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THE  
HERALD  
OF  
SALVATION.  

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ILLUSTRATED.



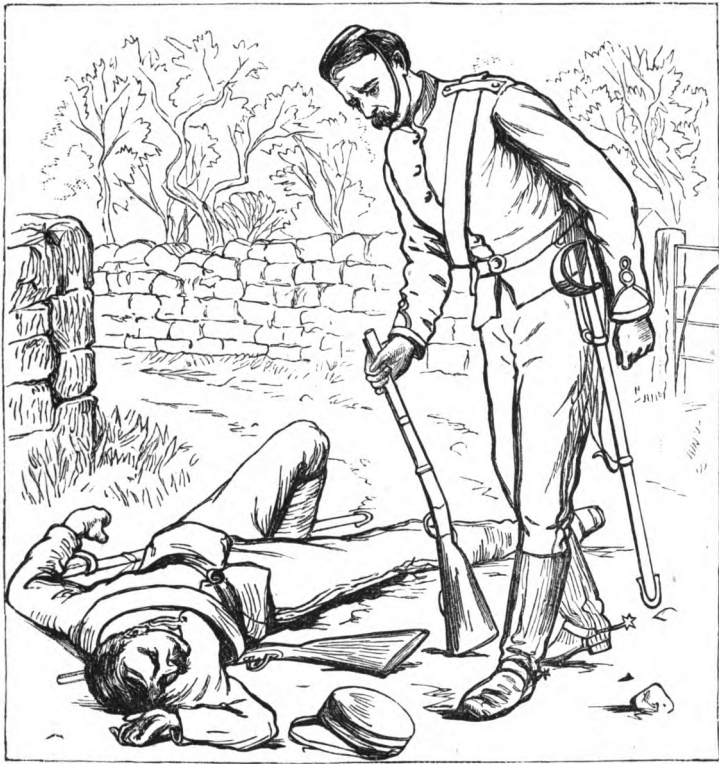






THE  
HERALD OF SALVATION.

FRONTISPIECE.



"This should have been my Fate."

*See page 97.*

THE  
HERALD OF SALVATION

FOR  
OLD AND YOUNG.

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ILLUSTRATED.

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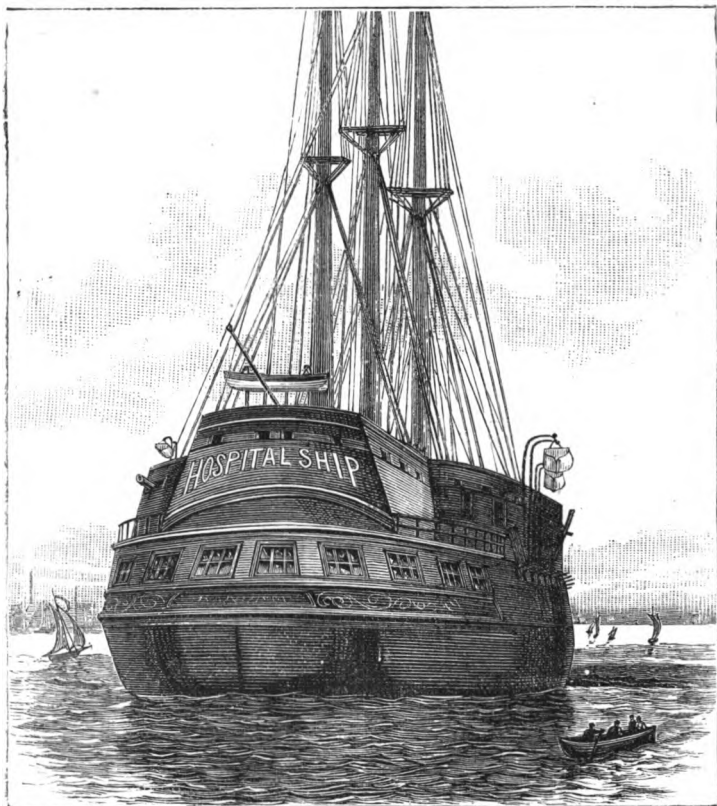
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THE  
HERALD OF SALVATION.



*SHELTERED.*

## SHELTERED.



CHRISTIAN man lay dying; around his bed stood loved relatives, with whom he was soon to part.

In answer to a question, if he feared death or not? he said, "How can I, when I am sheltered by the blood?"

What a precious testimony; precious alike for him who gave it, and for those anxious relatives gathered around his bedside in those last solemn moments.

As we thought over those dying words, they suggested to us the fact that a sinner needs a shelter; that God has provided one—a shelter within the reach of all—a shelter that cannot fail.

### *A Shelter Needed.*

Yes, dear unsaved reader! this is one of your greatest needs. No friendless, homeless, penniless one ever knocked at refuge doors, and sought a shelter from the withering wind without; no tempest-tossed vessel, with its broken spars, its torn canvas, and straining timbers ever sought harbour, more needing shelter than yourself.

Tossed hither and thither by the lusts of your own carnal mind; torn, broken, and well-nigh lost in the rush of worldliness which, it may be, has tossed you about like a toy, and now seems ready to engulf or ruin you upon the terrible breakers of your own persistent follies; you need, ah! yes, you need a shelter.

Above and beyond you, away into the distance, spread the angry clouds of God's wrath, soon to burst and deluge those who have dared to neglect their safety, and to defy the storm soon coming. Oh, reader! solemnly think over the fact of your needing a shelter from the wrath to come (Job xxxvi. 18; 1 Thess. i. 10).

### *A Shelter Provided.*

God provides the remedy for our sin. God has found for us the Saviour our souls require in His own Son, who died for the ungodly. How many there are who fail to see that their need lies beyond the reach of their own power. Therefore, they endeavour, by altered habits, temperance, good resolutions, and religious observances to fit themselves for God and heaven, forgetting that the past still stands to their account; and that, although their ways are altered, they are only serving Satan in other dress.

God has found a shelter for the sinner, a shelter in that precious blood of Christ, which tells of sin put away, of judgment borne, of God satisfied. Reader! nothing but death could meet God's demands, for "the wages of sin is death;" and Christ was willing to meet death; and He has died, and died for the ungodly: for you; yes, for you. As the sprinkled blood on the Israelite's house told of judgment already there, but judgment on the firstling of the flock and not on the first-born, so Christ's death speaks the fact. Sin has been judged in Him for us, and this alone can shelter us. "When I see *the blood I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you*" (Exod. xii. 13). Oh, what a shelter! Is it yours? *It stands*

*Within the Reach of All.*

Like the hospital ship on the Thames, which was open for suffering seamen of all nations who might be in London docks, so God offers to any, to every one, the wondrous blessing of that salvation provided at such a cost—the death of His own dear Son. "*Whosoever believeth;*" "*He that believeth;*" "*All that believe*" (John iii. 16; vi. 47; Acts xiii. 39), are the words God uses to show how He has placed within the reach of all eternal life, and that salvation which cost Christ everything, costs us nothing (Rom. iv. 5; v. 6).

*A Shelter which cannot fail.*

The foundation God laid is *a sure one* (Isa. xxviii. 16); the shelter He provides *a safe one*. This cannot be said of man's. All hiding places, apart from God's Christ, and His precious blood, are refuges of lies, and will be swept away in that day when the sinner will most need to be covered. The hiding places of religious formality, of human uprightness and honesty, of teetotal reform and benevolence will all perish, and be swept away by the terrible rush of God's judgment, and then under the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ alone will safety be found, as in the ark, which was borne up when all else perished. Reader! which have you; God's shelter provided for you, or your own? Oh, if you have been depending on anything else than the Lord Jesus, give it up; better to give it up than perish with it. Take Jesus as your Saviour; and know the judgment of God will not come near you, for He has suffered the Just for the unjust to bring us to God.

C. M.

## A CONTRAST.



**L**NSAVED FRIEND, whose eye may be carelessly scanning the pages of this Gospel paper, suffer me to detain you while I direct your attention to two passages from God's own Word, one or other of which describes YOUR OWN FUTURE. Read this first—

“They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come. And when those living beings give glory and honour and thanks to Him that sat on the throne, who liveth for ever and ever, the four-and-twenty elders fall down before Him that sat on the throne, and worship Him that liveth for ever, and cast their crowns before the throne” (Rev. iv. 8-10).

I suppose you will accept this Scripture without any doubt, that herein God shows forth an eternity of blessedness, which in His grace He has laid up for those who love Him. Now, read another passage with me—

“The same also shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of His indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone. And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever: and they have no rest day nor night” (Rev. xiv. 10, 11).

How solemn the thought, my reader, that if you continue to neglect the salvation which God would, even now, press on your acceptance as a free gift; your dwelling-place will yet be in that dread scene described in my last quotation. I say this to you, not because I wish it to be so, but because I believe that so it inevitably will be.

There is no escaping the conclusion, that in this last Scripture, as well as in the first, the words just mean what they say. Seek not to escape from their awful meaning in the vain thought that they can be explained away. Hope not for a less terrible doom; because it is becoming fashionable, among the wise of this world, to deny eternal punishment. “Rest not day nor night,” are the words in which God describes the ceaseless worship of the redeemed. *The same words* describe the restless pain of the lost. “Unto the ages of ages” (Greek *lit.*), is a statement of how long God will continue to live. In the same words we are told how long His enemies will continue to suffer. And “God cannot lie.”

A. P. M.

## “HE DIED FOR ME.”



SO said J—— W——, after listening to a simple illustration of the substitutionary work of Christ. He had been a very ungodly man. To use his own words, he had lived in the grossest sin for twenty-seven years. He never had a Bible, and only once in his life had he been within a kirk door. He had no religion to boast of. He was a great sinner, and knew it, yet hitherto he had been content to live in sin, seldom thinking of judgment to come.

Gospel meetings were being held in the town where he lived. The first Lord's-day I was there, I noticed him amongst the audience. We had given an invitation in the street, and he had come in along with others. As we spoke of the sinner's doom, J—— W—— trembled. The flames of a never-ending hell, and the restless wailings of the damned, seemed to fill his vision, and strike upon his ear. Ungodly, unforgiven, a lifetime's sins seemed to crush him at the thought of meeting a thrice holy God.

Oh, my dear reader, have *you* ever thought of this? Heaven or hell *must* soon be *your* portion. Which will it be? Are *you* prepared to meet God? Perhaps you pity the one of whom I have been writing. You are thankful you have been brought up religiously, and taught to read your Bible, and respect religious ordinances, and yet—don't be offended—you may have all this, and only be *going respectably to hell*. Jesus said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3). Have *you* been "born again?" If not, your character may be unimpeachable, and your religion applauded, but, as you are, you *cannot* see the kingdom of God. For several nights J—— W—— was found in the meeting for enquirers. Oh! he said, one night, "It will be *wondrous grace* on God's part if He saves me. He was beginning to see from God's word that sinners are saved "by grace through faith" (Eph. ii. 8); that since Christ died *for* the ungodly (Rom. v. 6), it was possible he too might be "delivered from the wrath to come" (1 Thes. i. 10). On this particular evening a brother in Christ was illustrating the substitutionary work of Christ by an incident that occurred during the American war. Men were being raised by conscription to go to the battlefield. One was drawn who had many loved ones to leave behind. A young man, a friend indeed, knowing how he

was placed, offered to take his place in the ranks, and go to the war. The offer of love was accepted, and the substitute marched to the battlefield. During an engagement he was killed. More men were needed, and again men were drawn. A second time the lot fell upon the same man. This time he astonished the officers by saying, "I cannot go; I am dead. Last time men were needed, I was drawn. A young friend took *my place*, and on the battlefield *he died for me*. *I died in the person of my substitute. The law has no more power over me in this matter.*" So it was, and the grateful man erected a monument to his friend, bearing the inscription, "He died for me." J—W— listened eagerly. He saw now that the death of Jesus for sin had met the law's demands for him, and satisfied a holy God. He clasped the hand of the relator and said, "*He died for me; thank God He died for me.*" J—W— was saved. He has since given evidence of his subjection of heart to the Lord Jesus, by being baptized according to His word, and by taking his place in the assembly of God's saved ones.

Reader, can you say "He died for me?"

A. S. R.

### *"WE MUST ASK FOR IT."*



RS. — was led to see that, with all her religion, she was a lost sinner on her way to an undone eternity, exposed to the wrath of a holy and just God.

This discovery caused her to be concerned for her soul's welfare; and the cry rose from her heart, "What must I do to be saved?"

She had been brought up to believe that she could only obtain salvation by "praying earnestly and fervently," and "seeking diligently" for it, and that those who did not possess it had not been "earnest enough" in "asking" for it.

In the providence of God, a servant of Christ came to the district where Mrs. — lived, and preached the Gospel in simplicity and power. He sought to show that Christ had done everything that was needed for the sinner's deliverance; that He had paid the penalty and borne the punishment; and that, in order to be saved, men and women had simply to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

This was something new to Mrs. —, and she was inclined to "keep to her opinion," that "we must ask," and that "simply believing" on Jesus was "too easy" a way of being saved.

One evening, being wearied, Mr. M— entered Mrs. —'s house, and asked if she would be kind enough to give him a cup of tea.

"I'll do that with pleasure," was the prompt reply. In a short time tea was prepared, and placed on the table. Instead, however, of *taking* what had been so kindly and cheerfully provided, he deliberately turned his back on it, and said, "Won't you give me a cup of tea?"

Pointing to it, she replied, "Here it is; take it."

As if he had not heard her, he again repeated his request, "Won't you give me a cup of tea?"

"Here it is; TAKE IT."

When, for the third time, he repeated the question, the patience of the poor woman became exhausted, and losing control of her temper, she indignantly exclaimed, "I won't be insulted in this way in my own house."



The evangelist then turned to her, and spoke to the following effect:—"You have again and again told me that you must PRAY for salvation. When you placed that tea on the table, my duty was to TAKE, NOT TO ASK IT. Instead of TAKING what you had freely provided, I asked and besought you to give it me. This is how *you* are treating God. Salvation has been provided at an infinite cost, and is *pressed* on you for your acceptance. Instead of *you* requiring to ASK God



to give it to you, He is BESEECHING you to ACCEPT it. You were not at all pleased with me when I ASKED you to give me what you were urging me to TAKE. And can your best Friend be pleased with you, in turning a deaf ear to His voice of entreaty, and ASKING Him to give that which he has long been urging and entreating you to receive?"

The conversation was blessed to Mrs. —, and she was led to see that she had all her lifetime been turning her back on God, and "seeking" from Him that which he had been beseeching her to take.

Reader, how do *you* expect to be saved? Do you think that you must "pray" for salvation? If so, be undeceived. As there was only ONE way by which a bitten Israelite could be healed, so there is only ONE way through which a sinner can be saved.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH ON HIM should not perish, but have eternal life" (John iii. 14, 15). Paul did not say to the Philippian jailor, when asked what he had to do to be saved, "Down on your knees and pray;" or, "Ask God to save you;" or, "Seek earnestly and diligently for it, and you will get it." His reply was very simple and plain, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). But does it not say, "Ask, and ye shall receive: seek, and ye shall find?" Quite true; but if you look at the passage you will see that this was spoken to Christ's *disciples*—to *believers*—NOT to unbelievers (Matt. vii. 7-14). Besides, Scripture states that "The sacrifice of the wicked is an ABOMINATION to the Lord" (Prov. xv. 8); "When you make many prayers, I WILL NOT HEAR" (Isa. i. 15); "Let not that man think that he shall RECEIVE ANYTHING OF THE LORD" (Jas. i. 7); "*How then shall they call on Him IN WHOM THEY HAVE NOT BELIEVED*" (Rom. x. 14).

What is the SENSE of praying for salvation when God, at this very moment, is beseeching you to TAKE it? "Whosoever will, let him TAKE the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17).

Was there any sense in the preacher "asking" and "seeking" for the tea, when Mrs. — was *pressing* him to TAKE it?

Will your "praying" make God MORE WILLING to save you than He is at this moment? Impossible! If, then, He wishes you *now to receive* salvation as a free gift, by simple faith in the finished work of His Son, why be so foolish as to continue im-

ploring Him to bestow what He now so eagerly desires you to accept?

Think, besides, of the DREADFUL SIN you are guilty of. You are *refusing* to ACCEPT OF SALVATION when God commands, and beseeches you to take it. Under the pious pretence of "asking," "seeking," and "praying," you turn your back on Jehovah, and neglect, refuse, or despise His "great salvation!" The Lord Jesus says, "Behold, I stand at the door and KNOCK" (Rev. iii. 20). He loves you with a true and tender love. No longer sing—

"Come into my heart, Lord Jesus,"

whilst keeping the door of your heart's affection barred against Him. Hear His blessed voice *in the Word*, and let the Saviour in.

Don't allow Satan to cheat you, by saying, "Time enough."

God says, "Now is the accepted time: now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). Soon the Lord Jesus may cease knocking; soon the Holy Ghost may cease striving. *Then* there will be no hope, no mercy no salvation; and you will be damned for ever. "TO-DAY, if you will hear His voice HARDEN NOT YOUR HEARTS." Even now, as you read these lines, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved for eternity (John iii. 36).

A. M.

## IS CHRIST FOR YOU?



IS Christ for you? Certainly, Christ is for you. If you are not a sinner, I cannot say He is for you; but if you are a sinner, He is for you. There is no doubt about it. "This is a faithful saying," says Paul, "and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief" (1 Tim. i. 15). And more than that, God says that Christ is for whosoever will have Him: that includes you, does it not? Whosoever means anybody. So Christ is for you, unless you make yourself out to be nobody. "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).

# Papers for the Young.

TO THE YOUNG READERS OF THE  
"HERALD OF SALVATION."



DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, I think I can see your happy faces, as you turn over the pages of the "HERALD," to find what there is specially for you this month; and as you have kindly listened to the voice of my pen at times during the past year, I thought I would like to have a talk with you by the same means in this first month of the year: but, in doing so, my heart is divided by two different feelings—one of joy, the other of sorrow. That of joy, because I believe that some of you, my little readers, have already "Come to Jesus," and have had your sins washed away in His most precious blood. And that of sorrow, because the rest of you have not yet come, and, therefore, are still unsaved, and with all your load of sins upon you.

I will say a word to the saved ones first, and then speak to you who are unsaved afterwards.

I am going to give to you who are trusting Jesus a motto for this year. And it is the two words the Lord Jesus said to Peter, and which He also says to each of His own now living upon the earth: "FOLLOW ME!" (John xxi. 19.) And to show how you are to carry this out I have put a word to each letter; so that you are to follow Him—

<b>F</b>	AITHFULLY	...	1 Peter ii. 21.
<b>O</b>	NLY	...	John xxii. 22.
<b>L</b>	OVINGLY	...	Eph. v. 1.
<b>L</b>	OWLY	...	John x. 27.
<b>O</b>	PENLY	...	John viii. 12.
<b>W</b>	ILLINGLY	...	Mark x. 52.
<b>M</b>	OMENTARILY	...	Luke ix. 23.
<b>E</b>	ARNESTLY	...	Matt. iv. 20.

I have not the time to speak on each of these words, but I would say to you, "Be like Bartimæus." Directly the Lord Jesus opened his eyes, we are told he "followed Jesus in the way;" and especially, dear children, do you need to follow

Him, for He alone is acquainted with the way you ought to go. It is quite a new year to you, there will be fresh trials and troubles, different temptations that Satan will bring against you, and hindrances put in your path that you have never known before : so you need One who knows the way ; One you can rely upon and trust in ; One who will carefully and lovingly lead and, if needful, carry you over the rough places ; this One is "Jesus." He will be all this to you and much more ; He is the Good Shepherd who goes before His sheep, and they follow Him (John x. 4). So, dear little ones in Christ, through His grace and strength, which He will willingly give, seek to carry out each day of this new year your motto, "Follow Me!"

And now, my dear children, I have a word for you. Yes! for you who in your hearts know that you are not yet saved. And it makes me feel very sad when I think of you ; because being unsaved means to be lost, shut out of the presence of God for ever. You, too, are entering upon another year ; you know not what a day may bring forth. It might be this year that God will call you away by death : then what about your soul? What about that long eternity, dear children? Or the Lord Jesus may come, and take all who are trusting in Him away to be for ever with Himself, and you would be left behind. There would be no more nice pieces in the "HERALD" telling of a Saviour's love ; no more happy meetings ; no more invitations to come and trust in Jesus ! All this would be done with, and only an awful coming judgment to look forward to. Ah ! you say, these are not happy or joyous thoughts to commence the new year with. No ! they are not, dear children, but they are very true and very real ones, and I pray that the Holy Spirit may write them upon your hearts ! God has graciously spared your lives until now ; the Lord Jesus has not yet come, and why? Because He desires that you should come to Him now and be saved ; and just as He says to Christians "Follow Me!" in like manner He says to you "Come unto Me!" He wants you to

Come for **P**ARDON ... Isa. i. 18.  
**P**ROTECTION ... Gen. vii. 1.  
**P**EACE ... Matt. xi. 28.  
**P**ROVISION ... John xii. 21.

God will pardon all the sins you have committed if you come and trust in the Lord Jesus. You remember that in the book of Genesis we have an account of Cain and Abel. Cain

brought to God the fruit of his own toil, but God could not accept it, as it was from the earth which God had cursed because of sin, and he was rejected. Abel brought a little innocent lamb, and took its life, shedding its blood, and offered it upon the altar to God. Abel by that act said to God, "I am the sinner! I ought to die, but please receive the death of this little lamb in my place." And God did so, and pardoned Abel. You must also come the same way—not that you have to offer a lamb, that has been done already. The Lord Jesus is God's Lamb; He was offered up on Calvary's Cross, and all who believe in Him receive pardon; for God says in His Word, "Without shedding of blood is no remission" or pardon of sins.

You will also get protection. Noah in the ark was quite safe from the judgment that was destroying all those who were outside. No harm came to him; the ark was to him and his family a sure refuge, and so will the Lord Jesus be to you if you trust in Him. You have often sung—

"Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
Jesus has died for me!"

Is it true? is He your refuge? If you receive Him as such you shall be so safe in Him. For we read in God's Word that "there is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." And not only protection, but you shall receive peace in your soul as well. We read in the gospel by Mark about the disciples out on the lake in a storm, and thinking the boat was sinking they cried out to the Lord Jesus, who was sleeping on a pillow, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" And He arose and rebuked the wind, and there was a great calm. And so, dear children, if you listen to His voice now, it will speak peace to you, taking away all fear and giving you perfect rest.

Lastly, you shall have provision. He will feed your soul. Nothing you can obtain in the world will do this. Its pleasures, its wealth of whatever kind, will never satisfy; but Jesus is the "Bread of Life!" He is the "manna." All through that long wilderness journey God fed His people Israel, as there was nothing for them in the desert. So shall it be with you, for we read, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd." Come then, each of you, and be one of that flock, and it shall be, indeed, a bright new year to all my young readers.

G. S. J.

## "HELL WASN'T MADE FOR ME!"



IN the summer of 186— I frequently visited a dying Christian woman in I—, one who had been notoriously careless, and who in a remarkable way, eighteen months before her death, was led to Christ.

One day, in coming away from her house, I saw a woman



standing in the door of an adjoining house. I spoke to her of her sins and her need of a Saviour; but finding her very indifferent, I sought to reach her conscience by the solemn things of God's Word. So I said to her, "It is heaven or hell, you know,

and you must be in one or the other for ever." This, instead of acting on her conscience and leading her to think of her sin and danger, only roused her temper, and angrily she replied—

"Hell wasn't made for me; it was made for dogs, and such as you. I pray every day."

"Oh, no, you never prayed in your life," I replied, as I saw she was a careless woman, putting on the cloak of religion for the moment, so as to turn away the edge of what had been said.

"You are not my judge; you need not condemn me, or One will condemn you;" and on that she walked away, and it seemed as though the word had been spoken in vain; but not so. Though years passed, seven or eight at least, she never could forget that conversation; and when, in 1875, I was holding a meeting in a cottage near by where she lived, she came to hear, and could not rest that night, being under such deep conviction of sin. The next morning, in agony of soul, she knelt first at one side of the bed, and then at the other, crying, "Oh, Lord, take away this burden;" and that morning found peace, not through prayer or feeling, but through believing on the Lord Jesus, whose precious blood had made atonement.

Living near to her was a Christian woman, who had on several occasions warned her of her danger, and told her of salvation through the death of Christ. To her she had said in reply, "Oh, I don't believe any one has a right to say to people 'You are going to hell.'" "Why," replied Mrs. M—— "I could stand all day and hear that, for I know it would not mean me, for I am going to heaven."

At another time, when the necessity of being converted was brought before her, she carelessly replied, "Ah, well, if I was converted I would not tell any one." But when that morning she found peace in believing, the first thing she did was to run off to that Christian and knock at the door. As it was opened, she said, "Mrs. M——, I am saved, and have lost that load of sin; I know I have." It was on her death-bed, four years after her conversion, that I saw her again, and then she herself told me, what I had forgotten, of the way I had spoken to her, and how she answered. Then she could praise God for the faithful words which once had roused her anger. Very bright was her testimony, as she lay in much suffering for some months.

"Thank God for what He has done, give Him all the glory," she used to say; and as Mrs. M—— was with her when she was dying, she said, "Though I walk through the valley of the

shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

"Safe in the arms of Jesus ;"

"There is sweet rest in Jesus."

Then she said, "Mrs. M——, pray ;" and as she prayed the Lord to take His suffering child home, though scarcely able, she clasped her thin bony fingers together, and cried aloud, "Take me now, Lord ; now, Lord, I am waiting."

Mrs. M—— then whispered to her—

"On the other side of Jordan,  
In the sweet fields of Eden,  
Where the tree of life is blooming,  
There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for you."

As she ceased repeating it, the dying one said, "Glory, glory, glory." These were her last words, for in a few minutes she ceased to breathe, and was home with the Lord.

And now, dear reader, ere you put this paper down, will you be faithful to yourself? Turn not away in anger as this one did, for *you* have no promise for the future, nor any certainty of another moment in which to accept Christ. How many are suddenly called away with scarcely a moment in which to awake even to the fact that they are dying, and as to eternal realities is it not true,

"Starting, they *wake* and find themselves undone?"

Then delay not, but as a lost and guilty sinner, trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and His precious blood will cleanse you from all sin. And remember, that although in this and other cases salvation was with gladness accepted at last, many, very many, who have slighted God's mercy, and turned away from His grace, have never afterwards shown any anxiety, or given any evidence of the new birth. They rejected Christ when presented to them, and although they may have often heard of Him after that, there was no yielding of heart to Him. They have died as they lived. Beware, then! Do you now see your sin and your need of a Saviour? As you look into eternity, does your heart tremble as conscience accuses, and you know that you are not prepared to meet God? Delay not—do not let the fact that this woman afterwards trusted Christ lead you to put off trusting in Christ to another season. We have only one case in Scripture (the dying thief) of one in life's latest moments being saved ; and, remember, you are not like him. He had never before heard of Christ ; you often have. Then at once "believe, and thou shalt be saved." R. T. H.



## THE ACTOR'S CONVERSION.\*



SEVERAL years ago I saw a crowd of people entering a large music hall in one of our sea-port towns. I listened to the sound proceeding from within, and found that it was not the usual class of music sung in such places to entertain those who are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," but bright, happy strains of Christian praise. I followed them into the place, and found *boxes, galleries, and pit* filled with a motley audience, whose attention was concentrated upon an old man speaking from the stage.

In a moment one felt struck with the intense earnestness of his language and demeanour. Life, Death, and Judgment appeared to him *terrible realities*. Yet he was no mere ranting enthusiast, possessing zeal without knowledge, or uttering words without power; but there was an unction in his speech, and richness in his language, that commanded the attention of his hearers; who could not fail to be struck also with those furrowed lines on the brow of the speaker, which told their tale of suffering, and a wandering, wayward life, in *the far off country*, where prodigals spend their substance in riotous living, when they strike for independence of God.

Although this scene was witnessed many years ago, I shall never forget the impression received in the music hall that evening, although I have often heard the old man since, telling out from his full heart, "*the old, old story, of Jesus and His love.*"

A previous speaker having referred to God's wondrous providential dealings with him, to bring his stubborn will into subjection to the gospel: the old man followed him, in language similar to this:—

"It is not often that I feel led by God's Spirit to speak of the follies of my past life, when I did what seemed right in my own eyes, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and mind, and rioting in sinful pleasure. But my soul is stirred up by what our brother has said, to testify to 'the exceeding riches of His grace,' in having 'snatched me as a brand from the eternal burning.

"I only speak of myself, to magnify Him, whose *kindness and love* have been so manifestly shown, in sending Jesus to die for the *ungodly* (Rom. v. 6).

"My past history is more chequered than most of yours, and some of its pages are so blurred and blotted that I must of necessity pass them over.

"A person walking through the streets of Liverpool many years ago, might have noticed a lad of only fourteen summers, whose careless defiant air told its own tale of self-will, and re-

bellion from his parents' authority; and would lead the observer to conclude that he had sunk deeper in the mire of sin than boys of that age generally. That lad was the speaker you are listening to; and now I must tell my own story:

"It was not parental neglect that caused me to forsake the paths of virtue and morality, and plunge into dissipation and vice. The watchful care of a pious mother had early taught me the things that belonged to my peace. At her feet I had learned to lisp the name of Jesus, and sing hymns of 'the better land.' She used to read to me out of her well-worn Bible, about Samuel and David, and the prophets of old; and placing her hand upon my head, she would talk kindly to me about Him who, though born in a manger, was a Prince and a Saviour, and visited this sinful world to bring peace and glad tidings, and purchase for all men the forgiveness of their sins. She sowed the *incorruptible seed of God's Word* in my youthful mind; but the thorns of bad society choked it, so that for many years it bore no fruit.

"I broke away early from every restraint, and launched out into the stream of iniquity and sin. The current bore me rapidly on, and the fascinations of sinful pleasure blinded my eyes to all danger. I thought of no future, and thus:

'Careless of my soul immortal;  
Heeding not the call of God;'

I hastened on in the broad road leading to destruction.

"From then up to my 30th year of age, I revelled in all the gaiety of theatrical life, and my history consisted only of one dark catalogue of sin, too black to be dwelt upon; and if I ever do refer to those days, it is only to say, in the words of the Apostle, 'What fruit have I in those things whereof I am now ashamed, for the end of those things is death?' And, oh! as I sometimes look back upon those years of misspent life—a vast gap in that life's existence—and see the fire from which, by God's mercy, I have been snatched, my soul is bowed in adoration of 'the exceeding riches of God's grace,' that saved such a degraded sinner, and treated me like Joshua in Zech. iii. 3. Here we see a man *clothed with filthy garments*—showing what the sinner is in God's sight, under the power of Satan, his adversary. Now, in this state of helplessness and despair, *the representative sinner stands silent*, admitting his guilt and corruption; whereupon God's grace delivers him, so that, in ver. 4, the filthy garments are taken away, and a fair mitre is

put upon his head. Thus has God in mercy raised me up, and made me what I am.

"My first awakening was at about the age of 30, in rather a striking manner. At the time, I was manager of my own theatre in the town of Geelong, Australia. Among the actors was a young man, born in Sydney, whose father had been in America, and had imbibed the teachings of Tom Payne. This young man was one day mocking at the book called the Bible, and, quoting from the infidel text-book, was leading the minds of others to mock the Bible as an invention of crafty priests. They all seemed to agree with the infidel.

"But this time I was moved by a higher power to rebuke those men. I had always felt a reverence and awe for that sacred book, which my mother had taught me to read at her knee; and with her it was no dead formality of a religious exercise; no mere theoretical knowledge of the *letter* of God's word; but Christianity with her was *vital godliness*, a living practical reality of daily life, *manifesting the truth of God*, just as He meant it to be with all His children. She lived out the grand principles of God's word; and when the sceptics' arguments were strong against the authenticity of the Scriptures, I could never refute that 'living epistle' which had consistently appeared before me in the years of my childhood. Oh! that Christian mothers and fathers would apply these truths to their hearts, and shine for Jesus in this dark world; 'commanding their children after them,' like Abraham; and 'training them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' as Eph. vi. 4 exhorts them to do.

"It is true that the long course of sin I had pursued weakened its influence for good; but the early teaching of my mother was not quite obliterated, so that, when they abused *her Bible*, I turned fiercely upon them and said—"The Bible, sirs, is a book wrapped in a mystery beyond our comprehension."

"We separated, they to their beds, but myself to the silent bush; for home thoughts of childhood had now filled my mind.

"I remember well that beautiful starlight night. Everything in nature around me possessed a charm peculiar to those tropical climes. Language fails to describe the beauty of such a landscape and sea-view as met my gaze that night, when God spoke to my hardened soul.

"As I lifted my eyes above, and saw the full moon shedding upon me its soft mellow light; and the clustering stars in the

firmament above, which seemed to fix their tiny eyes upon me—the weary prodigal; a voice within seemed to enquire, ‘Who made those planets you gaze upon? and what power organised and sustains all the sublime mechanism of the universe?’ The tiniest blade of grass at my feet seemed to speak of an infinite Creator, and to defy the greatest human philosopher to make such a thing. The trees and plants around me seemed silently to ask, ‘What, think you it is, which causes our branches to blossom and bear fruit in their season, and to supply the varied wants of mankind? What sends the rain and sunshine in their season, to promote our growth, and maintain our life?’ Everything thus in nature seemed to ask for investigation, and convince me of the folly of doubting the existence of a supreme being.

“Occupied with these thoughts, I reached the beach, and paused again to admire the beauty of the scene. Before me was stretched the beautiful bay of Geelong, looking like a mirror in the silvery light. The waves rolled in over the strand, and fell in spray at my feet, so that a conviction entered my soul that God ruled supreme over all His creation. But this was not the knowledge of the only true God, revealed to poor sinners through Jesus Christ our Lord, and which brings eternal life to every weary and heavy-laden soul that looks to Him, and trusts in Him, by simple faith. But it was one of those marvellous links in the chain of God’s providence, that turned my feet from sin to Himself.

“At a late hour that night, I returned to the hotel, and retired to bed, longing for *rest* I could not find. Memories of home came thronging around me, as I turned from side to side on my restless pillow. Bitter recollections of all my misdoings in the past were rushing through my mind with intense and burning imagery, and drove me almost to distraction. I thought of the kind mother and friends I had left far away on the shores of my native land: of the sinful pleasures I had indulged in, and for the gratification of which I had sacrificed all that was noble and good. At last I fell into a slumber: but ‘God speaks once, yea twice; yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed. Then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction; that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man. Yea, He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing by the sword’ (Job xxxiii. 14).

*(To be continued.)*

## I'M AS GOOD AS IN HELL.



URING an open-air service, and while the people were singing that well-known hymn—

“ Rejoice, ye saints ; the time draws near,  
When Christ will in the clouds appear,  
And for His people call !

Trim your lamps, and be ready ;  
Trim your lamps, and be ready ;  
Trim your lamps, and be ready ;  
For the midnight cry ! ”

the preacher noticed an old man evidently affected, and the tears freely coursing down his weather-beaten face. Some time after this meeting he was passing through the same village, when a person came out of a cottage, and running up to him, asked if he was the person who had spoken in the open air some time previously ? He replied that he was.

“ Then do come and see my poor old father ; he is dying, and has often wished to see you.” When he reached the house, and had got inside, he found it was the same old man whom he had recognised weeping at the open-air meeting, lying upon his dying-bed in awful agony of soul ; and after specially referring to that service, the poor old man exclaimed with solemn but terrible vehemence, “ It is too late now ; my lamp is not trimmed, I was not ready that night ” (referring to the open-air meeting). He might have been saved, but he had let the opportunity pass ; and it was too late now. Scriptures of encouragement were read to him ; texts of invitation were quoted, but all apparently without avail. And with awful, solemn earnestness the poor old man kept crying out, “ *I'm as good as in hell !* ” “ *I'm as good as in hell !* ”

Beloved reader, it is no light thing to trifle with conviction. Neither is *conviction* of sin *conversion*. Many have been convicted of their sins who have never been savingly converted ; and because a person may be under conviction, it is no proof he will of necessity be converted. Many stifle and drown conviction ; others remain convicted of their sins and sinnership before God, and yet ultimately die, and are lost for ever. And *you*, dear reader, may be one of them if you procrastinate longer.

“ Ere it be too late,  
Flee thou to mercy's open gate,  
And join Christ's waiting band.”

God's time is *now*. “ Behold, now is the accepted time. Behold, now is the day of salvation.” And your time is *now* ;

not to-morrow, or any future time. "Come *now*, and let us reason together," says God. "*To-day*, if you will hear His voice."

"One only door of Heaven  
 Stands open wide *to-day*;  
 One Sacrifice is given:  
 'Tis Christ, the Living Way.  
 No other Name is given;  
 No other Way is known;  
 'Tis Jesus Christ, the First and Last:  
 He saves, and He alone.'"

S. B.

## Papers for the Young.

### SOWING.



THE word at the head of our paper leads us quite away from town life and business.

Some of our young readers who live in large cities, have seldom perhaps seen a field sown, if ever. The most they know of sowing is connected with a very small garden, and a few flower seeds, which seem as if they would never come up, and then never to prosper for want of sun, and because of smoke.

And if they were taken by father or mother, or their Sunday school teacher out for a holiday to some country place, how strange a farm would seem to them.

How interested they would be with all the different animals, and the machines for so many purposes, and all that was growing in the different fields! But they would have to ask what almost everything was; whilst country children would laugh at their ignorance.

But even when they do go for a run in the country, it is generally from June to August, when the sowing time is past, and what they see then is the corn still green and growing, or waving in the gentle breeze, almost ready to be cut down and carted home. I wonder whether those who have seen the corn thus have asked themselves how it came there? Think of it

now. It did not grow of itself. If the farmer had for months before simply walked, or ridden about doing nothing, and never set any men to work, would he ever have seen such a harvest of corn? Even our young readers know better. All he would have found on his land would have been weeds.

And so the farmer has plenty to do before he can expect a crop. He must plough and clean the land. He must sow, and much besides. And only as he sows will he reap.



And this brings us to the words of the Lord Jesus, so familiar to many in the Parable of the Sower (Matt. xiii.) Leave a piece of ground to itself, and it will bear evil weeds, and many, but no corn will grow thus. And so the Bible says, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. xvii. 9). "There is none that doeth good, no not one" (Rom. iii. 12). And because our hearts are like the ground that will only produce weeds if left to itself, Jesus tells us in this simple parable, "Behold, a sower went forth to sow." The Word of God is the seed that He scatters everywhere among men. And thus,

instead of God expecting good things from you, He comes to you, *giving* you His Word.—Jesus,—eternal life, through believing in Him. How important for you to know that until you *receive* something from God, He will never receive anything from you.

If before you receive Jesus from Him, as His gift, to be your Saviour and your life, you try to be good and to pray, and thus to give God something, He will not accept it. You must receive from Him first the life He so freely bestows. And until you do this, bad tempers, lies, disobedience to parents, and selfish ways, will grow fast like weeds in the ground of your evil heart.

You must receive then God's Word. He is the sower. Let the seed fall into your heart. It is His Word. It will tell you what you are. It will not flatter or praise you. It will not say, "You are a good kind boy, and if you do your best you shall get to heaven;" but it will tell you "your heart is bad, your sins deserve punishment, you are not good, you never can do good;" and when you believe that, how glad you will be to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who when we deserved to be punished, was punished for us, as He died on the cross! And trusting Him, Christ is yours, and then you will be able to bring forth good fruit, pleasing to Him.

Do you see in our picture how the birds follow the man who is sowing, and as the seed falls they drop down where it is and pick up all they can?

Jesus tells us about these birds in the parable, and He explains to us that they are a picture of the "evil one" that is Satan. And when your heart seems to be opening to take in God's Word, Satan tries to pick it away, and make you forget it, or he tries to make you think of other things; and thus hinder you from thinking about your precious soul, and heaven and hell. There is much else in this parable, but it's all intended to teach us that whether young or old, rich or poor, we can only bring forth weeds, that is, do evil, if left to ourselves; and that we must receive from God, before we can do good. Have you ever received anything from Him? Have you received His gift—Jesus, and with Him the forgiveness of all your sins? If not, receive Him now—that is, as a guilty sinner that can do nothing to please God—believe on His Son. "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).

R. T. H.



**THE END**  
Of the ENEMIES of the CROSS of CHRIST  
IS  
**DESTRUCTION.**

*Phil. iii. 18, 19.*

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**WHEN**  
THEY SHALL SAY PEACE & SAFETY  
THEN  
**SUDDEN DESTRUCTION**  
SHALL COME UPON THEM.

*1 Thess. v. 3.*

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**WHO**  
SHALL BE PUNISHED  
WITH  
**EVERLASTING DESTRUCTION**

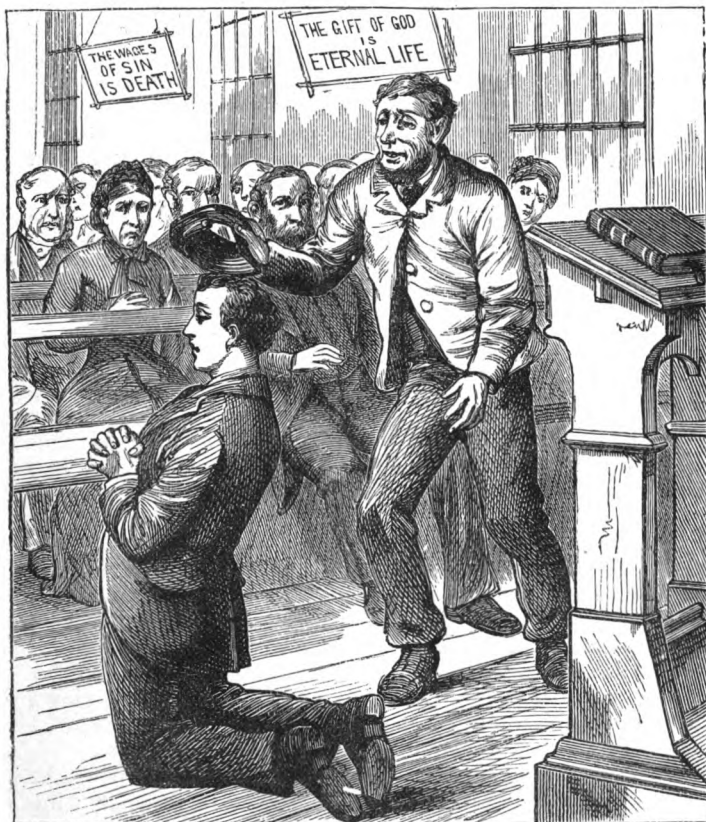
From the PRESENCE of the LORD,  
AND  
From the GLORY of HIS POWER.

*2 Thess. i. 9.*

## AMEN; OR, THE DRUNKARD SAVED.



**H**ORTLY after my conversion a few of us began to work a village mission. During the services one evening, while I was preaching the Gospel, a man with a dirty linen jacket on pushed his way roughly into the middle of the little chapel, and sat himself



down on a seat directly opposite me, still retaining his cap upon his head. By the man's singular appearance and deportment I saw that he was the worse for drink, and had come into

the meeting to have a little "fun," and not as a quiet attentive hearer of the preached Gospel.

He had not been seated long before he claimed full liberty to dissent from or approve of what I was saying by grotesque and funny ejaculations. I appeared to take no notice of him for some time, until I saw the people's attention was being drawn to the man, and the only alternative was to quietly, but briefly, close the meeting; at the same time suggesting, that if any one wished to remain, we could spend the remainder of the time in prayer, thinking our disturber would not relish a prayer-meeting, and so would leave without giving us any further trouble. But the man still kept his seat, and naturally others beside remained, out of curiosity, to see what further game he would be up to.

After a little while a few Christians engaged in prayer, especially remembering our tipsy friend. He seemed to heartily enjoy their prayers, by loud ejaculations of "Amen!" I felt it was a solemn time under the circumstance, and that the Lord was even able to save a man while under the influence of drink. At last I engaged in prayer, pleading with God on behalf of our friend present; but while I was praying, he took off his black cap from his own head and placed it on mine, at the same time shouting out lustily, but irreverently, "Amen, Amen, Amen!" Of course this unceremonious and indecorous performance broke all the solemnity of the meeting, and created no little amusement among our unconverted friends present; so I saw it was useless to prolong the meeting any further while he was there, and told him the present meeting was over, and if he did not wish to be locked in the chapel all night he had better go at once. I then, taking him by the arm, suggested that perhaps he would like to go out with me. He immediately rose, with a little of my help, and swaggered towards the door. When I had got him outside, I spoke a few loving but solemn words to him; and, after bidding him a hearty welcome to come again, said to him, "Now, when you are gone, a few of us will pray for your conversion." He seemed to be amused at the idea, and off he went. When he had got fairly away we closed the door, and earnestly commended him to the Lord; specially praying for his conversion, and that he might be brought speedily to the Lord Jesus, "clothed, and in his right mind." While we were praying for him, God began to work in the man's soul. That night he had

little sleep, and on the following morning he seemed ashamed to be seen, conscious that what he had done on the previous night was wrong; that the life he was living was opposed to God; and that, if he did not repent and turn to God, he would certainly be lost for ever; and not only have a drunkard's death, but a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's hell. To our surprise and joy our friend was among the listeners on the following Lord's-day evening, not only sober, but serious; and in a very short time made a public profession of faith in the Lord Jesus; and for many years has borne a bright testimony for the Lord Jesus; and that he was a changed man, and a humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. Yes, dear reader, a drunkard saved! It could be truly said of him, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Oh, the marvellous, matchless grace of our God, in giving His Son to die for us sinners of the Gentiles, who were, and are by nature, "afar off," "dead in trespasses and sins!" But such is the power of the Gospel of the blessed God! When received into the heart by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, it not only converts the drunkard into a sober man, but creates a radical change in his whole life and ways down here; and his ways and actions bespeak, or ought to, that "old things are passed away, and *all* things have become new;" and that he is a dead and risen man in Christ Jesus, and living by the faith of the Son of God, who loved him and gave Himself for him.

Now I wonder whether you have, beloved reader, experienced such a blessed change! Has the Gospel, the blessed tidings of God's love to sinners, which I have no doubt you have listened to many a time, effected any change in your life? If it has not, depend upon it your professed faith "is vain, and you are yet in your sins:" for you have not believed from the heart in Him whom God has raised from the dead. But you need not despair: there is abundant mercy with God to save all who come to Him by Christ. He delights to pardon, and it rejoices His heart when sinners, however black and guilty, surrender themselves, just as they are, up unto Him who says, "him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

"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." May you, dear reader, believe in Him, and then you will *never perish*, but *have everlasting life*.

S. B.

## THE ACTOR'S CONVERSION.

(Continued from Page 19.)

### THE DREAM.



EATED upon a rostrum as an actor, in the kingly robes of Richard III. The scene, St. James' Street, Liverpool. My brother Isaac, who was taken away by the cholera which raged in Liverpool during the year 1832, seemed to be again alive, and dressed as 'Pan,' in heathen mythology as the 'god of Shepherds,' with a crook in his hand, and clothed in rags. He stood by St. James' Church-yard, myself seated upon the opposite side. He was instructing me in the mysteries of nature, showing that every complete thing, whether animal or vegetable, was, in its own sphere, a world in itself, with other insect worlds feeding upon it; and that everything was feeding upon everything, and as everything came out from the earth, so the earth itself was feeding upon all her offspring. I then asked him what was the soul of man. He showed me a man whose body fell and crumbled to dust, but the soul remained standing, an immortal thing, with all the parts possessing features as with the body, but nothing material could hurt or move it: like a pillar of smoke—you might pass a sword through the figure, but it could not touch it. Many other things were shown at an open grave, and intimations given of a life of faith, and a life of suffering for Christ and truth's sake. I then desired to see mother, and whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell, we were caught up, and the happiness of heaven would be impossible to describe. My mother was in the glory: I wanted to stay with her, but another curtain was drawn, and blackness of darkness was there. Myriads of lost souls writhing in agony could see the joy of the saved, but had lost that life; indescribable torment was their portion; they knew what they had lost, and eternally struggling to get the life back was hopeless despair. One of these appeared to swim in liquid agony toward me, and with intensified horror depicted upon the countenance of that lost soul, I awoke bathed in perspiration and affright.

"For some time this dream had a restraining influence upon me, and kept me from outward sin; but I found no rest or peace, because I sought it not at the Cross of Christ; and my proud heart still refused to yield the obedience of faith to the blessed overtures of the Gospel of God's grace.

"Shortly after this, news arrived of the great discovery of gold-fields in California, and I joined that greedy crowd who

packed up their things and started for San Francisco. Joining an American company there, we stayed some months in the Pandemon Inn of that place, and went on to the gold-fields of Coloma.

"We left that settlement, and journeyed still further to discover, if possible, more productive gold-fields to work in. Careless of fatigue, hunger, and disappointment, we pursued our way over wild and desolate tracts of country, where nothing met the eye but brushwood, trees, or prairie land. Still we heeded not the discomforts of the way; for our object was GOLD, and for it we were willing to suffer want or peril.

"I often think now, that if men of the world, for the mere love of adventure, or for the acquirement of a perishable object, will endure such privations—Oh! how much self-denial and hardship should Christians be prepared to suffer who are 'constrained by the love of Christ!' Should we begrudge time, toil, or labour in 'laying up treasures in heaven?' If Mammon's cross is cheerfully borne, should not Christ's be? Oh, it may do us good to remember that *self-denial* is not confined to Christianity. To gain any coveted object, men renounce ease and pleasure; just as we were doing in our hazardous journeys over those dreary Californian plains.

"But my dissipated habits had been gradually undermining my health, so that disease began to prey into my limbs, and my strength to fail. One day, as we were travelling, I was so far exhausted that my companions halted, and helped me to the shelter of a tree, under which I was placed, and soon began to sink. For days they remained at my side, watching the sands ebb slowly out of the glass of my existence, and expecting each hour would be my last. So weak had I become, that the weight of a grasshopper was a burden; and all desire seemed to fail. So weak, that the pale horse, with DEATH for its rider, seemed to stand near, ready to trample me into the bottomless pit prepared for the wicked and those who, like me, had lived only for sinful pleasures, and had forgotten God. There I lay, without one ray of gospel hope to cheer my guilty soul; but only 'a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.' There I lay, a wreck in the prime of life; and to all appearance drifting fast from the shores of *time* to that vast ocean for whose dark expanse I had no chart or pilot to guide me.

"My comrades waited at my side, and, fancying my hours, perhaps moments, were numbered, they had dug my grave

under the shadow of that same tree, ready to place my poor emaciated body in it when the spark of life had fled.

"As I lay there, *on the eve of death*, as I thought, my mind dwelt upon the value of my soul; and I began to think where would it go when my body was left in the cold tomb? and all the sins of my past life rushed with fearful imagery through my mind. The home I had left, the mother's heart I had broken, the talents I had abused, the grace I had despised and rejected; and then I thought of the just retribution for the wicked; and in the bitterness of despair I gave myself up for *lost*, and in agony I cried for help and mercy to that One who is 'mighty to save.' My proud heart was bowed in penitence before Him. Wondrous grace! He heard my cry, and spared the tree yet a little longer; so that I was not cut off in my sins, but to the astonishment of my friends I began shortly to recover, and ere long was so far restored as to be enabled to pursue our journey, after they had filled up the *empty* grave.

"You would have thought such a *resurrection man* would have sought now to live as a Christian, and know the forgiveness of sins; but no, that deceitful and desperately wicked heart had not yet learnt its own helplessness and depravity, and that '*salvation is of the Lord*:' consequently, with restored health, I went back 'like the dog to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire.' How this should teach us that God's Holy Spirit alone must *regenerate* the soul; and that, apart from *the new creation in Christ Jesus*, all attempts to reform unconverted men are useless; for until they are *born again* they possess no sufficient motive power to do good even if they would, and, therefore, they are led in captivity by the flesh lusting *within*, and by the devil tempting them from without. Therefore, notwithstanding all God's goodness in restoring me, I continued to join my companions in all their sinful habits, and good thoughts soon departed from my mind. Being deeply injured by one, and deceived by another, Satan was tempting me to shoot the man. I went to my tent, and loaded my pistols. But as I thought of my errand, and that I might add *murder* to my other crimes, or, perhaps, be launched into eternity myself, with unforgiven sins, the horror of my situation terrified my soul: so that I drew the trigger, and discharged the contents of the pistol into the earth. But there was a power stronger than Satan's now working within; and feeling I could not do the evil deed, or risk my life, in

agony I flung myself upon my knees, and leant my head upon a chair. Lifting my eyes a song book before me attracted my attention, and unconsciously I opened it. The first word that attracted my eye was *FLY*. That little book was the leading string in the order of God's providence in drawing me away from a place of certain death to the home of my childhood. When its work was done, it was taken out of the way, and a better book substituted—the Word of God.

"I took ship for England; but when I arrived in Liverpool, I found only my sister in the house, and learnt that my mother had gone home to be with the Lord several years before. Yes, gone to be with the Saviour whom, having not seen, she had, through the 55 years of her chequered life, *loved*. My sister told me that she had died happy; fully persuaded that her God would bring back her prodigal son, John, into the fold of Christ; and on her deathbed she said to my sister, 'Take a piece of paper and write down this: I am fully persuaded that God's grace will reach my wilful son, and save his precious soul, and that in Liverpool he will testify of the change;' and so she died in peace.

"I was much impressed by this, and being sick of the world and its vain, empty pleasures, my heart was turned to *the Sinner's Friend* as my only way of escape from the wrath to come. There was now a real spiritual awakening in my soul, for I earnestly sought God's great salvation. I truly abhorred myself, and wondered only if Divine mercy could accept such a miserable sinner as I felt I was.

"For one month I passed through a terrible conflict of soul, listening to the follies of my deceitful heart, and then to the foul suggestions of the enemy of my soul; but not paying that attention I should have done to the words of love and mercy recorded in God's gospel, for sinners who have got to the end of their good and bad selves. I had not then learnt that God is really seeking for sinners *bad enough* to be saved; that is, those who are conscious of no merit, and feel themselves cast entirely upon 'God, who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were *dead in sins*.'

"I floundered about in the slough of despond, with the arrow of conviction in my soul, until at last I was led to the place called 'Calvary,' and there at the feet of that Saviour who died, 'the just for the unjust,' and 'redeemed us from the curse of the law—being made a curse for us'—I saw the



wondrous *substitutional* work He accomplished; the *atonement* He made, whereby 'God can be just, and the justifier of him that believes in Jesus.' I saw that 'God was no respecter of persons,' and could save the 'dying thief,' or Nicodemus the Pharisee, provided they both came to Him *as sinners*, and accepted salvation as a free gift. I truly felt my helplessness; my need of Him; and that my only hope was in His *mercy*; and then and there I realized 'the forgiveness of sins;' that I was 'justified from all things;' that I possessed eternal life; that God was my Father, Christ my Saviour, and heaven my home. For 'God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, had shone into my heart; giving me the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.'

"Knowing that I was now a child of God, I turned to His Word for light and guidance, and sought to know His mind about my service for Him.

"Like Paul, I realized that I was His, and He was mine: therefore felt that truth, 'Whose I am, and whom I serve.' He soon gave me my commission, 'to go into all the world and *preach the gospel* to every creature,' and assured me from Jer. i. 5 'that before I was born He had sanctified me, and ordained me to be a prophet unto the nations.' And when I said, 'I cannot speak, for I am a child;' He answered, 'Thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak.' Therefore, I went into Liverpool streets thirty years ago, and 'preached through Jesus the forgiveness of sins; and that by Him all who believe are justified from all things.' And to the poor, degraded sinners around, I declared, on the authority of God's blessed word, that the blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth from all sin;' and that 'He was able to save to the uttermost all who came unto God by Jesus.' Amidst much persecution from the flesh, I have sought to declare *God's glad tidings* through the cities, towns, and villages of the land; and learnt that 'my sufficiency is of God,' who has never failed to supply all my need. My hairs are now grey in His service, but whilst he spares me here, I am anxious only to testify for Him, and exalt Jesus only, as 'the way, the truth, and the life.'"

When in helplessness I wandered,  
 Lost and dead in sin and shame;  
 Life and health, and substance squandered,  
 None to save till Jesus came.

Precious Saviour,  
 Oh! that all could learn Thy name.

E. H. B.

## "GOD'S HATH:"

OR, HOW I KNOW I AM SAVED.



AND this is how it is. It's more than three years now since God in His grace aroused me to think about my soul's salvation. Like many young men, brought up religiously, going to church, reading my Bible, and saying prayers, I no doubt thought I was all right, till God showed me through His word that I was all wrong; that I was a *sinner*, for "*All have sinned*" (Rom. iii. 23), and deserved death, "*The wages of sin is death*" (Rom. vi. 23), and that I needed to be *saved*; and also begat the desire in my soul to be saved. Taught by Christian parents, the gospel was familiar to me—the story of God's love in giving His only begotten Son—His death upon the cross and His proclamation that "*Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life*" (John iii. 16), and I said, I did believe that I was a sinner, and that Jesus died for me, but could *not* say I *was saved*.

In this condition I was led to the 3rd chapter of John and 36th verse, and read, "*He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,*" and stopped; then read again, "*He—that—believeth—on—the—Son—hath—everlasting—life,*" and resting my soul on the written word of God, knew that I *had* everlasting life—that I *was* saved, for He said, "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shall be saved*" (Acts xvi. 31); and that I *was* born again, because He said, "*Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God*" (1 John v. 1).

And now, dear reader, let me ask; are *you* saved? or are you careless and thoughtless of your precious soul? Know you not, that if not saved, you are in danger of being *lost* eternally; and that every tick of the clock—every breath you draw—is bringing you nearer death—nearer eternity?

And even at this present moment, if not in Christ, the wrath of God *abideth* on you. Oh! think, dear unsaved reader, how solemn is your condition; "*condemned already,*" journeying as fast as time can carry you on to eternal judgment. "*Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with His stroke, then a great ransom cannot deliver thee*" (Job xxxvi. 18). But it may be, that by the Spirit of God, you have been awakened to see your solemn position, and your need as a sinner, and your cry is, "*What must I do to be saved?*" Do! Behold the Lamb of God, Christ Jesus, the Son of God, who came into the world to save sinners.

D. S.

# Papers for the Young.

## THE BROKEN JUG.



FEW years back, while walking down one of the streets of the town near which I live, I noticed a little child running on before me with a jug in her hand. I had hardly taken heed of her when by some mishap she stumbled, and the jug flew out of her hand and fell with a crash on the pavement. I am sure you can tell



me what was the effect of this accident both to the jug and the little girl. Yes! you are quite right, the jug was broken into a large number of small pieces, and the little girl stood by and commenced crying. Seeing her in such distress, I went up to her, and

tried to console her; but it was of no use, she still continued to cry. At last I said, "Suppose I give you the money to buy

a new one," will that dry the tears? The little one looked up into my face, hardly daring to believe what I said: but when I put into her hand the price of a new jug, the tears gave place to a smile, and the sobs to, "Thank you, sir!"

Now, dear children, I think that broken jug teaches us some very important lessons. In the first place it had a fall. Now, you remember when God placed Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden He made them pure and holy; they were without sin, so that they could talk with God. But after a time they listened to Satan's temptation and disobeyed God, therefore He cast them out of the garden, because they had sinned. This, therefore, is called the "fall," that is, Adam and Eve through the sin they committed, fell from their happy place which they had in the garden of Eden, and lost all the joys that God had given them there. Let me put it simply. Suppose you are in the first class at school, and you neglect your lessons. What will happen? Why, you will be put down into a lower class, you will fall from your position. That is what our first parents did. And you see, because we have all come from them, we are fallen also. As God says in Romans iii. 23, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God!" Do you see? "Come short!" Fallen so low, that no goodness that we think we may have will reach up to what God requires?

Now, the second thing about the jug was, that through its fall it was broken into many pieces! Do you think the little girl would have done any good if she had picked up the pieces and stuck them together? But you say, would it not look a funny jug? And it would be of no use, as it would not hold water; so then, I think we are quite safe in saying, that the broken jug was perfectly useless, and only fit to be thrown on the rubbish heap. Well, children, what does this teach us? Quite right, little one! "that we are just like the jug," poor, useless, fallen sinners. Yes! in Romans v. 6, we are spoken of as "Without strength." Why, baby is without strength, so she has to be carried about. So we have no power in ourselves to do any thing that is pleasing to God; for in the same verse it says we are "ungodly," not loving, or caring about God. Then again if you look at Ephesians ii. 1, you will see that we are called "dead ones," "dead in trespasses and sins;" that is, we have nothing in us, or about us, that lives to God. All is sinful, all is dead to God and the things of God. Yes, dear children, this is a very, very solemn truth; that like the pieces of the

broken jug, so are we only fit in ourselves to be thrown away on to God's rubbish heap; and you know what people do with rubbish; they burn it. That is what God is going to do in that everlasting burning in the lake of fire. All who are cast in there will burn for ever, but never be consumed!

Well, the jug is no good, useless, cast away. What is to be done? Ah, yes! there is the new one, which is better than the broken pieces. But see, children, I had to pay something before it could belong to our little friend. Yes! do you understand? before we could have a new life offered to us by God, Christ needed to die. Thus it cost God a great deal, He had to pay such an enormous price, He had to give up His only well beloved Son to die on Calvary's cross. There the blessed Lord Jesus

"Paid down the ransom price in blood  
To bring us sinners back to God."

It is the dear old story of God's wonderful love to us, in giving up His Son to die, that we who deserved death might live for ever. As the verse of a very sweet hymn puts it.

"Tell of the cross where they nailed Him,  
Writhing in anguish and pain,  
Tell of the grave where they laid Him,  
Tell how He liveth again.

"Love in that story so tender,  
Clearer than ever I see,  
Stay, let me weep while you whisper  
Love paid the ransom for me."

Now, then, for our last lesson. What had the little girl to do to get the new jug? Ah! I hear your voices say, only to take the money. Yes! that was all. Another paid the price, and all she did was to say, "thank you, sir!" and receive it. Dear, dear children, that is what God wants you to do. Christ has done all the paying part. He has suffered and died. He has satisfied God in our stead. His blood that has been shed cleanses all the sins away of those who believe in Him, of those who accept Him as their Saviour. For He is the life that we need! it is God's gift to us (Romans vi. 23). He wants you to take it. It is in His Son (1 John v. 11), so that, if you accept the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, He becomes also your life (1 John v. 12)! this new eternal life that can never die. But those who have it will live in the "home over there!" throughout eternity. May God give to each of you who read this, grace to take His "unspeakable gift." G. S. J.

*I'D DO IT, IF I WEREN'T SURE I'D GO  
TO HELL.*



NOT many months since a young woman was deeply convinced of sin ; and Satan, ever subtle and deceiving, was causing her intense affliction of mind.

It happened one day that she was being specially tried, and she actually approached the river's brink, intending



to destroy herself. She paused a moment, as it were, to reflect on her purpose, when suddenly her Christian sister, being suspicious of something, appeared on the scene. An imploring and

affectionate remonstrance took place hurriedly, when the one who had rushed to the water to drown herself exclaimed, "Ah, I'd do it, if I weren't sure I'd go to hell." What forcible words were these; and God only knows how frequently similar thoughts have kept many others from the influences of the Serpent in his damning and sore temptations. Oh! that unsaved ones did but realise the fearfulness of their condition.

It is an absolute and undeniable fact, proved from the written Word of God, that if death should overtake them, whether suddenly or not; that if they died unconverted, they would endure through unceasing ages agony and remorse in hell, the place of the damned.

On a tombstone, it is recorded—

"Reader! Stop and think  
That I am in eternity,  
And you are on the brink."

May the Holy Spirit fasten these momentous and weighty truths on your conscience, unsaved one, and trouble you sorely about your state and future, that being burdened with your guilt, and fearful of everlasting destruction, you may even now believe and be saved (Acts xvi. 31).

Ah, yes; it is a deep sense of your condition I pray God you may have. There is in Scripture (Luke xvi.) an unjust steward brought before us, and his history shows how, that when he realised his condition, and the fruit of his evil-doing, he was most eager to make provision for the future.

One may reply, "Well, yes; I believe in that principle of making provision for the future, and I have laid by in store against a rainy day."

Oh, let me ask, How is it that you are so entirely engrossed about the things of earth? And why do you neglect to provide against the torrent of God's righteous fury, which is soon to be poured out? The unjust steward had wronged his master, and he had to forfeit everything, and his future stared him in the face. Hunger and sore poverty awaited him. What was to be done? He considered, and then made a resolute determination, which he quickly attended to; and for his wisdom and forethought, he is commended by the one he had trespassed against.

As this man *reflected* on his wicked career, the *realisation* of his sorrowful state forced itself upon his attention, and he thereupon made an immediate resolve to secure to himself a

friendship which would succour him in the time of the judgment his sins merited.

This is an important picture, unsaved one. Adam was once in the favour and blessing of God. He sinned, and forfeited all joy and bliss, and plunged himself and all the human family into sin and death. The consequence is, we are naturally away from God, and everlasting poverty and misery is our due. Now believe in what God says about it, and make immediate provision against this terrible doom.

If one asks, How? Let me say, that you have to do nothing but simply accept the *provision* offered by the ever-blessed God of love.

Unconverted reader! if on *reflection* you *realise* what the God of truth has declared you to be in this world, you need not be overwhelmed in despair; for Jesus became the Surety for the sinner, and smarted in his stead; and thus He becomes the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother to the one who simply accepts the shelter He affords. If you only believe on Him, you shall be securely hid in the arms of His power in the day of *wrath*.

Be not like the rich man of this same chapter, who only lived to enjoy the pleasures of time; and being overtaken by death, discovered himself to be in torment of fire, the *realisation* of which caused him to cry for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue. But he was told to reflect on privileges despised whilst on earth; and thus he learnt that there is nothing to ease the judgment of the lost.

Which shall be your portion? A sense of sin and deservedness of Hell now which shall impel you to flee to Christ for shelter? Or will you go on merely concerned about the things of earth, to awake to shame and everlasting contempt, in the association of the damned?

Hasten into the ark of God's providing; and *do it now*. *Thus*, and thus only, can you be received to God's favour and blessing.

The young woman alluded to in the commencement of this paper has since trusted in Jesus, and she is now rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven.

“ Passing onward! Quickly passing!  
But I ask thee, Whither bound?  
Is it to the many mansions?  
Where eternal joy is found.”

F. A. B.



## GOD AT SINAI OR CALVARY.



GROUP of Christian men were conversing at the close of a gospel meeting lately, in the Gospel Tent at —, regarding many popular ideas among them as to the way of salvation, when one of them suggested that those who thought salvation was to be had for *doing* something meritorious might “know God as He is revealed at Mount Sinai, but they did not know Him as the One manifested at Mount Calvary.” And what is the difference? asks my reader. There are two special places spoken of in the Word of God, where Jehovah is manifested—the one is at Sinai, the other is at Calvary’s cross.

Of the first we read in Exodus xx., where the “Ten Commandments” are made known to the people. Their character was not symbolised by a descending *dove*, but by thunderings and lightnings—fit symbol of the judgment that would be visited upon the disobedient ones. Exodus xx. 18 shows the effect upon the people: “And *all* the people saw the thunderings and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking; and *when the people saw it, they removed and stood afar off.*” Here is the giving of the law, of which it is written in Rom. x. 5, “That the man who doeth these things shall live by them.” Notice it is not he that *tryeth* to do them, but “DOETH” them; and if he fails—and who does not?—the word is plain in Galatians iii. 10, “*Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them;*” and again we read in James ii. 10—“For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and *yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.*” See, then, the attitude of the people who witnessed the giving of the law amid the thunderings and lightnings that accompanied it. Did the sight inspire their hearts to draw nigh to God? Ah, no; they “*removed and stood afar off.*” And such is ever the case when God’s claims are apprehended by the sinner. God is seen to be the embodiment of holiness, the sinner the embodiment of sin. And it is only when the holiness of God is *not* seen, and His claims *not* understood, that the sinner *dares* to approach Him on the ground of his fancied good works or faithfulness. But the position is perilous in the extreme, for God has already said concerning the sinner’s best endeavours, that “*all his righteousnesses are as filthy rags* (Isaiah lxiv. 6); and I am sure none

will argue that such will be fit for the presence of Him, before whom the seraphim veil their faces, crying "Holy! holy! holy is the Lord of hosts!"

But, oh, when God is seen at Calvary, and His dealings there with His Anointed One understood, how different the attitude of God! How different the result on the sinner! No need for trembling here, for God is on the side of the sinner in the person of His Son. Don't misunderstand me. *A holy God never can and never will be on the side of sin*; but here, at Calvary, He has taken up the desperate case of the sinner, for there was no eye to pity and no arm to save, therefore His own eye pitied and His own arm brought salvation; so that those who by nature and practice were "afar off" from God are now "*made nigh by the blood of Christ,*" and justly so, for here that Scripture is fulfilled which says,

"Mercy and truth are met together;  
Righteousness and peace have kissed each other" (Psa. lxxxv. 10).

Not mercy at the expense of justice, for justice is satisfied; therefore God is now just, and "the justifier of him that believeth on Jesus" (Rom. iii. 26).

Dear reader, how is it with you to-day? Do you know God as the One revealed at Sinai, where holiness demands what you never had and never can give? Or do you know Him as the One revealing Himself at Calvary as the "God of all grace," where the claims of holiness are all divinely met in the person of Christ, and a channel, broad and deep, made for His grace to flow out to you? *The law can only curse you, because you are a transgressor. GRACE can save you where you are, and as you are*, if you, a guilty sinner, will believe on Jesus as your Saviour. Remember, the day of grace will not last for ever. "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Listen, then, to the invitation of grace—"Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. i. 18). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). God says "to-day;" the devil says "to-morrow." Thousands are listening to the devil. Will you not be wise, and listen to what God says, and come now, trust Christ, and be saved?

T. D. W. M.

## I'M LOST.



T a gospel meeting in K——, was an aged man with a sad, unsatisfied expression of countenance, denoting, no doubt, the inward longing in man after that which the world can't give—peace. In the stillness of the time when a brother was in prayer to God for souls, he uttered that awfully solemn cry of despair, “*I'm lost.*”

What! was he not sitting there, to ail appearance in good health, and no sign of passing suddenly into eternity? Yes! but sitting there *not saved*; what else could he be but *lost*. Dear reader, are *you saved*? I don't ask, do you go to Church, or do you read your Bible, or are you a quiet-living, respectable person? But I ask, are *you saved*? If not, in love for your soul, I would make known to you, your true condition—*you*, at this present moment, *are lost*. Yes! you do not need to die, and be *in hell*, or wait till the last day, till the sentence be passed, in order to know whether you are saved or lost; for God's Word says, “He that *believeth not* is condemned *already*.” (John iii. 18); and “He that *believeth not* the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God *abideth* (not, will abide, but at this present moment *abideth*) on him” (John iii. 36). Oh! just pause and consider what it is to be *lost*. A sheep might stray from the fold, and wander far, far away, till amongst the mountains, unable to find its way back, it would know what it was to be *lost*. “All we like sheep *have gone astray*; we have turned every one to his own way” (Isa. liii. 6). Again, a child might wander from his home, and straying into a dark and lonely wood, unable to find his way back, would know what it was to be *lost*. “They *are all gone out of the way*” (Rom. iii. 12). So it is with you, unsaved reader, by your connection with fallen man; you *are away from God*, for “As 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); and “Your iniquities have separated between you and your God” (Isa. lix. 2); and your whole life has been a wandering further away from God, journeying onward to eternal hell—eternal separation from God—which is to be *eternally lost*. Is it true? Yes! dear unsaved one; for it is the word of God, who cannot lie, and this is the condition, He says, *you*, as an unsaved sinner, at this present moment are in. Have you seen your solemn position, and your need as a lost sinner? Then listen to the gospel message from God to thee: “Deliver him from going down to the pit;”

I have found a ransom" (Job xxxiii. 24); "The Son of Man is come to save that which was *lost*" (Matt. xviii. 11); "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8); "There is one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus" (1 Tim. ii. 5). Ah! think of the wondrous grace of God, that met your deep need, and provided, in the person of His only begotten Son, a mediator—"a days-man to stand between, to lay His hand upon both" (Job ix. 33); who on the cross stood in the stead of you, the sinner; sinless, yet "made sin for us," and endured the judgment against sin—*your* sin; bearing all that was due to you; satisfying, through His death, all the claims of a holy and righteous God; "putting away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." D. S.

### JAGANATH BABU.



JAGANATH\* BABU was a clerk in one of the Government offices in India. He was a man of very sound education and of good character; and he possessed the confidence of his superior officers. One of these was a servant of the Lord Jesus, who was known to be glad to avail himself of any opportunity of declaring the gospel. Jaganath, as well as some other Hindus, went to Mr. Henderson\* every Lord's-day to read the Scriptures. Jaganath was a heathen; but he was very anxious to know the particulars of the Christian's faith: it was a strange system, which he thought he would like to compare with the philosophical systems of the Hindus. Mr. Henderson prayed much for him; and there seemed often to be signs of a deeper interest than that which is awakened by mere curiosity. But again, Jaganath's objections to Christianity were sometimes so frivolous that Mr. Henderson feared that his professed desire for truth was delusive. In a few months, the health of that officer gave way; and he was ordered home to England. It was feared that he would not live; and Jaganath bade him good-bye with no hope of seeing him again. Before Mr. Henderson left he gave Jaganath a Bible, and urged him to search the Scriptures for himself.

Jaganath did so. In process of time he came to see the folly of idolatry, and the moral superiority of the teaching of Christ to that of his own heathen teachers. Just then he fell

\* These names are fictitious; but this story itself is strictly true.

in with some leading members of the Brahma Somaj. This is a school of Indian teachers who have given up the gross idolatry of Hinduism, and drawn up a kind of deism for themselves. They profess great reverence for Christ, and borrow many of His sayings; but they reject the doctrine of the atonement. Jaganath found that to join them would not make him "lose caste." To profess Christ would mean loss of position and friends; but to become a member of the Brahma Somaj would rather make him more respectable than ever. He accordingly joined himself to this school, with which he remained connected for two or three years.

Meanwhile he continued to study the Scriptures; and the Holy Spirit enlightened him from the Word of God. He found that Brahmaism did not reach the great need of his soul. He felt himself a sinner; and he did not see how he was to have peace with God. He had long before been transferred from the district where he had met Mr. Henderson, of whom he had never heard since they had parted; and now he was in a town where Christianity was unknown. He had no human guide. But the Word of God was leading him to Jesus. In his grief about sin, he came suddenly on the clear revelation of Christ Jesus as the Saviour from sin. He saw Him as the bearer of sin; and he believed God's record about Him. He trusted Jesus, and knew his sins forgiven for His name's sake.

For some time he kept his own counsel: he told no one. But as he read the now precious Word of God, he became convinced of the disobedience and ingratitude involved in refusing to confess Christ. He saw how the Lord who died for Him had claims on his loyalty. He saw the necessity of being identified with Christ here. So he took leave of absence from his office, and went to an old servant of Christ who resided at some distance. He told him his story, and was baptized. At his baptism he was rejoiced to meet Mr. Henderson, whom he had never expected to see again on earth. It was years since they had met. When they parted, they were far apart indeed. But the blessed Word of God had brought them together, near to God in His dear Son.

"The entrance of Thy words giveth light," says the Psalmist (Psa. cxix. 130); and this truth is illustrated in the above story. God's own Word led this soul to renounce the dark superstitions in which he had been brought up, and to renounce with equal emphasis the humanly-devised refinements of Brahmaism. It

led him to see his own state before God ; and the first result was dispeace and unrest. But it led him on to know God ; and the result was peace and strength. " Acquaint now thyself with God and be at peace " (Job xxii. 21) was the command addressed to him ; and, as he searched the Scriptures, " God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shone in his heart, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ " (2 Cor. iv. 6). He knew Christ as his Saviour ; and he was constrained to own Him as his Lord. We believe, therefore, on the authority of the same Scripture, that he is a saved man. " For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness ; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation " (Rom. x. 10). He has had much persecution to endure ; but he holds joyously to " the offence of the cross " for the love of the Lord who died for him (Gal. v. 11 ; vi. 14). A. H. L. F.



### REAPING.



**A** HARVEST FIELD is brought before us in this picture : how busy they all are, cutting down the ripe golden grain, but one man is wiping his forehead as if he was very hot. And they must have been. For in England how warm and tired the men look sometimes under a hot sun in August, and how glad they are when the dinner hour comes, and they can throw themselves down under the shade of some large oak tree and rest for a while. But this picture brings before us an Eastern country, where the sun shines far hotter. How nice it is to watch them reaping ! When the writer was a boy he used to see them reaping with a sickle, such as the men are seen with in the picture. It looked so pretty to see perhaps fifteen, or even twenty, following one another cutting down the corn, but it was slow work then to what it is now. You, perhaps, have never seen a sickle, but you have seen a large reaping machine and the horses walking along, and one man could cut down so

quickly a whole field with it. But whether they used a sickle or the fast cutting machine they could not cut down wheat or oats unless they had, first of all, sown them—could they? What a foolish farmer he would be who, having never sown anything, yet expected to reap wheat or oats! How disappointed he would be if he could persuade himself that he would reap something. I think he never could; but if he did, he would only find weeds and thistles. And so it will be with Christians;



and how dear young Christians who may read this should take that to heart. Unless you sow you cannot reap.

Although you are a Christian, if you live to please yourself—to get on at school and win prizes that you may get praise, get on in busi-

ness that you may make money—instead of doing it to please the Lord Jesus, then you need not expect to reap as others. All that is sowing to the flesh and corruption will be reaped. If youthful days pass and all your time and talents have been sacrificed to vanity and folly, then in the harvest time of eternal reward, though saved and in heaven, you will be an eternal loser.

But for a moment let young ones reading these pages ask themselves—“Do I belong to Christ?” that is, “Am I a Christian?” Have I trusted Him as my Saviour, and thus obtained the forgiveness of my sins? for if not, you need never

look forward to a reaping-time of reward and blessing. For such will never come to you unless you have been saved.

If you were present when you saw a number of other boys and girls gathered together in the school just before their holidays to receive prizes, you would not expect one. Why not? You would not stand on the tip-toe of expectation, thinking every moment, "Will he call out my name, and shall I have to walk up and get a prize?" "No," you say, "of course not." But why not? Because you cannot spell, or read and write—is that it? "Oh, no," you say, "that is not it. I do not belong to that school. He is not my master." Yes, that would be the real reason. And so it will be in God's rewarding day—it will only be for His children. And unless you are one, even though you may have done much that people call good, you will never get reward from Him, for it was not done to please Him but to please yourself. And instead of being welcomed with "Well done," you will have to cry, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

Now is your time, whilst Jesus is calling you to believe on Him, and thus to become one of God's children. Be His, and then you can serve Him, and try in your life to please Him; but until then all your sowing is sin, and you will reap the bitter result in a conscience that will condemn you on earth, and the worm that dieth not in eternity.

A young man who thus lived, when he was dying said to his younger brother—"Come here, my brother; I am going to die very soon, and I want to tell you some thing. You are young now, and I want you to begin and live in a right way. I have been a very wicked man. Don't do as I have done. I have had my time and lost it! Oh, fool! fool! What is the world to me now? My day has gone by; I am lost! I have laughed at hell, and now hell laughs at me." And with other such expressions, in sad despair he died. Oh, dear young reader, take warning; live not such a life. But now, as a sinner, trust in Him who alone can save you. He is the only One worth living for, and His rewards, oh, how sweet!

What a reaping-time of joy in heaven for every blood-washed sinner who sowed and toiled for Him, not because they hoped He would save them at last, but because they knew that He had done so in the very moment when they first trusted in Him!

R. T. H.



## “Salvation is Free.”



ARK, sinner! hark! we have tidings so true,  
Tidings of pardon and blessing for you ;  
God, in His Word, says that Christ on the tree  
Died for the guilty—“*Salvation is free!*”

Hear the news, sinner, free ! free ! free !  
Why not believe it? 'tis good news for thee ;  
Jesus, the Just One, has died on the tree,  
Died for the guilty—“*Salvation is free!*”

Guilty you are, yet we know very well,  
Jesus has suffered to save you from Hell ;  
Condemned you are now, justified you may be ;  
The ransom is paid, and “*Salvation is free.*”

Trust not in “doing,” it cannot avail,  
Good resolutions and works can but fail ;  
“Grace, grace alone,” is the saved sinner’s plea,  
“Not of works,” saith the Word, “*Salvation is free.*”

Trust not in “feelings,” your heart is depraved,  
Trust “only Jesus,” and you shall be saved ;  
Tears of repentance, tho’ real they may be,  
Can ne’er purchase Heaven—“*Salvation is free.*”

Haste! O remember if grace you still spurn,  
Banished from God, in Hell you will burn ;  
Hark to His Word, then, which speaks now to thee ;  
Delay not, but haste while “*Salvation is free.*”

T. D. W. M.

**"SHOW ME THE WAY TO THE LAMB."**



RETURNING with a party of Christian friends from a pleasant drive in one of our large English forests, we halted at M—— to give the horses a little rest and refreshment.

While standing on the roadway under the light of a friendly



lamp, a diminutive and feeble old man approached the writer and enquired faintly, "Please, sir, can you show me the way to the Lamb Public-House?"

I paused a little, and then looking him straight in the face, I replied, "No, my friend, I cannot show you the way to the Lamb Public-House, for I am a stranger here, but I can show you the way to heaven, and it's through the Lamb."

He held his head down and sighed.

I then asked him—"Are you on your way to heaven?"

"I hope so, sir," he answered. "But are you not sure of it?" I enquired. "Well, sir, I say my prayers regularly, and I believe God is merciful and will forgive me all my sins and take me to heaven when I die."

"But you have'nt yet got all your sins forgiven?"

"No, sir," he answered.

"Well, just listen," said I, and holding up my Bible so that the rays of the lamp fell directly on it, I read—"Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38-39).

"Now then, you see what God declares in His word." "By Him all that believe are justified from all things." "Will you have forgiveness now as offered to you by God Himself?"

"Well," he replied, "I *hope* I shall have before I die."

"But," said I, "it does'nt say"—"by Him all that *hope* are justified from all things," "but by Him all that *believe* are justified."

"Will you accept forgiveness now?" "Well, I will try," he answered. "But, dear friend, it does'nt say, by Him all that *TRY*," but "by Him all that *believe* are justified." "Will you accept what God offers you now through faith in Jesus, and be justified by Him from all your sins?"

"I will think about it," he replied, after a pause.

"But," I pleaded, it does'nt say "by Him all that think about it are justified from all things," but "by Him all that *believe*."

"Will you now believe God's message, and accept salvation as here offered?"

The old man was silent.

I thereupon turned to Romans vi. 23, "For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." He interrupted me before I had finished the verse by saying—"Oh, I know that verse very well, I have read it many a time: but, sir, I did'nt want to drink at the Lamb Public-House when I asked you to show me the way."

"I have not been thinking what you wanted the Public-House for," I replied, "but, I wish to show you the way to heaven, which, as this verse shows us, is through the Lord Jesus Christ. If your

poor weary soul will but stoop down and drink of this Fountain, it will bring you a joy to-night that shall know no end.”

I then pressed him to accept God’s gift, and pointed him to the finished work of the Lamb of God upon the cross of Calvary.

Seeing that he hesitated, while yet apparently turning the matter over in his mind, I took a small silver coin from my pocket and asked him if he would accept it.

He stretched out his hand at once and took it, thanking me warmly. I asked him, “where did you see me before?”

“I don’t know that I ever saw you before, sir,” was his reply.

“What did you do for that piece of money I gave you?”

“Nothing, sir.”

“You are quite sure you have got it?”

He opened his hand cautiously and said, “Yes, sir, I have it.”

“But how did you get it?”

“You gave it me, sir.”

“But you did nothing for it?”

“No, sir, nothing.”

“You had no claim upon me for this money?”

“No, sir, none whatever.”

“Then how was it, think you, that I should offer you, a perfect stranger to me, this piece of money, and that you should come to accept it?”

Again he was silent, and seemed at a loss for an answer, though evidently impressed with the illustration of God’s grace I had been seeking to bring before him.

I put my hand on his shoulder and said, “Now then, friend, will you accept God’s gift of eternal life in the same way that you accepted this piece of money? You don’t deserve it. You have no claim upon God for it. You are a poor, undeserving sinner, on your way to hell, but He bids you believe in His Son Jesus, and accept forgiveness through His precious blood once shed for the remission of your sins, will you have it now?”

“I will,” he replied.

“Then, good night, my friend I added, seek a quiet place alone with God, where you can thank Him for His great gift to you, and then go and tell others that the way to heaven is through the Lamb.”

Reader! do you know the way to God? Do you believe in His Son? Of course, you believe many things *about* Him, but do you really believe *in Him*? Are you sheltered from wrath

under His precious blood? Are you *hoping* to get to heaven, yet not sure of it?

Is eternal life the gift of God, and yet you don't know whether you have accepted it or not?

Oh, why be in doubt any longer? The way to heaven is through the Lamb. Jesus said, "I am *the way*, the truth, and the life."

A. L.

## FREED FROM SATANIC POWER.

A WORD TO THE UNREGENERATE.

*Read Luke viii. 26-39.*



THE Omnipotent Jesus has gone forth to land. Winds and waves with combined fury have been stilled into a deep calm at the word of His mouth. A moment ago His disciples were completely terrified with threatened danger, but now this terror has given place to *solemn awe* in the presence of creation's Lord.

With wondering minds they gaze on their mighty Master as he stepped from the boat. He has scarcely done this when He is met by a *naked* and *raving* madman.

This extraordinary spectacle arouses their attention, and they wonder still more as to what is about to happen. What will their Lord do under these new and strange circumstances? Will He quiet the *spirit of unrest* in this poor demented creature, as He stayed the raging of the water and quieted the boisterous wind? *He will*; but we must not anticipate too much.

Let us observe that there are three special features recorded in connection with this man:—

*He had demons long time.*

*He wore no clothes.*

*He abode in no house, but in the tombs.*

1st, He was, beyond all doubt, linked to and associated with the devil. What a fearfully sad plight to be in! And yet, unsaved reader, he is but an illustration of what you are by *nature*. Oh! how often have you been reminded of this fearful association by the testifiers of Jesus, and, in spite of it all, you are still remaining in it at the present moment. Once again, in the long-suffering and mercy of God, you are besought to reflect on this awful matter. Once again we would solemnly

remind you how emphatic the Word of God is on this point : for, whether it be the testimony of Christ Himself, or the witness of divinely-taught men, the Scripture record is unmistakably plain—

*Children of Disobedience.*  
*Children of Wrath.*  
*Children of the Devil.*

This is why we so constantly and persistently exclaim—

“YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.”

Again, He had demons *long time*.—How weighty these two last words are, and how significant their meaning. They suggest to our minds the “*Eden scene*,” where God is made a liar, and the subtle enemy believed in preference ; and they remind us that all through the history of man he may be traced in identification with Satan, until at last we find him taking sides with him in the murder of the Son of God ; and surely, on such reflection, we may well exclaim—It is, indeed, a *long-standing* relationship with the Evil One !

There is, in addition to this, an important fact to be remembered, viz., that this one referred to in the incident was manifestly actuated by the devil in all his goings, and he is in this respect a clear picture of the sinner unsaved. How very forcible is the apostles’ reasoning in Eph. ii. 2 in regard to the unconverted. They walk *according* to the prince of the power of the air. Therefore, *unregenerate* one, whoever you are, whatever your practices, whether religious or otherwise, be not deceived, there is a *dark Satanic power* baiting you on to eternal hell. Thus you are enslaved ; and remember, the longer you delay contact with Christ the more terrible your state becomes, and the less likely your liberation. Do not be beguiled with thoughts of possible salvation at the *eleventh* hour. This present hour may, for ought you know, be your last ; and *what then ?* You are urged not to delay. We want, by God’s word and blessing, to open your eyes ; we desire that you may discover the darkness in which you are, and that you may tremble as the stern fact is unveiled before you, that all through your unconverted state you have been in the *power of Satan* (Acts xxvi. 18).

“Sunk in ruin, sin, and misery,  
 Bound by Satan’s captive chain ;  
 Guided by his artful treachery,  
 Hurrying on to endless pain.”

2nd, He wore no clothes. His *habitual* condition was one of nakedness; and in this we may learn another phase of our fallen state. The entrance of sin into the world has placed us by *nature* in this condition. This man was apparently *indifferent* as to this matter, and so have you been hitherto in a spiritual sense. Do not forget that the Lord Jesus presses on the professors of Rev. iii. 17 that, notwithstanding all their pretensions, they were naked in His sight and needed to come to Him for raiment. The man in the narrative would be exposed to the terrific storm and wintry blast; and this indicates the solemn truth that you are unsheltered from the *wrath which is so soon to be revealed*. Your nakedness will appear then, and because you were not clothed in the righteousness of God, the reservoir of His indignation will burst in all its fury over you, and your eternal doom will be sealed.

3rd, "Neither abode in any house but in the tombs." His *habitation* was where death had gained the mastery, for he abode in a place where death reigned in gloomy supremacy. A fitting illustration to convey to our mind the meaning of that oft-quoted Scripture—"Dead in trespasses and in sins," and yet the Son of God declares in tones of love—"They that HEAR shall LIVE."

Unsaved one! Godward you are *dead*, and this is why no act of yours is acceptable to Him. When will you discover, O my reader, your terrible state? Have you not yet learned that you are in the place of death? And we would earnestly tell you, on the authority of the Word of God, that unless the life-giving Son of God communicates life to your soul, you will go down to the lake of fire—the second death—banished from God to endure everlasting misery.

*Jesus is the Life*, and is enthroned in heaven to save sinners who exercise faith in Him.

" There is life in a look at the crucified one,  
There is life at this moment for thee."

Thus we see this man in all his deep need, yet contact with Christ brought to him *freedom* from the *captivity* of the devil, *clothing*, and *rest*.

Yes, dear sinner, the power of the Son of God displayed in creation, does indeed call forth admiration, but this is not comparable to His conquering power in *redemption*. He has died for sinners, and satisfied the righteous claims of God, and *now*

He would fain *free* thee from the slavery of Satan, *clothe* thee in righteousness divine, and *give* thee life.

This liberated man published his Saviour's praises, and showed what God had done for him; and it is still the privilege of the redeemed of the Lord thus to act. We have learned in some measure the meaning of these two lines—

"When Jesus has saved you  
Tell others the story."

This is why we seek simply to point you to the Lamb of God—the Saviour of the lost; but know that, unless you believe in Him, your association with the devil will be eternal in the hell prepared for him, and you will go down to the dark prison of the damned an unsheltered one for ever, there to receive the wages of sin, and to weep and wail in endless torment.

"Hell is *darkness, deep, and awful,*  
Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee."

F. A. B.

"WHAT MEANEST THOU, O SLEEPER?"

(Jonah i. 6).



HE sea is raging wildly by reason of a great wind that blows, and the tempest-tossed ship is like to be broken. The mariners, in imminent danger of perishing, cry, every man to his god, and seek to lighten the ship, in hope of escape. Yet, notwithstanding the hurricane without, and the noise and disturbance within—caused through the perilous position of the ship, almost about to be sunk in the mighty deep, with those in it—there is *one* man down in the sides of the ship, lying "*fast asleep,*" and in this condition he is found by the shipmaster, who awakes him with the cry of "*What meanest thou, O sleeper?*" He is "*fast asleep,*" think of it, in extreme danger of perishing in the depths of the sea; "*fast asleep,*" when at any moment, through a watery grave, he might have been hurried into eternity! And yet, dear unsaved reader, such is only a picture of the more perilous position, *you* at this present moment are in. "What," you ask, "am I in danger of perishing?" Yes! and more, you are unconscious of it, yet the danger is none the less real, since God hath declared, "He *hath* appointed a day in which He will judge the world" (Acts xvii. 31). Sometimes *you* appoint or set apart a day, in which you will do some certain thing, or



go to some certain place; so it is with God, "He *hath* appointed"—mark you, it's done—"a day in which He will judge the world."

*That* day is fast approaching; *you* are a day nearer it than you were yesterday; to-morrow *you'll* be a day nearer it than to-day. Every day as it passes is bringing nearer *that* day—the day of judgment.

And yet, *you* are not alarmed; judgment has no terror for you, and *you say* there's no *sign* of coming judgment; *you* don't *know* of any danger, because like Jonah, *you* are "fast asleep." Asleep! posting on as fast as time can carry you, to eternal judgment; fast asleep! when another step may launch you into the abyss of the damned—into eternal hell, where there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, for ever and ever. Pause and consider! "What meanest thou, O sleeper?"

The shipmaster aroused Jonah to a sense of his danger. This is what we would do to you, in love for your precious soul. Dear unsaved reader, *you* are in danger of being eternally lost. Do you believe it? then, we tell you of safety, of shelter against judgment to come. "A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest" (Isa. xxxii. 2). Even as *God* provided an ark for shelter in the time of the flood, so has *He* provided an ark of safety for the sinner now. "Through *this* Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him *all* that believe *are* justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39). "*Christ Jesus, whom* God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood" (Rom. iii. 24). He stood as mediator between God and men, and on the cross endured the judgment against sin—*your* sin, "making peace through the blood of His cross" (Col. i. 20), and having "died for *our* sins . . . He was buried, and rose again the third day" (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4). "*Him* hath God exalted . . . to be a Prince and a Saviour" (Acts v. 31), and through believing the record God hath given of *His Son*, and receiving *Him* by faith as *your* Saviour, *you are* saved, as it is written, "Being justified by faith, we *have* peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1), and "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou *shalt be* saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

While, *out of* Christ, you are exposed to "*eternal judgment.*" Sleeper! awake *now* to the fact, lest, when *too late*, you awake in hell.

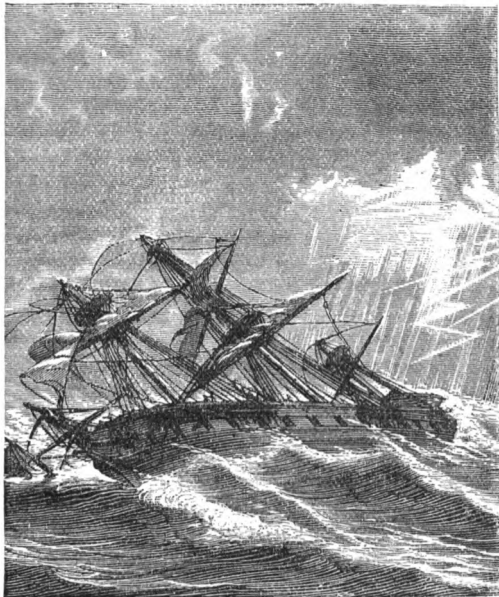
D. S.

## Papers for the Young.

*"THE WRECK; OR, TOO LATE TO SAVE."*

**A**LL night long it had been blowing hard, and the sea was a wild picture. Every now and again, there was a sharp squall of rain and sleet that cut your face, and made you turn your back upon it. As the day began to break, a coastguardsman might have been seen on the cliff, keeping a sharp look-out for

distress signals. The day had just begun to dawn, when the weather cleared up a little, and looking out to the north the coastguardsman saw a vessel, with her sails blowing in rags, drifting broadside on towards the rocks that lined all the coast. The wind was blowing right on the shore, and the vessel came beam



on, rising and falling on the seas, which ran her clean out of sight every time she rolled into the trough of them. She

seemed, as the coastguard-man looked at her through his telescope, to be abandoned : there were no signs of anybody being aboard of her. Others of the coastguard-men had seen her by this time, and they got ready the rocket apparatus as soon as she might strike. The vessel came on, her yards swinging heavily from side to side with every roll. The surf was roaring like thunder, and the air was full of the spray from it. At last she struck! Nothing could be heard, for the gale and roar of the sea was like the booming of heavy cannon.

Soon the foretopmast went by the side. On a sudden some of the people raised a shout, and looking at the wreck, the figure of a man was seen slowly mounting the shrouds ; he stopped about half-way up, and was seen to be lashing himself to the mast. Whether there were more to be saved could not be known ; but that there was one was certain, and everything having been ready for some time, a rocket was fired over the wreck, having a line attached to it. It missed, as did the second ; but the third line fell close to the man : he stretched out his hand, and took hold of it. Whether the poor fellow did not know what to do with it, or whether his mind was failing him, he did nothing but keep the line in his hand. There he hung still holding it, until it was heart-rending to look at him. It soon became evident that if the man was to be saved, some one must take him off in a boat. It was dangerous work : the boat might be dashed to pieces before she could reach the wreck. Yet brave hearts and willing hands were ready for the work. As a volunteer sung out, "I'll make one of a crew!" others stepped forward, and quickly there were sufficient to man the boat. She was soon pushed off, and then came the toil of rowing. The seas dashed over her, but she always righted ; and in about twenty minutes she was near to the wreck. As she came alongside, one of the men sprung on board the vessel ; a rope was thrown to him by which he made fast the boat. He then climbed to where the man was lashed, hanging there apparently lifeless. He unlashd him, and with much exertion got him into the boat. Another quick pull soon brought them to the shore, which was reached safely ; and willing hands having dragged the boat into a place of safety, some went to see to the man, and found that all their toil had been useless, as he was quite "dead."

A very sad story this, is it not, dear children? Still, I think,

we may learn some very useful lessons from it. What dreadful danger that poor sailor was in on board the wrecked vessel as she was driving on to destruction. Do you see that this is a picture of every unsaved sinner, old and young? Each one going on and on to eternal destruction: for there are only two kinds of people in the world, the saved and the unsaved; those who have trusted in the Lord Jesus as their Saviour, and those who are still rejecting Him; for you are rejecting Him if you have not yet received Him. And there are also only two roads to travel upon; the one leads to heaven where the Lord Jesus is; and the other to hell, where the devil and his angels will be. How awful to think, dear child, that as you are reading this you are going on to that outer darkness, that place of everlasting woe and misery that our Lord speaks of. And you see that the poor man could not help himself; the vessel speeding on to the rocks, and yet he had no power to stop her, no power to save himself, even when the rope was fired to him by the rocket apparatus; he was quite helpless. What a sad, sad picture! But, dear young friend, your case is far more sad: as I said, you are travelling on to that place where hope never can come, and you cannot help yourself; you have no power in yourself to stop, for God says the sinner is "without strength." Your prayers will not save you; if you try to be good it will not help you; you may be kind, gentle, and loving, or you may have a bad temper and be disobedient; still it makes no difference—you are a sinner! only a young one, but still a sinner! and all that you can do, and all that you think you may do, and think that you ought to do, will be of no help, of no use. As our hymn says—

"Working will not save me;  
Purest deeds that I can do,  
Holiest thoughts and feelings too,  
Cannot form my soul anew;  
Working will not save me."

So, like the poor man on the vessel, another must do the work. The boat had to be launched and pulled to the wreck, and the perishing sailor taken on board. And, dear child, before a soul could be saved, the Lord Jesus had to leave His glory in heaven, and come here to earth to suffer and die on Calvary's cross. It was hard work for those brave men battling against the storm in their frail boat to rescue a dying fellow-man; but, oh! it was much harder work for our blessed Saviour on the

cross, when all the waves and billows of God's wrath against sin, went over Him. We may well ask ourselves—

" Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He hung upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!"

Yes, child, "it was for sin not His own He died to atone." In wondrous love and mercy He gave His life, the ransom price. His precious blood was shed to satisfy God's justice, and to redeem poor sinners.

" He has paid the debt we owe;  
If with trusting hearts we go,  
He will wash us white as snow  
In His blood."

Still, our story has a very sad end to it, as, before the sailor could be brought to shore he died; all the toil of rowing, all the brave encounter with the wild raging storm was of no use. How different this to the salvation that our Lord Jesus saves with. If those dear sailors could have done it, I am sure they would have given him back his life, but they could not. Only God can give life, and He offers you life, life eternal! Now you need it as much as the poor man did, for by nature we are "dead in trespasses and sins," and 'tis a new life we need. You must be born again, dear child, before you can enter heaven. It was for this very reason that our Lord Jesus gave up his life on the cross. If you receive Him by faith as your Saviour, believing what God has told us in His Word what He has done for us: the Lord says, "He that believeth on Me shall never perish, but have everlasting life." Come, then, and have this blessing of all blessings; do not live any longer in the terrible danger you are still in. The Saviour is the boat that will bring you safe to land.

"Trust in the life-boat, children, all else will fail."

May God draw each one of you who read this to trust in our loving Saviour now: then you will be able to sing together—

" We shall all meet at home in the morning,  
Our blessed Redeemer to see;  
We shall know and be known by our loved ones,  
What a meeting, indeed, it will be."

G. S. J.

**"TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE BLOOD."**



**ABOUT** fourteen years ago there lived in a city in the West of England an aged Christian lady who was frequently laid aside through sickness, on which occasions she was visited, and sometimes nursed, by a friend, a younger sister in Christ.

She was one day taken suddenly ill when her only son, who



lived with her, went to a nurses' institution in the city for a trained nurse. When her friend alluded to heard of her attack, she lost no time in calling upon the aged one, and found, to

her surprise, the nurse in attendance. After consultation it was decided the nurse should continue her services, only that every opportunity should be taken to speak to her of Jesus.

In course of time the sick one recovered, and the nurse was called away to attend a young lady in a large and fashionable seaside town. On arrival she found the invalid not only very ill, but in great anguish of mind. This distress proved to be anxiety concerning her eternal welfare. She had spoken to her parents on the subject, who tried to soothe her by assuring her of the happiness her gentle disposition, and endeavours to carry out their wishes, had afforded them; that she had never occasioned them anxiety or sorrow; and they felt sure that one so good must go to heaven. But such an assurance gave no peace or relief to her troubled spirit. She anxiously enquired of the clergyman whose church she attended, what she could do to get to heaven. He, poor man, like a "well without water," could not speak to the weary one anything of the way of life, or where to find rest. He considered that one who had submitted to all the ordinances of the church; whose manner at church was so devout; and whose general deportment was so exemplary, would be quite safe for heaven: and if she was not saved he could not tell who could be saved. Ah! that assurance afforded no relief to her misery—it was her past life that troubled her—the thought of going into God's presence as she was, filled her soul with dread. It was in this state of mind the nurse found her. Almost the first enquiry she made to her was, that which is the most momentous that any human being can make, "Nurse, can you tell me how I can get to heaven; how can my sins be forgiven?" The nurse, who was herself unconverted, and therefore without any experience of peace in the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins, replied, "I really do not know, but when I was nursing an old lady in E—— I heard her friend and her say frequently, "The blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth us from all sin." The invalid started up in her bed, though so ill, and in a loud whisper of utmost earnestness she said, "What is that? *Tell me more about the blood.*" The nurse replied, "I am sorry I cannot." "Then repeat it to me." This she did, until the blessed truth laid hold of her soul, and she trusted in Jesus Christ and His precious blood, and so died in this saving faith. Nor was she the only one who received this soul-saving truth; for the nurse too rested her soul on it, and returned to the

institution to tell her sister (who had also devoted herself to the work of nursing) of her new found peace and joy, and the same precious truth was blessed to her sister's conversion. These two sisters then sought to tell the other nurses what the Lord had done for their souls, that they too might share their peace, and drink of the same cup of joy.

Dear reader, how simple and comprehensive is this declaration: "The blood of Jesus Christ His (God's) Son cleanseth us from all sin." Not all the sin which we remember, but all the sin which God's holy eye has detected. He knows all the sin, therefore *He can forgive all*. He has seen all the sin, therefore *He can cover all over*. He has kept a strict and faithful account of all, therefore *He can blot out all*. And that upon the just ground that His beloved Son has made atonement for it. When that Blessed One, the Lamb of God, hung on the cross, He bore our sins and suffered all the judgment due to them. "He was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities." "The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquities of us all." God dealt with Him in strict and inflexible justice on account of our sins, and that blessed Saviour bore the full penalty due to them, and every one that believes in Him goes free; is pardoned, justified, and saved through faith in His blood. The pardoned sinner is freed from every blot or stain of sin, and from all condemnation on account of it. He is clothed in the righteousness of God, which is in Christ Jesus, accepted in the Risen Christ; therefore fit for heaven, for Christ is his fitness.

Are you trusting in that blood, or treating it with indifference? There is no possibility of being saved except through faith in it. All the redeemed in heaven sing of being saved through the blood. Believe in it, rest your guilty soul on it, and you will be saved. Neglect it, and you will be lost. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: he that believeth not shall be damned."

The old lady and her friend have both since then gone up to join the ransomed hosts who are at home in the presence of the Lord who died for them. Will you be among that blessed company? If, as a lost sinner, you trust in Jesus you will be there; but if you die neglecting His salvation, you will be among the lost in the lake of fire. Which shall it be? Whichever it is, it will be for eternity.

W. H. C.



*THE PRIZE-FIGHTER AND THE CHRISTIAN;  
OR,  
THE RESULT OF GETTING INTO WRONG COMPANY.*

"And being let go they went to their own company" (Acts iv. 23).

"Judas by transgression fell that he might go to his own place" (Acts i. 25).



OME years ago there was to be a prize-fight at a certain place in England, and a party of men chartered a steamboat to take them to the place at the time appointed. Another steamer was engaged to take a party of Christians to a different kind of fight—a fight against wrong-doing, that every soldier of Christ is called to engage in under the "Captain of his salvation" (Heb. ii. 10). The place of the last-named conflict was a Christian camp-ground. Just as the last bell rang on each steamer (both were chartered to leave at the same hour—half-past two p.m.) two men were seen running towards the steamers as they were moving out from the wharf, and both sprang into what each one thought was his own company. But, oh! what a mistake; the Christian saw that he was among the prize-fighters, and the prize-fighter found that he was among Christians. Well, do you suppose those men were contented and happy in their different company? Is a fish happy out of water? "No, not happy but miserable," you say. So each of those men was miserable because they were out of their element.

The Christian came to the captain, and said, "Captain, I have got into the wrong steamer, and I am not going to stay here; this is like hell among these men who are cursing and swearing; take the steamer back and let me get out. I intended to go to a camp-meeting; yonder is the steamer I ought to be in." But his trying to get himself righted, after he saw he was wrong, was fruitless.

Well, what about the other man? "Oh," you say, "he was all right and happy among those good Christian people." But you are mistaken, for he was in a worse dilemma than the Christian man. He went to the captain and asked him to take the steamer back, as he said he must go to the prize-fight. But the captain said, "No; our orders are to keep right on our course as long as there is nothing wrong with the steamer, and we *must* obey." Then the man offered the captain money if he would turn back, but this captain was as determined to go on his voyage without going into the harbour as the one Paul sailed with when on his way to Rome (Acts xxvii. 9-12). By this time the Christians thought they would show their faith by their works (James ii. 18), by talking to this prize-fighter about his

soul; but the prize-fighter thought he could not endure that, so he went to the captain again and begged of him to bring the steamer a little nearer to the shore and he would jump into the water and swim to land.

Now, reader, you can readily see that neither of these men was happy, because both of them were away from their own company. So would it be in **THE GREAT HEREAFTER**; a sinner unchanged could not be happy in the company of Christ and His redeemed ones, and as some one has said, "if he got in among them as that prize-fighter got into that company of godly persons by mistake, he would want to run down to hell to hide himself."

Jesus shows us, in His parable on the marriage of the king's son (Matt. xxii. 11-13), the folly of thinking we would feel at home in that glorious company that surrounds the throne of God without having the wedding garment on.

"And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man who had *not* on a wedding garment; and he said, 'Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?' And **HE WAS SPEECHLESS.**"

Then came the orders from the king to "bind him hand and foot and take him away and cast him into **OUTER DARKNESS**; there shall be **WEEPING** and **GNASHING OF TEETH.**"

This ought to close every self-righteous sinner's mouth and bring him down to the dust crying, like Job, "I **AM VILE**, I repent in dust and ashes" (Job xl. 4; xlii. 5, 6). Surely if Job, the man of whom God said "there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man" (Job i. 8), needed to come down and confess before God his sinfulness, how much more the modern Pharisees who "go about establishing their own righteousness, and have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God" (Rom. x. 3), need to confess their guilt before God.

The Holy Ghost tells us the righteousness that alone is fit for God's presence, when He says, "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth" (Rom. x. 4).

Our Lord said to Nicodemus, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, **YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN**;" for "that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit" (John iii. 6, 7). And so you see the two natures set forth in these two men. The prize-fighter's nature was not changed, and consequently he hated to hear those Christians talking about Christ and the Word of God. For Rom. viii. 6-8 says, "to be carnally minded is **DEATH**," or "the minding of the flesh is

separation from God" (Isa. lix. 2), but "to be spiritually minded is life and peace" (because "in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off, are made nigh by THE BLOOD OF CHRIST" (Eph. ii. 13). But "the carnal mind is ENMITY AGAINST GOD, and is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be; so then they that are in the flesh CANNOT PLEASE GOD" (Rom. viii. 7, 8). Well, then, there must be a change if ever a sinner is to be happy in the presence of Christ and that "glorious company that stand before the throne, washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb" (Rev. i. 5, 6; v. 9-12; vii. 9-14).

There can be no excuse for you if you say, "I am good enough; I do not need a new nature," or "I am too bad and cannot be saved." To the self-righteous Pharisees Christ said: "For if ye believe not that I am HE, YE SHALL DIE IN YOUR SINS, and where I am ye can never come" (John viii. 21-24). And to His disciples he said: "For I say unto you that except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall IN NO CASE enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. v. 20). Now, my self-righteous friend, you, whose mouth is not yet stopped and cannot see yourself guilty before God (Rom. iii. 19), can you beat the Pharisee that we read about in Luke xviii. 11, 12, who said, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this poor publican: I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess." Can you say more than that? Jesus says you must exceed this. What a fearful time there would be in Heaven if a company of such men were permitted to pass through the pearly gates. Having rejected Christ and His glorious work, and "climbed up to heaven some other way" (John x. 1), what kind of a song could they sing? What a painful sight it would be for Christ to look at them, and hear them boasting of having gained heaven by their own exertions. Ah! God's Word says, "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 8, 9). "Thanks be unto God for His *unspeakable gift*" (2 Cor. ix. 15). "For the wages of sin is death; BUT THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23). They sing in heaven, "Unto *Him* that loved us" (Rev. i. 5), not to poor miserable self—not to the creature, but to the Creator—not to *me*, but to HIM who "loved me and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20). The song will not be sung to poor ME, but unto the great "I AM THAT I AM" (Exod. iii. 14; Rev. xxii. 16).

Now, on the other hand, some, instead of saying they are good enough as they are by nature, say they are too bad to be saved. This is the devil's lie; for he is a liar and the father of all such lies (John viii. 44). He always tries to make light of the work of Christ, and make out that He is not much of a Physician in bad cases, and that a man covered "from the sole of the foot even to the crown of the head," and having "no soundness in him," but full of "wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores" (Isa. i. 6), need not try to get cured.

Ah, poor sinner, has Christ ever failed in any case that He has taken in hand? Did He not save the chief of sinners, and the chief was so confident that he exclaimed, "This is a faithful saying and WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTATION, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief" (1 Tim. i. 15). Just listen and hear the voice of Jesus saying to you, "Wilt *thou* be made *whole*?" (John v. 6). If your heart says "Yes, Lord, I do want Thee to make me whole," you will realize this change as fully as did the leper, who came to Jesus and said, "If Thou *wilt* Thou canst make me clean." Jesus said, "I *will*, be thou clean;" and "*immediately* the leprosy departed from him, and he was cleansed" (Mark i. 40, 41).

J. C.

*I MAY NOT HAVE HER ANOTHER  
BIRTHDAY.*



**I**F you had been in our town last March you would have seen a tall powerfully-built man, with ruddy complexion and sandy hair, busy about his work of lifting drain pipes, and filling in with cement. We can never think of him without feelings of warm affection, so kindly he was. We can see him now with the little boys lifted into his barrow, where the cement had been, for a ride; and if you began to talk to him he would take you at once to his own children; how he had had *ten*, and his eldest "*little girl*," as he called her, was deformed, and though nineteen years old, was only the size of a girl of eleven; but "she was so fond of reading," and, oh the pleasure on his face if you promised her a book or some little delicacy, or better than all, said you would go and see her. I remember well one day when standing and talking with him I spoke to him of his soul, but there was nothing in his kindly answer to

show there was even much concern. "It's my little girl's birthday to-day, she's nineteen," he said, at another time, "and I don't think I'll have her another birthday"—so he bought her a Bible, and if you went to their little cottage now, you would see the poor deformed girl, and the Bible with her name, "Ellen Gibbon, from her Father: March, 1881." But the father, where is he?

We never saw him again until we saw him lying in his coffin, in the very corner of the room, where his "little girl" always had been seen on her little couch; the strong, stalwart man, not much changed in appearance, but *dead*—the weak one left, the strong one gone; and, oh, the sad, sad story. One almost shrinks from telling it, unless in the hope it may arouse some careless sinner who is putting off his soul's salvation. Gibbon had been given to fits of drunkenness; he was not violent, nor unkind to his family, so far as hard words went; but the work was laid aside, and the poor wife driven out to work to provide for the children. It was just such a time now—Whitsuntide with its temptations—and Gibbon had given way. For several Sundays before that, we had noticed him in the gospel meetings: he had been spoken to, but he was unmoved. One day soon after, a Christian lady came in to his house, and asked him to give up the drink. With tears in his eyes he said he would. "I'll have just one glass to-day, Mrs. Carr, and then *to-morrow* I'll give it up." "*To-morrow isn't yours,*" she said; and after praying left the house. Immediately Gibbon went out for a glass: only a few minutes gone, he came back, sat upon his child's bed, asked in his half-stupified state for a mixture, which the lady had left, to stop the craving, rose and took what he believed to be it; but it was the wrong bottle, and, sobered in a moment, he awoke to the terrible reality that he had swallowed poison in mistake—carbolic acid. He called wildly for his wife. "Oh," she said to me months afterwards, "I am glad I was out; if I had heard him calling my name, it would have rung in my ears all my life: as it is, I keep hearing him say to Mrs. Carr, 'I will to-morrow;' and I hear her saying, 'To-morrow isn't yours.'" A few hours of suffering, and, as regards this life, all was over. What would be Gibbon's message to you, unsaved reader? To-day, to-day, oh don't say *to-morrow*; it is not yours. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" (Prov. xxvii. 1). Trust the Lord to-day.

You mean to be saved some time, I know that. No one ever *intended* to be lost ; but you may never have another day. This is another message from the Lord : "*To-morrow isn't yours.*"

ETERNITY, time soon will end,  
It's fleeting moments pass away ;  
Say, sinner, say, where wilt thou spend  
Eternity's unending day.  
Shalt thou the hopeless horror see  
Of hell to all eternity ?

You *must*, if you reject Christ.

"Why *sit here* until you die" (2 Kings vii. 4).

"Escape for thy life" (Gen. xix. 17).

"Behold NOW is the accepted time ; behold NOW is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

M. A. W.



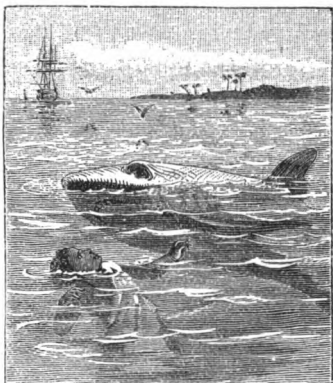
THE BRAVE SAILOR.



OME years ago the English man-of-war, "White Swan," when cruising off the coast of Mozambique, came in sight of a slave "dhow," which is a vessel having a number of poor black people on board—men, women, and little children, who were going to be sold into slavery, having been cruelly dragged away from their homes and friends. And as England will not allow the slave trade to be carried on, the English captain at once gave chase. The slave ship put on all sail, but the English ship was by far the faster sailer, and after a long run came up to and captured her.

The captain then gave orders to transfer all the slaves on board the "dhow" to his vessel, so that he might take them

back to their homes and give them their liberty. While this



was taking place, a little boy fell overboard ; and you must know that to fall into the water in those parts is almost certain death, as there are large numbers of sharks. The little fellow had no sooner touched the water than one of these monsters was seen after him, and with one bite took off one of his legs. The flowing of the blood from the wound speedily attracted others to the spot, and another attacked him and bit off his other leg. How terrible, you say ! Was

there no one to help? Yes. On board the English vessel was a brave sailor, who, seeing the accident, which happened in a much shorter time than it has taken you to read this, at once jumped into the sea to rescue the poor little slave, but not in time to save him from the attack of the two sharks. He got hold of the poor lad, but by this time a large number of sharks had gathered about the ship, so that the sailor, as well as the boy, was in the greatest of danger. Yet he would not give up his charge ; so, taking out his knife, he bravely fought and beat off the cruel monsters till help came, and he and the boy were taken on board the ship. The injuries which the poor little slave had sustained were so great that he died soon after they got him on board.

Is not this a sad incident, my little friends? Was it not very kind on the part of the brave sailor to risk his life for a poor little unknown slave child? When reading the circumstance, I at once thought of a greater and a braver One than the sailor. I mean the blessed Lord Jesus, who not only risked His life, but gave it up on Calvary's cross for poor little slaves. Yes ! did you ever think that if the Saviour has not set you free, you are a slave of Satan's? (2 Tim. ii. 26). Kept by his power, and made to do his will, he has taken your liberty away, and he compels you to serve him. But the Lord Jesus is the One who has come to give liberty to the captive (Luke iv. 18). If you come to Him, He will set you free, like the brave sailor

who set the little slave boy free from the power of the sharks. Not only are you a slave, you are also in danger of being lost for ever in the waves of God's eternal wrath. The boy was not only a slave, but also in danger of drowning. So it is with you. How awful this is, dear children ; yet it is perfectly true, for it is the word of God, and God will never go from His word, and He has said, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." But this awful eternal death need not be your portion : you may for ever escape from that terrible doom. Yes! now you can be set free from Satan's power : now you can be delivered from the wrath to come, for Jesus has died. His precious blood was poured forth on Calvary's cross to wash away our sins, for it is our sins that condemn us ; it is our sins that come between us and God, and bring us into the slavery and bondage of Satan. Will you not come then to Jesus? and He will cleanse you and bring you into the family of God, making you one of His children.

There is no fear but He can save you if you trust in Him. The brave sailor was not in time to save the little boy's life, although he tried his utmost to do so ; but the Lord Jesus will be in time if you call upon Him now, for He says, "Those that seek Me early shall find Me." Perhaps you do not feel that you are in danger ; you may be careless, having a hard heart. Listen to what a young friend says in a letter I have lately received : "That Sunday evening I went to the meeting with a hardened heart, determining not to pay the slightest attention to what was said. How different I felt on leaving that room which I entered as an unbeliever, for I think I can safely say I believe in Him with all my heart now."

And what brought about this great change? Why, hearing of the Saviour's love to poor lost sinners, and knowing herself to be one, His love came flowing into her heart, and she could not help loving Him in return. Shall not this be so with you, my young friend? I am sure you feel that you could love that sailor for his kind, brave action ; for the poor boy had no claim upon him, but the sad state of the lad touched his loving heart. So it is with our blessed Saviour : you have no claim upon Him ; but because you are lost, He left His bright home ; His loving heart was touched by your condition, and He died that cruel death to save you. Surely, then, you cannot turn away from such love. Let it enter your heart as Annie did : then you shall be able to say with her, "I can safely say I believe in Him with all my heart now."

G. S. J.



## “GOOD TIDINGS.”

(ACTS XIII. 32, 38, 39.)

’TIS the Message of Love from the Father above,  
To the prodigals wand’ring astray;  
Joy and peace to the heart do its echoes impart  
To those sinners who hear and obey.

*Chorus.*—Can you hear the glad news and the Message refuse?  
Oh! believe, and from bondage be free!  
We declare to you tidings of joy;  
There is pardon for you and for me.  
Good tidings of joy;  
There is pardon, yes, pardon for you and for me.

Through this Man, who once bled; but who rose from the dead,  
Is forgiveness now preached unto all;  
So that he who believes, the pardon receives,  
And is freed from sin’s judgment and thrall.

Then list, troubled soul, to the tidings that roll  
From the Gospel’s glad trumpet to-day:  
Only trust in the Lord, and “take God at His word,”  
And thy burden shall vanish away.

God’s ambassadors plead as they scatter the seed;  
Shall their pleadings for Christ be in vain?  
Ere to-morrow’s begun, thy race may be run;  
Then who shall beseech thee again?

Oh! beware, lest His wrath should burst on thy path,  
And Mercy no longer should wait;  
Then deliv’rance from woe thou never could’st know,  
Be the Ransom price ever so great!

W. J. S. B.

**"I HAVE TO MEET GOD, AND I AM  
NOT READY."**



VANGELISTIC services were being held in the town of L— by two brethren in the Lord, known to the writer. As of old, while "some believed the things that were spoken," others "believed not" (Acts xxviii. 24).

Amongst the latter class was a man who was a linen weaver.



One of the preachers, on a certain evening, observing him standing outside the door of the building where the meetings were being held, placed his hand on his shoulder and kindly

invited him to attend the services. The reply he gave was an insolent one, mingled with oaths and curses.

"This may be your last chance," said the servant of God solemnly, "and remember, 'It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment'" (Heb. ix. 27).

Not many weeks after, he was laid upon a sick bed, and after a brief illness, the physician declared that nothing could be done to save his life, and that in a few hours at most, he would have to leave this world and pass into eternity.

This was a terrible blow to him. Dying, and only a few hours at longest to prepare! He did not fear death so much as that which was beyond it. As he thought on his past life, and looked forward to the day of reckoning, despair took possession of his soul—and when the doctor had gone, he rose from his bed, crossed the floor of the house, and creeping under his loom, in piteous and heart-rending accents cried—

"HIDE ME, HIDE ME FROM GOD—I HAVE GOT TO MEET HIM, AND I AM NOT READY; I HAD THE OFFER OF SALVATION BUT REFUSED IT; AND NOW I AM DYING AND GOING TO HELL."

Unsaved reader, ponder these sad, sad words, and do not forget the fact that *you must meet God*, and "after this the judgment." There is a day of reckoning in the future, and distant or near, you know it is *certain*. "All things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom WE HAVE TO DO" (Heb. iv. 13). You have "to do" *with God*. You may, or you may not, meet the Prince of Wales, but you *must* meet God. Don't try to *forget* this fact. Many are doing their very best to prevent the recurrence of the thought. Every device is employed to drown it. Some rush into company; others immerse themselves in business; whilst many resort to novels or light literature. There will, however, be no *escaping*, or *hiding*; all expedients to avoid the meeting will fail; drink will fail; pleasures and amusements will fail; theatres and concerts will fail.

In Revelation vi. we have a picture given us of how men will act when they think the "great day of His wrath" has come. People will pray who never prayed before. There will be no *mock* prayers then, and no *made* prayers; all will be in downright earnest. They do not pray to *God*, but to the *rocks* and the *mountains*. "Fall on us and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb" (ver. 16).

"I HAVE GOT TO MEET GOD, AND I AM NOT READY."

Are *you* prepared to meet God, dear reader?

If you are, you *know* it ; and if you do not *know* that you are "prepared"—that your sins are all forgiven—depend upon it, you are not a Christian. "Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people." Remember that no works, prayers or tears of yours, can fit you to stand before Him. The *work* through which sin is pardoned, *was done for you, by another*—by the Lord Jesus Christ. "*Whosoever believeth in Him* shall receive remission of sins" (Acts x. 43).

"I HAD THE OFFER OF SALVATION BUT REFUSED IT, AND NOW I AM DYING and *going to hell.*"

Think of this terrible admission ; "I had the offer of salvation but refused it." Refused to accept of salvation ! Alas ! his case is a very common one. The *great majority* of men and women are at the present moment refusing to accept the free, full, and present forgiveness of all their sins. In *the future* they purpose accepting it, but now, they are rejecting it. They have not *determined* to go to hell, but they are turning their back on their best and dearest Friend, and spurning His proffered mercy. At some other time they mean to settle the question, but *not now*. The language of their heart is that of Balaam's, "Let me *die the death* of the righteous, and let my *last end* be like his" (Num. xxiii. 10). It is all very well to be anxious to "die the death of the righteous," and go to heaven, but, let me remind you, that if you continue rejecting God's Son, you may be "suddenly destroyed," and before you know where you are, waken up in an undone eternity. Sinner, beware of being cheated by Satan with his well known, much used, and highly prized golden-coated pill, "Time enough." Do not allow him to rock you to sleep in the cradle of a false security by his syren song, "Bye and by, bye and by."

Dare you one moment longer *refuse* to accept of God's great salvation ? Would the drowning man refuse the rope thrown to him ? The starving beggar the bread ? The thirsty traveller the water ? The condemned criminal the reprieve ? Assuredly not. And is it possible that you will be so infatuated as to *delay* accepting that which cost Christ His life's blood to procure ? If you are so stiff necked, so rebellious, so obstinate as to say, "When I have a convenient season I will call for thee," then forget not the dying words of the poor linen weaver—"HIDE ME, HIDE ME FROM GOD ! I HAVE GOT TO MEET HIM, AND I AM NOT READY. I HAD THE OFFER OF SALVATION BUT REFUSED IT, AND NOW I AM DYING AND GOING TO HELL." A. M.

## "DO OR DONE. WHICH?"



ANY of God's redeemed and blood-washed children cannot boast of having enjoyed a religious training in childhood. Multitudes were allowed to grow up in utter darkness, without ever having heard of such an one as Jesus, save indeed as the sound reached their ears from the lips of the blasphemers. No mother ever taught them to bend their little knees and lisp a prayer; but thoughtlessly and wickedly they merged from childhood into the vigour of youth, giving unrestrained vent to all the evil passions of their nature, until God in His mercy awakened and saved them.

But it is not *only* such as are above described who need to be awakened and saved, but those also who, like myself, have quite a different history to relate. I was taught to say my prayers at my mother's knee, and when old enough to undertake the journey, was sent to the Sunday school. My regular attendance and apparent sobriety after some years commended me to the superintendent, who in due course appointed me a teacher. This was not all; for shortly afterwards I joined the "church membership," and believed myself to be in a fair way to obtain eternal life. The minister preached very beautiful sermons, but never told us that we required to be "*born again*," and concerning eternal life being for present possession and enjoyment, we were kept in profound ignorance. O how cruel! to keep poor sinners in darkness upon such momentous subjects. I knew some who said they *had* eternal life, but to me it seemed nonsense. How could they know? My highest thought was that if I worked for salvation, in the end I would get it. A little book was put into my hand one day by a person who knew how sadly I was being deceived, and embracing an opportunity I resorted to a quiet spot in a field where I could read without being disturbed. The solemn question asked on the cover was, "*Young man, where will you spend eternity?*" As I read the contents, I was compelled to notice that chapter and verse was given for almost every statement. This could not be gainsayed. God's truth, who can deny it? Clearly did I see my position; my former thoughts vanished; my soul began to tremble as I saw my lost condition. The sands of self-righteousness upon which I had builded melted and were swept away, together with all my hopes, by the mighty inflow of God's eternal Word. There was a verse of a hymn in the book which I pondered over a great deal, but could obtain no comfort from it. It was this—

"There is life in a look at the Crucified One  
There is life at this moment for thee;

| Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,  
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree."

I knelt down behind the hedge and prayed God to give me a look at the Crucified One, but I failed to understand what was meant by a look, and came away unsaved and unsatisfied. For about two years I remained in a state of anxiety, and dared not venture to tell any one what was troubling my mind. At length deliverance came. A gospel tent was pitched in the neighbourhood, and amongst others I found my way inside. I now heard what my soul had so longed for—the story of the Cross in all its simplicity. One night the preacher spoke of two religions, one was DO, and the other DONE. How plainly was it shown from God's word that Jesus "finished" the work, and left nothing for the sinner to *do!* What amazing love, that God should give up His Son to die for such great sinners as we are, and that Jesus should completely satisfy God concerning our sins! At the close of the meeting the preacher walked straight to where I was sitting, and asked me the question, "What is it with you—DO or DONE?" I could not answer. As yet I had not thanked God for His Son. John iii. 16 and John v. 24 were turned to, and much dwelt upon. How plain and how simple the words seemed to be—"He that believeth *hath* everlasting life!" I did believe that God gave His Son, and that the *Son died for me*, yet something seemed to say that simply taking God at His word was not sufficient. I was then referred to 1 John v. 10, "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son." I there and then saw my error. I believed God, and "passed from death unto life." My soul filled with joy and peace, such peace as I had never before experienced—peace which *was made for me* by the blood of His cross (Col. i. 20). I now rest in the work which was *done* when Jesus said, "It is finished."

Dear reader, take heed that you are not trusting to your own "filthy rags" of self-righteousness. If you are, depend upon it your soul is exposed to God's wrath. *Hell* will be your doom for all eternity if you die in that condition. Nothing less than the BLOOD of Jesus can shelter you from the awful storm of judgment which is certain to break upon the heads of *guilty, unsaved* sinners. Dear friend, God punished His Son in your stead, and through the death of Jesus you are now offered a full, free pardon, without money and without price. It is a gift. Will you take it? "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

J. M'I.

## SOWING TO THE FLESH.

A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.



**J**AMES C—— was, what the world would call, a good sort of a fellow. His business ability was of no small value, and in proof of this, although comparatively a young man, he held the responsible position of head book-keeper in a large mercantile house in New York city, which office he had filled for some time. But, although James was much valued by his employers and esteemed by his business associates, he was “a stranger to grace and to God,” for he was not born again; and the position he occupied tended to bring him into contact with other young men, godless and graceless as he was. In the month of August, 1880, James left the store to spend his vacation in Canada, purposing to have, what he termed, “a good time.” Released from business responsibilities, he gave the lusts of his depraved nature unrestrained course, regardless of the warning—“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 know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment” (Eccl. xi. 9). A few days after this, a telegram was received in the store which James had left, announcing that, when crossing Lake Ontario on one of the Lake steamers, he had seated himself on the taffrail of the steamer; the lake was somewhat rough, the boat lurched, James lost his balance and fell into the water, and, although an expert swimmer, he sank before assistance could reach him.

Reader, do not think that the above is fiction, for the writer was employed for some time by the same firm, and knew personally the subject of the above narrative. As one saved eternally from the wrath to come by the blood of the Son of God, let me ask you a plain question: If you had been in James C——’s place, where would your soul now be, in heaven or hell—which? Do not think me rude, young man, for putting such a question. I seek not yours, but you for Jesus. “Dost thou believe on the Son of God?” You may say, “Don’t bother me just now with believing on Jesus, I am young, and there is plenty of time yet.” Who gave you authority to say that there is “time enough” yet? God says “Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation” (2 Cor. vi. 2); and, “O man, who art thou that repliest against God?” (Rom. ix. 20). Do not be so foolish, young man, as to allow the devil to cheat you out of your soul’s salvation with a few pleasures which are naught but bubbles light

as air. You, who are so smart in business, consider, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36). Remember that Satan gives his best wine first, but reserves the worst till the last. Soon, young man, the last visit to the theatre will be paid; soon you shall have enjoyed your last dance on the ballroom floor with your godless companion; soon the proprietor of the billiard saloon shall miss your well-known face. "Where is so and so?" will be asked. "Dead." "Gone to meet God," shall be the response. Oh, may God awaken you, young man, to see yourself a condemned sinner on the quick march to hell, and ere another day may pass over your Christless head, you may be dead and damned for all eternity. But, "*I have got good news for you*, a story, wonderful and true." Christ died for the ungodly (Rom. v. 6). God's verdict has been brought in against sinners, religious and irreligious, moral and immoral, Jew and Gentile; "no difference," "all have sinned" (Rom. iii. 22, 23)—and, "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23). Young man, you have sinned, "how then can man be justified with God?" (Job xxv. 4). "Deliver from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom" (Job xxxiii. 24). "He (Jesus) was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification" (Rom. iv. 25). "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). Again, ere I lay down my pen, I would seek to persuade you to be reconciled to God. Time is short. Eternity is at hand. Prepare to meet God. You may drink of this world's pleasures, and drink deeply, but if you die without Christ, in eternity you shall drink of the cup of the wrath of God. "And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them; and I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works; and the sea gave up the dead which were in it, and whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. xx. 11, 12, 13, 15). "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. iv. 7). "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" (John iii. 36). W. P. D.



## "KEEPING IT TO YOURSELF."



PREACHER of the Gospel once used, in my hearing, the following powerful illustration with reference to certain who have been deluded by Satan into imagining that they have passed through that wondrous change which God's word calls "being born again," while as yet their lives give no evidence of real turning to God. Such persons, if at all closely pressed on the matter, often reply—"Even if I have passed from death into life, I don't need to make a fuss and tell everybody about it. It is not for you to say that I have not got the life, although I am keeping it to myself."

The preacher went on to say, "I was a forrester in my younger days, and, when spring-time came, all the trees in the plantation would begin to push out green buds, until every branch was covered with verdure. If we saw, amidst all this, a tree with its arms as bare and black as they had been all winter, we did not say, 'It has got the life, that tree, but it's keeping it to itself,' *but we felled it to the ground, because it hadn't got anything to keep.*"

Dear reader, we feel this to be a deeply solemn subject to write about. It is the devil's policy to imitate everything which is of God: and in these days, when the necessity of being born again is being faithfully preached, *sham conversions* are not infrequent.

For example, a young man becomes anxious concerning his soul while listening to the voice of one who is pressing home on his hearers the importance of deciding for Christ *at once*. He says to himself, "I must not put off any longer; I am determined to be a Christian from this time." He has never seen his own guilt, vileness, and need; nor is his faith fixed on "Jesus only." His intention is to do the best he can in time to come, believing that Christ will make up the rest where he fails; or something of that sort. It is therefore no wonder that he lacks power to confess before others, and that his life soon sinks back to the old level. And yet the devil keeps him going with the awful delusion, "I *was converted* at such a time, I know that. It's true that I never said much about it; but then, I think, in a matter like that, I am better to keep it to myself." But all the while *he hasn't got anything to keep*. That's it.

Another stays at an "enquiry meeting," and is entreated to "believe." *Partly to get away* the deceived one says, "I see

it all now ; I do believe." He has never had to do with God about his soul, but pride hinders him from retracting these words which he has spoken, and Satan whispers, "You may have been converted after all—who knows? Just stick to what you said if any of these revival people ask you ; and as for the fellows at the warehouse, you don't need to tell them—you can keep it to yourself."

And for years afterwards such an one will repeat his shallow profession when he gets into the company of a plain spoken Christian—a thing which he will take care to do as seldom as possible. But if his companions, and those who know him best, are asked about his conversion, they have never heard of it. When that is the case, there is the utmost reason to dread that *the Lord hasn't heard of it either.*

We close this brief word, praying to God that He may apply this to your heart, reader, if you should be a poor *slave of Satan with a name to live.* You may deceive others, or yourself, but GOD IS NOT MOCKED. "The word is nigh thee, 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."

A. P. M.

### "PEACE!"



**P**OOOR woman in *great distress* about her soul, was present one evening at a gospel meeting. At the close, an invitation was given to any who were anxious to remain for conversion. Availing herself of this, the poor woman went forward to a gentleman present. "What do you want?" he kindly inquired. "Oh, sir, *I want peace!*" "Peace! that's a poor thing. Wont you take Christ?" The poor woman joyfully accepted the glorious offer of salvation.

Beloved reader, *what do you want?* Everything is wrapped up in a Person? *Is it peace you want?* "He is our peace" (Eph. ii. 14). *Is it the forgiveness of your sins?* "Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins" (Acts xiii. 38). *Is it righteousness?* "We are made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. v. 21). *Is it life?* "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23). *Is it propitiation?* "He is the propitiation for the whole world" (1 John ii. 1). What else would you have? *Is it an object for your heart?* Will you take *God's Beloved, the delight of Heaven.* "The chiefest among ten thousand, . . . altogether lovely."

# Papers for the Young.

## "JOHNNIE AND WILLIE."



JOHNNIE had been attending the day school at ——— for some time, and being a strong, hardy boy, was able to bear all the knocks and rough usage to which most boys are subjected in their early school life; but his brother Willie was so delicate and sickly that his mother was reluctant to let him out of her sight. At last she yielded to his repeated entreaties



to be allowed to accompany his brother to the school. Part of the conditions upon which his mother consented were, that Johnnie should protect him from the rough boys, and also that he would request the master not to flog him, as he was not strong enough to bear it. After the summer holidays the boys went off together in great delight; Johnnie was so much pleased at having his brother to accompany him. They had but just reached school, when some of the boys began

to tease and annoy him, but Johnnie very soon let them see they were not to tease while he was there, and also told them of his promise to his mother to protect him. All went well at first, but Willie had not been long at school when he was guilty of some misdemeanour, and was summoned before the master's desk to receive the punishment he deserved. As he walked across the floor, Johnnie's heart beat quickly, and his mother's words and his own promise came quickly before his mind. He had not much time to consider, but constrained by a yearning love for his delicate brother, and also a deep respect for his mother's commands, he jumped across the table where he was sitting, and rushed up to the desk just as the master was lifting the cane. The master, astonished at his conduct, in-

quired what he meant, and the boy unburdened his heart by explaining his mother's request that Willie should not be flogged, because he was not able to bear it. The master heard him patiently, and at length replied—"Will you take the punishment for him?" to which he cheerfully said, "I will, sir." "Hold out your hand, then." Down came the cane with a severe cut, again, again, again, till the boy winced beneath the blows. "That will do," said the master; and Johnnie placing his arm round his brother's neck, they walked together to their places—the guilty boy was pardoned, the innocent one had suffered. The master had vindicated his school laws, and had not compromised his justice in pardoning little Willie. Nay, it would have been a gross injustice to have laid one stroke upon him after his elder brother had endured the punishment in his stead. There was not a boy in the school but would have cried out against such injustice, had the master dared to lay one stroke upon the boy.

And now, dear little readers, have you ever heard of or read the 53d chapter of Isaiah, which tells us how Jesus, who is called an elder brother, saw us in the guilty place, and with His heart beating with eternal love to us, came down from His place at God's right hand in heaven, to bear our sins in His own body on the tree. "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." "He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. v. 21). When there was no eye to pity and no arm to save, His own arm brought salvation. And now, having borne the punishment due to our sins, and having satisfied Divine justice, He would place His everlasting arms around you, and bring you into the enjoyment of that peace and security only to be found by believing in Him.

C. W. L.

### *LOVE THAT HAS TRIUMPHED.*



— was a little child of five years, very dear to her parents, how dear the Lord only knows. Love can do many things; but human love, however strong, stands helpless when the icy finger of death lays its cold hand on a loving brow.

But God's love is not helpless, as you will see. It is a love

that has triumphed over sin, death, and the grave. A love that can make a babe smile, even in the dark valley of the shadow of death.

M——, at her mother's knee, learned the love of God. Had you seen her wondering eyes, uplifted to her mother's face, as she told of ruin by the fall; redemption by the blood; and regeneration by the Spirit—you would have said she was drinking it all in. M——, like all of you, had a sinful nature; and now and again it was shown in her life—but one word would send a selfish child sorrowing away, to come back in a little, to act out to her sisters the loving words of Jesus—"Be ye kind one to another." Thus, *because* He had loved her, she loved *His* word. Is it so with you, my dear child? At last M—— was brought home from the sea-side, and laid on her dying bed. She tossed about for two days, watched by loving eyes, who fain would keep her here. But that was not to be—Jesus, whom she loved, had called for her. With her head on her father's breast, and her hand in her mother's, she went home to Jesus. Her mother asked Jesus to let her see Himself before she went to Him. And love's prayer was heard. Shortly before M—— departed, she lifted her arm, pointing upwards with her little finger, and said, "Look, mamma!" "Where, dear?" said her mother. "Far, *far* up! Far, FAR up! Far, FAR up!" she three times repeated with deepening emphasis, and with a face beaming with joy. Her mamma said, "Is it Jesus, dear?" She answered, "Yes." Shortly before going home, she was asked, "Is Jesus with you?" She could not speak, but smiled.

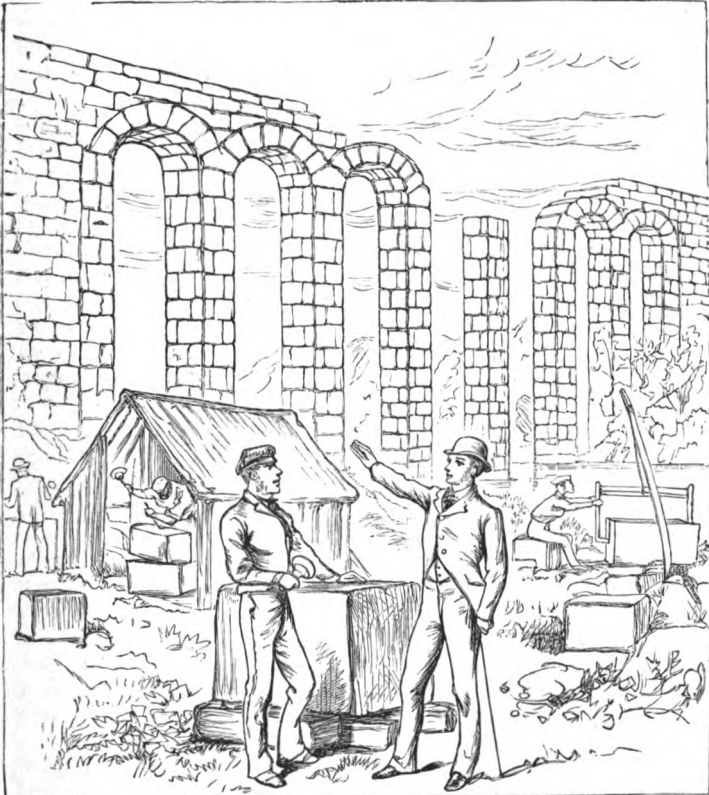
My dear child, do you love Jesus *because* He loved you? Have you drank in trustingly His words, "I came to seek and to save the lost." Have you looked to Calvary and heard God say, "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid *on Him* the iniquity of us all?" If so, you will love Him, *because* he has thus loved you. Then, if you live to grow big, you will have sorrows and trials, or if, like M——, you pass through death's dark vale, you will see Jesus, who loves you, and gave Himself for you, "far, far up," in the glory bright, yet, with an eye of love, watching and caring for you.

"On thy meek and lowly breast,  
Jesus, I would ever rest."

## CONDEMNED.



VISITING a friend some time ago, I found him at his work, he being a mason engaged in some lofty railway arches that spanned a valley. I could not but admire the work, especially the centre columns, when, to my surprise, I was told that very day they were to be destroyed. So much for my judgment of things. It was quite set on one side. The Government



inspector had been down and condemned the work, which appeared all you could wish, but it was pronounced to be not sufficiently strong to carry the heavy mineral traffic that would pass over it.

In vain for contractors, builders, and workmen to protest: their united judgments were set on one side: the higher authority had come in and pronounced his judgment which was final. No cramping, no plates, no strong bolts and nuts, or shoring up; indeed, no patching up at all was to be allowed; down it must come to the foundation, and others stronger and more massive take their place.

Some time after, passing through the salt districts of Cheshire, I saw a corner house, very delapidated in appearance, gaping crevices about the doors and windows, which along with the general tumble-down condition of things told its end was near. Moreover, a strong wooden railing surrounded it, keeping foot passengers at a respectable distance. A notice paper also told its story, giving weight to and completing the testimony, for it too was condemned; and down it must come. In this case there had been repeated attempts at mending and improving; re-pointing the brickwork; paint and putty, time and money spent to no real purpose, for none of these things touched the foundation.

The massive new stone railway pillars, with no cracks or signs of decay, must stand alongside the old tumble-down house: no difference, or, at least, no betterness: both condemned.

It is just a picture, alas! too common amongst us. All patching up of human nature, like the house, avails nothing; the sentence has gone forth "*condemned already.*" The judgment of God is according to truth: set not up your judgment, blinded by sin, against His.

Neither the architect nor the contractor on the work was a fit and proper person to judge: neither would care to condemn his own work, which to appearance was all that could be desired. They as interested parties would most likely misjudge. The workmen were not competent either. Each could only look at it from his own standpoint, but the Government inspector took an impartial survey of the whole, seeing it from every point of view.

Alas! however, for the most perfect and impartial human judgment! how apt to err. Near where I once lived, several railway arches lie in ruins. The traffic is carried on over a temporary wooden structure. Here was work that seemed all that could be wished; engineer, contractor, inspector, the company all well pleased, passed it as sound and good. Yet on

the very day of *opening*—amid rejoicing and festivity—those very arches fell in with a terrible crash. How unexpected and unlooked for! What an ending of their merry-making! Happily no lives were lost; would to God we could always give so cheering a report! But eternity alone will reveal the lost souls of those who resist the judgment of God, and madly think their own thoughts instead of bowing to the unfailing thoughts of God concerning us. He says, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one."

Do not, we pray you, in the light of eternity, do not be carried away with the seeming beauty of your blameless, religious life. It is before God no better than the abandoned and profligate. "They that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. viii. 8). What a frightful crash would there not have been had these very columns come down, bearing with it the heavily-laden passenger train. Better be blown down now—under the blast of that charge of powder—and torn stone from stone. The *outwardly* fair fabric of your religious life will come down with a terrible crash under the judgment of God, and you lost in hell eternally. Better judge it now, and take your place before Him as *lost*. Then what a joy to know that He, who was to God all that could be desired, bore on the cross the overwhelming judgment of a Holy God—the just suffered for the unjust; that we, believing in Him, may pass at once from death to life, and not come into condemnation (John v. 24).

G. R. G.

WHERE are your convictions? Yes, you had sharp and bitter ones. You remember the gospel address and your feelings after it, when you cried for mercy, and felt as if it would be now or never with your soul. You remember when death entered your home, and a voice startling you from your sleep seemed continually to say, "*Prepare to meet thy God.*" You prayed then and appeared solemnized. Yes, you remember the time when you *eagerly sought* salvation. Is it painful to be reminded of it? Does the question send a thrill through your heart? *Where are your convictions?* WHERE?

Reader, were you *anxious once, and not now?* We come to warn and bid you *think*. You need, for the longer you continue in sin your heart becomes harder, your mind darker, your sins greater, your time shorter, and the drowsy slumber of the second death more and more irresistible.



## HEAVEN—A PRESENT REALITY.



STEWART was between four and five years old—a bonnie, affectionate little fellow; one of those precocities called “funny children,” by people who do not or cannot discern an unusual intelligence at work systematising a naturally vagrant imagination.

One Sunday evening his father and mother were gone out, and he was sitting upon my knee in front of the fire, doing his best to arouse my admiration by an animated, but somewhat disconnected description of a great gala to which he had been taken a few days previously. Sometimes almost flinging himself from my knee in his excitement, as he told of the fountains of purple fire, and cascades of golden sparkles, the lurid glare of many coloured meteors, and roaring rush of countless rockets, making the very heavens weep drops of fire. When his facts were worn threadbare by repetition, his memories had been exhausted and his imagination considerably drawn upon, in that passion to astonish so common with children of all ages, I thought that it was time to try to squeeze a little improving Sunday evening talk out of the empty cases of these rockets that had been going off.

“Do you know, Stewart,” I said, “that if you could have one peep into heaven, it is so beautiful that you wouldn’t afterwards trouble yourself to look out of that window if all the fireworks, and regiments of soldiers with guns and flags and trumpets, and all the fine things in the world, were all showing off in the field?”

Stewart sat quite still, gazing listlessly into the fire, without making me any reply. I watched his face, and could see that he was not over well pleased with the change of subject.

“You seem to care more about Bellevue fireworks than you do about heaven, Stewart!” was my not very sagacious remark.

“I know more about Bellevue than I do about heaven, Mr. R—,” he replied, gravely and quietly, without taking his eyes off the fire.

“A very sensible remark too! What did you bother the poor, dear little fellow about such a far off, out-of-the-way place as heaven, at all for? Time enough for him to think about another world, when he had seen a little more of this!” If any of my readers are talking to themselves in this way, may I ask them if, “seeing a little more of this world,” has induced them to think seriously about the world to come? Whether they find it easier, as time goes on, to unloose their affections

from earth, and fasten them upon heaven? My experience decides me, that it is easier to fall in love with Christ at five than it is at fifty years of age. Let me tell you another incident.

One day there were six of us travelling together in a first-class compartment—all business men in good positions. The subject of infidelity happened to be started. One gentleman evinced a downright antipathy to Christianity; two expressed themselves undecidedly and ignorantly concerning religion generally; and two showed great indifference upon the subject; but the other—a gentleman of whom I had seen a little, and whose business ability, shrewd common sense, and pleasant manner, I had been disposed to admire—expressed himself as follows: “Well, there seems to be a great difference of opinion about the next world; so my idea is, that we ought to make the best of this. We know what this is, and we don’t know anything about the next.” (N.B. The speaker was over eighty years of age.) “Now, Mr. R.—,” he said, addressing me, “what do you think about it? do you think that there is another world?”

Thus compelled to speak, I lifted my heart to God and replied, that “I had a contempt for the mean intelligence and want of self-respect in a man who classed himself with the beasts that perish. Everything in creation having its adequate aim and end, obviously subservient to the uses of man, he shows a poor spirit when he rests contented with a career, in comparison to his capacities, so wretchedly unsatisfactory.” Almost immediately afterwards we parted company.

But this last paragraph is a digression. What I wish to emphasize is this, that the shrewd man of eighty was hugging much the same sort of delusion as the child of five; earth to both seemed so real and heaven so unreal, and death itself, even at eighty, such a remote contingency.

My friend—man or woman, boy or girl—if you are yet unconverted, this old man and this young child spoke your heart! You may not dare to assert a disbelief in the existence of God and heaven and hell; you may even be nicely religious, but God is unreal, and heaven is a very far-away place to you! Oh, will you believe me! Why should I deceive you? Nay, will you not believe God, that “eye hath not seen, neither ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him: but God hath revealed them to us by His Spirit.” “Faith is the sub-

stance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Don't nurse the common ignorant mistake, that by giving yourself to Christ you are going to condemn yourself to a life of harassing, painful self-denial, with an uncertain result. Once take Him into your heart by faith, and heaven begins at once—in relief from tormenting dread of death; in strength to bear the burden of life; in an indescribable peace of soul, flowing from the love of loves, and the joy attendant upon filial obedience. You are then able to please God; and can you not form some idea of the pleasure of pleasing God from your experience of life? My young readers, you have sometimes disobeyed your parents, thinking to gain yourself pleasure, and you have sometimes denied yourself to obey them. Which gave you most pleasure? You don't know God, you silly children! You are hiding yourselves from the most gentle, tender, loving friend you could have—the very God of love! Run away to Jesus at once, and He will take you up in His arms and smile into your face—oh, so fondly—and make you so happy. And, if you keep close to Him in thought and prayer, wherever you are, you will never feel so miserable again as you have sometimes felt—no, not if you live a hundred years. And, if you die to-night, ah, that would be glorious! You would see more beauty and know more love, before to-morrow dawned on England, than all the poets and painters, and most talented people that ever lived, could give the faintest idea of!


I remember hearing an old Christian tell about a young friend of his being converted. "The boy ran singing about the house," said our old friend, "and then he came bouncing into my room. 'Oh, Mr. P——,' he cried, 'shall I always be as happy as this?' 'Of course you will,' said I, 'if you keep close to the Lord, you'll go on getting happier and happier and happier—right away through the countless ages of eternity—only you'll learn to carry your happiness more quietly.'" R.

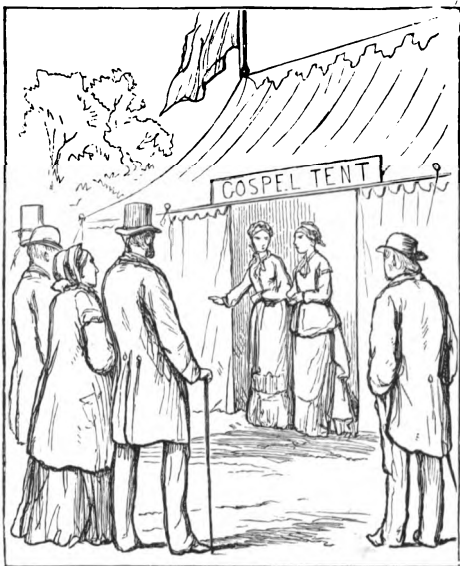
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SINNER, when death comes to you, as it must come to every man, what do you intend to do? You may put off the thought now, but your *last morning* will come; for the last time you will awaken from natural sleep, and when your eyes close again, they will close in death.

Oh, before it is too late—*PREPARE TO MEET GOD!*

*THE TRADESMAN'S WIFE*  
*AND*  
*HOW SHE LOST HER RELIGION.*

“ HAVE come down to have a talk with you, Miss, and to ask if you will pray for me. I have not been feeling happy for some time back, more especially since the night you took me along with you to the Evangelistic Meeting in the tent. You remember it was that night the gentleman spoke of many people who professed to be Christians being deceived, and waking up at last in hell. You know, Miss, that there was a change took place in my life in 1873. I have lived differently since, yet at times I have my fears, and the address about “hypocrisy” that I heard in the tent has made me so nervous and unhappy, that I thought I’d come down and have a talk with you, and ask you to pray for me.” The speaker was a woman in the prime of life, the wife of a respectable tradesman in a town in Scotland. They were an amiable, well-behaved couple, both members of the Presbyterian Church, and few were more regularly in their pews than they. The husband did not profess to be converted. He was one of the ordinary rank and file of the church



members, took the sacrament twice a year, and paid his share of the church expenses, “hoping for the best” at the last day. His wife was different. Being weakly in body, she had often thought of death, and earnestly prayed to be made ready to meet it. During a time of soul-saving in the town, she professed to be converted, but it was a profession without Christ. Like

many others, she had been awakened by the Spirit of God to see her need, and the cunning devil had ensnared her into a "refuge of lies"—a counterfeit of God's salvation. She had peace of a kind. It stood her good so long as she went to "her own church," where the preaching was most frequently of the "building up" character, and not much calculated to disturb hypocrites such as she was; but that address on "hypocrisy" had completely upset her, demolished her false peace, and made her miserable. She had come to the lady who took her to the tent meeting, and asked to be prayed for, as I have quoted above.

"And what shall I pray for, Mrs. H——?"

"O, just *pray*, Miss, for I'm *so* unhappy; pray that I may be filled with the Holy Ghost and made happy."

"I cannot pray for that, Mrs. H——. God does not fill any unconverted sinner with the Holy Ghost, nor does he make any happy in their sins. I will ask God to show you that you are a condemned sinner, hanging over a burning hell, and I'll pray that you may not be able to get rest or sleep until you have got Christ."

Mrs. H—— thought this was poor consolation. She was inclined to get angry at the plain speaking of her friend, but something within said—"You need not be offended, you know it's perfectly true, and you'd better face it." But, then, what would people say? She had been known as a good Christian woman from 1873; if she were to let it out that all the time she had been a hypocrite, people would look down upon her with suspicion, and her good name would be at stake. How many plans the devil has to keep sinners from Christ! For years he had kept this woman carelessly and heedlessly on the road to ruin. In 1873, she was awakened, and he succeeded in getting her to rest in a reformed life instead of Christ, and now that God had in mercy broken the spell, pride came in to keep her from owning the truth.

She rose, and rather hurriedly left, not very well pleased, and certainly not very happy.

She arrived at home, and shortly after got to bed. But the struggle increased. The prayer of her friend was answered. She could say, "The pains of hell got hold of me: I found trouble and sorrow" (Psa. cxvi. 3). She knew the gospel well, and how God justifies the ungodly, and saves the lost. But the point was, would she humble herself to take the place of a

lost and ungodly sinner? Ah, this is where many stop short. They will not "come down;" they will not take the place of guilty, hopeless sinners. They will hug the filthy rags of their own righteousness, and cover the putrid sores and pollutions of their lost estate, rather than stand out in the light of God, self-condemned, confessing "I abhor myself." But the day will come when the mask will drop, and the covering shall be torn aside; when sin and guilt shall be seen in all their hideousness, exposed and punished. Hypocrisy and deceit will find no place before the dazzling brightness of the throne of judgment. Sinner, what will your boasted goodness and your fair profession avail you then? Your cherished good name will vanish, and the last ray of your false hope will flicker, to be eternally extinguished in the horrors of the outer darkness, amid the wailings of the damned.

She tossed to and fro on her pillow, unable to sleep. The clock struck two, and still the agony increased. She could bear it no longer. She rose and partly dressed. She felt it must be settled *now* or *never*—it must be for Christ or despair—her good name, her fair profession, must all go to the dust, or she must perish for ever! As the first rays of morning light shone into the room, she owned her guilt and hypocrisy, and cast herself solely upon the Lord Jesus, accepting Him as the Saviour of her guilty soul, and believing His Word, which saith, "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6); and "whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts x. 43). The entrance of God's words gave light, and the burden rolled away. She knew on the authority of God's Word that she had "passed from death to life" (John v. 24), and she was filled with "joy and peace in believing" (Rom. xv. 13). Hurriedly dressing, she went off to tell Miss C——, early as it was, and they rejoiced together. What a change from the former sham conversion of 1873 was this! There was *life*, and it bore its fruit, to the praise of Him who gave it.

Reader, have you been converted to God? Has there been in your history a passing "from death to life," from "darkness into light?" Have you had definite and personal dealings with God about your soul? Make sure work about it that you do not rest in some "experience" or "change" short of being "born again." Many do. They have been "anxious inquirers," and accounted among the "new converts," and yet, like this woman, they have stopped short of Christ.

J. R.

# Papers for the Young.

## *"CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY."*

Rom. v. 6.

**B**LANCHE was a little girl four years old, whose mother had been ill for a long time, and now lay dying. A servant of the Lord had been called in to see the dying woman, and was endeavouring to show her her need of a Saviour. But Blanche's mother thought, like many others, because she had not been very wicked she did not need to be saved by Jesus. She was shown from God's Word how that ALL had sinned, ALL were guilty, and ALL were condemned already (Rom. iii.; John iii.); and that, therefore, she was just as much in need of a Saviour as the vilest sinner that had ever lived.

She would not, however, believe what God said, and therefore refused to listen to the earnest appeals of the christian friend who had visited her.

With much regret for the sad state of her soul, he turned downstairs, and seeing little Blanche, called her to him. Taking her on his knee, he said, "Now, Blanche, if you will learn this text I will give you a penny"—

### **"CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY."**

The child repeated it over many times. At length she cried out with joy, "I can say it now, I can say it now!" Her friend then gave her the penny, and left her. After he had gone she kept repeating it over and over again until she had learned it perfectly. How she longed that dada would come home that she might tell him. At last the door opened. It was her father. Running to meet him with open arms, she cried—"Dada, I can say it now."

"What can you say, my love?" said her father.

"Christ died for the ungodly."

But dada turned away disappointed.

"Aint you glad I can say it, dada?" "Christ died for the ungodly."

No, dada did not want to hear it.

Mrs. Smith came in. Again the cry rang out, "I can say it now."

"What? my child." "Christ died for the 'ungodly.'"

But Mrs. Smith didn't care to hear it.

How strange! no one seemed to want to hear it. Ah! thought Blanche, I must tell mamma; so away she went upstairs—no one taking any notice of her.

The room was full of friends and neighbours talking together very earnestly, but Blanche made her way through them, and stealing up to her mother's bedside she whispered, "Mamma, I can say it now."

"What? my love." "Christ died for the ungodly."

"Say it again, Blanche." "Christ died for the ungodly."

The dying woman turned her head uneasily on the pillow. Blanche was hurried off to bed as a naughty child.

But neither Blanche nor mamma could sleep, and in the middle of the night, when all was quiet, Blanche's mother thought—Can it be true? Did Christ really die for the ungodly? I thought He died for good people, and not for bad people. The conviction then came home to her heart—she was a sinner, and because she was ungodly or unlike God, Christ died for her.

She believed the message, and was happy. In the morning she sent for the christian friend who had taught Blanche the precious text, and as he entered the room, she cried out with all the strength she could command, "Thank God, the text has done it."

She then told how God had convinced her of her need of a Saviour, and revealed Jesus as the all-sufficient One for her soul to trust to. During the day she spoke to all who visited her, and asked them if they knew that "Christ died for the ungodly."

About eight o'clock in the evening she called her friends around her bedside, told them she was going to heaven, and asked them to join her in singing.

The writer of this little story was one of that happy number. Never will he forget singing with Blanche's mother—"Safe in the arms of Jesus." When the hymn was finished she kissed her darling child, and bade her a last loving good-bye. Twenty-four hours after she had trusted Jesus on earth, her soul took its flight to be with Him for ever in glory. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." Her last words were, "Jesus, my heart's dear refuge, Jesus has died for me." Such was the happy result of that short and simple Gospel address—"I can say it now, mamma—'Christ died for the ungodly.'" W. L.



## “Looking unto Jesus!”

I WANDERED in darkness, a stranger to rest,  
A desert my weary feet trod ;  
Behind, like a foeman, my crimson sins pressed ;  
Before me rolled judgment's dark flood.  
I trembled with anguish, and fain would have fled ;  
But refuge nor path could I see ;  
When soft as sweet music a loving voice said—  
“Look off from thy sins unto Me !”

*Chorus*—“Look off from thy sorrows! look off from thy fears!  
From troubles, whatever they be ;  
Look trustingly off, though it be through thy tears,  
Look off, O! look off unto Me !”

I look, and the vision enraptures my soul,  
Prevailing my fears to allay,  
For lo! *o'er my Saviour* those judgment-waves roll,  
Then *vanish for ever away!*  
Though sorrow around me her mantle may fling,  
And comfort and pleasures may flee,  
Yet under the shadow my spirit can sing,  
While He whispers “Look off unto Me !”

I look unto Jesus at noon and at night ;  
Through the cross to the past I have died ;  
The way through the desert lies open and bright,  
E'en cleaving Death's dark rolling tide.  
And if at the river's cold brink I should stand,  
My sweetest delight then shall be  
To hear His kind words, as He holdeth my hand,  
“Come up higher, my child, unto Me !”

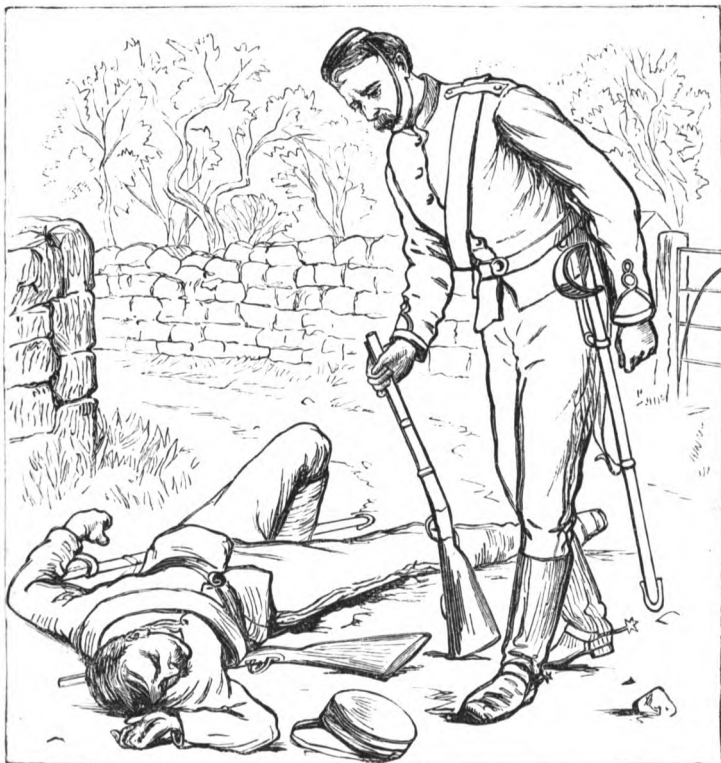
W. J. H. B.

*"THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN MY FATE."*



IN the month of June, 1882, the public were again shocked by seeing on every newspaper placard an announcement of another murder in the West of Ireland.

Mr. Bourke, of Rahasane Park, Galway, was the victim marked out for the assassin's shot; and as he constantly



went out with an escort, the soldier accompanying him met the same fate. The murder was accomplished in broad daylight, and seemed to have been most deliberately planned.

Mr. Bourke only had one soldier, a corporal of the 1st

Dragoons, with him. They were returning to his home from Gort in the afternoon, and had passed through Ardrahan, and left it about a mile behind them, when they were shot. Mr. Bourke was seated on the front of his dog-cart driving, while Wallace, the dragoon, sat on the hind seat, looking backwards. The assassins had made three loop-holes in the wall of Castle Taylor, and were waiting for their victims, when, as the dog-cart drove by, they fired almost simultaneously, killing them both at once. The murdered men, rolling off the trap into the road, lay there in their own blood, whilst the assassins walked quietly away. It is sad to think that such murders can be planned and carried out without rousing the indignation of the whole country side in which one may occur.

But it is for another purpose that we call attention to this scene of murder. It appears that Wallace, the corporal who was shot, had only arrived in the district from the Curragh Camp two days before, for the purpose of replacing another dragoon whom Mr. Bourke wished to have changed. He was a fine young man, nearly six feet high, a native of Scotland. Wallace, although it was not his turn for duty, was anxious to see Gort, and elected to take his comrade's place that day, as Mr. Bourke was going there; and thus it was that he shared the same fate.

When his comrade arrived, and saw the body as it lay by the roadside, he was much affected, and exclaimed, "THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN MY FATE." It had been his turn for duty, and he only escaped being shot to death by his comrade volunteering to take his place. There was no compulsion in the matter; simply of his own choosing he went that day, and thus saved his comrade's life. But whilst all this is true, and we may contemplate with sadness such a brutal termination of that young life, yet we cannot say that his death in the place of another was the result of love. If he had known beforehand what awaited his comrade, and then said, "No, you shall not go; I elect to take your place, even though I know death will be the result"—then every mouth would have been filled with praise of the one who thus died for another.

But this is just what the Christian can say of the Lord Jesus Christ. Neither of those soldiers had harmed the people of Galway, yet the one on duty was murdered. But we have sinned against God. Our iniquities are more than the hairs of our head. We deserve death and judgment. No good thing

is found in us : in sin and folly, by nature and practice, we have lived on at enmity against God. It is therefore an absolute necessity, according to the Word of God, that the sinner should die and be lost for ever ; or should be saved by another taking his place.

As Wallace lay on that high road in his own blood, his comrade could look down upon him, and could say, "*This should have been my fate.*" And why was it not ? His goodness, his being one of the best men in his regiment ? Nothing of the kind. He might have had ever so many good conduct marks, and have never been under guard for misbehaviour ; but that would not have saved him from the assassin's shot. No, it was his duty to go with Mr. Bourke, and to have been with him would have cost him his life. Yet how simply he was saved. Wallace chose to go that day instead of him.

And so the Lord Jesus chose to leave heaven, and come to earth. He chose to take the sinner's place, and die under the penalty of a broken law. Wallace never knew what was going to befall him. It was not love to his comrade that led him that day to go instead of him. But the Lord Jesus knew all that He had to endure, and in love He resolved to go through it all. Not only the bitter mockery and cruelty of men who sought His life awaited Him, but He knew that He must endure the hiding of God's face. That was the bitter cup He had to drink, and He drank it, and then gave up His spirit. And now the sinner who believes in Him can gaze on that wondrous scene of Calvary's hill, the pierced hands and feet, the life given up, the riven side, and say with sadness, and yet with what love,

"THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN MY FATE."

Reader, can you do this ? Have you seen another, the Lord Jesus Himself dead for you ? For it is only from His death that we get life. Reader, this may be your position now. Perhaps when you read the touching exclamation of Wallace's comrade, and thought of that young fellow's life brought to such an untimely close, tears started to your eyes, and you had difficulty to restrain them. But see another dead One. The Lord Himself on Calvary's cross. There for the sinner, for you, out of His heart's love, that you might not perish but have eternal life. What wondrous love ! None can be compared to it : yet no tear has ever started to your eye as you have read or heard of this. Your heart has never yet been touched by

His love, His death. What a tale this tells! Think of it: you are still a sinner, hardened in your sins, unconcerned about your condition, careless as to the wrath to come. We beseech you delay not. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Trust Him now as you are, and then you shall be able to say, "This should have been my fate, but it never shall be, for Christ Jesus died for me."

R. T. H.

### *THE COMFORTABLY-MINDED OLD MAN.*



CHRISTIAN man, visiting some of the villages of Devon, and distributing tracts from house to house, called at a village inn, and put in the pony for a little rest. While in conversation with the landlady, he learned from her that there was living near by a *very comfortably-minded old man*, as she called him, who had been in bed for several years, and was now in his 95th year. The Christian man found his way to the cottage, which was a very poor one, and was soon seated by the bedside of the old man, to learn the secret of his comfortable mind. The mention of the name of Jesus soon drew from the old man the news that for fifty years he had trusted in the Son of God alone for salvation; having learned that by nature and practice he needed the "great salvation" which alone is found in Him to whom God has given the name of Jesus, and at which Name God has declared every knee shall bow. In speaking of heaven he very strikingly repeated these lines—

"Millions have reached that blissful shore,  
Their toils and labours all are o'er;  
But still there's room for many more—  
Will you go?"

Reader, have you a comfortable mind like this old man in the prospect of soon meeting God? Have you trusted that Saviour who filled the old man with such joy when the things of earth were all faded for him? Perhaps as to time you are very comfortable; but what about eternity? If you have not been *born again*, you cannot enter the kingdom of God. Do not rest in *comfortable circumstances* or *comfortable feelings* which may soon fade away; but *rest in Jesus only*, and then you too will have a comfortable mind for time and eternity. "Being justified by faith we have peace with God."

R. P.

## THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

Jesus said, "I am the Way" (John xiv. 6).



READER, are you in the way to heaven? One of two things is true; you are either in the way, or you are not. If you are in the way, you ought to know it. If you are not in the way, is it not time you were making an investigation as to whether *your* thoughts about God, and about yourself, are not altogether wrong? Now, whether you believe it or not, the word of God plainly declares you to be a sinner. (See Rom. iii. 23). "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." That includes every son and daughter of Adam's race, and you are classed in this category. But this same word of God also declares, in 1 Timothy i. 15, that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Now, what do you think about that? You may ask, what constitutes a sinner? Well, I believe it carries its own meaning, a sinner is one who (consciously or unconsciously) is always committing sin; who left to himself, possessed of natural propensities and proclivities, is following the bent of his own sinful heart, "having no hope, and without God in the world." Now, a person without God is of necessity a godless, or ungodly person. But in Rom. v. 6, we read, that "Christ died for the ungodly": there now, reader, you are met again by this precious word of the living God. But let me come a little nearer. "Christ died for *us*," yourself and me—just so. (See Rom. v. 8). But "God commendeth His love toward *us*, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for *us*," as if there were no other in the world but you and I, two poor sinners, "Christ died for us."

Well, I can thank God for this; can you? Why I can and do thank God for this, I have two reasons to offer, 1st, God in His word pronounces me a sinner, this I admit. 2nd, God in His word declares Christ died for me, this I believe. I admit the one, and I believe the other. I could not admit the first, if I did not believe that my natural propensities and inclinations were just exactly as God has described them in His word. Nor could I believe the second if I for a moment doubted or denied the first.

Now, I think that to any sane mind this is logically true, and very simple.

Let me give an illustration. Suppose you owed £100, and you had nothing to pay, and a friend calls upon you and he promises to undertake the debt. If it is not paid by the 1st of next month, you are sure to be run into the debtor's prison.

Your friend goes off at once and pays the debt, comes back and places the receipt in your hand. What do you say? "Thank you, my best friend." To be sure; what else would you do? Well, sinner, you are a debtor to God, and *you have nothing to pay*; neither had I. But Jesus has taken our place and paid the debt—the penalty due for our sin; and now God puts the receipt into our hands. "Christ died for us." There it is, will you take it and thank Him?

But more than all this. "God has raised Him from the dead." (See Rom. x. 9). "That 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." Observe it is God who says, "*thou shalt be saved.*" God did not allow His Son to remain in Joseph's tomb, but raised Him up from among the dead. This is a proof of God's acceptance of the offering. Now mark these two conditions, and the natural result of their being complied with. "If thou shalt confess." "If thou shalt believe." "Thou shalt be saved." Again, we read in Acts xiii. 39, "*All that believe are justified,*" or made just. You are justified when you believe. In other words, you honour God's word by accepting His gift to you, in believing that word. This honouring of God is "faith." "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1). So that "faith" and "believing" are synonymous terms. Now then, my friend, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" (John ix. 35). The beggar said, Lord, I believe, and he worshipped Him (verse 38). Are you willing *now*, just as you are, and where you are, to say, "Lord, I believe?" May God by His grace enable you to do so now.

God is speaking very loudly to the world in *the present day*, to sinners in *the present hour*, to you *this present moment*. Put it not from you till "a convenient season." Procrastination is the thief of time; year after year it steals, and to the mercy of a moment leaves the vast concerns of eternity.

Confess, believe, and receive "the gift of God," which is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord (Rom. vi. 23).

J. G.

AMONG the hearers of the gospel, God remembers the sins of those only who remember not the blood of His Son.

To seek healing of soul from duties, instead of the blood of Christ, is taking poison to cure the disease.

## "I'LL TOSS YOU FOR IT."



VERY risky way of settling the matter, the toss of a penny. The question would not require to be one of much importance, when heads or tails was to decide. So most people who pass for being sane would say. But the question at issue was of being eternally in hell or heaven; and yet, in a jesting way he



said, "I'll toss you for your chance or mine of being in heaven." But I would not have it, for, as I told him, I would be in heaven whether it was heads or tails. My being there was not a thing of chance, but an absolute certainty, for it depended on Christ alone, since I had trusted my soul entirely to Him; God's word assured me I should never perish (John x. 28, 29), and I believed it.

What say you? You would not, with my shipmate, like to risk

the salvation or damnation of your precious soul on the toss of a coin, would you? And yet, perhaps you think my confidence is as far wrong as his utter indifference.

Now, there can be no *chance* about it. God's word is as plain as two and two make four; you are sure enough about that, and so you may be about your salvation. You are certain to be eternally in heaven or in hell, and the deciding of it remains with you. God says: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John iii. 36). He also says: "He that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 16). If you have already believed on the Lord Jesus Christ you are sure to have what God has promised, but if you reject God's Son, you are quite as sure of the promised wrath.



Notwithstanding the awful importance of this question to you individually, you may never have seriously considered it for five minutes. The game the devil is playing with you is "heads I win, tails you lose," and you are sure to be his, and in his horrid hell for ever and ever. Stop! As you prize your soul, with its eternal interests, stop, and look the matter straight in the face! As you dread eternal torment, stop, and think how you can escape. And you don't need to think long about which way of escape you will take, for there's only one way, that is God's way. If you try to make another (as hundreds are doing to-day), no matter how much appearance of religion there may be about it, you will burn in hell. How many to-day are going respectably to ruin through the so-called churches. Your minister may have put your name in his communion roll, but it is God alone who can put your name in "the Lamb's Book of Life." Turning over new leaves, and all sorts of good resolutions to do what's right, and stop doing what's wrong, are quite out of date. Man's trial is past long ago, and God found all the world guilty (Rom. iii. 19); and you are one of them, so any amount of supposed goodness on your part can never remove the solemn verdict, "All have sinned," and "the wages of sin is death."

"The wicked shall be turned into hell" (Psa. ix. 17). Think of it. From God's word we learn a little of the fearful agony and woe of the lost in hell.\*

IT IS ETERNAL.—Throughout that eternity you will see no one in that "blackness of darkness." Alone, as far as companionship goes—alone for ever!—something unbearable. But worse, it is a lake of fire and brimstone, wherein there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. O, God! are men really to be there for ever? "*Everlasting punishment*" (Matt. xxv. 46). "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up *for ever and ever*" (Rev. xiv. 11). *Not one drop of water* to cool that burning tongue—*not one moment's rest*, for "their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched." Not one beam of light, not one ray of hope! Dark despair! Weeping, wailing, gnashing of teeth! Eternally damned! Oh, it is awful! and that is what you are fast hastening on to, thinking as little of it as if it

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\* The Bible is the only place we can get the truth about it; all the preaching about "no hell" comes from the father of lies, through his servants.

had no existence at all. Again, I say, stop and think. God does not wish you to go to that awful hell. He has provided a ransom so that you may be delivered from it (Job xxxiii. 24). He gave His Son to die for sins—the Just One, for us the unjust—that He might bring us to Himself. That is eternal life, light, love, joy, heaven—the exact opposite of hell. God wants you there, do you want to go? The matter is in your own hands now, but if you continue to reject God's offer of salvation, at the end, God won't ask you to go to hell; you'll be *turned in there* against your will, and *kept there for ever*. "Now is the day of salvation," and you will be saved if you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Give up all attempts at trying to do something to please God, and trust only to the One in whom God is well pleased. That is God's way of saving sinners like you or me, and happy is the soul who now bows to it. Perfectly conscious that we are saved—not because we are good, not because we feel it—but because God has said it. "I know in whom I have believed." "The Lord knoweth them that are His."

Reader, are you still going to treat your soul's salvation as a matter of indifference? Or, will you now accept of Christ as your own, and only Saviour? If God had told you to do some great work in order to be saved, you might well have said, "I can't do it." But where is the soul who cannot trust in the Lord Jesus? That is all God wants you to do. "This is *the work of God*, that ye *believe* on Him whom He hath sent" (John vi. 29). He made full atonement for sin on the cross, and if you now trust Him, *eternal life* is yours *in Him*, and you can *never perish*.

J. W. A.

WHAT is it to obey the gospel, but to believe the gospel? Unbelief says, "I will not receive Christ as a gift from God." Faith, on the contrary, says, "I want Christ in His fulness; my pinching poverty makes me glad of so rich and all-sufficient a Saviour."

THEY tell us there is no ice so close and hard as that which forms upon the surface, which once has thawed; and there is no hardness of the human spirit so great as that which forms over hearts that have once been melted.

WHEN God shut Noah in, He shut the mocking and unbelieving world out; and, for aught you know, this very night it may be so with you.

## “IMMENSE SACRIFICE !”



WHILE going along a well-known thoroughfare, I was attracted by the above words, posted in large conspicuous letters, and on reading the small bills I found that a large linen draper had failed in his business, and that the stock would be sold off at *an immense sacrifice*. I afterwards found that his creditors had come upon him rather suddenly, and being unprepared to meet his extensive debts, they had sold everything at a great loss, in order to make a dividend.

It may be, dear reader, that you can learn a lesson from this that will suit your case. The draper started in order to make money and get on in life, but instead of consulting his friends on the subject, he opened where it was said to be impossible to get on; and there are many who start in their own way in order to get to heaven, and without a doubt they expect one day to reach the better land.

But not only did he start his business, but he *worked hard* in it, yet with all his hard work he ultimately failed. Have you, dear friend, been *working very hard* in order to obtain eternal life? If so, know this, that it is “not by works of righteousness that we have done, but by His own grace, He has saved us.”

“There is nothing to do, for being born dead,  
We needed another to work in our stead.”

It is only death that is earned; it is “*the wages of sin*: but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

I found, too, that the draper had invested his *all*; every penny had been put into the business in the hope that it would take a turn, and go on well. So it is with you, sinner; your hopes, your eternal happiness, your soul, are all depending on your choice, and the great concerns of eternity are linked with your decision. If you go on your own way, endeavouring to earn eternal life by your good deeds, it will be said of you, as of that draper, and “*he failed*.” Sinner, you must fail; therefore come at once; put your case into the hands of Jesus; own yourself a bankrupt sinner with “*nothing to pay*,” and hear Him graciously say, “Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee.” If not, it will be said of you that you sold your soul for naught; you missed golden opportunities; you had your own way, and the consequence was, an “*immense sacrifice*.”

F. H. D.

# Papers for the Young.

## WHAT MY LITTLE FRIENDS SAID.



NOT long ago a preacher, whose name was Mr. M——, came to the town of L——, where he began to hold meetings, and to tell the people—

“Ye must be born again !  
Or never enter heaven :  
’Tis only blood-washed ones are there—  
The ransomed and forgiven.”

Many did not like to hear these words. There were some who thought that they were good people ; that they had never done very much that was wrong ; and that they could get into heaven without needing to be converted. But Mr. M—— showed them from God’s Word that, “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” A number then saw that it would not do to try to please God by their own good works, so they yielded to God’s Holy Spirit and became saved at once.

Mr. M—— held meetings for children also, and many of the little ones in the town (who might have thought that they were *too young* to become Christians) got to see that they were not too young to *die and be lost*, and therefore were not too young to be saved. How happy it made the fathers and mothers of those children when they came home telling how they had believed on the Lord Jesus and claimed Him as their own Saviour ! Would not you like, little reader, to be saved now ? You know that this would give joy to those who are praying for you. And there is One greater than all who would rejoice to see you changed. God Himself wants you to be saved, and He would make joy in heaven over even such a little one as you being turned to Christ.

The Gospel of God lets you know how you may be saved. Gospel means “good news.” God’s Gospel is not news about anything you have to begin and do. It is news about what Christ has done. I will tell you a saying of a little girl who had accepted the gift of God at one of Mr. M——’s meetings, and it may help you to understand the good news which is from God.

She said, "I think that what the Lord Jesus has done for me is just like what mother does for us when she gives us our clean clothes to put on. Mother has all the work and trouble cleaning them, and when she gives them to us we have nothing to do but to put them on."

That is just it. The Lord Jesus had to take all the pain and all the toil of the work by which you may be brought nigh to God. He did it all. He died for the ungodly. There was no other way to save sinners, and He did not draw back from that way, but poured out His soul unto death. God, who raised Him from the dead, now offers eternal life as a free gift—that is, you have nothing to do for it but just to take it. Will you refuse Him who has had such wonderful love to you? "Believe on the Lord Jesus and thou shalt be saved."

A little boy in L—— said, "I have believed it all for two whole days, *and yet I can't help fighting.*" This was a real trouble, and you may be thinking something of the same sort: "Even if I come to Christ to-night, I won't be able to keep from doing wrong things to-morrow when I get back among the other children."

Quite true. *You* will not be able to behave yourself like a Christian. But after you have taken the Lord Jesus to be your Saviour, you will just have to look to Him every day to keep you from sinning. "Thou shalt call His name JESUS, for He shall save *His people* from their sins" (Matt. i. 21). If His people, whether young or old, think that they can keep themselves all right, they will be left to do what is wrong in order to let them see how weak they are.

But the great thing for you is to make *sure* that you are one of *His people*. You cannot be this until you are converted. But God will save you now if you only will trust Him.

A. P. M.

GOOD NEWS!—In Ireland, some time ago, a teacher asked a boy if there was anything God could not do, and the little fellow said "Yes, He cannot see my sins through the blood of Christ." That is just what He cannot do. The blood covers them. Is it not good news that you can get rid of sin? You come to Christ a sinner, and if you receive His gospel, your sins are taken away. You are invited to make a change; to get rid of your sins; and to take Christ and His righteousness in the place of them. Is not that GOOD NEWS?

*"I HAVE NEVER EXPERIENCED ANY  
SUCH CHANGE;"*

*Or, "DON'T PUT IT OFF TO A DYING HOUR."*



HAD heard that James Campbell was unwell; but he was a young man of sober habits, and as he had gone for a few weeks to the country, I expected that change of air would set him up, and that he would soon be at work again.

It was soon apparent, however, that instead of getting better



he was getting worse. Hurriedly he was brought home, and as he lay tossing and coughing in bed the hope of recovery became daily fainter.

I was asked by a Christian woman who knew the young man to visit him and to set before him the Gospel.

His father and mother were in the room, deeply concerned about the hopeless condition of their son, hoping against hope, yet fearing the worst.

I spoke to him about the grace of God in giving His only begotten Son, of *the necessity of being saved, of the certainty of coming judgment*, and so on; but though willing to speak about his health or his circumstances, not a word could I elicit as to his prospects for eternity.

She was a wise woman who asked me to go and see him. In her eagerness for his salvation she had followed me into the house, and she quickly detected the hindrance: a young man's diffidence about speaking on such matters in the presence of his parents. It is well, if at all possible, to get *alone* with any one whom we wish to win for Christ.

This woman with godly skill, immediately left the room, went round to the front door of the house, knocked and asked to see the father and mother. Thus I was left alone, and quickly seizing the opportunity, I pressed the dying young man with the solemn question, "Have you peace with God?" No answer. "Are your sins forgiven?" No answer. "Have you ever been 'born again?'" No answer. I was disappointed, lifted up my heart to the Lord, and waited. After a long pause, during which he had with closed eyes been thinking over my questions, slowly, solemnly, he said, "*I have never experienced any such change.*"

Reader, were you in similar circumstances, were the same questions put to you, what would be your reply? How many there are who like this young man are only concerned about the things of time, and though they have often heard that "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God," yet they remain indifferent, unchanged, until perhaps on a death-bed, too late, they discover the madness of such fatal neglect.

Some there are who go further than mere neglect. They take refuge in the religious lie, that "no person can know whether his sins are forgiven or not;" or that "a man may be born again and not know it;" they don't believe in "sudden conversions," it's a "gradual thing," and they "hope for the best."

Well I don't believe that all conversions are alike; no two faces are alike, no two flowers are alike, no two blades of grass

are alike, and I freely acknowledge that no two experiences are alike. But this I do know—if a man has been converted to God, if according to Acts xxvi. 18, his eyes have been opened, and he has been turned "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God"—then he will at least be able to say, "Whereas I was blind now I see."

Only fancy, an alien reconciled and not know it! One born blind made to see and not know it! A leper cleansed and not know it! A captive set free and not know it! A dead one quickened and not know it! Yet such is the folly of those who contend that "a man may be a child of God, and not know it."

I was thankful for the acknowledgment the young man made. It is at least a point gained for one to confess that *they have not been born again*. Reader, if you have any doubt about it as to yourself, then confess to God at once that you "have never experienced any such change." If you are longing to be saved, He is waiting to be gracious.

I proceeded to show this now awakened soul how that the "Lamb of God" had "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." How that all was finished on Calvary. God now can be a just God, and yet the justifier of the ungodly, whoever he be, that believes in Jesus. I showed him that Jesus not only died, but rose again, and is "able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him." All this, and many more Scriptures I set before him, and then left, commending him to the grace of God.

It was some weeks ere I found time to visit him again, as I had to go by rail to where he lived; but at last I went, and took with me a servant of God, often used to the salvation of souls, and who I thought might be helpful to my friend.

We knocked at the door, and it was soon opened by one of the young man's sisters. Tears were trickling down her face. We enquired for her brother James. Her answer was, "He's gone." We asked her "When?" "Just fifteen minutes ago."

We were *too late*. I had the *one* opportunity—I used it—but I *never had another*.

We enquired if any change had taken place in his experience. But we could elicit nothing very definite except this: Shortly before he died, he asked his father and mother, sisters and all in the house to come into his bedroom, and when he saw them gathered there, with a voice as of one speaking from the very verge of eternity, his only message was, "DON'T PUT IT OFF TO A DYING HOUR."



Reader, let the words enter deep into your soul. The pains of a death-bed are enough to battle with, without the horrors of an undone eternity, a judgment-bar, a holy God, a Saviour despised and rejected, a lake of fire and a worm that never dies. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." J. R. C.

*"I DON'T LIKE CHANGING."*



THESE words greeted the ear of a Christian man a short time since, when taking his seat in a railway carriage at St. David's station, Exeter. The speaker was a young woman who had already travelled some distance, and was going on to Liverpool, from whence she expected to sail for America the following day. She had just been informed that she must change at Bristol, which led her to make the above remark. A conversation followed about the journey we are all taking through time into eternity, and the necessity of changing. It was remarked that she was travelling on the broad-gage, and, therefore, it was an absolute necessity to change to the narrow, in order to reach the desired place. Other preparations had been made for the journey, but none of these would take her to Liverpool, not even paying the fare, without changing. How suggestive is this circumstance! On every hand we find men and women hoping to go to heaven, but they do not like changing, which is an absolute necessity; for by nature we are children of wrath, even as others (Eph. ii. 3), and therefore on the broad road to destruction. In order to go to heaven, we must change to the narrow way. Reader, have you had this change, or are you still on the broad road? You must be born again, and receive from God eternal life! This life is in His Son. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John v. 12). Have you come to this point? have you received Christ Jesus the Lord? For "as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name, which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John i. 12, 13). If you, through God's grace, have experienced this change, and are now in the narrow way that leads to life, then keep the end in view, and seek so to live that you may finish your course with joy; that so an entrance may be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. R. P.

## A MOTHER'S LAST WORDS;

OR, THE WAGES OF SIN.

“**R**EMEMBER, my boy, ‘The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life.’”



Such were the words uttered by a mother in the city of L——, as she bade farewell to her son, who was leaving home to pursue his studies at the

University of Edinbro’.

Few young men had been so highly favoured as S——. Born and nurtured under Christian influences, his father a preacher of the gospel, and his mother a devoted follower of the Lord Jesus, S—— ought not to have been ignorant of the blessed truth that saves the soul. Though many prayers were presented on his behalf that he might be early led to make Christ his friend and counsellor, hitherto he had given no proofs that he was a Christian. On the contrary, as he had grown older he had become more and more careless and unconcerned about his salvation. Whilst attending the university, instead of taking heed to his parents’ counsel, and choosing Christians as his associates, he made young men his companions who cared nothing for the things of God, and whose only aim was to live for self and the pleasures of the world.

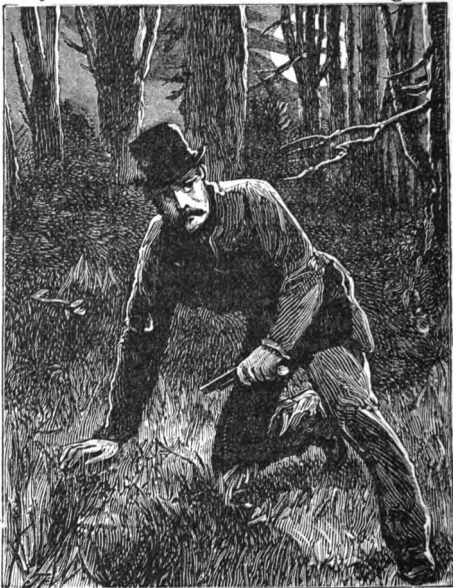
Night after night, in company with such, at the theatre, billiard room, and other places of amusement, was S—— to be found. In the course of time, he became a leader among them, seemingly outstripping his fellows in drinking, gambling, and other evil practices. Ultimately his behaviour became known to the university authorities, and he got notice to leave the college.

With blighted prospects and withered hopes, he crossed the Atlantic; and through the influence of friends, obtained employment in a bank in the city of T——, in Canada. Here he resolved to begin life afresh, and inwardly determined that he would for ever renounce his old habits and be an entirely different person. For a short time he really seemed to have become “a new creature,” but his vows and resolutions were not strong enough to hold him, and soon the old desires and habits gained the ascendancy, and he was completely overpowered. Again he pursued his old course, “sowing wild oats” as quickly and as thickly as he could, doing his best to banish all thoughts of the *reaping time*. His course of conduct reaching the ears of the bank manager, he was dismissed from his situation.

"The way of transgressors is hard," and poor S—— found by bitter experience the truth of the Scripture. Lower and lower he fell; farther and farther he wandered from God; deeper and deeper he plunged into folly and sin. Hungry and weary, he sometimes walked the streets all night, without a cent in his pocket or a roof to shelter him, not knowing how he was to obtain his breakfast. Hope sank within him, and despair took possession of his soul. His misery became so intolerable, and his agony so intense, that he resolved on committing suicide. With this object in view, he started one evening for the G—— Common, a retired place in the west-end of the city of T——, taking with him a pistol, powder, and shot. Whilst loading the

pistol, the ball fell out and rolled on the ground; and when groping in the darkness for it, the words spoken by his mother on leaving home years previously, rang in his ears and thrilled his soul—"*Remember, my boy, 'The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life.'*"

He was completely overwhelmed. Home associates were recalled, and hallowed scenes of happy boyhood days came up before him. The words "*the wages of sin is DEATH*" took hold of his inmost



being, and sank deep into his heart. "If I take away my life, I shall receive the wages I have so richly earned, and then to me it will be an eternity of misery and despair." Such thoughts filled his mind, penetrating and permeating him with anguish and agony.

Unsaved reader! have you ever calmly and *alone in the presence of God*, considered the end that awaits you? Have

you ever seriously and solemnly thought of the "wages" you are earning? A servant may, if he chooses, when pay-day comes, refuse to accept his wages; but it is entirely different in spiritual affairs. You may enjoy *the work*—sinning—but how will you do with *the wages*—death eternal? Whether you will or not, you *must*, if you continue your present course, receive sin's wages. Pay-day begins and never ends; for the "death" which is the "wages of sin" is not, as some tell us, extinction of being, but *extinction of well-being*—not cessation of existence, but *cessation of happiness*. "This is the second death, even the lake of fire" (Revised Version of Revelation xx. 14). The death that awaits you as the penalty of your sins, is the second death in the lake of fire. "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. xx. 15). This is "the death that never dies." "Where THEIR worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched" (Mark ix. 48). "And shall be tormented day and night FOR EVER AND EVER" (Revelation xx. 10). "AND THE SMOKE OF THEIR TORMENT ASCENDETH UP FOR EVER AND EVER; AND THEY HAVE NO REST DAY NOR NIGHT" (Revelation xiv. 11). Do, I beseech you, be warned in time, and "flee from the wrath to come."

At the remembrance of his mother's words, and stung with remorse of conscience, S—— hurriedly left the G—— Common and entered into the city.

Special gospel services at this time were being held in T—— by an earnest and gifted evangelist. S—— resolved that he would go and hear for himself the one who had been causing so much stir, and through whose preaching so many had professed conversion. On the evening he attended, God gave the preacher a message, which was carried home in living power to S——'s heart and conscience. Deeply moved and impressed by what he had heard, yet unwilling that others should know it, he rose to leave the building, refusing to remain to the meeting for conversation. As he was making his way out he felt an arm lay hold of him, and on looking round discovered the preacher, who prevailed on him to remain behind. "Young man," said he, "you wish to be saved, and there is no use in denying it."

"You don't know who you are talking to," was the reply. "I am the worst man in the city of T——."

"Whether you are or not, God loves you and wishes to save you."

"I cannot believe that, for I am a very great sinner."

"The Lord Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost; and if you are guilty of all the sins a man can commit you cannot be worse than lost."

After conversing with him for a short time, the servant of Christ read that exquisitely precious portion of God's Word containing the quintessence of the Gospel—John iii. 16—"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." On learning S——'s name the preacher read it thus:—"For God so loved S—— that He gave His only begotten Son for S——, that, if S—— believes on Him, S—— shall not perish but have everlasting life."

"Is that all that God expects me to do?" eagerly asked S——.

He was shown that God's "great salvation" was a "gift"—that *on account of what the Lord Jesus had suffered for sinners* God could now, consistently with His justice and holiness, forgive all who believed on His Son.

S—— was amazed at the simplicity of the way of salvation. It seemed to him "too good news to be true." Still, God said so in His Word, and it was impossible for Him to lie. That night he believed that God loved *him*, a guilty, ruined, and condemned sinner; so loved him as to give up His only begotten and well-beloved Son to die for him; and, through believing the good news, he rejoiced in the knowledge of the fact that all his sins were forgiven.

Reader, the "old, old story" which gave peace to S—— is able to do the same for you. However vile, degraded, or wicked you may be, as you read these lines, you can be saved. You may have again and again "resolved" to give up your sins, but you soon found out you were as bad, if not worse, than ever. You have "tried" to be a Christian. Don't TRY any more. It is not by TRYING but by BELIEVING that sinners are saved. It is not by what YOU do or feel that you can obtain salvation; IT IS THROUGH BELIEVING ON WHAT JESUS DID AND FELT FOR YOU. ARE YOU WILLING TO BE SAVED NOW? If so, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as the one who died for you and bore sin's judgment, and you will KNOW, from the Word of God, that you are saved and have eternal life.

When S—— saw for the first time that he was saved through simple faith in Christ, he asked, "what about future sins?" He was shown from Scripture that when he failed or sinned he was to confess it and believe that he was forgiven, *not because he felt*

it, but because God said so—"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John i. 9); "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

For several years S—— has been an earnest labourer for the Lord in the great harvest-field; and, two years ago, when the writer was conducting gospel services in the city of T——, he had the pleasure of assisting him.

Reader! are you willing at this moment to accept of "eternal life" as a *present* from God? Remember that you cannot by prayers, happy feelings, sorrow for sin, or so called "good works" *purchase* salvation. It cannot be *sold*, and if you are really willing to be saved *in God's way*, you must come as a poor, hell-deserving sinner, and *receive* as a *free gift* that which cost the Lord Jesus His life blood to procure. Believers are *saved for nothing, yet at an infinite cost*. "Come now," and, like S——, you will have joy and peace in believing. May the language of your heart be that of the following well-known lines:—

" 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!  
 Just as I am, and WAITING NOT  
 TO RID MY SOUL OF ONE DARK BLOT,  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—  
 O, Lamb of God, I come!"

A. M.

IT IS NOT *FEELING*, BUT *BELIEVING*.—How frequently we hear persons say, "I don't *feel* I am saved!" and they wait for some inward realization of salvation before they have believed in God's Christ. Feeling is all very well in its proper place; but feeling is not believing. Feeling is very dangerous and treacherous ground to build upon. Do not trust your feelings any more than you would your own evil heart, which is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." The saved sinner is *justified by faith*, not by *feelings*. He walks by *faith*, not *feeling*. The answer given to an anxious, despairing soul, crying "What must *I do* to be saved?" is, "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."

# Papers for the Young.

## LITTLE LETTIE.

“Sprinkled, not with water,  
But washed in the blood of the Lamb,  
Safe in the arms of Jesus, now for ever I am.”



UCH is the epitaph on the tombstone of little Lettie W—, in the village churchyard of H—. Would you like to know who Lettie was? Well, she was a very little girl, only five years old, who used to go to Sunday school. One day her teacher read to her class a book about a little girl who said she wanted to love Jesus; but who was told she was too little; however, it was explained to her that no one who was old enough to know who Jesus is, and what He came to do, was too little to love Him. “Oh! I am so glad,” said the child, “I do love Jesus, and He will take me to His home in heaven. Oh! I am so happy.” The book told how this little one went to bed that night, after thanking the Lord for His love, and fell into a peaceful slumber; but the next morning when her mother went to wake her, she found her dead. There was a picture on the front of the book, and when Lettie’s teacher had finished reading, she said, “Why, Lettie, this picture is just like you.” The school over, Lettie went home, and said, “Mother, sing to me ‘Safe in the arms of Jesus.’” That night she was taken very ill, and all the next day and night, she continued so until she died; but just before the Lord took her, she clasped her hands together and repeated the words she used to say before her meals,

“We thank thee Lord for this our food;  
But most of all for Jesus’ blood.  
Let manna to our souls be given—  
The Bread of life sent down from Heaven.”

When Lettie was taken to heaven, a number of people who loved her, and loved Jesus, followed her to the grave, and they sung “Safe in the arms of Jesus” all the way, because they knew this dear girl had gone to heaven. Jesus had washed her in His blood, and she had learned to thank God for that precious blood more than her necessary food.

Dear little reader, are you safe in the arms of Jesus? Only those are safe in His arms who have been washed in His precious blood. Oh! think how much Jesus loved you, when He came from heaven; and those gentle arms, which used to take up little children, were stretched on the cross, and He died there for you, because God must punish sin, and the only way he could forgive us was by punishing Jesus for what we had done. If you believe this truly from your heart, you will be saved, and will not be able to help loving Him, although you are little.

He is the friend of little children, and loves you dearly, and wants you to love Him.

"Jesus loved me, He who died,  
Heaven's gates to open wide;  
He can wash away my sin,  
Let His little child come in."

C. M.

"ARE YOU A SINNER, EDWARD?"



H, yes, we are all sinners," I think I hear you say so quickly when teacher asks you a question like that, and you are quite right. So you would have been very much astonished to hear the answer a little boy called Edward once gave to me when I asked him that simple little question. He had been in my class a good while, and I wanted to talk to him all by himself; so I asked him to stay a little while behind the others one day, and we sat close together, and I said those words to him: "Are you a sinner, Edward?"

Fancy how astonished I was when he looked straight up in my face—he was a very delicate-looking boy, with large blue eyes—and said, "No, ma'am."

"Not a sinner, Edward: have you never done anything wrong? No naughty words? Nothing unkind? Not a sinner, Edward?"

"Yes, ma'am, I was once; but Jesus has washed it all away." He said it so quietly, but with such depth of meaning, and then he went on to tell me that, as a poor sinful boy, he had trusted the Lord Jesus Christ: he had done what he was told in God's Word, and he knew his sins were forgiven because Jesus said so.

Dear little child, do you?



## AFTER

Life's days are lived, AFTER the journey done,  
AFTER the object gained, AFTER the prize is won,  
AFTER ambition is realized, sorrow and joy interchanged,  
Worldly honours ! distinctions envied :  
Hopes and gains, known and gone !  
AFTER

## THIS

What a reflection !  
A life lived, to regret too late—  
An object, a prize, an ambition,  
Alas gained, and a lost soul's state ;  
A pleasure now seen to be madness ;  
Distinctions without a charm ; Honours  
How empty and worthless. With what sadness  
Seen in their true light now !

## THE

Oh, terribly, solemnly definite ;  
The severest, the greatest, the last ;  
More crushing than any before it—  
The

## JUDGMENT

On Christless ones cast.  
Judgment—on sin committed ;  
Judgment—for grace despised ;  
Judgment—for Christ rejected ;  
Judgment—where no hope lies ;  
Judgment—eternally fixing.  
A worm that never dies ;  
Judgment—a conscience accusing,  
Mid torment, wailing, and cries ;  
Judgment—that lasts for ever ;  
For ever ! ah, solemn word,  
Yet certain to every sinner  
Who trusts not in the Lord.

Heb. ix. 27 ; Mark viii. 36 ; Rev. xx. 11-15 ; John v. 24.

C. M.

*"I WAS WILLING TO SAVE YOU, BUT I  
WAS NOT ABLE."*



THE 24th of May, 1881, will long be remembered by the inhabitants of the city of London, Canada. The steamer "Victoria," with excursionists variously estimated at from 600 to 800, left Springfield about five o'clock in the evening for the city. The upper and lower decks of the vessel were packed with people arrayed in holiday attire, and every portion of standing and sitting room



was fully occupied. Attracted by passing steamers or row boats, the crowd, every now and again, rushed from one side to the other, and on doing so whilst nearing a point in the Thames,

a short distance from the city, the water came in, filling the lower deck to the depth of six or eight inches. The passengers observing this, became excited and terrified, and rushing to the other side, the steamer reeled and toppled over. At the same time the supports of the upper deck gave way, crushing numbers beneath it, and burying them in a watery tomb.

Hundreds were tumbled into the river, and the scene that followed baffles description. Shrieks, screams, groans, and cries for help were heard in every direction. The fair haired child, and the aged matron, the chubby boy, and the grey haired man, were seen wildly struggling to save themselves. Some in despair seized hold of those nearest to them dragging them to the bottom of the river, whilst several, not only succeeded in saving themselves, but assisted in rescuing others; but notwithstanding this, over one hundred and eighty precious lives were lost in the sad and appalling disaster.

A lady, well known to the writer, was dragged to the bottom, but the grasp relaxed, and she was saved. One of the saddest cases of those who perished was the daughter of a well known city merchant. The young lady, accompanied by her brother, was on board the ill-fated steamer at the time of the accident. When they were pitched into the water the young man grasped his sister and swam with her to the shore. They had almost touched the river's banks when some poor drowning person seized hold of her and dragged her beneath the water, and she perished before his eyes.

Great was the distress and anguish of the brave fellow when he discovered that he was utterly powerless to help; and at the funeral a very impressive incident took place which will not be easily forgotten by those who were present. As the body was being lowered into the grave, the poor brother completely broke down, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Oh, Lilly, Lilly, GOD KNOWS I WAS WILLING TO SAVE YOU, BUT I WAS NOT ABLE."

Reader, think on the solemn and sadly suggestive words, "Willing, but not able to save." The young man had the *desire* but not the *power* to save his sister. If he *could* he *would* have done so.

Have *you* ever discovered that you needed salvation? Have you ever seen yourself in God's sight a *lost* sinner, exposed to the fierce judgment of divine wrath against sin? Have you learned from God's holy Word, that you *deserve*

to be punished eternally? Do you say, "I have known this, and I am anxious to be saved." If this be so, there is One standing with open and outstretched arms willing to save you. Not only is He WILLING; He is able; He is "mighty to save."

"But I am so wicked!" That is very true, but notwithstanding that, and in spite of that, He waits to be gracious. Listen to His own words—"I sink in deep mire where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters, where the FLOODS OVERFLOW ME" (Psalm lxi. 2); and elsewhere He said, "All thy waves and thy billows are GONE OVER ME" (Psalm xlii. 7). The waves and billows of God's wrath rolled over the head of the Lord Jesus instead of thee. He died that you might live. Are *you* willing to be saved? "He is able, He is willing; doubt no more." Don't be afraid of the future. He who saves from the *penalty* of sin, preserves from its *power* and *dominion*. *Don't attempt to save yourself.* You have tried this long enough. Allow Him to do it, and no power on earth or hell can pluck you from His grasp. When He places the sheep on His shoulder He does not lay it down till it is safe in the shelter of the fold. His hand is now outstretched. You are sinking—fast sinking in the ocean of sin and guilt. Tarry no longer. Give up trying to "do the best you can" to save yourself. At this moment, you are hopelessly and helplessly ruined, and soon you will be irretrievably lost, if you do not "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts xvi. 31), and be saved for eternity.

A. M.

WHAT SHALL I DO THEN WITH JESUS, WHO IS CALLED CHRIST?—Reader, often have you read and heard of God's love to sinners in the gift of His Son (John iii. 16). He *gave* His only begotten Son, He *sent* His gift to men to save them (John iii. 17). He waits, He lingers for thy reception of Him as the *Saviour* of thy soul. To *receive* Him is to be *saved*; to *have* everlasting life (John v. 24). To *reject* Him, or *neglect* Him, is to *perish* (Acts xiii. 40), to be damned (Mark xvi. 16), to be *eternally* Christless in the *lake of fire* (Rev. xx. 15). Awful portion! O, reader, shall it be thine?

Honestly and boldly, I urge on thee to face the question now. What have you done with Jesus? Is He thine—the Saviour, friend, and portion of thy once guilty soul? Or are you still *halting, trifling, procrastinating*? O, reader, be entreated—now in the presence of God to ask thyself the question, "What shall I do with Jesus, which is called Christ?"

## SWEEPING AWAY COBWEBS.



AD to say, God's *servants* have to spend considerable time in doing this. How many *saints* and *sinners* have their minds beclouded by tradition, so that they fail to discern the precious truth revealed in God's Word for their comfort and joy?

My object in writing this is to help any *unsaved* reader into the light and liberty of a child of God. It is certainly not His will that poor sinners should spend weary years in "*the slough of despond*," or "*doubting castle*;" depressed by that fear which hath torment; and like those referred to in Heb. ii. 15, who were "all their life-time subject to bondage." The same scripture assures us that Christ came to *deliver* such; and He opened His ministry in the synagogue of Nazareth by saying, "He was sent to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, . . . to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord" (Luke iv. 18).

How Satan tries to obscure God's precious truth from the gaze of anxious souls; and keep them in suspense and torment with the various false notions that man has substituted for God's revealed Word.

Here is a common case. I once spent some time with an anxious soul who had for many, many years been "*seeking Christ*," as she said; and assured me she was really in earnest to know Him as her Saviour, and be assured that her sins were forgiven. But all the pulpit teaching she had listened to had fostered in her mind the thought that salvation was the result of persevering prayer, and patiently waiting God's time to set her soul at rest. That *eventually* she might expect to be able to sing that hymn—

" My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He calls me now His Child,  
I shall no longer fear."

How misleading all this is to the sinner who feels the burden of sin, and is promised *rest* immediately, he or she comes to Christ Jesus, and believes God's Word. "For we which have believed do enter into rest" (Heb. iv. 3); and as it was nothing but *unbelief* that kept Israel out of the *rest of Canaan*, so it is *unbelief* alone that keeps souls out of the rest of Christ. He told Martha that if she would **ONLY BELIEVE** she would see the glory of God (John xi. 4, 40); and we are

authorised to say to every sinner, "Whosoever BELIEVETH on Christ shall never perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 15-16).

This is one of the blessed truths that have been covered over with *traditional cobwebs*: and we have only to read the liturgies of the various *Churches* around us to see how *unbelief* is fostered, and faith discouraged as presumption—that is, by denying the present "*forgiveness of sins*," and "*justification from all things*," to those who BELIEVE in our Lord Jesus Christ; and leading sinners to *hope* that they may be delivered from God's wrath and eternal damnation, instead of being assured *through faith that they are delivered* (see I Thess. i. 10).

I asked the lady referred to if she could give me *scripture* for the thought that she must WAIT or WORK for salvation?

She confessed that she had no authority for this, other than that she had been taught this from childhood. I then was privileged to show her God's more simple and excellent way, so plainly taught in His Word.

From Rom. v. 8, we saw that "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us"—*the ungodly*.

From 2 Cor. v. 19, that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself," and that we, as God's ambassadors, were commissioned to "beseech sinners, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God: 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."

We saw from Acts xvi. 31-34, there was *instant salvation* for the vilest sinner who BELIEVED in Christ Jesus; and in John v. 24 we had the fullest assurance from our Saviour himself: "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."

From 1 Tim. i. 15 we saw that, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;" and in the next chapter we read, and dwelt on those words, God "will have all men to be saved, and to come to a knowledge of the truth" . . . "Christ Jesus gave Himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." Again, in 2 Cor. vi. 2, we read, "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

In the face of such plain statements as these, it was too evident

that WAITING for God to bestow His gift of eternal life on the sinner—apart from that sinner's willingness to accept it "*by grace, through faith,*" even by "repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ"—was a human dogma contradicting the Scriptures; which assure us that He is "*ready to save*" sinners who are "*ready to perish,*" and look to Him who "bore our sins in His own body on the tree."

The lady admitted that she was "beginning to see things in a new light;" and, through the mercy of God, was led, within two days of that time, "out of darkness into His marvellous light," and is now realising "joy and peace IN BELIEVING."

Let me beg my readers to ponder over these messages of love from God to the sinner; and to cast away man's thoughts, which are not God's thoughts; but rather to "hear Him" whose *gracious words* should set at rest every doubt of your hearts. "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).

And now a closing word to God's people. It may be a tax on our time and energies to go about in the Lord's service; but shall we not be ready, like David's servants, to do whatsoever our LORD may direct? (2 Sam. xv. 15). Thousands around us are groping about in darkness; thousands with spiritual life; but, like Lazarus, "bound hand and foot with grave clothes" of tradition. Jesus says to you and me, "Loose him, and let him go." Let us obey; and watch for such cases as this, which abound *in every street* of our land; and carry to poor sinners *the gospel of the grace of God*, which will soon gladden their heavy-laden hearts.

E. H. B.

GOD'S SALVATION.—Wonderful salvation, forgiven, accepted, divine righteousness put on, made a son, an heir, a joint-heir with Jesus, "one with Him, by eternal union," and that divinely consistent with all the attributes of God.

Anything more? Oh, yes. Yonder is the glory—not the pearly gates, or jasper walls, or golden streets of the heavenly city; not the company of the angelic host alone; but high above all that reflects His brightness will be the Lamb, the Lord of glory Himself; and where He is there shall His redeemed be.

Fellow sinner, why will you die? There is grace in the heart of God to forgive you. Now is the accepted time, this the day of salvation.

# Papers for the Young.

## SAFE WITHIN THE FOLD.



ALTHOUGH twelve years have now elapsed since the subject of the following sketch passed away from us, I still desire to redeem the promise specially made at the time of her death, to one now also in glory, that I would put on record some of the Lord's dealings with this dear lamb of His fold, trusting that it might lead some of you to think of that Saviour whom she loved and served, and with whom she now is—safe and happy for ever.

Jessie Harriette, the subject of this sketch, died at the age of fourteen years and seven months, having been brought to know Jesus when about eight years old.

One Lord's day evening, she, a younger sister (now in glory too), and their brother had been talked with about the necessity of faith in Christ. After being prayed with, on rising from their knees, Jessie was seen to be trembling very much, and when asked the reason, she said, "I don't know, but I am shaking just like what I did the night I took scarlet fever." Bursting into tears she said, "Oh, my wicked heart!" I pointed her to that loving Saviour who had come from heaven to die for such as she, and whose precious blood could wash away all her sins. But she could not lay hold on Jesus. She continued all the evening in great distress, and it was with great reluctance that she went to bed.

Next morning she was very sad but quiet, and went to school as usual. At night again she was overwhelmed with a sight of her "wicked heart," and the same scene occurred as on Sunday, and with the same result.

This continued for two or three weeks. Almost every night she would go into my room and weep, sometimes so loudly that she could be heard all over the house.

One evening, while we were at tea, dear Jessie's cries were heard. We had an eminent servant of God (now in glory) with us, who had been honoured in leading hundreds to Jesus, and



I thought "now God will make — the instrument of leading our dear one to the Saviour." He went and spoke to her and prayed with her, but she could not "believe."

Some days after this, I had gone out in the evening, and a dear Christian friend, who was staying with us at the time, was in the house. Dear Jessie went to her and threw herself down at a chair in agony of soul, saying, "I will not rise until I get a new heart." My friend was afraid she would take a fit, and sent for me, in the meantime pointing her to the Lamb of God. The blessed Spirit opened her eyes to see *Him*, and the peace of God flowed into her soul. When her father and I came home, she was sitting upon my friend's lap, with the calm of heaven on her face; and her whole appearance showed that she had indeed found *rest* after a terrible conflict; and so we had a song of praise to Him who had done it all. On being undressed for bed that night, she said, "I am not afraid to go to bed now. For the last two or three weeks I have been afraid to fall asleep, for fear I should die, and be in hell."

About nine months before her death, she began to have severe attacks of internal pain, but the disease did not develop itself until a few months before her death. In Spring she was far from well; but we did not apprehend anything serious, and having some dear friends at Bridge of Allan, who had kindly invited her to pay them a visit, we thought it would do Jessie good, and so sent her there.

In July, we went to Stonehaven with the rest of the family for their holidays.

It was a favourite place with Jessie, and she had talked much about the time when we would be there; but when the time came she was so weak that she could not walk out, and so we got her a Bath-chair. In it she drove out every fine day, and enjoyed it much. She would take a book with her, and for an hour or two at a time we would sit in some sunny, sheltered spot.

About the end of August, we took her to Ballater, and for a week or so she seemed to improve; but after that she became gradually weaker. She had an attack of congestion of the lungs, attended with great fever and prostration, which reduced her strength very much, and very quickly.

At this time she seemed to begin to think that she was not to get better, or she expressed herself in that way. She may have thought so ere this, but one night when I was assisting

her to get into bed, she said, "Do you think I will live through the winter, Mamma?" I replied that I could not say. She said, "Because I should be such a care to you."

We were now anxious to get her home, and did so in the last week of September.

She was by this time unable to walk, and had to be carried into the house, and when laid upon the couch in her room she said to the dear one who had carried her, "Thank you, George," adding with such a sweet smile, "When I went away, I did not think I would require to be *carried* in when I came home."



She was now so weak that she only sat up a little while in the evening, and was only once out of her bedroom after her return from Ballater.

When able to speak, she was always cheerful, and when any of her companions called to ask for her, she was anxious to see and speak to them. It was one of her regrets at the last that she had not spoken to them more of Jesus when she was well.

She suffered great pain at times, but never complained. If she groaned from the severity of the pain, she would say, "I am not complaining Mamma." On one such occasion, more protracted than usual, she said, after the pain was gone, "Oh how good God is to me to-night, He has taken away all my pain."

About a week before she died, she wished me to ask the doctor if he thought she was dying; and on getting his opinion that he thought she was, she said, "I am glad I have got the doctor's word for it, for I was telling — this morning that I was, and she would not believe me; but she will have to do it now." She went on talking about it, and added, "Although I *know* I am dying, I cannot realize it, and I can't make myself feel that I am." After a little while, as if she had been thinking about it, she said, "I don't read in my New Testament that we are to look for *death*; we are told to look for the Lord from heaven, and I won't think any more about it."

"Yes, blessed Jesus, thou hast taken away the sting of death from all who believe in Thee!"

After this she lay very quiet for some time, and when I went to do something for her, she put her arms round my neck and kissed me very warmly (she was not in the habit of giving expression to her feelings in this way), and said, "Dear Mamma, what would I have done without you? Oh! it will be hard to part." On being reminded how much happier she would be, and how she should not yield thus to her feelings, but try to show to those around her that she had something which kept her up, even in the prospect of leaving all. After a time, she wiped her eyes, and said, "I hope — won't see the trace of tears on my face to-night."

After this, prayer was made that every tie that bound our darling to earth might be broken, and that she might have an abundant entrance into glory. That evening, a dear Christian friend, whom we had not seen for several years, called, and Jessie was able to see him. He prayed and spoke so sweetly with her that she seemed quite refreshed, and after he was gone she said, "Oh, Mamma, I got such a blessing when Mr. B—— was praying. I thought when blessed Jesus left his holy happy home in heaven, and came to this world and lived so long in it, and then died for his enemies, that it is very wicked in me to be sorry to leave it, when I *know* I am going to a better home; but I think it was Satan tempting me in the afternoon."

Two or three days previous to her death, she spoke very little, but was able at times to sit up in bed, and do a little work, and on Saturday she did so. She had finished a necktie for one of her little sisters, and was very anxious to complete one, which was partly done, for the other.

During the night she slept little, and once when I was giving

her a drink, she put her arms around my neck, and kissed me, as she had done a few days before, and said, "A little while ago, Mamma, I loved you *almost* better than Jesus, but I don't do it now."

During the forenoon of Sunday, she lay very still, and about two o'clock, a sister and cousin came into her room. I left the room for a few minutes, and when I returned I was surprised at her appearance. She had turned round, and there was such a brilliancy about her face, as if a halo of glory was round about it. Her eyes were sparkling, and her face beaming with such a heavenly smile. It struck me at once that she was going, and I said, "Jessie, are you going home to-day?" She answered in such a strong voice, and with *such* emphasis, "Yes."

"And you will have your crown," I said. "Yes."

"What will you do with it?" She said, "I will cast it away."  
"Where?" "To Jesus' feet."

She then turned to those about her, and began bidding them "Good-bye." I went to call the other members of the family, as I thought she would be away immediately. As each came in she had a word for them. To her brother and sisters she spoke solemnly and entreated them to give their hearts to Jesus then, and not sleep until they had done so. To one sister whom she believed converted, she said, "I will meet you at the golden gate."

The doctor came in just as she was talking, and when he felt her pulse, she said, "Do you think I will get home to-day?" He said he thought she would. She replied, "Oh that will be so nice." Then she said to him, "Well, good-bye, will you meet me in heaven?" He said, "I hope so." She said, "Oh a hope won't do; will you promise to meet me in heaven?" When he said, "Yes, I will," she then said, "Farewell, and thank you very much for all your kindness."

The same dear friend who led her to Jesus years before was in the house, and at the time was suffering from a malady affecting her eyes. As she entered the room, Jessie said, "Come away, dear Miss E——, I should not like to have gone away without bidding you good-bye. There will be no blindness in heaven, Jesus is the light there."

When the doctor was standing by I told him in an undertone that I noticed the change at such a time, not thinking she would hear me; but when he left she said, "What change did you see in me, Mamma?" I told her of the bright expression on her

face, and strength of voice, &c. She said, "Oh, well, Mamma, I could not express what joy I felt at that time, and what love I got to blessed Jesus. Oh, I feel as if I had never loved Him." She then went on to say, "I shall see Him to-day, and I shall see dear Jessie P——:" (a much loved cousin who died a year before). "This time last year my heart was breaking for her, but I shall see her to-day."

Then she mentioned one or two other dear ones that she would meet.

When there was some mention made of its being dinner-time, she said with such a delighted air, "You won't trouble me with dinner to-day, when I am getting home."

She looked at me with such a beseeching look and said quietly, "Mamma, remind the doctor of his promise to meet me in heaven, and tell him if he does not that he will be damned, *damned*, DAMNED" (each time with greater emphasis), "that is rough language you may think to use to a gentleman, but tell him if he does not meet me in heaven he *must* be damned."

Then after bidding all in the house good-bye, she began to leave messages for absent friends and companions. To some whom she did not think Christians, she said, say "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This text seemed to be much on her heart, for she left it to all who had kindly sent her things. She said, "Give my love to all who have remembered me, and sent me nice things, and tell them, 'What shall it profit a man, &c.'"

"I am so sorry I did not give Miss —— a message to the girls," and after a pause she said, "Oh, that I had spoken to them with a tongue of fire, but tell them, Mamma, to give their hearts to Jesus *now*. Tell them that God says *to-day*, and tell them there is no offer of salvation *to-morrow*. No, in all my New Testament I have not such a thing. It is *now*."

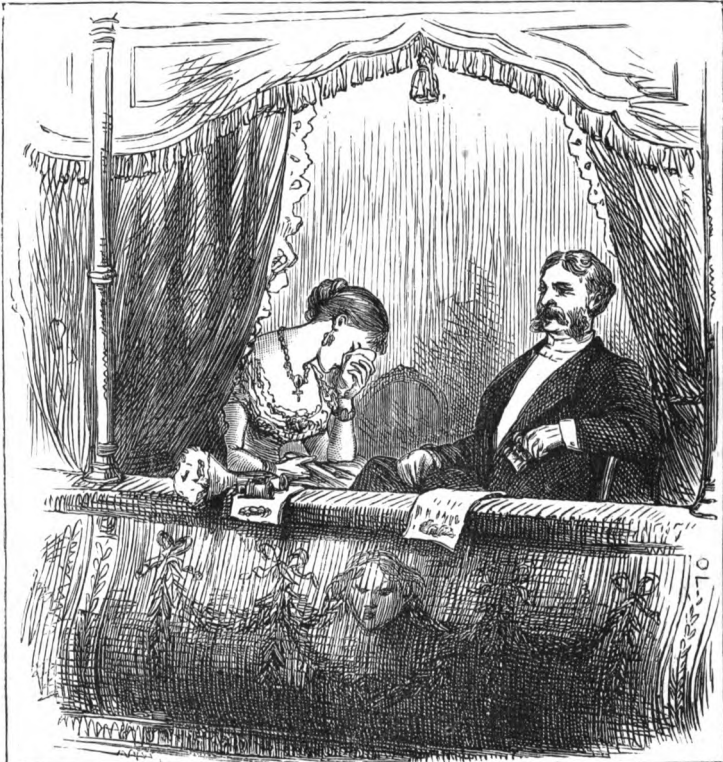
She passed rather a restless night, but when the end came, it found her calm and peaceful, with the sting of death completely taken away. She sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, to be brought with Him on the resurrection morn. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, *even so*, them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him" (1 Thess. iv. 14).

Reader, Jessie H——, having trusted Christ, was saved, and is now with Him. We beseech you to trust Him, and He will save you also, and take you to be with Himself in glory.

## CONVICTED, BUT NOT CONVERTED.



NOT long ago, the writer was told by a friend the following incident which happened to a lady of his acquaintance. This lady and her husband, both utterly careless and worldly, on one occasion spent the evening at a London theatre; and that night the awful and blasphemous scene was acted before them of "Hell." The gentleman, thoroughly hardened in sin, sat and laughed; his wife, however, horror-stricken, wept by his



side the whole evening, and for three days and nights the fearful scene haunted her—she wept on.

Her husband, at length alarmed, in order to banish from her mind the thoughts which were so troubling her, filled the house

with company, inviting all his worldly friends, hoping by this means to attain his purpose. Yes, dear reader, and he succeeded. That lady told my friend with her own lips that from that time all her convictions left her, and left her, as far as we know, never to return. In a moment she was hurried into eternity: no time for preparation: no time even for that fatal dream of a death-bed repentance by which the devil lures so many souls on to their everlasting doom.

Riding one day, her horse slipped, and she was thrown to the ground, her head coming in contact with a stone. She was taken up insensible, and shortly afterwards passed into that eternity, the shadow of which had fallen on her pathway, and startled her in the midst of her life of thoughtless indifference.

Reader, you will perhaps lay this aside now that you have read this narrative, but before doing so, will you answer a plain question? Have *you* ever been convicted? Has the Spirit ever made His still small voice heard in the midst of *your* life of careless indifference? and yet are *you* still unconverted?—that is, with your back to God, trying to stop your ears to His solemn warnings, which in your case perhaps have been many, and shutting your eyes to the end of the pathway your feet are treading—the great reality, the second death, the hell that waits the Christ-rejecter. Oh, reader, be warned in time; thy feet are on the edge of the precipice; there is but a step between thee and death.

The writer once, when walking with a friend in Switzerland, was overtaken by the darkness and mountain mist, and it was with difficulty they groped their way back in safety. On returning next day to see the path that they had trodden, they found that their feet had often been close to the edge of a precipice, over which had they fallen, death must have been the result.

And you, dear friend, are on the brink of ruin if still unsaved. Any moment the fatal step may be taken which launches you as you are, all unprepared, into the presence of a holy God.

It may be you smile as you read this, and try to persuade yourself that for you there is no danger; but God's Word says, "He that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth." Oh, then, be warned in time. Listen to the voice of love that speaks from Calvary's cross. He who is the Light of the world will show thee the path thou art treading, which leads to outer darkness and eternal ruin; will show thee thyself in all thy vileness; and yet again will show thee Himself as meeting all

thy need. Art thou guilty and sin stained? "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29). Infinite love, infinite mercy, with almighty power, are all united in Him. Oh, then, reader, take Him now as your Saviour, for this may be *your* last warning, the last light upon *your* pathway, before you step out into the black night of hopeless despair, where not a ray of heavenly light can ever reach you.

But you say, I intend to be saved some day. Yes, and so do most, if not all; but, as one has well said, "The way to hell is paved with good intentions," you intend to be saved some day—that is, you mean to give to God the dregs of a misspent life, but God says, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. vi. 7). You intend to be saved; but to-day you are seeking to shut out the light. Alas! you may succeed, as many others have.

Sitting one day in the drawing-room of a Christian lady who lives in the Highlands of Scotland, she pointed me to a small window, and said, "Do you see that window? For many years I have watched the sunlight shining in at it; but when the masons were building the new room, I watched until they had built out *the last sunbeam*. It was not done all at once, but stone by stone was built up, less and less light shone in till all was darkness, and another sunbeam has never shone through that window since."

The eye and the ear are windows by which the truth of God can shine into and enlighten our dark minds. Satan's object is to shut out the light, as we see in 2 Cor. iv. 4: "In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." Men also try to shut it out from themselves, as we see from John iii. 19: "Light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

There are many ways of shutting out the light. Some seek to do so by the world. From the ball-room to the theatre, from the theatre to the concert, and so, year by year, they shut out the light of God's truth from their soul, till there comes *the last conviction, the last wish to be saved*, and then all is darkness for ever. Others again build out the light with their good resolutions. They intend to be saved some day, but they put it off and off till their day of grace is past. They



expect to get light on a death-bed, and then, on the brink of eternity, they have to say (as one once said to the writer), "It's all dark, *dark*, DARK." A christless life, a christless death-bed, a christless grave, and a christless eternity. J. A. B.

### DEATH MAY OVERTAKE YOU.



**I**N the month of December, 1877, T— D—, a careless young man, found himself in a Gospel meeting being held in one of the Shetland Islands. The realities of eternity were earnestly pressed upon the attention of those present by the preacher; and he, among others, became exceedingly troubled about the welfare of his soul. He knew that if he died as he was that night, he would (like the rich man in Luke xvi. 23) "lift up his eyes in hell, being in torments." He knew he had never been born again, and the unmistakable language of God's Word troubled him: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3).

Soon after, he had a conversation with the preacher, who put *God's way* of salvation before him. I say *God's way* because men have their ways. *Man's way*, whatever form it takes, gives the sinner something to *do*. God's way is to get the sinner to *believe* that all is *done*. Christ on the cross **FINISHED** the work that saves the soul from death and hell. In dying for our sins, Christ met all the demands of God's righteousness, and also met our deep, deep need as guilty sinners. God raised Him from the dead, proof to us that God was glorified in that work of atonement. He listened to the gospel, proclaiming *the forgiveness of sins* through Christ; he believed, and was *saved*. From that time, his separation from the godless world, and his subjection to Christ as Lord, plainly declared that he had passed from death unto life. This brought upon him the scoffs and jeers of worldlings, but he held on his way rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer shame for the Name of Christ.

Oh, reader, what a grand thing it was for this young man that he got saved, *for he is now in eternity*. Were God to call you into eternity, where would *your* soul be? Are *you* saved? Have *you* been born again? Important questions: answer them in the presence of God, whom *you must soon meet*.

Let us look at T— D— on his death-bed, and listen to his

dying testimony. His health gradually gave way in 1879, but it was not till the beginning of the following year that hope of his recovery was given up. He fell asleep in Jesus in the month of May. During the last few days of his illness his joy in the Lord was very marked. He spoke much of God's mighty love in saving him from the lake of fire, and also, as he himself expressed it, "of the pains my Father takes in pruning and purging me;" adding, "May it all be for His glory."

After a severe attack of vomiting one day, a friend remarked, "I hope you will be better after this, and soon be able to move about again." His answer was, "I can say with Paul when going up to Jerusalem, 'None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself.'"

Another day shortly before his death, while some friends were standing by his bedside, he said, "You see, it is all of love. Oh, praise the Lamb! oh, His love to me! He plucked me as a brand from hell, and now I am going to see that face that was marred for me."

His father, who was privileged to wait upon him in his last hours, writes: "For some days before his death he suffered much in his breathing. On one occasion he was not able to speak for some time. He rallied a little, and I said, "Tommy, can you speak to me now?" His answer was, "I am just basking in the presence of the Lord." After this his breathing improved, and he spoke with much solemnity and power to all. From the borders of eternity he commended the Lord Jesus to all. He then seemed exhausted, and a friend said, "I will be with thee through the dark valley." He answered, "*It is not dark*; Christ has made it *light for all who believe*." And while his father moistened his lips with wine, he said, "I will soon drink of the new wine without mixture," evidently referring to the "fulness of joy" in the Lord's presence.

About five minutes before his death, his brother whispered, "He is sweating." He heard him, and said, "Yes."

"The sweat of death is on my brow,  
My feet are in the river now;"

and immediately after exclaimed—

"'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou."

These were his last words. Reader, how would *you* do in like circumstances? Remember, *DEATH may overtake you.*

A. S. R.

## "I'M TRYING!"



THESE words were the answer a woman gave at the close of a Gospel meeting at L—, when asked the question, Are you saved? or, in other words, Are you washed from your sins? It plainly showed that she was in the dark, and ignorant of God's salvation in Christ, which is as free as the air we breathe. "The gift of God is eternal life through (or in) Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23). The written word is the guide-book for eternity—it gives light to the mind and understanding, as to the way of salvation. By Titus iii. 5, we see that salvation is "*not by works of righteousness which we have done;*" and again in 2 Tim i. 9, "Not according to *our works.*" Works are right in their proper place, when done as a result of having received salvation by grace; but, the mistake is, that when you seek to be justified by works (Gal. v. 4), you slight God's grace, and cast contempt on the sacrifice of Christ, by which alone, a sinner can be justified. "Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, *but by the faith of Jesus Christ;* for, by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified" (Gal. ii. 16).

There are thousands in the present day who are apparently earnest seekers as to salvation, but are misdirected by false teaching, and thus they never come to the knowledge of a present and eternal salvation. A sinner may get awakened about his soul, and seeing his sin in the light of the holiness of God, instead of trusting Christ at once, thereby getting rest and peace to his soul, he begins by turning over a new leaf, joins a so-called church, has his name on the communion roll, takes the sacrament, says prayers, tries to live a moral life, pays his debts, and many such things as these, called "works of righteousness which we have done." Israel pursued on this principle, but did not attain "to the law of righteousness." Wherefore? Because they sought it *not by faith*, but, as it were, by the works of the law. "They being ignorant of God's righteousness, which is by faith of Jesus Christ" (Rom. iii. 22), "and going about to establish their *own righteousness*, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God" (Rom. ix. 31, 32; x. 3).

Reader, are you on this track? It may appear plausible, and sound well, but it is, as one once remarked, "The clean way to hell." "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (Pro. xiv. 12).

The Spirit's testimony through Paul, declares that salvation is "not of works," but "by grace" (Eph. ii. 8, 9). If you are seeking to be righteous by works, so as to get to heaven, you are just making yourself, in the sight of God, "A whitewashed sepulchre," and "How shall ye escape the damnation of hell" (Matt. xxiii. 27-33). We have the words of Jesus to a religious man recorded in John iii. 3, "Verily, verily I say unto you, except a man be born again (or anew), he cannot see the kingdom of God. All who have gone into eternity without being "born again," were the mouth of the pit open to your ears, you would hear them weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth in that restless sea of woe; and were you to ask them why they have come hither, doubtless they would tell you by rejecting Christ as set forth in the Gospel; the cause of that rejection being this, they refused to be saved in so simple a way as by faith in Jesus and His blood alone. Their trying and works and doing the best they knew, led to a refusal of the gospel.

"Doing is a deadly thing:  
Doing ends in death."

Reader, whoever you may be, if still unsaved, cease your trying, striving, and working! Be humbled in the presence of God, and, as a lost sinner, believe the gospel, that God loves you, and that Christ died for you. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8). "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 hath pledged His word that all who believe on His Son (Jesus), whom He raised from the dead—that they not only "are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39), but have eternal life. See 1st Epistle of John v. 10 to 13, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness (or word) in himself; he that believeth not God, hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record (or word) that God gave of His Son. And this is the record (or word), that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that HATH the Son, hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life. 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."

J. M.

## "ALL TICKETS READY!"



TRAVELLING recently on the North London line to the Broad Street terminus in a second class compartment, when the train arrived at Canonbury junction, the door of the carriage was suddenly opened, and a stentorian voice called out, "All tickets ready." The collector simply looked at them, and closed the door again. Turning to a friend who was with me, I asked him the meaning of this unusual proceeding.

"Don't you know," said he, "that occasionally the collector does this in order to ascertain that each passenger is travelling in the right class of carriage for which he has a ticket."

"And supposing they find a man in here with a third class ticket?"

"Well! he is summoned for it."

This suggested to my mind a truth of great importance—namely, that there are numbers of people to-day who are travelling to eternity under false pretences. For an unconverted man to console himself that by performing acts of charity, and leading what *he* considers to be a good life in order to get to heaven, is like a man travelling second class with a third class ticket: he is bound to find out his mistake some day. *The world* may not detect any difference between a Christian and a well-living unbeliever (though it should do so); *but God does*. There are none in heaven under false colours, and none ever will be there. God has found a legitimate way into that glory land, and that way—the only one—is through Christ. You may try another, but 'twill not lead you to the goal you wish to reach. There are hundreds of ways to hell, which at some point branch into the main road that leads to destruction.

### THERE IS BUT ONE WAY TO HEAVEN.

Are *you* on the way to heaven? Let me ask you to sink every other question; and, in the presence of God, confine yourself to this one: "*Am I going to heaven?*" Get this important question answered: if going to hell, it is not *now* too late to stop, but soon it will be. There is no such thing as repentance after death, or "eternal hope." Repentance and salvation must be had *to-day*, in eternity they are not known. My reader, get on your knees about this matter; get into God's presence, and look the question in the face, as eventually every man *must* do, when too late to alter. Remember "*Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.

F. C. S.

## Papers for the Young.

*"I SEE IT! I SEE IT! JESUS HAS DONE ALL  
THE HARD WORK."*



**N** the city of St. Louis, United States of America, there is a Refuge, where all sorts of poor people go for a night's lodging. A Christian gentleman had been in the habit of visiting the place, in order to tell to the inmates what the Lord Jesus had done for them. One day before leaving the house he saw a poor cripple boy slowly and painfully climbing the stairs. There was something so utterly forlorn and wretched about his appearance that the gentleman could not let him pass unquestioned; so drawing him aside, he asked what his name was, and where he lived. "Alonzo"—was the name given; "but," the boy added, "most every one calls me Lonie for short; and as to home, why, sir, I just live where I can; I have no home." A little more questioning soon drew the sad story from him. His father was dead, his mother was on the tramp, getting work occasionally, but more frequently begging, and leaving her child to shift for himself. The poor little fellow was a cripple, suffering from consumption too, and other complaints. His pale pinched face told a tale of want of food and neglect. There was a depth of sadness in his brown eyes unusual to see in one so young.

"Well, Lonie," the gentleman said, "and how is it with your soul? Your body is in a very weak state, and you tell me the doctor says you have not much longer to live. You will soon then have to leave all in this world behind you, but can you tell me where you are going?"

"I don't know, sir," was the response, "I have a great work to do before I can hope to get to heaven."

"Will you tell me what the work is?" said his friend.

"Oh sir! there is a great deal for me to do, and I must work very hard, or I shall never go to heaven when I die."

"Well, but, my boy, from what you say your time for working will be very short, and how can you expect to do enough in your feeble condition to take you to heaven?" The poor little fellow

had evidently not looked at it in that light before. Bursting into tears, he exclaimed—

"I can't do it! I can't do it! oh, sir, is there no hope for me?"

"Did you ever hear of the Lord Jesus, Lonie?" asked the gentleman.

"I know He is in heaven, sir."

"The Lord Jesus was once living in this world, just as you are. He left His throne in heaven, and came down to this earth of ours, and I will tell you what made Him do it." Taking his Bible from his pocket, and turning to Isaiah liii., verse 6, the gentleman read—"All we like sheep have gone astray."

"Why, that's like me," cried Lonie. "I know that I have gone astray like a sheep."

"We have turned every one to his own way."

"That's like me again. I often take my own way."

"Then just listen to the end of the verse: 'And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'"

"Did He really, though?" exclaimed the boy; "does it say that *my* iniquity was laid upon Him?"

"Indeed it does, that was what the Lord Jesus came to do."

"Oh, sir, I see it! I see it now!" cried Lonie. "Jesus did



all the hard work instead of me. Can it really be true! I KNOW THAT JESUS CAME TO SAVE SINNERS, AND I AM A GREAT SINNER, SO SURELY HE CAME TO SAVE ME."

"Yes, and if you *believe* that, God says *you have* everlasting life, and are *certain* to go to heaven."

Fairly overcome with joy, Lonie, for a moment, could not speak; but at last he said, "Oh, how good of Him to do all that for me! And to think of His loving such a poor good-for-nothing fellow! Why, I always thought God must hate me."

After this it was not difficult for the gentleman to tell more of *God's great love*, and what His Son had done. Lonie listened eagerly to all that was said, and came time after time to the house, never wearying of the simple story of the cross. All at once his visits ceased, and although enquiry was made after him, yet no one knew of his whereabouts. One day, however, his kind friend received a post card, begging him to go to the house where he had first met Lonie, if he wished to see him alive. He went immediately, and found the poor boy very ill in bed, evidently not far from the home he longed for. After a little conversation, the gentleman asked him if Satan ever tempted him to think that perhaps he might not be saved. "Yes, sir, sometimes he does," was the reply, "but I tell him just to go and tell the Lord Jesus that."

There is not much more to say about Lonie. He lingered a few days, often suffering acutely, but was very happy and cheerful to the end.

Just before his spirit passed away, he looked up into his friend's face with a bright smile, and said, "you have often told me that the Lord is coming to take His people away to live with Himself, but now I am going home first; I shall be waiting and watching there for you."

I wonder how many of the dear children who read this little story know like Lonie that *Jesus has done all the hard work*. Remember He loves each one of you far more tenderly than even your father or mother. He invites you to come to Him *just as you are*, and He has promised to wash away your sins by *His precious blood* which He shed for you.

A. F. M.





## THE DYING YEAR, 1882.

IS well nigh past, the lingering, dying year,  
Freighted with sorrows. Many a bitter tear,  
Hot, scalding, from the depth of the poor heart,  
Hast thou borne hence. Sadly thy hours depart ;  
Marching in solemn silence, like the dead,  
Who with swift step, and noiseless, ceaseless tread,  
Pass forward, thro' the portal of the tomb,  
To rapture infinite, or endless doom.

Yet does our human life  
Roll onward day by day in earnest strife  
And struggle. Like a river vast and wide,  
It glides on ever, with its mighty tide  
Of tears and joys, of sins, and wasted powers ;  
Of opportunities, and misspent hours ; .  
Till, like a torrent widened to a sea,  
It dashes to the great ETERNITY.

Oh, whither art thou bound,  
Immortal? To what port wilt thou be found  
Journ'ing? Dream not away thy golden days,  
And by a thousand follies or delays,  
Risk thy great destiny.

The precious golden bowl  
Of life may soon be broken ; then thy soul,  
Loosed from its "earthly house," must pass along  
*Hopeless and lost* ; or, midst the radiant throng  
Of those *redeemed by Blood*, await the day  
Of glorious Resurrection.

Which shall it be?  
A Saviour's bleeding hand, outstretched to thee,  
Pleads for thy soul. The *Spirit* saith, "To-day ;"  
Oh, listen to His voice, nor turn away  
Unheedful of His love. Heaven waits to raise  
Its mighty anthem of enraptured praise  
O'er one more ransomed soul. Think JESUS LIVES,  
Enthroned in heaven, and pardon freely gives.  
NOW YIELD THEE TO HIS MATCHLESS LOVE DIVINE,  
AND THOU SHALT HEAR HIM WHISPER, "Thou art Mine."

S. TREVOR FRANCIS







