

THE

# GOSPEL MESSAGE;

CONTAINING

SIMPLE GOSPEL TRUTH.

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VOL. II.

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# NOTE.

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I CANNOT allow this volume to be sent forth without expressing my deep thankfulness to the Lord in having richly and largely used this periodical for the blessing and profit of souls.

A considerable number of the articles have been reprinted and published in other religious publications at home and abroad. In this way the tidings of His grace and glory has spread beyond our expectations. To His blessed name be the praise!

That the Lord may, in His condescending grace, continue to bless the truth contained in these pages to the conversion of sinners, and the deliverance and help of His saints, is our earnest prayer.

W. S.

*December, 1873.*

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THE  
GOSPEL MESSAGE.

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“THE COMING EVENT.”

SOMETIME since, while passing along the street of a town, my eyes were arrested by a placard on which the three words heading this paper were printed in very large capitals. They had reference to an entertainment which was shortly to visit the place—a something got up by the god of this world, to gratify the tastes of a pleasure-seeking multitude, and to banish all thoughts of God and eternity from the minds of men. As I proceeded on my way the enquiry suggested itself: Does the world really know that “*the coming event*” for the earth is THE REVELATION OF THE LORD JESUS FROM HEAVEN IN FLAMING FIRE? (2 Thess. i. 7, 8.)

Dear reader, is not this a most solemn and weighty truth? Hast thou ever thought of it? Perhaps, like the majority of men, you are ignorant of, or indifferent to it. But, however it be, you must confess that the fact is a startling one, and very closely concerns all classes—men of business, pleasure seekers—in fact, every one who is out of Christ.

I see the man of business evincing the greatest possible interest in the state of the markets—in the probable result of this or that speculation, anxious indeed, lest through want of foresight, a pecuniary loss should occur—the man of pleasure, eager to secure as much as possible, while health and strength last, and all, without exception, bent on carrying out their own will, living to themselves and not to God. Such, reader, is the world of to-day. Oh, a terrible judgment is going to fall on it, in spite of its fancied improvement. A judgment executed by a living person, JESUS; and coming upon men while alive on the earth; overtaking them in the midst of their business, pleasure, and self-seeking. Let me beseech you not to listen to the lies of the enemy on this point, who

would fain persuade you that things will go on as they are now for an indefinite period—for your lifetime at least—and then, instead of Christ being revealed from heaven in flaming fire, to judge *living* persons, all will die, and at the last day rise again and appear before the great white throne. Now, it is quite true that *every one* who has died in his or her sins will be raised from the dead to be judged; but Satan would use this truth to eradicate, if possible, the other one, viz., a judgment, and a judge too, overtaking men in the midst of their varied occupations.

In the 24th chap. of Matt., 37th to 40th verses, the Lord Jesus says: "As the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage; until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." Here the Lord likens the world of to-day to the world of that day. And what appears to me so very solemn is the fact that it was *necessary* things that engaged men's attention. Where, then, was the mischief? you enquire. In this, that these necessary things occupied them to the exclusion of God, and the rejection of His testimony, the word and act of Noah to the coming flood. Do you imagine that it is only drunkards, swearers, and immoral persons whom God will judge? I pray you be not deceived, "for the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against *all* ungodliness and unrighteousness of men." (See Romans i. 18.) I tell you, that if you are determined to stand upon your own character before God you will be ruined for ever. If out of Christ your danger is imminent. Did any escape who were outside the ark? Think you that there were no moral, amiable, respectable people in that day? Don't understand me to mean that morality, amiability, and respectability are not to be desired. No; but woe be to the man who thinks these will insure for him immunity from the coming judgment.

Let me, in conclusion, briefly bring before you God's way of escape from coming wrath, and may God, dear reader, give you no rest till able to say, "Delivered from the wrath to come." Of believers in the Lord Jesus Christ it is said, "God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation (full deliverance to the body) by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should

live together with him." (1 Thess. v. 9, 10.) How different the *present* position of a mere man of the world, and a *real* Christian. The one awaiting, unconsciously perhaps, the coming judgment; the other waiting for God's Son from heaven, knowing that before Jesus comes forth to judge in righteousness, He will come, and with a shout (heard only by His own people) awaken His sleeping saints, change His living ones, and catch them up together to meet Him in the air, to be with Him for ever, even when executing the judgments. Fellow-believer, let none rob thee of *this blessed hope*.

Turn now to Calvary, and learn how it is that God can bestow eternal life, and give present assurance of exemption from judgment.

Jesus on the cross bears the judgment resting on the sinner, and satisfies the claims of a holy God. Why that cry echoing through the darkness of that scene, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Oh, reader, He suffered, "the just for the unjust." God, in the love of His heart, had given Him out of His bosom—*His own Son to die*. Marvel of marvels! Has that love ever broken thy heart? Has the death of Jesus, that terrible necessity of righteousness, ever led to repentance, to judge thyself as altogether bad? Blessed to know that, when the cup of wrath was drained, Jesus said, "IT IS FINISHED." Think of it—"FINISHED!" On the third morning Jesus is raised from among the dead. The vacant cross and the empty tomb tell us how perfect the answer given to the great question of sin raised by a just God. But more, He is now on the throne of God, and the glory of God shines in His blessed face. Now, dear reader, *peace* can be thy portion, for He made it by the blood of His cross. Does thy soul tremble at the thought of judgment? Is it a hiding place thou art seeking? Jesus, then, is that hiding place. Accept Him, oh, accept Him; and when the billows of God's wrath roll over this guilty world, thou, with all the redeemed ones, wilt be safely housed on high. Oh, reader, the storm is gathering; thou hast no time to lose. Let not man's cry of "peace and safety" delude thee. God has provided "*peace and safety*" for thee, whoever thou art—the fruit of the finished work of His Son. It is offered to thee now; yes, at *this moment*. See that thou rejectest it not.

## "SUDDENLY DESTROYED."

THERE lived in the city of — a widow and her only son, a grown-up young man. She loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and better still, *knew* and *believed* the love God had to her. Her son was a dissipated lad. His evening and midnight hours were, in general, spent in the theatre, concert room, and sometimes in worse places. He was wholly given up to pleasure, and worked wickedness with a high hand.

His pious mother sorrowed, wept, and prayed over the ungodliness of her son. She yearned for his conversion to God, and pleaded for his salvation with all a mother's concern.

One evening, as usual, the young man was preparing to spend his hours in some haunt of vice and wickedness. Carelessly he buttoned up his coat, put on his hat, and was just about leaving the house, when his mother determined to make another, and, if needs be, final effort to reach the conscience of her son. Nervously she grasped his hands, and sinking upon her knees, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, she exclaimed—"O, my son, my son, my son—give your heart to Jesus. Be reconciled to God. Believe in His love, to you, my son." She pleaded in the intensity of love; and, with thrilling earnestness, again besought her boy to believe on God's Son—the Saviour of sinners. He got exceedingly angry. Rudely he unloosed his mother's grasp, and stamping his foot on the floor, exclaimed—"No, mother, I won't be reconciled to God—I won't give my heart to Christ. *I'll be damned first.*"

God took him at his word. His hours were numbered; and the bad, bold, defiant transgressor sunk a lifeless corpse at his mother's feet. "He that being *often* reproveth hardeneth his neck, shall *suddenly be destroyed*, and that without remedy." (Proverbs xxix. 1.)

Beloved reader, let me assure thee of this, that judgment will not only fall upon the *open* rejector of Christ, but will most certainly reach the law-keeper—church-goer—office-bearer—minister, or *any* who love *not* the Lord Jesus Christ. But why perish? for "if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that *God hath raised Him from the dead*, thou shalt be saved." (Romans x. 9.)

## THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

EVERYTHING is fast breaking up. Old established institutions are being swept aside. Money making and pleasure seeking characterise the age. Ungodliness is on the increase. Crime of a revolting character fills the pages of the newspapers. Morality is at a low ebb. Commercial honesty and honour are at a discount. *All* the nations of Europe are arming. The statesmen of the day are discussing (not as yet publicly) the necessity of having a central Head, and are rejecting the principle by which the politics of Europe have hitherto been governed, viz., the preservation of the *balance* of power. Russia is marshalling her forces for the important part she will play in the coming struggle. The old limits of the Latin Empire are being more broadly marked off. The ancient empires of Persia and Greece have lately been revived; *soon* the plains of Shinar will witness the revival of the first Gentile monarchy; all of which, with the resuscitated Western Empire, will fall together. Democracy and infidelity amongst the working classes are sapping the very foundations of society. Class is arrayed against class. Trades' Unions oppose themselves to the Masters' combinations; the struggle has begun; when and where will it end? Ritualism and Popery are eagerly embraced by the rich as affording a sphere for display, and in which conscience is easily satisfied. The Church, so called, has lost all *power* over the mind of the people at large; hence the governments of Europe are destroying Church establishments. Every distinctive truth and dogma of Christianity is being questioned—not by the Atheist, or Deist, or Socinian, as in former days; but this is done in the great seats of learning, and by men who have perjured themselves to do this awful work. Most of our "evangelical literature" *openly* question what at one time used to be regarded as fundamental truth. Infidelity is not very rare in some of the "Dissenting Churches." All this is rapidly preparing for the apostacy, *i. e.*, the general giving up of the faith on the part of Christendom.

The signs of the times might be easily multiplied (see for a fuller list 2 Timothy iii. 1-6), but these for the present may suffice. The midnight cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" has gone forth. The slumbering virgins have been aroused, and have gone forth to meet the Bridegroom. The

wise, having "oil in their vessels," light the path of the Bridegroom (for it was *midnight* when he came), and went in with Him to the marriage, and "*the door was shut.*" AFTERWARD came also the other virgins. Alas! alas! it was too late, too late!

Behold, He cometh! O, sinner, He will be here *immediately*. Already methinks I hear His footsteps; yes, yes, He is coming. O, kiss the Son. Turn to Him, turn to Him. He will in nowise cast thee out. "Blessed are *all* they that put their trust in Him."



## THE DYING MAN'S PERSUASION.

A SOLDIER lying in one of the American hospitals was nearing his end. A visitor in the hospital addressed him thus: "What Church are you of?" "Of the Church of Christ," was the answer. "But I mean of what persuasion are you?" "*Persuasion!*" said the dying Christian soldier, "*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 *me* from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, *my Lord.*" (Romans viii. 38-39.)

Reader, I ask you to turn from *every* church, sect, and party, to the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, to His precious blood, to His finished work, to the right "*persuasion.*" What is that? Why, that the Spirit of the living God has *ransacked* creation and cannot find *that* which would separate *me* from the love of God in Christ. "*Me!*" the saved sinner! "*Me!*" the richest trophy of divine grace. Are you persuaded of this? Is it so that thy sins have been atoned for, and then forgiven? Are you "*persuaded*" of the full, present, and eternal forgiveness of sins—of *thy* sins? If so, can't you say, "I am persuaded that love's link will *never* be snapped; that creation *above, beneath, past, present, future,* cannot snap the everlasting tie formed between *me* and the eternal lover of my soul." Reader, what is your persuasion?

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"If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His (risen) life."—Rom. v. 10.

## THE FORSAKEN ONE.

"ELI! ELI! LAMA SABACHTHANI?"

Psalm xxii.

What means that bitter cry,  
That issues forth in loud and solemn tone?  
What means that tearful eye,  
That weeps in agony and grief alone?

'My God, My God,' it speaks,  
As if 'twould rend the brazen heavens in twain;  
But ah! in vain it seeks—  
No present answer does that cry obtain.

Who is that suffering One,  
For whom *few* mourners can be found to weep?  
And is He left alone,  
To taste the sorrow of that hour so deep?

Yes! not one heart is found,  
Or sought to share the burden of His soul;  
Darkness prevails around,  
As waves and billows o'er His Spirit roll.

'Tis He, the Son of God,  
Meeting the dreadful curse that on us lay;  
And by His one life blood  
Cleansing the crimson stain of guilt away.

Where is God's shining face,  
Whose lustre beamed with joy on that blest One:  
And from His heavenly place  
Acknowledg'd Him His "well-beloved Son?"

A veil is o'er it now,  
A cloud of darkness shrouds it from His gaze;  
No joy is on that brow  
Once lit with all its bright and dazzling rays.

And was He there for *me*,  
Suffering the wrath that would have been my own,  
That I eternally  
May share the light and joy of His bright throne?

Oh, love! oh, grace supreme!  
That led Thee there, Thou blessed Son of God,  
To taste the bitter shame  
Of agony and sorrow, e'en to blood.

*My* heart would love *Thee* now,  
Who once in death told out *Thy* love to *me*;  
I would in worship bow,  
And give a willing heart's deep praise to Thee.

. "I'M IN CONCEIT OF YOUR TRACT."

I WAS giving away some tracts in the country, and offered one to a man working on the road-side.

On returning, I asked him, "Have you got your sins forgiven?"

"I'm in conceit of your tract," he replied.

"I'd rather you were in conceit of Christ, than of my tract," I said.

We spoke a little together—he, of the tract—I, of Christ and His finished work, and left him occupied with things *about* Christ.

My reader, there are thousands so utterly blind to their real condition, and to the glory of God's grace, that they are mightily occupied with the *externals*; churches, sects, doctrines—in short, anything *about* Christ, save Himself and His precious blood. His ascension, glory, and His coming again, are, alas! themes of a too searching character for the mass; not that there is not religion, and plenty of it too, but what of it all if Christ be not laid hold of as a Saviour for *me*. Religion can't save a sinner. Ordinances of divine appointment, too, are utterly valueless in the question of salvation. I need *a man* to save—to deliver me from going down to the pit. Principles, truth, dogmas, won't do for me, a sinner; give them to a saint; they may fit him; but I need a *personal* Saviour, because I am a *personal* sinner. Where is this personal Saviour? I can tell you where He *was*. He was on the cross for my sins. He suffered for me. He, the Just One, died for me, the *unjust*. On the Cross of Calvary He was forsaken of God, that I might never be—nay, but that His face might be turned upon me in eternal joy and blessing. I have seen the face of Jesus Christ; glory shines in it. Oh, it has lighted up my dark soul, and I have *peace*. I know, moreover, that He in grace carried *all* my sins down into His grave; and as I stand on the brink of his empty tomb, and hear angelic testimony assuring me that He is risen—"Come, see the place where the Lord lay"—what *can* I do but turn up my eyes to the throne of God; and as I see Him crowned with "glory and honour," aloud adore His worthy name.

May the Lord lead you in simple confidence to Jesus, who on Calvary said, "It is finished."



"I'VE GOT THE GRIP."

"WE have half an hour before the meeting," said my companion; "shall we go down and see poor Hugh M.? Perhaps a word from you might do him good. He has been for thirteen years in anxiety about his soul, but never seems able to accept God's salvation."

"Agreed," said I; and off we went together. The evening had closed in, and we found him and his dear wife, a nice, happy Christian woman, at home, and with much kindness they welcomed us, and we sat around the bright turf fire that was sparkling on the hearth.

I gradually introduced the subject, speaking of ordinary topics first, then giving the conversation a religious turn, and finally putting the question home to him, as to whether he *personally* knew the blessedness of peace with God.

"Well," he said, and his genuine frankness won my heart from the first, "I dunna want to make ony secret on it; I've been these thirteen odd years looking for it, but I don't know how it comes, I canna get the grip."

I saw at once that the man was thoroughly in earnest, that he was upright in heart—had been in the presence of God, and knew his lost condition, and therefore I had no difficulty in presenting to him, in the plainest and the simplest way, the gospel.

"Now, dear Hugh," I said, "I am sure you would take no ground but that of a vile guilty sinner, one that has no claim upon God whatever, and deserves nothing but hell."

"Indeed I do," was his reply: "this old bad heart of mine is full of sin, and I know that I am a poor, lost, guilty sinner;" and the earnest way he spoke revealed the really anxious condition of his soul.

"Well," I said, "I am thankful thus to see you in your true place before God, repentant to the very heart's core. Now I want to ask you what is revealed in the word of God as to those for whom Jesus died. Will you turn to your Bible for a moment, and read what is said in Rom. v. 8? 'But God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.' Now, according to your own admission, you are a hell-deserving sinner, and God reveals to you that for such as you His Son was put to death, and therefore you may know that His death has satisfied God for your sin and put it away."

"Oh but," he said, "I canna get the grip. I see it all, it's so plain, but somehow I canna get the grip;" and the perspiration rolled down his face in his earnestness.

"But," I answered, "you are making a difficulty where God makes none: you are waiting to get a grip, when you ought, like a little child, to be simply receiving God's testimony that Christ by His death has made a full atonement for your sins; that God has accepted His finished work, of which Christ's presence at His Father's right hand is a proof to you, and that believing in Him you are free from all your sins in the sight of God; for He says, 'all that believe are justified from all things' (Acts xiii. 39)."

"Well," he said, "I dunna ken how it is, I feel I want to grip it, and I hae nae power. I canna believe it is for me."

Again and again I pressed him with all the earnestness and clearness I could, for I felt the soul was hanging betwixt life and death, and the least turn the wrong way might end fatally; but he still maintained he "couldna get the grip."

Our time was up, and we had to leave; but so heavily was he laid upon my heart, that I could not help praying for him specially at the meeting we were holding. The answer was not long deferred.

He says that it was about the middle of the night that he awoke in fearful trouble about his soul: he felt he should have to cry out, for his heart was bursting; but he suddenly felt as if the blessed Saviour was personally present, and saying so sweetly to him, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

"O Lord," he said, "I'll come, I'll come," and he then and there, believing, came to Jesus and found that peace he had sought for thirteen long years; and then that glorious hymn came to his mind,

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

He had "got the grip" at last—and peace with God was his, through faith in Jesus: and now he sits at the feet of Jesus, a purged worshipper, having no more conscience of sins.

As I write this simple story that happened last week, I am reminded of how, in Numbers x., the Ark of God went out of its due order in consequence of the failure of the people's

leader, God in His rich grace rising superior to His servant's weakness; for, as in the present instance, though the gospel is His "power unto salvation to every one that believeth," and "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God," yet He would seem in the fulness of His love to have gone a little out of the ordinary course of things and granted some manifestation to His poor creature that he might no longer doubt, but "rejoice believing." So with Thomas (John xx.).

But be that as it may, dear reader, will you let me now affectionately turn to you and ask you, Have you received God's testimony concerning Jesus, and are you therefore *saved*? Most solemn is your position if still dead in trespasses and sins, as we all by nature are—heirs of wrath and misery—but do not wait till you get the grip, do not wait till you have some vision in the night, for such may never come to you, but in simple faith believe on Him who said to that doubting heart, and who says to you, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) The Lord bless you.—*Gospel Papers, by the late D. T. Grimston.*



## SIN DISPOSED OF.

DEAR READER, I want you to see how God disposes of the sins of all who believe.

The foundations of an immediate forgiveness of sins have been laid in the work and word of God. Yes, the ground of peace—of justification from *all* things has been divinely laid; where? certainly not in the doings and feelings of the sinner, but in what God wrought on the cross of His beloved Son. Here I would seek to impress upon the readers of this paper, that God is not *doing* the work, either by the Holy Ghost, or by His Son. It is *done*.

Now, it is true the Holy Ghost produces in me a sense of sin—awakens me to the reality of my condition as a *lost* sinner; but this conviction, any one may see, cannot be a righteous ground on which God disposes of my sin. It is also true, most blessedly so! that Christ loves "His own"—that in God's presence He is maintaining them in righteousness and practical cleanness, so that they may have a part with Him in that scene of boundless blessing where He is. But this present ministry of grace towards His beloved ones

is not the ground of sin put away, because it is a saved and justified people whom He loves and blesses. All will readily admit that the ground of forgiveness cannot be in anything *to be done*.

The death of Jesus then is the *only* foundation of a full, frank, and present settlement of sin. As to this holy scripture is most conclusive: "*He hath made Him sin for us who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.*" (2 Cor. v. 21.) "*Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.*" (1 Peter ii. 24.) "*Justified by His blood.*" (Rom. v. 9.) "*Once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.*" (Heb. ix. 26.)

Now, my reader, either your sins were laid by God *on* Jesus, or you will bear them for ever in "the lake of fire." This is, we think, clear and satisfactory, and we beg you to lay it to heart. This transference of sins from the guilty to the "Holy One" was God's own act; He did it. "The Lord *hath* laid *on* Him the iniquity of us all." (Isaiah liii. 6.) This gives immense relief to the heart. God has had to do with my sins. He has taken up the whole matter and dealt with it, meeting in a divine way the claims of His glory. I do not believe in the words of the well-known hymn as being *the truth*—

"I lay my sins on Jesus  
The spotless Lamb of God."

I believe it would be better expressed thus:—

"God *laid* my sins on Jesus  
The spotless Lamb of God."

Now, what say you to this? Have we not in the death of Jesus—"Son of God," thus in His *own* person giving *divine* value to all He did, and "Son of Man" meeting the necessities of holiness and righteousness in the *nature* that had sinned—I say, have we not in the death of this ONE an unmovable foundation of peace? Can aught shake it? Blessed resting place of faith! The death of Jesus is the basis of the glory of God in redemption; it is the manifestation of divine holiness and righteousness to the universe; it is the *alone* ground of peace for the sinner believing on God. God laid the sins of all who believe *on* Jesus. *In* Him there was no sin, absolutely holy in His nature, and undefiled 'mid *all* the circumstances He went through in grace. He passed on to the tree; *there* He bore the curse resting on the

sinner. Man's rage, Satan's malice, and God's wrath fell on Him. Precious Saviour, we adore Thee! Thou worthy Lamb of God, more dear to our hearts art Thou than ever, as we contemplate the profound wonders of Thy cross. We hail Thee dearer to us than ever, as with unshod feet we tread the holy precincts of that calvary scene, and muse in deep, adoring praise o'er Thy cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

God raised Him from among the dead. Jesus was raised by the glory of the Father. The power of God was put forth in raising up the glorious substitute from the cold chambers of death. Could God have used the "might of His power" in the resurrection of Christ at the expense either of holiness or righteousness? Impossible. Holiness ineffable, righteousness inflexible, fed upon the "one sacrifice"—Jesus, the Lamb of God. Now a righteous outlet to God's love has been found. Grace reigns through righteousness to eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The empty tomb of Jesus proclaims the triumph of the conqueror; the trappings of death lie *there*. "Come see the place where the Lord *lay*." Those linen clothes and napkin, tell of Satan, death, and hell's defeat. He has triumphed. God has pledged His joy and satisfaction in Christ by sending down angels to point men to the deserted sepulchre. Are you satisfied with the Christ who has satisfied the heart of God? Is there the shadow of a cloud between the "Holy One" and the blessed God? Is there the faintest trace of a stain of sin upon the risen Jesus? No; No. The glory of God *now* shines in the face once marred more than any man's. O His blessed brow is now encircled by a crown of glory and beauty—once wreathed with the cruel thorn. Come see what God in mighty love has wrought. The cross witnesses to His judgment *of* sin; the resurrection witnessing to His triumph *over* sin.

Now I can read the story of life, love, and peace, as I stand at the brink of His empty grave. Oh, I can track that wondrous pathway from the gloom of the grave to the glory of the throne. Sin is abolished. Glory shines in the face of Jesus Christ.

May I know *now*, as a matter of *present* enjoyment, the final judgment of all my sins? May I have divine certainty that the "judgment-day" will produce nothing against me? Are you saying—

“’Tis a point I long to know,  
 Oft it causes anxious thought ;  
 Do I love the Lord or no,  
 Am I His or am I not?”

Well, “*be it known unto you*, that through this *man* is preached unto *you* the forgiveness of sin, and by Him *all* that believe ARE justified from *all* things.” (Acts xiii. 38, 39.) God has solved the “point.” “I long to know,” says the anxious one ; “be it known,” says God. The truth of full assurance of the complete and eternal settlement of all my sins is found alone in what God *has said*, not on what I feel, or experience, or imagine. Oh, I have found such *rest* in reading scripture with the simplicity of a child five years old. I *know* assurance of sin utterly abolished *for* me—not *in* me—from the gospel of John v. 24 ; Romans x. 9, &c., and I have said to my soul, “Thou art not worthy to receive *this*, but it is *like* God to give thee this divine assurance.” Why doubt and fear any more? Thou hast divine and everlasting foundations for thy peace, even what God has *wrought* and what God has *said*.

What more wouldst thou have? Is not the blood of Christ *enough*? Is not the price paid *sufficient* for thy ransom?

May the gracious Lord lead the reader of these lines to rest simply on the finished work of Jesus, and on the unerring testimony of the Holy Ghost to the value of the blood of the Lamb.



## A HARD STONE BROKEN.

IN a Christian Seminary, where the Lord was working amongst the dear children, was a little girl about twelve years old, who had a very wicked father, noted for his vile, ungodly ways. On one occasion he visited the school to see his daughter, and was ushered into a room, where the dear little ones were bowed low and weeping under a sense of guilt. That hard-hearted father only ridiculed their anxiety, and when his daughter with deep feeling asked him to go alone with her and pray, he laughed at her and said, “Do you not think I too can pray?” They, however, went by themselves, and the dear child, bowing down, pleaded for her own soul and that of her father. As he heard her say, “Save my father from going down to destruction,” he raised his cruel hand to strike her, but God preserved her from

the blow. With his heart still untouched he left, and after much entreaty he was not only found despising but doing all he could to prevent others coming to Christ.

The mistress of the school was then urged to go and speak to him. She went to the room where he was. He was sitting on the only chair, and did not rise or even offer his seat as she entered. She stood by his side, and said she had come to speak to him about his soul. He laughed at her and said, "I am safe." She tried various ways to reach him, but all in vain. He opposed every doctrine of the gospel for more than an hour. The school-mistress was then leaving him, when she seemed to be newly impressed with the worth of his undying soul, and turning to him said, "I see you do not wish me to speak with you of your soul. I promise you that I will never do so again if you do not wish me to; but I want you to make me one promise. When we stand at the bar of God and you are found on the *left hand*, as you certainly will be if you go on in your present course, promise me that you will tell the assembled universe that, on this 22nd day of February, you were told of your danger. I leave you to pray for you." She could say no more; her heart was too full. She turned, and was about leaving him, when he burst into tears and said, "I need this salvation; I will go and pray for myself." He then left and passed into the nearest room, while the school-mistress lingered near to listen and to watch the praying man, for as yet she had no confidence in him; but an arrow of conviction had pierced his soul from the quiver of the Lord—that hard, hard heart had been broken. A Christian brother was then asked to see him, and the poor, convinced one cried out, "My sins, my sins, they are higher than mountains." "Yes," said the servant of the Lord; "but if the fires of hell should be put out, you would not be troubled, would you?" "Sir," was the reply, "I would not carry this load of sin if there were no hell. But soon the light dawned in upon his soul; his heart was opened to receive the glad tidings of salvation. And now, all that he could say was, "My great sins, and my great Saviour," and before noon of that day he left for his mountain home, saying, "I must tell my friends and neighbours of sin and of Christ."

And now, beloved reader, has thy heart never been broken with the sense of guilt before God? Has the thought of His holiness and light never made you feel you were unfit

for His presence? Remember, "God is *light*, and in Him is *no* darkness *at all*;" and if thy proud, stubborn heart refuses to take its true place of being lost and guilty while there is grace to forgive, let me warn you that a day is coming when you shall be compelled to take the place of being lost and guilty when there will be no grace for you. Thank God there is mercy in His heart for the most depraved, yea, the "chief of sinners," and this is the day in which He is dispensing mercy. The day will come when He will dispense His righteous judgment "by that Man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance in that He raised Him from the dead." But blessed be God this is mercy's day—the day in which God is disclosing His heart to man. He is not opening His books of judgment (Rev. xx. 12, 13), but He is opening the depths of His loving heart. Oh then, dear sinner, let me entreat you not to turn a deaf ear to all this grace. Remember the word of the Lord to some in His day, "Many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear and have not heard them." Wrath will surely come, unsparing wrath, on all who "know not God and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." Say not you were never warned to flee from that wrath. We implore you now to flee to that blessed shelter, even the precious blood of Christ. Rest your soul on that *finished* work, and when the wrath is revealed not one bit of it shall reach you, for God has said, "When *I* see the blood I will pass over you." There is perfect safety and shelter beneath that sprinkled blood. Then do not delay one moment, dear soul, but come to Jesus now. I cannot talk of another moment—the present one only is yours—and "*now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation."

May God touch thy heart and shew thee some of the depths of evil there, and then point thine eyes up to His heart and shew thee some of the depths of love and mercy there, that could give forth, for thee, His beloved Son, "even Jesus, who delivers from the wrath to come."

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#### A DIVINE QUESTION.

"What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Matt. xvi. 26.



## THE CONVERSION OF SAMUEL.

I WAS on a visit in a certain city, testifying the glad tidings of the grace of God, and the blessed hope of the Church, even the coming of Christ; and while there, a brother in Christ, and in the ministry of grace and truth, wrote me to this effect: "If you should feel free in spirit to visit Langport, I believe you would find there an open door for testimony to the grace of Christ. This thought has come upon my heart, and I set it before you that you might lay it before the Lord."

Now it had pleased God to bring to that place, at the same time, a sailor who had ran away from his father's house at ten years old and had gone to sea. His parents knew not what had become of him, and they mourned his loss more sadly than if he had died beneath their roof. After an absence of about twenty years, spent in the East India and China trade, he returned a fine, stalwart man—what is commonly called "a jolly sailor."

He had gone to his native place to seek the home of his boyhood and the parents from whom he had recklessly run away; but they had removed to the larger village of Langport. Thither he went, and having inquired for his father by name, he was told that the man he sought, worked for a Mr. S. He went to Mr. S.'s place of business; and, seeing there an elderly man, he inquired, "Does Mr. S. live here?" The old man answered, "Yes; do you want to see him?" "No," said the sailor, "but I suppose that I want to have a word with a man who works for him."

Twenty years had so changed both, that neither recognised the other. And the old man asked the younger, "What is the man's name that you want to see?" "Joseph P." said the stranger.

"Why, that's my own name," replied the other. "Well, then, if you are the man I'm looking for, *I am your son Sam,*" said the heavy-built sailor.

"No! you're not my son," said the father. "But I tell you *I am your son,*" persisted the sailor.

"Well, if you are, your mother will know you,—come along with me."

They went together to the old man's home, and the father said to his wife, "Mother, here is a strange man, who says he is our son Samuel." "If he is," said the astonished mother, "he has a mark made by a bit of wood on the elbow

of his left arm, and by that I shall know at once." In a moment the sailor had off his jacket, and baring his arm he said, "There, will that do for a mark?"

"Yes! oh, yes! it is our Samuel,—the lost one is found!" the mother exclaimed; and they "fell on his neck and kissed him," rejoicing like the father in the parable of the prodigal son.

The father was one who knew "the joyful sound" of grace and truth, and had been informed of my arrival; and, being told that I was to preach the glad tidings of salvation that evening, he entreated his sailor son to go with him at the appointed hour to hear of Christ. The sailor refused to comply with his father's desire, and with two brothers started for the village tavern to have a "spree." Finding his son unmoved by his entreaties to stay at home and go with him in the evening, the father said, "Well, Samuel, if you will not go with me, I will go with you." He went with them; and there, in that evil place, sat the dissolute sons, and the prayerful, Christian father. After a little while, one of the brothers said, "Come, Sam, let us go to ——," a village about three miles off. They went a little way, closely followed by their father. Presently the sailor said to his brothers, "Let's go back; there's no fun in having father about after our heels;"—and back they went to their father's house. And when there, in reply to further entreaty, Sam said, "Well, I suppose there'll be nothing but sulks in the house, now I *am* come, if I don't go to hear this preaching to-night,—so I'll go."

He came with his father. I preached the glad tidings of grace and salvation from the fifteenth chapter of Luke,—the Shepherd seeking and finding the lost sheep, and the Father's love in receiving the prodigal son and rejoicing over his return.

After the meeting, I was asked to step into a house and see a sailor who had lately returned home after an absence of many years. I went in and found there a fine-looking man seated and silent, and evidently the subject of strong feelings, shown by the movements of his labouring chest; and I spoke to him, saying, "My friend, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'"

He then spoke, and said, "I dare say, it's all true enough what you say; but Christ will have nothing to do with me. I'm too bad a fellow for Him."

I added, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came to seek and save *the lost*—the chief of sinners." He replied, "Yes, but you don't know how bad a fellow I am. For twenty years I have not entered a church, or read a word of the Bible or of any good book; and in the worst crew I ever shipped with, I was so much worse than the rest, they called me 'the ship's devil.' Why, sir, in the midst of a storm at night, when the lightning flashed and the thunder roared, and every plank in the ship seemed to tremble, I've stood on deck and wished myself in hell-blazes, and cursed Him who sent the storm.—No, no! He'll not save me."

I only added, "Jesus Christ came to save real sinners, even the chief;" and then bade him good-night.

The next evening he was again present and heard the same gospel as the night before,—the joyful sound of present, perfect, and eternal salvation, by grace *only*, and through faith *only*, in the person and the precious blood of Christ. And the following morning, while I was at breakfast with my host, just previous to leaving the village, the door-bell was rung, and the servant came in, saying, "Samuel P. is at the door, sir; and he told me to say that he loves Mr. ——— better than Mr. ——— loves him."

We all thought at once what it meant, and said, "Oh, do tell him to come in!"—and we ran to meet him as he came. He was no sooner in the parlour than he said to me:—

"Oh, my dear sir, I'm not the sailor you saw on Tuesday night,—I'm another man,—a *new man*. I heard the good news again last night, and my heart was opened to receive it; but the peace and joy didn't come just then; but after we went home, Brother Pomeroy said, 'Let us pray together;' and so he prayed, and then I prayed; and as we rose from our knees, I found myself filled with peace and joy. And when I went to bed—No! bed indeed!—I didn't go to bed. Who'd think of going to bed on such a night as that? But I went up to my room, and there I rejoiced and gave thanks to the Lord for my salvation. But all at once I thought, 'But is it possible that all those dreadful sins of so many years are gone,—and in a moment?' And I turned round, and said, 'Ah, Mr. Satan, that's you, is it? Come, come, you've had your way long enough,—yes! they *are* all forgiven; for the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.' So the old enemy had heard enough, and he fled."

“My dear sir,” he continued, “I feel as light as a cork; why, I could clear that table at a spring with only one hand upon it.” He spoke like a sailor, and as he was accustomed to speak, and I here give his own expressions.

I then said to him, “Samuel, you are indeed saved by grace; and now the grace of God, that brings salvation, teaches us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and——” “*Oh yes!*” said he, interrupting me. “Why, the grace of God has been talking to me all the morning about that, just like a father would talk to his child. It said to me, ‘Samuel, my boy, we have no more to do with the old ways. It is our business now to please Christ and to follow Him.’”

I then took leave of Samuel, commending him to the Lord in whom he believed, and went on my way, thinking of the “joy in heaven,”—the Lord’s own joy—and giving thanks to Him for this remarkable manifestation of the riches of His saving grace. Four days afterwards I was present, by invitation, at another village, some miles distant from Langport, and where a few believers in Christ had fitted up a barn for the preaching of the gospel of salvation; and there I saw Samuel, and he did indeed look like “another man”—not like the rough sailor I had first seen him.

On the *first* evening that Samuel heard the testimony of God, the Holy Spirit showed him that he was a *sinner in the depths of ruin and guilt*, and on the *second* evening, revealed to him Christ Jesus, the Saviour of the lost, the Lord and Giver of eternal life; and by the morning of the *third* day, he was so enlightened and confirmed by the Spirit of God as to be able to tell what the Lord had done for his soul, with clearness and certainty of faith and spiritual understanding, being conscious of the effects of an *actual* regeneration, whereby he was made *in reality* a child of God. And the blessed secret of his confidence and peace and joy was that he was not occupied with *himself*,—neither with his past sins, nor his present emotions, but with CHRIST. He knew already that he had now two natures,—“that which is born of the flesh,” and “that which is born of the Spirit,” and that these were in active conflict within him; and he had realised victory over the prevalence of sin, by the grace of God whereby he was freely and for ever SAVED.

## CHRIST FOR THE HEART—HIS BLOOD FOR THE CONSCIENCE.

JESUS in the days of His flesh walked through this world ministering love and grace to man, but for His love He received *hatred*. Man could not bear divine love come down from heaven, spending itself upon the sick, desolate, and needy.

Man spat upon His blessed face, and wreathed His holy brow with thorns. The Cross was the awful answer of man to the touching appeal to his heart on the part of the blessed God. Man would *not* be reconciled to God.

Now, on the Cross God raised the question of sin and righteousness, but not with man—blessed be His Name! Could man stand for one moment were God to bring *him* face to face with sin and righteousness? Truly that were impossible, were the sinner *himself* to meet God about his sin; *but* God has done it for him. God, at the Cross, eighteen centuries ago, brought up *all* my sins; Christ charged Himself with them, *every one*, and paid to God the penalty. All that righteousness claimed was discharged in blood by my substitute. What then remains as the fruit of His Cross? *Peace, only peace*. Now, in believing the gospel of the blessed God I get rest for my heart, and a purged conscience.

In the holiest of all God has surrounded Himself—*not* with the memorials of my sin—but with the memorials of *sin judged and put away*. Christ is there the abiding and perfect witness of love's victory and accomplished redemption. Because He is there *as Man*, the veil, *i.e.*, His own flesh, being rent, I may pass through that rent veil, and stand before God in the holiest of all, in the knowledge that *all* the sin and guilt standing between me and God has been righteously cleared away. But how can I do this? How stand before God in Christ—be in the light as He is in the light, unless my conscience be perfectly purged? The consciousness of sin *in* me and sins done *by* me are quite another thing from having *no more conscience of sins*. This latter I have by the blood of Christ. Thus conscience and heart are perfectly met.

The knowledge of this gives peace; imparts confidence and vigour to the heart. It is the happy secret of holy

walk. 'Tis power for devoted service. 'Tis essential to worship, warfare, and pilgrimage.

"In Christ," "accepted in the Beloved," such is the believer's high, holy, and blessed standing. What an eloquent, yet, withal solemn witness is that "rent veil" to God's grace and glory! Christ has come down from heaven and died for men, and now He has taken me in with Himself, to share the joy and glory of His own holy presence. Heart at perfect rest, because I knew the One who *sits* on the throne! Conscience purged in the power and value of His precious blood!

This, dear reader, *is* salvation. Wilt thou have it? Wilt thou be saved now? It is not so much thy joy to be saved as it is God's *own* joy to have thee.



### THE FATAL FLOWER.

TRAVELLERS who visit the Falls of Niagara are directed to a spot on the margin of the precipice over the boiling current below, where a gay young lady a few years since lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivalled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, as a memorial of the cataract and her own daring. She leaned over the verge and caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom upon which her heart was fixed; and she leaned in a delirium of intense desire over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful form which charmed her fancy; the turf yielded to the pressure of her light feet, and with a shriek she descended to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death.

Young man, glorying in thy strength and manhood, eagerly endeavouring to grasp some coveted prize, beware! oh, beware! Thou art endangering thy precious soul for a mere empty bauble. Thou wilt be in eternity *at once*. Art thou proposing to thyself years of success in business? Perhaps thy plans for the future are carefully laid, and everything seems to prosper with thee; already thy hand may be outstretched to grasp the much-coveted prize—when all may be dashed to atoms by the voice of God—" *This night shall thy*

soul be required of thee." *Then*, if not prepared to meet thy God, "The lake of fire" will be thine eternal abode.

Young woman, art thou rejoicing in thy beauty and varied accomplishments? Art thou living thus *without* Christ, *without* God, *without* hope?

O Christless soul! thou art on the brink of eternal woe. Be warned by the awful fate of the *foolish* young lady at the "Falls of Niagara." Her temerity and boldness are only equalled by thine own. Thou art risking thy soul for a trifle—a concert, a ball, a gay party, a dress, the theatre. Don't put off the great question of thy soul's salvation. Why not be saved *at once*? The efficacy of the precious blood of Christ abides eternally. O that thou would'st turn to God; He gave Jesus to die—"was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." Believe and be saved.



## WHY DID JESUS DIE?

I.—TO BRING US TO GOD.—I Peter iii. 18.

**W**HAT holy and profound lessons we learn in the Cross of Christ! How it lays in the dust every effort of man to approach God, other than by that awful necessity of righteousness—the death of Christ! By that death the sinner may be brought to God—brought in peace of conscience, and in divine righteousness. Brought to God! Not, dear reader, to Jesus merely, much less is it to the "forgiveness of sins," or even "peace with God." No, no; to be brought to God is something higher than all that.

Reader, if in the consciousness of your soul you have been brought to God, blessed and happy must you be. It is just the lack of the due apprehension of this weighty truth which hinders souls getting on: hence the instability of many, and lack of settled peace so common amongst God's people. Could doubts and fears as to the question of acceptance ever cross the soul of one who has realised His nearness to God? Streams and springs may dry up, but God, the fountain, *never*! And in the person of Christ I have been brought nigh to God, yea, as near as Christ Himself.

2.—TO DELIVER US FROM THE PRESENT EVIL AGE.—Gal. i.

4. Is my reader identified with this present evil age? Has

he discovered that the age *politically* is an evil one? 'Twice have the confederated nations gathered against God. The Plains of Shinar witnessed the first daring attempt of the nations to reach God—the guilty city of Jerusalem the second, according to the testimony of Peter in Acts iv., 26, 27. Are your politics and interests heavenly or earthly?

Is the *ecclesiastical age* evil? It is. I do not now refer to what men please to call “externals;” but to the place the gospel of the blessed God has in the preaching and teaching of the day. Is grace, *apart* from law, feeling, doing, and striving fully made known? Is not the gospel diluted by a widespread testimony to the power of man to recover himself and make his peace with God?

My reader, be warned; the present *ecclesiastical age* is an evil one. Your only safety is in taking heed to the blessed and unerring testimony of the Holy Ghost to Christ and His finished work. Is righteousness of grace or debt? Of “debt,” says man; of “grace,” says God.—Rom. iv. 1-8.

3.—THAT WE PERISH NOT.—John xi. 49-51. My reader, this is a deeply solemn issue thus put before you. Either He—the holy, undefiled, and spotless One—dies, or you perish. Has your soul entered into *this*? Have you intelligently bowed to the divine *necessity* of His precious death? He died that you might *not* perish—that peace and life eternal might be thine. Have you then owned the righteous judgment of God upon you, and as due to your state? “How am I to do this?” you may reply; by accepting Christ—the Lamb in glory—as having been slain; thus practically owning that death and judgment are your *righteous* deserts, but He having answered for thee—met death for thee—thou mayest be free for ever.

What a deeply solemn issue is thus set before me! either I accept that death as the just judgment of God due to me, and *really merited by me*, or I perish. Which is it, beloved reader—the death of Christ, or perishing? Mark it well! It is not thy tears, or feelings, or experiences, or perishing; but the death of Christ or perishing. May this be deeply weighed by every precious soul!

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### A PRECIOUS SAYING.

“Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.”—John i. 29.



## HAVE I BEEN CONVERTED?

(A LETTER.)

DEAR SIR,—In accordance with your “Notice” in the “*Gospel Message*,” I desire to lay my case before you. I am a young man about 28 years old. About ten years ago I heard the Methodist preachers for the first time, and I may say, the Gospel too, though there was much of the “Do and Live” thing in it from those men.

I was roused up into anxiety by their earnest appeals and appearance, and on looking back I can see that I desired to become a Christian, and was miserable because I wasn't happy like some I knew. I used to lie awake at nights pleading with God to make me a Christian. Many tears were shed—resolutions formed, and meetings attended—penitent forms knelt at; but it all seemed to bring forth nothing of good. I cooled down again very soon, chiefly through the opposition of those in authority over me, who observed a change in my demeanour, and charged me with aiming at being a saint, &c.; for in truth I was trying hard to walk straight and merit God's favour.

I became very sorrowful for breaking away from religious restraint, and yet all anxiety for salvation gradually left me, and I began to enjoy the world with worldly people as I used to do. But I never got rid of solemn thoughts about death. I often wished but in vain for a return of those tender heart-meltings and desires to be a Christian which I once had. After having gone to learn a trade, I got into the company of a Christian who worked beside me, and who did many things to induce me to attend prayer meetings, and to believe in Jesus; but I continued disinclined for religious matters, and began to think that perhaps the infidels were right after all, since I had, without any apparent result, attended preachings, spoke to Christians, and prayed earnestly for salvation. In special, I remember one evening, while Mr. G—— was praying, keeping my finger on the words of an open Bible, “*I will show him my salvation*,” and asking God to fulfil that word in my case on that evening. I felt like one on the verge of faith and joy, and yet nothing came of it. I wondered why it was there was no answer.

I removed to another town shortly after, and began to feel uneasy again about my unbelief and uncertainty, and so I presented myself in a Methodist class meeting as one desiring to flee from coming wrath.

I felt softened, excited, and attached in affection to those loving, earnest class members. One evening, at a penitent form, while a minister was exhorting, I professed to believe in Christ. I felt much melted in heart, and drawn out to take the place of a believer, no doubt through the tender pleadings and assurances of my safety on the part of the preachers. My name was soon on the plan as a prayer leader, and I at once began to speak and pray at meetings, at times with much feeling and liberty, but oftener clouded with the thought that I was no Christian after all—that I was deceived and deceiving. Shortly after, I left and came home to my father's house. My father soon scolded all the religion out of me, and stirred up bitter passions in me, which had lain dormant for years before.

And here I am to-day reading those precious writings of Messrs. D—— and K——, &c.—knowing in my head the wonderful salvation and

grace of God, and yet I seem to have no part or lot in the matter, and I shrink from all that publicity which I once desired to arrive at as a Christian devoted to the service of Christ. Sometimes I think that my past conduct as a professor, and my present indiscriminate reading of advanced truth, has and is hardening me against the reception of the gospel of grace into my heart.

I am often troubled with the thought that precious opportunities are passing, in which, if I were a Christian, I might be serving Christ to the obtaining of a reward in heaven. This thought insinuates itself in such a way that I feel like refusing to be saved until I am possessed of the assurance that I shall get the Lord's "Well done" at the last. Surely this is a selfish thought, and perhaps from Satan!

I have a strong liking for the Bible, and find delight in the wonderful truths which I discover in it. It is a most unmanlike book, and hence "*despised and rejected of men.*"

And now, whether it is pride of heart, love of the world, or fear of consequences that keeps me in unbelief, I really can't say, but perhaps the Lord may lead you to send a word *in season*.

#### REPLY.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have spread your letter before the Lord, and have looked to Him for a word to meet your case.

It seems to me that you have all along been too much occupied with your efforts to become a Christian; hence I fear that the grand moral foundations of perfect peace with God has never been laid in your soul.

You cannot work yourself into salvation, and any amount of mental anxiety, praying and ordinance observing, must be dispensed with as hindrances, and salvation be received on the simple ground that you are a sinner. "Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that WORKETH NOT, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Romans iv. 4, 5.) "Being justified *freely* by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." (Romans iii. 24.) *Not* by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us." (Titus iii. 5.)

I judge, that the solemn questions of sin and righteousness have not been raised in your conscience, and until this is done there cannot be peace. I do not mean that you have not had godly desires aroused in your soul, and your feelings powerfully awakened; but what about your sins? What about your state in nature? God is holy; He cannot slur over sin. He is righteous; He must punish sin.

Well, then, you are a sinner. Not simply *all* have sinned, and, of course, I have too. It is much too common to generalise such statements, and thus shelter one's self under the plea that others are as bad. *All* have sinned is a truth readily enough granted. But have *you* faced your individual condition as a *lost sinner*? Has your conscience been awakened to the solemn reality of your state before a holy God? Ah! I fear not. You are a sinner. The wages of sin is death, and after death comes the judgment. I know, and have conversed with many saved persons who have told me that they had had such a discovery of themselves that they could truly say, "Of sinners *I am chief.*"

Dear friend, have you passed this judgment upon yourself? I admit it to be a severe one, but the more thoroughly and searchingly you

pass this judgment upon yourself and ways, the better. It can only be done in the Lord's presence.

Do you then give up all pretension to righteousness (Romans iii. 10), goodness (verse 12), strength? (chap. v., verse 6). Do you tremble at the thought of having to meet God in judgment? If so, it is God awakening thy conscience to a sense of sin. Accept, then, *freely* and *unreservedly*, God's judgment upon *you*, and upon your state.

Do you say, "I am willing to take the place, the *only* place Scripture and conscience gives me, that of a *sinner*?" Then I have good news for you—news that will make thy heart glad, and set thy sin-burdened conscience in peace before God.

He has wrought a work on behalf of the poor sinner. In perfect love He gave His own Son out of His bosom to die. Jesus charged himself with *all* my responsibilities, giving a divine answer to the whole question of my state as a man in the flesh. Jesus carried to the grave the sins He bore on the cross; the sins were left behind, and He raised *by the glory of the Father*.

I am now free to look up and gaze upon His face, *once* marred, more than any man's; and as I look I see *there* the glory of God. I know my sins are all gone, for I can behold in the glory bright above, the *Man* who put them away.

Poor thing to say, "God is satisfied." Yea, He is wondrously and infinitely glorified in the *person* and *work* of His beloved Son.

Now I am saved on the ground of what Christ *has done*, and I know it on the authority of God's holy word. If, therefore, I have heartily accepted the truth that I am a sinner, *in* myself undone and helpless, why may I not equally embrace the truth that, believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, I am saved?

Do you, therefore, dear friend, believe that God, in perfect love, gave Jesus to die as a sacrifice for your sins? Do you own that Christ finished the work for *you*? Then, believing, *you are saved*. "By one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." (Heb. x. 14.) Why doubt any more? He will never again offer Himself as a sacrifice for sins, for He *has sat down* at the right hand of God, because His work in "taking away sins" *is done, is finished; of this* the Holy Ghost is a witness. (Heb. x. 10-18.) Why, then, bear the burden of sin any longer? I am assured on divine authority of the "remission of sins." Christ having dealt with them, and met the claims of God in glory, holiness, and righteousness—*sat down* because all was done. Further, God has pledged himself to blot out from His memory my sins in those precious words: "And their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." Surely faith may rest and triumph in these precious and divine securities!

You say, "Now, whether it is pride of heart, love of the world, or fear of consequences that keep me in unbelief, I really cannot say." Possibly one might gather from your note that you are a quickened soul, but I would not say so, as the tendency in your case might be to throw you in upon yourself. This I will say, that the roots of practical Christianity have been but feebly apprehended, and I would urge upon you to investigate *your* ground of peace with God. Why, you do not even *once* mention sin, but dwell largely upon your feelings and experiences. Most miserable work! wretched occupation! Oh that you would hear the words of the risen, triumphant Saviour: "Why are ye

troubled? and why do *thoughts* arise in your hearts?" The *cure* for thoughts, ever and anon springing up in the heart, is a sight of Jesus Himself as risen from the dead, pointing the troubled one to His "hands and feet," once pierced for sin, and now as risen, the pledges of His unchanged and unchanging love. "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." (Luke xxiv.) "Peace unto you," dear friend. He speaks it. He made it by the blood of His cross. Come to Him empty-handed. His hands are *full* of blessing. Yours must be empty to receive the blessing.—I am, dear friend, yours affectionately,

W. S.

—oo—

## THE SINNER'S BURIAL.

Wrapt in a Christless shroud,  
He sleeps the Christless sleep;  
Above him the eternal cloud,  
Beneath, the fiery deep.

Laid in a Christless tomb,  
Where bound, with felon's chain,  
He waits the terrors of his doom!  
The judgment, and the pain.

O, Christless shroud, how cold!  
How dark, O Christless tomb!  
O, grief that never can grow cold!  
O, endless, hopeless doom!

O Christless sleep, how sad!  
What waking shalt thou know?  
For thee no star, no dawning glad,  
Only the lasting woe.

To rocks and hills, in vain  
Shall be the sinner's call;  
O day of wrath, and death and pain!  
The lost soul's funeral!

O Christless soul, awake  
Ere thy last sleep begin!  
O Christ, the sleeper's slumbers break,  
Burst Thou the bonds of sin.

—

"THE hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice. And shall come forth . . . they that have done evil unto the *resurrection of damnation*."—  
JOHN v. 28, 29.

## PEACE IN BELIEVING. -

A DEAR friend, in whose case we are deeply interested, writes thus :—“ If real, unfeigned desire of salvation is wanting in my case, could not the Lord, *if He willed*, produce that desire which nothing but Himself could satisfy.”

Dear friend, *you* are responsible to believe the gospel and be saved. God has *willed* your salvation. Jesus has finished the work on the Cross, on the ground of which all your iniquity may be forgiven *at once*. The Holy Ghost is a present and *divine* witness to the completion of the holy work of the Lord Jesus. What more would you have? God has made you responsible to believe the love He has to you, John iii. 16, and of His perfect willingness to save you, 2 Peter iii. 9. Could the hard-hearted Philippian jailor, trembling under a sense of guilt, have been saved *without* believing? Impossible. “ *Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” He believed, and was saved. It is a serious thing, and may prove a fatal mistake in your case to attempt shifting the blame of *not* being saved from yourself to God. I cannot regard your case in any other light. Again I repeat that it is simply an effort of the enemy to destroy your responsibility to believe and be saved. Why have you not “ real, unfeigned desire of salvation?” Are you not *lost*? Would you, then, be saved? Have you no desire whatever to escape the bitter remorse and anguish found in the lake of fire? I feel assured you have, else you would not write as you do.

How grateful, then, to your spirit must be the words of the apostle—“ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” Fix your thoughts upon the Lord Jesus Christ—not upon His work, much less upon your faith, feeling, or experiences. You are called upon to believe *on* a divine person—Jesus, the Son of God—who, for all who believe, finished the work, making a final end of *all* their sin and sins.

— oo —

“ I HAVE SOLD MY SOUL FOR A STRAW.”

A FEW years ago a physician called upon a young man who was ill. He sat for a little by the bed-side, examining his patient, and then he honestly told him the sad intelligence that he had but a very short time to live. The

young man was astonished; he did not expect it would come to that so soon. At length he looked up in the face of the doctor, and with a most despairing countenance said,

"I have missed it—at last."

"What have you missed?" inquired the tender-hearted, sympathising physician.

"I have missed it—at last," again the young man repeated.

The doctor, not in the least comprehending what the poor young man meant, said—"My dear young man, will you be so good as to tell me what you —?" He instantly interrupted, saying,

"Oh! doctor, it is a sad story—a sad—sad story that I have to tell. But I have missed it."

"Missed what?"

"Doctor, I have missed the salvation of my soul."

"Oh! say not so. It is not so. Do you remember the thief on the cross?"

"Yes, I remember the thief on the cross. And I remember that *he* never said to the Holy Spirit—'Go thy way.' But *I did*. And now He is saying to me—'Go *your way*.'" He lay gasping a while, and looking up with a vacant, staring eye, he said, "I was awakened, and was anxious about my soul, a little time ago. But I did not want religion then. Something seemed to say to me—'Don't put it off—make sure of salvation.' I said to myself, 'I will postpone it.' I knew I ought not to do it. I knew I was a great sinner, and needed a Saviour. I resolved, however, to dismiss the subject for the present. Yet I could not get my own consent to do it, until I had promised that I would take it up again at a time not remote and more favourable. I bargained away, insulted, and grieved away the Holy Spirit. I never thought of coming to this. I meant to have religion, and make my salvation sure. And now I have missed it—at last."

"You remember," said the doctor, "that there were some who came at the eleventh hour."

"My eleventh hour," he rejoined, "was when I had that call of the Spirit. I have had none since—shall not have. I am given over to be lost."

"Not lost," said the doctor; you may yet be saved."

"No; not saved—never. He tells me I may go my way now. I know it—I feel it here," laying his hand upon his

heart. Then he burst out in despairing agony, "Oh, I have missed it! I have sold my soul for nothing—a feather—a straw—undone for ever!" This was said with such unutterable, indescribable despondency, that no words were said in reply. After lying a few moments, he raised his head, and looked all round the room as if for some desired object—turning his eyes in every direction—then burying his face in the pillow, he again exclaimed, in agony and horror, "Oh! I have missed it at last;" and he died.

Ah! my dear reader, be warned. Do not put off, I beseech you, the salvation of your soul until to-morrow. What if you were stricken down in death, conscious *only* that you had missed the great prize of life—salvation! What if *this* night thy soul were required of thee! Art thou ready to meet God? Wouldst thou enter eternity to-night a forgiven or an unforgiven man? Why, O why not be saved *now*? Jesus is the same as in the days of His flesh. He has love enough, grace enough, to take thee in. He will take thee even in thy sins. If thou comest to Him as a saint, He will not have thee. It is sinners He receives. Do you say, "I am one—one of the unworthy." Well, then, it is sinners He saves. "Him that cometh to ME I will in no wise cast out."



### THE TWO "NO MORE'S."

1st. "THEIR sins and iniquities will I remember *no more.*" (Hebrews x. 17.) If only I were *divinely* certain that God would *not* remember my sins—that He had righteously met them, judged them, and put them away—I would be *so* happy. Well, you may have this joy *now*. You need not wait until the judgment day to learn what God says as to *all* who believe. It will be too late then. He does not say, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more *at the judgment;*" but it is a present fact—a *fact*. O believer! God, in pledging Himself to *forgive* and *forget* your sins, does so in virtue of the finished work of Jesus. He is righteous in ceasing to remember your sins. He casts our sins into the *depths* of the sea. Many are trying to fish their sins up and out of that terrible depth—the grave of Christ—in which God has sunk and buried them to all eternity, and thus keep themselves

miserable and unhappy. My reader, are you living in the *present* enjoyment of God's word to thee, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember *no more*"?

2nd. "*No more* offering for sin." (Hebrews x. 18.) "He died unto sin *once*." "Now, *once* in the end of the world (morally so) hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." "By His *own blood* He entered in *once* into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." "Christ was *once* offered to bear the sins of many." Will my reader read over with something like care, chapters ix. and x. of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and note that expressive word "*once*" which occurs seven times. That *one* work—that *one* sacrifice is surely enough. Would you have Christ come down from His throne of glory and die again? He has died unto sin *once*. At His first coming He finished the work of sin for all who believe. He put it away on His cross. He will do the work of glory for all who believe at His second coming. O that one work by which sin can be forgiven is finished; now there is *no more* offering for sin. God will accept the blood of His own dear Son as a ransom,—*all* sufficient as an atonement, which in its very character glorifies Himself; yea, what rest, what peace, to know that God *has* accepted the work of His beloved Son. "*No more* offering;" then my tears, feelings, and faith are of no avail as an offering; just so, there is "*no more* offering for sin" on God's part; there is none on man's part.

My reader, what say you to our two "no more's"? From this present moment I beseech thee, cease all doing, striving and feeling, and rest simply on God's "*no more* offering for sin." Rejoice, then, my fellow believer, in a present and divine forgetfulness of all thy sins and iniquities. God has, in the plainest manner possible, pronounced a full and free acquittal: "Their sins and iniquities will I (God) remember *no more*."



### GOSPEL FRAGMENTS.

The righteousness of God *was* necessarily against the sinner; now that same righteousness is for the sinner.

"God for us;" O then, I may rest my weary soul on what He is for me, and what He has *done*. My conscience is at peace—present, perfect, eternal peace. Yea, I can joy in God Himself.—ROMANS v. 11.



## THE GREAT EVENT.

WHAT great event? Something that is going to happen? No, something that has already occurred. Do you ever read your Bible? If so, you will understand what I refer to. The one great event in this world's history is the Cross of Christ. However much man may disregard it, and the devil succeed in inducing men to cover it over with other things, so as to hide it out of sight, or to put it in its wrong place, the Cross of Christ is, before God, the one, and the only one great event in this world's history. What! you say, the *only* one great event. Is it greater than the birth of Jesus into this world? Now, it is just the value that the Cross of Christ is to *you*, reader, that discloses the state of your soul before God. I do not mean an outward fleshly value, such as wearing a cross as an ornament would betoken; for those who take such a view of the Cross of Christ as leads them to wear it as an ornament, have very little, if any, real value of it in their hearts, and can know nothing of what the Cross really means.

Let us look for a moment at the birth and death of Christ, that we may see how man stands before God with regard to each. When Jesus was born into this world, God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. Man *then* stood before God with his heart occupied about anything rather than God and His ways, with his heart really full of enmity against God, but the *full* extent of this enmity had not appeared. Christ as a man, God manifest in the flesh, displayed before the eyes of man what God was and is in Himself. It was God, whom no man hath seen nor can see, who dwelleth in the light to which no man can approach, having taken upon Him the form of man, was disclosing to man, under the veil of humanity necessary to cover that *glory* before which no man could stand, it was God who was disclosing to man what God was and is. At the birth of Jesus, man, as man, stood before God on the ground of responsibility before God manifest in the flesh in love to man. But man hated Him, and the full enmity became apparent, for man crucified the Lord of Glory.

Thus, at the death of Christ, man stood before God as having crucified the Son of God Himself. At the birth of

Jesus, God was doing everything; man did nothing in the birth of Jesus, for which God had to forgive him.

In the death of Christ, man committed before God the deepest offence he *then* could commit. In a word, God brought Jesus into this world, man put Him out of it. Can you not see the difference? What is man then to do? To take the Cross of Christ and decorate himself with it? What! take that which is the sign of my deepest shame, and decorate myself with it? Is my shame an ornament to me? Shall I blazon abroad before the whole created world as an ornament that which proclaims me guilty before God of the murder of His Son?

But what was God to do at the Cross of Christ? If we are really in the presence of God, and alone before Him, the answer comes at once to our lips, "Execute judgment upon man, inflict on man the just punishment that is due for such an awful sin as this." Ah! reader, God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts. No judgment was *then* executed; no punishment was *then* inflicted upon man, but God *waited*. He opened the door of grace, and He *waited*. He was so set upon gaining our hearts that He waited in grace, and has been waiting thus ever since, despite the Cross and man's wickedness, saying, "He that believeth on him is not condemned." "Whosoever believeth that Jesus"—the crucified Jesus—"is the Christ, is born of God." Was there ever love and grace like *this*? I ask, what is this great event to *you*—personally to *you*? Is it the display of your ruin as a man before God, and of His marvellous grace; or is it merely a thing about which you really care nothing, but as an amusement when nothing more entertaining occurs to occupy your mind, and to be laid aside as soon as any other topic comes before you? In a word, is the Cross of Christ, the great, the one great event to your heart day by day as you pass along down here among your fellow-men; or do you say "it is very well in its place, and good for Sundays, and so on, but I don't see the use of always thinking about these things." Well, that blessed One did not treat His God and Father in that way. His delight was to do His Father's will. I have quoted from a verse in John iii.; I will now finish the quotation. May the blessed Lord lead you to apply to yourself that part of the verse which is really applicable to you before Him, I don't say before the world, or your friends

or relations, but before Him in secret, before God Himself:—"But he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." "He that believeth not God, hath made him (God) a liar." So, then, man before God is guilty of the murder of the Son of God. If he refuses belief in the Lord Jesus Christ, he adds to his sin the guilt of calling God a liar, when He with marvellous and divine forbearance is acting in grace, despite the Cross and man's sin in it, and there is positively no hope for him, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. Dear reader, I beg you to settle this question in your soul this day, this *hour*, before God, which quotation applies to you—the first or the second? May He lead you to be in His presence about it, and not to rest until you have really seen yourself as God sees you. I do not ask you to *do* anything, but simply to look honestly into your own heart and see your true place as a man before God—guilty of the death of His Son—and get, if you are simply trusting in Jesus, sheltered through grace from His just wrath, by the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot, God's own Son.

H.

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## DYING TESTIMONY.

"**H**OLD fast, Mary," were the words addressed to a dying woman. But Mary, gasping in the agonies of death, could only with difficulty articulate, "*You have given me NOTHING to hold.*" Nothing for the sinner in the hour of death; no, *nothing!* His feet are on a slippery foundation; it is one of sand; his hope is perishing; his rope is breaking; all, all, is going. Contrast Mary's dying testimony with Paul's in view of death—of martyrdom. He writes: "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." (2 Timothy iv. 6-8.) Which end would be yours? Would you have Mary's perishing hope—Mary's, "You have given me nothing to hold"? or Paul's confidence—Paul's crown of righteousness—promised to *all* who love the Lord's appearing?

Reader, we have penned these lines in love to your soul. We would warn you to flee *at once* from the wrath to come. Jesus is the shelter from the storm of divine wrath, which will shortly overtake the wicked. Jesus died on the cross—His death being at once the expression of what man is and of what God is. Man, in his hatred to Jesus, pierced the side of the blessed One; *forthwith* came there out blood and water. Ah! that spear ~~was~~ divinely directed; on man's side it was the crowning witness of guilt and enmity; on God's side, grace and love to the sinner. Behold the flowing crimson tide! *His blood* cleanseth us from *all* sin. *Himself* bare our sins. It is finished. His work is done. Himself—the glorifier of God, and the Saviour of men—is in the bright scene above. He is seated there, for His work is done. Oh! that thou wouldst come to Him and be saved.

—oo—

## UNDER THE SNOW.

**I**N the centre of the back of a large square of houses, in one of our large manufacturing towns, there is a row of small houses, let out to the very poorest class, and in one of the dirtiest and poorest of them lived, two or three years ago, a lad named James M——. When asked to go and see him, I was told he was dying of consumption, but he did not believe it, as his mother was telling him he would soon be better. On entering the room, I found him quite alone, and could not help being struck with the contrast between the poor sufferer and the room he occupied. A dirty, hard bed, propped up with bricks, and placed exactly opposite the door—though he told me he liked it best there, as he sometimes got a breath of fresh air, which I thought very needful, though to me he seemed more likely to catch the draughts. A little round table and a chair or two were all the furniture it contained; no comfort, or approach to it in any shape. But the lad himself was so different, that it was difficult to imagine him as belonging to any one who could live in such a place. He had a face rarely seen amongst his class; a broad, low forehead, over which fell sunny golden hair; deep blue eyes; a mouth and chin like chiselled marble; while the flush that tinted his cheeks, whilst it told of hidden disease, only made it look lovelier still.

“I heard you were poorly, so thought perhaps you would

like me to read to you," I said. "How are you to-day?" "Only middling," he answered; "my cough's bad, but I hope it will go away when the fine weather comes, and I get a bit stronger."

"I hope you may; but if you shouldn't get better, where do you think you would be?"

The answer came as I expected—"In heaven, I hope. I haven't been a bad lad, like some about here, and I am only eighteen; and if you ask my mother, she will tell you I'm a good lad."

"I daresay that is all true enough, Jimmie; but that won't do. When we have to meet God, we will let our neighbours sins alone then, and only think about our own. Have you never committed one sin?"

"Oh, yes, everybody sins; but then I haven't been so bad, and God is merciful."

"He is; but He must be *just* first. He hates sin; He cannot look upon it. He does not ask you if you are a great sinner, or a little one, but tells you that you are one, and that 'the wages of sin is death,' eternal death."

"Well, but Jesus died for sinners."

"Yes; indeed, He did. He came to seek and save the *lost*. He didn't come to *help* people who think they have done their best, though God says that their best is like filthy rags—but to *save* people who knew they were so *bad* they could do nothing at all. So, they are too glad to find that He did all the work for them—put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself—and, by simply trusting His finished work, get eternal life for ever as a gift."

His mother came in, and, not wishing to tire him, I left; she telling me that, if any one deserved to go to heaven, he did, for he was a real good fellow. The next few times I saw him my word seemed to make no impression; he seemed to think I was troubling him, and my heart yearned over the dying lad, whose conscience was being lulled by all around him, and who was going quietly to hell. It pleased the Lord to bless a simple illustration in awakening him. Asking the Lord specially to give the right word, I went again and found him alone, for which I felt thankful. He looked nearing the grave—the flush deepening, the long tapering fingers looking almost transparent, while his cough racked his slender frame; yet, still he told me he hoped he would be better soon.

“Jimmie,” I said, “listen to me. Your mother and others are telling you you are getting better, and that, if you didn’t, you are sure to go to heaven. Now, supposing you were to die suddenly, and find yourself in hell, would you thank them?”

“No, no, indeed I wouldn’t,” he said, startled at the thought.

“Well, you may think it cruel of me, but it is in love to your soul I tell you you will never be better, and if you were to die as you are you would be in hell. Try and follow me, and I will tell you what I saw to-day, which determined me to speak in this way to you. You know what a dreadful snow storm we have had, and now that the thaw has come, with what a crash the snow comes down off the houses?”

“Yes; I have heard it often lately,” he said.

“Well, Jimmie, I was standing at my dining-room window to-day, and on the opposite side there was a large quantity of snow just ready to come down. Underneath were three little girls playing with snow-balls. They saw the snow hanging over, for I could see them looking up at it and laughing, and saying, ‘It won’t come yet!’ whilst they played away, never heeding the danger. I trembled lest they should be buried beneath it, and was just going to call them, when a woman passing saw them, and called to them, and they ran away; and in another moment down came the snow with an awful crash—but they were safe. Now this is but a very faint picture, but it reminded me of you. The wrath of God is hanging over you, as the snow was hanging over the children, and if your breath were to stop, it would come down upon you. But He does not want you to perish. He is beseeching you at this very moment to come from under the wrath, and be reconciled to Him. You are under the wrath now; not merely because of the sins you have committed, but because you have been born into this world a child of Adam—*born in sin, no good* in you—therefore, if you have to meet God as such, it *must* be in judgment, for you can never get rid of sin by any act of your own; *only* by shedding of blood is remission of sin. Do you understand me?”

“Yes,” he said, solemnly, “I think I see it all; but what must I do to be forgiven of my sins?”

In his earnestness he had raised himself up, and appeared to drink in every word I said. I looked to the Lord to

enable me to show this dying lad His own salvation, simply and clearly.

“Well,” I said, “God hated sin, but he loved poor sinners. He had said, ‘the wages of sin is death,’ and He must keep His word ; but, in His wondrous love to us, He gave His own Son to suffer and die instead of us. The Lord Jesus willingly came to do His Father’s will. He was nailed to the cross, and when there He suffered the wrath of God against sin. God could not even look at His Son when He had sin upon Him, but forsook Him, and then He died—paid the penalty due to sin. But God raised Him from the dead, to show the work is accepted, and He is now at God’s right hand in glory, where He could not have been had He not perfectly accomplished the work which God gave Him to do. He suffered, that you might never suffer; He was forsaken, that you might never be ; and now, if you will only trust that work, you are saved, for God reckons you to have suffered for sin in the person of Christ, and you will be born again, a child of God, and none can pluck you out of His hand. That is God’s way of saving people, and if you won’t have salvation that way, you will have to suffer the wrath of God yourself—eternally, in hell.”

“I’ll think of it, Ma’am,” he said, solemnly.

I did not see him again for a few days, and my friend said to me, “There is such a change come over Jimmie, he tells me he is saved !” I hastened to him, and found it even so. He had such a bright smile when he saw me.

“I have come from under the snow to the Lord Jesus, and His blood has washed me whiter than the snow.”

And then he told me how he saw what a sinner he was, and how he saw the truth in such a simple, clear way, that no one could doubt but it was a real work of God ; and now “I am quite ready to die, if it was not for my mother.” His love for his mother was very touching ; he seemed to love her with such a devoted affection, which many a worthier mother’s heart craves for but does not receive.

“You must leave her,” I said, “to the Lord Jesus, and ask God—who is your *Father* now—to take care of her, and make her to trust the precious blood as He has made you.”

He lingered on till April, bearing bright testimony to all around him, and frequently telling of the children under the snow. I saw him the day he died ; he was trying to eat a bit of hard salt meat and a few black potatoes ; but he never

complained, and on asking him if he had any fear of death, he gave me one of his rare smiles, which lighted up his pale face with a heavenly light, and said, "No, no; all bright." He was suffering for breath very much, and I said,

"No, indeed, you need have no fear to meet the One who gave His life for you. He has promised to walk with you through the valley of the shadow of death. You will soon be in that land where the inhabitants shall no more say, 'I am sick.' Now, good-bye, I don't think I shall see you till we meet again before the throne of Him who has loved us both."

"God bless you, Ma'am," he answered; "you led me to Him."

His mother sent me word he died in the evening. He asked her to raise him up, fixed his eyes steadily on the ceiling, and said, three times, "I'm coming, I'm coming," as if answering some one, then laid his head down on his mother's breast, like a tired child, and fell asleep in Jesus.

Dear reader, where are you? Are you under the wrath? or, is there no wrath for you because the judgment was borne by another. "He that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

M. S. D.



### THE BELIEVER'S SINS

Are Covered, - - - - -	Rom. iv. 7.
„ Remitted, - - - - -	Matt. xxvi. 28.
„ Blotted out, - - - - -	Isaiah xlv. 23.
„ Cast behind His back, - - - - -	Isaiah xxxviii. 17.
„ Purged, - - - - -	Heb. i. 3.
„ Cast into the depths of the sea, - - - - -	Micah vii. 19.
„ Remembered no more, - - - - -	Heb. x. 17.
„ Removed, - - - - -	Psalm ciii. 12.
„ Borne, - - - - -	1 Peter ii. 24.
„ Forgiven, - - - - -	Psalm xxxii. 1.
„ Not imputed, - - - - -	Psalm xxxii. 2.
„ No longer on the Conscience, - - - - -	Heb. x. 2.

Reader, these are the true sayings of God to thee if thou believest in thine heart on the Lord Jesus Christ.



## CLEAR AND CONFIDENT.

I WAS lately called to visit a person said to be dying from bronchitis. I called at six the same evening, and found her indeed very weak. Her husband and family were standing round her bed, and after making a few inquiries about her bodily suffering, I asked what was the state of her soul before God. She said that she had little education, had not attended church, being much occupied in bringing up her family and other duties, and that her confidence was that she had never been a very great sinner, and had always, to the best of her abilities, striven to do her duty. I then put the question, Have you ever seen yourself to be a lost sinner? In the midst of her sufferings she looked up with surprise, and said, No! I then turned up the third of Romans, and read to her the judgment of God regarding every man and woman by nature on this earth, "There is none righteous, no, not one; there is none that doeth good, no, not one; there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." I paused, and asked if she owned and acknowledged this sentence from God's lips of man's universal ruin and corruption, to be true of her as an individual, "that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God." Adding in words often enough repeated, it may be by her lips, but to the truth of which, in regard to herself, her conscience was only now waking up, "All mankind by the fall lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to all the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell for ever." She replied that she bowed to the sentence of God against herself as to all that she was, and all she had ever done. Thus another "mouth was stopped" from taking further credit to herself for what she had not been guilty of doing, and for what she had striven to do.

I then put the question, Were God to summon you this night into His presence, would you go there with the burden of your sins upon you, or without it? She promptly answered, I would go with the burden of all my sins upon me. I said, Do you feel the burden of your sins, and are you anxious, in earnest, to be delivered from the burden? She then audibly groaned out—"Oh! that I could get deliverance—rest from the burden of my sins." I responded that at this point Christ would meet her exactly, and He felt the need of her soul. "Come unto me, all ye that labour

and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." That here was the gift of rest from Christ simply for the coming to Him—simply for the having, for every labouring, heavy-laden conscience. Have you then received this rest as fully and freely as Christ gives it? No, she replied, the burden is still upon me.

Here I proceeded to unfold in what way Jesus rests the weary-labouring, heavy-laden from their burdens. I opened Isaiah, and read where it is written, "The Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Do you believe that your name was among the "us all," of whom it is here said "the Lord laid on Him the iniquity"? "I do," she said, firmly. Did the Lord then lift the burden off you when He laid it upon Jesus as He hung on the cross? She answered distinctly, The burden still rests upon me. I said, that rest to our souls did not depend, as many thought, upon our laying our sins on Jesus, but upon the fact of God having already done this for us—upon God having, upwards of 1800 years ago, lifted the burden off us, and laid it upon our substitute—His suffering Son. We have in Isaiah liii. 6, "The Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all." We have in Psalm xl. 12, Jesus owning most fully these iniquities of ours as his own—"Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me." We have in 1 Peter ii. 24, Jesus bearing these sins, and the judgment of death which was the wages due to us, "Who his ownself bare our sins in His own body on the tree." We have in Hebrews i. 3, Jesus purging away every spot of our sins, going down under the power of death—rising from under the power of death—and sitting down on the spotless throne of God, without one spot of our sins upon Him, "When he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." "Father," says the Son, "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do." (John xvii. 4.) "My Son," says the Father, "come up hither, sit thou at my right hand." (Psalm cx. 1.) "And their sins and iniquities (which Thou hast purged) will I remember no more." (Heb. x. 17.) The moment that I get my eye upon Jesus sitting in the glory of God, without one single spot of my sins upon Him, the Spirit of God teaches me that I am in Christ, as perfectly purged from my sins as He is, and that I am in the eye of God the Father, as "holy and without blame before Him in love," as Christ Himself—(Eph. i. 4)—before Him in all the comeliness and acceptance of Christ Himself. Jesus has entered into the presence of

God, not on the ground of His being essentially holy, but on the ground of His having purged away from Himself, by His own blood, every sin of ours that the Lord laid on Him. "By His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." (Heb. ix. 12.) But this is the very ground on which I enter into the presence of God, and consequently, while I say it with all reverence, I yet say it with all boldness, I have as good a right and title to be in the presence of God without one single spot of my sins upon me as Christ has—for He, blessed be His name! has made His title to be there, "holy and without blame," also my title to be there as "holy and without blame," as Himself. This title, need I say, is the blood, the precious blood of Jesus. "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, . . . let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience." (Heb. x. 19.)

Having now spent an hour in setting Christ and His finished work before this labouring soul, I left her, after beseeching God to glorify His Son's name by giving speedy deliverance, by giving her liberty even as He had most surely given her life in Christ. She did not enter into rest that night, nor next (Lord's) day. I called again on Monday and found her still labouring and heavy laden. I then went over step by step the precious truths that I had set before her on Saturday, and while I did so, she looked up, her eyes kindling with the rapture of a new-born liberty, saying, "Now I see *clearly* and *confidently*, my burden is gone. I rest *clearly* and *confidently* on the finished work and accepted person of Jesus Christ. I am perfectly *clear* and *confident*." Beautiful testimony, "clear and confident!" There were three others in the room at the moment she spoke these touching words, who were so overcome with joy that they burst into tears, and fell upon their knees, while with full hearts we gave thanks unto "the Father of mercies and God of all comfort." "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together." (Psalm xxxiv. 3.)

"The righteousness which is of faith, speaketh on this wise . . . that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Romans x. 6—10.)

## "ANOTHER RIVER."

A LADY, walking one day near a river, saw a man with his hat and coat off. Thinking he meant to drown himself she looked to the Lord to give her a word to arrest him. Presently she walked up to him, when he turned and said :—

"A beautiful river, ma'am."

"Yes;" she replied, "but there is another river—a river that makes glad the people of God. Do you know that river?"

"No ma'am," he replied.

She tried to say more, but was unable, and left without saying another word. Hastening home she told her husband what she thought the man intended doing. Persons were sent off at once to see if he were still there. They found his hat and coat, and searched the neighbourhood, even dragging the river, but found no traces of him. Twenty years afterwards the lady was in a chapel, and observed a man looking intently at her. She tried to remember where she had seen him, and while doing so, he leant over and said, "There is another river; do you know that river?" Immediately she recollected seeing him and all the circumstances connected with their meeting. The word she had then dropped had been a word in season.

"Do you know that river," my reader? Know you the river of mercy which flows down from the bosom of God into the midst of a wretched world? O, it is mercy, full and free to the chief of sinners! The dark river of death, wrath and judgment, has been entered into that *you* might pass over *dryshod*. The true Ark—Christ—has been down into death; judgment has spent itself upon Him. He tasted death in all its bitterness that eternal life might be yours for ever.

Now all judgment is past and gone for every believer. I died in His death; in Christ I have been in the Jordan; now Christ on high is my life, my righteousness, my glory.

My reader, there is a "lake," not of water, but of "fire." God calls it "*the lake of fire*;" and "the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in *the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.*" (Rev. xxi. 8.)

“THREE HOURS.”

IT was summer. The river danced in the sunlight, and the variously tinted hills shone in bright beauty. Fourteen young lads had assembled at a hill-farm to assist the shepherd in shearing his flock. One of our little household lay stricken with small-pox, and wearied with the heated air of the sick room, I strolled to the hill-side at a little distance from the group. Never will I forget that afternoon. Everything so lovely. The hills, the river, the merry group, all rise before me now. For long my husband and myself sat looking on. It was a busy scene, nothing like death there; and yet, ere two short weeks had fled, two from that hill-side were gone. Three days passed, and the message came that one of the lads was killed. In perfect health he had mounted a young horse. It reared, and threw him. Three hours the breath flickered, then all was o'er. O, how sad we all were that afternoon! Sad for the lad. Sad for his widowed mother. As we sat at tea, the words, “Be ye also ready,” rose to my lips, and slowly I repeated them. Reader, dear reader, that day week I was a widow. My husband lay dead before me. O, are you ready? Many times you have read the words. Many times heard them sounded in your ears. O, are you ready? “He that believeth on the Son hath *everlasting* life.” John iii. 36. “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.” 1. John i. 7.

Three hours! a bright young life is o'er,  
 O warning loudly given;  
 Three hours! at morn in perfect health,  
 Ere noon, in hell or heaven.

'Twas but the rearing of a horse,  
 A few steps from the door,  
 Strong, full of life, the lad went forth;  
 Forth, to return no more.

Think, stop and think—*three hours* to live,  
 Were the words said to thee,  
 Without fear would they greet thine ear,  
 Or troubled would'st thou be?

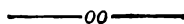
Three hours! e'en that may not be thine,  
*Now* may life's chord be riv'n,  
 But the soul that's wash'd in Jesus' blood  
 Is fit, aye fit, for heav'n.

## THIRTY-SIX PRECIOUS STATEMENTS.

**S**IMPLE faith in the testimony of God's word will secure to *any one* a final and complete settlement of *all* their sins. To every poor doubter we commend these "statements" as the "true sayings of God;" and it will be a marvel to us, indeed, if any reader of these lines will henceforth "doubt and fear." Life and liberty to all are the simple fruits of faith in God. Are these things true? Has God spoken to man? He has. The sum of His testimony is found in Holy Scripture. By faith in *it* man is born again, through the operation of the Holy Ghost—"born . . . by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." *The* mistake of the day is a most fatal one, and positively ruinous to souls—viz., occupation with faith, feelings, and experiences. God, His word, and Christ *must* be before the soul; thus there is present and lasting blessing. (1) "Must" be born again; (2) "must" be lifted up (Son of Man); (3) "must" be saved. John iii. 7; John iii. 14; Acts iv. 12.

1. Atonement, Lev. xvi. ; Exodus xxx. 15.
2. Cleansing, 1 John i. 7 ; Jer. xxxiii. 8.
3. Christ died for sins, 1 Cor. xv. 3.
4. Christ suffered for sins, 1 Peter iii. 18.
5. Christ offered to bear sin, Heb. ix. 28.
6. Christ wounded, Is. liii. 5.
7. Christ bruised, Is. liii. 5.
8. Christ a Propitiation, Rom. iii. 25.
9. Christ gave Himself, Gal. i. 4.
10. Christ put to grief, Is. liii. 10.
11. Conscience purged, Heb. ix. 14 ; Heb. x. 2.
12. His soul made an offering for sin, Is. liii. 10.
13. One sacrifice for sins, Heb. x. 12.
14. Sins borne, 1 Peter ii. 24 ; Isaiah liii. 12.
15. ,, blotted out, Acts iii. 19 ; Isaiah xlv. 22.
16. ,, confessed, Lev. xvi. 21.
17. ,, cast behind His (God) back, Isaiah xxxviii. 17.
18. ,, purged, Heb. i. 3.
19. ,, remitted, Matt. xxvi. 28.
20. ,, removed, Psalm ciii. 12.
21. ,, remembered no more, Heb. x. 17.

22. Sins forgiven, Psalm xxxii. 5.
23. „ pardoned, Exodus xxxiv. 9.
24. „ subdued, Mic. vii. 19.
25. „ made an end of, Dan. ix. 24.
26. „ cast into the depths of the sea, Mic. vii. 19.
27. „ washed away, Rev. i. 5.
28. Sin covered, Psalm xxxii. 1.
29. „ condemned, Rom. viii. 3.
30. „ put away, Heb. ix. 26.
31. „ not beheld, Num. xxiii. 21.
32. „ not imputed, Psalm xxxii. 2.
33. „ laid on Him, Is. liii. 6.
34. „ taken away, John i. 29.
35. „ not reckoned, Rom. vi. 11.
36. „ freedom from it (justified), Rom. vi. 18.



## DIVINE CONCLUSIONS.

**I** CONCLUDE I am a sinner, guilty and justly condemned. I have come to this conclusion alone from God's Word. I have learned from that blessed book that I have sinned, and sinned, and sinned, and am a sinner, and can do nothing but sin; further, that I hate God, and have murdered His Christ. Some people have said to me, "How do you know you are so bad; has your conscience or feelings told you so?" I answer, "My conscience is a bad one, and my feelings are changeable; I cannot trust either. I simply believe what God says. He has made me out a sinner, and written it down for me, so that I may read it for myself, and have His mind and His thoughts upon me, and I believe it; that's all I can say." I endorse every word of Romans iii. 9-23. That wonderful summing up of what man is, tells me what I am. I can only bow before it, and confess my sin and guilt.

I have also concluded that every effort on my part to make peace with God must be given up. I have given up working, feeling, and striving, as absolutely useless, concluding from God's own word that "salvation is of the Lord," and that by "deeds of law" shall no flesh be justified.

I was also lead to read Romans iv. 4, 5, and of course as it was God's own Word, I simply believed it, "Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that WORKETH NOT, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." Whenever I read these verses I gave up all trying to save myself. I very clearly saw that God justified the ungodly; that is the ungodly who give up working and believe on God. I also discovered that "righteousness"—the very thing I was labouring to get, was imputed *without works*. This made me very glad.

I conclude I am saved, because God tells me in His own Word that I am. Am I wrong in believing Him? Can I be mistaken when I simply believe what He says? Some of my friends say, "You are too sure; you are too presumptuous; you are deceiving yourself." They tell me that the good and excellent of all ages feared and doubted, and were made fit for heaven, and sure of it only at the last moment. I can only say that I am neither "good nor excellent," but am quite content to believe, and *give thanks too*, for *having* been made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. I can say, and sing also, "*hath* made meet," "*hath* delivered," "*hath* translated," "*have* redemption." (Col. i. 12-14.) I do not believe that these "haths" apply at the moment of death; for how, then, could I give thanks? They are for me *now*.

I conclude that, having believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, I am saved; for the "Word" says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)

I conclude that, having believed on the name of Jesus, I have "remission of sins;" for the "Word" says, "To Him give all the prophets witness, that whosoever believeth on His name shall receive remission of sins." Acts x. 43.

I conclude I am "justified from all things;" for the "Word" says, "By Him all that believe *are* justified from all things." Acts xiii. 39.

I conclude I have "peace," having been justified by faith; for the "Word" says, "Being justified by faith we have peace with God." (Romans v. 1.)

I have come to other and most happy conclusions from the Word of God alone.



## SIN, GRACE, SALVATION.

MY reader, are you one of those whose ears have grown dull of hearing? Has the frequency with which the words *sin, grace, salvation* been uttered deadened your soul to their solemn import? Most earnestly do I beseech you to be true to your *own* eternal interests. Lay to heart the solemn statements of God's holy word. Man is a sinner, irremediably ruined. The crown of innocence has fallen from his brow. Ah! my reader, have *you* grasped the weighty truth of God about your condition? "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Rom. iii. 23. Is not that true of you? Do not say, I pray you, "the drunkard has sinned," or "the profane and openly bad have sinned, but I have not." My reader, say what you like, you *know* you are a sinner; you *know* you have come short of the glory of God. Will I prove it? Let conscience answer. Would you be right happy to go into God's presence at once, and stand before the blaze of His glory? You shrink from the answer. Come, now, be honest; you would be afraid to meet God just now. Is it not so? Why, it would be the joy of my soul—my very heart's joy to stand in His holy presence; I will be there as His own child, *at home* in the scene and place that's a terror to *you*. What makes the difference between you and me? Am I better? Has my evil nature been improved? No; but I know sin put away for ever. Here comes in *grace*.

What is grace? Divine favour flowing out to the guilty and *undeserving*. But do not be deceived, my reader—this grace which flows down from the heart of God "*reigns through righteousness*." God cannot, and has not passed over lightly your sin. It has been visited in the most awful way in the person of the holy, blessed Son of God. Oh, my soul, what depths of anguish *He* entered into! Deep called unto deep—cloud after cloud poured themselves in judgment on His holy head—billow upon billow rolled in fury o'er His spotless, suffering soul. The world has listened to many a weary sigh, to many deep and heavy groans, to many desolate cries; but little wonder that creation should tremble, and nature be convulsed to its very centre, at the two cries from the Saviour on the cross, which told out respectively *what* it cost Him to accomplish redemption, and

also that He *did* finish all His blessed work—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me;" and "It is finished."

Grace can now justify *freely* through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Satan has been met, conquered, and foiled; death has been vanquished, and its sting plucked away; sin has been made an end of; sins have dealt with; the whole moral nature of God has been glorified; my life, my nature, my sin and sins, and myself, too, have all been *righteously* judged, and set aside. Now grace can flow out to me, free, full, and unhindered, just because all that hindered has been dealt with in judgment on the cross. All contrary to God, all short of His glory, has been judged and condemned in the cross of His beloved Son, so that I might have salvation.

Who is the Saviour? and what is salvation? The Saviour is God. He is a "giver," not a demander. John iv. 10. He is a "lover" of men, not a hater of them. John iii. 16. He is "seeking." John iv. 23. He is "beseeching." 2 Cor. v. 20. He is a "Justifier." Rom. viii. 33. "Salvation belongeth unto the Lord." My reader, are you prepared practically to bow to this? Do you give up all trying? Do you take your place before Him as a sinner, totally ruined and undone? It is all He asks from you—it is all He expects. You must give Him His place as a Saviour-God—*that's* a glory He will share with none. A Saviour-God is His blessed title. He saves wholly, He saves for ever, and He saves for eternal glory with Christ. What is salvation? Is it forgiveness of sins? Is it peace with God? No; it is to be brought to God. My reader, so long as you only know what it is to have life, justification, forgiveness of sins, or peace with God, you do not yet know what is salvation. There is something *beyond* life, justification, forgiveness, and peace; but beyond God *there is nothing*. If I have been brought in spirit *now* to God, I have got to the Divine source of blessing—*that* is salvation, and nothing short of it is. Jesus died and rose again that He might bring you in eternal life, peace, and righteousness to God—not bring you to these things, but to God. 1 Peter iii. 28.

Do I undervalue life, justification, forgiveness, and peace? I do not; but I want you to be saved out and out. I long that the children of God might know in present power and present enjoyment the blessedness of joying in God, by whom they have receive the reconciliation. Rom. v. 1-11.

## THE STORY OF ONE WHO FOUND PEACE.

AS I sat in the front part of a room, a young Roman priest slowly paced to and fro at the other end of it. He was nobly born—son of one of high rank in the army. From a pious mother he had received deep convictions about his soul. “What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?” followed him through all his studies and travels. Tormented by this, he at length entered the Church, not to satisfy ambition, but to find peace of soul. His lank form, his long face, pale and thin—his entire being—indicated suffering, and, without knowing why, I felt myself drawn to him. I remembered, as if it were but yesterday, the agony of my own heart before knowing eternal redemption; and thinking that perhaps he suffered from the same cause, I at once asked him: “Have you peace with God, my dear friend?”

“Peace with God,” said he. “What do you mean by peace with God?”

“It is the effect,” said I to him, “of the forgiveness of sins. It is like the consciousness that would exist in the agonised spirit of an unfortunate criminal condemned to be guillotined, to whom a messenger comes suddenly, bringing this despatch from the Emperor: ‘All your crimes are forgiven you: go forth in peace!’”

“Then,” replied he, “I have not peace with God, for I have never yet received such a message from God. For nearly three years I have been imprisoned between four walls, exercising the greatest severities against myself. I have fasted, prayed, ill-treated my body, until I am reduced to what you see, but I have not yet received this message from God.”

“You are a *sincere* man,” I said to him; “you are not one of those religionists who affect a heavenly air, and within have nothing but lust and wickedness.”

“How should I not be sincere, sir, when I know that it is with God himself I have to do. *Appearance*, you know, is only for *this* world. *Reality* is for eternity. A thousand times a fool is he who sees no farther than this world. For my part it is eternity that occupies me.”

“Blessed be God! Blessed be God, my dear friend! He has shown you the curse of the law of God against every breach of that law. According to Galatians iii. 10, ‘Cursed

every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them ;' and as you are not a hypocrite, but knowing well that you are violating this law constantly, even in spite of yourself, you at once apply the curse to yourself, well knowing in your conscience that you merit it."

"That is it exactly! You have just laid bare my heart ; that is my state precisely. I see the just wrath of God against me, and I much desire to be able to appease or escape it." I took out my Bible, and pointing to Galatians iii. 13, he read, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us ; for it is written, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." Suddenly his languid eyes lit up. The message of peace had come to him *through the Word*.

"Do you understand now," said I, "why Jesus upon the Cross must needs cry out, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'"

"It is quite clear," replied he. "If Christ has been made a curse for me, in order to redeem me from the curse of the law, it follows that He Himself sustained that curse. He thus becomes a substitute for me."

"Exactly! a *substitute*. You cannot find a better word. 'He made him who knew no sin to be sin for us, that we might become the righteousness of God in him.' (2 Cor. v. 21.) 'For Christ also hath once suffered for sin, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.'" (1 Peter iii. 18.)

The heart of the young priest was evidently quite overcome. A pardon so sudden, a salvation so sure and so free, almost frightened him ; he could scarcely believe himself in his proper senses. He appeared afraid to wake himself up, lest he should find his anguish had been calmed only by a cruel dream—cruel because of its very sweetness.

It was not a dream. It was the *truth* which had set him at liberty, according to John viii. 32 : "And you shall know the *truth*, and the *truth* shall make you free." After this, he gave himself much to the Scriptures, his peace became more settled, and his expression of suffering gave place to one of profound rest.

Reader, are you unmoved by these things? What a terrible wakening up will come some day! It may be to find yourself LOST!—LOST FOR EVER!

Perhaps, like this young priest, you are troubled ; seeking rest, but finding none. Well, neither churches nor chapels—neither reading nor prayers—neither tears nor sorrow, will ever give you rest.

Sin broke up God's rest before it broke up yours, but He has found it again ; and found it in One in whom it can never be disturbed. God has found eternal delight in THE MAN CHRIST JESUS ; and when you believe that sin has utterly ruined you, you will turn away from yourself, and every other object, to Him, and find in Him eternal rest.

See that Man (Son of God, too), seated on the throne of God ! Why, when men with wicked hands had crucified Him, did the glory of God raise Him from the dead and place Him there ? Because He had not only put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself (that was for you), but because He had GLORIFIED GOD. He *was* made a curse, and so redeemed us from it ; but in that sacrifice, in thus bearing the curse, the whole glory of God found rest and joy, and there must you and every redeemed soul find rest for ever.

P. J. L.

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### THE JOYS OF THIS WORLD ARE ALL OVER.

The joys of this world are all over,  
 The song that I used to sing,  
 And I cannot join in the festive dance,  
 No pleasure to me they bring.  
 Yet I'll sing a song about Jesus,  
 Who left the bright throne on high ;  
 I'll speak of that love without measure,  
 That led Him to suffer and die.

The joys of this world are all over,  
 For I know that my Saviour's up *there* ;  
 He's gone from this dark scene of sorrow,  
 And He's called me His glory to share.  
 Then I'll sing of the Man in the glory ;  
 Oh ! I know that He's waiting for me ;  
 And His once-pierced hand shall guide me  
 O'er the waves of this troubled sea.

The joy's of this world are all over,  
 For the One that I love is not *here* ;  
 And I'll wait 'mid the storm and the sorrow,  
 For the moment when He shall appear.  
 Then come sing a song, happy singer,  
 We rest on His promise secure ;  
 The morning will follow the midnight,  
 We know that His promise is sure.

J. M'K.

## "WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?"

LUKE x. 29-37.

"WHO is my neighbour?" said a wily but discomfited lawyer to Christ. A greater and wiser than Solomon was there, who supplied the answer, to the confusion of every human system of religion on the face of the earth.

Verse 30 sketches in a few words the sinner's *course and condition*; "down from Jerusalem to Jericho;" in other words, from God to the "pit." Mark it, reader; thou art going "down to the pit" (Job xxxiii. 24); the wrath of God *abideth* on thee (John iii. 36). Jericho ever was, and still is, associated with danger; it was a downward path from Jerusalem, and to it God had attached an *everlasting* curse (Joshua vi. 26; 1 Kings xvi. 34, &c.) Oh! will the lake of fire—that awful place, in which *all* will bear eternally the weight of God's wrath—be felt by thee?

"Stripped," "wounded," and "half-dead"—without goodness, without righteousness, without character—it is vain to say there are none who can point a finger at me and say, "Meet my claims;" there is a Divine Hand pointing you out—oh! *self-righteous* one—as a debtor having *nothing to pay*. Have you met the claims of God? Then talk not of your character, for you have none. You are a bankrupt sinner; but you may have the joy *now* of looking right into the face of the Man in glory, and by faith say, He paid my debt—discharged in death every Divine claim, and I am free—free for ever.

"Wounded," too, in every part of your moral being—mind, heart, conscience, and will—all wrong.

"Half-dead;" thank God, friend, you are on this side of the lake of fire—this side of judgment.

Verse 31. A certain priest *saw* the half-dead man, and passed by on the other side.

Verse 32. And *likewise* a Levite, who did the same.

May God write this upon you, dear friend—engrave it upon your conscience—that neither law, religion, nor ceremonies of any kind ever proved the sinner's neighbour.

Verse 33. "But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him he had compassion on him."

The half-dead man was a Jew, and the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans (John iv.); but the poor man

was nigh dead, so the kind Samaritan had it all his own way. For *once*, at least, love could flow out unchecked and unhindered.

Verse 34. Unlike the Pharisee and Levite, the Samaritan went to him—very close to him, you may be sure—not a little bit off, but “to him.” Just so, Jesus has come to where the sinner *is*.

He “bound up his wounds, POURING in oil and wine.” O the largeness of grace!—not *dropping* in the oil and wine. He cured and made happy. The oil would cure, the wine refresh and gladden. What has he done to me? I will tell you. He found me nigh to destruction, and such His love, and the way of it too, that He travelled from the regions of glory to the place where *I was*, saved me, and filled me with joy.

“Put him on his own beast, brought him to an inn, took care of him.”

I get Christ’s own strength and position on high. His wondrous place in the glory above is mine, and the “joy of the Lord is my strength;” aye, and my song, as I pass along. He has taken me to the inn—His gathered ones on earth. I only know of one place where a saved one can be taken care of, and that is the assembly for which He died, and for which He lives, and which He will present to Himself without *spot*.

Verse 35. He has departed, but He will come again.

I, the delivered one, will see Him—my deliverer—face to face (1 Thess. i. 10). In the meantime He has left me in the care of the host of the inn. I am kept by the Holy Ghost. He takes care of me, and often tells me of Him who went away. The last word I heard Him say was to the host, giving me into his hands—“Take care of him . . . when I come again.” He thought of *me* when He left. I may see Him to-morrow, for He did not say when He would return.

My reader, let me ask you one solemn, yet plain question. Is not the Son of God, come down from heaven, thy neighbour? Has He not shown out neighbourly love to thee? Would any neighbour die for thee? But this Jesus has done.

My fellow-believer, what strength, what security, what blessing is thine! Christ has taken care of thee (verse 34). Like the shepherd who sought the stray sheep on the moun-

tains or in the wilderness, even so has he sought and found thee, putting thee on his shoulders of strength, taking care of thee (Matt. xviii. 12, 13; Luke xv. 4-7). He has also, on the ground of redemption, put thee into the gracious keeping of the Holy Ghost, saying, "Take care of him" (verse 35). What wondrous beauties of grace are illustrated in this beautiful Scripture!

—oo—

"ARE YOU SAVED?"

"ARE *you* saved?"

"I hope to be."

"When?"

"O, before I die."

"Suppose you were to die *now*—what then?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I would be lost."

"Then why not be saved *now*?"

"Why, Sir, you are too quick with me."

"Will God be more willing—will Christ's blood be more precious—will you be more fit—to-morrow?"

"What, then, must I do to be saved *now*?"

"Believe simply what God *has* done; you do nothing, just because He did all. 'To him that WORKETH NOT, but *believeth on Him* that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.'"

"But will He save me, *a sinner*?"

"He will. Christ came into the world to save sinners—'twas His very object in coming, dying, and rising again. He came *just* to save sinners."

"But I am so bad."

"All the more need to be saved, then."

"I will venture it. 'Lord Jesus, save me, a guilty sinner.'"

"Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved."—

Acts xvi. 31.

My reader, art thou resting on Christ—I don't say His blood—but Himself? He is the alone foundation, having glorified—infinitely glorified God—and met the deepest need of the poor sinner.



"I NEITHER FEAR NOR DOUBT."

IN a small room in one of the back streets of one of our large towns, bearing the marks of extreme poverty, a man lay dying. Although apparently in the prime of life, it needed but a glance to see that his days in this world were numbered. His sufferings were very great, as he lay alone gasping for breath, coughing incessantly, and unalleviated by any comfort or attention save what was rendered to him by strangers. Thinking he was dying, a neighbour had hastily sent for a doctor, who, after attending to him medically, enquired his history. We learned he had had many heavy trials; had lost two of his children almost at the same time, and six weeks before this, his wife who had been ill for a long time; he himself had been ill for some time, and had spent all the money he had saved, and was now destitute, except for the charity of others, and what little money he had been able to get through selling his furniture.

After hearing his tale of sorrow, told with many rests between, the Dr. said to him, "Well, my poor friend, you are very ill, and won't be long here, and I think you will agree with me, that in the weak state you are in there is not much you can do for your salvation."

Calmly, though with difficulty, came back the answer, "Sir, if I had been quite well, *it would have been the same*; it is to him that worketh not."

"Yes, my friend, you are right," answered the Dr., "It would have been the same; you seem to know something of the finished work of Christ, and also that the work a sinner has to do is to own that he deserves the judgment of God, but that his punishment has been borne by another."

"I have owned that, Sir," he said.

"You also see clearly that all classes, both bad and good, are guilty before God, though some have sinned more than others, and their sins may be of a deeper dye, yet whether guilty of one sin or ten thousand, all are alike unfit for God's presence, and if they meet Him as sinners, their portion will be eternal punishment."

"Aye," he said, "It must be an awful thing to die lost."

"How precious then to know that our very condition, as lost ones, brought out what the heart of God was towards us. As your present suffering condition makes my heart ache for you and makes me express it, by trying all I

can to relieve you, so our condition gave God the opportunity of showing out *His love* to us, and to do it, He gave His only begotten Son to suffer the penalty of our sin. You see He suffered in your stead, and represented you when He hung upon the Cross."

"I know it," he answered firmly.

"And you know it, because God in His word says so?"

"Yes, came the answer, "I know it; He suffered for me, and put my sins all away, and now I am as clear from sin as He, for God raised Him from the dead, and He says, 'That as He is up, so am I.'"

Being desirous of knowing how Christ had been revealed to his soul, the Dr. asked, "How did you come to know the Lord and His love in dying for you?"

With great difficulty he told it. "It was through my wife," he said. "She died after a long illness, which she bore with such patience, and yet had such a longing to die, that it used to vex me, for I loved her very much, and could not bear the thought of parting with her. I was always a decent, hard-working man, though I never professed anything, or went to any church or chapel; but she often talked to me about trusting alone in the blood of Christ, and that as a lost sinner. It was after we had had a long talk, and I went out to work, angry with her, that the Lord touched my heart, and convinced me that she was right and I was wrong, and made me see myself, indeed, a lost sinner, and before she died, she rejoiced that her prayers for me were answered, and now I look forward to seeing her again, to sing the praises of the Lord who redeemed us throughout eternity."

"And now that you know His love in dying for you," said the Dr., "you may count upon His love to sympathise with you now in your present state of suffering and poverty, make known to Him all your wants and the distress you are in about leaving your two little children, and He will, specially in your case as one of His redeemed, be to them the Father of the fatherless, and at last you may welcome death as that which He has conquered, which will admit you into His presence, where there will be no more suffering or sorrow, but God will wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The next day, again, the Dr. visited him. After some conversation, he said, on parting, "I will probably never see you again in the body. I wish to ask you one question, Have you any fear to die?"

He raised himself up a little, and said calmly, though in a way which spoke volumes, "*I neither fear nor doubt.* I rest alone in the blood of Christ as a lost sinner, and doubt not God's word that I am accepted in Christ."

The next morning the Dr. hurried up to see if he were still here, but one glance at the bed now covered with a coarse white sheet, told he was absent from the body—present with the Lord,—among the countless multitude who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. By faith in a living Saviour he had wrested death of its sting, and the grave of its victory. What wonder was it that those who saw him die, wished they might die like him. And yet, (alas that it should be so) too many are content, like Balaam of old, to wish to die the death of the righteous, who forget that the life must come first, and at last, like him, are found amongst the enemies of God. A real sad case of distress was this, and one which many of us, who only know what suffering is, surrounded by every comfort, can enter but little into; yet it is not a solitary one. Many of the Lord's children (and His children are all alike dear) are suffering real want, and we should remember that he said, the poor ye have with you always, and any little service done to His own, it is our privilege to know He reckons as done to Himself, and in most cases we receive far more than we give, for the Lord teaches us lessons of patience, humility, and trust, and so His promise stands sure, that "he that watereth others, shall be watered also himself."

One more word in contrast. Not many doors off another young man lay dying of the same complaint,—one who had been faithfully spoken to, and had had the gospel of the grace of God freely offered him. "I have just come from another case like yours, too," said the Dr., "one who is very near death, but who has no fear—no doubts,—who knows that through the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ all his sins are forgiven, and who is perfectly sure he will go to heaven. I wish I could know the same of you, that while I try to ease your pain here, you would be with Christ afterwards."

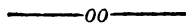
Quietly he answered, "Aye, it would be a grand thing if I could come back and tell you where I was."

Poor fellow, and yet he had no fear to die; he had done his best; said endless prayers to the virgin; done penance,

and all he was told to do, and now he hoped (though he did not exactly know how) he would at last get through purgatory into heaven. Truly has the Apostle said, "Whom the God of this world hath blinded, lest the light of the knowledge of the glory of God should shine unto them."

Reader, on what foundation are you resting? Are you like this poor man trusting alone in the word of the living God who cannot lie, a solid foundation which cannot be moved, which will stand when this world will have rocked into ruins; or, are you like so many, trusting in works, prayers, or anything short of Christ. If so, it will prove of no avail when you come to stand face to face with God. Look at it now in this day of grace, lest ye should hear at last the awful words, Depart from me, I *never* knew you.

M. S. D.



## TWO QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

“**D**OES God save good people or bad people?” Christ came into the world to save *sinners*. The thief surely was a bad man, so was Saul the persecutor and waster of the Church of God. The Corinthians were a desperately bad lot, many of them were thieves, fornicators, adulterers, idolators, drunkards, and yet they were saved. Salvation is most certainly for bad people. (1 Cor. vi. 9-11.)

“Have I to reconcile God to me, or does He reconcile me to Him?”

Scripture distinctly says that “God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself,” thus God is the reconciling one—believers—the persons reconciled. This is very plain from the words of 2 Cor. v. 18, “All things are of God who *hath* reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ.” We will not be reconciled to God in the day of glory, we are reconciled *now*; it is done, as the apostle said to the Romans—they Gentiles, he a Jew—“*we* joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the reconciliation.” (Rom. v. 11.) Thus, then, the question is divinely answered: God is the one who reconciles, we the persons reconciled. Besides it is wrong to speak of God being reconciled, because that implies that He was once at enmity with us. God was always man’s friend. “God so loved the world, *that He gave His only begotten Son*,” so you see Jesus did not die to procure God loving us, but Jesus died *because* God loved us.

## NOTHING TO PAY.

A VERY wealthy man had four debtors—  
 Debtor 1 was owing £250 pounds.  
 Debtor 2 was owing £500 pounds.  
 Debtor 3 was owing £750 pounds.  
 Debtor 4 was owing £1000 pounds.

The four were completely ruined in their circumstances ; they were owing these amounts *in full* and had nothing to pay.

Their creditor summoned them into his presence, and requested immediate payment, else proceedings would be taken against them very soon, adding, “ I am merciful ; I have remitted other people’s debts, and am perfectly willing to remit yours, if you apply to me for that purpose, but your application must be presented immediately, and it will be instantly attended to.”

Prison, payment, or remission, then became the subject of anxious thought and earnest talk amongst the debtors. “ I cannot pay my debt,” said one, “ and as for our creditor remitting it—who ever heard the like of that ! No, no, I will never apply to Him for settlement of the account—why, it is to him I owe the money, and here he tells me if I apply to him he will remit it all ! I don’t believe he would do it, although he says so, and I for one will not go near him. And as for prison—well, if he won’t remit my debt although he said it—I don’t believe he will put me in prison, although he talked about it. He seems to be a good sort of man, and so I will take no more notice of the matter.”

Another said, “ I wonder if he will take part payment and remit the rest. I do not think my circumstances are so desperately bad after all ; of course he said, if we applied to him he would remit the whole debt, but then, I could not think of such a thing at all, and I daresay my little, with his goodness, will at least reduce the debt, if not cancel it, so I will be off and improve my circumstances as best I can ; besides, I scarcely think he will put me into prison, because I could give to the officers something, and no doubt he would forgive me the rest. I will risk it.”

Another said, “ I know the books have been carefully examined, and they say I am owing £750, and my creditor who is an exceedingly careful person, and who has all my transactions entered in his books, declares I am owing that

amount—that his books are opened to public inspection, and that I may see for myself that that is the exact amount, but why should I trouble myself? I do not, in fact, I cannot believe that I am owing such a large amount, and I don't see why I should make myself uncomfortable by looking at the books. I do not believe my circumstances are anything like so bad as they are made out to be. I cannot think he will put *me* in prison, for I am not owing a £1000 like some I know, and I have always borne a respectable character, besides, I am religious, and some whom I know are not; of course, when I tell my creditor—good man—all this, it will stand much better with me than with many others. I am a bankrupt I admit—that is, I have failed to some little extent, but then I have paid every other person, and my religious and moral character is, I know, of a high order, which will help me, I know.”

The fourth debtor said, “I am owing *one thousand pounds*, and I have not a single penny to meet the debt. Our creditor is righteous and merciful, and if he sends me to prison, I will never get out until the last farthing is paid, and that is an absolute impossibility. I cannot pay the debt. I have *nothing* to pay. I am totally ruined in all my circumstances and prospects. To go to prison for ever is something dreadful to think of. But now, I remember he told us if we were to apply to him immediately, he would instantly remit the amount, but then my bill is such a large one. I wonder now if he meant such debtors as me—if he included me in his list of persons whose debts he would cancel; I wonder, too, if he knows who I am, for really I have all along been a bad character; now that I think of it, he knows all about me, and has had everything about me written down in His books. Wonder if he knows that I was one of those who killed his only son—the heir to his wealth and estates—yes, yes, he does, for it is down in His books, for I remember now seeing my name and character very fully described, and yet he said to *me* that he would remit me my debt if I asked him. Well, I will do it at once. I need not ask him to take a part, for I have nothing to pay, besides, a part is not the debt; and did he not say he would remit the whole amount?”

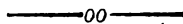
The first three debtors quickly found themselves in prison, for they had nothing to pay, and would not apply to the creditor. They were left in prison *for ever*; they need not have gone

there, for the creditor had said to them all, that if he was applied to for a simple receipt in full they would have it, but they would not have a settlement on such easy terms, and so they had to go to prison. The creditor says he will not let them out *until* they have paid the uttermost farthing, and as they never make money in prison, I fear they will never get out.

The man most deeply in debt had nothing to pay, but he believed his creditor's word, applied for a remission of the debt, and got it *at once*. He knew his debt was remitted, for he had the receipt. He could produce it at any time, and he always loved to be in the way of the creditor ever afterwards.

His creditor not only met the debt, discharging it fully, but actually set him up in business—taking him into partnership with Himself, so that he could never fail again—that would be impossible, for he had his partner's wealth to trade upon. Something more wonderful still, the creditor not only met the man's debt according to his word, granting a receipt in full; not only took him into partnership in business, sharing his name and honours with him; but took him into His own house to share all his household joys. It was no longer creditor and debtor, but partners in riches and joys.

My reader, know you anything of the wonderful Grace of God? Do you know what it is to have the full and frank forgiveness of all thy sins? Do you know the sinner's adorable substitute—Jesus who died was buried and rose again?



## HAVE I A LINK WITH A GLORIFIED CHRIST?

**I** WILL never forget the day when the wonderful discovery dawned upon me that God had formed an eternal link of security and blessedness between me and Christ in glory. It was like a second conversion. From the *very* moment that I was saved by grace, I was assured of heaven *after death*; but when the Holy Ghost brought home to my soul that I was *presently* united to the Man in heaven who put my sins away, it changed and altered everything to me. It is heaven *now*. It is glory *now*. Heaven will not be more real *after death* than it is now. Heaven *is* my home, for my Saviour and Lord is there. Since I have known Him in glory I have no *taste* for earthly joy. When I only knew

the Cross and the putting away of sin, I was happy because judgment for me was past and gone ; since, however, I discovered that He had brought me into His *own* glory and peace—to share it all with Him—NOW I have no heart for the world. The knowledge of Him up *there* has spoiled my taste for all down *here*. I feel a blank—a waste. The world is a moral wilderness, and when I ask my heart how is all so changed? It answers, “Because Jesus is not here, He is absent from the world and I miss Him, and so I find myself going up to Him.” I know heaven well, and I know Jesus better. I cannot bear the world now, for it “hated Him without a cause,” and my soul distinctly declines fellowship with the world or the things in it.

I am not at the “foot of the Cross” as some of my friends are, but in the glory along with Jesus. Now I value the Cross more than ever. I see exceeding value in the precious blood of Christ. I see it now as the blood of one who has for ever linked up my life with Himself in the glory. He holds my heart *there*.—Now I can sing:—

“And has this world a charm for me  
Where Jesus suffer'd thus—  
No ! I have died to all its charms  
Through Jesus' wondrous Cross.

—oo—

## THE CROSS.

IN our stead Himself He offers,  
On the accursed tree He suffers—  
That His death's sweet savour may  
Take our curse for aye away !  
Cross and curse for us enduring  
Hope and heaven to us securing.  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

Moses' law—it does not rule us ;  
Christ's free Spirit gently schools us ;  
Ended now our captive thrall,  
He who God obeys in all,  
Through his Saviour's death and merit  
Now enjoys adoption's spirit.  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

Rent the Temple-curtain's centre,  
Fearless each and *all* may enter,  
Through the Veil—most holy place !—  
There to stand before His face !  
He who once came down from heaven  
Fear from every heart hath driven.  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !



## DYING AT TWENTY-FOUR.

THE following solemn narrative was told me some time since, and, with the earnest hope that it may prove a word of warning to many, I now bring it before the readers of the *Gospel Message*:—

A young man, a medical student in one of the London hospitals, was seized with that fatal disease—diphtheria. The disease rapidly developing itself, his father was summoned from the country. Upon entering the room where his son lay, surrounded by doctors, he found him insensible. Presently he partially revived, and at once recognising his father, sprang up in the bed, and cried out, “Oh, father, it’s hard lines for a fellow to die at twenty-four!” He then fell back and immediately expired.

Dear reader, let me affectionately ask you a question of the utmost importance—Are you saved? Don’t, I pray you, rest satisfied with a *hope*, for, let me say, I believe that, in the majority of cases, the thoughtless reply “*I hope*” betrays an icy indifference to the things of God. Men are wise enough in matters connected with time, but, strange to say, are playing the fool in reference to eternal things. What would you think of a traveller who, having paid his passage to America and taken his place on board the steamer, when asked whither he was bound, replying, “Well, I *hope* to America?” Wouldn’t he be quite sure of the vessel’s destination before stepping on board? and if so, what could be more natural than to answer positively all questions?

Perhaps I am addressing an indifferent one, in whose calculations death and judgment have not yet entered. The world and its pleasures, with the hope of many years’ enjoyment of them, are the all-engrossing theme. Religion you have been perhaps taught to regard as suitable for aged people, or, at all events, as being the proper thing for Sundays, and even then the round of religious ceremonies you have found to be extremely irksome, and the pleasures of the forthcoming week have held the chief place in the heart. Oh, reader, it’s the devil’s work to get thee occupied with a bit of religion as a kind of salve to the conscience. We are living in religious days, but the greater part of what goes on is only external and hollow, utterly without power to sustain a sinner in his dying hour. Like the five foolish virgins

in Matthew xxv., the mass around us are busily engaged in trying to buy oil, "but," says the scripture, "while they went to buy, the bridegroom came." How solemn! all their activity was of no use. Are you a *worker* for salvation? Take care! the door may be closed upon you at any moment, and the Lord's solemn utterance be, "I *know you not.*"

But let me take up the other side a little. It's quite likely you don't care a bit for religious excitement. The world and its allurements are holding you spell-bound, and if the thought of eternity crosses the mind it is quickly dismissed. Now, I don't deny that pleasure is found in the things of the world, but what I will say is this—they all fail to satisfy. "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again," (John iv. 13.) Have not you proved this? A gaily spent evening passes away leaving nothing but increased thirst,—again the world is sought after with its excitement, but only an aching void is the heart's honest utterance.

"After the joys of earth,  
After its songs of mirth,  
After its hours of light,  
After its dreams so bright,—  
What then?"

"Only an empty name,  
Only a weary frame,  
Only a conscious smart,  
Only an aching heart."

Reader, I tell you faithfully, if you will take the world *now* you *must* have the lake of fire by-and-bye. Think you that heaven with its joys, and Christ the centre of them, would suit you? Could you bear God's presence? Come, what is your answer? Ah, you would like to stay in this world as long as possible because you love it. I don't upbraid you—it's only natural; but one thing is certain, you don't care for heaven though you shrink from hell. Oh, I don't like that word *hell*, you say. No, reader, it speaks too plainly of what thy portion must be if you remain a stranger to God.

Let me briefly shew you how this present evil world grew up, or rather how it started. Its source was small, for tracing it back, we find it nearly 6000 years ago within the limits of a city. Like a river which has its rise in some hidden spring, but whose waters, flowing on, become wider and deeper, till at last large ships may be seen proudly

floating in them, so this world since the days of Cain has been increasing in its dimensions, and now in its rapid current the mass of mankind is being hurried along to an endless eternity. No time to think, says the man of business. Don't want to think, says the careless pleasure-seeker. Alas! alas!

What marks the worldling is, that he seeks happiness *apart from God*. Cain slew his brother Abel, willingly left the presence of God, built a city, and his descendants adorned it. If any one drew near to that city pleasant sounds could be heard, for they had the harp and organ there; and upon entering it the eye is attracted by the display of man's skill. But God was *outside*. Solemn truth! Abel's blood was shed—God's presence lost. About 1800 years ago, man murdered the Son of God. Yes, I say, *murdered* Him, for though the mass of people look upon His death as being for sinners, (blessedly true, of course,) Satan has carefully kept out of sight the fact that Christ's death, looked at on man's side, was a deliberate murder—the awful expression of man's hatred to God.

Now, reader, this is the world's present relation to God. He has been turned out of it, and now He is left out of it. If God were to enter into the scene of any of your amusements and ask, "Where is my Son?" what would you reply? Cain said, "Am I, my brother's keeper?" "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him," (see 1 John ii. 15.) How can you love the Father, and yet hold to the world which has murdered His Son? Impossible! If you love the Father in loyalty of heart you must be clean done with the world.

But, let me say, God does not wish to deprive you of joy; His is not a call to *give up*. No; it's Christ, the treasure of His own heart, whom He asks you to receive. The giving up will come afterwards. In truth, when in the possession of God's Christ, you will not count it "hard lines" to part with the fading joy of this hollow scene. God has joys, and the eye of man has never seen them, his ear never heard them—but prepared for them who love Him, and revealed by His Spirit. Shut a worldling up in a room a whole day with nothing to do, and he will be miserable; but shut up a believer and he has joy and peace the world can't touch—a well of water in him, springing up into everlasting life. Christ is everything to the believer; he may be cruelly

treated, but none can rob him of Christ. Now, I want you to see that the foregoing is not merely an account of how other bad people have been, but a description of yourself if unsaved. You are part of the world which murdered Christ, and over which God's judgments hang suspended, as it were, by a thread,—any day it might descend, and every hour as it passes is a proof of God's forbearance. Blessed be His name, He is not willing that any should perish!

Death, too, as in the case of the young man to whom I have referred, may at any moment lay its cold hand upon you, and snatch you from time into eternity. Don't, I pray you, reject Christ. To die without Him is to be lost for ever. Every pulsation of your heart is a moment given you by a gracious God to believe on His son and be saved. Are you using these moments for your own pleasure? Strange infatuation! "After death the judgment." Can you face it? Oh, no! Do you say, "tell me how can I get out of this wretched state? Listen, then: Jesus, now sitting at the right hand of God, when hanging on Calvary's cross, to which man nailed Him as an expression of his thorough hatred to God, finished a work for ruined rebel sinners. He smarted under Jehovah's rod—because, in wondrous grace, He became the surety for His people. He glorified God about sin there at the very moment when He travelled into the sinner's distance from God. He was made sin, so that everything might pass under the judgment of God. The sacrifice was accepted; He said, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," bowed His head and died. He was laid in the tomb, but raised again by the glory of the Father and exalted to heaven. Do you know Him *there*, reader? If sin is pressing hard upon your conscience, oh, what a relief to view that wondrous Calvary work, to see the complete judgments of all your sins—to behold that crimson tide flowing from His riven side as a complete answer to them all.

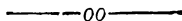
Let me entreat you to look simply to Christ. There is life in a look, however feeble. If, as a lost sinner, you have accepted Christ, you are as free of everything as He is. God accepts you, not in yourself, but in HIM. "Accepted in the beloved one"—glorious truth! Now, then, see to it that you represent Him in your walk here. God has not only given Him to be your life, but has sent His Spirit to dwell in your body, to enable you to love Christ, where

heretofore your whole life has been the wretched exhibition of self.

Let me conclude by giving you a brief account of the departure of a dear brother of mine, who, at the early age of eighteen, was carried off by the same disease as the young man before mentioned. His illness was very brief—only a few days—but, thank God, he was ready. Yes, he knew Christ Jesus as his Saviour. As his end drew near, he could scarcely articulate, but, turning to his mother, he said, “How long will it be before I go home?” Just before his departure he said, “I see the angels waiting to clasp me.” He sweetly realized the love of Christ, and could say, “I love Jesus, and Jesus loves me.” He had seen a little of the world and was impressed with its deceitfulness, as was evidenced by his beseeching those around him to cling to Christ and not be led away by it.

Reader, I bring before you these two narratives as presenting solemn contrasts. One went *up*, the other went *down*. Whither are you going? I pray you delay not. The *present moment* only is yours. If you are grasping at the world you may get it, but it will cost you your precious soul. “Behold now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.”

T. T. E.



“NOBODY EVER TOLD ME.”

PASSING near an encampment of gipsies I went in amongst them. After buying some of the skewers they were making, I learned one of their number was ill, and begged to be allowed to see him. The father asked—

“Did you want to talk about religion to him?”

“No.”

“What then?”

“About Christ.”

“Oh! then you may go: only if you talk religion, I’ll set the dog on to you.”

In the caravan I found a lad alone, and in bed, evidently at the far end of the last stage of consumption. His eyes were closed, and he looked as one already dead. Very slowly in his ear I repeated the Scripture, “God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” I repeated it five times without any apparent response;

he did not seem to hear even with the outward ear. On hearing it the sixth time, he opened his eyes and smiled. To my delight he whispered—"And I never thanked Him! but *nobody ever told me!* I 'turn Him many thanks—only a poor gipsy chap! I see! I see! I thank Him kindly!"

He closed his eyes with an expression of intense satisfaction. As I knelt beside him I thanked God. The lips moved again. I caught "that's it." There were more words, but I could not hear them.

On going the next day, I found the dear lad had died (or rather, had fallen asleep in Christ) eleven hours after I left. His father said he had been very "peaceable," and had a "tidy death." There was no Bible or Testament in the encampment. I left one of each. The poor men wished me "good luck," and gave me a little bundle of skewers the "boy Jemmy" had made.

It was apparently the first time this dear boy ever heard of God's salvation, and with unquestioning faith he took God at His word, and with his dying lips thanked Him that He so loved the world as to give His Son for him, a "poor gipsy chap." God is satisfied with the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. This poor lad was also satisfied, and this mutual satisfaction was instant and everlasting salvation. In eleven short hours he exchanged that forlorn, ricketty caravan, for the Paradise of God, where he is tasting that God is as good as His word.—Extracted.

—oo—

## A LETTER TO A FRIEND UPON CONVERSION.

I AM perfectly satisfied that you have been delivered from under the wrath of God by another bearing it for you. I am also convinced that death and judgment are behind you—that Jesus has met both for you, besides destroying the power of Satan *for ever*. You say you know you will *not* come into judgment—that you have passed from death unto life; yet you complain of unhappiness; you have the sense of eternal security, but know little of joy and peace. You also say you find it impossible to break with the world, although you think and speak a good deal about the cross—the blood—the work of Christ.

Will I tell you the secret of it all? It is simply this, you know what you have been converted *from*, but don't know what you have been converted *to*. Suppose, I was a

bankrupt, and a friend paid all my liabilities, would that kind act make me perfectly happy—no. Why? Because I may get into debt again. But supposing my friend brought me into partnership with himself, would that secure my peace? Undoubtedly, for then I would not only have the past debt scored off, but my *present* and *future* prospects fully assured.

Now, my dear friend, I want you to know that God has converted you to Himself—that He has given to all who believe not merely deliverance from the power of Satan—from the lake of fire,—but that He has taken them into present fellowship with Himself and His Son Jesus Christ. Conversion to the forgiveness of sins is an immense thing; but immense as the blessing is, it comes *far short* of the divine idea of conversion. The Thessalonians were turned *from* idols, and delivered *from* wrath *to* God, and *to* wait for His Son Jesus Christ. 1 Thes. i. The believer is brought into present and eternal association with Christ glorified in heaven. Union to Christ *as man*, in glory, so as to be a member of His body, His flesh, and His bones, is the present position of the Christian. Thus linked up with Him *there*, He shares with you His own glory, as He says in John xvii.: “The glory which Thou gavest Me *I have given them.*” His boundless wealth—His inheritance, too, He shares with us, as we read in Ephes. i. 11.: “In whom, also, we have obtained an inheritance.” We are co-heirs with Christ, as Romans viii. fully instructs us; we will also be “glorified together,” as we have been “quickened together;” “raised together,” “seated together.” There is also a very sweet word upon this present association with Christ, in Heb. i. 9, which, while it sets Christ and us in the same joy in the coming day of glory, connects us with Him in His joy *now*. “Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore God, even thy God, *hath* anointed Thee with the oil of gladness *above* Thy fellows.” Who are His fellows? Saved sinners. On the Cross He bore our sins and their judgment too; and, in that terrible hour, when the limits of men’s unbridled will and God’s wrath upon sin, closed in upon Him—who was His fellow? God alone owned Himself as the fellow of that divine sufferer; so we read in Zechariah xiii.: “Awake, O sword, against My Shepherd, and against the man that is My *fellow*, saith the Lord of Hosts: smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered; and I will turn Mine hand upon the little ones.” Now He has past through death, dried up the dark

waters of judgment for the believer ; He has rolled back the deep flood, so that *He* and *we* might be together with His God and our God—His Father and our Father. Alone on the Cross ; “together” in the bright scene of glory above. The same anointing oil of gladness upon Him and me, with but one difference : His gladness exceedeth ; in all things He must have the pre-eminence.

Thus, I trust, you will see the vast importance of being rightly converted. Conversion to the person of the Lord necessarily occupies me with Himself, and every scene where He *is* ; while, of necessity, detaching me from every scene where He is *not*.

Thus the impossibility of a person occupied with Christ becoming worldly is at once apparent ; besides, breaking with things here by *effort* may be, after all, a little bit of moral heroism, like the disciples in Luke xviii., “Lo, *we have* left all and followed thee.” Separation from the world is a simple, easy, natural thing. I leave the world because I have found Christ and heaven better—having found a better thing I can cheerfully count all else loss.

There are thousands of saved people intensely worldly—intensely selfish. They are sheltered from judgment by the work of the Cross, but they care little for the glory of the one who put their sins away, just because they do not *know Him* : only let me get a taste of the new wine of the kingdom and my appetite is gone for the old joys and delights. Now, in pressing this question upon you, my beloved friend—To what were you converted?—don’t suppose for an instant that I slight the value of the Cross, or rob it of its pre-eminent glory, on the contrary, I regard the Cross as even something deeper—something richer, will I say, than the glory, because there only the moral nature of God has come out—all has been manifested—righteousness, holiness, love ; God has kept nothing back, for in the Cross, God in His moral being and nature has been displayed ; but I feel that the danger in evangelical teaching and preaching is to transfer the faith and thoughts from Him who hung upon the Cross to His work *there*. I only know of one scripture which directly connects faith with His blood ; it is in Rom. iii. 25.

Christ Himself is ever the object of faith. Run through the Gospels, Acts, and Epistles, and you will find what I say to be correct. May the Lord lead you, beloved, to see and *find* in Him sufficiency.



I. “YE *MUST* BE BORN AGAIN.”

JOHN iii. 7.

THE words heading this page were addressed to “Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews.” From all found in Scripture, we would gather that this man lived a blameless life, very religious, a reader and expounder of the Old Testament; besides all, a person exercised in spirit, having a sense of *need* in his soul. How levelling, then, to every kind of human and religious pretension:—“Ye *must* be born again.” To come to the point with you, dear reader, your life may be a blameless one, but God will not have it. God says *to you* “Ye *must* be born again.” You may be a competent scholar, a diligent student of the “Word,” an able expounder of Holy Scripture, but God says *to you*, “Ye *must* be born again.” You may be a religious person, a praying man, but “ye *must* be born again.” You may eat of the “Lord’s Supper,” be a preacher, deacon, priest, or minister, but God says *to you*, “Ye *must* be born again.” You may be an “anxious enquirer,” an earnest seeker, a man of an exercised spirit, but God says *to you*, “Ye *must* be born again.”

God does not say, “ye *ought*,” or “ye *should*,” but “ye *must*.” The new birth is an *absolute* necessity for the kingdom of God. It is not the old life improved, it is not the old nature sanctified, it is not the Adam-life bettered, It is not anxieties, exercises, or experiences, which constitute the new birth, but it is a new life given—a new nature imparted. It is effected, not by the *doings* or *feelings* of the sinner or anxious enquirer, but by the “Word” and the “Spirit.” The Spirit of God implants the “Word” in the soul, and thus a new nature is given, “born of the incorruptible *seed* of the Word;” this “*seed*” produces life in the soul. Bow to the “Word of God” then, accept God’s judgment upon the nature and its fruit executed upon Christ on the cross. Own yourself a sinner in truth and reality.

II. “THE SON OF MAN *MUST* BE LIFTED UP.”

JOHN iii. 14.

GOD does not save people *as* religious, but *as* sinners. Jesus came not to call the righteous, but sinners; thus, however religious people may become, they will not suit God. He does not want religious people, but sinners. Religion or no religion, good or bad; the word to each is, “Ye *must* be

born again." This is a necessity on the sinner's part, but there is also a solemn necessity of righteousness on God's side. My sins deserve judgment, my nature is radically bad and unimprovable, my *will* delights in evil. How, then, can I be brought into God's presence in peace? A new life, only in the Son of God, is given to the believer. He that believeth on Him "hath everlasting life." The Son of Man has been lifted up. Where? *On the cross*. On Him God executed the judgment due to my nature, my will; instead of it being sanctified, it is set aside in judgment on the cross. How contrary to the thoughts of men! "Sin"—that is, the *root*, has been "condemned"—Romans viii. 3; "sins"—that is, the *fruit*, are "forgiven"—Romans iv. 7. How complete! How thorough the work God has wrought for the sinner! All has been righteously dealt with, nothing has been slurred over. The guiltless dies for the guilty, the just one suffers for the unjust. The sinner's adorable substitute on the cross meets the claims of God in full. He paid in blood the *dreadful score*, the ransom due. He set aside to God, also, to the faith of every one who believeth, all the life's belongings, and the life itself, met the responsibilities, discharged the liabilities, and settled to all eternity every claim of God upon the Adam-life. Now, as gone on high to God's right hand, He is the head of a new race; He is the source to all who believe of eternal life." "Ye *must* be born again;" ye *must* have a new life. "Where am I to get it?" do you reply? In Jesus the Son of God, 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." Dost thou believe on the Son of God?

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### III. "WE *MUST* BE SAVED."

ACTS. iv. 12.

**H**OW startling must have been the words of Peter spoken to the Jewish Council. Probably there were more priests in that Council having *direct authority from God Himself* than in any meeting ever convened; and yet Peter, after preaching "Christ crucified," whom God raised from the dead," closed His address with these memorable words: "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby *we must be saved*." What! Do priests need to be saved?

Peter, full of the Holy Ghost,” says “We *must* be saved.” Mark the urgency, the importunity of the Holy Ghost. “We *must* be saved.”

O, my reader, you *must* be saved, you *must* not perish. There is salvation in the crucified. O, in this man raised up from the dead by God, there is deliverance from the wrath to come. O, sinner, eternal judgment is before you! The lake of fire must be your eternal abode—the devil and his angels your company in eternal misery—if you live and die without Christ—without salvation! God gave His Son—such His love. Now the Holy Ghost is beseeching, entreating, and pleading with the poor sinner. He cannot, will not, be put off. “We *must* be saved;” it is the pleading of divine love. “We *must* be saved;” it is the importunity of divine affection which *must* have its object saved. It is not “we ought,” “we may,” “we should be saved.” No, it is more emphatically expressed. O, my reader will you trifle with this matter when God is thus in earnest? All is earnestness around. Satan is in earnest in luring thee on to destruction, sure and eternal. God, His Son, the Holy Ghost, are in earnest about thee. Wilt thou be careless about thy never-dying soul—about thine eternal destiny? Heaven, hell, and salvation are terribly real.

O, my reader, you have been told in these pages of the *necessity* of being born again; of the *necessity* of the Son of Man being lifted up. Now you are entreated to ponder over the *necessity* of being saved.



“SPEECHLESS!”

“AND when the King came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment; and he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment? And he was *speechless*. Then said the king to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.” Mat. xxii. 11-13.

Speechless! Before the king came in he may have thought, as Job did: “How will I order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments?” But now the moment has come when he finds himself in his presence, with his eye upon him, and he has *not a word* to say! No reason to shew,

no excuse to make. Yet he was not one who had despised the feast: there was nothing about him like those people outside, who "made light of it, and went their way," and "would not come." He would have liked *the feast* very well, but he had no heart for the *object of the feast*, which was to do honour to the King's son, and so he had refused to accept the dress provided by the King's bounty, and in which *alone* any one could have a place at the royal board. It was no common feast, but one to celebrate the marriage of the Prince, and every one disposed to honour *him* would thankfully submit to be clothed in a garment suited to the occasion. This man would not; he chose to consider his own clothes good enough, and he was not going to have a robe of the King's thrown over them all. But all this showed that his heart was not in what the King was doing for his son; and what business had *he* in the place of feasting? No one could be allowed there who would not be prepared heartily to make everything of the King's son; and every one whose *heart* was not in that must find *himself* too outside the scene of the celebration of his joy and his honour.

Such is the parable, beloved reader, and I desire solemnly to call your attention to its application to your own case, if you have never really in heart turned unto the Lord; and especially if you are in the place outwardly of being a Christian. There are those who openly deny God, and think they will have nothing to do with Him. They deny His authority, and despise His goodness; "making light" of the gospel of His grace, and turning "every one to his own way." Hell appears to have no terror for them, nor Heaven any attraction, and they are "led captive by the devil at his will." Awful condition! They are, "after their hardness and impenitent heart, *treasuring up* unto themselves wrath against the *day of wrath*, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God." (Rom. ii. 5.) Ah! you say, such is dreadful indeed; *I* don't make light of God or His gospel, and I hope that when I die I shall go to that better world. I truly hope you will, dear friend; and, better than that, *God* desires your salvation and blessing. But it is a solemn fact that there will be vast numbers *in hell* who quite hoped to go to heaven. If persons have learnt from their parents or others to *desire* to go to heaven, it serves Satan's purpose well to let them *hope* to go, while neglecting the great question as to what really fits one for the presence of God. Now

look at the man in the parable. He had come in and taken a place *among* those who were about to partake of the feast, and he *hoped* to do the same, but he did not *taste* of it! He liked very well to be brought in by the King's *messengers*, and may have had no fault to find with the *guests* or the *dinner*, but he forgot about the King, and what suited *his* presence, and a Prince's wedding. How many, alas! will have presently to say, “I liked very well to hear the gospel, and to be *among* believers in Jesus. I ‘wondered at the gracious words’ I heard, and they were to me as ‘a very lovely song of one that had a pleasant voice,’ but I never thought of having to *meet that God Himself* whose words I heard. I hoped to find a place in heaven with my friends, but I forgot the requirements of God's infinite holiness, who is *light* as well as love, and before whose searching eye nothing is hid. I trusted to its being *all right*, and find, to my horror, that it is *all wrong*.”

Dear reader, the disappointment of the man upon finding himself taken away and cast out from the very table of feasting and gladness, is but a faint shadow of that anguish of remorse which will wring the heart of one who has been content to be *as a Christian here, and with believers*, when he finds himself cast out for ever, *for ever*, from the blessed company of the *Saviour* of sinners. And the point of difference between those who are about to partake of the feast in joy, and peace, and glory with God, and those about to be “thrust down” from the height of privilege down to the depth of hell is just this, that some have taken *God's* judgment about themselves, and learnt to esteem all their own righteousness as only “filthy rags” before God, accepting by His grace, *Christ Jesus* for their righteousness; while others are “trying to do the best they can” for themselves, and thinking to meet God upon the credit of what *they* are, and what *they* have done or hope to do. Beloved friends, how do *you* think to stand before God? Do you say, it is “Jesus only” whom I trust. I am a poor, guilty, and ruined sinner, but I believe in *Him*, and know what God has made Him to be to me my Righteousness, my Life, my Hope, my all? Or do you say, as a poor old man said to me last night, “I say my prayers every day, and read the Word of God when I can; I never did any body any harm, and I don't see what I can do more?” Ah! my friend, if this is what your heart says, it is just *your own clothes*, instead of the wedding

garment ; it is what you intend to bring to God of your own, and, depend upon it, He won't have it. He will not own anything as making fit for His presence but Christ. He has spread the feast in honour of Christ ; has taken up to His own right hand the blessed man whom we put to shame, and crowned with thorns and crucified. He has exalted Him "to be a Prince and a *Saviour*," and He will have all in heaven to ring with the praises of that Saviour—Jesus. All who are there own Him as the only One who could have saved them from their sins and brought them there. They have not a word to say about having done their best, or "tried to make their peace with God." The song there is all of Jesus, and what *He* is and what *He* has done. Does your heart say, That is the scene for me ; I long to be where Jesus is made everything of, and I am made nothing of, except that the Father and the Son *rejoice* over me as lost once, but saved now, and saved for ever ! Or do you say like Job, "My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go !" (Job xxvii. 6.) Better "let it go," friend ; it is not *perfect before God*," is it ? And will God accept what is imperfect ? Impossible ! And least of all when He has provided what *is* perfect in Christ and you do not accept it. Hear what the Spirit of God says in Romans x. through Paul, who yearns and prays for the salvation of some he loves : "I bear them record that they have a zeal of God." They were *earnest*, and perhaps honest, and he would not make light of their zeal, but they were not *saved*, or why pray that they *might be saved* ? But he says, "Their zeal was not according to knowledge." Knowledge of what ? Of God's righteousness—the very thing revealed in the gospel ! (Ch. i. 17.) They were ignorant of "God's righteousness." A righteousness *from God* put upon man (Ch. iii. 22), instead of our working out righteousness and presenting it before God. Do *you* know God's righteousness, my dear reader ? That the blessed God has Himself undertaken the cause of guilty sinners ; has given His own Son to stand in their place ; has displayed His righteousness *against* their *sins* by the wrath that fell on the devoted head of the sinners' substitute ; has now placed that blessed One in glory, the righteous reward of having glorified Him about sin on the cross ; and that now, through that finished work, He can afford without sacrificing His righteousness, to receive and justify *any* poor sinner who comes to Him, on the ground of the atoning

death of Christ! Such an one coming to God, confessing his sins, and believing only in Christ, becomes, in being justified by God, the display of *His righteousness*, as well as the object of His mercy. He is "made the righteousness of God in Christ" (2 Cor. v. 21); and the work of redemption accomplished in the cross is such a sufficient ground for His "justifying of the ungodly," that God is as righteous in blotting out his sins, and bringing him near Himself, as He is in casting into hell the unpenitent sinner who refuses to accept Christ.

The Jews in Paul's day ignored all this, and so went about "to establish *their own* righteousness," and would not "*submit themselves* unto the righteousness of God." They were like the man in the parable who ignored the necessity of the garment provided by the King; may have "done the best he could" to provide respectable clothes of *his own*, but would not *submit himself* to having a wedding garment put on him, just as if he had been fetched in from some *hedge* and had no decent dress to wear.

Dear reader, do you beware of following his example, and thinking that any single thing about *you*—in your heart or your ways—can possibly commend you to God. "For a moment" you have to do with His servants and His guests, but soon "the Lord Himself" will come, and oh, how unspeakably solemn to hear the same One who had said, "Compel them to *come in*," saying then, "*Take him away*, and cast him into outer darkness!" And to be "speechless" before Him, instead of joining in the new song of "praise unto our God!"

May you rather learn to disown every pretention or *hope* of goodness in yourself, and accept Christ Jesus the Lord, whom God presents in the gospel as the "end of the law," and of all your efforts to keep it, for "righteousness to *every one that believeth!*" Hear what one says in Phil. iii., one who had a good deal of natural religiousness to boast of, but who was right glad to cast it all behind his back for *Christ* the fine wedding garment. He says he was, "touching the righteousness which is in the law, *blameless*. But what things were *gain* to me, *those* I counted *loss* for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count *all things* loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them dung, that I may win Christ, and be found *in Him*, *not having mine own* righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through

the faith of Christ, *the righteousness which is of God* by faith." Ah! he will not be "speechless" when the King comes in to see the guests. Shall you? W. T.

Clad in *this robe*, how bright I shine!  
 Angels possess not such a dress;  
 Angels have not a robe like mine—  
*Jesus the Lord's* my righteousness!

—oo—

### TRUSTING CHRIST.

IT was a time of spiritual awakening in a small manufacturing town. The foreman in a department of one of the factories became anxious about his soul. He was directed to Christ by many as the sinner's only refuge, and by his own master among the rest; but it seemed to be without result. At last his master thought of reaching his mind, and bringing him to see the sincerity of God in the Gospel, by writing a note asking him to come and see him at six o'clock, after he left "work."

He came promptly, with the letter in his hand. When ushered into his room, his master inquired, "Do you wish to see me, James?" James was confounded, and holding up the note requesting him to come, said, "The letter, sir! *The letter, sir,*" "Oh," said his master, "I see you believed that I wanted to see you, and when I sent you the message, you came at once."

"Surely, sir! *Surely, sir!*" replied James.

"Well, see here is another letter sending for you by One equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of Scripture written on it.

James took the paper, and began to read slowly, "*Come—unto—Me—all—ye—that—labour,*" &c. His lips quivered; his eyes filled with tears; and there he stood for a few moments, not knowing what to do. At length he inquired, "Am I just to believe *that* in the same way I belived your letter?"

"Just in the same way," rejoined the master. *If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater.*" This expedient was owned of the Holy Spirit. James was a happy believer that very night, and has continued to go on his way rejoicing in his Saviour, and he now points others to Calvary.

Reader, if anxious about your salvation, believe God's word in the same way you would credit the word of an honourable man, and you will obtain peace through the precious blood of Christ. "*He cannot deny himself.*"



## I. THE SIN QUESTION.

JOHN i. 29.

ON the cross, and only there, God raised this question. Sin had been triumphing in the world for about 4000 years; but now the fitting moment has arrived—God's "due time" has come when He must vindicate Himself in His own creation. Sin must be settled, man the sinner saved or judged, Satan bruised, and God glorified. All turns upon this: Will God settle His account with the sinner, with Satan? Will He punish sin in the person of the sinner, or How?

"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.

Thus, then, we have God *loving* and God *giving*. He loved the *world*, and He gave *His Son*.

The Lord Jesus goes to the cross, and "the Lord hath *laid on Him* the iniquity of us all;" "who Himself bare our sins in His own body on the tree." God takes up this long-delayed question and deals with His Son, the sinner's willing substitute, about it, root and branch, fruit and root, sin and sins. It is thoroughly gone into, nothing is slurred over, but all is dealt with according to the nature of God. Righteousness is the basis of the whole settlement. Darkness overspreads the scene; man cannot stand there. God and His Son are alone in those terrible hours. We have had the holy privilege of hearing *the* cry which told out the severity of God's judgment. "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" The sins were borne and the root of them all condemned. Oh, He has been in the river of death! "He appeared to put away sin by *the sacrifice of Himself*." Now all turns upon this: Is sin a settled question? Has He really borne it away? Has He really met the mind of God about it? He has. The question of sin open for about 4000 years is now closed. God will never re-open it with any poor sinner who simply believes in Jesus.

## II. THE LIFE QUESTION.

JOHN v. 24.

THE sin question having now been closed, God has opened another, which we have called "the life question." The sinner is *dead*, and God has opened the question

of life. Sin was a question raised and settled on the cross—settled by Christ to God's glory and man's salvation.

“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*. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son *the propitiation for our sins*.” 1 John iv. 9, 10.

We have here two things, *life and propitiation*; *life*, because I am a *dead* sinner; *propitiation*, because I am a *guilty* sinner. This life is in the Son of God risen up out of the dead. I get it on the *ground* of the blood-shedding of Jesus, but I get it only in Christ: “And this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and *this life is in His Son*. He that hath the Son hath life.” 1 John v. 11, 12. Now, my reader, have you believed the testimony that God has given concerning His Son? God has raised Him from among the dead and given Him glory in the heavens. Do you believe the testimony? God has made Him the head of His new creation, founded upon His resurrection and exaltation to glory. Do you believe the testimony? God has made Him the life-giving head of a new race. Do you believe the testimony? God is not promising anything to the sinner, but He is offering His Son. Will you have Him? Will you believe on the Son? Then you have everlasting life. God most graciously keeps open the question of life; it is not yet closed, but it will soon be; only a little moment and He—the Son—will come. So long as He is in heaven, the question of life is open. The moment He comes, the question is closed, and He will open another with all who will not have life—namely, the question of eternal judgment.

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### III. THE JUDGMENT QUESTION.

JOHN v. 22, 27.

THE three great questions which most deeply concern men are sin, life, and judgment. *Sin* has been settled by God and Christ,—thus one question has been disposed of. *Life* is still offered to the sinner, thus an open question. This is plain from John v. 24—“Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life.” *Judgment* is future. Whenever the *life* question is closed, the *judgment* question will be

opened—just as the *sin* question had first to be settled before the *life* question could be opened. It *was* sin on the cross, closed for ever for all who believe. It *is* life in the Son, offered to all who will have it. It *will* be judgment by the *Son of Man* upon all who reject Him.

How stands it with you, my reader? Have you had to do with God about these momentous and solemn questions? Are the first two—namely, sin and life—lightly treated? Then let me tell you of a solemn and weighty truth found in John v. 22, “For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed *all* judgment unto the Son.” The *living* and the *dead* will be judged by the *man* whom God hath raised from the dead. The judgment will be eternal and in “the lake of fire.” No mercy there!—no life there!—no hope there! O, my reader, by the solemnities of that “great day,” I beseech you to turn to Christ. Would you escape the lake of fire and its endless torments? Would you flee from the agony of the quenchless fire and the never-dying worm? Haste then to Jesus, for the moments are speeding on that will bear thee to that agony untold.

“He comes! He comes! the Bridegroom comes!”

Oh, sinners hear the sound;

Accept Him *now* if you among

His chosen would be found.

Still mercy’s offered—costless—free,

No longer turn away.

“He comes! He comes!” Oh! linger not,

Come “while ’tis called to-day.”



## WHAT I AM NOT DOING.

I *AM NOT* making my peace with God, for I have none to make. God made it for me 1800 years ago by the “blood of the cross;” I am not looking *within* to discover if I have peace with God, for “He is our peace”—that is, Christ in heaven is the peace of every one who believeth. Eph. i. 14-17.

*I am not* trying to reconcile myself to God. I need not do it, for I am reconciled: “And you that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet *now hath He reconciled.*”

*I am not* doing any thing to reconcile God to me. I tried that for a long time, but gave it up, because I could not find anywhere in the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation,

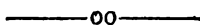
that God had to be reconciled; but, instead, I came across a wonderful passage in 2 Cor. v. 18-21, which opened my eyes to a new truth altogether. I read the passage over and over, then found out that I had been journeying on the wrong line—that God had not to be reconciled to the sinner, but that He was reconciling sinners *to Himself*. “Oh!” I said, “is that it? I have found it out at last.” “Be ye reconciled to God” is the ambassador’s word to the sinner, which I could not but believe, as it came from God. At once I gave over my foolish efforts to reconcile God; the thought grew upon me as I read the passage, and I shut the book, saying, “God is not reconciled.” He never was man’s enemy; He was always man’s friend, and thus never needed to be reconciled, but I required to be reconciled. Now I can say, “All things are of God, who hath reconciled *us* to Himself by Jesus Christ.”

*I am not* saying to God or to my fellow-men that I am “a miserable sinner.” I am a saint, “nigh to God,” “dear to God,” “accepted in the beloved,” “chosen in Him,” “blessed with all spiritual blessings,” “an heir of God,” “in Christ,” and I can’t believe these expressions are true of sinners. I am convinced they describe the condition of a saint. If a “miserable sinner” gets “accepted in the beloved,” it will turn him into a “rejoicing saint.”

*I am not* fearing and dreading the judgment. I got rid of all that after reading 1 John iv. 17, 18, but I read it as it is in the margin of my Bible: “Herein is love with us made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as HE IS, so are we in this world. There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love.” What rid me of all fear was that sentence—“Because, as He is, so are we.” I am precisely as “He is”—beyond death, Satan, and judgment. A friend nearly shook me out of the joy of it by saying, “Oh, in heaven you will be as Christ is; just wait till you get to the glory.” I read the verse again to see if my friend spoke true. Just think of my joy when I read the sentence fully: “Because, as He is, so are we *in this world*.” I need not wait then, until heaven or the glory be entered upon, to be as Christ “is,” for I am that in this world.

*I am not* afraid of losing eternal life. Two scriptures calmed my fears on that point. In reading through John I

stumbled upon that paasage: "And this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me *I should lose nothing*, but should raise it up again at the last day." John vi. 39. I saw that it was entirely a question of "His losing nothing;" it is the Father's will that "nothing" should be lost. Another thing I discovered was that "life" was not in my own hands to "lose" or sin away—that God had put it into safe keeping. "Your life is *hid* with Christ in God" (Col. iii. 3); the "inheritance is reserved in heaven," and I am "kept" for the inheritance. 1 Peter i. 4, 5.



## THE GRACE OF GOD

THAT BRINGETH SALVATION TO ALL MEN.—*Titus ii. 11.*

ONE of the most beautiful expressions found in Holy Scripture is "The grace of God." I pause over that word "grace." My beloved reader, do you take before God the ground and standing of a sinner? Then muse with me for a few moments over a word only second to *one*. Were you to ask me the sweetest name on earth, I can gladly answer—*Jesus*. Were you to ask me the name of names in heaven, I can triumphantly reply—*Jesus*. Were you to ask me what word most charms the ear—*Jesus*, I answer. But next to the wondrous name of Jesus, I claim for the word *grace* the chief place in your affections and mind. Will I name a distinction found in Holy Scripture in the use of these precious words? Well, then, the Holy Spirit *never* adds to the name. He never says, "Blessed Jesus," or "Precious Jesus." The name "Jesus" is enough—an adjective would detract from the glory of the simple name. Who could add to *His* worth, *His* excellency, *His* glory? None. But it is not so with the word "grace." You have the "riches of His grace" to the *sinner*; the "glory of His grace" to the *saint*. Holy Scripture is full of adjectives when "grace" is the theme. The Holy Spirit would have *you* appreciate the word.

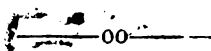
Again I ask you, what word more sweet if groaning under the sense of sin? Does the burden seem heavier than you can bear? Then why bear it longer? The Son of God has come down from heaven and disclosed the heart of God. God is love. Would you have more? Is it *not* the very thing you need to know that God is for *you*. "God

for us" is one of the grandest utterances found in the volume of Inspiration. God is *for* the saint—that, everybody admits, but God is for the poor sinner—for thee in thy sins and guilt. He is a Saviour-God. He can be for thee, because He received from His Beloved Son—the sinner's adorable substitute—a divine and sufficient answer to all His claims upon the sinner. Jesus paid in blood the ransom due. God raised Him up from among the dead. How could He do this were sins not put away from God's sight and atonement made? Jesus did the work *to* God and *for* man, and, when it was done, said, "*It is finished.*" Are these words not entitled to credit? Has Jesus ever deceived? God, too, when the work was done, gave a public testimony of His perfect satisfaction in the whole work. *He raised His Son from the dead.* Now, God's grace can flow out to thee without let or hindrance. Can thy sins, many and great, check the outflow of His love and grace? I reply by asking, Did they do so at Calvary's Cross? There is absolutely *no limit* to the grace of God—none whatever. O it is the *grace of God*; like Himself, measureless and boundless.

But this grace *brings* salvation. It does not teach you how to procure it, but grace "brings" it. You are not told to labour for it, or work for it, or pray for it even. Grace does not put you through a process of weeping, or striving, or wrestling, to get it. "The grace of God that bringeth salvation." Read the words again. It is indeed the word "bringeth," and in *my* dictionary it means "to fetch," "to convey or carry." Now, then, "grace" has *fetch*ed salvation; it has *convey*ed salvation; it has *carried* salvation. O it is simple. But to whom is salvation fetched? To "*all men.*" Grace has got a mission from God to convey salvation to "*all men.*" Why to all men? Because all men need it; because all men are lost; because all men are posting on to "the lake of fire." My reader, *you* are lost; *you* need salvation; you know it; you feel it; do you not?

"Salvation!" What does that mean? Oh, quibble not, I beseech you. A man saved from drowning knows what salvation means; a man snatched from a burning house knows what salvation is. These are not moments for indifference to thy soul's future. A moment hence and your hand may tremble even while holding this paper. The heart may cease to beat, and your presence required in

eternity; *then* you would know what it is to be lost, and salvation eagerly desired, but *Too late! TOO LATE! TOO LATE! Now! Now! NOW!* is the accepted time. God is saving sinners now. The vilest—the worst *must* be saved. Sinners “*must*” be saved. Such is the urgency of the Holy Spirit, that He says, “We *must* be saved.” Acts iv. 12.



## ASSOCIATION WITH CHRIST.

**G**OD is offering His Son to sinners. Richer, deeper, fuller, freer love He could not show. A gift more precious He could not bestow. I find no such thought in Scripture as “grasping the promises;” they are all yea and amen *in* Christ Jesus. Your eternal weal or woe, let me plainly tell you, dear reader, hangs upon your rejection or reception of God’s Son. Will you have Christ? is God’s great question for the day, and His grand test to all. God does not give promises to the sinner, but offers Christ. The saint gets all the promises. The sinner gets Christ, and he finds *all* the promises wrapped up in Him.

“He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him for us all, how shall He not *with Him also freely give us all things?*”

- (1) His *Cross*; “I am crucified with Christ.” Gal. ii. 20.
- (2) His *Death*; “Dead with Christ.” Rom. vi. 8.
- (3) His *Life*; “Quickened us together with Christ.” Eph. ii. 5.
- (4) His *Resurrection*; Raised “in His resurrection.” Rom. vi. 5.
- (5) His *Rising*; “If ye then be risen with Christ.” Col. iii. 1.
- (6) His *Position*; “As He is, so are we in this world.” 1 John iv. 17.
- (7) His *Acceptance*; “Accepted in the Beloved.” Eph. i. 6.
- (8) His *Peace*; “My peace I give unto you.” John xiv. 27.
- (9) His *Joy*; “My joy fulfilled in them.” John xvii. 13.
- (10) His *Love*; “The love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them.” John xvii. 26.
- (11) His *Glory*; “Glorified together.” Rom. viii. 17.

- (12) His *Rest*; "Entering into His (God's) rest." Heb. iv. 1.
- (13) His *Throne*; "Sit with Me in My throne." Rev. iii. 21.
- (14) His *Reign*; "We shall also reign with Him." 2 Tim. ii. 12.
- (15) His *Patience*; "Thou hast kept the word of my patience." Rev. iii. 10.
- (16) His *Power*; "To him will I give power . . . as I received of My Father." Rev. iii. 26, 27.
- (17) His *Inheritance*; "In whom also we have obtained an inheritance." Eph. i. 11.
- (18) His *Heirship*; "Joint-heirs with Christ." Rom. viii. 17.
- (19) His *Likeness*; "We shall be like Him." 1 John iii. 2. Like Him *bodily*. Phil. iii. 21.
- (20) His *Nature*; "Partakers of the divine nature." 2 Peter 1. 4.
- (21) His *Mind*; "We have the mind of Christ." 1 Cor. ii. 16.
- (22) His *Sanctification*; "I sanctify Myself that they also might be sanctified." John xvii. 19.
- (23) His *Mission*; "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." John xx. 21.
- (24) His *Rejection*; "If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." John xv. 20.
- (25) His *God and Father*; "My Father, and your Father; My God, and your God." John xx. 17.
- (26) His *Yoke*; "Take My yoke upon you." Matt. xi. 29.
- (27) His *Cup*; "Ye shall drink indeed of My cup." Matt. xx. 23.
- (28) His *Words*; "I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest Me." John xvii. 8.

The believer might do worse than string together these "goodly pearls," and hang them as an ornament around his neck.

The unbeliever has only to receive Christ, and then in faith he can take up and appropriate to himself "Christ's things."

May the Lord lead into deepening knowledge of Christ, and into association with Him!



## THE SACRAMENT AND THE SAVIOUR.

“ I WAS with General Orton a good deal during the last few weeks of his life. We were neighbours, but had not been in the habit of meeting frequently; for, as you know, intercourse with him was not altogether pleasant, kind and hospitable though he was. But a short time before his death, his legal adviser happened to call on me, and when I asked after the dying man, he told me that he seemed very composed, and had just taken the sacrament. *He* seemed to regard this as obtaining a passport for heaven, for, added he, ‘I shall not go to see him again; better not disturb him after this.’

“ ‘*Composed!*’ thought I, as we parted, ‘I wish he was anything but *that* ;’ and fearing he might be soothing his soul into a false and fatal peace, I resolved to lose no time in seeing him. On reaching the house, I was assured by his friends that all was well; he had taken the sacrament, and was very comfortable.

“ Now, I don’t know how you feel about it, Captain Irwin; but I have a horror of this notion of attributing saving efficacy to the sacrament.

“ ‘I agree with you,’ said Captain Irwin; ‘but do tell me more about the last days of my old friend. I hope you went and tried to rouse his conscience, and dispel his delusion on the subject.’

“ I did. I could not rest without doing so. He received me calmly, and though breathing with difficulty, said, ‘You will be glad to know I’ve settled all my affairs, and *taken the sacrament*. I have nothing now on my mind. I am very comfortable.’ But his looks belied his words. There was anxiety in the eye that awaited my response. I saw his case was superficial. I hesitated what to say. He repeated, with ill-assumed calmness, ‘Yes, I have done justice to every one. I have arranged for my children, and where they are to go after my death. I am quite comfortable.’

“ Deeply moved, I took his thin, transparent hand in mine, and said earnestly, ‘And you, dear general, what of *yourself*? Where are *you* going?’ A shadow crossed his face. I saw he was disturbed and disappointed; but he repeated, with an effort, ‘Mr. Ewing has *given me the sacrament*, and seems quite satisfied.’

“ Oh what a thrill of anguish I felt at that moment, that my poor friend should have fallen into the hands of a blind leader of the blind!

“‘I dont wonder,’ said Captain Irwin. ‘It is an awful thing for a professed minister of Christ to say, ‘Peace, peace,’ to a dying sinner, ‘when there is no peace;’ to direct the glazing eye to a visible sacrament, instead of the eye of the soul to the unseen, but ever-present, and only Saviour.’

“Yes; I felt I dared not trifle thus with an immortal soul on the verge of eternity. ‘Dear general,’ I said, ‘you know the life you have led. You know what the law of God requires. You know your sins have been [more than the hairs of your head. You will pardon me for speaking plainly; I do so in love. You know, my dear friend, you have not been pure in heart, or meek, or a peace-maker, or merciful, or a God-fearing man. How can you feel “comfortable?” Remember the true and awful words of Scripture. You will soon appear before God, and have to give an accoutnt of the deeds done in the body.’ He listened eagerly, and, to my surprise, quietly. I felt I *must* go on. I could not let him die in a dream of false peace. ‘You know you have never been “*born again*,” or changed in heart and life; and Christ says, without that change you “*cannot* see the kingdom of God.”’

“An expression of intense and painful disappointment was on his countenance, when I paused after saying more in the same strain. But he only repeated, with an anxious sigh, ‘Well, but I’ve taken the sacrament.’

“‘And what good can that do *you*, dear friend? You want pardon. You want salvation. Salvation comes only through sacrifice. It comes through faith in Him who gave *Himself* a sacrifice for sin; but a sacrament is not a sacrifice. The sacrament is a sign of something which God has given to *us*—a memorial of Christ’s gift of *Himself* to purge our sins; but a sacrifice is something rendered to *God* as an atonement for our sins. We take the bread and wine in remembrance of Him who has saved us. But to trust in the sacrament, instead of in the SAVIOUR whom it commemorates, is a fearful mistake. My dear friend, what good has the sacrament done *you*? Has it atoned for the guilt of your past life? Has it changed your heart?\* You feel it has not. It has neither merit to blot out your sin, nor power to renew your heart.’

\* Scripture *never* speaks of the heart being changed, but of a *new* life, or nature given. Thus the believer has in him two natures—an all-important truth in its way.

“A sorrowful shake of the head implied assent; so I went on. I put a case. ‘Suppose that, when you were in India, you had risked your life to save a Sepoy from a tiger’s grip, and that you had subsequently shown him all manner of kindness. Suppose that, when leaving the station, you gave him some remembrancer, with your own photograph, saying, “Look at it from time to time, and remember me.” That man joins the mutineers; with his own hands he fires your house, he hurts your servants, murders your children, tortures your wife, and in every way proves himself a treacherous rebel. At last he is taken, brought before you, tried, and condemned. Hark! he is going to plead; what has he to say? “Oh, sir, it’s all true: but you ought to pardon me; for I looked last night at the *token of your kindness*. I did remember you,” Dear general, will you urge a similar plea at the bar of God? Will you say, “It is true, I have lived as a rebel against Him who died for me; true, I have despised, neglected, or injured many dear to Him; true, I have broken His law, rejected His authority, and despised His love all my days; but, O God, on my death-bed I took the sacrament?”’”

“He felt the force of this, and said, ‘Oh, no, no! but what more can I do?’”

““Do? Do what the Sepoy might do. He might say, “I own it all, sir. I’ve been a wicked, ungrateful wretch; I’ve no claim on your kindness: but, sir, you are good; you saved me once when I didn’t deserve it; you can save me now when I deserve it still less.” You can plead that “*Christ died for the ungodly*,” and seek mercy “*for his sake*.”” With a sorrowful look he replied, ‘But I couldn’t pardon the Sepoy, even if he made such an appeal.’ And I gladly answered, ‘No; but *God* could pardon you; for He pardoned the dying thief, and He pardoned Saul of Tarsus; and it is written, “*Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out*.”’” And then I tried to lead him to think of Jesus. He was deeply attentive. But no light seemed to break in upon his mind.

“Time after time I saw him, and at each visit I noticed a growing uneasiness and alarm. A dying man’s conscience does its work, when not drugged with the fatal opiates.

““True,’ observed Captain Irwin. ‘It is easy to think, when we are in health and strength, that we are no worse than our neighbours; but approaching death clamours in the

soul's ear, *What's the comfort of going to hell with a crowd? Fair excuses, that give satisfaction in health, are withered, like flowers in frost, before the cold breath of the King of Terrors.'*

"So our poor friend found. A day or two later I received a telegram, begging me to go to him immediately. He had been groaning aloud, impatient for my arrival, and greeted me, as I entered, with, 'Oh, how long you have been! You have made me miserable. I was so comfortable! Kneel down. Pray. You can; I can't. Get the Bible;—read—read something. Oh, I am so miserable—so wretched. You know what a sinner I have been. Oh, what a wicked life I have led! I never felt it till now. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?'

"Taking the Word of God, and slowly reading some of its simplest statements, I tried to lead the trembling soul to that scene where 'the LORD laid upon Christ the iniquity of us all.' I tried to show him that, to be safe for eternity, he had but to find shelter beneath the cross of Calvary, where GOD judged and punished sin in the person of the Divine Substitute, who, though He 'knew no sin, yet *for us* was made sin, that we might be made the *righteousness of God IN HIM.*' I sought to show him that through Jesus, and for His sake, *forgiveness* was waiting for him. I tried to prompt the cry, 'Lord, help me.' I read to him passage after passage, lingered with him, prayed with him; but left him at night, for a few hours' rest, dark as ever.

"Early next morning I was summoned again to his bedside. Well do I remember praying earnestly, as I held the handle of the door before entering his room, that God would speak through me, to this poor troubled soul, 'words whereby he might be saved.' His cry was still, 'Read; oh, read!' And I read of the brazen serpent and of the life-receiving look of the bitten Israelites; and then slowly and emphatically, I read our Lord's comment on it in John iii.

"'Ah, you did well,' exclaimed Captain Irwin. 'That's the story for a death-bed; and a death-bed is the place for that story. Such word, at such times, is like a drop of the water of the river of life!'

"It was a life-draught indeed to our poor friend. Suddenly, as I read, he raised his poor emaciated hands, clasped them convulsively together, and with a shout exclaimed, 'O God! I understand it now! Jesus, Saviour, *I look to Thee!*

Is that all? Wonderful! Everlasting life *mine*, and for a look! Lord, I believe! Lord, I praise thee! In an instant the light had shone into his soul. Under the Spirit's teaching he had grasped the truth that *he* had nothing to do, — *Jesus* had done all the work of propitiation; that salvation was 'not of works,' and not by sacraments, but 'by grace through faith' in Christ (Eph. ii. 8, 9).

"Oh, the tears of joy and gratitude he shed! Oh, the deep, contrite grief of heart that accompanied his repentance! His tender love to God his Saviour now made his past life odious to him. His humility and contrition struck every one who saw him with amazement—the proud lion had become a lamb. So rapid yet real a change I never saw. He often exclaimed, 'Thank God I did not die a fortnight ago! Oh, how long-suffering God has been with me all my life of sin! What mercy, to save me at last! My mother's prayers are answered.'

"He never once doubted his own acceptance for Jesus' sake. He grasped the gospel of God, and grasped it strongly. He not only obeyed the gospel command, 'Believe;' but he rested in the gospel promise, 'Thou shalt be saved;' and so he was full of peace and joy. *God's Word* was the rock on which he rested; that as the bitten Israelites who looked at the serpent of brass did not perish, neither shall they who truly believe in Jesus. 'I believe in Thee, Lord Jesus! I shall never perish; *for Thou sayest so.*' These were his words. His manner, his very face, seemed changed. Peace, calm, real rest seemed to remain undisturbed to the end. The nurses in attendance hardly knew their patient; the doctor was astonished; the family felt as if a miracle had been wrought in the house.

"And indeed there had. I remember the old nurse, who was with him to the last, telling me how four or five previous nurses had been driven away by his fiery temper and violent abuse, and how hard she had found it to stay; but how at the last he was gentle as a dove, so patient and kind that it was a pleasure to wait on him.

"Fruits meet for repentance! Yes! even a death-bed conversion leaves some room for them. The fruit of the Spirit is found when once the Spirit dwells within. Oh, how mighty He is, to change both heart and life! Sacraments will never do that. It needs the almighty power of God Himself.

“And so, I trust, I shall meet my old friend above!” said Captain Irwin, with a glad smile. “Well, God be praised! It is just like His grace. I wish I had prayed for him more; I am afraid I fancied *his* case too hard even for the grace that saved *me*; but God does exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think.”—*General Orton's Last Days.*

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### "FREELY BY HIS GRACE."

JOHN BUNYAN would have it that there are some whose mouths are set a-watering for this great gift of justification. Are there not some of you who are saying, “Oh! if I could be justified! But, sir, can I be justified? I have been a drunkard, I have been a swearer, I have been everything that is vile. Can I be justified? Will Christ take my black sins, and am I to take Him?” Yes, poor soul, if thou desirest it; if God has made *thee* willing, if thou dost confess thy sins, God is willing to take thy rags, and give thee righteousness, to be thine for ever.

“Well, but how is it to be obtained?” says one; “must I be a holy man for many years, and then get it?” Listen! “Freely by His grace;” “freely,” because there is no price to be paid for it; “by His grace,” because it is not of our deservings.

“But O, sir, I have been praying, and I do not think God will forgive me, unless I do something to deserve it.” I tell you, sir, if you bring in any of your deservings, you shall never have it. God gives away His justification *freely*; if you bring anything to pay for it, He will throw it in your face, and will not give His justification to you. He gives it away freely.

Old Rowland Hill once went preaching at a fair; he noticed the chapmen selling their wares by auction; so Rowland said, “I am going to hold an auction too, to sell wine and milk, without money and without price; my difficulty is to bring you down to mine.” So it is with men. If I could preach justification to be bought by you at a sovereign a-piece, who would go out of the place without being justified? If I could preach justification to you by walking a hundred miles, would we not be pilgrims to-morrow morning, every one of us? If I were to preach justification

which would consist in whippings and torture, there are very few here who would not whip themselves, and that severely too. But when it is *freely, freely, freely*, men turn away.

“What! am I to have it for nothing at all, without doing anything?” Yes, sir, you are to have it for nothing, or else not at all; it is “freely.”

“But may I not go to Christ, lay some claim to His mercy, and say, “Lord, justify me, because I am not so bad as others?” It will not do, sir, because it is “by His grace.”

“But may I not indulge a hope, because I go to church twice a-day?” No, sir; it is “by His grace.”

“But may I not offer this plea, I mean to be better?” No, sir; it is “by His grace.” You insult God by bringing your counterfeit coin to pay for His treasures. Oh! what poor ideas men have of the value of Christ’s gospel, if they think they can buy it! God will not have your rusty farthings to buy heaven with.

A rich man once, when he was dying, had a notion that he could buy a place in heaven by building a row of almshouses. A good man stood by his bedside, and said, “How much more are you going to leave?” “Twenty thousand pounds.” Said he, “That would not be enough for your foot to stand on in heaven; for the streets are made of gold there, and therefore of what value can your gold be; it would be accounted nothing of, when the very streets are paved with it!”

Nay, friends, we cannot buy heaven with gold, nor good works, nor prayers, nor anything in the world. But how is it to be got? Why, it is to be got for the taking only. As many of us as know ourselves to be sinners may have Christ for nothing. Do you know that you want Christ? You may have Christ! “Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely.” But if you cleave to your own notions, and say, “No, sir, I mean to do a great many good things, and then I will believe in Christ.” Sir, you will be damned if you hold by such delusions. I earnestly warn you. You cannot be saved so.

“Well, but are we not to do good works?” Certainly you are; but you are not to trust in them. You must trust in Christ wholly, and then do good works afterwards.

“But,” says one, “I think if I were to do a few good works, it would be a little recommendation when I came.” It would not, sir; they would be no recommendation at all.

Let a beggar come to your house in white kid gloves, and say he is very badly off, and wants some charity; would the white kid gloves recommend him to your charity? Would a good new hat that he has been buying this morning recommend him to your charity? "No," you would say, "you are a miserable impostor; you do not want anything, and you shall not have anything either! Out with you!"

The best livery for a beggar is rags, and the best livery for a sinner to go to Christ in is for him to go just as he is, with nothing but sin about him. "But no," say you, "I must be a little better, and then I think Christ will save me!" You cannot get any better, try as long as you please. And besides—to use a paradox—if you were to get better, you would be all the worse; for the worse you are, the better to come to Christ. If you are all unholy, come to Christ; if you feel your sin and renounce it, come to Christ; though you have been the most debased and abandoned soul, come to Christ; if you feel yourself to have nothing about you that can recommend you, come to Christ.

"Venture on Him, venture wholly;  
Let no other trust intrude."

I do not say this to urge any man to continue in sin. God forbid! If you continue in sin, you cannot come to Christ. You cannot be chained to your galley-oar—the oar of your sins—yet come to Christ, and be a free man. No, sir, it is repentance; it is the immediate leaving off the sin. But mark thee, neither thy repentance, nor thy leaving off thy sin can save thee. It is Christ, Christ, Christ—Christ only. "*Justified freely by His grace.*"

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## THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

SCRIPTURE never says, "Look upon the blood," but it tells me that God looks upon it. Scripture never tells me to value the blood of Jesus, but it tells me God has done so. Scripture would occupy us entirely with God's thoughts about the work of Christ.

God could only give *one* answer to the blessed work of His dear Son—resurrection from the dead and glory in heaven. Thus all turns upon this: Have I believed the testimony of God about His Son, and the work He wrought on the Cross?

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all."