

# **ECHOES of GRACE**



VOLUME 11



**BIBLE TRUTH DEPOT**

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## The Death Track

Two men set out to reach a new mining camp, hoping to reach their destination before winter with its heavy snows set in. One bright November morning they started on what they hoped was the last stage of the journey. A flurry of snow during the preceding night had almost obliterated the faint track made by the former travelers, but they confidently set forward, believing themselves quite capable of keeping the right direction.

As the day wore on, the woods through which they journeyed grew more dense, until they could not see the sun, which hitherto had been their guide. Still they pressed on, in what they believed to be a western course, choosing the places where the underbrush was crushed, as evidence that others had been that way before.

What was their astonishment later on, to find out that they were apparently not alone in their journey, for there were before them the fresh tracks in the snow of at least two. Reassured by this they hurried

on, hoping to overtake them, and were amazed, still later, to find that others had joined the travelers.

This they looked upon as a sure token that they were on the right way, and that the camp was near, and were about to start again, when they were surprised by the appearance of an Indian—who proved to be the mail carrier for the district—standing by the side of a sturdy oak but a few feet from them. So absorbed had they been in examining the tracks in the snow, they had not noticed him before, and involuntarily their hands went to their firearms.

Without, however, moving from his position, the Indian grunted out in broken English:

### “White Man, Lost”.

This they were ready to indignantly deny, but the Indian, pointing to the track, replied, “White man, lost, he go 'round and 'round.”

Sure enough, they were treading what has been termed “the death track”, and that explained the added footprints—they were their own; for they had been walking in a circle. To continue thus meant death, and

so, realizing their helplessness, they were glad to accept the proffered leadership of their Indian friend, who safely conducted them to their camp.

It is not difficult to perceive the danger these men were in—an unknown country, a trackless wild, without a guide, and treading the hopeless round of the “death track.” But is my reader aware that we are travelers—travelers to eternity, travelers to a meeting with God!

**Have you thought of it?** Many have, who, being desirous of going to Heaven, but not taking their directions from the infallible Guidebook, the Bible, are also going, each one in their **own way**. But what saith the Scriptures? “There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death”. Prov. 16:25. They are treading, alas,

### **The Death Track.**

They “say their prayers,” they “go to church,” and “do the best they can,” they help to “support the Gospel” at home and abroad, and in all this, and in perhaps much more, they seek to “prove faithful,” and their hope is, they are on the straight road to

Heaven. But as year after year passes, they are still in the same condition, plodding away and hoping for the best, but never sure. **They are going in a circle**, and if their eyes were but opened to it, they would find they were lost. They need a deliverer. And, blessed be God, He has provided One, the Lord Jesus Christ.

“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.” Isaiah 53:6.

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### “Surely, That’s Enough”

“It’s no use, and I **won’t** try any more!”

“Thank God for that! You are wise to cease trying. Just you take God’s way, and **believe**; you know what the Lord says about **that**,

‘He that believeth on Me **hath** everlasting life.’ ” Jno. 6:47.

“But I **do** believe, yet I’m no better!”

“Does that verse speak of being better?”

“No! but surely I must be different.”



"What does the verse say?"

" 'He that believeth on **Me**' ——."

"Stop there one moment! Do you believe on Him—Jesus, the Son of God?"

"I do! I know He died for me!"

"Very well, then, go on with the verse."

" 'Hath everlasting life.' "

"What does the believer have?"

"Everlasting life."

"Who has it?"

"He that believeth."

"And **you** do really believe in Jesus?"

"Yes, I do."

"And **you** have——?"

"O but it isn't like that, is it?"

"And **you** have ——? Come, now! Tell me; what does Jesus say you have?"

"Everlasting life! Dear me! how stupid I've been! Why, **He** says **I** have it, and surely that's enough. I see it all now. It is His **work** on the cross that makes me safe, and His **Word** makes me sure!"

“Yes! that is God’s way of salvation.”

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### Meeting in Class, but Not Saved

Traveling on the Great Northern Railway not long ago, I was glad to find myself in a coach with only one other passenger, as I thought, the Lord might have so ordered it to give me an opportunity of speaking to this man about his soul.

As an introduction, I asked him where he had come from. He told me that he had been to see his aged mother, and had found her very ill, and apparently dying. I then asked if his mother were saved, and happy in the prospect of soon being with Jesus. He said he was sorry to say she was not, and, what was worse, he did not think she was troubled about her sins, or at having soon to meet God in eternity. I then said,

“I judge that **you are saved**, and know that all your sins are forgiven?”

“Yes,” he answered, “but I have known it only a short time, though I have ‘met in class’ for twenty years, and have had a very good class leader. Last winter I had influenza, and thought I was going to die; and then

as I looked at death and eternity, I asked myself whether I had done anything in all these twenty years of profession which could enable me to stand before a holy God. I went back over the many years that I had been a church member, and I could not find one thing that I had done which was good enough to give me a ray of hope, in having, perhaps soon, to meet God. I was greatly troubled that all my twenty years had been spent, without having found, what I now wanted in the prospect of entering eternity, peace with God. I said to myself, What can I do? Where can I look? To whom can I turn? And in my distress I cried to God, when a text of Scripture came to my mind,

‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.’ I immediately answered,

‘That is enough, for I am a believer in the Lord Jesus; and God’s Word says “Thou shalt be saved,” so I must be saved.’”

“On this single scripture I found rest at once to my weary soul, and have ever since known what it is to be justified by faith, and have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

This little incident is written, trusting that God may bless it to some precious soul who, like this man, may be joining with others in class to tell their experience, without having yet found rest by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ.

---

### A Word of Warning

“Jesus of Nazareth **passeth** by.” He will not be available always. The day will come when He will have **passed** by.

Bartimeus seized his chance. Possibly it was his first chance. Likely enough it was his last chance. He used it and was saved and was made happy.

Have you heard of the Saviour? Probably scores of times He has drawn near to **you**, passing by where you could touch Him and be saved. Have you slighted His grace hitherto? O! turn to Him now, lest you miss the salvation altogether.

But if you still His call refuse,  
And all His wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn;  
Too late, too late, will be your cry,  
Jesus of Nazareth **has passed** by.

## "If I Could Only Be Sure"

"If I could only be sure," she said to me.

"And so you may," I answered. "But how do you expect to be sure of salvation? is it by doing good works, by growing better, or what?"

"No, I know there is no growing better, and that no good works can save me."

"Then tell me plainly what do you think your salvation depends upon."

"I believe that my salvation depends upon my acceptance of the work of Christ."

This reply might at first sight appear quite sound; but it struck me that it seemed to account for this lady's deep distress.

"Ah, no wonder then that you have no peace, such being your idea."

She seemed astonished, and I went on,

"No, your salvation does not depend upon your acceptance of the work of Christ, but upon **your believing that God has accepted the work of Christ** as a full and complete satisfaction for all your sins from beginning to end."

Her expression seemed suddenly to change, as though a flash of light from above had entered her soul, and she gazed at me inquiringly. I continued,

“Suppose you were in debt, having run up a large account at a store, and you are pressed for a settlement, but unable to pay; a rich friend wishes to pay your debt; to whom should he pay the money? To you, the debtor; or to the creditor?”

“To the creditor,” she replied.

“Yes, it is the creditor that is to be satisfied, is it not?”

“Certainly.”

“And would not your peace of mind depend upon whether you believed that the creditor had accepted the money as a full settlement of your debt?”

“Yes,” she answered.

“Now, tell me, do you believe that God, to Whom you are a debtor, (Luke 7:41, 42,) has accepted the death of Christ as a full satisfaction for all your sins from beginning to end?”

“I firmly believe that,” she said.

"Do you think He will ever cease to be satisfied therewith?"

"Never," was her reply.

"Then God's justice can never again raise any claim against you on account of your sins, Christ having suffered their full penalty?"

"Never," she answered. "I see it all now so plainly. I never looked at it in that way before. I have been wondering whether I accepted Christ properly or not—whether I believed aright—whether I had the right faith—and I could not get peace."

"No wonder. A peace that depends upon the estimate you form of Christ's work, or upon your feelings about it, must always be an imperfect one, changing as often as that upon which it rests; but God always remembers the blood shed on Calvary, and is always satisfied with it. He always has the One Who shed it before Him, and He refuses ever again to open a question which was settled once and for all eternity by the Lord Jesus Christ on the cross, and which He has accepted for you."

What a comfort it is to know that God

accepts the poor sinner, who believes in Jesus, in all the value of His estimate of Christ's precious blood, and in all the perfection of Christ's adorable Person.

“Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; . . . that He might be just and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.”  
Romans 3:24, 26.

“To the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved, in Whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace.” Eph. 1:6, 7.

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### He's All My Trust

God of all grace, I gladly own

What, in His death, Thy Christ has done,  
What He is there beside Thy throne,

What Christ is now, and Christ alone. . .

Is all my joyful plea.

He's all my trust, He's all my boast,

For since He died to save the lost,

I'm sure He died for me.



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## "God Loves You"

"Hymn, 'Jesus loves me this I know, For the Bible tells me so'," said the young clear voice. They sang it through.

And now I am going to give out my text "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 3:16.

It was given out something after the fashion of his father perhaps, but the little face was all aglow, and he evidently loved the Word of God, and the love of Christ.

A few chairs arranged before him, on one of which sat his younger brother—and I think on another, the old nurse—comprised his audience.

"Now Harold, how do you know that God loves you?"

Harold shook his head, he could not tell,

"Well," said the earnest voice, "You are not in heaven, are you Harold?"

"No." Harold knew certainly that he was not in heaven.

"And you are not in hell, are you, Harold?"

“O! no.” Harold was quite startled.

“Then you are in the **world** aren't you? And God so loved the **world**. So you see how you know that God loves **you**,” triumphantly concluded the little fellow, and whether Harold saw it or not, the sermon was at an end.

Only a child's “pretend preaching.” But how quickly the young heart had learned the right to claim that wondrous love.

Reader, do you know it?—God loves **you**.

You, infiel, perhaps, hating Christ's name, and spending all your intellect to prove His word a myth.

You, drunkard, trying to deaden your sorrows by drink.

You, half wild with despair, not knowing where to turn except to death, and afraid of that. Dear ones, it is not such as Joseph, Daniel, and David that God is thinking of when He tells us by the Holy Spirit, that

“Christ died for the ungodly,” and

“While we were yet sinners Christ died for us.”

Although we know all whom Scripture

speaks of were sinners. But it does not say, "God loved those who were striving to follow Him"—but "the world." The same world that closed around the cross, after crying,

"Away with Him." "Away with Him."

The world that today denies and blasphemes His precious name. All day long while the heart, is a (perhaps, alas! willing) receptacle of Satan's thoughts and ways, God's love is brooding over you. He sent His blessed One to call "sinners to repentance." Not "the righteous." No! Thank God. For then none would have been saved. But sinners, He came "to seek, and to save."

O! that every thing might echo this as you go along, and that you might be forced almost, to accept that love, and hide yourself under the precious blood once shed while still He "waits to be gracious," to the world He died for.

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### Extract

Never alone and always cared for, is the happy condition of every child of God. It may be, and ought to be the experience of all those who wait to see His face.

## Rest

Come ye souls by sin afflicted,  
Bowed with contrite sorrow down;  
By the Word of God convicted,  
Through the cross behold the crown.  
Look to Jesus;  
Mercy flows through Him alone.

Take His easy yoke, and wear it;  
Love will make obedience sweet;  
Christ will be your strength to bear it;  
And the light to guide your feet  
Safe to glory,  
Where His ransomed captives meet.

Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,  
Light to newly opened eyes,  
Or fresh springs in deserts dreary,  
Is the rest the cross supplies:  
All who taste it,  
Shall to rest immortal rise.

Rest, full fruit of grace's story;  
Rest from sin's oppressive thrall;  
Rest in God's eternal glory;  
Rest for pardoned sinners all.  
Faith believes it;  
Hope perceives it;  
Love doth it with joy forestall.

## Believing Aright

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.” John 5:24.

A hot north wind blew as I started across the paddock that lay between me and the dwelling in which lived a woman who was in deep anxiety about her soul. I had been staying at a farm house in the bush and had heard of the deep exercise of soul she appeared to have passed through for some two years. A few days previously she had been overtaken by a neighbor as he was driving to the meeting house they attended, and which was situated some three miles from where she dwelt, trudging through the heavy rain on her way to the same place to hear the Word of God. As he stopped to take her up, he asked her why she ventured out on such a day, when she replied:

“O, I daren’t stay at home, my soul’s at stake.”

Entering the house I found her busy cutting potatoes, which the children were carrying out and planting in the furrows made in the land adjoining the house where the father was plowing.

Seating myself on a form to which I was directed, I inquired:

“Well, Mrs. M., how are you today.”

I had seen her once before at a meeting.

“Very well in health, thank you, sir.”

“But what about the soul?”

“Bad enough, sir, as bad as it can be. I get no rest, no peace, yet I seek it. I go to hear the Word of God, and feel happy sometimes when listening, but then it all goes, and I feel worse than ever, but then I don't deserve it. I lived for five years near Mr. W., yet never went to hear him preach until two years ago. I felt very unhappy, and thought I must go. I went, and the Word of God seemed to plow up my very soul, and ever since then, when thinking of my past life, I feel, as it were, all ground up.”

“But how is that; have you not read what Jesus did for such sinners as you?”

“O, yes; but how may I know it is for me?”

“Do you believe the Bible is the Word of God?”

“Yes, every word of it; I was reading it as you came in.”

“Have you ever read the twenty-fourth verse of John 5?”

“I have read it all many times.”

“You have your Bible, will you kindly read that verse?” Turning to it she read:

“Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.”

“Ah, that is very beautiful, but it’s not for me. I don’t believe aright.”

“Now will you kindly read that again, and see if it says anything about believing aright.”

Again she read it, and now the Spirit of God applied the word to the liberation of a soul so long in bondage. The next few minutes were occupied by her in reading

again and again this most precious statement of Gospel truth, making her own comments after each reading.

It needed not that I should make further remark. God had given entrance to His word, which gave light and understanding to the simple.

At the second reading she replied, in answer to my question:

“Well, no; it says nothing about believing aright; dear me, I never read it so before; I must read that again.”

And turning the leaf down, put the book on the table, but immediately took it up again and read it a third time, saying:

“Well, that’s wonderful.”

---

### **The Bread is God’s Gift**

A poor soldier lay dying in a Swiss hospital. His father coming to him, found him hardly able to speak. “You must not die,” said the old man. “I have brought money. You shall have medicines, delicacies, everything; and as soon as you are strong enough, I will take you home.”



The sick man shook his head. He did not want the medicine nor tempting morsels. He felt that he was past help.

The father's heart sank, and he turned away to hide his tears. Presently he opened his traveling-sack, and took out a loaf of bread. Breaking off a piece, he gently placed the piece in his son's mouth.

After a moment the sick man swallowed it, and soon he opened his eyes and whispered, "More."

"Your mother made that," said the father.

"I know it," the sick man replied, "it is so good."

The father laid the loaf on the bed, and the poor soldier took it up in his hands and began to eat, with tears rolling down his face. From that hour he grew better, and in a few weeks was restored to health.

Jesus said of Himself: "I am the bread of life," and "If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever."

Just as the sick man, eating his mother's bread, was restored to health and life; so we may take of the Bread of Life, and gain

life for the soul, and have eternal life. By faith we take Christ the living Bread, and we rest on His Word. If we believe in Christ, we will enjoy Him, and live for Him.

“Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.” John 6:35.

---

### “I Go To Meet God”

A man guilty of many crimes, and hardened in iniquity had been arrested, tried and sentenced to death. Having learned that this wretched being had refused to listen to the exhortations of the many who had besought him to think of his soul, a servant of God, Mr. R., requested permission from the authorities to pass the last night with him which he was to live, hoping to be an instrument in the hands of God to lead the condemned to Christ before he should be cut off from the earth.

The permission having been granted, Mr. R. was locked in the cell with him.

For several hours Mr. R. remained seated trying in vain to attract the attention of his companion, that he might enter into

conversation with him. The prisoner, although he was evidently in a state of extreme agitation, retained a lowering and defiant reserve, walking up and down in his cell like a caged lion, rattling the chain which connected his hands and groaning loudly. Hour after hour he continued this without stopping, except to heave from time to time a deep sigh, seeming to wholly ignore the presence of another.

At length, Mr. R., fixing upon him a supplicating look, he suddenly stopped, shook his chain and fell heavily to the ground with fearful groans, which seemed to come from the depths of his being. Then raising himself and turning to Mr. R., he said, with a frightful accent, "Mr. R., do not think I am afraid to die!"

"What!" said Mr. R., "not afraid to die! What mean then this agitation, these groans, and these looks of terror?"

"No," replied the condemned man, "I am not afraid to die. I do not care for death more than that," said he, snapping his fingers. "But, Mr. R., the fearful thought which torments me is, that tomorrow morning, at eight o'clock, **I go to meet God! To meet God!**"

Eternity only can reveal what the result was of Mr. R.'s visit.

Dear reader, stop a moment, you have also to meet God; yes, you must one day be face to face with Him. How shall you endure His looks, the brightness of those eyes, too pure to behold iniquity, and which will search you through and through?

“But I am not at all like this criminal, I have never broken the laws of my country,” you may say.

Granted, but it is no question here of human laws, it is a question of holiness and the rights of God; and as to this, listen to the sentence:

“There is no difference for all have sinned”; and remember that a single sin makes a man a sinner, and brings him under the righteous judgment of God. You have not to compare yourself with this or that one; the question is:

**“Are you ready to meet God?”**

“Prepare to meet thy God.” Amos 4:12.

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” Acts 16:31.

## Willing to Save

Some time ago a number of young men were bathing in a river which at some parts is very deep. It was suggested by one of the number, who was himself a strong swimmer, that he would swim across the river carrying another young man on his back. Accordingly the two young men entered the water, the one on the back of the other, and started for the other side. When about mid-stream the young man, who had his arms around the neck of the one who carried him, evidently became timid, and began to cling to the other rather tightly, with the result that the swimmer began to struggle for freedom, the one on his back clinging the more tenaciously to his neck.

A third young man who was on the bank of the river saw the danger, and swam to the rescue. Reaching the drowning men, he cried to the one who was clinging so desperately to the other,

“Let go, Jamie, and I’ll save you!” but to no purpose. Jamie would not let go, but clung with firmer grip to his drowning comrade, with the sad result that both sank and were drowned.

Like that young man, many young folks are clinging to something with the vain hope that it may be the means of saving them. Some are clinging to their moral standard of character; others are clinging to the hope that God will be merciful at the end, and look over the sins and failures of a past life; and yet, as we read the Scriptures, we learn that any so believing are just as hopeless, so far as getting saved is concerned, as was that young man clinging to his drowning comrade.

The saddest part of our incident is that there was one who stood by ready to save if he would only let go. There is today no need that any sinner should perish. A Saviour, "mighty to save," has come to the rescue.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Tim. 1:15.

What He asks the perishing one to do is to cease clinging to anything and everything of human merit, and cling implicitly to Him. He gives His word that the sinner who trusts Him shall "**never** perish." (John 10:28).

Regarding that young man who swam to the rescue of the drowning men, he was willing to save; yet his ability to do so might have been questioned. Not so with the Saviour Christ Jesus. He is both willing and able to save every one who will trust Him, no matter how vile.

If unsaved, turn your eyes away from anything of your own doing, and fix your gaze by faith on Him who "suffered, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3:18). Look and live **now!**

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### The Man of Rest

The way that the Word of God acts in the power of the Holy Spirit is well illustrated in the case of a Chinese restaurant-keeper.

Desiring to become acquainted with the English language, he procured a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel in diglot form—that is, in Chinese and English side by side.

The opening of the gospel, giving the genealogy of our Lord Jesus, greatly attracted him. All about ancestors always appeals forcibly to the Chinese.

As he improved in his knowledge of the language, he read on through the chapters of the gospel and grew more and more uneasy. He was being convicted of his sin and of his need of salvation. Reaching the eleventh chapter he read the invitation of the Saviour:

“Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

That was what he earnestly sought—rest, and he said, “This is the Man of rest—the very man for me, I must find Him.”

And it was not long before peace filled his soul and he became a consistent Christian.

---

### Roosevelt's Mistake

During the Spanish War Theodore Roosevelt, much attached to his men, was greatly concerned when a number of them fell ill. Hearing that Clara Barton (the lady who devoted herself to the work of nursing the wounded soldiers) had received a supply of delicacies for the invalids under her care, Colonel Roosevelt requested her to sell a portion of them to him for the sick men of his regiment.



His request was refused. The colonel was very troubled. He cared for his men, and was willing to pay for the supplies out of his own pocket.

"How can I get these things," he said. "I must have proper food for my sick men."

"Just ask for them, colonel," said the surgeon in charge of the Red Cross headquarters.

"O," said Roosevelt, his face breaking into a smile, "that is the way, is it? Then I do ask for them." And he got them at once.

Often the colonel's mistake has been repeated in connection with the matter of salvation. People seem to expect to receive it in exchange for something that they can offer. One brings an earnest prayer; a second brings a vow or promise to turn over a new leaf; a third brings an inwardly-made resolution to live a better and purer life; a fourth thinks that before he can receive salvation he must produce some evidence of his sincerity in the shape of an improvement in his conduct; a fifth imagines that he can obtain it by adherence to an orthodox creed and conformity to certain religious observances.

Now the truth is that God's salvation can only be had as a free gift. Why should there be any difficulty in understanding this? The words of Scripture are very plain:

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely" Rev. 21:6.

"The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" Rom. 6:23.

Pride rebels against such terms. It would rather pay, however small the price. But God is too great to sell His blessing, nor could any man merit salvation in the smallest degree, however long he might try. God is prepared to meet the sinner with His hands full of the richest blessings, if only the sinner will come with empty hands to receive it as a free gift. Will you?

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast." Eph. 2:8, 9.

"Not by the works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us." Titus 3:5.

## "The Coming of the Lord Draweth Nigh"

"The coming of the Lord draweth nigh."  
James 5:8.

Every writer of the New Testament speaks of the return of the Lord Jesus Christ. Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, James, Peter, Jude, all proclaim this glorious advent.

The Lord is coming **for** His own first, and then the Lord is coming **with** them.

"When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear **with** Him in glory."  
Col. 3:4.

As to the first part, or stage of His coming, let us ask,

### **Who is coming?**

"The Lord Himself." 1 Thess. 4. "This same Jesus." Acts 1. "If I go away, I will come again." John 14.

### **When is He coming?**

"Behold, I come quickly." "Surely, I come quickly." Rev. 22. "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." 1 Cor. 15:52.

**Why is He coming?** "To receive His own to Himself, that where He is, there they

may be also." John 14. To catch up His loved ones, whether they may be dead or alive, that they may be for ever with the Lord. (1 Thess. 4).

This, not death, is the Christian's blessed hope. He may come **today!** Are you ready?

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## The One Who So Loved Me

Jesus, I know that Thy blood can save,  
 For I know that it has saved me;  
 I once feared death, and the cold dark grave,  
 And the darker eternity.

I felt my sins were a fearful load;  
 No language my sorrow could tell;  
 And O, as I walked the broad, broad road,  
 I knew 'twas a journey to hell.

But I heard of One who loved me so,  
 That He came from His throne on high,  
 To bear the weight of my sin and woe,  
 And to bleed on the cross and die.

He washed my sins in the crimson flood  
 That flowed from His opened side,  
 And I knew I was saved by the precious blood  
 Of the Lord who was crucified.

So now, a sinner, redeemed by blood,  
 In Christ accepted I stand,  
 And wait, as a blood-bought child of God,  
 For my home in the heavenly land.

And this is the joy I seek below,  
 As I sing of His love so free,  
 That others the wondrous love may know  
 Of the One who has so loved me.

## The Heavenward Pointer

“In what are you trusting for your salvation?” I asked a young woman at the hospital, who confidently affirmed that she was saved.

“**In Jesus and His blood,**” was her answer. How my heart rejoiced to receive this bright testimony!

This is the one foundation upon which God’s salvation rests—Jesus and His blood. The Scripture recognizes none other. It is the one unerring signal that points heavenward.

“It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.” Lev. 17:11.

“The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.” 1 John 1:7.

Reader, in what are **you** trusting for salvation? What road are **you** traveling in the hope of reaching heaven at last? Your moral, social, racial, or intellectual status has no bearing in relation to this question. Be wise and abandon every other course, enter the blood-stained way, that begins at

Calvary,—it will lead you heavenward, in company with the Lord Jesus Christ.

“O, **precious** is the flow  
That makes me white as snow;  
No other fount I know,  
**Nothing but the blood of Jesus.**”

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### The Next Step

“My next step is to get deeper conviction,” said one troubled about her soul.

“No!” replied a Christian who was seeking to help her. “Your next step and only step, is to go to Christ just as you are. He does not say, ‘Come to conviction, come to a deeper sense of sin.’ This you have been laboring to get. But He says, ‘Come unto Me’.”

“O! I see it now,” she cried, “O how self-righteous I have been, really refusing Christ while all the time I thought I was preparing to come to Him.”

“Will you go to Him now?” she was asked.

“I will,” she replied. Enabled to do so, she found rest in Him. Rest is to be found alone in Christ, and His finished work of redemption on the cross.

## "Are You Ready to Meet God?"

"Have you ever spoken to your niece about her soul's salvation?" said I to a Christian, "because she looks very unhappy and ill."

"O yes," he replied, "sometimes when we take a walk together, I introduce the subject, but she always appears to me perfectly dead and indifferent to the things of God, and I can get no response."

This did not satisfy me. I had an impression, though I had never had any conversation with the young person, that the Lord had some blessing in store for her, and that already He was at work with her conscience as to her sins, and her lost state before God. Having prayed to God that He would reveal Himself to her soul, after the preaching of the gospel one evening at a public hall, the question was solemnly put to the conscience of this unsaved one:

"If God were to call you tonight, are you ready to meet Him?" The question seemed to strike home to her heart, and after a pause, with much emotion, she replied,

"No," and passed out of the hall.

Five days elapsed before another oppor-

tunity arose for speaking to her, but one evening, on our way down to the hall, where the gospel was again to be preached, I said to her,

“Five days ago I asked you a question, and I should now like to ask you again, Are you Ready to Meet God?”

“Yes, I am,” she replied.

“But you told me the other evening you were not ready to meet Him.”

“I told you the truth; I was not ready then, but I am now.”

Having expressed my thankfulness to God for hearing the prayers offered up on her behalf, I asked her to tell me how this came about.

“The other evening after the meeting, when you asked me that question, I was about to retire for the night, when suddenly the thought came forcibly home to me, ‘I have told that man I am not saved, that if I were to die I should be lost forever, and here I am just going to get into bed as if all were secure, whereas I might be in hell before morning; so I said to myself, I’ll not go to bed until I am saved.’ ”



"And what did you do then?" I asked.

"I fell down on my knees before God, and told Him I was a poor, vile, miserable sinner, that I could do nothing to save myself, that all my efforts to become good had failed, and I just asked Him to take me there and then, as I was, in all my sins. As I was praying, that little verse came into my mind,

"The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son Cleanseth us from all sin!" 1 John 1:7.

"It seemed just the word for me, though I had known it all my life. I saw at once that the blood of Jesus was sufficient to pay my debt to God, that He was satisfied, and that I was cleansed from all my sins."

"What happened then?" I inquired.

"I got up from my knees, and retired to rest for the night, when, as I was going to sleep, feeling all was happy and secure, Satan seemed to say to me, 'How do you know the blood is for you?' Instantly all my peace was gone, and I was as unhappy as ever. But at this moment another verse came to my mind,

'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 3:16.

“‘Whosoever,’ I thought, ‘that means me; I do believe in the Lord Jesus as my Saviour, and God says, I have everlasting life.’ So I went to sleep, and woke quite happy, and have remained so since, resting on those two texts.”

“Had you been long anxious about your soul?”

“Yes, for a whole year, since one evening they were all singing hymns in a light way, without thinking of the words. When they came to that hymn beginning—

‘I left it all with Jesus long ago,  
All my sins I brought Him and my woe,’

I thought to myself, ‘I have never brought my sins to Jesus,’ so I could not sing it, and this has made me long to be saved ever since.”

The day had arrived for my leaving the town, and previous to going, I called with a friend to say good-by. Thank God, all was now peace, rest and happiness. As we left the door, she said,

“You remember the other night in the hall, when the people were requested not to sing the hymn unless they could do so truthfully—well, I could not sing it, but now I can!”

“Happy day! Happy day!  
When Jesus washed my sins away!”

Two years later I was glad to hear from one who knew her intimately, that since then she has been a happy and consistent Christian, and soon after was able gratefully to take her place with the Lord’s people who are gathered to His name. The story is now related, in the belief that God will graciously deign to use it for the blessing of anxious souls, in encouraging them to rest entirely on the simple statements of His own Word.

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### Confess Christ Now

Dr. P. once heard a voice calling to him,

“Is that Dr. P.?”

“Yes, I am Dr. P.”

“Well, if you spare me a minute or two, I would be very grateful. I have been to

several of your meetings, and last night I wanted to confess Christ, as you explained it, but something seemed to hold me back.”

“Well, friend,” Dr. P. said, “I am very glad to hear you are interested about your soul; but why do you not accept Christ as your own Saviour? You may do so right where you are.”

“Yes, but I am a very hard case; if you can tell me anything that will make it plain to me, I will thank you very much.”

“Are you a sinner?”

“I am, and a great one.”

“But will you believe what God says?”

“Yes sir; God is saying to me all the time, unless you are saved you will be lost.”

“But,” Dr. P. said, “God tells us something more than that we are sinners. He tells us that Christ came to save sinners,” quoting John 3:16. “Do you believe that?”

“O, yes; but I am a hard case, I am very ignorant.”

“Do you not see that your very ignorance and sinfulness are the very reasons why God

sent His Son to die for us. Do you believe that Christ is willing to save you? Ought you not to surrender to Him at once?"

"How am I to take Christ as my Saviour? If I come tonight, will you explain it?"

"You need not wait till tonight, you may take Him here and now."

Tears came into the man's eyes, and looking full in the Doctor's face he said,

"I confess Him, Jesus Christ, as my Saviour, and I take Him with all my heart."

"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." Romans 10:9.

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### **An Officer's Message**

A young officer, who was well known as having led a careless, worldly life, was lying at the point of death in hospital, when he was visited by a trooper of his regiment. After speaking kindly words of sympathy, Taylor received from the man, as he had received from hundreds of others, messages for loved ones at home.

“Promise me, Taylor, that when you get back to E. you will call and see my mother, and tell her all about me.”

“Your mother, sir?” and the look of sorrow and regret on the dying face made him say gently, “May I tell your mother that you died trusting in Christ, sir?”

“No, no,” was the answer given bitterly. “She is a good woman, and a Christian. It will break her heart, I know; but no, it is not true of me!” and he turned his face away.

“But Christ will receive you now just as you are. Why not come to Him?”

“Taylor,” was the bitter answer, “I have lived only for myself, and given God no thought all my life. How could I be so mean as to turn to Him and to ask Him to help me now when I am dying? No! it’s too late. I couldn’t come now; it would be so mean.”

“Wait a minute, sir. Look at it this way. Look at it from Christ’s side. After all He has done for **you**—and He died for **you**—give Him the chance of reaping your soul. He has suffered enough for you. Don’t

cause Him still more disappointment! Give Him at least the chance of saving you now, late though it is."

The man's eyes opened in astonishment. This was a **new way** of looking at it—that Christ would be disappointed if he held back, and that he would be wounding Him still further—that was a new thought.

"Leave me, Taylor, and come again this evening. I must be alone; I must think."

And that evening, when the trooper went, there was no need to ask whether or not he had come. The light in the man's eyes told the tale. He had not disappointed Christ. The lost sheep had let the Shepherd find him "to the uttermost."

"Tell my mother her prayers have been heard," he whispered.

When back in E. Taylor did tell that mother, and found, as he expected, a saint of God, whose prayers had followed her boy and been answered for him.

You, who read this may have a praying mother. Send her the good news that you have taken Christ as your Saviour.

Listen! Jesus says,

“Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.”

“He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.” Heb. 7:25.

Life is found alone in Jesus,  
Only there 'tis offered thee,  
Offered without price or money,  
'Tis the gift of God sent free.  
Take salvation,  
Take it now and happy be.

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### “Why Don't You?”

Jim was brought to feel his need of a Saviour. He was very unhappy and could find no peace; over and over again, the gospel of the grace of God was presented to him. He was told it was for **sinners** Jesus came, that it was “to seek and to save that which was lost.” He left the glory and became a man. But all this could bring no comfort to poor Jim, and for some days he continued very wretched. At last he told his wife the cause of his unhappiness, and said,

“I want to come to Christ.”

“Why don't you?” she replied.



This word was used of God. Jim saw that Christ had finished the work, and was offering him salvation as a free gift, and all he had to do was to take it. So he came to Jesus as he was, and since then has gone on his way rejoicing.

And now, dear reader, if you are not saved, **why don't you come to Jesus?** Are you troubled and unhappy as Jim was? Then why not come to Jesus just as you are?

No matter how bad you feel yourself to be, Jesus knows all about your badness much better than you know yourself. He knows all, yet loves you better than you know. His word to you is,

"Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out" John 6:37.

"As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God" John 1:12.

"And if children, then heirs, heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ" Romans 8:17.

It can be all yours if you will only **take** Christ as your Saviour. O, then, delay not; now is the accepted time.

## No Back Numbers

A woman in the city of D. who had been very wicked but through faith in Christ had been saved and confessed it, was met by the sneer of a self-righteous woman to whom she testified of God's grace; who said:

“Do you remember what you used to be when I knew you years ago?”

“Yes, and you do not know the half of it; I was worse than you or anybody else knows. But you forget one thing,

“The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from **all sin.**”—How many sins are left after that?”

This silenced her accuser, as it does the devil. He cannot stand before the all-cleansing blood.

“The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanseth us from **all sin.**” 1 John 1:7.

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## Christ, the Central Object in the Gospel

When I was young there was in my heart a great desire to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, Who had loved me and died for me. I felt

that to be permitted to speak to others of Him, would be the highest privilege that could be given to any man, and so I went to Him in prayer that I might have that privilege.

The Spirit-wrought desire was soon answered, for in a few days I was invited to address a meeting in the country a few miles from my home. The subject I chose was Luke 6:46-49, and for days before the meeting, the man who built his house upon the rock, and the folly of the man who built upon the sand filled my mind.

On that Sunday evening as I walked towards the meeting place, my experience was probably that of many another would-be-sermonizer, every thing I had thought of saying, vanished from my memory.

Filled with anxiety, I reached the room where the people had assembled, and sat down to find my text; it seemed to be blotted out from the pages of my Bible. Through the Gospel of Luke I searched in vain. But there pressed on my mind one blessed sentence,

**“Behold, the Lamb of God!”**

So often did these words come to me, that I closed my Bible, and thought, That must be my text. Lifting my heart to the Lord for help, I opened the hymn book, and the first hymn I saw was,

Behold the Lamb of God! 'tis He who bore  
My burden on the tree,  
And paid in blood the dreadful score,  
The ransom due for me.

That verse gave me the assurance that the Lord was guiding; and so it turned out, for I had liberty in presenting the Gospel in its blessed simplicity and fullness to meet the need of every sinner. To the joy and delight of my heart, an old man, 74 years of age found peace in believing. He had groaned beneath the burden of his sins for years; then and there the burden rolled away as he by faith beheld the **Lamb of God**.

Upon reflection I understood that it was as though the Lord said to me,

“If you are to serve Me, you must speak about Me. I must be your theme, the central Object in the Gospel.”

Yes, He is every true and faithful preacher's theme, and God forbid they should waste their time on any other.

## Two Infidel Neighbors .

Two infidel neighbors lived among the hills of N. E. One of them heard the gospel, was convicted of his sins and believed unto eternal life. Soon after he went to his infidel neighbor's house and said,

"I have come to talk to you; I have been saved."

"Yes," sneered the other, "I heard that you had been down to the meetings, and had gone forward for prayers. I was surprised, for I thought you were as sensible a man as any in town."

"Well," said the first, "I have a duty to do to you. I haven't slept much for two nights for thinking of it. I have four sheep in my flock that belong to you. They came two years ago with your mark on them, and I took them and marked them with my mark. You inquired around, but could not find them. They are in my field now, with their increase, and I want to settle with you if you are willing, or you can settle with me by the law if you will."

The other infidel was amazed, and told his neighbor that he could keep the sheep only please go away. He trembled at the thought that something had got hold of his old friend which he did not understand. He repeated,

“You may keep the sheep, if you will only go away.”

“No,” said the Christian, “I must settle this matter up, and cannot rest until I do. You must tell me how much.”

“Well,” replied the other, “pay me the worth of the sheep when they went to you, and six percent interest, and please go away and let me alone.”

The Christian laid down the amount and then doubled it. He went his way, leaving his old friend's heart heavily loaded. The full result of that scene is only known to God. But today the infidel is no longer infidel, but a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and is a bright testimony to his Lord.

“Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.” Matt. 5:16.

## Something More Wanted

At the close of a gospel meeting, a woman in great distress of soul remained to speak with me.

“Will you tell me what is troubling you?” I asked.

“O, sir,” she said, “there is something more wanted.”

“Indeed! what is it?” I inquired.

“Well,” she said, “I really trust in Jesus, I know that He died for me, but something more is wanted.”

“You are sure that Jesus **died** for you?” I asked.

“Yes, I am sure of it.”

“And that He is **able** to save you?”

“Yes, I am sure of that.”

“Do you think that He is **willing** to save you?”

“O, I know that He is willing,” was her earnest reply.

“And you tell me that you really trust Him as your Saviour?”

“Yes,” she said, “I do; but I **am not happy**; something more is wanted.”

“There is nothing more wanted to make you safe,” I replied. “If you have really believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, **you are as safe as He can make you**. Not one poor sinner who trusted in Him was ever lost. But it is one thing to be **safe** and another thing to be **sure** about it. What you need is to have assurance, and this you may have on the authority of the Word of God.”

Taking my Bible, I turned to Acts 13:38, 39, and read:

“Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things.

“Now here we have God’s unchanging truth. He says, ‘All that believe are justified.’ Are you a believer?”

“Yes, I am,” she answered.

“Then what does God say about you?” I asked.

“I’m justified,” she answered with a sigh of relief.



“How do you know?” I queried.

“It says so there,” was her reply.

“Then do you want anything else?”

“Nothing more now, sir; that’s enough” was her emphatic answer, as she saw for the first time, on the authority of God’s Word that she belonged to the justified company, because she was one of the “all that believe.”

Thank God! His Word is true, and upon the authority of God’s Word, every believer may say, “I’m justified.”

I quoted those same words to a young fellow who was longing to have peace with God.

“Let me look at the verse,” he said, “I never saw it like that before.”

Slowly he read the verse over, and then rubbing his eyes as the light broke into his soul, he said, “Praise God, I’m justified.”

“How do you know that?” I asked.

“Why, ‘**The Book**’ says so,” was his triumphant reply. Yes, the Book that never lies says,

“By Him all that believe are justified from

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all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.”

Well might we praise God.

“What does justified mean?” said a hard-headed but conscience-stricken miner to me on one occasion.

“The man who is justified stands in God’s sight as clear of all his sins as is Jesus the Saviour.”

Placing his finger on the verse in my Bible, he asked,

“Do you mean to tell me that if I believe that verse I shall be clear of my sins like that?”

“No,” I answered. “What I say is, if in simple faith you look to Jesus for pardon and salvation, what that verse says about ‘All that believe’ will be true of you.”

“I see that, and I thank God for it,” was his happy response.

God’s Word is reliable. You may safely rest in what it asserts, beloved, anxious soul.

## "I Have Found Jesus"

There was a general meeting in progress, in which there was noticed a Jewess several evenings. Her husband, a gay man of the world, was in the habit of passing his evenings with congenial friends at the theatre and other places of amusement, leaving her at home alone.

To relieve the monotony of an evening (the nearest church being situated in the same street), she slipped out, and, impelled by curiosity, attended one of the services. The first evening's services left no particular impression. The question simply arose in her mind, just as a cloud floats over the sky,

"Suppose that Jesus was the Messiah!"

The next night Jesus again was preached, and before the sermon was over, the question became more than a question; she said to herself,

"Jesus was, perhaps, the Messiah," and it greatly distressed her.

On the third night the thought seized her soul and shook it through and through:

"Jesus was the Messiah."

Of course there came with it—inevitable to a Jewess—the conviction,

“I am lost forever, for my people slew Him.” And in that spirit she went home sobbing and wailing.

Her husband returned at midnight, and she met him in tears and said at once,

“Go to some Christian neighbor and borrow for me a New Testament.”

He tried to laugh her out of her impressions, or argue her out of them; but it was of no use, and so for the love he bore her, he went out at half-past twelve in the morning and rang up a Christian neighbor. When he came to the door, the caller said,

“I beg your pardon, but will you be so kind as to loan me a New Testament?”

You may be sure the request was most cheerfully granted. The neighbor thought,

“There is a work in that house to be done for Jesus tonight;” and as soon as he could properly dress himself he hurried to a Christian brother’s, and with him repaired to the Jewish mansion.

The door was instantly opened, and the

mistress met them with a smile, saying,  
"I have found Jesus!"

And then she told the story I have told you, with this addition: she said that when the New Testament was put in her hands she went into her room, and kneeling, lifted up her face toward heaven, and cried,

"O Lord God of my fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, give me light, give me light!"

She opened the Testament with closed eyes, and opened it at the beginning of the Epistle to the Romans.

She read slowly, and the verses went tearing through her soul like hot thunderbolts, until she came to the sixteenth verse,—

"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth, to the Jew first"—there she stopped; her bursting tears blinded her. She looked again.

"It is to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

As she read these words she believed them, and she knew it. When the Christian brethren came, she was a Christian.

## A Chart of Heaven

"I was one day seated behind the counter," said a clerk in a book-store, when an old sailor entered, and regarding me with a serious air said:

"Young man, I want a chart."

"Very well, sir," I replied, "what chart do you wish, the Gulf of Gascony or the Mediterranean?"

"Stop, stop," said he, "how ready young people are! I want a chart, but these you have mentioned would be of no use to me. I want a chart which will guide me to heaven, for the one I have been using up to the present is out of date. Do you understand me young man?"

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to Thy Word."

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Psa. 119:9, 105.

I understood at once that he wanted a Bible, and taking down several I placed them before him. He selected one, evidently happy that I had so soon caught his thought. He

asked the price, paid it, and before leaving turned to me, and said with earnestness of voice and manner:

“Do you understand this chart?”

“I often read it,” I replied,

“That is well,” said the old man, “and I am glad to hear it, but remember, young man, that is not enough.”

Reader, perhaps you are also one of those who often read the Bible, but the question is this—Has it made you wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus? (2 Tim. 3:15).

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## Alone With God

Have you ever had a distinct transaction with God? Alone in His presence have you ever gone into the matter of your sins with Him? Sooner or later you **must** have to say to Him. There is no escaping it. There is no way of eluding the day when

“Every one of us shall give account of himself to God.” Rom. 14:12.

Mockers may mock and scoffers may scoff,

but this avails not in the least. The God who made man, made Him for His glory. Man has rebelled against his Creator. Instead of doing the will of God, he seeks to do his own will, and fulfill his own desires.

He may be more or less moral. He may be more or less kind or considerate in his home or business associations, but **self**, not God fills his vision. Even if somewhat religious, it is **himself** and his own well-being he has in mind. He needs to be **born again**, for "in the flesh," that is, as being part of a fallen race, he cannot please God.

Man's back has been turned upon God. He counts God as an enemy. His whole endeavor is to do without his Creator.

"No God for me" is in all his thoughts day by day. And if the remembrance of God's being comes to him, he is miserable until he can banish it from his mind.

You **must** meet God. Today, in grace, He calls you,

"Come **now**, let us reason together . . . though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." Isa. 1:18. He longs to bless you.



You **must** meet God. "Tomorrow" may mean naught but judgment.

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### My Religious Experience

In a pleasant town there lived a lady who was wealthy, who devoted her time and means to religious and charitable objects. But notwithstanding all her kindness, she lacked the one essential thing, faith in the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Through the instrumentality of a niece she was brought under the plain, searching preaching of the Word of God, which discovered to her that she lacked the one thing needful, to be a Christian.

At the close of a gospel meeting, in which the preacher had spoken of the need, the nature, and the way of the new birth, from John 3, and pointed out that Nicodemus, the Jewish Rabbi, whose night visit to the Lord Jesus Christ is described in that chapter, was a learned, a moral, and a religious man, yet he needed to be born again before he could 'see or enter the kingdom of God.' As they walked together on their way home along the quiet moonlit streets, the elder lady broke the silence by saying to her niece,

“That was a powerful discourse we listened to tonight, but I confess, that part of it seemed very strange doctrine to me. If the new birth is what the preacher stated, then my religious experience has nothing like that in it.”

It was a delicate and difficult matter for the niece, who was much younger, to say all that she desired, in pressing home upon her aunt the full force of the truth, so she modestly said,

“Well, aunt, if you have any difficulty or doubt about, I am sure Mr. B. will be pleased to come to our house tomorrow afternoon, and then you can have a talk with him about it.” That arrangement found favor and so it was settled.

A full hour before the appointed time, Amy's aunt walked into the room with a beam of brightness on her face, and clasping her niece to her bosom, said,

“I have it now, Amy. I had a great struggle after I left you last night. First I was angry at the thought that I who had been so well brought up, and have been so busy in religious and church work, should be classed among those who were not saved.

But as I looked up the various Scriptures we were referred to in the address last night, I was obliged to own that I had never personally known any such experience as they describe, and then my misery became intense.

“All at once the thought came to me, if you have not been born again, why not like Nicodemus know that experience now. So I turned to the verses which say,

“As many as received Him (Jesus) to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name” (John 1:12), and that they have everlasting life (John 3:16).”

“It was there clear and simple, yet I had missed it, but I am saved now, and O, I am so thankful that God showed me what I lacked.”

That night's experience had mighty results in the after life of that lady. She did not cease her efforts for the good of others, but they had a new motive power behind them henceforth. She did not **do good** to **get** life, but because she **had it** as a **free gift** from God, whose child she now was, born into His family, with His love shed abroad in her heart.

Reader, have you accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour? Are you sure your religion began with a new life, or is it only 'dead works' without Christ?

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### **The Boundary Line**

There is a time, we know not when,  
A point, we know not where,  
That marks the destiny of man  
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,  
That crosses every path,  
The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and His wrath.

O, where is that mysterious bourn  
By which our paths are crossed,  
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn  
That he who goes is lost?

How long may I go on in sin?  
How long will God forbear?  
Where does hope end, and where begin  
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent,  
"You, who from God depart,  
While it is called today: repent,  
And harden not your heart."

## The Great Election Day, or, Who's to be the Man?

The whole place is in an uproar. Nothing but canvassing, and election speeches! What excitement! What a great ado! And soon it will be voting day; and then the excitement will reach its height. Meanwhile the cry is,

“Who's to be the man?”

And strange to tell, that was just the cry in a certain great city many hundred years ago. It was voting day in Jerusalem. What! you say, you did not know there was any voting day there. O, but there was. And what crowds, and what excitement there was then! You could have numbered the people by the thousands—aye by the tens of thousands. It was election day; and there never had been a day like it before; nor has there been a day like it since. The governor of the city presided at the meeting, and took the vote of the people as to whether they were for Barabbas or Christ—Barabbas the mur-

derer, or Christ Jesus the Lord, the Saviour of lost sinners,

“Who’s to be the man?”

That was the question. And it was soon to be settled.

“Who are you for?” said the governor;

“Are you for Christ?”

“No,” they cried out, all at once, “Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas.”

Their choice is made; their vote is recorded. They have elected Barabbas. They won’t have Christ. They will have anybody but Him. They will rather have Barabbas, murderer though he be. And what is to be done with Christ?

“Away with Him, crucify Him.”

And so Barabbas the people’s man is set free, and Christ the rejected one, is led forth and nailed to a cross on Golgotha’s hill, and hung up between heaven and earth, as if unworthy of a place in either!

But God has not forgotten that terrible deed—the murder of His own Son. Ah!

no. And there is a day coming when the world shall have to stand before God, and tell Him what they did with His Son. And Jerusalem's governor shall have to say what he did with Christ. And you, reader, shall have to answer the question—

“What have you done with Christ?”  
“What!” you say, “me?” Yes, you. The question before you is the very same one that Pilate asked:

“What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?”

Have you received Him, or have you rejected Him? Remember that that is the question God has in store for you. On the great day that is coming, God will not ask, “Whom did you vote for in this election?” or “What party did you sympathize with?” Or “Who was your favorite?” But He will ask,

“What have you done with My Son?”

You need not say, “I'll be neutral. I'll neither receive Christ nor reject Him. Pilate tried that, but failed. There was no middle ground. It was simply

**Christ or the World—Which?**

And that is the question with you, reader.

Does the world think any more of Christ now than 1900 years ago? O no. Go into that company there, and say,

“Let us have a little talk about Christ;” and they say,

“Away with Him; we don’t want to hear about Him; we’ll talk of anything, anybody but Him.”

The vote of the world is still the same. God says,

“Seek first the kingdom of God.” But people say No, we must see this election over first. Mr. So-and-So is to be the man, and he must be put in. God says **Christ is to be the man**, and He is to be first; and the world virtually says He must be second this time. What terrible folly!

Reader, you may be a voter, although possibly you are not, but no matter. In the midst of all this noise I ask, Are you born again? Is your soul saved? If not, what will this great ado profit you if God were to say,

“Thou fool, **this night thy soul shall be required of thee?**” What then?



Ah! "Lost forever," you would cry; "and I might have been saved had I taken God's plan and received Christ first." Then reader, I beseech you, even as you are reading this, to be reconciled unto God.

People say they don't believe in excitement. But look at the great excitement that prevails just now. And if you had only half as much excitement about your soul's salvation, the world would say you were getting into "too great a state!" How Satan is blindfolding the people! But don't be deceived, reader! Don't be afraid of getting excited about your soul. It will be terribly exciting for you to go to hell, for there you must go if you have not Christ—if you are not converted to God. Then don't tarry. Let others get excited about the election or whatever they like—

"Make your calling and election sure." Take the lost sinner's place and claim the lost sinner's Saviour. While others are crying up this one or that one, and wondering who's to be the man, let the language of your soul be—

"The Man Christ Jesus for me."

“My heart is fixed, eternal God—  
Fixed on Thee;  
Any my eternal choice is made—  
**Christ for me.”**

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### **I Would Like to Know for Certain**

While walking along a country road one Sunday, I overtook a man who was going to a church a short distance off, and as we talked together I asked him if his sins were forgiven. The question surprised him, and he answered,

“I cannot say that they are.”

“Would you like to be able to say they were?” I asked.

“Well, sir, I would like to know for certain they were, but we cannot know that here that God for certain has forgiven us; we must wait and see.”

“Indeed!” I said, “that is something new to me. I do not find it in God’s Word. May I ask you where you are going?”

“To church, sir; I always attend.”

“Do you join in the Apostles’ creed?”

“Certainly I do.”

“Then you say, ‘I believe in the forgiveness of sins.’ If you believe in the forgiveness of sins, how is it yours are not forgiven?”

He told me he had never thought of that; and as we walked on, I showed him how God could be just and the Justifier of those who believe in Jesus, and could righteously forgive on the ground of atonement. Before we parted, he took God at His word, and said he knew for a certainty that his sins were forgiven, and would be remembered no more.

Sin leads to death; for ‘the wages of sin is death,’ (Rom. 6:23), but forgiveness of sin ensures everlasting life.

“If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.” Rom. 10:9.

He is a happy man, who knows his sins are forgiven, and has a bright prospect before him of being forever with the Lord and all the redeemed. If you have not the knowledge that your sins are forgiven, you cannot be truly happy.

“Blessed (or happy) is he whose trans-

gression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity." Psa. 32:1, 2.

"Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: And by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." Acts 13:38, 39.

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### **Bidden**

You are bidden to the great feast of salvation. (Luke 22:2-13.)

What are you doing with the invitation?

You remember the parable. The invited ones made excuse. They had other engagements. They cared nothing for the great supper. Their business matters, their family concerns filled their thoughts.

But the feast was furnished with guests without them.

And God's house of blessing will be filled whether you are there or not. But if not there, where will you be?

We cannot toy with God's invitation without danger.

It is a small matter to slight the offer of hospitality of a fellow mortal. But God. Dare we treat Him with scant courtesy and not be condemned.

"None of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper," was the decision of the provider of the feast. They might choose to change their minds and come after all. They were to be excluded, however.

No further message was dispatched.

You have been asked to the supper. What have you done?

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### The Guide-Post

Most readers have seen a guide-post, and know its use; there it stands at the cross roads, with its arms pointing in different directions, and the needed information painted on them. How convenient to the perplexed traveler! He looks up, reads, and passes on with a light heart. The guide-post points the way, the traveler follows the road pointed out, and finds himself, in the course of time, at his destination.

God in His great mercy has not left us to travel on to eternity in ignorance of whither we are going; He has set up His guide-posts, so that we may not in anywise mistake our way. Let us pause for one moment, and read this one,

“Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life; and few there be that find it.” Matt. 7:13, 14.

Now, my reader, here is the guide-post calling your attention to the two roads. Where are you? On the broad road which leads to destruction, or on the narrow way which leads to life? On one or other you are most certainly traveling, whether you know it or not. Like the river rolling on to be lost in the ocean, so you are speeding on to eternity, every breath you draw bringing you nearer to everlasting glory, or eternal misery, **which?**

One of these roads has a wide gate, and many there be which go in thereat. The road is broad—no need to crush each other—plenty of room—souls are born on

it, live on it, die on it. It is large enough to hold all, and on it are attractions to suit all as they pass along, according to their various tastes. Moral or immoral, religious or profane, it matters not, so long as Satan gets souls to the end of that broad road.

O reader! beware, lest you are one of those whom he is beguiling with his attractions. The broad road is the road to hell.

The other road is the road to heaven. Its gate is strait, its road is narrow; but it leads to life, and few there be that find it.

Reader! have you found it? Have you passed in at the strait gate of conversion, and are you upon the narrow way that leads to life eternal? There is plenty of room for you to get through, but no room to take anything with you; every rag of righteousness must be stripped off which you would fain take with you, and if you enter the strait gate it must be as an empty and naked sinner.

“Just as thou art, without one trace  
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,  
Or meetness for the heavenly place,  
O guilty sinner, come.”

“Come, for all things are now ready.” Come in, sinner, come in! It is Jesus who says “Come.” Will you believe what He says, and enter while “yet there is room.”

“I am the door,” says Jesus; “by Me, if any man”—how precious, any man—“enter in, he shall be saved”—mark the word, saved—“and shall go in and out, and find pasture.” John 10:9.

Now, which road are you upon? Do not say, I do not know. You do know. You were born on the broad road; and if you are not born again, you are still hastening to eternal ruin and misery, in spite of the warning cries which have been raised to arrest you. Do not continue your present course, it is an awful incline, lest when you want to stop, you cannot. Like a wicked coach-driver when dying,

“Ah,” said he, “I am on the down grade, and I cannot find the brake.” Poor fellow, with fearful rapidity he was rushing into hell. I beseech you, stop and listen to this good news,

“God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” Rom. 5:8.



The sin question was raised and settled at the cross. There Jesus glorified God about sin, so that God could glorify Him in heaven, and now there is a Man in yonder glory.

“Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things.” Acts 13: 38, 39. He has done the work. “It is finished” (John 19:30). May it be yours to accept it now.

Remember the guide-post calling your attention to the two roads, and where they lead to, the narrow one to heaven, the broad one to hell. God has told you so, therefore you are without excuse.

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## Decision

Again the blessed gospel I have heard,  
That word divine and true,  
And God again has spoken to my soul;  
O, now what shall I do?

My wayward heart has wandered far from Thee  
And known no rest or home,  
No present peace, no hope of joy beyond,  
But now to Thee I come.

No works of mine, no merit can I bring,  
No holiness within;  
I only trust the precious blood of Christ,  
It cleanses from all sin.

## Peace

Peace is not a feeling, it is not an emotion, it is not an experience, it flows from the fact that the claims of God have been met by the Lamb of God, and God respects His precious blood. As one has said, The blood of Jesus has reached, and touched the very memory of God, for we read in Hebrews 10:17,

“Your sins and iniquities I will remember no more.”

“The blood of bulls and goats could not take away sins, but the blood of Jesus does. Its value God alone knows. You and I do not know the value of the blood of Christ. We do value it surely, but our value of it is very poor and inadequate. God knows its value perfectly, He esteems its worth fully, and He says to you and me, Trust that blood; get under its shelter. If your soul and mine can each answer, “Lord, I trust it,” then God’s says, I shall treat you according to **My** estimate of the value of that blood, not according to **yours**. And that is wherein peace lies. It does not rest on your estimate, or mine, of the blood of Christ, but on God’s estimate of it. And

what is God's estimate of it? He estimates it so highly, that there is nothing too great for Him to do on the ground of it. He delivers you from judgment, and brings you to glory, on the ground of the shed blood of His own dear Son. And more than that, it will give you the sweetest peace and confidence of heart towards God.

When, o'erwhelmed with sin and shame,  
To Jesus' cross I trembling came,  
Burdened with guilt and full of fear,  
Yet drawn by love, I ventured near,  
And pardon found, and peace with God  
In Jesus' rich, **atoning blood.**

My sins are gone, my fears are o'er,  
I shun God's presence now no more;  
He sits upon a throne of grace,  
He bids me boldly seek His face;  
Sprinkled upon the throne of God,  
I see that rich, **atoning blood.**

Before His face my Priest appears,  
My Advocate the Father hears;  
That precious blood, before His eyes,  
Both day and night for mercy cries;  
It speaks, it **ever** speaks to God,  
The voice of that **atoning blood.**

By faith that voice I also hear;  
It answers doubt, it stills each fear;  
The accuser seeks in vain to move  
The wrath of Him whose name is Love:  
Each charge against the sons of God  
Is silenced by the **atoning blood**.

Here I can rest without a fear;  
By this, to God I now draw near,  
By this, I triumph over sin;  
For this has made, and keeps me clean,  
And when I reach the throne of God  
I'll laud that rich, **atoning blood**.

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### **Extract**

The whole deportment of a Christian should declare him a pilgrim and a stranger here. "Onward" and "upward" should be his motto. O, for more of the **onward** bent and the **upward** tendency! for more holy fixedness of soul, and profound retirement from this vain world.

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### **Extract**

Strength is the effect of having to do with God in the spirit of dependence.

## “Anything New?”

A group of young men were engaged in an earnest discussion, and a very unusual one. They were healthy, boisterous fellows, several of them giving promise of being more than average players of football; but on this occasion they were deeply serious, for one of their special friends had died after a short illness, which had made them think, and now they were giving expression to their thoughts. One of them was saying:

“He wasn’t a bad fellow, and he went to Sunday School and church, so that he’s gone to heaven right enough.”

Another had been very quiet, listening to what his friends were saying. He had been brought up in a home where the Bible was read, and he had not forgotten its teachings. Now he broke into the conversation, and said,

“I’ll tell you the Bible-way to heaven if you’ll listen to me. It isn’t going to Sunday School or by any works that we can do. We are all sinners and we need salvation,

and we can't save ourselves; but Jesus Christ died to save us, and only those that believe in Him are saved, and the Bible says:

'He that believeth not shall be damned.' ”  
Mark 16:16.

As he poured out what he knew, he grew very earnest, and his friends listened in astonishment, until one of them said,

“You are talking to us like this, but you're not saved yourself.”

“No,” he said, “I'm sorry to say I'm not,” and then, that they should not hear the sobs that were almost choking him, he turned hurriedly away and wandered off alone. And yet he was not alone. The Spirit of God was with him, using his own words to his friends to awaken his conscience, which for some time he had silenced; and his desire to be a great footballer and to have a good time in the world, faded away with his desire to be saved.

In a secluded corner he knelt and spoke to God, and God, who is ever near to those who call upon Him, heard and answered his prayer. He owned to God that he was

a sinner with no hope but in Christ, and there and then he found that the gospel he had preached to his friends exactly suited him.

“Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.”

He believed that to be the very truth of God. He was a sinner of 18 years; that also he knew, not only because the Word of God declared it, but because his own conscience corroborated the Word of God. There was no denying these two unimpeachable witnesses. But if Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and he was a sinner, Christ Jesus must have come to save him; it was thus that his newly-gotten faith reasoned, and the result for him was that he could thank God for salvation.

So he rested in Christ, where you who read this may also rest. For all may find salvation in Him who died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and was buried, and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures (1 Cor. 15:4, 5).

Our young friend was not slow in telling his chums what had happened. The next day he was walking along the street when

an old friend hailed him from the opposite side of it.

“Well, J——,” he shouted,

“Anything new this morning?”

“Yes” answered the young convert, “I have. It’s

‘To Him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.’” Rom. 4:5.

This answer astonished his friend, astonished others who heard it, it even astonished himself, but it had been his text that morning, and he had been turning it over in his mind and thanking God for the freeness and simplicity of His way of blessing for ungodly sinners, whose best works are but splendid sins, and so it came out as the best bit of news he could give his friend.

The gospel that saved him is still God’s power unto salvation to every one that believeth.

New theology, Modern Thought, Spiritism, Christian Science, and all these cults and notions that feed the pride of men, blind the minds of men to the truth of the Word of God, and destroy their souls at last; but



the gospel of the grace of God is the light that delivers from darkness; it is life that delivers them from death; it is salvation from hell and destruction; it is the pure fountain of the Water of Life that yields satisfaction and joy to the heart.

O, reader, believe the gospel of God, concerning His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

“Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe, are justified from all things.” Acts 13:38,39.

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## Peace to Your Heart

I was employed in a hotel in the mountains, and had to wait on a very sick man in his room. One day he felt his end approaching and asked for a pastor. But the nearest pastor was a long distance off, and he happened to be away from home.

‘Is there no one about who can give a word of comfort to a dying man?’ he asked. I knew of no one.

‘Waiter,’ he said, and seized my hand, ‘say a good word to me.’

The perspiration rose to my forehead, but just then a splendid idea came to me. I rushed to my room. Down at the bottom of my trunk lay my dear mother's Bible. Her favorite verses were all marked. I read them one after another to the dying man, until I came to the verse,

'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life.' John 3:16. This verse he asked me to read again and again.

'Waiter, you have brought peace to my heart, so that I can die quietly.'

Dear reader, the above verse has brought peace to many millions of hearts, will you not let it bring peace to your heart through your believing it fully?

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### **The Land of the Living**

One person said to another,

"Well, you are still in the land of the living."

"No," said he, "I am in the land of the dying, but I'm going to the land of the living; they live there and never die."

This is the land of sin and death and tears, but up yonder they never die. They live to die no more. It is perpetual life; it is unceasing joy.

“God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.” Rev. 21:4.

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## Salvation Without Works

On returning home from an open-air meeting we had been holding one Lord's day, I met at the B—— bridge a man who had traveled much in the far west, where he had more than once successfully refuted those who contended that there was no God.

The works of Tom Paine were especially obnoxious to him, but he was still, alas, a stranger to salvation through faith alone. As we were changing from the bridge train to the elevated road, I asked him:

“Do you believe, sir, that man is, in God's sight, a total ruin morally?”

“No, I do not,” he replied, “there is much that is good in man that may be developed and brought out.”

“But,” I continued, “do you not believe that the Scriptures are inspired of God?”

“Yes,” he responded, “every word of them.” Opening my Bible to the third chapter of Romans, I read as follows:

“We have before proved both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin; as it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one: There is none that doeth good, no, not one. \* \* Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God.”

“But how about Paul,” interrupted the man; “was he not doing good when he wrote the Epistle to the Romans?”

“Yes, but he had bowed to God’s judgment that all had sinned.”

“Howbeit,” Paul continues, “for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long suffering, for a pattern to them which should here-

after believe on Him to life everlasting.”  
1 Tim. 1:16.

“Well, then, Paul did do good,” he replied.

“Yes, after he believed from the heart, the gospel. Have you ever noticed the Scripture in the 6th chapter of Genesis, 5th verse:

“And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.”?

“Every imagination” being evil did not admit of any good, and that little word “only” shows that there was no intermission, for it was “only evil continually.”

The verse admits of no other interpretation; it interprets itself.

“But how about Noah?” interposed my companion. “Noah, as Paul, believed God,” I responded, and accepted God’s one means of salvation. We read in Heb. 11:7, “Being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith.”

Christ is God's refuge for the lost now; as the ark was for the temporal safety of Noah and his family then; and Noah was justified by faith.

"Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost."

"Yes, but not altogether lost," said he.

I turned in my Bible to the 2nd chapter of Ephesians, which states,

"And you hath He quickened who were **dead in trespasses and sins . . .** For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast.

"What is grace?" queried my friend.

"The unmerited favor of God," I replied.

"Unmerited favor?"

"Yes, unmerited; man deserves nothing from God."

"You are wrong," he retorted, "it is sometimes merited and sometimes unmerited. What is your ground for stating that grace is always God's unmerited favor?"

From the 4th chapter of Romans I read him the 4th verse.

“Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.” The apostle shows conclusively that if one merits the reward, he receives it as a payment of debt, and it cannot consequently be grace. The 2nd chapter of Ephesians quite agrees with this,

“By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast.”

Paul could not say that our good works form no part of our salvation, if grace meant anything else than unmerited favor.

“But, James tells us that as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.”

“True,” I said, “but Scripture cannot contradict itself; Paul is speaking in Ephesians of salvation and James of justification. Good works form no part in our salvation as Paul so positively states, but they do in our justification.”

“How do you distinguish the two?” he questioned.

“Salvation is God’s work,” I replied, “through faith in Christ, ‘who died for us and rose again,’ ‘Christ did the work on the cross for us.’ As to justification, in the 4th chapter of Romans, Paul teaches us that before God, it is by faith only, and James tells us we are justified before men by works (3rd chapter of his Epistle.)”

God sees the faith and it is enough for Him; but I cannot see the faith of another, save as it expresses itself in works. This is most clearly shown by Paul and James in these very chapters. They both take Abraham as one who illustrates these truths.

As I have said, faith must always come first; and one is justified by faith, first. The good works only show how real the faith is. Consider, for a moment, what Paul says about Abraham, in the 4th chapter of Romans.

“For what saith the Scriptures? Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness.”

Now the question would naturally arise, when, in Abraham’s life, was his faith count-



ed for righteousness? Was it before or after the time that James speaks about Abraham being justified by works? In Gen. 15:5, 6, we read that God brought Abraham "forth abroad, and said: Look now towards heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them; and He said unto him, So shall thy seed be. And he believed in the Lord; and he counted it to him for righteousness." Now let us turn to the 2nd of James 21st verse, "Was not Abraham our father justified by works, when he had offered Isaac his son upon the altar?" If you will turn back again to Genesis you will find the account of this given in the 22nd chapter: Many years having elapsed since the time that Abraham believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness. Isaac was not even born at that time.

I think you will see, sir, if you believe the Scriptures, that

"To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." Rom. 4:5. The statement is simple and cannot be misunderstood.

“Yes, but you are interpreting,” retorted the man.

“No,” I responded, “it is a simple statement of Scripture.”

I leave the above account with the reader, trusting that through God’s rich mercy he may, like Abraham, believe God, and thus give Him the glory (Rom. 4:20).

The Jews said to Jesus: “What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?”

“Jesus answered them and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.” John 6:28-29.

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### Extract

There is nothing like the Cross. It is both the righteousness of God against sin, and the righteousness of God in forgiving sins. It is the end of the world of judgment, and the beginning of the world of life. It is the work that put away sin, and yet it is the greatest sin that ever was committed.

## The Right Faith

Have I the right kind of faith? This question is raised in many believers' minds and often occasions deep distress.

Now what is the right kind of telescope to use, do you think? Surely the one with which you can see best. The telescope which most clearly brings before you the object gazed at, is the most suitable instrument to use.

A proper telescope is not purchased to be looked at, but to look **through**.

Faith is for looking at Christ. And if your faith brings Him and His atoning death clearly into view, your faith is good faith. It is the right faith, if it shows the right Saviour.

Wrong faith—if we may call it so—is that which leads a sinner to be occupied with himself instead of with the Son of God.

Right faith sees the right object, and produces the right result.

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” Acts 16:30.

## The Cross

On the cross the Saviour died:  
With a thief on either side:  
Sold by one—by one denied,  
Mocked and scorned and crucified—  
'Twas for me the Saviour died—  
Died for me.

O what love to suffer so;  
Love that stooped so very low;  
Wondrous love, so full, so free,  
Wondrous love for such as me,  
Wondrous love, O can it be?  
Died for me.

Now the mighty work is done,  
By the Father's only Son;  
"It is finished," Jesus cries,  
Bows His holy head and dies,  
Low in death the Saviour lies—  
All for me.

But the grave could not retain,  
God has brought Him back again,  
See Him now ascended high,  
Far above the starry sky,  
Never more to bleed and die;  
There for me.

## “He Knoweth the Way”

“He knoweth the way that I take.” Job 23:10.

“Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.” Proverbs 27:1.

“A man’s heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps.” Prov. 16:9.

“Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto Thee.” Psalm 143:8.

I know not what the New Year  
Holds in store, I cannot tell,  
But Jesus is my Shepherd, and  
He doeth all things well.

I know not what a day may bring,  
One step I cannot see,  
But Jesus knows the pathway, and  
He leadeth you and me.

I know He goeth on before,  
To be my daily Guide,  
And He will not forsake His child  
Whatever may betide.

If trial, sorrow, burdens, care,  
Tomorrow I may face,  
I know He has abundant power  
To give sufficient grace.

I know that happiness and joy  
'Tis His delight to bring,  
For everything we bless His Name,  
And grateful praises sing.

It is enough that Jesus knows  
The path from day to day,  
For He will take me by the hand  
And lead me all the way.

“The Lord, He it is that doth go before thee; He will be with thee, He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee: fear not, neither be dismayed.” Deuteronomy 31:8.

“I, the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee.” Isaiah 42:6.

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### **My Time is Not My Own**

“Go with me to the concert this afternoon,” said a city salesman to a new assistant at the warehouse.

“I cannot,” was the reply, ‘-my time is not my own. It belongs to the firm during business hours.’ The next Sunday afternoon the same salesman said to the clerk,

“Go with us and have a good time this evening,” but the same reply came,

“I cannot; my time is not my own. It belongs to One who loved me, and gave Himself for me.”

Years passed and the godly clerk lay dying. He had risen to an excellent place in business, and life lay fair before him.

“Are you ready to go?” asked a friend.

“Certainly,” was the triumphant answer, “I have tried to obey God. He has directed me thus far, and I am in His hands—my time is not my own.”

“We thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them, and rose again.” 2 Cor. 5:14, 15.

“Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price.” 1 Cor. 6:19, 20.

## The Gospel in an Express Train

“A coach to myself! O how delightful—as delightful as it is unexpected. The Lord Himself must have known how tired—how very tired, I am.”

Helen Grant, who had been spending time and strength in seeking to win souls for the Lord she loved, settled herself contentedly in the corner of the train, as the train drew out of a big and busy station. There were two or three stops on the long run, but it was the depth of winter, and very few people seemed to be traveling. Helen just closed her eyes, glad to rest—to pray, for the work she had left behind—the work which lay ahead.

The great station was busy as usual: folks came crowding to the train. But still, Helen was hoping to be left alone, for most people had taken their seats—the train was just off, and then—

“Well, good-by lass! Hope you’ll find—”

The last words were lost, as the handle of the door was seized, and the door wrenched open by the practiced hand of a young railroad man in uniform. But it was no casual passenger to whom he said good-by—



it was his young wife, whose eyes were sad as she gave him a kiss—sad with the parting—and, as it came out afterwards, sorrowing for something more. She leaned out of the window to wave her husband farewell, then sat down in the corner opposite to Helen Grant, and closed her eyes.

It was not very long before Helen saw big tears creeping under the closed lids—tears rolled slowly down the girl's cheeks. This would never do! There was a long non-stop run before them. Helen felt she must find out what was the matter. The young woman had left the window wide open, and Helen knew it wasn't everybody who shared her love of fresh air, even in winter time.

So, first of all making some excuse to ask the girl if she would prefer the window partly closed, Helen tried to draw the stranger into conversation.

By and by it all came out; and now the tears came unbidden,

"I've left my home at an hour's notice. \* \* My father is dying! They've sent for me!"

How cold even words of sympathy seemed just then—though Helen Grant herself had not long before lost her own mother.

### The Way of Salvation

Then she said: “If that dear father of yours is ready to meet God and his sufferings are great—you cannot wish him to linger in his pain!”

“No, O, no! I know he’s all right! I have a good Christian father, I know, for him it will mean heaven!” Then Helen laid her hand on that of the girl in the opposite corner, and said gently,

“Thank God for that! But what about you, if God’s call came for you instead of your father? Is it well with your soul?” Her head was bent still lower now, and the tears fell more quickly than ever.

“No! I can’t say I am saved. I wish I could. I know there’s something I do not have.”

“But it’s something you may have, here and now—if you will,” said Helen, pulling out her little pocket Bible. “See, here is God’s own Word for it! ‘All have sinned’—and that includes you, me, and everybody

else. But since all of us are under sin, and sin cannot enter the presence of a holy God, the Lord Jesus gave Himself that He might become the Way to Heaven! There is His way of salvation, clearly enough.

“Come now and let us reason together \* \* : Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.” He says ‘Come’—will you ‘Come’—here and now?”

The express roared on at 40 or 50 miles an hour—but there on the floor of the railway coach the two knelt down—Helen Grant and the girl whose name she did not even know till afterward.

Simply taking God at His Word—‘Coming’ because He invited her to come; giving herself to Him, just as she was; the porter’s young wife sought and found the salvation Christ offered her, through His shed Blood upon the Cross of Calvary.

“Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid’st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!”

Very softly came the words—the plea for pardon—the surrender of a soul to Him who

had bidden her come. Then Helen Grant pointed to her Bible again.

“He has said, ‘Come—and you have just told Him you do come, here and now! Now, what has happened, Look at this.

‘Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.’ Has He cast you out? No. Why not? Because He says He will not cast you out, and His Word can never be broken. Then what has He done?” Very softly came the words, while God’s own peace and joy suddenly transfigured her face.

“He’s taken me in!”

A strange place for the seeking Saviour to meet a seeking sinner; in a Northern Express as it thundered on its way! But God can save the soul of a man or a woman anywhere—at home, at work, on a journey! Yes, **you, just as you are**, and where you are, here and now; if you will give yourself to Him and believe His Word. Those two in the train that winter’s morning, talked together long and earnestly, until the train slowed down and stopped. With a clasp of the hand, and a whispered, “God bless you”; the two whom God had brought together that morning parted—never since

to meet again. Afterward Helen Grant received a letter.

“I was just in time to see my dear father! He died triumphantly, knowing he was going to be with Jesus. \* \* And I?—well, if I never meet you again on earth, I know I shall see you up in Glory.”

So wrote the girl who, on her way to her father's deathbed, found Christ as her own personal Saviour in a railway train.

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### A Friendly Neighbor

Some years ago there lived in a town two men who had become neighbors. One of them who had been living some years there, invited his neighbor to tea in order to make his acquaintance. He was a Christian and desired to lead others into blessing.

During the meal the conversation ran on in different subjects. As they arose from tea the Christian asked his neighbor if he believed in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. The neighbor replied,

“Why yes, certainly I believe in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. You do not take me to be a heathen, do you?”

“Well, you can rejoice in the knowledge of your salvation; you are saved?”

At this question the neighbor answered, rather indignant,

“No one can tell that while in this world—not till we pass out of it shall we know. I have heard of people who said they knew, which I look upon as the height of presumption, and downright cant. All we have to do is the best we can, and God will do the rest.”

“O, then you make God a liar!” the Christian answered.

“Where do you get that?” asked his neighbor in astonishment.

The Christian, taking his Bible, read 1 John 5:10,

“He that believeth not God, hath made Him a liar.” Then on down to the 13th verse, when he came to these words,

“These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God,” (stretching out his hand toward his friend as identifying him with the confession he had made, he read on), “that ye may **know** that ye have eternal life.”

The neighbor stood for a little apparently amazed, and then replied, very deliberately and with much earnestness:

“Well, I am saved!”

Thus in a moment God’s Word sent light into his soul, and he passed from death unto life.

“The entrance of Thy Word giveth Light.”

“Born again by the incorruptible Word of God.”

“I feel,” he afterwards said, “that these words bring me into the very presence of God—enclose me, so to express it, within a ring fence of pure and unadulterated truth from which there is no escape—God’s own words. I will not, I dare not, withdraw my confession which I have made, of believing on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and now I dare not say I have not eternal life, for I would thus ‘make God a liar’ as declared in 1 John 5:10, which I surely fear to do, therefore there is no alternative but to accept of God’s gracious gift, eternal life, the assurance of which He has placed on record in that wonderful 11th verse of this wonderful chapter. Throughout it, self

is set aside, withered up in that bright light, and God's wondrous character of love stands out in marvellous relief. In its contemplation I can only rapturously exclaim, how wonderful!

And now that blessed Book has changed to me entirely in its aspect.—As the bright light from the excellent glory shines out to me individually through its pages, a wondrous revelation of God's infinite love; and myself, a poor, lost sinner, saved by grace, on whom that love and grace was and is displayed, I am thus brought into His immediate presence by the light and power of the Word, applied by the power of the Holy Spirit."

Reader, do you believe God?

"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 3:36.

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### Extract

Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness.



## **"The Bible Doesn't Say That, Does It?"**

The question was asked by a woman visited by me. She had been persuaded to attend some simple readings of the Scriptures held in a Christian's home, and for more than a year she had been coming, and had been startled by what she had heard.

She was, as we say, a decent, respectable sort of woman, but for all that she had to learn that she was a sinner in her sins; one who had forfeited her life through sin—

"The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezek. 18:20)—one who had exposed herself to the just judgment of a holy God,

"After this the judgment." Heb. 9:27.

Is this your case? It is if you are still unconverted.

The Holy Spirit of God wrought in her soul from time to time in the meetings, and she became disturbed about herself, and could not seem to get relief.

It was in this state I found her. There was evidently something keeping her back from salvation, joy, and peace in believing.

Feeling that it was a serious moment in her history, a distinct crisis, I pleaded with her to tell me what it was that was hindering her. At last she hesitatingly said,

“You see, sir, I have lived all my life in forgetfulness of God, the Bible has been neglected, and I’ve had little or no thought about my soul or my sins, and it does not seem possible for me to get blessing from God now.”

Solemn confession indeed for any one to have to make, but instantly I quoted from memory those magnificent words which fell from the lips of the Son of God:

“All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men,”

“**That takes you in and your sin.**” Then it was the question was asked,

“The Bible doesn’t say that, does it?”

No longer from memory but opening the Holy Book, I read from Matthew 12:31:

“Wherefore I (Jesus) say unto you, **all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men.**”

“And shall I tell you why?” I inquired.

“Yes” she said.

“Because ‘the Blood of Jesus Christ His (God’s) Son cleanseth us from all sin’ (1 John 1:7). That is why.”

The next moment the anxious look was gone; her countenance was bright with joy; she had entered into life and peace.

“Wonderful, wonderful love of God to save me,” she said. “And what a plea I’ve got now to answer Satan with when he comes along again and says, ‘It is not possible for you to be saved.’ All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men.”

The Word of God applied by the Holy Spirit had done its work according to Psalm 119:130,

“The entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.”

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### Christ

The successful business man declares, “To me to live is fortune.”

The unsuccessful, “To me to live is toil and labor.”

The philosopher, "To me to live is knowledge."

The ambitious one, "To me to live is fame."

What should be the ruling passion of the Christian young man, and young woman of the 20th century? Does this voice ring out amid all the voices of the world,

"To me to live is **not** fortune, nor toil, nor knowledge, nor fame, nor glory—but **Christ.**"

Let Christ be first, last, everything, always and perpetually—Christ.

"Christ shall be magnified in my body . . . For me to live is Christ." Phil. 1:21, 22.

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### Can You Say It?

Why should I wait? I look within,  
And nothing there I see but sin:  
And Thou alone canst make me clean,  
O! Lord, I come to Thee.

A sinner, lost, unclean, undone,  
Of good or merit I have none:  
To Thee for refuge now I run,  
O! Lord, I come to Thee.

## The Neglected Treasure

A traveler one day called at a cottage to ask for a drink of water. Entering he found the parents cursing and quarreling, the children trembling, crouched in a corner; and wherever he looked he saw only marks of degradation and poverty. Greeting the inmates, he asked them,

“Dear friends, why do you make your home so miserable?”

“Ah, sir,” said the poor man, “you don’t know the life and trials of a poor man, when, do what you can, everything goes wrong.”

The stranger drank the water, and said softly (as he noticed in a dark and dusty corner a Bible),

“Dear friends, I know what would help you, if you could find it. There is a treasure concealed in your house. Search for it.”

And so he left them.

At first the cottagers thought it a jest, but after a while they began to reflect. When the woman went out therefore to gather sticks, the man began to search, and even to dig, that he might find the treasure. When the man was away, the woman did the same. Still they found nothing—increasing poverty brought only more quarrels, discontent and strife.

One day, as the woman was left alone, she was thinking upon the stranger's word, when her eye fell on the old Bible. It had been a gift from her mother, but since her death had long been unheeded and unused. A strange foreboding seized her mind. Could it be this the stranger meant? She took it from the shelf, and opened it, and found the verse inscribed on the title page in her mother's handwriting,

“The law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver” Psa. 119:72. It cut her to the heart.

“Ah!” thought she, “this is the treasure then, we have been seeking.” How her tears fell fast upon the leaves!

From that time she read the Bible every day, and prayed, and taught the children

to pray, but without the husband's knowledge. One day he came home as usual, quarreling, and in a rage. Instead of meeting his angry words with angry replies, she spoke to him gently and kindly.

"Husband," said she, "we have sinned grievously. We have ourselves to blame for all our misery, and we must now lead a different life." He looked amazed.

"What do you say?" was his exclamation. She brought the old Bible and, sobbing, cried,

"There is the treasure. See, I have found it!"

The husband's heart was moved. She read to him of the Lord Jesus, and of His love. Next day she read, and again and again; she sat with her children around drinking in the blessed Word of God.

A year later the stranger returned that way. Seeing the cottage, he remembered the circumstances of his visit, and thought he would call and see his old friends again. He did so, but he would scarcely have known the place; it was so clean, so neat and orderly. He opened the door, and at first

thought he was mistaken, for the inmates came to meet him so kindly, with the peace of God beaming in their faces.

“How are you, my dear people?” said he. Then they knew the stranger, and for some time they could not speak.

“Thanks, thanks, dear sir, we have found the treasure,” they at length cried out. “Now dwells the blessing of the Lord in our home and His peace in our hearts.”

It was indeed to a transformed home the stranger had returned. They had found that precious treasure—the Word of God, and as they searched through it, they found that supremely glorious treasure—the **Lord Jesus**. They saw their ruined state, that they were guilty before God, and that sin had caused their misery and wretchedness. But they had found, too, that

“God hath made Him to be sin for us, He who knew no sin: that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.”  
2 Cor. 5:21.

They had received that Saviour as their own and had become children of God (see John 1:12), and were taken out of darkness and brought into His glorious light.



What about you, dear reader? Are your sins gone? Do you stand before God as a poor, condemned, guilty one?

"He that believeth **not**, is condemned already" John 3:18. But blessed be God! His well-beloved Son has taken the guilty sinner's place, and was condemned in our stead; "for Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. 5:6) is His word. Own yourself as ungodly, for that is what every sinner is, and take the Saviour who died that you might live.

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### "In Christ, or Out of Christ"

Let me ask you what there is in the present day, in the heart and eye of the thousands around us, that they should so neglect and despise this Jesus—that they should listen to any voice, or follow any person, rather than the One only, who can do a poor soul good—more than do good to him—One who can save him—save him from his sins, and all the dire consequences of sin—can take him to heaven.

Reader, do you know of anything better than this? Is there anything that professes to be so good? This blessed Person is

the One in whom Pilate "found no fault." This is the One Who died for sin—that by dying, made it possible for a sinner to be saved; yea, made it certain for every one who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ. Are you, my dear reader, in Christ; or out of Christ?

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### The Work Which Saves is Done

"Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst." John 19:28.

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, He said, It is finished, and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost." John 19:30.

"I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." John 17:4.

"This Man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God." Heb. 10:12.

Do **you** believe in that finished work? Have **you** accepted what the Scripture says about it?

## "Don't Use the Old Road"

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Proverbs 14:12.

For many years a man had trodden the old road—the way which "seemeth right unto a man."

Strong drink had ensnared and was now ruining him. It robbed his purse. It robbed his prospects. And it threatened to rob him of his soul.

He was, as to his age, in the prime of life; but as to his condition he was in the bondage of corruption. Moreover, he was content to be there, for, as yet, he was unawakened to a sense of the peril in which he stood.

A strange means was to be used to arouse him.

On going to attend a funeral, he was walking along a country road, when his attention was attracted by a notice board.

Inscribed upon it he saw the words,

"Don't use the old road. It is dangerous. Keep to the new one."

The sentences only referred to the branching roads before him. They had nothing to say to spiritual matters. But "all things serve His might." The message on this board made him think. It made him look ahead. Was not he traveling on the old road of sin? It had been in his eyes, but what was it in the sight of God? And what was to be its end?

"The end thereof are the ways of **death.**"

The death of another had brought him to the district. His own death was not far off—nearer perhaps than he thought. And beyond that dread event, which would fix his destiny, lay eternity. Eternity, with all its bliss for the saved, but with all its woe for the ungodly.

He was using the old road. It was "dangerous" indeed. It would mean destruction in the end.

As yet it was not too late. He might be saved. The new road was open. He might tread it. Christ Himself is the way of salvation and of peace. God gave Him to be the path of blessing and of happiness for men, and He calls all to tread that way today.

There and then the folly of the past became plain to his view. He was missing the gladness which God had provided for him. The paths of pleasantness and peace he had never trodden. Instead thereof he had been on the hard way of the transgressor.

Why should he pursue it further?

The result of that simple statement on the board was that he was converted. He turned to God from all the idols he had hitherto served. He fled to the Saviour of sinners who was waiting to welcome the wanderer. He received from His hands forgiveness, full and free, without money and without price. And today he keeps to the new road and rejoices as he treads it—while ever nearing are the glorious courts of everlasting blessedness.

Which road are you treading? O, friend, be warned in time.

“Don’t use the old road. It is dangerous. Keep to the new one.”

“Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me.” John 14:6.

## The Major's Hiding Place

During the Revolutionary War in 1789 Major Andre, a British officer, was taken prisoner. He was charged with being a spy and was executed as such.

He had served his King and country well, but this was not his confidence as he looked ahead into eternity.

What was?

Some verses, which he wrote a few days before he was hanged, will tell their story—

“Hail, Sovereign love, which first began  
That scheme to rescue fallen man;  
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,  
Which gave my soul a Hiding Place.

“Against the God who built the sky,  
I fought with hands uplifted high;  
Despised the mention of His grace,  
Too proud to seek a Hiding Place.

“Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,  
And fond of darkness more than light,  
Madly I ran the sinful race,  
Secure without a Hiding Place.

“And thus the Eternal counsels ran,  
‘Almighty love, arrest that man.’  
I felt the arrows of distress,  
And found I had no Hiding Place.

“Indignant Justice stood in view,  
To Sinai’s fiery mount I flew,  
But Justice cried, with frowning face,  
‘This mountain is no Hiding Place.’

“On Jesus God’s just vengeance fell,  
Which would have sunk a world to hell;  
He bore it for a sinful race,  
And thus became their Hiding Place.

“Should sevenfold storms of thunder roll  
And shake this globe from pole to pole,  
No thunderbolts shall dart my face,  
For Jesus is my Hiding Place.

“A few more setting suns at most  
Shall land me on fair Canaan’s coast,  
Where I shall sing the song of grace,  
And see my glorious Hiding Place.”

Blessed indeed is the soul that finding  
out his need flees to the Saviour. He is  
then able to say, with David of old,

“Thou art my Hiding Place.” Psa. 32:7.

Is Major Andre’s Saviour yours?

## “Die Like A Dog”

I met an old schoolmate in a railway train whom I had not seen for years. We talked of old times for a while, and then I spoke to him about his soul. I found he had been associated with atheists and freethinkers. He told me that he should die like a dog. He maintained there was no future for the soul—that all the life he would ever know, would be here; that when he died that would be an end to him. I was glad to be able to tell him that I had **everlasting life**—that I should **never perish**. His eyes had that hopeless look in them that told their own tale. His was poor philosophy, the philosophy of despair.

Others try and argue away the eternity of punishment, and fly in the face of the teaching of the Bible in so doing.

Others endeavor to reason away the inspiration of the Scriptures. The Devil sets all these people to work. Before the cold eyes of these false reasoners, no glories shine beyond creation's range. To their deaf ears no voices sound apart from earth. Their impassive hearts know nothing of the rapturous throbbings of eternal life.



“In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments.” Luke 16:23.

But to those whose eyes are opened, what endless glories shine! The vistas of eternity open out in scenes of surpassing splendor; and as glory upon glory bursts upon the enraptured vision, they tell of others still to come, until the eternity of it all absorbs the soul, where all in all is God.

“Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ.” Eph. 1:3.

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### The Harvest is Past

“Lift me up to see the fields once again father, the fields in which we reaped the corn a month ago.”

The dying man's request was granted, and then exhausted by the effort, he sank back upon his pillow, and covering his face with his hands mournfully said,

“The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved.” Jer. 8:20.

The closing words were repeated slowly

with a trembling voice, and then he lapsed into unconsciousness from which he never woke. That night he entered eternity, I fear, poor fellow, by the gaping door of procrastination. Once and again he had been awakened to see himself a sinner, in need of a Saviour, but he was so fully occupied with football and other amusements, that he seemed to get his convictions stifled as soon as they arose, and soon forgot all about God and eternity. After a short, unsatisfactory career, he was laid down to die, and passed away into the eternal world as I have told you.

What an end for a bright young fellow such as he was! What a death! What an eternity! Are you following in the same course, dear reader? How will it be with **you** when your thread of life is snapped, when you are called into eternity? Pause a moment and think. He was not ignorant, for his early years were spent in a godly home, where they taught him the truth of God, and sought to lead him to the Saviour. But he did not like to be restrained. He would be his own master; so he left his father's house, and went in heart and soul for pleasures of every kind. Very soon,

he showed indifference to the things of God, refused to go to hear the Word, and became a scoffer. Then he was brought home to die, and after a short illness, he passed into eternity.

“He that being often reprovèd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed.” Proverb 29:1.

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### Let God Rule

Oliver Cromwell’s secretary was dispatched to the Continent on some important business. He stayed one night at a seaport town, and tossed on his bed, unable to sleep.

According to old custom, a servant slept in his room, and on this occasion, soundly enough. The secretary at length awakened the man, who asked how it was his master could not rest.

“I am so afraid something will go wrong with the embassage,” was the reply.

“Master,” said the valet, “may I ask you a question or two?”

“To be sure,” answered the envoy.

“Did God rule the world before we were born?”

“Most assuredly He did.”

“And will He rule it after we are dead?”

“Certainly He will.”

“Then, master, why not let Him rule the present, too?”

The secretary's faith was stirred, peace was the result, and in a few minutes both he and his servant were in a sound sleep.

Beloved in Jesus, your heart has been aching within you. You were busy at work for the Master; many depended upon you. You seemed almost to be the mainspring of the machinery. But sickness comes, and you lie helpless on the couch, and unbelief creeps in. Dear friend, let God rule the present. He allows your affliction. He sits by the refiner till He can see His own image formed in you, and there is some gracious purpose to be accomplished in the present dispensation.

“For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” 2 Cor. 4:17.

## Six Warnings and a Seventh

Travelling one day on the Underground Railway, I found myself alone with a middle-aged man, to whom I offered a little paper, entitled "The Red Signal," or something like that.

This soon led to a conversation, for after reading the first line or two, he looked up and said, "How strange that you should have given me that paper, for only this morning I was counting up the striking warnings I have had, and I ran up to six, so I think I may say this is the seventh, for I see the writer says he wishes to send out a warning."

And then he went on to tell me of his hair-breadth escapes. He had been very near death down a deep well, and had only been saved by holding on some projecting bricks by his fingers till he nearly dropped down into the water below from the agony, and then help came and he was pulled up.

Another time he was all but smashed in

a railway accident, his companion being killed by his side.

On another occasion he was in the greatest danger when doing something to the gigantic wheel at Earl's Court, being one of the engineers employed.

After listening thus far, and fearing our journey together might soon end, I interposed with the question,

“May I ask, have you heeded these repeated warnings? God is very good, and speaks to us loudly sometimes in this way, that we may be prepared should death overtake us.”

“Well,” he replied, “I suppose it is a matter for surprise that so far I really have done nothing; it has made me think a little seriously for the time, but business and other things put it out of my head, but I think I must begin now.”

“Begin what?” I asked.

“Why, to think about it.”

“But,” I said, “while you are **thinking**, you may meet with another accident which may prove fatal. What then?”

“Of course that would be a bad job,” was the reply, “but I’ve escaped so often, I get almost to expect I always shall.”

“Let me beg of you,” I urged, “to prepare in the only way possible; go to the Lord Jesus Christ as a poor guilty sinner, cast yourself on Him as utterly helpless to do anything, trust in His finished work alone, and His blood will cleanse you from all your sins, and fit you for God’s holy presence.”

“Be it known unto you therefore, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things.” Acts 13:38, 39.

“Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” 1 Tim. 1:15.

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### Care-free

Cares divide our heart, and distract it in many directions. It is almost impossible to settle to prayer or Bible study or Christian work or to the culture of the soul life while questions intrude.

What shall the worried Christian do? He

must take his cares to his Father, and by one act deposit them in His safe keeping. Thereafter, as care tries to break in on the peace of his heart, he must treat it as a positive temptation, handing it over to God.

“Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.” 1 Pet. 5:7.

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### “Call Upon Me”

One warm spring day, many years ago, the sun shone brightly upon a group of merry children at play, in the pretty garden of a cottage in the suburbs of a busy city.

Within the home, a slender boy of twelve sat curled up in a cushioned chair, poring over a book.

“William, my child, why do you not leave your book, and run out in the sunshine and play with the other children?” And the fond mother bent over her handsome boy, stroking his fair curls, and gazing lovingly into his shining blue eyes.

“O, mother darling, the children are so rough in their play, and I am tired—tired,”



and, throwing his arms around her neck, he drew her to him.

The mother sighed deeply as she turned away, for her pale delicate boy was the object of her constant tender care and solicitude. But as usual he had gained his point, and was left to pore over his loved book, in peace. Thus it was day after day and while the other children grew sturdy and strong, William remained frail and delicate. His bright, active mind seemed to develop at the expense of his tall slender body. His devoted mother mourned and lamented over this fact, but was unable to change it.

William's mother was a true child of God and, wishing that her children should be taught the Word of God, she allowed them to attend a little Sunday School in the neighborhood. One of the verses that he learned at this time clung to his memory, and through it God was surely speaking to him in "a still small voice." It was this:

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." Psa. 50:15. But to William there seemed no "day of trouble" then, so he felt no need of calling on God.

“But though he did not realize it, he really was in a “day of trouble,” for he was not a believer in the Lord Jesus, and God says in His Word:

“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 3:36.

Surely to have “the wrath of God” abiding on one, would make it a “day of trouble,” but William was unconscious of this, and so the years slipped by quietly and peacefully, and he was happy in the loving care and companionship of his fond mother, whose tender love he returned with all the ardor of his young heart.

William was now seventeen years old, and he had entered the university, when a sudden change came. His devoted mother was taken from his side, leaving him sad, desolate, and inconsolable. It seemed as though the light of his life had gone out, and he was plunged in darkness and despair. In his grief, he lost interest in his studies, and seemed unable to apply himself to anything. Surely God was again speaking to him, this time in louder tones, though with

a voice of tenderest sympathy and love.

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." But he heeded not the gracious invitation.

One of his sisters took him into her home, to care for and comfort him, and while there he met a number of navy officers, who tried to interest him with thrilling tales of their adventures on the great deep, but he grew only more restless and unhappy.

Just at this time, his brother, who was a sea-captain, returned from a long voyage, bringing his vessel into port. It was decided that William should go with him on his next voyage. He was cheered by the prospect of a free life on the ocean wave, thinking to drown the sorrow of his aching heart in the excitement of this new venturesome life. Little did the poor boy realize at this time that the eye of God was continually looking down upon him in pity and love, guiding his every move.

It was the month of November when the vessel set sail, and for a time all went well. But one morning, as their vessel was plowing the waters of the Baltic Sea, the

clouds began to gather, and the wind blew stronger and stronger as the hours wore away, till at last the storm burst upon them in all its fury. The great waves rose mountains high, carrying the little vessel in their arms, curling over it, and then dashing it down into the foaming abyss below, threatening each time to crush it like an egg-shell. These giant arms of wind-tossed waves tore away the sails and rigging, and splintered the masts, and finally, in fiendish glee, battered a hole in the hold of the vessel, and the water began pushing its way in. Every available man was called to the pumps, but in vain, for the vessel was filling faster than the frantic efforts of the sailors could pump the water out. All this time the cruel wind was driving the helpless vessel towards the rocks. Darkness had now settled down upon them, and the fury of the storm was unabated. The hopeless horror of the situation filled every heart with sickening terror and despair.

Verily God was once again calling to William, not now in the still small voice, nor in the gentle tones of tender sympathy, but with the voice as of a trumpet. Clearly

it might be heard, above the mighty roar of wind and waves, louder even than the peals of thunder that rolled across the face of the angry heavens,

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee; and thou shalt glorify Me."

Suddenly there came a shock! The vessel had struck and fastened itself on a sand-bar. Amid the darkness and tempest, the anchors were hastily cast. The boats were lowered, but they were crushed to pieces by the violence of the waves the instant they came within their grasp. Now the last hope of being saved was gone, for the ship would soon be broken to pieces by the pitiless waves that pounded her decks.

Sick at heart, faint from exhaustion, and trembling with terror, William came dragging himself up from the pumps in the hold, hopeless, helpless, nothing before him but a grave in the black, icy waters of the deep. But fiercer than his bodily suffering was the anguish of his heart as he thought of his never-dying soul, which would then be lost eternally.

Suddenly, like a flash, above the roar

of the elements, there sounded in his heart the voice of his God, reverberating down into the depths of his inmost being,

“Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.”

Crawling into his cabin, he fell on his face, crying to God in all his misery, weakness, and fear, pleading to be “delivered” in this his “day of trouble,” promising the Lord that, if He would only save him from this cruel death, he would search out the way of salvation for his soul, and spend the rest of his life for Him. Even as he called, a great calm stole over his tempest-tossed heart, and simultaneously, a great calm settled over the raging waters of the angry deep. It was almost a repetition of that scene of old, when the Master’s voice rang out over the storm-tossed sea.

“Peace, be still, and there was a great calm.”

That long night of storm and suffering in the ship and on the sea was drawing to a close, and the day was beginning to dawn. One of the sailors, climbing a spar still standing, lighted a piece of cloth, and waved a sig-

nal of distress to the distant shore. This was seen by the watchers there, and soon the lifeboats were alongside, and strong arms and kind hearts, were waiting to rescue the poor, exhausted, half-frozen crew, as they dropped, one by one, into the boats. At last it was William's turn, and though he had scarcely strength enough to move, he managed to climb out and drop to safety. As he crept away into a little corner of the lifeboat, though his shivering body was full of pain and misery, yet his heart was filled with deep, sweet peace, and joy and gratitude to his God, who had so marvelously heard his "call," and "delivered" him, and saved him. The strong arms and kind hearts of their rescuers soon bore them to a place of warmth and safety, and ministered to their every need, nursing them back to life.

True to his promise, as soon as William was able, he found his way to a company of the Lord's own people, and from them he heard the sweet story of the love of God in His provision for the salvation of poor lost sinners, through simple faith in the atoning death of His beloved Son. With the faith of a little child, he eagerly and

joyfully accepted God's priceless "gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Thus his soul, like his body, was saved from perishing, 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 3:16.

Through his long life of eighty-seven years, William never faltered in the path of faith, and he did indeed fulfil the latter part of his verse, "thou shalt glorify Me." He loved to tell to saint and sinner the thrilling story of the marvellous goodness of God in so miraculously saving him, body and soul, from the very jaws of death.

O reader, if you have not yet heeded His call, let this story be a voice from God to you. Do not refuse to listen to this "still small voice," and so compel Him, as in William's case, to use the voice of thunder in some fierce trial before you will heed. Listen once more to His gracious invitation.

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." Psalm 50:15.



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## It Cost the World

“I would give the world to have your experience,” said a rich man to a Christian lady.

“That’s just what it cost me,” she replied. “I gave the world for it.”

The Bible says that we are enemies of God, if we are friends with the world (James 4:4). In 1 John 2:15 we read,

“Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.”

When we come to Jesus, we must give up all those things which He hates, and He hates the wicked sin of the world. But in return He gives us everlasting life, and more happiness than the world could ever offer.

“Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.” Psalm 2:12.

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## The Fool’s Creed

The wish is father to the doctrine. Men don’t want to have anything to do with God,

and next they persuade themselves that there is "No God." They say so in their hearts.

There was a certain blustering young man who was one of the fools who say, "There is no God." He was continually arguing and showing his cleverness in the workshop among his fellows, sneering at their foolishness in believing there is a God, and the like. But one day a huge beam fell and crushed him to the ground. While his fellow-workmen were trying to extricate him, they heard him crying

"God have mercy on me."

Ah! yes, the prospect of death and what follows it—the judgment—makes men throw off the mask, and appear as they are.

"As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation." Heb. 9:27, 28.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good." Psa. 14:1.

“He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in Himself: he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record, 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.**” 1 John 5:10-13.

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## Lines of a Converted Infidel

William Hone

“The proudest heart that ever beat  
Has been subdued in me;  
The wildest will that ever rose  
To scorn Thy Word, and aid Thy foes,  
Is quelled, my God, by Thee.  
Thy will, and not my will, be done;  
My heart be ever Thine;  
Confessing Thee, the Mighty Word,  
I hail Thee, Christ, my God! my Lord  
And make Thy name my sign.”

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## None Other Name

Acts 4:12

When sin-sick, weary, and oppressed,  
The longing soul doth crave for rest,  
    For power from sin to cease;  
One Name alone can all supply,  
One Object wholly satisfy,  
    And give the yearned-for peace.

And when, from sin, and shame, and grief,  
The guilty conscience finds relief,  
    In Jesus—Crucified;  
One object still, one aim and goal,  
Is placed before the ransomed soul—  
    Jesus—the Glorified.

Thus, in that vast, unnumbered throng,  
Treading 'mid scenes of light and song  
    The mansions of the blest,  
One peerless Person, pure and fair,  
Is all the joy and glory there,  
    By every tongue confest.

“None other Name” to men is given,  
“None other Name” adored in heaven,  
    The Christ is first and last.  
Before His throne all kings shall fall,  
At His blest feet, both great and small,  
    Their crowns of gold shall cast.

## The Prisoner's Deliverance

The Count of M. was found guilty of treason against the realm and violence against the king, and was imprisoned for life in the impregnable castle of G. That mountain fortress is almost unequalled in its natural facilities, and has been fortified yet more by human skill.

For a year the Count lay in his frightful, lonely cell, without one star of hope in either his outer or inner sky, for he was a sceptic. If forced by consuming weariness and the monotony of idle time, to take up the one book left him—the Bible—he read it with anger and gnashing of teeth against the God it reveals.

But sore affliction, the agent which has brought to the Good Shepherd many a sheep, was effectual in his case. The more he read the Bible, the more he felt the pressure of the gentle hand of God on his forlorn and hopeless heart.

On a stormy night when the mountain

gales howled round the fortress, the Count lay sleepless on his cot. The tempest in his breast was as fearful as that without. His whole past life rose before him; he was convicted of his sins; he felt that the source of all his misery lay in his forsaking God. For the first time in his life, his heart was softened, and his eyes wet with tears of genuine repentance. Rising from his cot, he opened his Bible, and his eyes fell on the verse,

“Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.”  
Psa. 50:15.

This word of God reached the very depths of his soul; he fell upon his knees, for the first time since he was a child, and cried to God for mercy. God, who, full of grace and compassion, turns not any away from the first movement of faith toward Him, heard the cry of the sufferer in dungeon, and gave him not only spiritual but temporal deliverance.

That same night the king lay sleepless, tortured by bodily pains, and in utter exhaustion he begged of God to grant him one hour of refreshing sleep. The favor

was granted, and when he woke again, he said to his wife, the gentle queen,

“God has looked upon me very graciously, and I may well be thankful to Him. Who in my kingdom has wronged me most? I will forgive him.”

“The Count of M.,” replied Louise.

“You are right,” said the sick king, “let him be pardoned.”

Day had not dawned when a courier was dispatched to bear to the prisoner pardon and release.

It is the usual way of our Good Shepherd, in gathering His lost flock, for whom He died, to do it, “without observation,” and when He holds up to us a marked instance like this, no doubt it is that our dormant faith may be quickened in His power to save in the face of every obstacle.

Is there one reader, who, though not in a dungeon, has yet hard thoughts of God? Be assured that God is love, and He can pardon us on a just basis because His holy Son bore our guilt.

“This is the will of Him that sent Me,

that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day." John 6:40.

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### Jesus Christ Said—

"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all unto Me." John 12:32.

A man got a spark of iron in his eye; surgeons tried in vain to extract it; at length the eyelid was held open, and a loadstone drew out the iron spark.

This man was like the woman we read of in the 8th of Luke, who spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any. At last she came to Jesus, and was healed immediately.

Many who know they are lost sinners go from preacher to preacher, to find peace, and after all, they prove that peace cannot be known to any but those who believe that Jesus bore their sins in His own body on the tree (1 Pet. 2:24).

"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Romans 5:1.



## God's Lamb for Me

“What can be the matter with S——?” I asked of a friend, “she looks so miserable, and wears on her face so different an expression from the bright, happy one which a short time since told of a purged conscience, and a mind at perfect peace with God.”

“Ah,” replied my friend, “she says she is not saved; that she does not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and that her sins are not forgiven.”

Being much interested in my friend S——, this intelligence sent me to my knees before the Lord, to ask of Him wisdom to deal with her case, and to teach me to know how to speak “a word in season” to the weary one.

Soon an opportunity for an interview occurred, and the following conversation, so far as I can remember, passed between us:—

“My dear S——, I am much grieved to see you so troubled. What is the matter?”

“O, my sins are not forgiven, and I am so very unhappy.”

“But this is a very different tale from what you told me some time since, when you said you were sure your sins were all forgiven, and that you were happy in the Lord. What has made the difference?”

“O, I am afraid I said what I did then to make you pleased with me; and now I fear I don't believe in the Lord Jesus Christ at all, and I am not saved.”

“What you say grieves me very much indeed; and I must ask you, in the presence of God, one very solemn question. When you told me before that your sins were all washed away by the precious blood of Christ, did you say so **only** to please me, or did you really think it was so at that time?”

“O, I could not tell a lie about it. I did think really it was so then, but now I know I was mistaken.”

I turned to the first chapter of Leviticus, and read the following words,

“If any man of you bring an offering unto the Lord, ye shall bring your offering of the cattle, even of the herd and of the flock. If his offering be a burnt sacrifice of the herd, let him offer a male without

blemish; he shall offer it of his own voluntary will, or (for his acceptance) at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation before the Lord. And he shall put his hand upon the head of the burnt offering, and it shall be accepted for him to make an atonement for him" (verses 2, 3, 4.)

"Now, S——," I said, "if you were called to die today, what would be your hope?"

With a burst of tears she replied, "I should not have any."

"Come," said I, "let us look at this Scripture. You are a poor guilty sinner, are you not?"

"O, yes."

"You cannot therefore approach to God trusting in yourself?"

"O, no."

"This man who came to God brought a lamb, we will say, and you remember of whom it is written,

'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world?' " John 1:29.

"O, yes—the Lord Jesus Christ."

“Very well. When the Israelite brought his lamb, he put his hand upon its head, which was the same as if he had said,

‘O God, I am a poor sinful man, but I bring this innocent lamb as my substitute; please accept it for me.’ Can you this morning say, ‘O God, I am a poor sinful girl, but please accept Thy Lamb, the Lord Jesus Christ, for me?’ ”

“O, yes, I can indeed; it is just what I want.”

“That is right. Now tell me, what does God say here?” and with my finger I pointed to the words, “And it shall be accepted for him to make an atonement for him.” She looked at me more brightly, and I said, “Who is the ‘him’ here?”

“The man who laid his hand on the head of the lamb.”

“And whose words are these?”

“God’s.”

“Are they true?”

“O, yes.”

“Now, look, I want to show you another Scripture:

'He hath made us accepted in the beloved' (Eph. 1:6). Who is the Beloved?"

"The Lord Jesus Christ."

"And who are the 'us' here spoken of?"

"Those who lay their hands on the head of God's Lamb."

"This, you say, is your position; and now, though Satan says you are not accepted, God says here you are **'in the beloved.'** Which will you believe?"

"O, I must believe God."

"Now read on.

'In whom we have redemption through his blood, the **forgiveness of sins.'**

You said just now your sins were not forgiven; see what God says here. There are one or two other places where our sins are spoken of, which I would like also to show you." I turned to Isaiah 53:6,

"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." I pointed to the first words, and asked, "Is that you? Have you gone astray?"

“O, yes,” she replied.

Then, still pointing to the following words, “Have you turned to your own way?”

“Yes,” she said again.

“Then you see your sins were laid by God on the Lord Jesus Christ (pointing to the last clause); for the ‘us’ in the last clause refers to the same persons as the ‘we’ in the first and second. Let us see when this was done: 1 Peter 2:24, tells us

‘Who His own self bare our sins in His own body **on the tree.**’ Then it was He bore our sins **on the tree.** Is He bearing them now?”

“O, no; He is on the throne of God in heaven, and they cannot be there.”

“Quite true. Let us see what He has done with them,

‘As far as the east is from the west, **so far** hath He removed our transgressions from us.’ Psalm 103:12. Do you know how far the east is from the west?”

“No.”

“Quite so; it is a distance which cannot be measured. If God had said ‘as far as the north is from the south,’ I should know the distance was about 8,000 miles; but no one has ever measured the distance between the east and the west. They can never come together, and God says, ‘so far hath he removed our transgressions from us;’ and again,

‘Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back’ Isaiah 38:17—that is, where God cannot see them. Now you see that in Christ Jesus we are ‘accepted in the Beloved,’ and that ‘we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins,’ and God Himself tells us so in Eph. 1:6, 7. Shall we kneel down now, and bless God together that He has ‘accepted us in the Beloved,’ and forgiven us all our sins for Christ’s sake?”

“O, yes, please.”

We knelt, and the sorrowful and despairing one rose from her knees with the assurance of salvation, and knowing “peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” To the God of all grace be the praise forever!

And now, if any poor doubting, fearing

sinner, tempted sorely by Satan, should read this paper, let him remember that Christ is God's Lamb; that "He has offered **Himself** without spot to God;" that "He loved us, and gave **Himself for us**, an offering and a sacrifice **to God**, of a sweet-smelling savor" (Eph. 5:2); and that through the sweet savor of His person and work ever ascending to God, every one who can in faith say, "O God, accept Thy Son for me!" is accepted certainly by God according to all the preciousness of that Beloved One to God, "for unto you therefore who believe is the preciousness" (see Greek, 1 Peter 2:7).

May God seal these consolatory and establishing truths upon the soul of every distressed one, and he shall have "joy and peace in believing," even a **present, personal, perfect** salvation, such as the dying thief received, when the Lord said to him,

**"Today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."**  
Luke 23:43.

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**"Put Your Trust in the Lord."**

Psalm 4:5

In the measure in which we truly rec-



ognize Him as our Lord, and ourselves as His possession, will it be easy to "put our trust" in Him.

Do not we all take the charge of those things that we purchase? If the shepherd purchase a flock of sheep, does he not intend to provide for and take care of them? And the more they cost, the more carefully will he tend them.

Our Good Shepherd has paid for us an infinite price, and we are not merely the sheep of His pasture, but we are members of His body.

"I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."

"I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish." John 10:11, 28.

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### From Time Into Eternity

An actor is upon the stage. He has been perfectly successful; the audience has been thoroughly delighted, and now, as the climax is reached, the excitement is intense. Impersonating Satan — the destroyer, he seizes one of the other actors as his prey,

and is about to hurry away with him, when he pauses, hesitates, stumbles, falls, and is carried from the stage, a corpse.

Reader, would **you** like to die thus?

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A well-known singer stands before a large company. The house is thronged with an entranced multitude. Arrayed in the habiliments, and acting in the character of a judge, he asks for the third time the solemn question, "Are you guilty?" Suddenly he leaves the stage, and in a brief space of time has passed into eternity.

Reader, **you are** guilty before God. You, too, must cross the threshold from time into eternity; it may be today.

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An evangelistic company are in the street. One of the number stands forth, and earnestly exhorts the assembled crowd, telling of the Saviour's love, and of God's so-great salvation. He stops, drops to the ground, and expires. The servant's work is done. Absent from the body, he is present with his Lord. (2 Cor. 5:8.)

A servant of Christ is reading Phil. 4 to his congregation. Long and faithfully he has labored for his Master.

“Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice,” he reads. With this as a parting message upon his lips, he sinks before them, and departs to be with Christ, which is far better. (Phil. 1:23.)

Reader, these are no fables, but simple and solemn facts. Surely they have a voice for **you**, for before another sunset, **you** may have passed away. Whither?

There is no time to waste; not a moment to lose;

“**Now** is the accepted time, . . . **now** is the day of salvation.” 2 Cor. 6:2.

“**To-day**, if ye will hear His voice harden not your heart.” Heb. 4:7.

Flee at once to the arms of boundless mercy, extended wide to welcome all who will come.

The Lord Jesus says,

“Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.” John 6:37.

## The Glorious Gospel

How glorious is the Gospel  
Of Jesus Christ our Lord,  
That He the mighty Saviour died,  
And we believe His Word:  
It is all about our Saviour,  
The blessed Man who came,  
From God the Father He was sent,  
Emmanuel His name.

All heaven owned His love and power,  
The eternal God was He,  
Grace made Him poor, to reach lost man  
That we, too, rich might be.  
Twas for ungodly enemies  
The loving Saviour bled,  
For strengthless sinners who were vile  
His cleansing blood was shed.

His work is gloriously complete,  
On Calvary's cross He cried,  
"It is finished," (the perfect work,)  
And bowed His head and died.  
Now every one who'll take His Word,  
Need never have a doubt,  
But with a perfect certainty,  
Rest on that dying shout.

## Ingersoll the Infidel

At a meeting once, where both Colonel Robert Ingersoll and Henry Ward Beecher were present, the noted agnostic, Colonel Ingersoll, had spoken at some length and had brilliantly put forth his agnostic views. It was expected by those present that Beecher would have replied to these attacks, and would have defended Christianity, but not a word did the old man say.

At last Colonel Ingersoll remarked,

“Mr. Beecher, have you nothing to say on this question?”

The old man slowly lifted himself from his attitude and replied,

“Nothing; in fact, if you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking, my mind was bent on a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed today.”

“What was it?” at once inquired Colonel

Ingersoll who, notwithstanding his peculiar views of the hereafter, was noted for his kindness of heart.

“Why,” said Mr. Beecher, “as I was walking downtown today I saw a poor lame man with crutches slowly and carefully picking his way through a cesspool of mud, in the endeavor to cross the street.

“He had just reached the middle of the filth, when a big, burly ruffian, himself all bespattered, rushed up to him, jerked the crutches from under the unfortunate man, and left him sprawling and helpless in the pool of liquid dirt which almost engulfed him.”

“What a brute he was!” said the Colonel.

“What a brute he was,” they all echoed.

“Yes,” said the old man, rising from his chair and brushing back his long white hair, while his eyes glittered with their old-time fire as he bent them on Ingersoll. “Yes, Colonel Ingersoll, and **you are the man.** The human soul is lame, but Christianity gives it crutches to enable it to pass along the highway of life. It is your teaching that knocks these crutches from under it and

leaves it a helpless and rudderless wreck in the slough of despond.

“If robbing the human soul of its only support on this earth—the Word of God—be your profession, why, ply it to your heart’s content. It requires an architect to erect a building; an incendiary may reduce it to ashes.”

The old man sat down, and silence brooded over the scene. Colonel Ingersoll found that he had a master in his own power of illustration, and said nothing. The company took their hats and departed.

“The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good.” Psalm 14:1:53:1.

“The Word of the Lord endureth for ever.”  
1 Pet. 1:25.

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### Rest for the Sinner

The only thing that can give rest, once and forever, to a guilty sinner is a personal contact with the Lord Jesus Christ: and accordingly He is the object, and the only

object, presented to a sin-burdened soul: He says,

“Come unto Me.”

If by any means Satan can keep the soul away from this great Saviour, his end is served, and the soul continues burdened, deceived.

It makes little difference what is employed as the separating thing. It may be the world in the form of its riches, its pleasures, its amusements, its science, its learning, its literature, or its lawful occupations. He makes use of religiousness and what is termed “the means of grace.”

He may put the study of theology and even that of the Bible itself, the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord’s Supper, between the soul and its salvation, it matters not what, if so be he can keep up some separating medium between Christ and the sinner. His end is accomplished, if the separation is kept up.

None but God could love sinners as God does. Jesus came to seek and to save the lost, and to give rest to conscience, mind and heart. May the reader know the joy and gladness of trusting Him fully.



"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."  
Matt. 11:28.

"Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee." Job 22:21.

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### "Coo-ee:" A Bush Story

At the close of a meeting a young man asked me for an interview.

"I want to have a little talk with you," said he, "if you don't mind. I am a sceptic. I don't believe in anything."

"Lots of fellows are sceptics nowadays, and it's not very easy to help them. What do you want to know?"

"Well, would you kindly try and prove to me that Christ really exists."

"Why should I? He doesn't interest you at all, if you are a sceptic."

"Well," he said, "I am very miserable, and find things unsatisfactory. I have been wondering whether I could get any proof about this."

"Supposing you did; what next?"

“Well, I might become a Christian.”

“Is it worth your while—being a sceptic?”

“Well, I am utterly miserable and wretched.”

“That’s no wonder,” I said, “and I’m not going to waste two minutes in trying to prove to you that Christ exists.”

“Why not?”

“Because I’m not sure it is possible to do so to a sceptic.” I answered.

“I wish you’d try. You have no idea how dark and miserable I am.”

“Perhaps I will, if you will kindly prove to me something first.”

“What’s that?” said he.

“That you are your mother’s son!”

“That’s easy enough.”

“All right; fire away. How will you begin?”

He sat thinking for some time, and then said,

“I’m blest if I know how to begin!”

"That's just my fix, too, about proving Christ exists. I don't know how to begin. Look here. All you can tell me is, that so far back as you can remember someone taught you to call her mother, and she called you her own son; and you have both gone on doing it ever since. Has it worked all right?"

"Certainly it has."

"Are you satisfied that she is your mother?"

"Perfectly so."

"Can you prove it?"

"No, but I'm perfectly satisfied she is."

"And so am I, that Christ exists. Many years ago I first began to call Him my Saviour, and to obey Him as such; and He has called me His, and it works perfectly. I have no further proof for you than that."

"How can I find Him out for myself, then?" he asked.

"Very quickly and simply," I answered, "if you are thoroughly honest in the inquiry."

"Yes, indeed I am."

“Suppose you were ever to be lost in the bush, you could only do one thing—stand still and ‘Coo-ee’ (a New Zealand call). Then if one of whose existence you had no knowledge, heard your ‘Coo-ee’, he would answer, and you two would keep it up until he found you and took you out. You’ve got to ‘Coo-ee’ to the Lord Jesus Christ. If He exists, He will hear. If He hears, He will answer. He will come to you and lead you out of the dark.”

“That is simple enough!”

“Will you Coo-ee?” I asked him.

“Yes.”

“When will you begin?”

“Here and now,” he said.

“Then just kneel down and begin right away.” He dropped on his knees, and began in some such words as these, “O Lord Jesus, I don’t know whether You exist or not, but I am lost, I am ‘bushed.’ Can you save me?”

He paused, and I then began to pray with him, watching his pale, anxious face. Presently I saw a great smile steal over it, and I stopped, feeling sure that God was working.

"Does He exist?" I asked him.

"Of course He does."

"How do you know?"

"He has taken me out of the dark, and I am His. He has saved me. He is my Saviour."

"Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly."

We rose, and after a few words we parted. More than a year passed away, when I was accosted on a train by a young man with a good-sized Bible under his arm.

"Do you remember me?"

"No," I said, "I can't say I do."

"The Coo-ee fellow at H—! That was a grand night's work. I have been reading this Book ever since, and it is just grand."

"For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Rom. 10:12, 13.

## The Word Which Saves Must be Believed

A servant of God was speaking to a woman about this great salvation, and seeking to show her the completeness of the work of Christ for sinners. But she still had doubts as to her own salvation.

“I do believe in Him,” she exclaimed, “and I am sure He died for me, but I would not like to say I am saved.”

“Are you sure that He died to save you?” was then asked.

“O yes, He came to save sinners, and I am one of them. There is therefore no doubt that He came to save me, but to say one is saved appears like presumption.”

“If you said so and based it on some merit of your own, it would be a great presumption, but if the Lord says so because of what He has done, then all depends on the value of His work and the faithfulness of His word.”

“Still I would not like to say I am saved,” she responded.

“Is it what Christ will do, or what He is now doing, or what He has done, which can save you?”

“It must be what He has done, for it is His death alone that can save,” she replied.

“Think of that grand fact, that it is what Christ **has done** that saves, the work He accomplished on the cross. It was there that sins were atoned for, it was there the power of Satan was broken, it was there all the claims of God’s holiness in regard to sin were met, and it is that work alone which saves. When He had borne the divine wrath against sin, in triumph He cried with a loud voice, ‘**It is finished,**’ and gave up the ghost.”

“That is all true, but I would not like to say I am saved.”

“If you desired the apples gathered off that tree, and your husband did it, and came and said, ‘I have finished picking the apples,’ would you say it was done, or would you be afraid to say so?”

“If my husband told me he had done so, I should have his word for it, and so I should know it was done.”

“So you would believe your husband, but when the Son of God has said that He

has done the work that saves, you hesitate to believe him.”

“O, I see I have doubted His word. He has done the work, and He says so, and I believe His word. How simple and plain! I thought I did believe Him, but I see now I did not. He finished the work that saves me, and I believe in Him who has done it, and therefore know from His word that I am saved. His work did it, and His word gives me the knowledge of what He has done.”

“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.” Isa. 53:5.

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### Perfect Holiness

The connection of perfect holiness with perfect grace is that which characterizes the redemption which is in Christ Jesus. God must be holy, even though it should be in the eternal condemnation of impenitent sinners; but the full display of His holiness, in the salvation of sinners, calls forth heaven's loudest and loftiest note of praise.



## True Heroism

We read that when one of the most famous of the victors of the Great Indian Mutiny—Sir Henry Havelock—was felled by an attack of malignant cholera, and was told that he could not survive, he calmly replied:

“I have been prepared for this for forty years.”

Wise man he!

In early days of health, strength, vigor, and opportunity, he did what every man, soldier, sailor, or civilian, should do. He did not wait till he had reached the fag-end of life, or the dull, feeble, powerless evening of his days to achieve, by the grace of God, the one all-important act of existence.

**He turned to God!** He accepted Christ as his Saviour.

Yes, and so genuine was the turn that the long period of forty full years of constant and severe testing, in the awkward conditions of army life, witnessed no cowardly retreat, nor disavowal of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Here, then, is one well-known witness to

the saving power and grace of God; one, but there are thousands on all hands, not confined to civilians who may retire into the shelter of their sweet family circle. and thus escape the banter and scorn of the godless, but who could face the storm of opposition, and keep the flag flying right on to the end. Let this fact be noted.

None dare say, with these witnesses on all hands, that such a life is impossible. It is not impossible. It is incumbent!

When I was a young soldier of hardly twenty I asked my soul this question:

“Soul! shall it be forty years of sin and an eternal hell; or forty years of salvation and an eternal heaven?”

Answer I must—definitely and finally.

Well, which? There I stood before God, a sinner in need of pardon, faced by eternal consequences of weal or woe, unable to save myself by any act of mine, however meritorious, the only question being would, could God save me?

All I can say, and that to His praise, is that He could and did.

Call this my preparation for death and eternity if you like. Anyhow, more than fifty years can witness, amid all their changes, that the blessed God can pardon, reconcile, and keep any and every man who only turns in faith and repentance to Him.

Let me (as I surely may) recommend to you, my reader, this glorious salvation—to be secured now, so freely; but on the other side of death not to be obtained by the price of ten thousand worlds, and then when most wanted!

Mark the word “**now**” which occurs twice in this one verse:

“Behold, Now is the accepted time; behold, Now is the day of salvation” 2 Cor. 6:2.

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### What Do You Say?

The **evil servant** says: “My Lord delayeth His coming.” Matt. 24:48.

The **scoffer** says: “Where is the promise of His coming?” 2 Peter 3:4.

The **Christian** should say: “Come, Lord Jesus.” Rev. 22:20.

## “Christ, the Wisdom of God”

Ere God had built the mountains,  
Or raised the fruitful hills;  
Before He filled the fountains  
That feed the running rills;  
In Thee, from everlasting,  
The wonderful “I AM”  
Found pleasures never wasting,  
And wisdom is Thy name.

When, like a tent to dwell in,  
God spread the skies abroad,  
And swathed about the swelling  
Of ocean’s mighty flood,  
He wrought by weight and measure;  
And Thou wast with Him then;  
Thyself the Father’s pleasure,  
And Thine, the sons of men.

And couldst Thou be delighted  
With creatures such as we,  
Who, when we saw Thee, slighted  
And nailed Thee to a tree?  
Unfathomable wonder!  
And mystery divine!  
The voice that speaks in thunder,  
Says, “Sinner, I am thine!”

## “Come, and Bring Your Bibles”

“‘What an extraordinary thing!’ I thought. ‘Bring Bibles to a theater! What can it mean?’ I had been often enough to a theater before, but had never been told to bring a Bible. Indeed, I had not one in my possession! However, I made up my mind to go that night to see what it was all about. I would borrow a Bible just for once. I did so, and returning in the evening, full of curiosity, entered the hall.

“I **never** shall forget my astonishment! On the walls, near the stage, were charts, and a gentleman stood up to explain them. He had a long cane in his hand and pointed to the different diagrams as he spoke. He continually referred to the Bible, and asked his hearers to turn to the different verses for themselves.

“There I sat, unable to find **one** verse, for I had never read the Bible. I could hear the flutter of the leaves as the people turned from chapter to chapter, and I listened to the preacher’s voice.

“He was telling us of the Lord’s coming again. ‘He may come,’ said he, ‘at any moment.’”

“How terrified I was! For the first time I found I was a sinner, and felt the great burden of my sins. ‘Suppose it should be true,’ I said to myself, ‘that the Lord is coming quickly, and am I ready to meet Him?’ I knew I was not; so I sat with my head bowed down, feeling that God’s wrath was hanging over me! One thought occupied me,

‘The Lord Jesus is coming **soon.**’”

Dear reader, are **you** ready for His coming, or are **your** sins still heavy upon you?

“I left the place,” my friend continued, “and sought out a neighbor, whom I had more than once insulted, because she had tried to speak to me of eternity.

“She and her husband gladly received me, and thanked God for my soul-distress. They told me what they knew themselves; and I learned that the Lord Jesus had died upon the cross for sinners, and I loved Him, believing that He had died for me. Yet I was not at rest, for I had not learned that the

Lord is now in glory, and that God can **righteously** forgive a sinner; but felt that my safety depended partly upon myself. So sometimes I was bright and happy, and would say to myself,

'I wish the Lord would come today; I am sure I am ready for Him,' and at other times I would say, 'I hope He will not come today; I believe He would leave me behind.'

"I went on like that, up and down, for some time when a neighbor of my daughter's invited her to a preaching.

"She went, just to please her, and the Lord saved her soul.

"She soon came round to me. 'Mother,' she said, 'why have not you told me the same as the man told us at that room last night? What **he** said is quite different from what you have always told me. It was so simple, so plain. Do come yourself, mother, for I do not think you **can** know what they know there, or you would have told **me** long ago.'"

"I did not want to go; so used had I become to my doubts and fears, that I

thought there was nothing better. But my daughter over-persuaded me, and on the next occasion I went.

“I shall never forget that preaching! The subject was John 5:24,

‘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.’

“The preacher explained so clearly that the work was finished and I had but to believe what Christ had done, that I could doubt no more, and, starting from my seat, exclaimed,

‘I believe it.’

“From that moment I **knew** that I **had** passed from death to life! I turned my eyes from myself to the Person of the Saviour in glory. Do you think I have ever doubted since?”

“You **ought** not,” I answered, “since God Himself is satisfied with the work of Christ on the cross, and has exalted Him to His own right hand.”

“Jesus Christ: Whom not having seen,



ye love; in Whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." 1 Peter 1:8.

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### Not Afraid to Meet God, and Why?

A servant of God recently called at a small cottage, the sole inmate of which he found to be an aged woman.

Noticing her visitor's tired appearance, she very courteously asked him to rest awhile, and share her simple meal. The invitation was gladly accepted, he deeming it a fitting opportunity of speaking for his Master. Accordingly, he soon asked her how matters stood between her and God.

"What about eternity? Where will you spend it?" he inquired.

The dear old woman, who had learned, and was realizing the blessedness of simply taking God at His word, and resting in what He said, readily responded, "that the Lord Jesus Christ had settled the matter for her, having died for her sins according to the Scriptures." (1 Cor. 15:3.)

On being told that the same blessed Lord

Jesus was coming to take those for whom He died, to be for ever with and like Himself; and that seeing He Himself said He would come quickly, the grave might never receive her body, she expressed great gladness; and tears of joy trickled down her wrinkled cheeks as she thought of Himself, and of the depths into which He descended in order to win her soul.

“Were He to come now, as we are talking together, would you not be afraid?” asked the servant of God.

“Afraid!” she exclaimed, “No, indeed! Why, I love Him!”

Surely in her case, 1 John 4:19 was verified,

**“We love Him, because He first loved us.”**

Who dares to speak of fear to one who is the conscious object of the love of God. His “perfect love casteth out fear.” (1 John 4:18.)

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### **An Atheist's Doom**

The man who built the hull of the Titanic was an atheist, and he carved on the hull

below the waterline, the words, "No God."

The man who did this was on board at the time of the crash with the iceberg, and went down with the vessel, and like Judas, "he went to his own place."

Atheism, in its bold defiance of God, challenges judgment, and when calamity falls furnishes no comfort for the bereaved, and no hope for the dying. This man inscribed his motto below the waterline. Very few people would want to sail on a vessel openly flaunting the flag of atheism with that inscription on her figure head. The fear of God is still a wholesome factor in the life of the people.

"The fool has said in his heart, there is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works." Psa. 14:1.

"The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit." Psalm 36:3.

Great fools not only say it in their hearts, but carve it on vessels, and say it right out.

"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." 2 Thess. 1:7, 8.

## “Not Always Strive”

“My spirit shall not always strive.”

I was conducting services in ——. On the first Sunday night of the mission, a tall, fine-looking, elderly man came up to me, and said:

“Mr. L——, I would like to have a talk with you.” I said to him,

“Come in.”

We went in and he began the interview by saying,

“I want, in the first place, to tell you who I am. I am an employer of labor in this city, and have hundreds of men and women on my payroll. I am well known, and have a measure of influence in this city. But it is not that I wanted to talk about; it is concerning my spiritual condition.” And he went on to say something like this:

“Three years ago I was deeply convinced of my need of Jesus Christ. One night I was in my room alone with God—an unsaved man. I was as conscious of the Divine Presence as I am of your presence

now. I knew God was in the room, and I knew, as in my inner consciousness, that if I yielded to Him that night I would be saved. I was just on the threshold of the kingdom, but I began to count the cost, and deliberately and wilfully got up from my knees and walked out of the room, as conscious that I had left the presence of God as if I were to leave your presence now. A few months after this, one of the ministers of the city came to me and said,

‘We are appointing elders in the church, and the people are very anxious to have you as one of them.’

“I refused at first. I felt I had no business, as an unsaved man, to be an elder of any church, but he pleaded with me, and others came and pleaded, and I finally consented. From that moment I became a self-conscious hypocrite, and despised myself.”

“About a year later God came to me again; the pleading of His Spirit was overwhelming; the conviction of sin was appalling, and I felt that God was giving me another chance. But the devil came and whispered,

‘Don’t make a fool of yourself. You are

an elder of the church; everybody believes you are a converted man. Don't begin to say now you are not. You will have all the people laughing at you.'

"I yielded to this subtle temptation of the devil, and once more resisted the Holy Ghost. In a moment, when I had chosen, I was conscious, as conscious as I am of your presence now, that I had resisted for the last time. I went out of God's presence, banished even as Cain was banished from the Divine presence."

"Then," he added with a strange look in his eyes that almost froze my blood: "Mr. L——, listen. Standing before you tonight is a lost soul. I believe I am as much lost tonight as I will ever be in hell, only I am not there. I have walked the streets night after night. I have not slept a whole night for months. I would have plunged myself into the lake before this, were it not for what lies beyond." "Then," he continued: "I have not told you because I want you to help me. My dear sir, I am beyond all human help, and Divine help too, I want you to tell my story wherever you go, that men and women may be warned against the awful sin of resisting the Holy Ghost.

He went out from the building, and I never saw him again.

“Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near.” Isa. 55:6.

“Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” Isa. 1:18.

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### **Tell Him All**

“In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.” Phil. 4:6.

God has never yet forsaken one who entrusted himself to Him. But to know God as your Father, you must behave toward Him as children. You must talk to Him every day. A child that does not speak to its father soon becomes estranged from him. You must never neglect prayer. And if it seems that you cannot make a fine prayer or that you cannot pray at all, just talk to Him about your needs and cares, and He will understand.

## A Miner's Story

Tom had received a religious education, but his conduct showed that he really did not know the Saviour. Sometime ago he and a number of other miners, including myself, were gathered at the afternoon station waiting to receive our lamps to descend into the mine where we had been working. In the meantime Tom was telling the young men in our crowd, that he had just passed his military examination so that as soon as he would enter a regiment he would be in line for the office of corporal, then sergeant, and continue in the army for a career. While listening to his words so full of confidence in himself and the future, I could not help but think of these words in the Bible,

“A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps.” Prov. 16:9.

Well, we all went down in the mine, and after working there for two hours, a man came running all out of breath, asking for the boss.

“Tom is caught under a rock slide,” he said, “and ten men are trying to get him out, but they don't think he will be alive.”



And so it proved to be when they finally lifted the rocks from him.

“Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.”  
Prov. 27:1.

At his funeral, his short life, his courage, his ambitions, and plans for the future, were mentioned, but nothing could be said of his spiritual life, and his hope of eternal blessings beyond the grave.

A sudden death, especially under such sad circumstances, makes us think how very important it is to be always ready and we know that if we accept the Lord Jesus as our Saviour, know that His precious blood had washed away all of our sins, we can calmly wait for the summons of death, or the coming of the Lord, and know that all shall be well for us here and hereafter.

“Go to now, ye that say, Today or tomorrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain: Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, **if the Lord will,**

we shall live, and do this, or that." James 4:13, 14, 15.

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### "What is the Meaning of Grace?"

Such was the question once put to me, when a boy, by a Godly man, and I was to write the answer on paper, and bring it to him in a few days; so I took down from my father's bookshelf a large Cruden's Concordance, and copied down a page or two on Grace; but the dear man put his pen through it all, and said,

**"O, I don't want all that! Grace is free, undeserved favor."**

What a lovely answer! I have salvation not because I deserved it, or because I have earned it by my goodness. No; it is undeserved and free favor. I paid nothing for it; and more, that salvation is for all. The eleventh verse of the second chapter of Titus says:

"For the grace of God, which carries with it salvation to all men, hath appeared." (N. T.)

There is then no excuse. Salvation is

brought to your very door, and if you won't have it, there is nothing left but judgment. You will never be able to blame God, for His grace has brought salvation within your reach, but you will not have it. You are spurning His grace, and throwing away the only means of salvation.

“Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.” Romans 3:24.

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### Rich Beyond Telling

“The unsearchable riches of Christ.”  
Ephesians 3:8.

Had we not a friend in all the world but the Lord Jesus, we should yet be rich beyond all telling. He only can help in every time of trouble. His infinite tenderness and boundless sympathy meet our every need. His wisdom and guidance are ever at our disposal. His presence sheds light and joy wherever He comes. The touch of His hand has still its soothing, healing power, and His voice still brings a sense of rest and comfort and strength.

## The Guilty World

“Not this Man. but Barabbas! Now Barabbas was a robber.” John 18:40.

The world has never been the same  
Since Jesus died—  
Since He, the peerless, spotless Lamb,  
Was crucified.

Earth chose instead sedition's son,  
With loud acclaim,  
And meted to the sinless One  
The cross and shame.

No wonder crime, and hate, and war,  
Creation knows!

O'er it there burns the blood-shot star  
That then arose.

Rebellion lifts its rebel arm,  
And claims the spoil,  
Oblivious to the dread alarm—  
The sure recoil!

Weep, weep, O Earth, weep bitter tears  
For this thy crime;

Against thee stand two thousand years  
Of sin-stained time;

Ere judgement falls, repent thy sin,  
For He must reign;

And let the cry, “O Lord,” begin,  
“Come back again.”