
I am sinful, poor, polluted,
All unfit to come
Where Thy holy children gather
In their happy home;
Yet Thy heart of kind compassion
Draws me to Thy breast:
Hear, oh! hear, my sad confession,
Give my spirit rest.
Well my sins deserve Thine anger,
But in love forgive:
Look on Christ, my great Redeemer,
In His name receive.
He has tracked my wayward footsteps
In that far-off land;
He has led me to Thy footstool,
See, I grasp His hand."

JESUS.

"Father, for *My sake* receive him,
Guilty and defiled;
Thou didst bid Me seek him, wandering
Over waste and wild.
Look not on his graceless follies,
Look not on his sin,
Look on *Me*, my wounds, and, smiling,
Take the wanderer in."

THE PRODIGAL.

"Father, if Thou canst not answer
Me, Thy sinful child,
Answer Jesus' prayers, and whisper,
'Thou art reconciled.'"

THE FATHER.

"Oh, thou need'st not thus entreat Me!
Son, thou art forgiven!
I have set the joy bells ringing
Through the courts of heaven."

Prodigal, the loving Saviour
Seeketh THEE to-day,
Waits to guide thee to thy Father,
Showing thee the way.
Take His hand, He gently leadeth,
Follow at His side;
For the cause that Jesus pleadeth
Cannot be denied.

WILLIAM LUFF.

In the hunt after pleasure, is it not strange that people should run past the only fountain where true pleasure is to be had? That fountain is *Christ*.

TRYING TO LOVE GOD
"YOUR MISTAKE, OX, DEAR SIR, IS THAT YOU ARE TRYING TO LOVE GOD."

"Just so. I have been trying for long."
"And you have not yet succeeded?"
"Not yet; but I may come to it."
"Never, never will you love God by trying."
"Why so? Is it not right to love Him?"
"Most certainly it is; but you are going the wrong way about it. Do you *try* to love your wife and children?"

"Of course not; I simply love them."
"Well, don't you see that love can't be forced? It is a simple, easy, natural thing. If it seems absurd to try and love your wife and children, it is much more so to *try* and love God."

"What, then, am I to do?"
"First, give up all trying and all turning into yourself. You will never find in self a ground or reason to love God."

"What next?"
"Why, then, you are sufficiently free to think of *His love to you*, not of yours to Him. 'We love Him *because* He first loved us;' not, 'We love Him, *therefore* He loves us.' Such is your blunder. You are putting your love to Him first, and then suppose that He will love you because of your love to Him. This is a grand mistake from beginning to end. It is a fundamentally false thought, and is a fruitful source of distress to anxious souls."

"And does He really love me so?"
"He does. I am not at all surprised at your question, it does seem so strange that He should love sinners, and love them too with such a love that He gave Jesus His beloved Son to die. On Him He poured His wrath, justly due to the sinner, that you might live—be saved—and love Him for ever."

"Oh, I feel as if I can't help loving Him!"
"Why?"
"Because I see *now* that He loves me—loved me *when* I was a sinner, and loved me *in* my sins, and that before ever I had *one* moving of the heart towards Him."

"Ah! I see it is with you as it was with one who, like you, gave up all 'trying,' and broke out with, 'O Lord Jesus, I didn't know you were so good.'"

You have either a whole Christ, or no Christ at all.

A FEARFUL END.

A FEW years ago, within sight of a pretty secluded watering-place on the east coast of England, a vessel heavily laden with cargo suddenly struck upon the quicksand. It soon became apparent to the crew that the only way of safety and preservation of life was to abandon the vessel and leave her to her fate. After the boat was lowered, and all hands ready to leave, the second mate refused to go, and charged all on board with being cowardly, and with volleys of oaths and



curse swore he would stick fast to her, and ride her, if she took him to hell. All remonstrances were in vain; and the crew got into the boat and struck off for shore, leaving the mate alone on the deck of the doomed vessel. After rowing a short distance, and seeing the vessel fast sinking, they returned, and told the mate she would soon go down and become a total wreck, and entreated him not to be so foolish, but come into the boat. He still refused, and with a few more curses said again, "I'll stick to her, if she takes me to hell." Finding they were unable to persuade him to leave the sinking vessel, and their own lives being in jeopardy, they struck off again for shore. But just as they had got a few boat's lengths from the vessel she gave a lurch; they heard a wild cry for help, and in another minute the mate and vessel sunk to rise no more till that awful day when the sea shall give up its dead, and small and great stand before God, and every man be judged according to his work. Truly does the word of God say, "Roots despise wisdom and instruction: therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices." What a fearful end! How sad, how solemn! Yet this reckless, self-willed, foolish mate is but a type of thousands at the present day. Men are plunging across the ocean of life, some in the flush of youth, others more advanced in

life, when suddenly their frail bark strikes, and they become embedded in the treacherous quicksand of some deadly disease. Their progress is impeded, and it is patent to all around they are fast sinking beneath the cold, chilly waters of death. Yet, in spite of all advice, with blinded eyes and hardened

hearts they cling tenaciously to some "frail hope" or "lie of the devil," and sooner than give up their own self-will, their own judgment, or long and cherished sins, are willing to perish and also to be damned forever. "This their way is their folly." "A prudent man foreseeth

the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished."

Reader, is it so with you? It may be life is waning, the brittle thread breaking, your frail bark sinking, some foul disease like a demon devouring your heart, and you are unsaved; your soul is in jeopardy; it may be sinking down, down, down to a never-ending, burning hell. Well, the boat is lowered; that boat is Christ. Get into it; don't delay another moment; Christ is waiting, willing to receive you. Trust in Him, believe in Him, and then He will deliver you from going down into the pit, and land you safe on the evergreen shore, where the tree of life is blooming, where there is rest for the weary, where there is rest for you. S. Blow.

"I may then have me excused." How many answer God thus, when He invites them to the glorious gospel feast, but how few consider the terrible doom which would be theirs, if God took them at their word and excused them!

"MANY bold sinners would face death without trembling. It is what comes after death that they fear; for it is written: "After this, the judgment."

THE STROKE OF A STICK.

With my stick I slowly drew a line on the sand of the cottage floor, and looking up said, "Do you see that line?" He had watched my action, wondering what I was about, and answered, "Yes, sir." "Well, then, mark me," said I:

ON THIS SIDE OF THAT LINE IS

DEATH.

**LOST.
HELL.
DARKNESS.
DAMNATION.
MISERY.
SATAN.**

AND ON THE OTHER SIDE IS

LIFE.

**SAVED.
HEAVEN.
LIGHT.
SALVATION.
HAPPINESS.
GOD.**

On which Side are YOU?

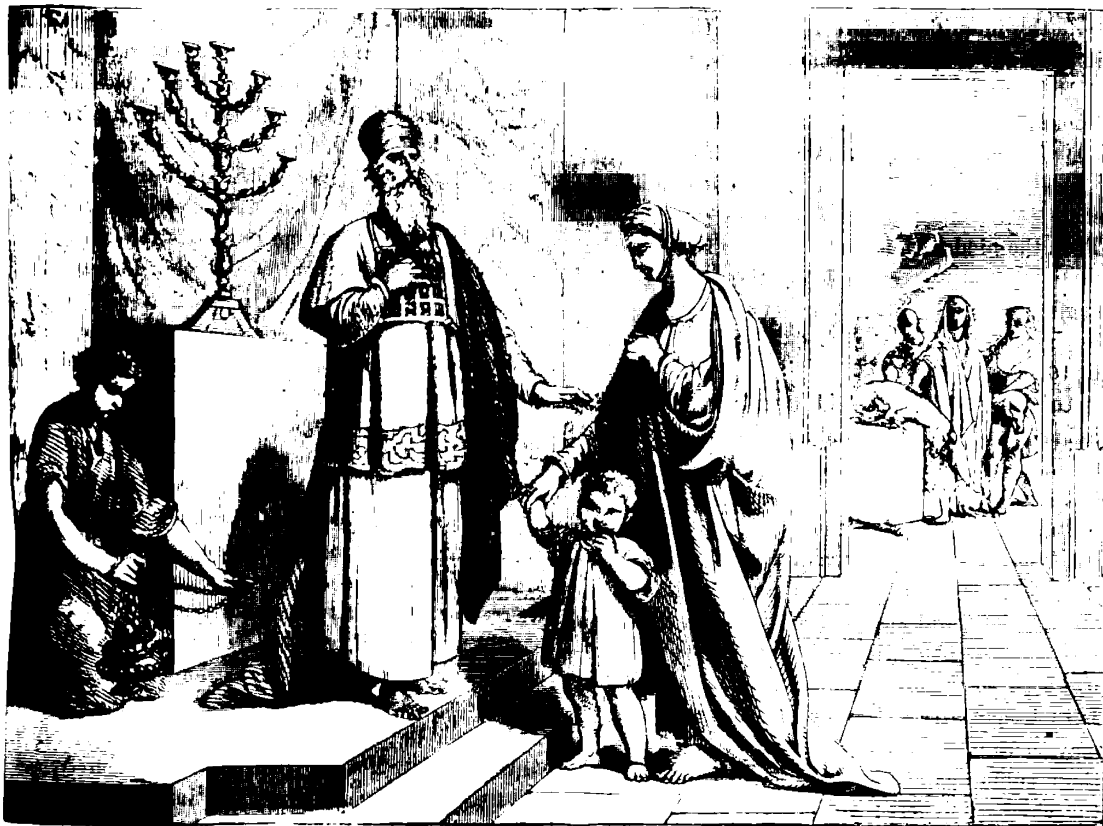
"HE that believeth on HIM is not condemned: but HE that believeth not is condemned already."—JOHN. iii. 18.

JESUS is "mighty to save" (ISA. lxiii. 1), because He "gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world" (GAL. i. 4.); because He has "all power in heaven and in earth" given unto Him. (MATT. xxviii. 18.) Oh yes, to save a Rahab, a Magdalene, a Saul, a dying thief, EACH ONE, ALL.

MIGHTY TO SAVE!

Having redeemed sinners by His Blood, they are "saved by His life." (ROM. v. 10.) The Love which endured the weakness and shame of death, is now mighty in resurrection for salvation. Oh, sinner, let thy heart's confidence be given to Him; and the omnipotence of His love shall embrace thee for ever!

The Watchman's Message.



SAMUEL PRESENTED TO ELI.

FOR this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him: therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. And he worshipped the Lord there. And Hannah prayed, and said, My heart rejoiceth in the Lord, mine horn is exalted in the Lord: my mouth is enlarged over mine enemies; because I rejoice in thy salvation. There is none holy as the Lord: for there is none beside thee: neither is there any rock like our God. Talk no more so exceeding proudly; let not arrogancy come out of your mouth: for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by His actions are weighed. The bows of the mighty men are broken, and they that stumbled are girded with strength. They that were full have hired out themselves for bread; and they that were hungry ceased: so that the barren hath born seven;

and she that hath many children is waxed feeble. The Lord killeth and maketh alive: He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich: He bringeth low, and lifteth up. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dung-hill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory: for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and He hath set the world upon them. He will keep the feet of His saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail. The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken to pieces: out of heaven shall He thunder upon them: the Lord shall judge the ends of the earth; and He shall give strength unto His king, and exalt the horn of His anointed."

1 SAM. i. 27, 28; ii. 1-10.

QUESTIONS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL AND THOUGHTLESS.

DOST thou know, my reader, that God has set thy iniquities before Him, and thy secret sins in the light of His countenance? (Ps. xc. 8.)

Hast thou also considered that nothing is hid from His eye, and that the secrets of thy heart are known as much as thy words and ways? (Heb. iv. 13.)

And, further, that a day is coming when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ? Then the hidden things of darkness shall be brought to light, and the counsels of the heart be made manifest; for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed. (1 Sam. ii. 3; Rom. ii. 16.)

In view of this, David says, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified." What sayest thou? (Ps. cxliii. 2.)

Judged for thy sins, thou must be condemned; but God is rich in mercy, and delights to show it to the guilty. This His word declares, and from thence all hope for sinful men doth come. (Eph. ii. 4.)

That God abhors sin, and cannot treat it lightly, has been shown in the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus Christ. God's righteousness against sin may there for evermore be seen. But in virtue of those sufferings and that death, there is mercy for the chief of sinners; yea, God is just, while He Himself is the Justifier of all who believe in Jesus. (Rom. iii. 26.) Hast thou sought and obtained mercy at God's hand? and is He thy Justifier? If not, what can await thee but *death, judgment, and eternal wrath?*

W. B.

MY SURETY.

I WENT the other day to see a gentleman with whom I was acquainted, and in course of conversation he said, "I have lately had to repent for being surety for a friend, and, to tell you the truth, I would not be surety again, even for my brother."

On asking him for particulars, he told me how that a friend of his was about to start in business; his prospect of success seemed very good, and so he called and persuaded him to become surety. After a short time the business failed, and the creditors came upon the surety for payment.

While thinking on the words of my friend, it brought to my mind the sayings of the wise man:

"If thou be surety for a friend . . . thou art snared;" and again, "He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it." (Prov. vi. 1, 2; xi. 15.)

Dear reader, this man who failed in his business pictures our case. Our prospect of getting safe to heaven may seem very good to outward appearances; but He who looks at the heart can see that we shall miserably fail; although our life may be spent in deeds of charity, and our devotions regularly attended to, yet with all our toiling and plodding we shall find out sooner or later that such will only help to condemn our souls for ever.

The great work of our soul's salvation cannot be accomplished by ourselves, nor can a man by any means redeem his brother; but if you know yourself to be a poor bankrupt sinner with "nothing to pay," you can find out to your great joy that *then* the Great Creditor frankly forgives. (Luke vii. 42.)

It was when the business that I referred to failed that they came upon the surety for payment. He did not know it would fail, or he would not have signed his name to the agreement; but he just affixed his name, and he had to smart for it. But there was One who became my surety, *knowing* I should utterly fail, and He had to smart for it. As I think of Him, brought up before Pilate, charged with being the Son of God, and condemned to die; and as on Calvary's cross I hear Him cry, "It is finished," I remember that He is my Surety, and pays to the uttermost every fraction of my debt.

He became the Surety for His enemies, those who were

"By nature and by practice far,
So very far, from God."

They were not even His friends; for it was what we were enemies Christ died for us. (Rom. v. 6.)

"He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the Surety and sinner are free.

Dear friend, is He your Surety? If not, come to Him at once, and He will cancel the black list of sins that stand against you, and give you to *know* that "your sins ARE forgiven you for His name's sake." (1 John ii. 12.) F. D.

We cannot make *How to be saved* any simpler than God has made it; and it is simply this, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." Some people say you always say, "Believe, believe;" but they forget that it is God who cries it.

WITHOUT WARNING.

IT was a fine summer evening, and the beach of the little watering-place of W—— was crowded with those who, after the bustle and labour of the day, had come to seek a few hours' rest and recreation on the shore. Numbers of little boats danced merrily on the waves, which were beautifully lighted up by the rays of the setting sun.

In one of these boats were two or three young men, who intended, when at a sufficient distance from the shore, to refresh themselves by a bath. Soon one was seen to dive into the water; but, to the surprise of his companions in the boat, he did not rise to the surface. Anxiously they watched the spot where they had last seen him. What could it mean? John S—— was a capital swimmer, perfectly used to the water; and it was doubtless without a thought of danger that he had taken that plunge. Several minutes had now passed, and their anxiety rose to terror. Then a boat put off to the rescue from the pier. The people on the shore had seen the accident, and were anxiously awaiting the result. As soon as the boat had pushed off from the shore there was a movement in the crowd, and a man rushed forward in wild haste. It was the father of John S——. His eager, distracted gaze followed the boat, as he stood on the pier, powerless to save his beloved son.

After several minutes of agonizing suspense the boat was seen returning, and hundreds strained their eyes to see through the gathering gloom what had been the result of the errand of mercy. "Is it life or death?" was the eager cry, as the boat touched the pier. The mournful silence of the boatmen answered the question; and the father's agonized gaze fell upon the lifeless body lying in the bottom of the boat.

Dear reader, do you think that poor John S——, when he left the shore that evening, had any idea of the sad fate that awaited him? And yet how suddenly, in the prime of youth and strength, was he cut off without a moment's warning. And, my reader, are you sure that any warning will be given you? "This night thy soul shall be required of thee," was the solemn word to the rich man in the gospel. Short notice, surely; but even that may not be given you.

Oh, my friend, if still without Christ, think, do stop and think, into what may the next step plunge you! you know very well that it might be that

place where no mercy can ever reach you. It matters not how upright, how religious you may be in the eyes of your fellow-men, all this will not avail you; Christ, and Christ alone, must be your safety. You must either accept or reject Him; and if a rejecter, God speaks a solemn word of warning to you: "He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." (Prov. xxix. 1.)

Oh, do not let this fate be yours! *Now* mercy is offered to you. God loved you so much that He gave His only Son to die for you, that you, a lost, hell-deserving sinner, might be brought as near to Himself as it is possible to be. His death has atoned for every sin of every poor sinner who simply, unreservedly casts himself upon Him for salvation. His death has met all the claims of justice, and opened the way for you to come right into the presence of God, and to find your home there. What greater proof of His love could be given?

Can you any longer refuse to accept such a matchless gift? Can you any longer prefer your own paltry *doings* to that great work *done*, completely finished on Calvary's cross? Oh, come to Him at once as a poor lost sinner, and cast yourself upon Him, and *Him alone*, for salvation! Then you will be ready—ready, should He come to take all His saints to be with Him; ready, should the call be to you individually. "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.)

C. H. P.

THE GREATEST WONDER.

THE mysteries of nature, profound as they are, and even the higher mysteries of the union of soul and body, and of the being of God, although they cannot be explained, still may be laid at God's feet in humble faith; but I cannot account for that strangest of all things—a being with common-sense neglecting to prepare for his immortal existence.

What can the man be thinking of? Does he not see his friends and acquaintances dying daily? and how does he know but he may be the next called? What will become of him then? How any man can put his head upon his pillow, not knowing but he may die before morning, unprepared, is something I cannot understand. It seems to me that I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep until this matter were settled. The idea of a man's living in this world dependent upon God for his very breath, and yet never accepting God's salvation, is wonderful.

NOTHING TO PAY, TO DO, OR TO FEAR.

NOTHING TO PAY?—no, not a whit;
Nothing to do?—no, not a bit:
All that was needed to do or to pay,
Jesus has done in His own blessed way.

NOTHING TO DO?—no, not a stroke;
Gone is the captor, gone is the yoke:
Jesus at Calvary severed the chain,
And none can imprison His free-man again.

NOTHING TO FEAR?—no, not a jot;
Nothing within?—no, not a spot:
Christ is my peace, and I've nothing at stake,
Satan can that neither harass nor shake.

NOTHING TO PAY?—no, thanks be to God,
The matter is settled, the price was

THE BLOOD,

The blood of the victim, a ransom divine—
Believe it, poor sinner, and peace shall be thine.

What am I waiting for?—Jesus my Lord,
To take down the tent, and roll up the cord;—
To be with Himself in the mansions above,
Enjoying for ever His infinite love.

The Watchman's Message.

“And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation.”—GENESIS vii. 1.



THE ARK.

Come to the Ark, the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear:
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near!

Come to the Ark, ere yet the flood
Your ling'ring steps oppose;
Come, for the door which open stood,
Is now about to close.

“And the flood was forty days upon the earth; and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lift up above the earth.”—GENESIS vii. 17.

THE ARK.

THROUGHOUT Scripture we cannot find a more beautiful and striking type of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners, than we have in the ark. In the days of Noah sin so abounded that God could suffer it no longer, and was, so to speak, forced to sweep from off the face of the earth all who would not take warning, but who went heedlessly on in their own ways, fearing not God. But God in His love, willing to save, prepared an ark by the hands of Noah; and when we consider the length of time taken to build the ark, the long-suffering of God is magnificently set forth. One word from God, and the ark could have been in readiness; but not so, one man is put to work, and plenty of time is given for all to hear of the coming flood and this place of refuge. Every nail driven was not only a warning voice, but a gracious invitation to believe and live. But, oh solemn thought! thorough indifference reigned; the voice of Noah fell upon their ears as rain upon the flinty rock, opinions passing, most likely, from one to another, upon the weakness of mind and folly of Noah. They would not believe the message from God. God can justly say, "I would, but ye would not." But after one hundred and twenty years, or thereabouts, of warning, the time was up—God's long-suffering came to an end; the ark was finished, all the animals God wished saved were gathered into the ark, then Noah, his wife and family, "and the Lord shut him in." (Gen. vii. 16.) The door was shut.

Dear unsaved one, what a voice of warning is this to you! Forget not that God's word is as true to-day as it was in the days of Noah. Christ is now the ark of God, prepared by God upon Calvary's cross, while He was nailed to that accursed tree. Oh, what a voice to the sons of men! nails driven through those precious, blessed heads and feet of the adorable Lamb of God, and all, all to prepare an ark for sinners! And yet innumerable are the souls who treat all this work of God with indifference, who think of none of these things. But God is not mocked; the day is fast approaching when He will again shut to the door, and those who have not entered into the Ark must be left outside for judgment, for there is no other way of escape. In the days of Noah some might have climbed to the top of the highest mountain, but all was of no use; the ark was the only place of safety. And so it is now, dear reader; no safety out of Christ. "There

is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1); but all who have heard the gospel and who are not in Him must perish. "But how am I to get into Christ?" you may ask. Well, I will tell you the way. Christ is the way; Christ is the door; Christ is the ark. Come to Him. "Him that cometh to Me," says the Lord Jesus Christ, "I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) He will take you in if you will only come to Him; the only hindrance is with yourself; you will not come to Him. How often has the blessed Lord to say, "Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life." (John v. 40.) Other vessels may be afloat very like an ark. Beware of anything short of Christ, the Ark of God. Religion is not the ark, neither are prayers—nothing short of Christ. "By Me," says the blessed Lord, "if any man enter in, he shall be saved." (John x. 9.)

<p>"O'er mountain, hill, and vale, Glides safely on The ark.</p>	<p>"The wind blows strong and keen, But stronger is The ark.</p>
<p>"How high the billows rise! But higher is The ark.</p>	<p>"How safe, how very safe, Are all within The ark!"</p>

NOT DOING BUT RECEIVING.

DEAR reader, are you weary and worn! and do you say, Oh! I would do anything if I could only obtain salvation? Then, let me tell you assuredly, you have great hope.

It is a blessed fact there is one, and but one, Saviour, who came both to seek and save the lost. (Luke xix. 10.) If your question is, What must I do to be saved? you will have to learn that there still remains but one solution: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." You are to rest upon the finished work of Christ only; your prayers, your feelings, your efforts, are hindrances, if you suppose they are necessary to salvation.

It is the blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth us from all sin. We have every one merited death; but the gift of God through Jesus Christ (and not ourselves) is eternal life. Now if this priceless treasure be a gift, do you not see it is something to accept, and not to be obtained because we seek it?

God loves us, and gives His Son and eternal life through Him. God desires us to take what is offered. While we seek what He is waiting to give, we are making our doings stumbling-blocks. To receive salvation, we must renounce ourselves. I am a sinner, I rely solely upon Christ, who is a Saviour of sinners. I cast aside works, aware of my utter helplessness and lost condition, with not a particle of goodness in me. I just drop into His hands who is mighty to save, and I am safe. May God enable you simply to believe and be saved.

F. P.

ETERNITY: WHERE WILL YOU SPEND IT?

A LADY went to spend the afternoon with some of her friends, who had made up their minds to make it a very enjoyable time. They had recourse to cards and other games, seeking pleasure in the various vanities of the world. She returned home very late in the evening. The joy she had so looked forward to was now over; and she was obliged to confess that it had not satisfied the desire of her heart. As she entered her room, she found that her maid had waited up for her, and had occupied the time with reading a little book. Her curiosity was excited to know what was the character of the book the girl had been reading. When seeing it was a gospel tract, she said, "Poor thing; what pleasure can you find in reading such as that?"

She retired to her room, but not to rest; one single word from that little book had caught her eye. It was "ETERNITY." Her thoughts wandered far on through time. But what could be the meaning of eternity? and where would she be when eternity began? Such thoughts troubled her. She dare not sleep for fear, lest she should wake up in the never-ending eternity; so the weary hours of the night passed slowly and silently until she felt she could endure no longer, and resolved to call up her maid, so as to sit with her. She questioned the girl, and found out that she had joy and peace in believing, and so was able to reveal to the troubled one the only true source of comfort, which is the balm of Gilead from the hands of the Great Physician. Her life was from that time altered. She knew where she could find true joy; and instead of seeking it in the vanities of the world, she had it direct from the One whose desire is that our joy may be full.

It may be, dear friend, that you are seeking pleasure in this world. Your heart may be intent on searching it out; yet know this—that although you may find a little pleasure in sin, yet after these things death will lay its cold hand upon you, and after death the judgment. What will your excuse be, when charged with opportunities lost, salvation neglected, and the love of God rejected and despised?

Where, then, will you have to spend your eternity? Perhaps you do not know, or you are afraid to own the solemn fact that you are hastening on to an eternity without God and without hope. No doubt you are aware that in your present condition you are unfit for the presence of a holy God who cannot

behold iniquity, or look upon sin; and if you know these things so well, why still continue in the road that leads to eternal perdition?

You are asked to stop and think. Stop just where you are, and think where you are marching to. The devil would persuade you to go on with your eyes blinded by him, and would lead you captive at his will (2 Tim. ii. 26) until you reach the portals of eternity, when he will care no longer whether you are blinded or not, for you will be beyond hope, where mercy can never come.

Yet there is good news for you that God has given His Son to die in your stead, "the just for the unjust," and now, whoever you may be, or however great a sinner you are, there is offered to you a free pardon in the name of the King of kings, who will cancel the black list of your sins, and entitle you to spend eternity in His glorious presence, where you will have true joy and happiness.

Dear reader, will you have it? Many have accepted it, and have never regretted the time that they believed to the saving of the soul. Many, too, have despised or refused it; and throughout the dark ages of eternity they will lament of their folly.

Choose, then, to-day whom you will serve; and remember you choose not only for time, but for eternity. The Lord make you wise in choosing.

"Eternity is coming,
Like a mighty wave:
Jesus is THE Refuge;
Trust Him, He will save."

F. D.

"GOD IS LOVE."

THE Father, in His love
For sinners such as we,
Sent Jesus from above
To suffer on the tree.
How good of God His Son to give,
That we on Him might look and live!

The Son, in freest grace,
The love of God displayed,
When in the sinner's place
He, sinless, sin was made.
What wondrous love and grace were shown,
When Jesus did for guilt atone!

The Spirit loves to tell
That once the Saviour died;
And He delights to dwell
On Jesus glorified;
To show to all that from His face
Shine forth the beams of heavenly grace.

As sinners now believe
In God's beloved Son,
They life and peace receive,
And with the Christ are one:
They joy in God, their sins forgiven,
And soon shall dwell with Christ in heaven.

"BELIEVE on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." ACTS XVI. 31.

"This is the WORK of God, that ye BELIEVE on Him."—JOHN VI. 29.

"This is HIS COMMANDMENT, THAT WE SHOULD BELIEVE."—1 JOHN III. 23.

HE THAT BELIEVETH on the SON HATH everlasting LIFE. JOHN III. 36.	IF thou shalt CONFESS with thy mouth the LORD JESUS, and shalt BELIEVE in thine heart that G O D hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be SAVED. ROM. X. 9.	HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT the SON SHALL NOT see LIFE. JOHN III. 36.
He that BELIEVETH on Him is not condemned. JOHN III. 18.	LORD, I BELIEVE. JOHN IX. 38.	DOST THOU BELIEVE? JOHN IX. 36.
He that BELIEVETH on Him is not condemned. JOHN III. 18.	He that BELIEVETH NOT is condemned already. JOHN III. 18.	He that BELIEVETH NOT is condemned already. JOHN III. 18.

"The Lord . . . destroyed them that BELIEVED NOT."—JOHN 6.

HOW loving is JESUS, who came from the sky,
 In tenderest pity, for sinners to die!
 His hands and His feet were nailed to the tree,
 And all this He suffered for sinners like me!
 How gladly does JESUS free pardon impart
 To all who receive Him by faith in their heart!
 No evil befalls them, their home is above,
 And JESUS throws round them the arms of His love.

The Watchman's Message.

"And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering; and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him. Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off. And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you. And Abraham took



ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.

the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together. And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering? And Abraham said, My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering: so they went both of them together."

GENESIS xxii. 3-8.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

IN our picture we see Abraham about to offer up Isaac, as God had commanded. Early in the morning he had risen to obey this command; and as they journey Isaac wonders to see the means of sacrifice; but no lamb to be offered. "God," says Abraham, "will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt-offering." And so it proved. When the place was reached, the altar built, the victim bound, and the knife uplifted, the voice of the angel of God arrests the downward stroke; God's claim of obedience was satisfied, and a ram was provided *instead* of Isaac.

The fire, the wood, and the uplifted knife represent, the just judgment of God against sin. As

sinners we must come under that wrath, unless a *substitute* is found to take our place. Christ is that substitute. "Behold the *Lamb* of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." He satisfied every claim of God's justice upon the cross; no sinner is so vile but may find shelter in Him. It is only to come, to believe. Will you come? Will you believe? Abraham said, "Jehovah-jireh"—"The Lord will provide." Jehovah *has* provided, and that at the cost of His well-beloved Son; and what return does He require? Your worthless self. Oh, matchless grace! *Come*, and by faith lay your hand upon the head of the Substitute, confessing "*He died for me.*"

FAITH EVERYTHING, YET NOTHING.

DURING the year — a boy of 14 or 15 years of age was anxious about his soul. He had been brought up in connection with the means of grace, and was well instructed in the doctrines of religion. He knew that the sinner is saved by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, but he was perplexed as to what it was to believe, and how he was to secure that mysterious something—*faith*. His distress continued for about three weeks; when, one day, the words of the apostle in *Romans xv. 13*, "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing"—not *for* believing, but *in* believing—"that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost," came into his mind like a stream of light; and he knelt down and thanked God for Jesus Christ. He was no longer perplexed about *faith*. He was contemplating *CHRIST*. He was looking at the object of faith. He was believing in Jesus Christ, and admiring and adoring the wondrous mercy and grace of God, the bestowment of this unspeakable gift.

It is usually self-righteousness that keeps the sinner in perplexity with regard to faith. He thinks of believing as something to be done—something to be given—in order to be saved. Faith, however, *gives nothing*; it *takes all*. It is "not a giving, but a taking grace." From the very nature of it, faith looks away to its object. It recognizes Christ. It relies upon Christ. It receives Christ, and full salvation in Him. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become (or the privilege of becoming) sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." Believing on Christ's name, or receiving Christ, we are dealt with as He deserves to be dealt with—He having been dealt with according to our desert. We are regarded and treated as one with Christ. His righteousness is put down to our account; His Father becomes our Father; His peace our peace—nay, all that is His as Saviour is ours in Him. Not only are we freed from the condemning sentence of the law dooming us to eternal death, we are adopted into the family of God, made like unto Him by His Holy Spirit; and, in due time, shall dwell with Jesus in His eternal home, and share with Him all the wealth and felicity and glory of His mediatorial throne.

In a letter addressed to one whom he describes as "looking for peace in striving, or peace in duties, or peace in reforming the mind," *McCheyne* quotes the

words, "For one look at yourself, take ten looks at Christ." We must look at ourselves to see our sin and danger and need of Christ; we must so look at ourselves in the light of the Word, and under the teaching of the Holy Spirit; but if we would have peace—true peace—righteous and gracious peace—we must look away from ourselves to Christ. All our springs are in Him. All our sources of blessing are centred in that blessed One. He is our light, our Righteousness, our Strength, our Song, our All.

Faith is *everything*; because it receives *CHRIST*, who is everything, who "is all and in all." Faith is *nothing*; because it is simply receptivity—letting go self and all creature refuges, and letting Christ be everything.

Anxious sinner, do not perplex thyself as to *what* faith is, or *how* thou art to believe. Look away to the object of faith. Meditate upon His divine dignity and human perfection; His completed and accepted atonement; His mediatorial exaltation and power. Reflect upon the freeness with which He is offered thee in the Gospel—offered thee in all His offices, and *all* the benefits of His redemption. (*John iii. 16, vi. 32*.) Look at Him, receive Him, rest upon Him, rejoice in Him, give thanks for the unspeakable gift of God's Son, and salvation in Him.

THE TWO DEBTORS.

"One owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both."—*LUKE vii. 41, 42*.

THE debt that they owed was mighty,
And yet they had nought to pay;
Their master's demand was urgent—
How should it brook delay.

There was none to pay the ransom,
And hope was concealed in gloom.
Oh, surely he would condemn them
To share in the debtor's doom!

Did he let them pine in prison,
And turn from their prayers in wrath?
No; when they had nothing to pay,
"He frankly forgave them both."

Dost thou owe thy Lord and Master
A debt that is not forgiven,
And fear that thy prayers for pardon
Arn't heard in the courts of heaven?

Then come to Him empty-handed;
Doubt not His love so true.
Be thou e'er so great a debtor,
He'll "frankly forgive" thee too.

A. F. P.



THE REFUGE ON THE ROCK.

I WELL remember Captain —; he was the captain of the *Cadis*, and the last time I saw him we were talking in the cabin just before he started on his last voyage. The vessel had been recently painted and fitted up, and seemed to match well the natty little skipper.

"I should like to be going out with you," I said as I was leaving.

"You can come if you like, old fellow."

"Oh, I cannot this time!"

So we parted, he going to say a few "good-byes," and I to return home.

Taking up a newspaper a day or two after I read a paragraph to the following effect: "The *Cadis* went down yesterday during a dense fog, off Ushant, just before entering the Bay of Biscay; all hands were supposed to be lost, with the exception of two or three sailors, who managed to swim to a rock at some distance from the wreck, and holding a handkerchief up, they attracted the attention of a passing vessel, and were picked up."

Dear reader, I want you to think of the uncertainty of life. Little did that captain think, as he started full of hope, that within a few days he and his crew would have a watery grave. He had passed by the same point many times before; he knew the bay well, but was misled by the fog, and at a moment's notice the ship struck, sprung a leak, and speedily filled with water, and many souls were hurried into eternity. You cannot tell, dear reader, how soon you may be called to pass from time into eternity; it may be at any moment; if so, are you prepared?

You may *hope* you are all right, but it is better to be *sure*; the crew believed they were safe, but they were not; the fog deceived them, and they could not see their danger on account of it; if the sun had

only shined and cleared away the fog they would then have seen they were making for destruction. Thus it is nowadays, many steer into the fog of infidelity, while others sail into the mist of unbelief and superstition, and it needs the sunlight of heaven to shine into their hearts to reveal to them their danger, and dispel the darkness of the natural man.

Reader, take the lamp of God's word, and have it for a light to your path; it will show you what God's thoughts of you are, and also His thoughts of love towards you, and it will bid you flee for refuge to the One who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.

Those two or three who were saved left the sinking wreck for a rock. The Rock—Christ—is the only safe and secure place. Leave this wreck of a world; trust not in it for safety; leave it as they did that sinking ship; flee from its doom as Lot did from Sodom: "Up, escape for thy life, look not behind thee!" find a place of refuge in Jesus, you will then be *safe*, you will then be secure. The billows rolled, the tempest roared, and the waves beat against that rock on which those sailors had taken refuge, and although they were afraid yet they were safe; and the one who flees to Jesus for refuge need never be afraid; rocks may rend, but He cannot be moved.

"In the rifted ROCK I'm resting,
SURE and SAFE from all alarm;
Storms and billows have united
All in vain to do me harm."

But they did not want to stop there always; it was not *home*, although it was deliverance; and as they were picked up they thanked God for a *complete* deliverance. And if you, my reader, will just come and take the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, you will know what it is to be saved from sin and its penalty, from death and hell; you will then be able to say—

"I hear the accuser roar,
Of ills that I have done;
I know them well, and thousands more,
Jehovah findeth none."

But that is not all; for God's will is that you shall find a *HOME* in His presence, where you will be free from storms and shipwreck, and enjoy the pleasures that are only found at His right hand.

If you still cling to the doomed wreck of a world you will have to suffer the storms of God's wrath and fiery indignation, when He comes to execute judgment on all those who obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Reader, choose a *rock* in preference to a sinking ship.

F. H. D.

OUR STATE BY NATURE.

We are all as an unclean thing.—Isa. lxiv. 6.



THE



HEART

CORRUPT. IS DECEITFUL FILTHY.

GEN. vi. 12.

ABOVE ALL THINGS,

Pa. liii. 3.

AND

DESPERATELY WICKED.

THE

JER. xvii. 9.

THE

HANDS

FEET

DO EVIL EARNESTLY.

ARE SWIFT TO SHED

MICAH vii. 3.

NO DIFFERENCE

BLOOD.—Rom. iii. 15.

FOR

ALL HAVE SINNED.

THEIR

THEIR

THROAT

MOUTH

IS AN OPEN SEPUL-
CHRE.

THERE IS
NONE

IS FULL OF CURSING.

ROM. iii. 18.

RIGHTEOUS.

ROM. iii. 14.

ROM. iii. 10.

THAT WHICH IS BORN OF THE FLESH IS FLESH;
AND
THAT WHICH IS BORN OF THE SPIRIT IS SPIRIT.

MARVEL NOT

THAT I SAY UNTO THEE,

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

JOHN iii. 6, 7.

The Watchman's Message.

“PEACE THROUGH THE BLOOD OF HIS CROSS.”—Col. 1. 20.

WHOLE SPRINKLING OF BLOOD IS NO REMISSION.
HEBREWS ix. 22.



AARON SPRINKLING THE BLOOD ON THE MERCY-SEAT.

“IT IS THE BLOOD THAT MAKETH AN ATONEMENT FOR THE SOUL.”
LEVITICUS xvii. 11.

“WE HAVE REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD.”—Eph. 1. 7.

AARON SPRINKLING THE BLOOD.

"And he shall take of the blood of the bullock, and sprinkle it with his fingers upon the mercy-seat eastward; and before the mercy-seat shall he sprinkle of the blood with his finger seven times."

LEV. xvi. 14.

WE have a grand and glorious gospel told out in this impressive atonement-chapter.

God established His throne in the midst of guilty Israel. In the holiest of all—the innermost part of the tabernacle—stood the ark of shittim-wood, overlaid within and without with pure gold, and surmounted with its golden crown. The lid of the ark, too, was of pure gold, while on either end was a golden cherub with outstretched wings and looking inwards. Above the mercy-seat, or the lid of the ark, and between the cherubim, rested the cloud, the well-known symbol of Jehovah's presence. Nothing could meet the eye but gold—*pure gold*—**DIVINE RIGHTEOUSNESS.**

But man is a sinner—not merely has sinned, but is a *sinner*. Most solemn fact! Oh, my reader, as your eye scans these lines, I want your conscience to grasp the reality of your state before God; not as you feel it or realize it, but as He has revealed it in His word. Can *you*, a sinner, stand in the presence of that pure gold—divine righteousness? Can *you* answer the claim of divine holiness? Can *you* meet the demand of the divine glory? Impossible. Listen! "Enter not into judgment with thy servant: for in thy sight shall *no man living* be justified." (Ps. cxliii. 2.) "If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" (Ps. cxxx. 3.) "*Who?*" "*Who?*" It is the unanswered question of creation. Who shall stand should God mark iniquities? The Holy Ghost solemnly answers, "*No man living.*"

Slowly the high priest enters the most holy place—the presence of God. Parting the veil, he approaches the throne of God, and sprinkles **BLOOD** upon and *before* the mercy-seat. Without that blood the mercy-seat had been a throne of judgment; for "without shedding of blood is no remission." Now, God has found a ground on which His love can flow out freely to every creature under heaven. It is a righteous basis, and most holy too. The witness of death—the *blood*—is ever before the eye of God. That unspeakably precious blood is also the blessed memorial of sin judged and put away from before the face of God; now, God's eye rests for ever, not upon my sin, but upon the infinite sacrifice of His own beloved Son. Oh, that perfect sacrifice has satisfied, nay, glorified, God to all

eternity! May I not then be satisfied with that which has infinitely glorified *Him*? Surely I may draw near with boldness too; for by the blood of Jesus I can stand before God and court the bright beams of His glory. His presence, which before was my terror, is now my *home*; for the blood which cleanseth from *all* sin is *there*.

Who now is God's mercy-seat? It is Christ Jesus, "whom God hath set forth a propitiation (or mercy-seat) through faith in His blood." (Rom. iii. 25.)

Come then, my reader, and meet God at this divine meeting-place. The blood shed on the cross, and sprinkled on and *before* the throne, is the blessed and everlasting foundation of the redemption-glory of God. Come then; fear not. In the gospel, God is not speaking to the sinner about his sin and guilt, but about the blood which blots it out.

"How bright, there above, is the mercy of God!
And void of all guilt, and clear of all sin;
In my conscience and heart, through my Saviour's blood,
Not a cloud above—not a spot within."

AN UNANSWERABLE PROOF.

I ONCE stood in a public park to preach the gospel. I had chosen a few words in John iii. from which to address the people, and was just reading the well-known words, "For God so loved the world——" when a loud voice from the midst of the crowd suddenly interrupted me: "How do you know it?" he cried out.

I read on—"that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

There was the answer all ready. And what an answer! If love can be proved by anything, who can disprove the love of God towards poor sinners when shown by *such* a gift! You may turn from it, you may close your eyes and your ears to it, you may mock it and proudly think yourself above the need of it, *but you cannot disprove it*. There it stands in its solitary grandeur, with a proof which shuts the mouth of Satan himself. Oh, what will it be to meet a God who has *so* loved, and at *such* cost, after one has spent a whole life here in the neglect or despisal of it!

And you, precious soul, who neither neglect nor despise it, but who may be tempted by the enemy to doubt it, consider *how* that love has been proved, and your doubts must go to the winds. Read Romans v. 6, 7, and 8, as another proof.

"IT SHALL BE FORGIVEN HIM."

THE great object of all Christ's work is *forgiveness of sins*. The sacrifices for sin under the Jewish laws ended with "It shall be forgiven him." The Jew, after his sacrifice was offered, left the temple positively certain that his sin was put away; about that he had no doubt. There were two parties concerned, one the forgiver, the other the forgiven; and the thing that brought them together was the death of a victim, and bloodshed. So now in this present day there are two parties, not three—one the forgiver, God; the other the forgiven, the sinner. And the work done, is the death of a victim and bloodshed; "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many," bearing away all our sins in His own body on the tree; so that every sinner taking Christ as his sacrifice ought to be positively certain that his sin is put away, and require no third party to ratify or confirm the same. What can be clearer or plainer than the words—"It shall be forgiven him."

HOW SWEET WILL IT BE.

Oh, hear ye now the call,
Ye thirsty ones and weary,
Who seek in vain for pleasures true,
Upon this barren shore!
A fountain now is flowing,
Of joy that passeth knowing;
And whosoever drinketh there,
Shall thirst again no more.

Oh, how sweet will it be
To meet by the river
That flows from the throne
Of God and the Lamb!
Oh, how sweet will it be
To dwell for ever
In the blissful presence
Of the great "I AM!"

In Christ a living stream
Of peace and joy is flowing
For thee, O lost and wandering one,
Though now afar you roam:
On thee He now is calling;
His words of grace are falling;
Believe, and live, and thou shalt dwell
In yonder happy home.

Oh, how sweet will it be, &c.
But there shall come a day—
A day of deepest sorrow,
If you refuse the Christ of God,
Who pleadeth now with thee;
For changed shall be your scornful
Into a bitter mourning.
Then why delay?—Oh, come to-day,
And His salvation see.
Oh, how sweet will it be, &c.

THE STATION CLOCK.

SOME time ago I left home in time to catch a train for a town in Staffordshire; but on arriving at the station I found that by the *outside* clock there was only a minute to spare. I procured my ticket, and was hurrying over the platform, when turning to look at the clock *inside* the station I found there was a difference of three minutes between the *inside* and the *outside* clocks; so I had plenty of time.

On enquiring the reason of a friend who had just come in, he said, "The railway people keep the outside clock three minutes fast, so as to warn people *there is no time to spare.*"

I learned something from that clock. The railway authorities knew well that there are many people who drive things until the last minute, and so they adopted this means of hurrying them on. But not only are there people who foolishly leave themselves little time when travelling by rail, but there are thousands of people—are you one of them?—who live as though life was a certain thing, and death far away. But our experience tells us that life is uncertain, and death certain.

What if death were to visit you to-night—are you ready to meet God?

As the clock at the station was purposely kept too fast to warn people, so we would warn you it is possible to be too late for heaven. The Lord Jesus Himself tells us that there will be those who will knock at the *closed door* to receive the soul-killing answer, "Depart, I have never known you." Yes, the very same loving Jesus who now says, "Come," will then say, "Depart." No mercy when the door is closed, the day of grace past, and those who are outside doomed for ever.

Thank God, not one who reads this paper may hear those awful words. We affectionately ask you, dear friend, to respond to His loving call. Jesus says "Come." Let your answer be—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

F. C. S.

CHRIST is the *door* and the *way*, and, we might say, the *heaven*; for where He is, there is heaven.

The Gospel is the power of God unto
SALVATION.

ROMANS i. 16.

LOOK

UNTO

ME.

ISAIAH xlv. 22.

Salvation! oh, salvation!
Endearing, precious sound!
Shout, shout the word "*salvation!*"
To earth's remotest bound.
Salvation for the guilty,
Salvation for the lost,
Salvation for the wretched,
The sad and sorrow-tossed.

COME

UNTO

ME.

MATTHEW xi. 28.

NOW

IS THE DAY OF

SALVATION

2 COR. vi. 2.

Salvation for the aged,
Salvation for the young,
Salvation e'en for children,
Proclaim with joyful tongue,
Salvation for the wealthy,
Salvation for the poor,
Salvation for the lowly,
E'en life for evermore.

**FULL
AND
FREE.**

Salvation without money,
Salvation without price,
Salvation without labour—
Believing doth suffice;
Salvation now—this moment;
Then why, oh, why delay?
You may not see to-morrow;
Now is salvation's day.

How shall we escape if we neglect so
GREAT SALVATION?

HEBREWS ii. 3.