

# THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR

Edited by C. RUSSELL HURDITCH



1875

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## CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."—2 Cor. v. 20, 21.

No. 61.

EDITED BY C. R. H.

JANUARY 1875.

## THE GIVER AND THE GIFT.

CONCERNING giving or receiving every one knows something just now. Whether blessed with abundance or pressed with poverty, every one likes to receive a present, from the Queen on her throne to the humblest subject of the realm. The postman's knock, the carrier's call, or the visitor's parcel, will doubtless, be heartily welcomed by thousands just now, and who sincerely hope that all who are favoured with gifts will be pleased and profited thereby. Specially do



we trust that the hand held out to the poor may be liberally filled with good cheer for comfortless homes at the dawn of another year.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," and this the Lord Jesus Christ right royally proved when "He gave HIMSELF for us." (Eph. v. 1.) Oh, who shall tell the value of that "unspeakable gift?" But for this we had perished for ever, without the knowledge of God now, or a single ray of hope in the un-

trodden future. But He loved us "even when we were dead in sins" (read Eph. ii.) "with a love that many waters could not quench, nor the floods drown." Yes, He loved us, and gave Himself for us, "that He might redeem us from all iniquity," and "bring us to God," putting us in possession of the unutterable gift of ETERNAL LIFE, with all the blessings that that can possibly include for His *redeemed people*. It was of this Jesus spoke when He said, "The bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world. . . Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me *hath EVERLASTING LIFE*" (John vi. 33, 47).

Solomon said, "A man's gifts maketh room for him," and it was to this end that Christ gave HIMSELF, that our hearts being broken and melted by the power of divine love manifested in that wondrous bestowment, He might find a place there for Himself, where, enthroned in holiness and truth, He might fill our souls with "joy unspeakable and full of glory" (Peter i. 8), and call forth the glad response from our hearts and lips, "We love Him, because He first loved us." What say you, reader; have you received this unspeakable gift of God? If not, take it as the best NEW YEAR'S present you could possibly accept. It is as free as the living God can make it, for every soul who will receive it, for "the wages of sin is death, BUT THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE, THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD."

C. R. H.

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### "WHERE IS THE LAMB?"

"Where is the lamb for a burnt offering?"—GEN. xxii.

"WHERE is the lamb?" Earth's thousand hills  
 Could furnish none like Thee;  
 Jesus, whose name heaven's praises fills,  
 Thou, Thou hast died for me.

In Thee, as man, God's holy eye  
 No taint of sin could see;  
 And therefore couldst Thou stoop to die,  
 Th' atoning lamb for me.

"Where is the lamb?" Poor trembling soul!  
 Look back to Calvary's tree;  
 'Tis Jesus Christ who makes thee whole,  
 His blood avails for thee.

Then go and tell what He hath done,  
 With soul at peace and free;  
 Go, say to many a weary one,  
 "He'll do the same for thee."

ANON.

### THE NEW YEAR.


ANOTHER year has gone—gone into eternity, with its sad and pleasant records. *Sad*, because of the sins, works and ways they table before the eye of the Living One to be reserved for the revelations of the last day. *Pleasant*, for they speak of brands plucked from the burning, of accessions to the Church of the First-born written in heaven, of the weary strengthened and the sorrowing comforted, of the bereaved sustained and the dying pillowed on the bosom of Jesus, of sacrifices of praise ascended from ten thousand hearts to the throne of God, and a cloud of prayer now treasured in heaven to be answered in due time.

Reader, how has it been with you? Has the year just gone witnessed a passing of your soul from death into life? It has to many. Has it to you? One thing is certain: the new year finds you a year nearer heaven, or a year nearer—hell. You enter upon it in your sins and under wrath (Rom. i. 18), or as "clean every whit" through the precious blood of Christ, and delivered from all condemnation (John xiii. 10; Rom. viii. 1). If the *former*, let me appeal to your heart and conscience. How long shall God wait in grace, beseeching you to be reconciled? (2 Cor. v. 20). To-morrow He may take you away, as a tree that cumbereth the ground. "Then, a great ransom cannot deliver thee"—*then*, repentance unto life will not be found, though it be sought diligently with tears. "*Now*," He says, "Look and live!" "Believe and be saved!" How solemn, then, is the present moment! What tremendous issues are at stake! The year commenced on earth may end with you in *hell*—beyond salvation, beyond hope. Oh, reader! "Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace: thereby *good* shall come unto thee" (Job xxii. 21).

If the *latter*, what present blessings and brighter hopes of future glory are yours! How precious the thought, that, ere the sands of 1875 have run their course, you may be caught up to be for ever with the Lord. The bud of promise may have burst into the full fruition of the bliss unspeakable. The spring-time of faith and hope may have given place to the summer fruit of triumphant joy. And the seed-time of thy faithful Christ-service may have been exchanged for the jubilant song of the harvest home. All praise to God! these and a thousand other joys await thee: for whether the Lord come to fetch us, or whether we fall asleep to be awoke by the sound of the archangel's trump, they must,—they shall be realized by every blood-bought child of God.

C. R. H.

## HE LOVED ME.

 MINISTER of the Gospel was travelling in Switzerland, and as he passed from place to place he preached, by means of an interpreter, in the various churches the glad tidings of salvation. One Sunday night he spoke from the words, "Who loved me and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20), and passed on his way, knowing of no result.

Several weeks elapsed, when, one evening as the pastor of the church, where this address was given, sat in his study, his meditations were interrupted by a timid knock at the door. On opening it, great was his surprise to find that his visitor was a young man known to be amongst the most profligate of the town in which he lived. On asking the object of his call, still greater was his astonishment to hear of the young man's desire to be received at the Lord's table.

"Are you aware," said the faithful minister, "that only those who belong to Christ and love Him, have any right to sit at His table?"

"I know it," he answered, "and am thankful to feel that I am amongst that number."

"How is this," asked the pastor, "are you not well known in the town as a ringleader in every scene of worldliness and dissipation?"

"Alas! it has been so," he replied, "but thank God all is changed now."

With deep thankfulness the pastor inquired how this change had been wrought, and soon learned the following particulars from his visitor:—"You will remember," he said, "some weeks ago, an Englishman preached in your church from those words, 'Who loved me and gave Himself for me.' That night I felt how wicked I had been never to have loved Him, but only to have sinned myself and helped others to sin against Him, and yet He loved me all the while. I went home miserable, and for days could find no peace. One night I went to bed as usual, but even in my dreams the same thoughts were present. The black catalogue of my sins seemed to rise up before me and call for judgment. I was overwhelmed with despair, when suddenly one stood beside me whom I recognised at once as the Lord Jesus, but He looked stern and angry, and ready to pronounce my condemnation. I could have cried to the earth to swallow me up, but I was impelled to plead with Him, 'Lord I will love Thee.' Still that stern face remained unmoved. In yet deeper trouble of soul I imploredly exclaimed, 'Lord, I do love Thee,' but there was no softening of those hard features, no word of encouragement passed His lips; and tremblingly I fell at His feet, and with choking utterance stammered forth the word, 'Lord, Thou lovest me.' In an instant all was changed, a smile of gracious love spread itself over His countenance, and His hand was stretched out to me as if to bid me welcome. An


unutterable peace filled my soul as I learnt the lesson that His love, not mine, secured my salvation; and though I do love Him for all He has done for me, I see that *my* love is a worthless changing thing compared with the wondrous eternal love He bears towards me."

Are you who read this story measuring your salvation and peace by your love to Christ as this young man was formerly doing; or are you resting simply on the completed work of Him who first loved and still loves you? H. W. T.



## "WHERE AM I GOING?"

A QUESTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

HUS asked a young man a short time ago, as he was dying. This question has been asked more than once by those who have laid down on their beds to die—and oh! how many have departed into Eternity with the record in heaven of a slighted Saviour, of His blood trampled upon—the most precious thing God had to give out of love to sinners—of sin, dark and heinous, unforgiven—of resolutions made and broken—of the Spirit striving with such—of times out of number when the Lord Jesus "knocked at the door of the heart," but was *refused* admittance. Reader, my heart sickens as I think of the way of escape *neglected* and salvation *refused* by thousands in this so-called Gospel land.

Let me entreat of you to ponder the paths of your feet before it is *too late*, and "the door shall be shut" (Luke xiii. 24 to 28). Ask yourself, "Where am I going?" You may be young and thoughtless, and the devil may have said "*time enough*," or "*to-morrow*," but the words of Christ Jesus are, "*to-day*, if you will hear His voice." "*Now* is the accepted time."

Reader, the blood of Jesus, shed for your salvation, if it does not *save you, will, nay, does* condemn you. The fact of His love in dying for such as you will only add to the weight of your iniquities, if you still *refuse* Him.

I have stood beside the beds of some whose cries and groans and bitter tears have testified to neglected opportunities of salvation. But who can recall the past hour; it is gone, *gone, gone*, but the present moments are yours. Oh! by the solemnity of Eternity, seize them *now* and take refuge in THE BLOOD OF JESUS. The very ticking of the clock seems to sound a warning to hasty to the Saviour, to come at once *guilty, defiled, undone*, "*just as you are*." He will receive you. *He says it*. "*Come unto me*" (Matt. x. 38). *He means it*—"for He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." *He cannot lie*. Believe Him, and *be saved*. H. R. F.

## HAIL, MASTER! OR, THE FALSE SIGN.

A WORD TO PROFESSORS.

**W**HILE resting for a few days at a country hotel, I was much struck with an engraving, from a picture by a French artist, and entitled, "Hail, Master," representing Judas in the act of kissing the Saviour.

The contrast in the faces was striking; that of Judas being hard and false, while the calm expression of intense grief and pity on the face of the Saviour called forth the deepest sympathy. My heart was moved to its depths. With lightning speed the thought came to me, "Surely all those who only make a profession of religion without knowing its power, by faith in the living Saviour, are much like Judas, saying, 'Hail Master!' kissing Him in public, but by their lives betraying Him to His enemies."

Perhaps Judas would have denied the imputation of perjury once. Even his companions were deceived in him, but not so the Lord of Life, who reads each heart. Judas was not at any time a real believer in the Master he professed to serve, for our Lord spoke of him as a "son of perdition." May I ask, reader, what is your state? Perhaps you are attending "Church ordinances," and abounding in "good works" in order to save your soul; if so you are beginning at the wrong end. Good works must follow Salvation. These things will not help you to attain heaven. The sacrifices acceptable to God are a broken heart on account of sin, and praise and thanksgiving, that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He only can absolve, and satisfy your soul. Those who reject this truth, or teach for doctrines the commandments of men, are more like Judas, the robber, than they suppose, for (if possible) they would rob the Lord of His glory.

Many, alas! repeat the Creed, concluding with the striking words, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting," and then return to their homes relieved, that their religious duties are over for another week, and with fresh zest continue their round of selfish pleasures, caring neither to think of forgiveness, resurrection, or the life beyond. Is not this a solemn mockery? saying, with Judas, "Hail, Master!"

May you who profess to be followers of Jesus and yet live only for self and the world, awake to your danger before it be too late. Look carefully into this matter I beseech you, for it is one of great importance to your immortal soul.

For Judas it was too late. Of him the Lord said, "It had been good for that man if he had not been born." Thank God, there is yet time for you, reader, if you have thus lived. Repent and turn to Him, who by His love seeks to win your heart. "God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8). Your safety depends entirely on the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Come to Him then, and trust to

His atoning blood. The Holy Spirit will then reveal Christ to your soul, and He will put into your mouth a New Song for this New Year; even praise unto our God (see Psalm xl. 2, 3). I. R. C.

## JESUS ONLY.

A SISTER in Jesus, as she was "falling asleep," was asked by a Christian brother at her side—

"Do you know me?" (No notice taken.)

"Do you know Mr. C—?" (No sort of reply.)

"Do you know 'Jesus only'?" Answer, "Yes!"

She was on the threshold of heaven, and had begun to realize its chief joy—viz., to gaze on *Jesus*. So may we ever be taken up with Him.

## THE FOULEST AND THE PUREST THING ON EARTH.

A QUESTION FOR THE TIMES.

WHAT is the foulest thing on earth?

Bethink thee now, and tell:

It is a soul by sin defiled,

'Tis only fit for hell;

It is the loathsome earthly den,

Where evil spirits dwell.

And what's the purest thing on earth?

Come, tell me if thou know:

'Tis that same soul by Jesus cleansed,

Washed whiter far than snow;

There's nought more pure above the sky,

And nought else pure below.

*By the Editor of the Christian Ambassador.*

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## CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

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No. 62.

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FEBRUARY 1875.

"BEHOLD, HE PRAYETH!"

So said the Lord to Ananias as He announced the triumphant overthrow of the haughty blasphemer, Saul of Tarsus, who was taken in his red-handed persecution of the saints of the Most High, on his memorable journey to Damascus. (Read Acts ix). Angels must have indeed rejoiced over that fact, which momentarily staggered the faith even of the godly Ananias, who was directed to tell him words whereby he would be saved. But these triumphs of divine grace over the worst of



mightily working in the salvation of souls. Some of the most hardened sceptics and careless sinners have been awakened from their long slumber of indifference about eternal realities, and of many an one, who up till then had never breathed the voice of believing supplication it has been joyfully said, "*Behold, he prayeth!*" And the fact has awakened the intensest interest both in heaven and on earth, calling forth tears of joy and notes of praise, for "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over

sinners have been repeated in thousands of instances from that day onward. During the past few months God has been making bare His holy arm, and

one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance." (Luke xv.)

The preaching of the Gospel with simplicity, but clothed with divine unction, has followed upon seasons of special united supplication, in which clouds of prayer have gone up to God for the extension of His work in the salvation of souls. And He is gloriously answering His people's cries, in that thousands upon thousands are now rejoicing in the knowledge of that Saviour to whom they were utter strangers but a year ago.

Hundreds of young men in professional and commercial pursuits in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and Belfast, where the Lord has been especially working, have thus sought and found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and are now earnestly labouring in their respective spheres in life, as well as in the "Inquiry Room," to win other souls to Christ.

It is verily a time of visitation in grace to this land; and, reader, we solemnly appeal to you to see to it, that while God is thus working and saving thousands of souls, you may not remain unblest. He is willing, yea, waiting to save; and for your encouragement He says, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." Come to Him, then, **THIS VERY HOUR**. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house!" (Acts xvi. 31.) C. R. H.



#### PEACE WITH GOD.

**T**HEREFORE being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1).

Reader, have you this peace with God?

Jesus Christ has made peace through the blood of His cross (Col. i. 20). He needed not to make peace for Himself, it was for sinners, for you, for me, His blood was shed.

Peace with God is a reality, not only for eternity, but for time. "We have," said the apostle, while yet living, "peace with God." This implied that all that once stood between himself and God was taken out of the way; further, that God Himself was satisfied with the work of redemption, and that he was accepted in the beloved. So, to-day, is it the privilege of the believer to enjoy that peace with God which the Lord Jesus Christ has made through the blood of His cross, and with boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus (Heb. x. 19). Are you seeking to make your peace with God? If so, learn from the written Word that Jesus Christ has been beforehand with you, "having made peace;" give up, therefore, your peace-making, and accept it at the hand of the Prince of Peace, the one Mediator between you and God.

Let us for a moment look at what took place on that awful night when the destroying angel passed through the land of Egypt, commissioned with death to every first-born son. We will enter a house. There is feasting; they are merry-making; they seem to

have no cares, no anxieties, no forebodings. How strange, passing strange. Does not that mother care for the fine youth at her side? Yes, she loves him as a mother only can. That father, has he no heart? Then why this carelessness, why this trifling when death is near? Tell them of the danger, warn them; there may not be a moment to spare. Father! mother! your son will be taken; death is on the wing; God has said He will smite the first-born. But they are unmoved. We seem as those that mock to them. They had heard the solemn proclamation, but heeded it not; they believed it not. In the morning that loved child is found a corpse, never more to cheer by his voice. They call, but he hears them not; he is gone, gone for ever. Weeping takes the place of mirth, anguish and remorse fill every soul; alas! it is now too late; unbelief has borne its fruit.

We enter another house. The father, the mother, the eldest son and the younger children, are feasting. Joy, rest, and peace seem to be the portion of all. How can this be on such a night, such a fearful night, when that unrelenting foe to all earthly happiness is hovering o'er the land? Has no one warned them? Or having heard of the death angel, is it possible they have not believed? Ask them. Oh, father, oh, mother, care you not for your first-born son? Do you not know that to-night death may lay his icy hand on that child? He may be even at your door. Calmly they reply, "Jehovah sees the blood." "But, what of that?" we ask. They reply, "He has said, 'When I see the blood I will pass over you and will not suffer the destroyer to enter your houses to smite you'" (Exod. xii. 23). "But has the blood been shed?" They answer, "Yes, it has, and is put where *God can see it*." "But are you not afraid He may overlook it and you?" "No; He is faithful that promised." Peace reigns in that house, and the mother, in faith, stakes the life of her first-born upon the word of the living God.

Reader, have you no care? Are you under no anxiety, as you think of sin, and death, and judgment, and hell? Are you careless because you believe not that "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment;" and after judgment the lake of fire? Awake! O sleeper, in time, or eternity will find you *lost*, for ever *lost*.

God's holy, spotless Lamb has been slain, His blood shed, and He is now entered into the holy place by His own blood, "having obtained eternal redemption for us" (Heb. ix. 12). God sees the blood, the sinner may come into His presence, sheltered beneath that blood that cleanseth from all sin.

"I hear the words of love,  
Jehovah sees the blood,  
Accepts the mighty sacrifice,  
And I have peace with God."

It may be, my reader, your condition is that of one troubled and anxious because you believe in these things, and yet think that as you are you dare not

meet your God; your sins, you fear, shut you out from Him. No; not if you will come *now*. But let it be now. The Lamb has been slain, the blood is made for God. He is satisfied. Why do you fear? Were it not for the blood you might well tremble, for "without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22). But, again, we read, "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. xvii. 11). For whose soul? Yours. "God commendeth His love towards us in that while *we* were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8).

"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!"

S. P.

## GOD'S GRACIOUS INVITATIONS.

"COME."

It is most blessed to trace the salvation of God, and His presentation of it, as conveyed in this one little word, all through the pages of Scripture. It seems as if He never wearied of repeating the call, while ever there is an ear to hear. Hinted first, as we might say, in the promise of the seed of the woman, and the acceptance of Abel's sacrifice, it was plainly uttered in the ears of Noah, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark" (Gen. vii. 1), while the voices of the prophets re-echoed it in many and varied strains. "Come now, and let us reason together," are His words to Israel; "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. i. 18). "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price" (Isa. lv. 1). Again, "Incline your ear, and come unto Me; hear and your soul shall live." Thus the current of His love and grace may be traced all through the pages of the Old Testament; and, if we turn to the New, it is but to find the gracious words breathed forth in richer, fuller, wider strains from the lips of the Lord Jesus Christ. "God hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son;" but the message is the same "Come!" ringing out, now, over a world whose horizon is dark with the clouds of coming judgment, just as it did in "the days of Noah."

Did space permit we might meditate with profit upon the different truths connected with this sweet and blessed invitation—the call to *salvation* (Luke xiv. 17), the call to *service* (Mark i. 17), to *discipleship* (Matt. xix. 21), to *glory* (Matt. xxv. 34); but as none of these latter can be responded to, until the first has been accepted, we must linger upon it, breathing out, as it does, the tender, gracious, divine solicitation of His heart who uttered it. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). Again, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink" (John vii. 37); and yet

again, in the last page of divine communication from God to man, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come! and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17).

Once more, then, we utter it, "Let him that is athirst come, and, whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." O'er the distant hills of your guilt and separation from Him—reaching even to the "far country" of sin, and ruin, and want, to which you have wandered—the unlimited offer goes forth. "Come!" guilty one, just as you are; "Come!" weary one, with your heavy burden; "Come!" ruined one, with nothing to pay; "Come!" backslider, with your trembling heart; "Come!" helpless; "Come!" hopeless; yea, "Come!" dying one, unto this gracious Saviour, who offers the water of life freely. God grant that before you lay down this paper you may know the joy of this coming to Christ! If you have known anything of the bitterness and misery, the wretchedness and want, of the prodigal's career (as which of us have not?), God grant you may know now the deep, unspeakable, ineffable joy of the return to the Father (Luke xv. 20); of feeling His "kiss" of reconciliation upon your cheek, receiving His "ring" of eternal union on your hand, and being clothed with His "robe" of perfect and spotless righteousness. Ever within His heart, soon to be for ever within His home, to "Go no more out."

God grant that ere you lay aside this paper the utterance of your heart may be:—

"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!"

Just as I am—and waiting not,  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Just as I am—Thy love I own,  
Has broken every barrier down,  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!" "O."

## As Plain as A B C!

"ALL HAVE SINNED."

Romans iii. 23.

"BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT!"

Numbers xxxii. 23.

"COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOUR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

Matthew xi. 28.

## AN AWFUL DISCOVERY.

SOME time ago, there lived a man in a large town in one of the midland counties of England, a watchmaker by trade, a steady, skilful, sober man, doing well in his business, and respected because of his moral, orderly behaviour; but he was an *infidel*. He considered the Bible to be a book only fit for women and children. He was too wise to be frightened at stories about hell. He was too upright a man, in his own estimation, to need a Saviour. Thus his life passed away, till he reached the period of middle age, when suddenly he was smitten with a stroke of paralysis, which deprived him of power to walk, or to discern persons or things around him, and he was laid upon his bed, uttering one mournful cry—"I'm going—I'm going, I don't know where." For forty-eight hours incessantly, this one dreadful sentence proceeded from his lips—at first with frightful rapidity, so as to scare his friends away from his bedside, but gradually, as his strength declined, the same sad words were uttered in slower tones. Hour after hour, for two nights and days, nothing else was heard in his chamber, till at length the words—"I'm GOING—GOING—I—DON'T—KNOW—W-H-E-R-E," were slowly and with difficulty ejaculated; and with them he breathed his last.

Reader! do you know where you are going? Are you on the way to destruction? or, are you in Christ, and therefore on the way to God? Are you leaving the consideration as to where you are going till you lift up your eyes in hell, and find yourself in hopeless perdition.

I beseech you, stop, and ask yourself—"Where am I going?" If you can say, "To heaven, to glory, and to God"—the Lord be praised! If to ruin and damnation, at once turn to Christ. In His righteous justice God gave Him to suffer death, in order that He may not execute upon the believing sinner the fearful penalty which he deserves. Trust in Him, and your sins shall be blotted out; His love shall melt your stubborn heart, and ere long you shall reach the blessed haven of rest—the mansions of glory which He has gone to prepare for all who believe on Him.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." (Proverbs xiv. 12.) S.

## THE INFIDEL SILENCED.

COLLINS, the infidel, met a countryman with a Bible under his arm. Collins thought he could bother him, so he said, "Is your God a Great God or a Little God?" "Both," said the countryman. "How do you prove that?" said Collins. "Because," said the countryman, "My God is so great that He fills Heaven and Earth, and He is so little that He dwells in my heart."

Dear reader, can you say so too?

## INDECISION.

FRIEND, are you halting at this moment betwixt two opinions? Like the pebble beneath the keel of some mighty ship, keeping it fast upon the stocks when all else seems ready to carry it straight into the deep; there is some secret sin—some loved idol—some "unhappy bias," which will not suffer you to decide now for God. You hear—you approve; but somehow the truths (as one has put it) have no grapple. You say, "I assent—it is so." Why, a devil would say as much. "The devils believe and tremble;" but you are indifferent.

These great truths, thus readily assented to, have been compared to some giant warrior in armour, carried dead into a cemetery, instead of being introduced alive into the field of battle. Because your mind has little to do with it as a *question* (seeing you own it as a settled question intellectually), you somehow conclude that your heart and conscience have little to do with it as an interest, whereas the main gist of the whole matter is, that it is a thing of the most urgent interest. Brother, brother! up from thy dream this moment! "The Master is come, and calleth for thee:" *wilt thou, or wilt thou not come?* Oh, "FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36). "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon" (Isa. lv. 6, 7).

By the Editor of the Christian Ambassador.

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"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us : we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who know no sin ; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."—2 Cor. v. 20, 21.

No. 63.

EDITED BY C. R. H.

MARCH 1875.



THE SIN-OFFERING.

(From the Latter Rain Almanack.)

THE Bible is full of Christ, and we need every part of it to see a *whole Christ*. It is a whole Christ that we need—Christ in His offices, His character, and His person—Christ in the relation in which He stood to God and to man—Christ as going to God for man, and giving to God all that He claimed from man, and then receiving from God all that man needed to make him perfectly happy—Christ

in His humiliation and His exaltation--Christ in the lowest parts of the earth, and Christ raised to the right hand of God, and made higher than the heavens. The Bible is the great glass in which Christ is to be seen in all the various aspects in which God would have us view Him. God's great object in giving us the Bible is to reveal Christ to us—Christ as the Saviour, God's own gift of love; and our object in

reading the Scriptures, should be to find Christ in them. In the types of Exodus we have redemption by Christ Jesus, and in Leviticus we have access to God by Christ Jesus after redemption is known and rejoiced in. Christ is here seen as the Offering, the Offerer, and the Priest. He meets all God's holy claims, and then meets man with *his* deep cravings which nothing on earth can satisfy, and He supplies all his need, takes away all his fear, and fills him with joy and peace.

"The Israelites were in every sense a typical people. Their history, in all its details, was typical, and all their ordinances, in all their details, have a typical meaning, and admit of, nay, require, a spiritual application."

The above picture represents the sinner, under the Levitical economy, approaching the altar with his sin-offering.

"The altar was four-square, and it had four horns. The animals offered in sacrifice were horned animals, and were doubtless bound by their horns to the horns of the altar, and then slain (Psa. cxviii. 27), so that the ground round about the altar would be always red and wet with blood. Life is in the blood; to shed the blood is to sacrifice the life; and the first thing that meets our eye as we enter the gate of the court, and look at the earth on which we are walking, is blood—sacrificed life. To this altar the sinner came, leading his sin-offering. Here he stood before God, and his sins were confessed, and transferred or imputed to the unblemished and innocent animal, which had then to suffer and to die for sin, but not for its own sin. The innocent one died for the guilty one. These sacrifices were typical of Christ's sacrifice. He suffered, the Just for the unjust; on Him our sins were laid; He bore them in His body on the tree. He was made sin, or a sin-offering, for us, and by His stripes we are healed. His blood was shed for the remission of sins, and now it cleanseth us from all sin (1 Pet. iii. 18; Isa. liii. 5, 6; Pet. ii. 24; 2 Cor. v. 21; Matt. xxvii. 28; 1 John i. 7). Christ is our Altar, our Sacrifice, and our Priest. He offered Himself for us. And having met most fully all God's claims, He now meets and supplies all the penitent believing sinner's need. Every saved sinner has come to this spot—has seen Jesus as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world (John i. 29). We have seen Christ as the Redeemer, and as the gate, or way to God, and now we see Him as the Altar, Priest, and Sacrifice. Here we stand with our hand of faith on His head, and we feel that as our *Sin-offering* He has suffered for our sin, and put it away. Our life was forfeited, but Christ who loved us, and gave Himself for us, has sacrificed His own life to save us from eternal death (Eph. v. 25; John x. 11, 15). He has paid our debts and completely exhausted the punishment due to us for our sins. He is our *Burnt-offering* also, and *we are accepted in Him* (Lev. i. 4; Eph. i. 6). God sees us in Jesus, and the measure of His acceptance with God is the exact measure of our acceptance with Him.

He values us according to the value of the offering, which is Christ. If He is pleased with Him, He is pleased with us; if He has nothing against Him, He has nothing against us, for we are in Him—members of His body, and loved as He is loved (John xvii. 23). It is most blessed to meet God here; to see Jesus take what was not His own, but ours, viz., our sins, and then to suffer for them that He might give us what is not ours but His—His righteousness. This He puts upon all them that believe. This is the true wedding-garment in which we must appear before God if we would be accepted of Him."

G. ROGERS.

### THE AWFUL FUTURE

I WAS sent for to visit an old man who was in great dread of sudden death. I found him trembling with fear, and on asking what was the cause of his terror, he replied by saying—"You remember, when you were passing the other day, you spoke to a man who was swearing awfully; and that he cursed you and all such as a methodist lot; and you said—"The Lord have mercy on your soul, for unless you turn to God, you will be taken away in your sins."

I remembered the case, I said.

"Well, Sir," the old man replied, "A day or two after that he was quarrelling with some man, and while the wicked word was upon his tongue, he dropped suddenly dead with a curse upon his lips, and ever since I have a dread upon me that I may be cut off in the same way, and die in my sins."

I replied, "It is a fearful thing to die in sin, and thus to fall into the hands of the Living God (Heb. x. 31), and such an end to such a life is indeed terrible. But what makes you dread to die?" I asked.

"Because, Sir, I am a sinner—nothing but a sinner—a good-for-nothing sinner. All my life, as long as I can remember, I've been a sinner, and something seems to say 'you will soon die;' and I am not fit to die, for if I die as I am I shall go to hell, and I deserve it."

I read the words in Romans v.—"God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet *sinners* Christ died for us." The death of the Lord Jesus was to prove that God does not desire that any soul should be lost, but rather that they all may come to Him and be saved."

He groaned out—"Oh, the *awful future!*" I seem to hear that poor fellow crying out in the fire; it makes me shake.

"Well," I replied, "let this morning lead you at once to the Saviour, who is ready to receive all who come to Him for salvation. God is calling you now by this solemn warning, and by the dread which is upon your soul, and by the Word of His grace.

Come now—this moment; accept the salvation which is waiting for all who come to God as lost and guilty sinners."

"Lost and guilty! Ah, that's *me*," he said—"that's me, sure enough."

"Yes," I replied, "that is *you*, and the love of God flows like a river for the thirsty—come and drink. The Lord Jesus gave His life a ransom for the guilty, and now a free pardon is waiting for all who come to Him."

"But, Sir," he replied, "I be so bad—I've committed so many sins, and so long, that I be fear'd there is no hope for me."

"Well, never mind how bad or how long. Just try, and you will see."

We knelt, and the old man said—"Oh, Lord, I deserve to be cast out into hell; but have mercy upon me, a poor old sinner." This was all he could utter. We were in the right place; we had come to the One who was mighty to save; and He did save, for He put the words of life into his heart, and enabled him to believe, and he was filled with joy, and the awful future was changed into the *glorious future*.

A short time since I saw him, and when speaking of departure from earth, I said—"Are you not afraid to enter the dark valley?"

"Afraid, Sir? Of what should I be afraid?"

"Are you not afraid of the dark?"

"*There is no dark, 'tis all light! I've left the dark when I came to Jesus. 'Tis all light now! 'Tis better and better!*"

"But what about your sins?"

"Sins! they be all *gone*—buried in the *grave of Jesus*—blotted out by the *blood of Jesus*."

"Does your old master come to you?"

"Not often," he said, "not often now. When first I came to Jesus, I was harassed often. He would tell me I was deceived—that he would be sure to have me in hell yet. So I got rid of him by telling him about the blood!" (1 John i. 7-9; Rev. xii.)

I was very interested in this dear old man, who was very quaint in his expressions. So I asked him to tell me how he got rid of his old tormentor, and he replied in the following terms—"You know I was terribly alarmed about the future when you called to see me first, and after I went to Jesus for mercy, which I believed I got; but every day the devil would come round to me, and would tell me I was *too old* a sinner to be saved, and that he would have me—so that he sometimes made me afraid; so I goes to *Jesus straight*, and when I did *that*, the devil would leave me; so I thought the safest way was to *keep close to Jesus*. But one day the enemy was very busy with me, and would not leave me, so I said—'Satan, you *han't* my *master* any *more*; and if you have anything against me, you must go to *Jesus*. He have *undertaken* all my *matters*—I've *nothing more to do with it*. His *blood cleanseth from all sin*,' and so he left me; and if he do ever come inside the door, I says—'The *Blood of Jesus cleanseth me* from

all sin,' and then he is *off*. He can't stand the *blood*, Sir."

He has passed into his rest since then. The last time he was very near home. Some one said—"You are near the *river*, meaning *death*. "*No*," he said, "there is *no river*—Jesus dried it up," meaning the feet of the priest bearing the ark had made a way through Jordan till *all Israel* had passed over. The priest's feet were the *first* in the river and the *last out*, and so he passed over dry-shod, saying—"Jesus! *Blood! Peace! Glory!*"

Beloved reader, what is the future before you? Is it the awful future, or the glorious future—which? Have you come with your sin and confessed it to the Lord, and obtained from Him the cleansing and the new life which is absolutely necessary to the glorified state? (1 John i. 7-9.) Have you believed your condition to be as bad as God has declared it? And have you accepted His righteous verdict upon you as a sinner? (Rom. iii. 19) and have you taken His righteous and complete redemption which is in Christ Jesus? (Rom. iii. 20-24.) And again, have you yielded yourself to Him to be saved and to be kept to glorify Him? If so, happy is your lot, and glorious your expectation, when the Lord shall return to take all His redeemed ones to be for ever with Him.

But if not, the awful future is before you, and you shall not escape if you neglect so great salvation (Heb. ii. 2). Behold, God has set before thee *life and good*—*death and evil* (Deut. xxx. 15).

Life eternal is the gift of God (Rom vi. 23).

This life is in His son (1 John v. 11).

He that believeth on the Son of God *hath* life (1 John v. 12; John vi. 47).

Life is found alone in Jesus—

Only *THERE* 'tis offered thee;

Offered without price or money,

'Tis the gift of God most free.

Take salvation—

Take it *NOW* and happy be.

G. BREALEY.

CLAYHIDEN, February 1875.

## "CUT IT DEEP."

"Cut it deep," said one, as he watched the word ETERNITY being chiselled upon a stone slab. "Cut it deep—very deep, for Eternity is long—very long."

Yes, Reader, Eternity is long—"very long," and the great question for you is—**WHERE WILL YOU spend it?**

"ME."

**A**LREADY the weeks that have passed of this year have borne their last message from God to many people. The last invitation has fallen upon the ear, and the last warning has been given. To how many a soul since this year commenced is the state now unalterably and eternally fixed. Of some it may be said—"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still;" and of others, "He that is holy, let him be holy still." To them time is no longer reckoned by days and years; they are in eternity now.

During the early days of January, I was preaching the Gospel in a school-room of a village in Sussex. An old man, over sixty-five years of age, was present with his wife. He had been in the habit of attending the services for some months past, with evident growing interest in the things of which he heard. The text was—"Look unto Me, and ye saved" (Isaiah xlv. 22). I told the people that the One who bade them look to Him for salvation was One who loved them, and therefore desired them to be saved, for it gave Him no pleasure that they should reject His great salvation, and die, and be lost. And that the salvation was already completed, Christ had said concerning it—"It is finished;" so that none need hesitate or delay to look to Him for it, but that if they did put it off, it was at the eternal peril of their souls. Who could tell but that this should be the last time the Lord would speak to them of His grace? I sought also to impress on them that it must be a personal and individual matter for each one. Salvation concerned each one individually, and so, too, we must know that Jesus loved each one of us personally, and personally addresses us. To illustrate this, I told them of my little boy, not quite two years old, who when asked—"Who does father love?" answers, without hesitation, "Me." He does not give a long list of people, or go round about to reason on the subject, but with perfect confidence asserts an indisputable fact. Oh! how much that one little word of two letters means! I begged that men and women present would be so assured of the love of Christ to them since He had proved it by laying down His life for our sakes.

At the close of the meeting we sang the hymn—

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven  
Tells of His love in the Book He has given;  
Wonderful things in the Bible I see,  
But this is the dearest that Jesus loves me,  
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,  
Jesus loves me, even me."

As the old man walked home from the school-room he repeated several times to his wife—"Jesus loves me—Jesus loves me," together with other passages that had been fastened by the Spirit of God on his mind. After supper, as their custom was, he assisted his wife in laying the fire ready for lighting it in the morning. As he laid the wood and paper and coal, little did he think that before the sun should rise, he

would be beyond the need of such. He went to bed cheerful and happy in his usual health, and on awaking at four o'clock in the morning, he kissed his wife, and said, "Jesus loves me," and turned over again to sleep—to sleep, we may well trust, in Jesus, for he never opened his eyes again upon this world. When his wife awoke at half-past seven, she found her husband dead at her side, though still warm. Calmly and peacefully his spirit had taken its flight, and he had gone to enjoy unhindered that love in which he had so lately put his trust.

Oh! that people would not be satisfied with merely knowing about a general and impersonal love. We ought not to rest until we are each one assured for our own selves of this wondrous truth, "Jesus loves me." Know it now, by believing that for your sake He died upon the cross; and then, whether in life or death, your mind shall be at rest and filled with joy, saying, "Jesus loves me."

H. W. T.

January 1875.

### HOW MEN ARE SAVED.

It is an instinct of our fallen nature to make every effort to deliver ourselves, but it is the teaching of grace that we should cease from our own work, and yield ourselves to be saved and delivered by Him whom the Lord has sent for this especial purpose. This is the first lesson every true child of God is taught. He knows it from the Word, and from his own experience, that all his efforts to save himself from the punishment of sin are utterly futile. He was saved only when he looked at the finished work of Christ; when he gave up struggling and labouring, and surrendered himself as a helpless sinner, then he was saved by the Lord himself.—*W. Haslam.*

*By the Editor of the Christian Ambassador.*

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## CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."—2 Cor. v. 20, 21.

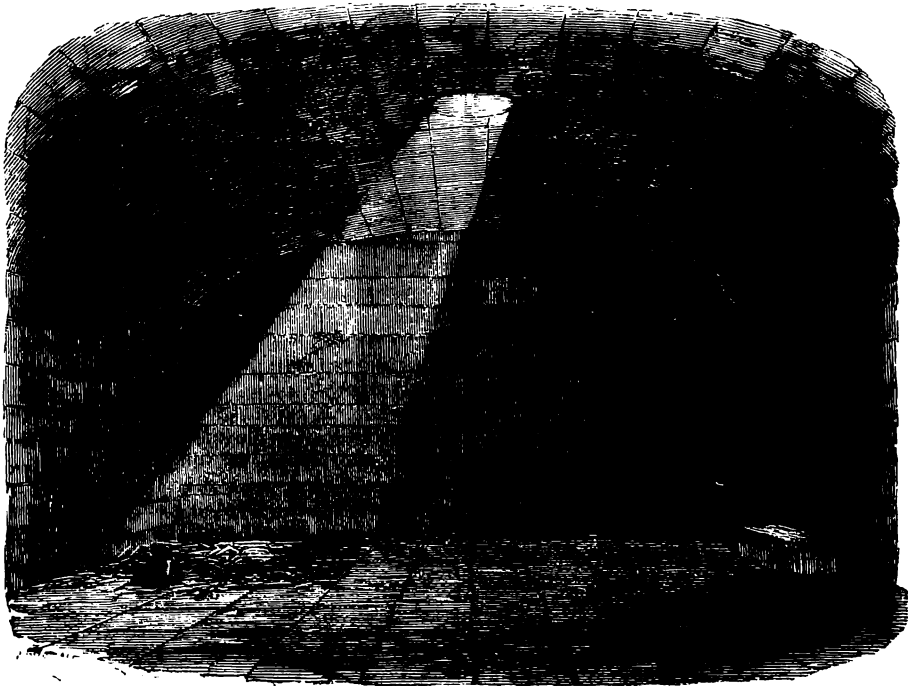
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EDITED BY C. R. H.

APRIL 1875.

## THE MAMMERTINE PRISON IN ROME.

In a recent number we gave an illustration of Paul and Silas in the prison at Philippi. When we were in Rome, not long ago, we were intensely interested in a visit to the Mammer-



time prison, in which St. Paul is said, with great probability, to have been confined previous to his martyrdom, when he was brought before the cruel Emperor Nero, the second time. It is considerably below ground; a cold and damp dungeon formed of immense blocks of stone, through the roof of which only a ray of light entered, as shown in the above picture. A Roman Catholic church has been built over the prison. None of the sufferings of this beloved apostle, however, moved him, though at his first answer before Nero no man stood by him, but all men forsook him; nevertheless the Lord stood by him, and strengthened him; that by him the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear

the Gospel. Ye even from his prison he could contemplate his expected martyrdom, and speak of it in words such as these: "Watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do

the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry. For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing" (2 Timothy iv. 5-8). Ere we left that prison, on the occasion of our visit, we were glad to be able to place in it copies of the Gospel which Paul loved to preach, and for which he suffered—as found in his Epistle to the Romans, and the Gospel according to St. John.

C. R. H.

## ALMOST PERSUADED.

READER, art thou almost persuaded to be a Christian? Then consider the solemn fate of King Agrippa. (Acts xxvi.)

Everything that the natural heart could covet or desire had he got, wealth, ease, luxury, position, and the power that would gratify the loftiest ambition, for his cup of earthly pleasure was filled even to the brim, and to all this was added the regal splendour and majesty of a throne.

But mark the striking contrast here presented. There sat the king, in all the pride of life, surrounded by those who were ready to gratify his smallest whim, and with every thing at his command, but withal a sin-stained, lost, and ruined man, a captive in the chains of Satan; and there stood Paul, brought, 'tis true, from his lonely cell to receive sentence from the lips of such an one, with nothing but his chain, as far as this world was concerned, the prisoner of man, but also of Jesus Christ, for whose sake he had suffered the loss of all things, and did count them but dung and dross that he might win Christ and be found in Him. Yes, what were all the pomp and glitter of that eastern court to that faithful servant of God, or in comparison to the One that filled his heart? It was as nothing to him, yea, less than nothing, for the Christ of God was his, and he was Christ's, and Christ is God's. It was indeed a contrast, and brings to mind those ever memorable words of the blessed Lord Jesus, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

And what a sermon! Is it of Jesus that Paul speaks, the lowly Jesus, the despised and rejected Jesus, "the man Christ Jesus, who gave Himself a ransom for all," the sinner's perfect substitute, Son of Man, but also Son of God, blessed for evermore! Such was the person that Paul, the prisoner, presented for the king's acceptance, and His precious death, His glorious resurrection and ascension, these were the mighty themes on which the apostle discoursed with all the solemn earnestness and deep reality which such wondrous truths must of necessity call forth.

It was really just what suited Agrippa's case, for, one by one, in all their telling force and power, he spoke of deliverance from the power of sin, of Satan, and the world, the bringing of souls from darkness into light, forgiveness of sins through a Saviour's precious blood, and a glorious inheritance among them that are sanctified. And what effect did it produce upon Agrippa's sin-stained heart? Was it God's glad tidings to him, and did his soul bow down before the divine reality and glorious magnificence of sovereign

grace and the precious truth of an accomplished salvation, or did he despise the offered mercy, and thus incur the so much sorer punishment by treading under foot the Son of God, and counting the blood of the covenant an unholy thing? Alas, alas! the golden opportunity had fled, he listened to the subtle voice of the tempter, and, though conscious of the solemn truth of all that Paul had brought before him, it did not touch that cold, hard heart, except to make it tremble, for the love of the world was still there, his lusts and passions still there, and Satan's hand was binding him by a stronger chain than ever to those chariot wheels which would surely carry him down the "broad road that leadeth to destruction."

He had seen, as it were, all the glories of heaven unfolded before him; he had reached the very threshold, and gazed in upon that countless ransomed host; his ears had listened to the music of those golden harps, and caught the echo of that glorious, never-ending song, but he was only *almost persuaded* to be a Christian, and so the tempter triumphed, and while the publicans and harlots were entering that scene of light, and life, and rest by their thousands, the awful darkness of eternal woe was fast closing in upon his own soul.

What a terrible picture! Can you bear the thought of it, beloved reader? How is it with you? Can you any longer barter your soul's salvation for the paltry pleasures of this world, or remain another instant only "*almost persuaded*" to decide for Christ? How much longer will you halt between two opinions? If the Lord Jesus has for ever "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," and if His precious blood be your only hope, as it must be, why not rest satisfied with what has satisfied God, and believe the record of His own word, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God has raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." The words of Israel's God remain unaltered to this day in all their living force and power. "When I see the blood I will pass over you, and the blood shall be to you for a token." That precious blood (without shedding of which there was no remission) has indeed been shed, and God has set forth His own Christ "as a propitiation (or mercy-seat) through faith in His blood," and, in virtue of this, there is full forgiveness of sins for every one that believeth.

What then are you waiting for? "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation."

Is it not enough for you that the Son of God has died to set you free, and that through His cross He has for ever removed out of the way everything that was against you, and contrary to you? Cannot you trust the One whose love was stronger than death, over whose soul in that dark and solemn hour rolled all the waves and billows of divine judgment, and who, in order to pluck you "as a brand out of the fire," endured what you can never know or fathom, the terrible realities of that moment when even *He* had

to say, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

But He who thus went down in death itself was there for you, and, blessed be God, Satan's power was then crushed for ever, as it is written "that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the Devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." His own words now are, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, amen, and have the keys of hell and death!" "When He had by Himself purged our sins (and not till then) He sat down on the right hand of the majesty on high," and this was the divine proof that the work was completely done, that He had made a full end of sin, and in His own royal person not only met, but satisfied all and every righteous claim that God could have against the sinner.

Yes, thank God, it is indeed a finished work! the cup of wrath has been drunk to the very dregs, that you might have another cup, one, truly, that you did not deserve, but one that His own matchless grace now freely offers you, even an overflowing cup that He now bids you drink, and in this cup are pardon full and free, mercy rich and boundless, forgiveness of sins, peace, justification, redemption, and eternal life, a sevenfold draught of heavenly blessing, and all yours through simple faith in Him.

'Tis boundless love indeed! Are you satisfied with it, or only "*almost persuaded*" to drink of it? He Himself beseeches you to drink of that life-giving stream, and, as surely as you do, so surely will you find His blessed words are true. "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." No longer then will you be only "*almost persuaded to be a Christian*," but, having the Christ of God as your everlasting portion, you will be able to enter into the full meaning of Paul's answer to Agrippa, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds." S. T.

"Almost persuaded," now to believe:  
 "Almost persuaded" Christ to receive;  
 Seems now some soul to say,  
 "Go, Spirit, go Thy way,  
 Some more convenient day  
 On Thee I'll call."

"Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;  
 "Almost persuaded," turn not away;  
 Jesus invites you here,  
 Angels are lingering near,  
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear:  
 O wanderer, come!

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

## A CHILD'S FAITH.



LITTLE girl, six years old, was being taught that beautiful hymn—

"If I come to Jesus,  
 He will make me glad," &c.

Presently she came to the verse—

"If I come to Jesus  
 He will hear my prayer,  
 He will love me dearly,  
 He my sins did bear."

But the lady who was teaching her made a mistake in the last line. Instead of saying, "He my sins *did* bear," she told her, "He my sins *will* bear."

"No," said the little one, "it cannot be *will* bear, when He has done it. Jesus did bear my sins, did He not, dear auntie? It *cannot be 'will bear.'*"

Dear reader, this little child was right; and her answer reminds me of our Lord's words—"Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes." That child did not reason as so many anxious souls do, "I don't *feel* that Jesus bore *my* sins, so I fear it can't be so." No; she just took God at His word; she believed Jesus bore her sins, because it is written, "Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But 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. 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 liii. 4, 5, 6). And again, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter ii. 24).

Is your faith like that dear child's? for it is also written, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

S. E. W.



## THREE SOLEMN WORDS.

FRIEND—Will you seriously ponder on the following words?—

A SOUL,  
 A SAVIOUR,  
 THE JUDGMENT.

Your present and eternal well-being depend on how you act in view of these all-important matters!



THE NOBLEMAN AND THE JESTER.

**A** CERTAIN lord kept a fool or jester in his house, as great men did in olden times for their amusement, to whom this lord gave a staff, and charged him to keep it until he met with a greater fool than himself, and if he met with such an one to deliver it over to him. Not many years after the lord fell sick. His fool came to see him, and was told of his master's illness. "And whither wilt thou go?" asked the fool. "On a long journey," said the lord. "And when wilt thou come again, within a month?" "No." "Within a year?" "No." "What then—never?" "Never." "And what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment whither thou goest?" "None at all." "Art thou going away for ever," said the fool, "and hast made no provision for thy departure? Here, take my staff, for I am not guilty of any such folly as that."

Reader, are you like the nobleman—starting on the last long journey into eternity, and not to be taking provision for it. He was going never to return, and yet had no bread of life for his hungry soul—no water of life for his thirsty soul—no wedding robe for his naked soul—no enduring riches for his poverty-stricken soul—no cleansing blood for his guilt-defiled soul. Soon you also must enter the eternal world through the door of death. As the door closes on earth will the bright door of heaven open to admit you into its glory? Or will the dark door of hell open to admit you into its misery? You are nearing the one or the other every day—every hour—every minute. WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

### SIN'S WAGES.

THE wages that sin promises to the sinner are life, pleasure, and profit; but the wages it pays him are death, torment, and destruction. He that would understand the falsehood and deceit of sin must compare its promises and payments together.—*South.*

### LIFE ETERNAL.

**R**EADER! Our mission is to make known the love of God to guilty man, for God sees men lost, ruined by Sin and Satan.

Christ Jesus came "to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10).

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John iii. 16).

But PERISH you must if you reject the gift of God "which is Eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Do you ask, "What must I do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 30, 31).

"This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent" (John vi. 29).

"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not, but as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name" (John i. 11, 12).

"He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John iii. 18).

"Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" (John ix. 35).

Remember "He that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 16).

"Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man (the risen Jesus) 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."

"Beware, therefore, lest that come upon you which was spoken of by the prophets."

"Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish" (Acts xiii. 38, 41).

Before it is too late we warn you solemnly, and beseech you to "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

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THE  
CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."—2 Cor. v. 20, 21.

No. 65.

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MAY 1875.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA; OR, "GIVE ME TO DRINK."

'Twas the hottest time of day, as the weary travellers sat down upon Sychar's well alone. ("His disciples were gone away unto the city to buy meat.")

ALONE, did we say? Yes; but not for long, for need has sent the thirsty one to Jacob's well. She sees Him. She sees the stranger—the Jew, but, intent upon her mission, proceeds to draw from its dopshts the cold refreshing water; for, to herself, she says, "He won't speak to me, a daughter of Samaria."

Thou art mistaken, woman, He will.

Though man, He's



God. A stranger to you, you are not such to Him.

Hush! He speaks— "Give me to drink."

She wonders, as well she may, that He did not keep His distance, as a Jew, and replies—

"How is it that thou askedst drink of me?"

"Didst thou but know the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee— 'Give me to drink,' thou wouldst ask & shouldst receive living water," is the reply.

Charmed with His person—absorbed with His wondrous words—called to review the black forgotten past—a asking and answer-

ing questions, she forgets reserve and distinction— forgets the object of her visit—awakes as from a dream to the realities of eternity—feels her need; the giver now becomes the receiver—the thirsty one drinks—the sinner is pardoned.

Reader, perhaps you are saying—“I’m a great sinner—the spotless One won’t receive me.” ’Twas her very place and character of a *sinner* which threw her in His way. It is only the *sinner* that lies in the Saviour’s path. “But how may I be saved? How shall I approach?” Dear reader, you can’t come to Him; He comes to you. He has sought for many a day the needy one. He stoops so low, He even asks for a favour at our hand, that we may take a favour from His. He will drink out of our pitcher to encourage us to drink out of His fountain. Thirsty one, drawing day after day from the unsatisfying wells which men have dug in the vain hope of supplying the cravings of that joyless heart, there is a smitten rock from whence proceeds the living, satisfying water. Drink of this, and ye shall never thirst again. Do nothing. Cast away thy pitcher. Listen to His voice. Take now, whilst you read, the goblet from His pierced hand, drink, and live. Refuse, and like the lost one, you shall cry in vain for one drop to cool thy parched tongue—spending eternity crying in vain for Water! Water!

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### ON SIN AND SINNERS.

WRITTEN IN 1661.

**S**IN is the fruitful mother of miseries, full of deadly plagues and curses. ’Tis the poison of the soul, and the rack of conscience. Its preface is pleasure; its final is punishment. Its beginning is contentment; its end is death. Sin blots out beauty, amiability, peace, poisons the lower springs of earthly enjoyment, and impregnates them with every bitter and gall. It is a tree that bears no other fruit than shame, sorrow, wrath, death. In the crystal glass of God’s Word, behold the ugly face of Sin, and the fearful judgment, dreadful vengeance that follows. Were not our hearts hard as the nether mill-stone, they would relent, mourn, forsake, yea, loathe all sin, when we look at the bloody sufferings of Jesus Christ.

The devil, like a cunning, cruel master, at first uses his servants with seeming kindness, and bids them welcome; he will not cross, displease, or deny them anything, but when he has got them in his service, then the condition of an Israelite in Egypt, or a Galley slave in Turkey, or a Christian in the Inquisition, is infinitely more desirable and comfortable than theirs.

For our groans are the Devil’s music; our sins, his banquet; our sufferings, his solace; our torments, his pleasure; our sorrows, his joy; our evils, his satisfaction; our ruin, his triumph.

It is a dear bargain, when men purchase a few empty transient delights, with endless, infinite pain; and sell Heaven and their Souls, to buy Hell.

### REST FOR THE WEARY;

OR,

### A FREE AND FULL SALVATION.

**A** STONISHING grace shines in the invitation uttered by the Saviour, as recorded in Matt. xi. 28—“Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Let us meditate on its deep significance. And first as to

#### ITS FREENESS.

How vast, how wide the invitation: “Come—ALL ye that labour and are heavy laden!” How unconditional the promise: “I will give you rest.” Reader, are you consciously one of the weary ones of this wide groaning earth? Are you consciously heavy laden with the burden of sin and suffering, and, having tried the world and its varied resources, have you turned, unrelieved, unsatisfied from it all? Here is an offer of rest and peace, from the lips of One who alone can say, “Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.”

Or, it may be, having spent the past, the best years of your life, your time, your talents, your self, in the service of sin and of Satan, you now think some preparation is needed ere you can accept this “great salvation;” that when you have turned over a new leaf, begun to read your Bible more, or to pray, or to give alms, that then you may think of coming to God, and hope to be accepted! But not so: God makes no bargains with guilty sinners, He asks no preparation from them, for He knows how utterly unable they are, *of themselves*, to make themselves fit for His presence. His grace is like His sunlight; we cannot buy it, we do not merit it, but we may receive it, and bask our souls in the conscious enjoyment of it. But until we have accepted salvation from Him, and know the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour, He counts our best works but as “splendid sins;” all our “righteousness” but as “filthy rags.”

Thus He offers salvation freely now to guilty sinners, on the ground of the atoning work of His Son. He gives a world-wide invitation; it is “unto all;” but it is only “upon all them that believe;” that simply take God at His word when He says, “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life” (John iii. 14, 15). “The gift of God is eternal life,” without money and without price, requiring no fitness, no preparation, but an empty heart to trust His love, and an empty hand to take His gift!

He makes no hard conditions,  
’Tis only “take and live.”

What wondrous grace! How vast, how full, how free! The heart bows down in the contemplation of it, and yet ever fails to prove its full “breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge!”

## ITS FULNESS.

But if we have barely touched on its *freeness* to "all," and to "whomsoever," what can we say of its *fulness*, of what those receive who accept this loving call, "Come!" It is life! Eternal life! Life in the risen Son of God. The one who "Himself bare our sins in His own body on the tree," and "once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." It is life for the *soul*! Oh! do you know how to value this? You know how to prize the return of health to yourself or some loved one, after an illness in which life was despaired of; and precious doubtless it is. Yet that is but life temporal of the body, and what compared to that of the *soul*? Eternal, never-ending existence which must be spent either in endless joy or endless woe; endless delight or endless despair; endless light and love in the presence of God, or in "blackness of darkness for ever!" Which will it be? The choice now rests with you. The decision now lies in your own hands. The worldwide invitation now is "Come!" Come, lost and ruined sinner, and on the ground of Christ's finished work of atonement, receive from the hand of God eternal salvation—everlasting life!

"Come!" 'Tis Jesus gently calling,  
Ye with care and toil oppress,  
With your guilt, how'er appalling,  
"Come! and I will give you rest."

For your sins He "once has suffered,"  
On the cross the work was done;  
And the word by God now uttered  
To each weary soul is "Come!"

But, though this is the invitation of His grace now, a day is fast approaching of which I must warn you, when, if this offer of salvation through Christ has not been accepted, the same lips which uttered the gracious invitation will pronounce the solemn dismissal, "Because when I called ye refused; I stretched forth my hand and no man regarded, I will also laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh" (Prov. i. 26). "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life." "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels" (Matt. xxv. 41).

But not yet, not now, not while this day of God's grace is running on, and His "glad tidings" are sounding forth, are these terrible words uttered in any, even the vilest sinner's ears. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." And now God's word is "Come!" and take the water of life freely."

"FREELY, FREELY, FREELY."

"TELL them," said a young man who was dying in the workhouse infirmary, as his thin bony finger rested for a few moments on the 6th verse of Rev. xxi., "tell them when you speak to sinners that it is *freely*—FREELY—FREELY. It is the message of God from the death-bed of one who, though a great sinner himself, had proved the truth of it." Yes, reader, on the authority of the word of the living God, who "is not a man that He should lie," we say you

can "take the water of life freely." These are His words, "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17). Comethen, "without money and without price." Just as you are, in all your sin, "Come!" Fear no repulse, for the same One, who bids you come, also promises, "*Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.*" Oh, how wondrously blessed is it to find God Himself pressing it upon sinners; for "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them;" and now "we are ambassadors for Christ, as though GOD DID BESEECH YOU BY US; we pray you in Christ's stead *be ye reconciled to God.* For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him" (2 Cor. v. 20, 21).

Jesus the water of life will give  
Freely, freely, freely;  
Jesus the water of life will give  
Freely to those who love him;  
Come to that fountain; oh, drink and live!  
Freely, freely, freely;  
Come to that fountain; oh, drink and live!  
Flowing for those that trust Him.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;  
Freely, freely, freely,  
And he that is thirsty, let him come,  
And drink of the water of life.  
The Fountain of life is flowing,  
Flowing, freely flowing;  
The Fountain of life is flowing,  
Is flowing for you and for me.

Jesus has promised a home in heaven,  
Freely, freely, freely;  
Jesus has promised a home in heaven  
Freely to those who love Him;  
Treasures unfading will there be given  
Freely, freely, freely;  
Treasures unfading will there be given  
Freely to those that love Him.

Jesus has promised a robe of white,  
Freely, freely, freely;  
Jesus has promised a robe of white,  
Freely to those that love Him;  
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,  
Freely, freely, freely,  
Kingdoms of glory, and crowns of light,  
Freely to those that love Him.

Jesus has promised a calm repose,  
Freely, freely, freely;  
Jesus has promised a calm repose,  
Freely to all that love Him;  
Come to the water of life that flows,  
Freely, freely, freely;  
Come to the water of life that flows,  
Freely to all that love Him.

## THE DOOR BARRED.

"Behold! I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. iii. 20.

**A** WOMAN in Glasgow got into difficulties. Her rent was due, but she had no money for the landlord, and she knew very well that he would turn her out if she did not satisfy his claim. In despair, she knew not what to do. A Christian man heard of her distress, and came to her door with money to help her. He knocked, but, although he thought he could hear some one inside, yet the door was not opened. He knocked again, but still there was no response. The third time he knocked, but that door still remained locked and barred against him!

Some time after he met this woman in the streets, and told her how he had gone to her house to pay her rent, but could not get in. "Oh, Sir!" she exclaimed, "was that you? Why, I thought it was the landlord, and I was afraid to open the door!"

Dear friends! Christ is knocking at the door of your heart. He has knocked many times already, and now He knocks again by this message. He is your best Friend, although, like that woman, perhaps, you think He comes with the stern voice of justice to demand from you the payment of your great sin-debt. If so, you are sadly mistaken. He comes, not to demand, but to give! "The gift of God is eternal life." He knows you can never pay the great debt you owe to God. He knows that, if that debt is not paid for you, you are for ever lost! He loves you, though He hates your sins; and, in order that you might be saved, He laid down His life a sacrifice for the guilty. And, now, He comes! bringing the gift of salvation to the door of your hearts. *Will you receive the gift?*  
D. L. MOODY.

## THE GREATEST WEALTH.

A NOBLEMAN who knew not Christ took a visitor on to the roof of his mansion. Pointing to one part of his vast domains, he said, "All this is mine;" pointing in another direction, he said, "All this is mine," and so forth. The visitor, wanting to put in a word for Jesus, said, "Do you see yonder cottage with the smoke curling out of the chimney?" "I do," said the nobleman. "Well," said the visitor, "in that cottage there is a *poor bedridden old woman* who is *richer than you are.*" "How can that be?" said the nobleman. "Because," said the visitor, she can say "*Christ is mine.*" Dear reader, can you say so too?

## REST—HOME—JOY.

There is *rest* for the soul that on Jesus relies,  
There's a *home* for the homeless, prepared in the skies;  
There's a *joy* in believing, a hope and a stay,  
Which the world cannot give, nor the world take away.

"Ye shall find rest unto your souls."—  
Matt. xi. 29.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—  
John xiv. 2.

"Your joy no man taketh from you."—  
John xvi. 22

THE PRAYER OF KING EDWARD VI.  
BEFORE HIS DEATH, A.D. 1553.

**L**ORD GOD, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and take me among Thy chosen; howbeit, not my will but Thine be done. Lord, I commit my spirit to Thee. O Lord, Thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with Thee; yet for Thy chosen' sake send me life and health, that I may truly serve Thee.

"O my Lord God, bless Thy people and save Thine inheritance. O Lord God, save Thy chosen people of England. O my Lord God, defend this Realm from PAPISTRY, and maintain Thy TRUE RELIGION, that I and my People may praise Thy holy Name, for Thy Son Jesus Christ's sake.—AMEN."

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# THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."—2 Cor. v. 20, 21.

No. 66.

EDITED BY C. R. H.

JUNE 1875.



LYDIA, THE PURPLE SELLER.

## LYDIA, THE PURPLE SELLER,

OR,  
THE OPENED HEART.

"And on the sabbath we went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made; and we sat down, and spake unto the women which resorted thither. And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, heard us: whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul. And when she was baptized, and her household, she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house, and abide there. And she constrained us."—Acts xvi. 13-15.

DEEPLY interesting must have been those prayer meetings, by the river-side, on the Sabbath day, here alluded to. Special interest was manifested therein by the fact that the Apostle attended and preached the Gospel to the company assembled.

Drawn to those parts for the purposes of trade, as a seller of purple from the city of Thyatira, Lydia, a God-fearing woman, attended the meeting, and rejoiced to hear the glad tidings of salvation. She did not, like multitudes in the present day, close her ears to the good news; but yielded her heart to the gracious operation of the Holy Spirit, who convinces of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; and she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul, that is, she *believed* the Gospel he preached, and, as a result, proved her faith by immediate obedience and subsequent good works, thus giving the clearest evidence of genuine conversion to God.

So let every unconverted reader come in all need to Jesus, and obtain the salvation which Christ freely gives, and then walk in the path of obedience to His will, and abound in good works, not *for*, but *from* salvation.

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works" (Titus ii. 11-14).

"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. For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them" (Eph. ii. 8-10).

## PAUL AND AGRIPPA;

OR,  
ALMOST PERSUADED.

HERE are, we doubt not, moments of deeply solemn and special importance in the history of every child of Adam, when the voice of God is distinctly heard speaking to the soul, and when the conscience, suddenly aroused to a sense of guilt, becomes troubled and anxious in the prospect of a never-ending eternity. The absolute uncertainty of life, and the equally sure and terrible certainty of death, also force themselves at such seasons upon the mind, filling it with darkness and fear, and the dread reality of a day of judgment, when the secrets of all human hearts shall be manifested in the searching light of "that great white throne," and in His holy presence, before "whose face the earth and the heaven will flee away, and there be found no place for them" (Rev. xx. 11).

It is because we feel persuaded that you, dear reader, have doubtless had such thoughts at times, but let them slip, that we are anxious to address a friendly, and yet most solemn word of warning to you, ere this, the day of God's sovereign grace and mercy, closes, and the master of the house rises up and shuts to the door. You know, if you have read your Bible, that *then* it will be *too late* to think seriously of these things, and that *then* He who now is longing to save your precious soul will only "laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." And why? His own words will then be, "Because I have called, and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded. . . . Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but shall not find me."

What solemn words are these! and, as we think of them, we are compelled to be plain and honest with you, and to ask every reader of this paper the self-same question that Adam had to answer, when hiding from the presence of the Lord amongst the trees of the garden, "*Where art thou?*"

Is it not true that over and over again you have been convicted of sin by the still small voice of conscience, but you have passed it by as of no moment, and you are still unconverted, unsaved, Christless, "having no hope, and without God, in the world." God Himself has often spoken to you, it may be by the terrors of hell and a coming judgment, it may be through the multitude of your sins, or perchance by the solemn admonitions and warnings of His Word, revealing to your heart the hollowness and vanity of this present evil world, and pointing you, as He ever does, to the cross of His own beloved Son, where "He, who knew no sin, was made sin for us."

Or, peradventure, He may have laid His hand upon you in sickness, bringing you down to the very gates of death, and the borders of the grave; yet, though He has chosen some, or all of these means of drawing your soul to Himself, you have up to this moment

ill refused His grace, despised His love, rejected is Christ, and resolved to have the world as your portion here, and the flames of hell as your portion hereafter.

But let us pause a minute, for this, perhaps, may be exactly your present condition. You may be what men would call a very religious person, or your language like that of King Agrippa, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!" As a child you remember that you attended a Sunday-school, but now you, who were once a scholar, have become a teacher. You were always outwardly moral and upright in your conduct, but latterly you have felt that you ought to be more religious, so you now pray night and morning, read your Bible regularly, attend some place of worship as often as you can, have been baptized, and, it may be, admitted as a communicant to the Lord's Supper; all these things were necessary to keep up appearances, and to maintain our character before men, for you wanted people to think you a Christian, and you were "almost persuaded" to be one.

This has answered all very well for a time, but, let us ask you, what will its value be when the solemn summons is heard coming straight from eternity, "Thou fool! *this night* thy soul shall be required of thee!" You don't like to think of this, for it makes you feel uneasy, restless, and disquieted, because in our heart you really know that your sins are not yet forgiven, you have no peace with God, the load of guilt is still unremoved; and why? Because you have not yet simply come to Jesus, you are not quite satisfied with Christ, you are only "almost," instead of quite, persuaded that His most precious blood has made a full atonement for your sins, and that upon the ground of that finished work He has for ever made peace with God. The world and its attractions, in and its pleasures, Satan and his wiles, are all too much for you, and, like Felix, you have resolved at some "convenient season" to give your heart to Christ.

Is it so with you, dear reader? Well, God tells us that "there is but one step betwixt you and death," and after death the judgment. The Lord Himself grant that you may be warned in time by the solemn fate of King Agrippa. *Road Acts xxvi.*

### CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."—*PHIL. II. 8.*

O SAVIOUR! I have nought to plead  
In earth beneath, or heaven above,  
But just my own exceeding need,  
And Thy exceeding love.  
That need will soon be past and gone,  
Exceeding great—but quickly o'er;  
The love unbought is all Thine own  
And lasts for evermore!

### THE SPIDER'S WEB.

SEE the spider's web, and behold in it a most suggestive picture of the hypocrite's religion. *It is meant to catch its prey.* The spider fattens himself on flies, and the Pharisee has his reward. Foolish persons are easily entrapped by the loud professions of pretenders, and even the more judicious cannot always escape. Philip baptized Simon Magus, whose guileful declaration of faith was so soon exploded by the stern rebuke of Peter. Custom, reputation, praise, advancement, and other flies, are the small game which hypocrites take in their nets. A spider's web is a *marvel of skill.* Look at it, and admire the cunning hunter's wiles. Is not a deceiver's religion equally wonderful? How does he make so barefaced a lie appear to be truth? How can he make his tinsel answer so well the purpose of gold? A spider's web comes all from the creature's own bowels. The bee gathers her wax from flowers; the spider sucks no flowers, and yet she spins out her material to any length. Even so hypocrites find their trust and hope within themselves; their anchor was forged on their own anvil, and their cable twisted by their own hands. They lay their own foundation, and hew out the pillars of their own house, disdain to be debtors to the sovereign grace of God. But a spider's web is *very frail.* It is curiously wrought, but not enduringly manufactured. It is no match for the servant's broom or the traveller's staff. The hypocrite needs no battery of Armstrongs to blow his hopes to pieces, a mere puff of wind will do it. Hypocritical cobwebs will soon come down when the besom of destruction begins its purifying work. Which reminds us of one more thought, viz., that such cobwebs are *not to be endured in the Lord's House:* He will see to it that they and those who spin them shall be destroyed for ever. O my soul, be thou resting in something better than a spider's web. Be the Lord Jesus thine eternal hiding-place.

C. H. SPURGEON.

### "THIS MAN RECEIVETH SINNERS."

SELF—But my heart is so hard and deceitful.  
JESUS—Ye must be born again.  
SELF—But I am such a great sinner.  
PAUL—Christ died for the ungodly.  
SELF—But I am so desperately wicked.  
PAUL—While we were sinners, Christ died for us.  
SELF—I am tired of trying to be better.  
JESUS—Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.  
SELF—But I have not repented enough.  
PAUL—Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.  
SELF—But will Christ receive me?  
JESUS—Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.



THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

“**A**ND he (Jesus) said, A certain man had two sons : and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land ; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country ; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat ; and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger. I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son : make me as one of thy hired servants. And he rose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him ; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it ; and let us eat, and be merry : for this my son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry (Luke xv. 11-24).

## THE ONLY PLEA; OR, TAKING GOD AT HIS WORD.

**I** HEARD once of a servant who was very anxious about her soul. She came to her minister in such anguish of mind, that for a long time nothing he could say gave her comfort. At last he said, “Go into that room alone, and pray every verse of this on your knees,” at the same time giving her a leaflet containing that beautiful hymn, of which the first verse is—

“Just as I am! without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—  
O Lamb of God, I come.”

The woman did kneel down and pray these words *from her heart*. At first her agony of mind seemed to increase, but before she came to the last verse she was at peace. She was enabled to see that she *had* truly come to the Lord Jesus, and that He *had* saved her. Now she was happy, because she had taken God at His word.

May God open the eyes of every anxious soul who reads these pages. Cease looking at self; you and I are very *real* sinners (however sinful we may feel, it cannot be so bad as the reality). But Jesus is a very real Saviour. May the Holy Spirit enable you now to believe on Him, to come to Him for pardon and life; and then you, too, will be able to say, with that little girl, “Jesus did bear *my* sins.” “He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*.” S. E. W.

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THE  
CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

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JULY 1875.



THE SAILORS AND THE SAMPHIRE; or, HOPE FOR THE DESPAIRING.

"And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest."—(Isa. xxxii. 2),

**D**RIVEN at the mercy of the waves, borne onward in its fury, the gallant ship with its human freight, was dashed upon the rugged rock. Struggling for dear life, three sailors and a boy succeeded in swimming to, and climbing upon a ledge thereof. Although its iron teeth had shattered the craft that in time past so safely bore them, yet there was an element of mercy, for, secure upon its

firm base it offered a refuge for the drowning, a covert from the storm.

But still the tide kept rising, the water was now up to their knees, and with fearful forebodings of a temporary respite, followed by a watery grave, they clung to the rock in mute despair.

"The Samphire! the Samphire!! we're saved, we're saved!" was the cry suddenly raised by one

of the despairing ones, as he discovered that little plant which only grows above the tide-mark. The waters would abate before reaching the Samphire, and all they had to do was to stand firm on the rock.

Shipwrecked mariners over life's tempestuous sea, we point you to the Rock of Ages; upon its heights the everlasting Samphire blooms. Not all the storms and billows of the past ever reached that point of security, nor shall they submerge the countless throng of those who, gathered there, lift up their voice above the noise of the angry sea.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

To-day we raise the cry—"We've found a place of refuge. Come, trust yourself upon this rock." Thousands in times past have stood safely here, till the Lifeboat has borne them away to the haven of rest; and to-day a countless multitude of living witnesses, as with one voice, say—Come—venture—trust.

To-day the light is reflected on the billows to guide the storm-tossed sailor to the shelter. Direct the helm of your will toward the lighthouse—see by its gleams the way—"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."

#### PAYMENT OR PRISON.



FRIEND of mine, who is Superintendent of a Sunday-school in Hertfordshire, was greeted one morning with the bad news that one of his boys had to appear before the magistrates. He felt greatly grieved; this was one of the best boys in the school, and about fourteen years of age. He immediately hurried up to the court, where the magistrates were yet sitting. He soon ascertained what the offence was that the boy was charged with. He had had a holiday, and whilst playing with some other boys in the street, one of them lent him a catapult, with which he shot a stone, which accidentally struck a building. A policeman immediately seized him, and, of course, the evidence before the court was indisputable. The boy, through his tears, made no excuse, and he could not deny his guilt. He was ordered to pay a fine of fifteen shillings, or suffer a fortnight's imprisonment. The poor boy hung his head down in shame, his poor mother wept; her eleven other children at home demanded all her support. How the fifteen shillings were to be got neither the boy nor his mother had the least idea, and tears and entreaties were vain, for they could not satisfy justice. Either the fine must be paid or the boy must go to prison. He could not pay the fine, and he was ordered to endure a fortnight's imprisonment. Humbled and shamed, he took his place and sat beside thieves and vagabonds, awaiting his removal to jail.

However, William had not been seated there long before my friend, the Superintendent of the Sunday-

school, walked into court. He ascertained that the magistrates would willingly accept his payment of the fine in the boy's stead, and gladly did he pay down the fifteen shillings. At once the boy was liberated, justice was satisfied, the policeman could no longer detain him. He walked out of court with a light heart full of gratitude to his kind benefactor. As he got into the street he was met by boys on all sides—"Hullo, Bill, what's up?" "Why, we heard you were going to jail; that you were sitting along with all the prisoners." "How is it, William; tell us, man, all about it; however did you get off? You could not pay the fine, could you?" "Why, no," said William; "I thought I was going to prison, indeed I made sure I was, for I never could pay the money, but teacher came and asked them to let him pay it for me, so he paid it all, and they let me off; don't you see—that's how it is."

To tell men and women that the Lord Jesus Christ, in Divine pity, has satisfied Divine justice for the sins they have committed, will not make them glad unless they have first learnt that they were convicted criminals before the bar of God. When once a man has come to this, that he is guilty before God and has no excuse to offer for his sin, but understands that he is already condemned (John iii. 18), the next thing for him to know is that he is as unable to meet the demands of God's holy but broken law as this poor Hertfordshire boy. Oh! that people would be shut up to this—that, as regards themselves, they are *hopelessly* lost—that neither *in* themselves does any good dwell, nor yet *from* themselves can any good come. Then, oh! how gladly will they welcome the news that the Son of God has come forward of His own accord and paid the full price that they owed. We can understand the gratitude of this boy to his teacher. It would have been strange indeed if he had not thanked him for saving him from a fortnight of prison life with jail companions. Yet many who would have stamped him as a base wretch if he had not thanked his kind friend, have themselves lived for years professing to believe the sweet story of the Gospel, and yet have never thanked Jesus for dying for them, and thereby once and for ever satisfying all the claims of God's justice, for "He once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust" (1 Peter iii. 18).

When Christ paid the price to free us from the eternal prison house of hell and the companionship of devils, it was His own life He gave—the life of the Son of God. Oh! what a price. This was of such inestimable value to God that it did not pay our debt in part merely, but in whole—all, altogether. It is knowing this we can sing—

"When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then, 'Jesus paid it all'  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.  
Jesus paid it all—all to Him I owe;  
Sin had left its crimson stain;  
He washed it white as snow."

H. W. TAYLOR.

## PROCRASTINATION ;

OR,  
THE DEATH OF A SOUL.

THE THIRD HOUR.

O SLUMBERER, rouse thee ! Despise not the truth,  
Give, give thy Creator the days of thy youth ;  
Why standest thou idle ? The day breaketh.  
See !

THE LORD OF THE VINEYARD IS WAITING FOR  
THEE !

Sweet Spirit ! by thy power,  
Grant me yet another hour ;  
Earthly pleasures I would prove—  
Earthly joys and earthly love ;  
Scarcely yet has dawned the day,  
Sweetest Spirit ! wait, I pray !

THE SIXTH AND NINTH HOURS.

O loiterer, speed thee ! The morn wears  
apace,  
Then squander no longer thy remnant of  
grace ;  
But haste while there's time ! With thy  
Master agree,

THE LORD OF THE VINEYARD STANDS WAITING  
FOR THEE !

Gentle Spirit ! prithee stay,  
Brightly beams the early day ;  
Let me linger in these bowers,  
God shall have my noontide hours ;  
Chide me not for my delay,  
Gentle Spirit ! wait, I pray !

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

O sinner, arouse thee ! thy morning has  
past,  
Already the shadows are lengthening fast ;  
Escape for thy life, for the dark mountains  
flee,

THE LORD OF THE VINEYARD YET WAITETH FOR  
THEE !

Spirit, cease thy mournful lay !  
Leave me to myself, I pray ;  
Earth has flung her spell around me,  
Pleasure's silken chain has bound me ;  
When the sun his path hath trod,  
Spirit, then, I'll turn to God !

THE TWELFTH HOUR.

Hark ! borne on the wind is the bell's  
solemn toll,  
'Tis mournfully pealing THE KNELL OF A SOUL—  
Of a soul that repelled the convictions of truth,  
And gave to the world the best hours of its  
youth.

The Spirit's sweet pleadings and strivings  
are o'er,  
The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting no  
more.

THUS SAITH THE LORD :—

“SEEK ye the Lord while He may be  
found, call ye upon Him while He is near :  
let the wicked forsake his way, and the un-  
righteous man his thoughts : and let him  
return unto the Lord, and He will have  
mercy upon him : and to our God, for He  
will abundantly pardon” (Isa. lv. 6, 7).

“WHAT MEANEST THOU, O SLEEPER ?”

FELLOW-SINNER,—“You are on your trial for  
eternity. It is the day of decision,” and life  
eternal is being lost or won now. The last  
chance of change must soon be gone. Heaven  
is rapidly filling up, and everything, with a speed un-  
precedented, is taking the place it is to occupy for ever.  
The precious day of man's redemption is stealing away  
unobserved by thousands. Many things seem to show  
the nearing of a great crisis, and some of the events of  
our day look very like the forecasting of the end.  
Surely the Lord is making short work of what remains  
to be done. “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do  
it with thy might.” “God has given no man five  
minutes to spare.” “Man's short day of grace is  
going, going, going ; and the long night of eternity  
is coming, coming, coming !”

“Life” (said one) “without Christ is but a colossal  
failure,” an unutterable blunder, a stern, unblessed  
misfortune ! Without Christ the benighted soul  
treads its dark, trackless way down to eternal despair,  
the helpless victim of stern forces and inexorable  
laws ! Without Christ you are an alien from the  
commonwealth of Israel, a stranger to the covenant  
of promise, with no hope, and without God in the  
world,—with no friend above, without a promise to  
protect you. “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,  
neither hath entered the heart of man the things that  
God hath prepared for them that love Him.” Will  
words like these, so true, not stir you to secure pos-  
session ? Fellow-sinner, you cannot know the grace  
of God and not take it ; it is impossible for any one to  
hesitate a moment after they see it. “Taste and see  
that the Lord is good.”

## LEAVING IT WITH JESUS;

OR, THE STORY OF ANNIE W—.

**D**URING the last few days of her illness, Annie W— gave wonderful witness to the power of the truth. She was a sweet child of fourteen, and had found the Lord a few months previously at our meetings. As her wasted form at length became too weak to leave the sofa, she would send for one and another of the neighbours to come in, to whom she spake of Jesus and His great salvation. One day, a dear unconverted woman called to see her, and said—

“You are very ill, my dear.”

“Yes,” she replied, “but I shall soon be well.”

The poor woman shook her head as she looked at Annie’s mother, saying, “Poor dear thing; she cannot possibly get well. No; she will never get over it.” Then turning to the dear child, she asked—

“Don’t you know, my dear, that you are going to die?”

“I know I am going to live,” she smilingly replied; “I know I shall soon be with Jesus in heaven, to live with Him.”

“Oh, how can you know that, my dear? We must not be too sure yet, you know,” said the poor woman.

“Oh,” said Annie, as she pointed with her thin finger to a printed paper which she had pinned on the wall, “that’s what I do! That’s what I do!”

“Indeed,” said the neighbour, “I can’t read, you know. Mrs. W—, what is it?”

The mother read the title, “I leave it all with Jesus.”

“Yes,” said Annie, “that’s what I do; but look at my dear mother weeping. Isn’t it wrong? Such a trouble as I am to her here, and the Lord is going to take me to Himself.”

And He did. A few days after, Annie’s father, who was a brewer’s drayman, came to my house, to thank me, as he said, for teaching his child “how to go to heaven.”

The following is a copy of the hymn that was so dear to Annie:—

“I leave it all with Jesus,  
Then, wherefore should I fear?  
I leave it all with Jesus,  
And He is ever near!  
I leave it all with Jesus,  
Trust Him for what must be:  
I leave it all with Jesus,  
Who ever thinks of me!  
I bring it all to Jesus,  
In calm believing prayer:  
I bring it all to Jesus,  
And I love to LEAVE it there!  
Each tear, each sigh, each trouble,  
Each disappointment,—all  
I love to GIVE to JESUS,  
Who loves to TAKE them all.

And now, dear friend, can you leave all with Jesus? Have you brought all your sins and sorrows to Him? If not, come for a new heart—come to Jesus. Come now!

## THE GREATEST WONDER IN THE WORLD.

**M**EN are glad to look at and talk about the marvellous events that occur in the earth, and point to the deeds of daring and achievements of power and skill. But they ignore the greatest wonder of all,—God manifested in the flesh, the Lord Jesus Christ. The more we think about it, the more wondrous and amazing it is.

God, the Creator, all-powerful, mighty One, meets rebellious sin-stained man with love, pity, pardon; placing for his acceptance a plan of salvation by which the stain of sin can be removed, and he obtain favour and eternal peace. He takes from His own person “Light” and “Love,” plants it into a human form, to become to man the “Brightness of His Glory,” “the Image of His person,” “God manifested in the flesh,” to be scorned at, spit at, rejected, murdered, with the accompaniment of every insult hate and malice could heap upon His person and memory; and all this that He might show to the ages to come, and generations yet unborn, His love to man, and move them to accept and worship that love. That man might have no excuse, He gave him no difficult task or hard toilsome duty to perform, by which he should become worthy of His love. Therefore He, by the power of His word, decreed that “not by works of righteousness” was he to be made worthy, but by free grace, favour, mercy, and goodness of Himself, as manifested in His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, was he to be brought into Divine favour and union, and harmony with Himself.

It was a simple “Look and Live,” “Believe and be Saved,” “Justified freely by His grace,” “Accepted in the Beloved.” Whosoever trusted, received pardon, forgiveness at once, freely completed, and for ever; yea, more, brought into closer fellowship with God Himself than he ever would have been had he never sinned. Is not this the great wonder of the world? And yet there seems a greater wonder, that so few accept this wondrous plan of salvation: making all sorts of excuses to put off or reject the mercy and grace of the God of love.

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THE  
CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."—2 Cor. v. 20, 21.

No. 68.

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AUGUST 1875.



REAPERS AND GLEANERS IN OLDEN TIMES.

**H**ARVEST has come at last. Yes! glad harvest time. The sower has broadcast sown the seed. Spring showers and sunshine have given place to summer heat, and the fields of the yesterday of sowing-time now gleam with the golden grain. How changed the scene, and all in the little while since then and now.

Dear reader, how quickly have the days sped by, since, in the spring-time of our existence, the Great Husbandman scattered the seed—the good seed in our hearts,—as little children, perhaps, at the since

departed mother's knee, we learnt to lisp His Name, the Name of Jesus. But in spite of all the hallowed associations of the place that once was home—the gentle influence of the blessed Spirit, who has not ceased to strive—to-day whilst other fields are laden with the ripening full-eared corn, yours presents, perhaps, but a fruitless scene to His all-piercing eyes, for the enemy of souls in the world's dark night, whilst others slept who should have watched, has sown his tares, which choked the word, and rendered it unfruitful.

Dear friend, though others be deceived, and fail to discover that the ear is empty, yet remember that One there is who looks for fruit, and when He passeth o'er soil where, in the largeness of His grace, He broadcast sowed the seed, and finds but tares and stalks, He'll summon reaping angels, who soon shall cut thee down, and, banished from all hope, shut in with the undying worm, in vain shall wish and pray; for an eternal night of woe shall consummate the brief day of your deceptive fleeting joys: the harvest passed—the summer ended, and you unsaved.

Awake! awake! slumbering one! Escape, escape, for 'tis dangerous to delay. Look, oh! look to Him who fain would press upon thy lips the forgiving kiss.

Come as you are, come now, and when He shall have gathered into His garner the sheaves for which He waits, thy voice shall help to swell the song of *Harvest-home*.

I cannot let you go without some hope that you will now close with Christ. You know you are not happy; you dare not meet God as you are: seeking pleasure in the world, you know no satisfaction. Spending and striving, seeking and craving for peace, your heart knows nothing but unrest. Now venture your all upon His unchanging word. Hark! listen! He speaks to you! "He that heareth my word" (that means you), "and believeth on Him that sent me"—(trusts His word)—"hath"—hear it, friend, "HATH Everlasting Life,"—read the rest, for 'tis yours; appropriate it—rejoice in it—thank God for it—'tis true, and then shall you know peace here, and life unending in the home where Jesus dwells, and that song is sung, "*The Harvest-home*."

#### WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THAT VOICE IN ETERNITY?

**A** MINISTER of Jesus was struck with the surpassing sweetness of the voice of a young lady who sat near him. Being afterwards introduced to her, he inquired, with much anxiety, whether she loved the Saviour, and belonged to His fold. She replied, without evincing much interest in the subject, "I am not a Christian, and so I suppose that I do not love the Saviour." "Then, my dear young friend," said the minister, "what will you do with that voice in eternity? Shall it be spent in uttering the wailings of the lost for ever and ever?" He said no more, but turned, with a saddened heart, and left her to her own reflections. But that solemn question followed her everywhere—it rang in her ears by day, and mingled with her dreams in the still hours of the night. Nor did it ever leave her till she found peace in believing in Jesus—till she was prepared joyfully to sing the song of redeeming love with the people of God on earth, and now she waits to join the song that shall ascribe all honour and glory and blessing unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.

#### THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

"I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord."—Isa. lxiii. 7.  
"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—Gal. iii. 20.

**T**HE sense of Christ's love is the mightiest of all constraining motives; it embraces our whole spiritual nature, touches it in all its springs, moves it in all its affections, stirs it in all its energies. Hope will make men strive, and fear will make men tremble, but love alone will waken love. Wheresoever the love of Christ pours itself like a flood of light into the soul, it draws all things after it by its irresistible attraction. It drew Peter, James, and John from their boats and kindred, Nathanael from his shade and solitude, Matthew from his custom and commerce, Mary Magdalene from her sins, and Saul of Tarsus from his deeds of blood. It recalled Peter from his denials, drew sinners to wash His feet with tears, and the elders to cast their crowns "before the throne." Other motives rise and fall in their power to constrain; they are fainter and stronger, as if fitful and capricious: but the love of Christ never faileth.

And what is this love? It is the stooping of the higher to the lower, the Creator to the creature, the parent to the child, the stronger to the weaker, the sinless to the vile—God stooping down to man! When types and shadows, prophets and priests, blessings and promises, had done their utmost to reveal the fulness of that love, He came Himself, a child in humility and meekness, a man full of grace and love and truth; speaking to us through our sight and touch, our sympathies and affections, our needs and sorrows, our fears and our sins; all the love of God, and all the lowliness of man, uniting in Him to persuade and win our hearts. On our side was sin and guilt, on His were agony and love, patient and enduring; undeserved, yet never cooled; slighted, yet never turned away; tender, pitiful, changeless, and eternal! Other ways might have revealed His wisdom, His power, or His goodness; but none would have so revealed His love. "*In this* was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him." And this love has encompassed our path all through life, from infancy to childhood, from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood. Whether in sunshine or shade, in darkness or gloom, in sorrow or joy, in sickness or health, He is ever near us, and by His love drawing us onward; ever looking upon us and seeing our intentions before He beholds our failures; knowing our desires before He sees our faults; cheering us to endeavour great things, and yet accepting the least; inviting our poor services, and yet, above all, content with our poorer love. He has bound up our broken hearts, consoled the mourner, upheld the sinking, visited the path of the lonely and the hiding-place of sorrow, the pains of sickness and the pallet of the dying! Oh, "the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of Christ!"

And in the hour of nature's weakness, in the weariness of solitude, or under the burden of our own isolated hearts, who in such seasons can unravel the strength of this heavenly bond? When memories of home, of fond faces, beloved images, rise thick and crowd upon us; when what we have lost seems a paradise, and our present life a desolation; when the human heart for a short passing moment is too strong, and love and sorrow turn towards earth again; when failures, miscalculations, hasty steps, hopeless efforts, unforeseen reverses, beginnings abandoned, and aims missed at the very stroke come upon us, oh, what could sustain our souls but the love of Jesus!

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. viii. 38, 39).

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

“PLEASE LEAD ME.”

WHEN passing down one of the leading thoroughfares of London a few weeks back, I saw a poor blind man holding out his hand for some one to lead him across the road. With care I did so, amid the throng of vehicles which were passing. He kept fast hold of my arm and felt himself safe, although he could not see one step before him, nor discern night from day. On our arriving the other side of the street, he said, “Thank you, my friend; and so may God lead you to heaven.” I asked by what way? He answered, “By faith in the Lord Jesus Christ,” seeming surprised at my asking such a question. I shook hands with him, saying, “Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear.” And we parted, he went his way, and I passed on mine, perhaps never to meet again till we see each other in the glory to part no more for ever.

But the few simple words he uttered made a deep impression on my mind, for in them he told out the gospel of the grace of God fully and truly. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,” was the answer the apostle gave to one who asked this question in earnest (Acts xvi. 30, 31). And it is as true to-day as it was then. There can be no other answer given that will impart real peace to the troubled soul, or ease to the burdened conscience. Jesus, and none but Jesus, can give rest to the heart that is pressed with a sense of sin before God; therefore it is vain to tell any poor sinner to do this or to do that, when the Lord Jesus has said, “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

True rest for the sinner is only to be found in the precious blood of the Son of God. He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. He came from the Father, “the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.”

Faith in Him gives life, and joy, and gladness. “He that believeth hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.” The work is done; the thing is settled; sin is forgiven; eternal life is received, because the Sinless One has died. He, “the holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners,” has been made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. And all become ours by simply believing this testimony of God concerning His Son. “He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.”

But one more look at the poor blind man. He kept fast hold of my arm and felt himself safe, quite safe, notwithstanding the seeming confusion and turmoil which he could hear all around him. So also is it with the poor sinner,—he not only gets deliverance from sin, and has eternal life through believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, but he gets perfect peace and safety also while passing through this world of confusion and sorrow, by simply cleaving to that same glorious One.

While multitudes are hurrying to and fro, running after this, and running after that, thinking to satisfy their craving desires, but never doing so, he has learned to drink at another fountain (John iv. 14), and his soul is satisfied; he is calm amid the commotion: like Peter, he can walk on the waves of this troubled world with his eye fixed on the Lord Jesus, knowing that He has all power given unto Him both in heaven and in earth, and that not a sparrow can fall to the ground without Him; therefore, leaning on such an arm, how happy, how safe, how secure he is, both for time and eternity.

H. T.

THE WELL-TIMED GIFT.



LADY who had just sat down to breakfast, had a strong impression on her mind, that she must instantly carry a loaf of bread to a poor man who lived about half-a-mile from her house, by the side of a common. Her husband wished her either to postpone taking it till after breakfast, or to send it by a servant, but she chose to take it immediately herself. As she approached the hut, she heard the sound of a human voice, and wishing to discover what was said, she stepped unperceived to the door. She heard the poor man praying, and among other things, he said, “O Lord, help me—Lord, Thou wilt help me—Thy promise cannot fail; although my wife, myself, and children have no bread to eat, and it is now a whole day since we had any, I know Thou wilt supply me, though Thou shouldst again rain down manna from heaven!” The lady could wait no longer, but opening the door, “Yes,” she replied, “God has sent you relief. Take this loaf, and be encouraged to cast your care upon Him who careth for you; and whenever you want a loaf of bread, come to my house.”

## NEARER HEAVEN OR NEARER HELL.

**I** WAS sitting in a third-class carriage, hurrying by express from London to Birmingham. The train rattled on and on for miles without stopping, till at Bedford the guard put his head into the window of the carriage door and said, "All here for Birmingham!" and a few other stations I do not remember.

He passed, and in a few moments a young woman got into the compartment where I was sitting. The train was about to start again when she said, "I suppose this train stops at such a station."

"I think not," I said, "but you ought to have inquired of the guard before getting in; this is the express."

By this time the signal was given, and away we went. In a little time the girl looked out to see if we were nearing the station she wanted; and in a few moments away we went past it, hurrying on to our destination. She looked dismayed, and said her friends would be waiting for her there. What could she do. I gave her some advice, and she sat in silence, every moment taking her further and further away from the place she wanted.

A little distance before we arrived at Birmingham, the guard came in for the tickets; and examining hers he became angry, and said she would have to stay the night at this place and go on in the morning.

I could not help feeling pity for her, and as the train hastened on to the place I wanted, my thoughts ran on thus:—The same train that was taking me to my destination was every moment taking her away from hers. And time, too, is hurrying on into eternity, takes with it on its swift wings those who are **SAVED** and those who are not—those who are ready and those who are not—those who are

## PREPARED TO MEET GOD

and those who are not.

My reader, have you once in your life thought on these solemn truths.

It may be, some in your own family are saved and ready for eternity, but you are not. You live beside them, you sit together at the same table, and eat food or go together to the same place of worship, sing the same hymns, and yet, if death comes, you would be separated *for ever*. Out into the dark eternity you, too, must go, for you are not prepared to enter the pearly gates of heaven. But I hasten to tell

## WHAT WILL PREPARE THEE.

Look yonder at the gory side of Jesus, as He cries in His death-agony on the cross. That blood will make thee ready (Rom. iii. 25). Hear Him cry, "*It is finished*;" the work is done that will make thee ready, with robe and ring, to go into His presence. He has found the ransom (Job xxxii. 24), and now (2 Cor. vi. 2) will save you. He makes it known unto thee, not by an angel speaking, but by His word of truth. Dost thou believe on the Son of God? Then take Him as God's way into heaven, the only passport through

the gates of joy eternal. Before it is too late I urge thee to take the Saviour, Jesus, and be ready for the day of examination, and, instead of blank despair, thou shalt find Him thine *for ever*.

Haste thee, for the waves of time are breaking on the shores of eternity. Can you not hear their roar?—soon it will be for ever *too late*. Cast out thy anchor, and it shall hold thy tempest-tossed bark. Haste thee, lest thou be stranded within sight of the haven. Come at once to Jesus, and be ready. He stands ready for thee; away then to Him—for why will ye die? He is willing, art thou? He is ready, art thou? He is waiting; come unto Him. I beseech thee to come, for every moment brings thee nearer Heaven or nearer Hell—nearer joy or everlasting sorrow, from which there is no escape. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

HERBERT R. FRANCIS.

## WISHING, HOPING, AND KNOWING.

**A** LONG time I wandered in darkness and sin,  
And wondered if ever the light would shine  
in;  
I heard Christian friends speak of raptures Divine,  
And I wished—how I wished—that their Saviour  
were mine.

I *wished* He were mine, yes, I *wished* He were mine!  
I *wished*—how I *wished*—that their Saviour were mine!

I heard the glad gospel of "good will to men;"  
I read "WHOSOEVER" again and again:  
I said to my soul, "Can that promise be thine?"  
And then began hoping that Jesus was mine.

I *hoped* He was mine, yes, I *hoped* He was mine!  
And then began *hoping* that Jesus was mine!

Oh, mercy surprising! He saves even me!  
"Thy portion for ever," He says, "will I be;"  
On His word I am resting—assurance Divine,  
I'm hoping no longer, I know He is mine!

I **KNOW** He is mine, yes, I **KNOW** He is mine!  
I'm *hoping* no longer—I **KNOW** He is mine!

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## THE HOME AT NAIN; or, THE GIFT OF LIFE.

**M**OTHER, can you not forget our bereavement? for I mourn to see your sorrow, and you are worn with grief. Weep on, if tears will ease your lacerated heart, but do not, I pray, repine. Now father's dead and gone, let me be your comforter. As years advance and you grow old and feeble—mother! lean hard upon this arm—and by the help of my departed father's God, I will find

my pleasure in ministering to your comfort, in anticipating your wish." Dashing away the tears, the heart-stricken widow looked up again, and remembered that the light had not quite departed, for though he, the companion of early days, was now no more, yet her loved and loving son was left.

The scene is changed, although the "Widow of Nain" and her son are still the actors therein.

Again those eyes are filled with tears, afresh that heart is torn and bleeding, for with the death dew on his brow, the dutiful son lies breathing his life away. Poor woman, I pity thee, but 'tis no use, for, mark, he has fallen into that trance that knows no waking, that latest smile has scarcely strength to ripple from lip to eye.

Again the scene is changed. "Much people of the city" are following the remains of a respected citizen and well-beloved son. Walking hard after the bier, I see a figure with which methinks I am familiar—yes, 'tis the very same. Poor soul, she wanders on almost unwillingly, scarcely knowing why, or where. But see, why does she start?—listen! "WEEP NOT." Whilst eagerly watching this funeral procession, we have not observed that stranger who, advancing to the chief mourner, thus addresses her; and see, He stops the bearers and bids them put down the bier. What means this? Who ventures thus to stay the bearers of the dead? This man is God, and yet He is a man, for whilst Omnipotence is His, so is compassion too; for, advancing to the corpse, He cries, "*Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.*"

Bearers, loose the grave clothes quickly, for the dead's alive—he moves—he speaks, and now he's locked in the embrace of his mother's arms. Lead the way back home, ye mourners, and as ye go, sing aloud the song of victory over death. Away ye bearers to the grave, and tell them to close an empty tomb; tell them that the Conqueror over death passed by, and spoke the word of life to him whom ye bore towards the long home, but now returns in all the vigour of life to his happy home of childhood.

Reader, perhaps this is a true picture of your spiritual condition, borne rapidly onward by time toward the grave. Surely this view of your own utter helplessness, and that of loved friends to speak life to your soul, dead in trespasses and sin—surely this wondrous willingness of the Saviour to impart blessing to the needy, will lead to a yielding of self to His will. What! do you say you have *tried* to get salvation? Here then is the explanation of your failure. How can a dead soul do anything toward the impartation of life? As the young man was dead, so are you in trespasses and sins, and hence the energy that can quicken must be external. It may be you are nearing the end—at the very brink of the grave, and yet Jesus can save you. He is willing, waiting—nay more, entreating you to venture upon His power; be satisfied in His finished work—give credence to His Word.

SALVATION IS TAKING GOD AT HIS WORD, NOT DOING, FEELING, OR UNDERSTANDING, BUT BELIEVING.

### A SOLEMN FACT.

"A point of time—a moment's space,  
Removes me to yon heavenly place;  
Or—shuts me up in hell!"

### WHAT IS CONVERSION?

BY DR. TYNG.

IN St. Denis Hotel once, in Broadway, New York, I was summoned to visit a sick young man, who came from Charleston with a widowed mother. I had known the mother there, but not the youth. They had been at Saratoga, and had come back to New York; and in this hotel the young man was lying about to die. His mother had sent for another clergyman to visit him, and that clergyman said that the poor young man was crazy. When I asked that religious brother, "What did you do to him?" he said, "Do? I tried to pacify him; I tried to quiet him: I said, We will not talk, but say a little prayer, and I left him in peace."

His mother was not satisfied, and sent for me. He lay before me, a splendid youth of nineteen, his eyes like jet, of the brilliancy of a diamond.

"Doctor Tyng," said the young man, "my mother has always told me that I must be converted—that I could not be saved except I was converted? I am not converted. How can I be converted? Can I be converted? Oh, tell me—how can I be converted?"

What man's eyes who felt the worth of the soul would not flow with tears at the remembrance of such a mother? A rich, cultivated woman, who had taken her boy's hand from his birth, and had said, "Julian, my dear son, you must be converted," and now, sitting by his couch, with all a mother's love, still pleading and urging him to give himself to Jesus—still telling him that he must be converted.

I sat by the side of that youth and told him the story of Jesus. I showed him the simplicity of the Gospel plan of salvation. I bade him realize that his Heavenly Father had received and accepted him in Christ when Christ willingly died to bear his load; and that he was to come in the simplest faith of a little child, and rest himself gratefully, hopefully upon Him. We spent an hour in conversation. Twenty-four hours after I called again. Oh, how changed that face!—it shone like an angel's. He reached out his long, tapering, trembling hand to me with the sweetest smile, and said—

"Oh, Sir, I understand it! I understand it! Love for Jesus is conversion! Sir, all night I was asking Jesus to let me love Him—to show me how to love Him who had so loved me—and I feel to-day as if my whole soul was overflowing with love to Jesus. *Is that conversion?*"

"My dear Julian, *that is conversion.*" And all was well.

## THE LAST WORDS OF TWO KINGS.

THE courtiers surrounded the couch of a certain king. They dared not come near enough to tell him that he was near his end; no one found courage to tell him the truth; till one approached his bed, and, leaning over, said to him that all human aid was now vain for his recovery. The king turned a fierce look upon him, for thus daring to tell him he must die. A bishop was sent for, who besought him to give some sign of his hope in the saving mercy of Christ. But all was now hopeless; he was in the agonies of death. He called for some wine to quench his dying thirst, and turning to one of his attendants cried, "*All is lost!*" These were his last words.

Never were words more true. He died as he had lived. What a sad "*all*" to lose; what a long list of sins were against him—cruelties to his fellow-creatures, the gratifying of his lusts and passions, all these to stand against him against the day of judgment—and now to die unsaved and lose his soul! True, he had an earthly crown, but it must be worn by another. He had lived in gaiety and pleasure, never satisfied, even by the flatteries of his court, and himself he thought the greatest king that ever sat upon a throne. But what an end to it all. What a blot was his reign upon the page of history. Draw the curtain over such a lifetime, but learn a lesson from his dying moments, my reader. "*All is lost!*" Are you prepared to die? You have no throne to lose, but you have one to gain; you have no crown to wear now, but you may have one which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, will give you and all who believe in Jesus in that day; you have no purple robe of a royal house to wear, but you may have the robe of purest white; you have no earthly power or royal rank now, but you may, by coming to Jesus, judge angels as well as be invested with royal dignity.

Listen to the dying words of another king:—

*"It is Finished!"*

The Lord Jesus Christ gave His life a ransom. He brought the work of redemption, and brought in everlasting righteousness for the sinner. What a contrast to the life of that monarch who lost his all. The Lord Jesus gave His life, that you, poor sinners, might live. He could not save Himself, as one of the thieves suggested, who wore crucified with Him, because He would *save them*. God's eye rested on the blood of His Son—as of old "when I see the blood" (Exod. xii.), settles every question.

Here is *safety*—Here is *peace*! Let the last words of Jesus ring in your ear, and make your heart glad with a knowledge of the blessed work of salvation.

Thy state is bad; it cannot be mended by works, if patched like a piece of new cloth put into an old garment.

Patchwork will not do for the eye of a holy God. The plan the blessed Lord took when on earth, was not this, but to make "*perfectly whole*," as in Matt. ix.

And so will you be if you will only *come* to Him now—"Him that cometh I will in nowise cast out."

Be won, be invited, be drawn. See His *blood*. See His *love*. See His *death*. Believe His *word*. Believe His *truth*. Believe in *Him*. Know His *grace*. Know His *mercy*. Know His *peace*. "Behold the Lamb" (John i. 29). "Behold the Man" (John xix. 5). "Behold He cometh" (Rev. i. 7). H. R. F.

## AN OLD MAN'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

ANY years ago, an old man, a devoted Christian, started a prayer-meeting, which is still continued, having resulted in much and glorious fruit. As a pastor, it was my privilege to be with him, particularly during his last illness. In several visits made to his house, I found him on the mount, looking over to the Land of Promise. Finding nothing seemingly to mar his comfort or interrupt his joy, one morning as I went to his dwelling (he was in straitened circumstances), I determined to satisfy myself whether there was nothing that gave him any trouble of heart. On entering his chamber, I asked him, "How are you this morning?"

"Oh, Sir," said he, "I am well; why should I not be well? I am near home. Yes, I am near home—near heaven."

I took the opportunity to ask him, "My dear Sir, has there been nothing of late resting upon your heart as an occasion of trouble?"

He spoke not a word, but turned his head over to the wall, and lay so between five and ten minutes; then he rolled his head back upon his pillow, with his face toward me, and I saw the tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Oh yes, Sir," said he, "there is one great trouble."

"What is it?" I inquired. "Speak your whole mind to me freely."


"Well," said he, "I have ten children, and I have prayed to God for more than thirty years that I might see one or more of them converted before I die; but He has denied me. They are all grown up, as you know, but are not yet Christians."

"How do you get over that trouble?" I asked.

"Ah," he replied, "I got over it as I get over all other troubles—by rolling it over upon Christ. I know that God means to answer my prayers, but He means to wait till I am gone. But He will do it; I know He will; my children will be converted."

This man has been in his grave for fifteen years, and I have watched over his children ever since his death; and now to-day I am able to say that seven out of the ten have been born into the kingdom of God, and that the eighth has also just experienced conversion. This is the answer to his prayer! God did not forget; He only waited; and in like manner He will answer the prayers of all parents who pray in faith for the conversion of their children. Let us, therefore, take courage, and lay hold upon the precious promises of God!

## FAITH AND FEELINGS.

 FEW days since I was speaking to Mary S., who has long been almost persuaded to be a Christian. Her state of mind was expressed thus, as far as I remember—"I have long tried to be a Christian. I do believe Jesus died for me; but I know I cannot be saved, because I don't feel that I am."

"Perhaps you are expecting to hear a voice say to you, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' Am I right?"

"No. I don't think I quite expect a voice to speak to me, and yet I do expect to feel very different before I can believe I am saved."

I lifted up my heart to the Lord, that I might be taught how to answer this troubled soul, and then said, "You know that you are a sinner; you know also that nothing in yourself will ever entitle you to heaven; God's Word does not say, 'He that feeleth,' but 'he that believeth hath everlasting life.' Now, if you do from your heart believe in Jesus, why are you not saved?"

She could not answer, so I continued—"How can you expect to feel happy before you take God at His Word? If you owed a long bill at some shop in the town, and knew you could not pay it, you would be in trouble; but suppose some rich person paid it for you, you might still doubt, and say, 'I don't feel that it is paid.' But if you had the bill *received* and brought to you, you would at once be glad."

"Yes," she said, "I see that."

"Now, then, suppose we call your sins a debt; if you lived ever such a holy life for the future your past sins would still remain. Jesus is like the rich person who paid the bill at the shop. He knew we could never pay our debt to God, so He came and paid it for us; what we deserved, He bore! And what other receipt do you require than God's Word, which says, 'The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all.' Christ 'suffered, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.' The whole matter comes to this: you feel yourself a sinner. Then go, just as you are, to God. Let this be the language of your heart: 'Lord, I am a great sinner, but Jesus bore the punishment my sins deserved; I come to Thee for pardon; forgive me for His sake.' Then, believe His own promise, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' Is this plain?"


Mary seemed to understand me a little:

And now I ask you, dear readers, if you see this truth? I went on in darkness for years, because I thought I had something to do to be saved. I wanted to make myself good, but after trying for years I gave up in despair, for I was more miserable than at first. At last my eyes were opened to see that I had nothing to do but believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; so, anxious soul, to you God says—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

S. E. W.

## THE GREAT FOUNTAIN.

"If thou knewest the gift of God, thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water."

 N aged gentleman was on a visit to one of the noted American watering-places. Whilst taking a draught of water one morning at the spring, a lady came up to take her usual glass at the same time. The gentleman, turning towards her, in a pleasant yet thoughtful manner, asked, "Have you ever drunk at that GREAT FOUNTAIN?"

The lady coloured, and looked surprised, but turned away without a word of reply.

In the following winter the gentleman was in Rochester, when he was invited to attend a meeting for religious conference and prayer. At the close of the meeting he was asked to visit a lady who was dying. As he entered the sick room the lady fixed her eyes very intently upon the gentleman, and said with a smile, "Do you not know me?"

"No. Are we not strangers to each other?" was the reply.

"Do you not recollect asking a woman at the spring last year, 'Have you ever drunk at that Great Fountain?'"

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I do remember."

"Well, sir, I am that person. I thought at the time you were very rude; but your words kept ringing in my ears. They followed me to my chamber, to my pillow. I was without peace or rest till I found Christ. I now expect shortly to die, and you, under God, were instrumentally the means of my salvation. Be as faithful to others as you have been to me. Never be afraid to talk to strangers on the subject of religion."

What a blessing was granted on this short but faithful word! Little do Christians know how God may own His truth. Let us faithfully scatter the precious seed, and He will give the increase.

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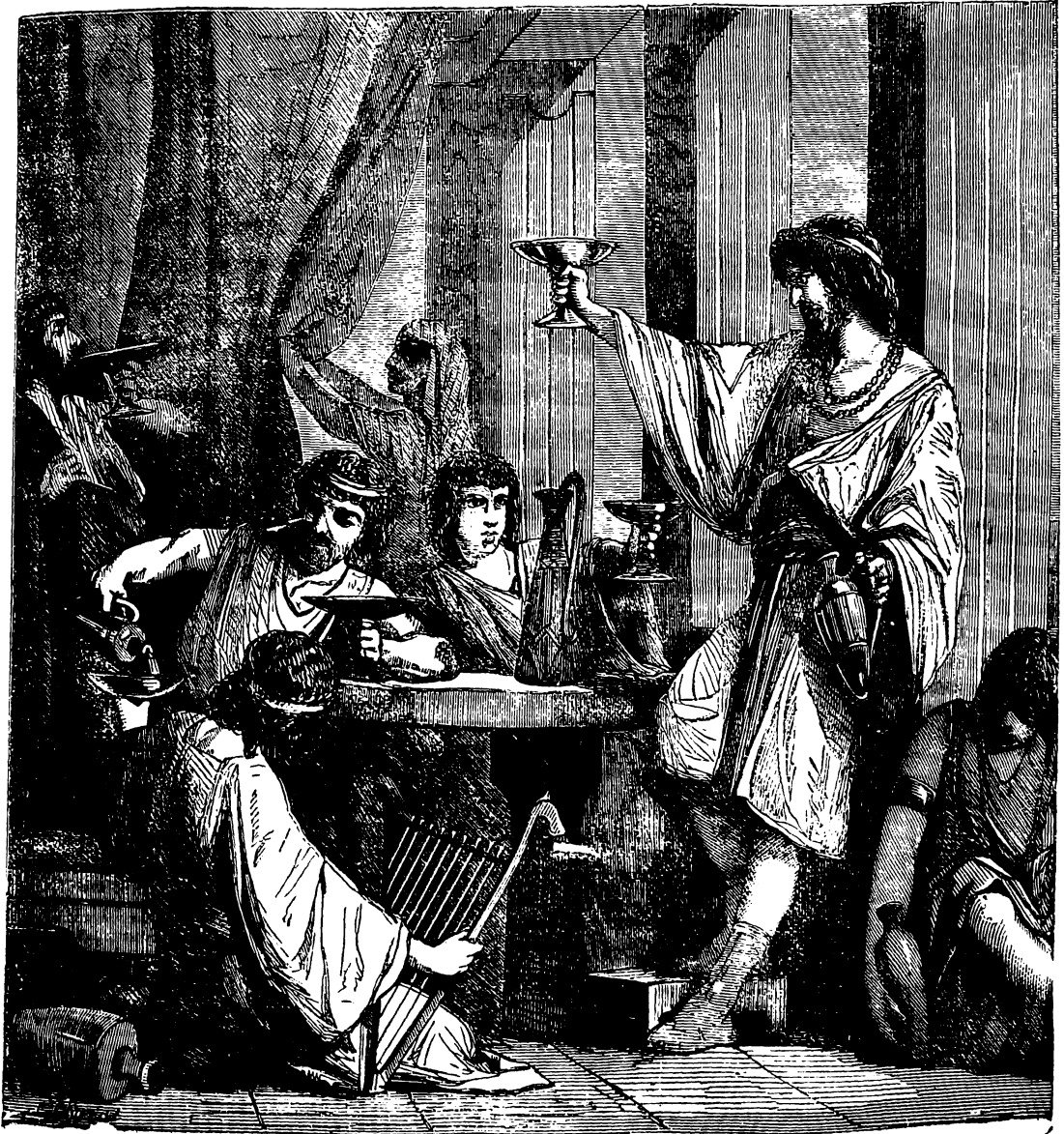
# THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."—2 Cor. v. 20, 21.

No. 70.

EDITED BY C. R. H.

OCTOBER 1875.



REVELRY; or, SPORTING WITH TIME.

## REVELRY; or, SPORTING WITH TIME.

**P**LEASURE—pleasure—give me pleasure,” cries the human heart. “’Tis here,” says the cup; “’Tis here,” says appetite; “’Tis here,” says fashion; “’Tis here I give pleasure,” cry a thousand and one voices. So, chasing them each in turn, disappointed with one, deceived by them all, the poor votary of worldly pleasure drops down faint in the pursuit, still crying, “Pleasure—pleasure—give me pleasure.”

Yet whilst this is the common experience of man, it is equally true, that there are none but in some time or other have moments of reflection. We are suddenly called from ourselves. The wheel rests. The oar is suspended. Something touches memory’s electric chain. The back pages with their blots and blurs are opened to us. We are brought face to face with the forgotten past, and we act old scenes again.

Sometimes the realities of eternity will engage our thoughts, and in spite of present claims and the hum of many voices, the searching question will be heard,—“Whither bound?—whither?—whither?”

Dear reader, bear with me if for a few moments I interrupt you in the busy search, and lead you aside to confront this momentous question. Say not, another time—a more convenient day. I press you for an answer, an honest, direct answer. “**FELLOW-TRAVELLER—WHITHER BOUND?**” Either being wafted to yon fair haven of rest, or floating down death’s dark river, out, out toward the eternal billows of the lake of fire. Which? one or the other—heaven or hell—which?

Do I hear a cry—“I’m lost, lost.” Thank God, there is hope for one awakened to his condition. If you are lost, then you are just the one for Christ, and He is the very Saviour for you. “He came to seek and to save the lost.” “What’s to be done?” Nothing to be done, either to be saved or damned. Go on as heretofore, simply neglecting putting off salvation, and yours is a straight and sure course to hell. ’Tis not necessary to be openly wicked and profane; no, a strictly moral life, with regular and scrupulous attention to the outward forms of religion—this, and nothing more, is sure to terminate in an eternal night of woe. But there is nothing to do to obtain salvation. A plan completed, an account receipted, justice satisfied, a gift purchased and presented, leaves nothing for the sinner to do but to appropriate it. If we were standing together and a handkerchief were laid across your shoulder, with the word “**SIN**” written thereupon, and some one removed it from yours and laid it upon mine, could it possibly be on both yours and mine together? “No,” you answer. Of course not; then listen—“*The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all,*” and this is true for every soul that believes in

Him. Then our sins were laid upon Jesus by God. He bore the punishment for our sins. The stripes having been endured, the sins are put away, and so Jesus takes my stripes; I take His righteousness. He takes my sins, rags, curse, wrath due to me; I take His healing, pardon, peace.

I dare not trifle with you at such a time on such a subject; this is God’s way, and if He, the offended God, proposes a reconciliation on such terms, surely you, the offender, will meet Him. Do you say, “I don’t feel safe?” Trust Him; venture upon the unchanging Word of God, and thank Him. If I sprang into the river and saved you from drowning at the peril of losing my own life, you would never cease to thank me. Then turn and thank God for such a salvation, so free and yet at such infinite cost; for “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.”

“He that believeth and is baptized shall be **SAVED**; he that believeth not shall be **DAMNED**.”

## A PRESENT SALVATION.

**B**EWARE of listening to those who say it is impossible to know in this life that your sins are pardoned, for the doctrine of a present salvation is clearly taught us in the New Testament. The man sick of the palsy was cured with a word (Matt. ix. 2); the woman with the issue of blood was healed with a touch (Matt. ix. 22); the man at the pool of Bethesda was made whole in an instant (John v. 9); the man at the gate of the temple was healed on believing (Acts iii. 8). When Jesus saw the woman with the spirit of infirmity, He laid His hands upon her, and she was immediately made straight, and glorified God (Luke xiii. 12, 13); when Zaccheus came down from the tree, and received the Redeemer, he was informed by Him that on that day salvation came to his house (Luke xix. 9); when the thief prayed upon the cross, the Saviour promised that he should to-day be with Him in paradise (Luke xxiii. 42, 43). Under Philip’s preaching the eunuch believed with his heart, and went on his way rejoicing (Acts viii. 37-39); under Peter’s preaching the Holy Ghost fell on them which heard the word (Acts x. 44); and under Paul’s preaching, at Antioch, as many as were ordained to eternal life believed (Acts xiii. 48), and were filled with joy, and with the Holy Ghost (verse 52).

“At the Reformation,” too, “side by side with the doctrine of justification by faith, was maintained the truth, that the believer should know it.” “Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ” (Rom. v. 1). “These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life” (1 John v. 13). “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” (Eph. ii. 8, 9).

## "THE WORD OF LIFE."

IN September, 1870, there was lying, in a beautiful village in Warwickshire, an old man, whose days were clearly numbered. A Christian, hearing of his condition, and knowing that he was "without Christ," and so "without hope and without God" (Eph. ii. 12), called, in the hope of rousing him to a sense of his danger. The old man, who had known well the father of his visitor, listened with respect; but, though admitting he was a sinner, was not concerned enough at the time to cry for mercy. Yet the coming of God's servant was not in vain: for the daughter asked to be allowed to speak to him. She had heard the Gospel of the grace of God faithfully proclaimed; and the Spirit had wrought conviction of sin so deep, that she fancied no heart could be as bad as hers. But her visitor had passed through a like experience; and, with the memory of terrors that were passed still fresh in his mind, he was able to point her to that Scripture which "cannot be broken" (John x. 35). Romans v. 6-8 was read, and simply explained; they knelt before Him who "heareth prayer" (Psa. lxxv. 2); and when they rose, she who had so lately been bowed down with the weight of felt sin, said to her new friend, "Sir, I feel as if the burden was gone." She was seen on the next day, and again, a few days later, when she was rejoicing in her Saviour, and spoke of telling her neighbours of the treasures she had found.

God's work did not end here. Within a few weeks of his death, which followed soon after, her father gave evidence of having been born again, "not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever" (1 Pet. i. 23).

On the evening of March 3, 1872, the same Christian was reading the Word of God in his house from John xx. 31, "These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ; and that believing ye might have life through His name." As he read, his thoughts went back to the conversion in the village, and he spoke of it to show how God uses this wondrous "Word of Life." His servant, who had just been hearing the Gospel, on going to her room, turned to the passage in Romans v., and read it again and again. That night she was able to cast herself, as a sinner, "without strength" (Rom. v. 6), on the free grace of God, and found at once, not only peace, but joy in believing.

It was the Lord Himself who said to those who loved Him on earth, "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." How was this? Because "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God" (Rom. x. 17).

Reader, do you know the Word of God thus as a "Word of Life"? or are you of those who, though professing themselves Christians, yet treat this "living and powerful" Word (Heb. iv. 12) as the Jews did the prophet?—"Lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant

voice, and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not" (Ezek. xxxiii. 32). You may be an admirer of God's Word; but have you known it as that which, applied by the Spirit to your guilty conscience, has brought you from death and darkness into newness of life and light in Christ?

If not, the veil is on your heart; you are "dead in trespasses and sins," and the real power and blessedness of that Word is hidden from you. May He who, on the way to Emmaus, "opened the understandings" of the two mourning wayfarers (Luke xxiv. 45), shine into your heart, "to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. iv. 6).

## FATAL DELAY.

A WOMAN put off the invitation to repentance by saying lightly, "Oh, I shall only want five minutes' time when I am dying to cry for mercy!" This same woman, instead of offering her expected prayer, expired, crying, "I am damned, I am damned!"

## "A LIGHT ON THE STARBOARD BOW."

WELCOME sound! It fell upon my ear, and caused my heart to leap for joy. I had been standing at the bow of the vessel which was carrying us over the wild Atlantic, and was endeavouring to pierce the darkness of the night, and trace an outline of the shore. The rain drizzled and the wind blew cold and frosty over the arctic current, and over icebergs which floated in the vicinity. The rolling ocean beneath and around was black as ink, and no sound could be heard but the howling of the wind. I was meditating on the love of Him whose hand had brought us in safety over so many miles of trackless and stormy sea, and was comparing the voyage to the life of man—the sailing out of port, full of hope—the plunging forward in each day's life, not knowing the events of the next—the adventures—the dangers—the ups—the downs—the expectations—the prospects—the desire of the haven beyond,—when my reverie was broken by the cry of the man on the look-out, "A light on the starboard, Sir!" and the answer from the officer on the bridge, "Aye, aye."

The light that was seen declared the presence of land. It was from a lighthouse. The voyage was therefore at an end, and with it all the suffering and sickness, the rolling and tossing; and the quiet waters of the harbour were near at hand. The announcement of the light was welcome in proportion to the discomfort that had been experienced. How fair were the rays of light that fell from the light-

house over the dreary waste of waters, and how cheerful the shout that told us of the longed-for end!

But another light is shining and casting its fairer rays over another dreary waste, and another cry proclaims the haven of rest.

Mariner on the ocean of life! thou art outward bound; but whither? Thou hast sailed from port, and hast discovered a trackless waste around thee. It may be thou art uncertain as to thy future. All dark around, all black within, no guiding landmark, only the dismal howl of disappointed hopes and broken resolutions; and thou art alone. It may be thy soul has proved the world to be but an empty void, and that sin has spoiled and tarnished what God's hand had made so "very good." Yea, that life itself is but a vapour, and that time is carrying thee swiftly onward to the appointed doom of "death and judgment."

But stay! A light is shining. Its rays are clear and unflinching. It guides securely. That light in the midst of darkness is Jesus. "I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John viii. 12). Lost soul, look to Jesus! Salvation for thee is in Him. He says, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved" (Isaiah xlv. 22).


Anxious soul, look to Jesus! Relief for thee from all thy burden of sin is in Him. He says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28).

Every soul! "See Jesus crowned with glory and honour" (Heb. ii. 9), sitting on the Father's throne, the mighty work of salvation finished, and through Him proclaimed, light for the blind, pardon for the guilty, salvation for the lost.

Reader! there's a light in heaven for thee.

J. W. S

### "BRING HIM UP FOR CHRIST."

 NCE a German historian lay dying. During his life he had written many books, and his words had attracted attention, and influenced multitudes. But he had no faith in Jesus Christ. And as he lay there, with time to reflect on the sins and mistakes of years, on the vanity of all earthly greatness, and the end of all human hopes, a nurse brought to his bedside a tender infant, his new-born son.

Holding it up before the unbelieving father she said, "Your wife wishes to know in which faith you would have this child educated—his father's faith or the faith of Jesus Christ?"

"Oh, bring him up for *Christ!*" was the earnest reply of that dying man.

Advice given in such a solemn hour, and from such a standpoint, may well have weight with all to whom the education and guidance of any soul has been committed. There are things in the world which seem to make people happy. The attractions of fame,

the comforts of literature, and the enjoyments of pleasure, are more agreeable than the self-denials and afflictions and distant promises of the Word of God. In the midst of worldly allurements one may seem to thrive well without Christ, and find it easy to live separate from Him. But "there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." When fame turns to mockery, when joy blights into sorrow, when health changes to sickness, and life fades into death, we shall need something greater and more enduring than earthly comforts to cling to. The "faith of Christ" will then be the only faith that can hold us steadfast, or point to any joy or peace to come.

What but such an anchor as this could have held secure the tempest-tossed and afflicted soul of the Apostle Paul, as through so many long years he fought and toiled and suffered in the face of persecution and temptation and danger? or given him assurance to say, as he looked back on the rugged scenes of his life, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

Let such a faith be ours. Let us devote ourselves, and all under our care or influence, to Christ. Then we shall live in peace, and die in hope, for no present trouble can dismay us, and no future wrath will afflict us.

"Lord, give us such a faith as this,

And then whatever may come,

We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home."

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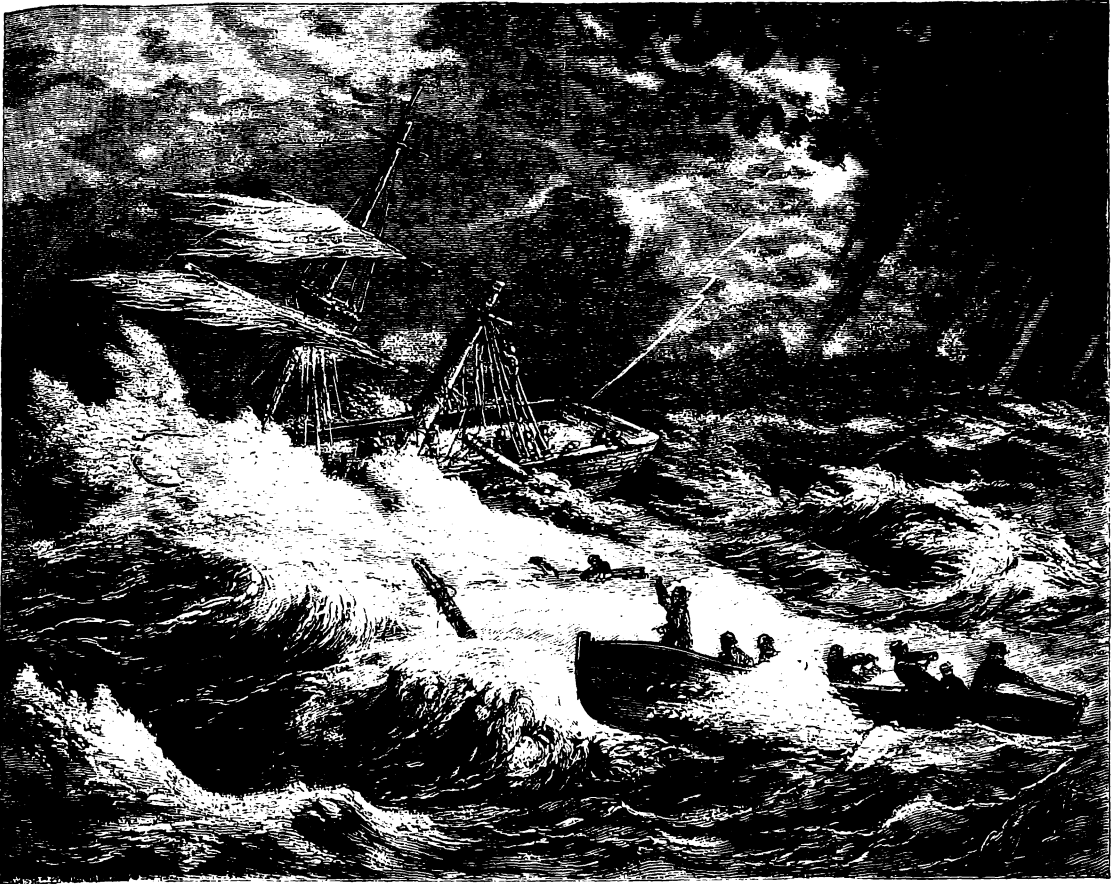
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No. 71.

EDITED BY C. R. H.

NOVEMBER 1875.



RESCUE FOR THE PERISHING.

**M**ARK! 'tis the signal of a ship in distress. Overtaken in such a storm, on such a night. How vivid the lightning—how deafening the thunder. Surely the ill-fated vessel cannot weather the gale, and all on board, unless soon rescued, must find a watery grave. There! there!! did you not see her by the lurid light? One mast gone—sails torn to shreds—rudderless—driven at the mercy of the waves, and those affrighted ones clinging to the rigging.

Man the Life-boat! Man the Life-boat! Quickly, all hands, for there are precious souls to save!

"Aye, aye! that we will," is the ready response. Strain every nerve, bend to the oar! she cannot hold together long.

Away they go, undaunted by the fierceness of the storm. "God speed the Life-boat crew!" we say, as the angry waves and darkness shut out the boat from view.

Flash! There's the boat half buried in the sea, but close to the wreck. Another flash! A man clinging to a spar is being lifted into the Life-boat by the look-out in her bow. A line has been made fast to the wreck, a rope basket is suspended to it,

which, with smaller ropes, is drawn to and fro from the ship's side to the boat, and so the half-drowned ones are being taken off. Flash! They have not left yet; and see, the hulk is breaking up. Why do they linger?

How unbearable this suspense. How slowly the time drags on. Ere this they should have hailed us. Is it possible that, after all, the sea has engulfed them? How much longer must we—Hark! They come. Yes! thank God, there they are; one stroke more, and the boat is high and dry upon the shore.

A thousand welcomes greet the rescued ones as they step out upon the beach. A thousand hearts beat high as they encircle the objects of their solicitude. But whilst the saved speak out their gratitude, and the watchers, too, rejoice, the highest joy is theirs who braved the storm and risked their lives to "Rescue the Perishing."

Tell us, you who stood in the bow as look-out, are all saved? "All, but a father and his child." And why not they? "Because the father would not venture into the rope basket; he would not trust to my word. I told him to drop into it with the child, and they would be safely drawn into the Life-boat. I pleaded; he refused. I cried for the child; he said, 'We will wait till day-break.' I told him the vessel was fast breaking up, but it was of no avail. The child clung to his father, and cried, 'Father, save me! save me!' We dared not remain longer—the ship was plunging. I called once more; he refused. I cut the rope; we rowed away."

Reader, do you ask why this scene is presented? Because it is a picture of the lost sinner without Christ, and portrays the rescue of those who accept salvation; whilst the result of neglect and procrastination are shown in the death of those who did not avail themselves of the means provided.

Unsaved reader, like that ship you may have started amidst the most favourable circumstances, scudding before the breeze with all the glory of a ship in full sail; but I signal to you whose eyes now follow these lines, although all be fair to-day, there are breakers ahead. Perilous and hidden rocks lie in your course; at some moment unexpected you may be upon them. See to it that you get the Pilot aboard. Perhaps this is a photograph of your condition. Then send up the rocket—Signal for help; and I tell you that the Life-boat will put out and take you safely off. Friend, perhaps you are conscious of danger, but do not like to venture into the rope-basket, FAITH. Others have been taken off, and why shall not you try it? All your own schemes are useless. The great Look-out calls, "Trust to it; I cannot save you in any other way. Lean all your weight; let go that rope of *holding on*; lift your foot off that plank of *feeling*; banish that thought of waiting. Now, quickly drop into the basket;" and the almighty hand of Him who never failed to take safely into the Life-boat one of the many millions now landed upon the eternal shore, will lift you in, and then shall you *feel* your footing upon its safe planks.

## EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT.



At the destruction of the Bastille, during the French Revolution, there was found carved by some rude iron instrument on one of its dark dismal dungeon walls, these words, which some sad hopeless prisoner had left as a slight memento of his weary imprisonment: "*O the days lay like ages!*" But what would it be to be a prisoner for eternity? To pace for ever the darkness of the eternal cell, where hope could never come that comes to all?

If we believe the Bible to be true, we must believe in the tremendous penalty attached to sin, and that there is no possible escape from the conviction that the punishment of the lost is eternal. It is told in unmistakeable language, in words full of fearful meaning—we may say it is too fearful to be true, but it would be still more fearful for God to lie—"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away."

Five times over in the compass of five verses, at the end of the ninth chapter of Mark, the solemn truth is reiterated that, that fire shall never be quenched. It is a repetition spoken with such emphasis, such force of language, as is without a parallel in the Word of God. It is a danger that no man who has the least love for his never-dying soul, can wisely shut his eyes to. It is a truth that might awaken, if possible, the very dead with terror, lest they should suffer it. Nothing but blindness hinders any man from being instantly arrested by the unparalleled nature of the danger. "What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" All the misery of all the men that ever lived put together, is as nothing to what one single lost soul must for ever endure in eternity! If ever eternal justice draws its fearful sword and throws away the scabbard, it will be against those who have despised a Saviour's blood.

If the eternity of punishment were not a fact, there would not have needed an infinite atonement for sin. "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" Sinner, escape for thy life, delay is madness, for if the soul God has given you is immortal, then it must be capable of an anguish that is eternal. God just asks you a few times to accept a Saviour, before He passes by you for ever. "Yet a little while is the light with you, walk while you have the light." Don't be laughed by your companions out of your rational convictions. You feel misgivings and fears that all is not straight and clear between your soul and God. Bless God if you have those fears. You owe their existence to the love God has for you; and the worst curse that could come to you would be to lose them, and never to see again the need of the salvation provided. Ah! there are no sceptics in eternity. Eternity is a sure cure for that mistake. "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, O House of Israel, for why will ye die."

"To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."—Isaiah viii. 20.

"The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever."—Rev. xiv. 11.

"Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."—Mark ix. 44.

"Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?"—Isaiah xxxiii. 14.

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment."—Matt. xxv. 46.

"Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner: but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire."—Matt. iii. 12.

## LITTLE GOSPELS.

THESE were never so grand a system of truth compressed in so brief a statement as the Gospel is, in some passages of Scripture. The whole Bible might be destroyed and the Gospel would not be impaired, if any one of half a dozen texts were preserved.

Such a text is that which Luther used to call his little Gospel: "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." As a whole oak is shut up in an acorn, roots, trunk, branches, leaves, so the whole Gospel is in that little seed. God loves—then He is a personal God; loves the world—then it is for the whole world His love has made provision; so loves the world that He gave His only-begotten Son—then the Saviour that died is more than martyr, for there is no other "Son" like Him—then His death is born, not of the wrath, but of the love of God—then the salvation He brings is the free gift of God; so gives the Son that whosoever believeth in Him shall be saved—then there is one way open to all, and only the one way open to any, the way of personal trust in a personal Saviour; so gives that every such a one shall not perish, then they that believe not will perish; but have everlasting life, that is, the life of God in the soul, for that alone lasts for ever. There is a whole body of divinity; man perishing, God loving, Christ rescuing, faith saving.

Here is another little Gospel: "But to as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." Here is the gift of God: we are received into His household, made partakers of His divine nature; here is the helplessness of man by nature, out of Christ we have new power to become God's sons; here is the condition of the gift, that we receive Christ, by trusting in His name.

Here is one more little Gospel, the briefest of them all: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." Here is the gift, salvation; the persons to whom it is given, His people; the nature of the salvation, salvation from sin.

Yes! the littlest Gospel of all is this one word Jesus.

## ETERNAL WEALTH.

CHRIST is the priceless gem of Scripture, all the rest is but the setting. "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of ME."

## AN AGED ATHEIST SAVED.

THE following incident was related to me a few days since, as having occurred in connexion with the meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey at the Agricultural Hall:—

An old man while waiting for the meeting to commence one evening, remarked to the person sitting by his side, "I don't believe in God or devil." "Then why are you here?" asked this person. "Oh, I thought I would come and hear what they had to say." As the meeting proceeded this old man was noticed to be very eager in his endeavour to hear all that was said, and when at the close of the first meeting the person sitting by his side rose to go he said, "Are you going?" "Yes," was the answer; "are not you?" "No," replied the old man; "I am going in there," pointing to the inquiry-room. "I am eighty-one years of age, but I never heard anything like this before."

It was a mercy that this aged man became convinced of sin before the door of grace was closed, or he had passed into eternity. Reader, if you are still unsaved, let me urge you to see to this matter at once; for be assured—infidel or no infidel—your sins will, sooner or later find you out. God grant that, whether aged or young, you may "seek the Lord while He may be found," for "now is the day of salvation."

## THE WARNING.

IN former days, when a military company was to be called out, the notice delivered to each of the members was called "The warning." An officer, who was a Christian, having given the warning, a young man, who was not a member of the company, interposed with the question, "Have you not a warning for me, too?" The officer replied, "Yes, I have a warning for you: I warn you to flee from the wrath to come." This unexpected reply proved an arrow from the Lord's quiver; and to it the young man ascribes his conversion.

## "IS THERE NO BALM IN GILEAD?"

**I**N a great thaw on one of the American rivers, there was a man on one of the cakes of ice which was not actually separated from the unbroken mass. In his terror, however, he did not see this, but knelt down and prayed to God to save him. The spectators on the shore cried loudly to him, "Man, stop praying and begin to act." So with many sinners; they pray to God to make a way of escape, when there is a way of escape already made. They ask God to open the door of mercy, when if they would only try the door they would find it is already open. If men won't go in at the open door, they cannot find fault with the door. When the middle wall of partition is broken down, it can't stop you; and if the door is open you can go in. If God declares that the blood of Christ has made an ample atonement for your sin, can't you be saved at once?

It is not your sin, but your unbelief that stands in the way of your immediate salvation. Is it anything of yours that was finished when the expiring Saviour uttered the words: "It is finished?" Yes; it was your salvation. Then, how can you help being saved? Can you turn away from a salvation so complete and so easy? If you are not saved, you are saying that your salvation is not finished, when God says it is. Are those words, "it is finished," not true? Then why do you not just believe that "it is finished?" Can you help being saved if you believe? Is there any doubt of your salvation if you believe? No; "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away."

Luther said, "If we reject Christ it is as if we went and took down our sins from the cross where God had nailed them, and said we would not let Christ save us." You are not waiting for God; God is waiting for you. Eternal life is not something yet to be given on condition that you pray for it, it is already given. Instead of it being true that you have no right to salvation, you have no right to be without it. To be without it is the greatest of sin.

Christless sinner, remember you are lost, and may be gone any moment. "How can we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" How amazing it is that we have so much offered, and yet take so little! All the wealth of God offered to us, and yet refused!

"He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son hath not life; but the wrath of God abideth in him."

## WILL IT PAY?

WEIGH well the practice of sin, and ponder this question, remembering that

"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

—Rom. vi. 23.

## DARE YOU RISK YOUR SOUL?

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## THE DECOY DUCK.

**T**HE decoy duck is a bird which is trained to go amongst her wild companions and allure them into the snare of the fowler. Satan is the great fowler, seeking to destroy the bodies and souls of men; and he has many decoy ducks; for instance, evil companions, who allure those who have not plunged so deeply into sin as themselves, into the tempter's toils more securely, until at length they find themselves beyond the reach of help, in outer darkness, where there is "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

## THE PRISONER OF WAR OVERCOME BY LOVE.

**D**URING the American Civil War I visited some prisoners, one of whom was dying with typhoid fever, and carried to him some fine luscious peaches; but instead of taking them, he turned to the opposite side of his couch, and burst into weeping. After a time, being asked why he had not taken the fruit, he said that he and his comrades had entered Pennsylvania burning the cots and plundering the country, and now that he was a prisoner in the hands of his enemies, he could not believe that any one of them could be so kind to him. So with those who had once been the enemies of Christ, they could not conceive that He would be so kind to them as He is, but nevertheless the Lord would do glorious things for us.

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THE  
CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."—2 Cor. v. 20, 21.

No. 72.

EDITED BY C. R. H.

DECEMBER 1875.



SOLOMON IN HIS GLORY.

THIS picture represents Solomon in his meridian glory. The possessor of untold wealth—the wisest potentate—the mightiest monarch; we see him seated in the imperial chair whilst the prophecy is being fulfilled—“*The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents; the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.*”

Whence this affluence? Why all this homage to

Solomon? Reader! would you learn the spell, would you discover the secret? Then lend me your ears whilst I seek to disclose it.

That memorable day has darkened into night—a day when one thousand burnt offerings have been sacrificed to God. The little feathery chorister has ceased its song, and sleeps far up in its leafy home. The courtiers and attendants sleep—the household

sleeps, and all is hushed and still. Jehovah comes down to commune with the king whilst he is in slumber.

"SOLOMON, ASK WHAT I SHALL GIVE THEE," and what is the reply? "Give me the valour and soldier-like bearing of my father, and let his martial cloak fall upon my shoulders; give me victory over all my enemies, and let the shout be heard, far and near, 'David hath slain his tens of thousands, and Solomon his thousand of *thousands*?' " No. Was it, "Give me wealth, long life, honour, and power that I may sway a sceptre over the wide world, and reign supreme?" No. But, "Give me WISDOM." Wisdom to guide my feet through the slippery paths of life—wisdom, to hold the reins of government—wisdom, to promote the interests of the people—wisdom, to be an example of piety, and rule with equity.

Well was it for Solomon in soliciting this gift in preference to all others, for, doubtless had he chosen wealth or honour, he would have had the disappointment of seeing them vanish like the dew-drop before the morning sun. But the Great Giver not only conferred upon him wisdom, but bestowed inestimable treasures—honour such as no other king ever received—and better than the life of enemies, his reign was characterized by plenty, peace, and contentment.

We cannot but admire his conduct when waking from this vision. Instead of summoning his vassals and publishing his power, his first act was to offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving—would not take honour to himself until he had given honour to God.

Yes! this is the secret of his power he has had to do with God, and received from Him the one thing needful. But let me ask you, reader, what has been your choice? Have you sought and obtained this pearl of great price? Or are you of that busy multitude who throng the broad road to destruction, eagerly searching after worldly gains to the neglect of salvation? "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" I cross your path, and would fain turn you from your fruitless toil. You say you want long life and riches? then seek *Wisdom*, for "Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left riches and honour." You want peace? then seek *Wisdom*, for "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

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## THE OBJECT SOUGHT BY ALL. HAPPINESS.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord HAPPY is he."—Prov. xvi. 20.

"HAPPY is that people whose God is the Lord."—Psa. cxliv. 15.

"Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in His ways. . . . HAPPY shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee."—Psa. cxxviii. 1-2.

## WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

READER! consider—meditate—think seriously of that word, ETERNITY! Oh, unfathomable and incomprehensible Eternity! As many millions of ages as there are atoms in this vast universe are nothing compared with Eternity! After centuries have passed away, Eternity remains entire! The happy state of the righteous, who will reign for ever with God in the blessed abodes of paradise;—the awful condition of the damned, for ever with devils in hell,—these two Eternities will never pass away. You must abide in one or the other of them. As long as God is God (and that will be for ever), you will glorify, either His mercy in heaven, or His justice in that lake of fire and brimstone. What madness, to lose God, to lose a happy Eternity, for the sake of indulging in disgraceful and short-lived pleasures! What wondrous stupidity to be insensible to this loss! Woe be to him who will only become sensible of the importance of this loss when he *feels* it, and in that place where it will be irretrievable. The grand concern of your existence, to secure a happy Eternity. The fashion of this world passeth away, death approaches, Eternity awaits you. If the blood of Jesus Christ had not arrested the avenging arm of Justice, where would you have been? One single sin is sufficient to cause you to perish everlastingly. Hasten then to that merciful Saviour, for cleansing in His precious blood. The past is no more—the future is not in your own power—and the present is but a moment which is given you, wherein to serve God and to gain Eternity! Reflect upon these words—a God—a Moment—an Eternity! A God who sees you—a Moment which is passing away from you—an Eternity which awaits you. A God whom you serve so ill—a Moment which you employ to so little purpose—an Eternity which you risk so rashly! Reader, where will you spend ETERNITY!!

## SUCH AN OFFER.

"COME UNTO ME:"

Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. *Jno. vii. 37.*

a *Is. liii. 6. Gal. iii. 13.*

Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by him all that believe are justified, &c. *Acts xiii. 38, 39.*

c *Is. i. 18. Heb. viii. 12.*

With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. *Rom. x. 10.*

e *Rom. iii. 20-24. Tit. iii. 5.*

Thou shalt call His name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins. *Matt. i. 21.*

h *Rom. iii. 10, viii. 7.*

Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. *Jno. xiv. 27.*

k *1 Peter i. 8, 9.*  
l *John xiii. 1.*

The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge . . . that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them. *2 Cor. v. 14, 15.*

o *Mark ix. 24. Acts viii. 37.*

1.  
"SUCH an offer!" Full and free!  
Can it be really meant for me?  
That all *my* sins on Christ be laid,<sup>a</sup>  
That all *my* debt by Him be paid?  
Yes: Jesus says it, Who has died:—<sup>b</sup>  
"Believe," and thou art justified.

2.  
"Such an offer!" Pardon *now*<sup>c</sup>  
For hidden sin, and broken vow!  
And years of cold neglect and scorn;—  
Can mercy's ray upon me dawn?  
Yes: Jesus died instead of thee;<sup>d</sup>  
*His* death for *thine*, must be thy plea.

3.  
"Such an offer!" Need I bring<sup>e</sup>  
To Jesus Christ no offering?  
A willing and believing heart,  
This—this is all the sinner's part:  
He says it, Who death's sting has braved:—<sup>f</sup>  
"Look unto Me, and be ye saved."<sup>g</sup>

4.  
"Such an offer!" But I find  
All unrenewed my heart and mind,<sup>h</sup>  
Is it not written in God's Word  
We must be "holy to the Lord"?<sup>i</sup>  
Yes: and that holiness begins  
When Jesus saves us from our sins.

5.  
"Such an offer!" Peace and joy<sup>k</sup>  
Untainted by the world's alloy;  
The sweet assurance of a Friend  
Who loving, loves unto the end;<sup>l</sup>  
The knowledge *now* of sins forgiv'n,<sup>m</sup>  
And of a place prepared in Heav'n.<sup>n</sup>

6.  
Oh, what goodness! Lord, I take  
This offer Thou dost freely make!<sup>o</sup>  
My one desire shall henceforth be  
To live for Him who died for me.<sup>p</sup>  
SPREAD GLAD NEWS, THROUGH EVERY NATION!  
INSTANT FREE, AND FULL SALVATION!

"I WILL GIVE YOU  
REST."

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat: yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price. *Isaiah lv. 1.*

b *Rom. iv. 5. Gal. ii. 16. John iii. 16.*

When he was yet a great way off, his Father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. *Luke xv. 20.*

d *2 Cor. v. 21. 1 Pet. ii. 24. 1 Peter iii. 18.*

Verily, verily I say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life. *Jno. vi. 47.*

f *Hos. xiii. 14!*  
g *Isa. xlv. 22.*

Sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace. *Rom. vi. 14.*

i *Heb. x. 16. 1 Pet. i. 16.*

Your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you. *Jno. xvi. 22.*

m *1 John i. 7.*  
n *John xiv. 1-3.*

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take the Water of Life freely. *Rev. xxii. 17.*

p *1 Cor. vi. 20. Phil. iii. 8.*

## THE WAY OF SALVATION.

BY DR. S. H. TYNG.

**F**OR man, completely lost, God's salvation was determined and planned. An Almighty Saviour was appointed and revealed. That Saviour was divinely bestowed in the infinite love of the Father, not sparing His own Son. On that Saviour who took upon Himself the nature of man, the iniquities of all were laid. He willingly made Himself an offering for man's redemption. He endured the cross and the curse. He accomplished the ransom. He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. He finished the work which He had thus undertaken. Guilty man was redeemed, pardoned, accepted, restored in Him and by Him, and through Him brought back to life eternal. This is God's "Way of Salvation." Thus God is just, and the justifier of all who believe in this glorious exalted Saviour. Thus "God has become our salvation." And it is our privilege to "trust and not be afraid."

## SALVATION—HOW OBTAINED.

This salvation is God's work, God's provision, God's gift, God's everlasting covenant in all things "well ordered and sure." The "way" to its attainment is in a simple, grateful, trusting acceptance of the offer and the Saviour who is offered, with a loving, believing heart; receiving Him as the object, the author, and the finisher of our hope; the one chosen portion of our soul, the treasure we most of all desire, the living and beloved friend in whom we are rich, we are full, we are reigning as kings, for whom we willingly exchange all other objects and claims, and in the fulness of whose love and power we can be happy for ever.

Multiplied illustrations have I seen and known of the reality and truth of these statements of the word and will of God. I will adduce one out of many.

## A SINCERE INQUIRER.

A young man of intelligence and education, and of a most serious and earnest aspect and character, a lieutenant in the navy, sought a conversation with me in my study. His conversation and exposition of his own feelings, and experience, showed him to be a sincere seeker for his own personal salvation. He described to me, quite at large, the various conversations which he had held with others, and the uncertain and unsatisfying directions which he had received from them. Their plans of improvement and attainment, as laid before him, and by him related, were altogether legal and formal. He must repent. He must unite with the Church. He must go to the table of the Lord. He sadly said he had followed all these directions as far as he could, and yet all was darkness still. He had no peace, no clear hope, no rest. With great earnestness, and with strong emotion he besought me to show him the "Way of Salvation."

I was deeply interested in his case, and, with as

much minuteness and clearness as was in my power, I spread before him the simple gospel plan of God's salvation, so fully completed and so clearly revealed, in the work of the Lord Jesus; and so accessible to the believing soul in the one personal offer of Him as a complete Saviour, all the salvation and all the desire of a truly believing heart.

## THE CLOUDS DISPELLED.

He listened to me with the most intense and intelligent interest. His countenance was glowing with emotion. And as I closed my statement of this glorious work and provision, I said to him, "Now in your accepting this scheme of divine grace do you feel yourself as one who is yet to be saved by anything which you can do? Or as one who is already saved by that which the Son of God has done for him?"

He thought in silence for a little time and then answered:

"Why, Sir, in your statement of this subject I do not see but I am a man already saved by this glorious work of my divine Saviour, in whom I hope I truly believe."

"Well, said I, what then has a saved man to do?" He answered me, "According to your statement, I do not see that he has anything to do but to trust, to love, and to be happy." "What more can he do?" I said, "That is heaven. That is the whole of a redeemed life for ever." In the most profuse weeping he covered his face with his handkerchief and said, "Oh, excuse me, Sir, but I have never heard such teaching before."

He left me, himself thankful for the precious truth of Jesus, and I thankful for the privilege of pointing the Way of Salvation to one so intelligent and so sincere.

Thus was Jesus preached, was Jesus offered, was Jesus accepted, and another precious redeemed soul sent on his way rejoicing in the freeness, the fulness, the completeness, the openness of this Way of Salvation in the precious gospel of a Saviour's grace, a Saviour's love, a Saviour's work for lost and fallen man.

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