

THE JOYFUL MESSAGE

*An
Evangelical Magazine*

EDITED BY
A. E. BIRD

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The Joyful Message

TWO SILENT WITNESSES.

A SHORT time ago the interests of the Lord took me down to the south of Italy in order to visit a company of His people at Castellamare di Stabia, on the Gulf of Naples.

Whilst taking a walk with a few brethren I was greatly struck by a variety of phenomena and effects which, together with the circumstances of life in the city, appeared to represent in a remarkable way the character of the present day.

The marvellous power and brilliance of the sun in those parts would impress anyone—so magnificent in light and clearness, so overpowering in its glorious shining. In its radiance the ancient houses gleamed against the azure sky like palaces of gold, and the blue waters of the bay appeared like pure opal and amethyst. A luxuriant growth and wealth of fruit and flowers hanging from terrace and pergola testified to the power of the sun, but the people seemed *indifferent* as they paraded and circled round the place, where a band of musicians filled the air with diverting airs.

More impressive still was the presence of the mighty Vesuvius, whose great slopes leaped up to heaven and whose ceaseless cloud of smoke and fumes floated away across the blue sky. Like a giant asleep, the great volcano slumbered placidly. It gave no sign of violence nor destruction, no deep rumblings came up from

beneath one's feet, no dread earthquakes shook the ground, but one felt what potentiality of awful destruction lay pent up within that quiescent crater so far away, and yet so near. At its very base lay the long destroyed cities of Pagan Rome, long ago swept away, though the story of their licentiousness and wickedness is now discovered, to speak again that God cannot tolerate sin for ever. And there, a lasting witness to the wrath of God, stands mighty Vesuvius, but the people pass on and on *heedless*. Those fires are quiescent for a moment because it is the day of grace; the hand of Divine mercy holds them in check for another day, and because of this, men are indifferent.

How one felt the power of these two emblematic witnesses—the one speaking of the full and universal shining out of all the grace and compassionate love of God in Christ! He gives the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

Each day of sun shining is another day of mercy and grace for man, and all comes in Christ, all shines forth in Christ, all is maintained by Christ. He is the One of Whom that tropical sun is symbolic, but which in spite of all its brilliance is pallid in the presence of the One whose face shines above the brightness of the mid-day sun. And men pass on and on, their hearts cold to the witness from heaven. Grace reigns, but in the background, as it were, stands the grim outline of the mighty wrath of God, held back through mercy. Those great fires of His fury are smoking yet, and the pale white

cloud which floats across the heavens is like the prophetic word of Peter and Jude and others who tell us of the day to come when the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also and the works therein shall be burnt up. It is well for man to be acquainted with these facts and to consider them.

A believer at Castellamare described to me the panic of the people when Vesuvius growled and thundered more than ten years ago. The first thought which filled every mind then was not the pleasures of music, nor the display of elegance, nor the delights of life, but *salvation* at all costs. Houses, gardens, vineyards, possessions, all were left in a panic-stricken flight for safety.

The man who can direct a way to salvation when awful peril is near is a welcome servant. The Gospel is God's way to salvation, and the evangelist points to Christ and to Christ only. Philip went down to Samaria and preached Christ and there was great joy in that city. Paul was in prison in the bonds of Christ and rejoiced in them, and exulted, too, that in every way Christ was preached. There is no other Saviour for man, and in these days of man's utter indifference, both to his own great danger, and to the appeal of grace, one would like the Name of Christ to ring out in all its grandeur and greatness, carrying with it into the desert wastes of this world, the testimony that God would have *all* men to be saved.

May the Lord use the silent witness of the southern sun and the great Vesuvius to speak for Him!

H. R. WILKINSON.

THE SQUIRE'S CONFESSION.

DURING the great revival in Ireland many years ago, a wonderful work of God began in a certain parish, and the Rector opened the schoolroom for special meetings, which were attended night after night by crowds of earnest seekers for salvation.

One evening the Rector observed the Squire standing at the bottom of the schoolroom, and at first hesitated to go and speak to him, but thinking it was only right that he should do so he moved towards him. As soon as he got near to him the Squire began to abuse him in the most shameful manner, telling him he was a disgrace to the Church, and after he had given vent to his anger, departed, leaving the Rector feeling very cast down.

On the following evening a footman appeared at the Rectory, having been sent by the Squire with a request that he would call and see him at his earliest convenience. At first he hesitated about complying, but afterwards decided he would go and see what the Squire wanted. When he got there he was shown into the drawing-room, at the end of which stood the Squire looking worn and haggard, and as he approached him he cried out, "*Oh, Mr. —, you see before you a lost soul!*"

After the abuse of the previous night, the Rector was taken by surprise, but recovering himself, he thanked God for an unmistakable sign of a work of God begun in the soul of the Squire. It was his great joy to unfold to him the way of salvation, and it was not long before the Squire

was found rejoicing in the wonderful grace of God which had met him in his sins and opposition, and led him into the way of righteousness and peace.

The great effort of Satan is to hide from men the truth of their lost condition, and no man believes he is lost until his eyes have been opened by God. "If our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, Who is the Image of God, should shine upon them" (2 Cor. iv. 3, 4). Have you, dear reader, discovered you are lost? Then we need not tell you, you need a saviour; such is to be found in the Lord Jesus Christ—He came to seek and to save the lost. "*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners*" (1 Tim. i. 15).

Love brought Him down from heaven to die upon the cross; it was there "He once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God"; He came to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and having finished the work God gave Him to do, He rose triumphantly from the grave and won His seat on the right hand of God. It is on the ground of the finished work of Christ that God can righteously save all those, who in simple faith rest their souls on that eternal foundation. "*God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.*" Open your heart, and let the light of that blessed love shine into it. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

E. E. NICHOLS.

THE POWER OF THE WORD OF GOD.

WHAT wonderful power lies hidden in God's written word ! Although written so many years ago, it still has the power to convince and convict a poor sinner of the error of his ways. God has said : " My word goeth forth out of my mouth ; It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper whereunto I sent it." And why is this ? Because God is a living God. It is the same God to-day that caused that word to be written many hundreds of years ago and because it is the same God, the power of that word remains the same.

Only a few days ago the writer heard how God's written word had power to break down a leading Communist in a large town in the East of England. He was dying and in face of the town missionary with Bible in hand, the Communist said : " I do not believe in God nor in the devil. . . ." The missionary opened the Word of God, and read—" He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief ; and we hid as it were our faces from Him ; he was despised and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows ; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted," etc. By the time he had finished reading, the Communist was in tears, and in that hour came to the Lord as a guilty sinner, dying in the Lord two days later.

" Who is a pardoning God like Thee,
Or who has grace so rich, so free ? "

A COMMON MISTAKE.

OBJECTOR: “Do you mean to say that merely believing the Gospel does away in a moment with a lifetime of sin?”

Answer: “No, but *the work of Christ does!*”

Faith, though indispensable, is but the hand that accepts the gift of salvation. It was Christ's work on the cross that answered to God for the believer's sins.

S. J. B. CARTER.

THE GOSPEL, OR GLAD TIDINGS.

THE GOSPEL! THE GOSPEL! How very familiar is the word! How frequently it has fallen upon our ears! The GOSPEL! What is the *Gospel*? One is struck by the explanations occasionally heard regarding it. Here we are, about two thousand years since its glorious advent begun, and still how very *little* it is intelligently understood.

The word “*Gospel*” means “*glad tidings.*” The word “*Gospel*” occurs about ninety times in the New Testament, and, with the exception of about eight instances, should read, “*glad tidings.*” Its first announcement, and that from heaven, should confirm this. Over Bethlehem's plain God's angel said, “*Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.*” ALL people. This could not be under the old Covenant, the *law*. That law was given to a select *nation*, to *keep* and *obey*. But the “*glad tidings*” of God are for all people. I might

say that the greater part of Christendom (the whole sphere of Christian profession) has heard more or less of the "*glad tidings*."

God's "*glad tidings*" are marvellously comprehensive, and embrace in their mighty sweep the present and everlasting joy and blessedness of the whole realm of intelligent beings. What a "Joyful Message!" No doubt the seeking soul wonders how this sphere of blessing is reached. I would affectionately ask you, dear reader: Have you a heart desire to know and participate in these glorious "*glad tidings*"? If so, rest assured that God's most blessed work of grace has begun in your soul. This is absolutely and unalterably true. That desire of heart proves conclusively that you have been born again. Born again by the sovereign Divine act of the Holy Spirit and the Word of God. Since the terrible fall in Eden, no soul has ever been recovered for God apart from a "*new birth*." We may not be able to state the moment when this Divine operation took place. Many are troubled as to whether or not they are born again. Let all such find comfort in the fact that there never could be any feeling after God apart from new birth. How do we know? Because Scripture distinctly says, "If One died for *all*, THEN, were ALL dead." MORALLY DEAD. This being so, then there must come from God a spiritual quickening. "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Are you anxious, dear reader? If so, it is certain God has begun His work of saving grace in your soul. Perhaps an incident from real life may illustrate.

A few years ago one of the most *prominent* socialists of the day, and accepted as a great leader by his party, was arrested by God, and truly converted. Although loudly enforcing his socialistic views, he was really a miserable man. But his heart's sorrow he kept hidden to himself, and God. One day—what a day!—there came to him one of the firm by whom he was employed. This gentleman asked him if he would undertake a business journey to the United States and the far West. He was much startled at this request, seeing there were employed twelve travellers, and he was only a clerk. Though a little mystified he decided to accept the proposal.

When crossing the Rocky Mountains he was so astounded and awed by their magnificence and grandeur, that he could not refrain from crying out, "There *must* be a God!" Whereupon he fell upon his knees and said, "Oh, God, give me *light*, give me *light*!" God gave him light. From that moment of God's distinct arresting, a revolutionary change took place. His infidelity and indifference had for ever departed. His soul was free from the destroyer and he was truly a *saved* man. What had been wrought by Christ for his emancipation followed. He was led to relate his life fully in a book entitled, "*From Socialism to Christ.*" Many have been reached and blessed through it. I know of one definite case myself. I lent the book to a young man who was an ardent socialist and through its perusal was soundly converted, and has maintained a faithful testimony ever since.

Thank God for these "*glad tidings*" from

heaven. The angel who first announced them added: "Unto *you* is born *this day* . . . a *Saviour*, Which is Christ the Lord." Have you believed on Him? Have you opened your heart for His entrance? If not, oh, do so at once! He waits to enter. Open to Him immediately, while you may! He may pass you by and never knock again. Then, ah! *then*, you will call, but He *will not* answer. How inconceivably awful to be shut out for *ever*! "He shutteth and no man openeth." "Too late, *too late*, you cannot enter now!"

"Now He calls again—O hearken!
He may never call thee more;
Wilt thou, canst thou, *spurn the message*,
And His patient grace ignore?"

Malvern.

E. MAYO.

"HOW LONG?"

SUCH is the repeated question of "the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

"*How long* halt ye?" (1 Kings xviii. 21).

"*How long* will ye love vanity?" (Ps. iv. 2).

"*How long* will ye sleep?" (Prov. vi. 9).

"*How long* shall I be with you?" "How long shall I suffer you?" (Matt. xvii. 17).

Oh! fix the time—fix it in time. You cannot fix it in eternity. There is no "how long" in heaven nor in hell! Everything is eternally fixed there.

"Behold, *now* is the accepted time" (2 Cor. vi. 2). You may never have another opportunity.

S. J. B. CARTER.

HOW A YOUNG MAN WAS SAVED.

TELL my brother I know I am saved!" This dying message was sent by a young man who had been slowly dying of consumption for four years.

When the sad pronouncement was made by the doctor at the beginning of his illness, his brother felt the greatest anxiety for his soul's welfare, for he had been the subject of much prayer for a long time. His Christian brother had on one occasion written to him, giving an interesting account of a work of God in the town in which he lived, and of many repentant sinners, convicted of sin, finding "joy and peace in believing" the glorious Gospel message. At that time he replied, sneering at such news, and inquiring satirically, "How do sinners feel when they are saved?" adding, "I do not think anyone can say he is saved; it is presumption to say so. We have only to do all the good we can and then at the end we shall be rewarded."

How seriously he was misguided in this is shown by the word of God, which says, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done but according to His mercy He saved us."

As time passed, however, he became physically weaker, and when his brother visited him, he listened as he pointed him to the Saviour, and urged him to trust in Jesus and His finished work. His attention was specially drawn to John v. 24, "He that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting

life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." He seemed impressed with this, and interested, but as yet gave no evidence of the "knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of sins."

During the last week of his life, however, he gave evidence of the way God had used the faithful testimony of his brother, and prayed earnestly for the salvation of his relatives, for he was now rejoicing in Christ as his own Saviour. Though his home-going was very sudden, he had time to leave this lovely message for his brother, "Tell him I *know* I am saved!"

Now, dear reader, are you resting on Christ's finished work? If you are relying on a supposed good life and upon your dead works, they will not avail. Trust Jesus, the only Saviour, ere it be too late; you will be safe for ever, and to His Name will be all the praise!

"Once 'in Christ,' in Christ for ever,
Yea! 'for ever' is the word;
Nothing can the ransomed sever,
Naught divide them from the Lord."

K. S. BROWN.

WHAT CANNOT BE FULLY KNOWN.

"THE love of Christ, which passeth knowledge" (Eph. iii. 19).

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding" (Phil. iv. 7).

The ways of God, which are "past finding out" (Rom. xi. 33).

RESPONSIBILITY.

IT is a word, though long, generally understood. Without it no kingdom would be secure, no business of any importance be carried on, no home even have any semblance of peace. It is generally granted that there must be order and rule in every recognized relationship on earth. Yet, vastly important as the principle of responsibility is agreed to be in the affairs of men, immediately it is applied as between God and man it is very often denied. The master has a right to the service of his servant; the father (to put it in all affection) has the right of obedience in his children; but what about the right of GOD?

The right of the Creator as to His creatures is really unquestionable.

That He does not possess the service of man generally is the greatest anomaly of the universe; and, we feel sure, commands the deepest wonderment of heaven. The returning prodigal of Luke xv. says, "I have sinned against heaven, and in Thy sight."

This is just, proper language for us all; for all have sinned.

How about your life, dear reader; has it been characterized by the will of God?

This is your reasonable service. The Roman centurion recognized a sovereign will, that he perceived being done by God's servant, Jehovah's fellow, Who was there before him doing the will of God (Matt. viii. 8, 9).

In taking a servant's form, Jesus said: "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O My God; Thy law is

within My heart." How delightful that will was to Him, and He could say, "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." What men quarrel with is the claim of God upon them.

Genesis is not believed, but refused, because God is denied the right of placing a law upon Adam; a law of goodness, commanding him not to eat of a tree of which he would not be capable of maintaining the fruit.

Not only Adam, but "all have sinned" (see Rom. v. 12), and it is not possible for any one *in his sins* to do God's will.

The first act of righteousness for the sinner is to come to Christ for forgiveness of sins.

This is the subject of the glad tidings: "Through this Man (Christ Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38). Being justified by the One Who died for the sins He pardons, the soul is set free to serve God.

L. O. LABETT.

VICTORY.

ON one of the Scottish moors, where a fierce and sanguinary battle was fought, several memorial stones are erected; also an interesting cairn, indicating the spot where fell the Highlanders who were the losers in the strife. At a

little distance from these is a single stone, upon which is carved this unique inscription :—

“ FIELD OF THE ENGLISH
THEY WERE BURIED
HERE ”

You will notice, dear reader, that the English victory was only secured at a price ; it meant that suffering and death had to be endured by some that the rest of the army might enjoy the fruits of victory, and the foe be for ever reduced to silence.

We would use this simple incident to bring afresh before your notice the glorious glad tidings of God ; how through suffering and death the Lord Jesus has paid the price that the power of Satan might be annulled, and all the wealth of blessing that God’s heart has to give, might be secured to every one who ranges himself or herself under the Banner of the mighty Victor.

Our illustration falls short in this, however, since the bodies of the gallant men who yielded their lives to secure the victory on Scotia’s moor, are buried still beneath the turf, and the stone testifies to this fact to every visitor to the spot.

Not so the glorious Saviour Who suffered and died to pay the price that justice demanded on account of our sins—*HE* was buried ; but the stone in His case was rolled away ; death could not hold *HIM* : He rose from among the dead, and lives for ever the Triumphant One, exalted at God’s right hand.

The English who died in the battle referred to never knew the joy of victory ; but what joy is

HIS, in having secured millions of believers to praise Him eternally—each one of them forgiven, justified, and saved as a result of His precious death.

Reader, are you a believer in Jesus? Is He *your* Saviour? Death and the grave are stern realities, but all fear is gone from the conscience and heart of every one who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ. Such can rejoice in the sacred words of scripture:—

“O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? . . . Thanks be to God, Who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ” (1 Cor. xv. 55 and 57).

P. A. FARRANT.

MINISTERING THE GOSPEL OF GOD.

THE Gospel alone is the power the masses need. But remember it must be the real, true Gospel; and it must not only be the whole Gospel and nothing more than the Gospel, but it must be declared by men who know it in the power of it.

Let us have the Gospel unaltered by man—the pure, full Gospel; nothing watered, nothing changed; paint nothing, varnish nothing, add nothing, take nothing from that Gospel brought down from heaven eighteen hundred years ago. That Gospel is still “the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.”—*The late Bishop Ryle*

The Joyful Message

THE SANTA CRUZ DISASTER.

NEW^S of the Santa Cruz disaster flashed around the world. Over two thousand lives were reported lost and many injured.

The survivors were, most of them, injured or dazed with grief—wives, husbands, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, friends and possessions were all torn from them in a moment.

The tragedy of it is that they might have been saved if they had only heeded the warning voice and fled for safety.

We will let Lieutenant Vergel, Military Supervisor of Santa Cruz, an eye-witness of the tragic scenes, tell the story. He says:—

“On Tuesday night I telephoned Camaguey to inquire about the threatened hurricane. They replied that it was over Jamaica; but an old fisherman assured me it would arrive in a few hours.

“I warned all the inhabitants to prepare to evacuate, but they refused to leave their homes, scoffing at the danger.

“Early Wednesday morning, the storm was on us. Again I tried to get the people out, using force when it was necessary, with the aid of thirteen soldiers under my command. Mayor Perez and his family died in their home because they refused to leave.

“With leading citizens, I begged the station-master to send a special train to evacuate the population to a point of safety, but the Railroad refused to do so without payment in advance.

“By 9 a.m. (Wednesday) it was too late—a great wall of water rushed over us as the high seas buried the city.”

The Lieutenant was able to save his own life by climbing on a house door as it floated by.

This is written not simply to engage people with the disaster, but that they may hear God’s voice, for verily, in allowing these things to come upon men it is in order that they may hear and turn to Him. The Lord Himself, when here, referring to those upon whom the Tower of Siloam fell, says, “Think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: but, *except ye repent*, ye shall all likewise *perish*” (Luke xiii. 4, 5).

The storm had been raging for several days on the Caribbean Sea. The people had heard of ships in distress calling for help; yet when warning was given that the hurricane would be upon them in a few hours, they did not believe the message and scoffed at the danger. How foolish these people were! Many of the survivors realized their folly when it was too late and, overcome with bitter remorse, committed suicide.

THE STORM OF GOD’S JUDGMENT IS COMING.

Men in Noah’s day were warned of the impending storm, and like those people in Santa Cruz

they scoffed at it. Nevertheless the storm came and all but eight souls perished.

When Lot spoke to those in Sodom of the impending judgment, we read, "He seemed as one that mocked unto them." Lot himself was dragged out and the fire burnt up the cities. Oh, sinner, listen, the wrath of God is going to be poured out on this world—Judgment will fall! *Escape for thy life!* There is a place of safety. Tarry not! Listen!—"A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest" (Isa. xxxii. 2). A MAN—a blessed Man—A WONDERFUL MAN—*JESUS!* Like the Lieutenant, we earnestly warn you that the storm is coming, but we can also tell you of a *Sure and Certain place of safety*. Flee now to Jesus, the only deliverer from the coming wrath! "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

To reach safety, these people were told that they would have to pay in advance. We have good news for you. The price has already been paid—yes, *paid in advance*—nearly two thousand years ago when Jesus shed His precious blood on Calvary's tree. He "suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Pet. iii. 18).

The payment is accepted. God has accepted that payment, for He has raised Jesus from among the dead and crowned Him with glory and honour at His own right hand. There is nothing to do and nothing to pay, for Jesus cried before He left that cross—"IT IS FINISHED."

The Lieutenant and those with him “ begged ” for trains to take them to safety, but you have no need to “ beg ” to be saved. God is offering this salvation to you free. You have only to avail yourself of it. “ Whosoever will, let him *take* the water of life freely ” (Rev. xxii. 17). Such is God’s last appeal ere He closes the Bible.

“ O take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives.”

The people in our story may have had many excuses—they could not pay, and the railway would not take them, but, my unsaved reader, *you are without excuse*, and your folly in delaying to avail yourself of God’s salvation is ten thousand fold worse than that of the people who perished in Santa Cruz, and, if you die without Christ, you will be lost for all eternity.

We earnestly beseech you, **BE IN TIME !**

“ Be in time ! be in time !
While the voice of Jesus calls you,
Be in time !
If in sin you longer wait,
You will find no open gate,
And your cry be just too late !
Be in time ! ”

Toronto.

T. HOLLIDAY.

MAN’S WAY AND GOD’S.

TH**ERE** are four groups of words in the closing chapters of the Gospel of John, which, taken together in the order in which they come, give us God’s order in the blessing of souls.

In chapter xix. 30 we have the three precious words, "*It is finished.*" Not, "I have finished," as though He had done *part* of the redeeming work, and left the other part for us, but "It is finished." All the work was done.

A poor old woman, in her eightieth year, came one evening to a cottage meeting in a small hamlet in South Lincolnshire. She was among that vast number of honest though mistaken souls who are "doing *their* best" for salvation. She had taught herself to read when more than fifty years of age, so that she might, among other good things, read the Bible for herself. After this she made it her practice for many years of staying up every Saturday night, an hour later than the rest of the family, to read and pray, in order to fit herself, as she thought, to spend a holy day on the Sunday, considering that this would "go a long way toward her salvation"! However, the night she attended the cottage meeting she heard of the "finished work of Christ." This completely changed the whole aspect of things in her soul, and, with tears chasing each other down her deeply furrowed face, she exclaimed, at the close of the meeting, "To think I have been doing so much to get salvation, all these years, and now to find the work was finished on the cross by Jesus!"

Yes, reader, "It is finished"; and *your* part, if you would find salvation, is to believe on Him Who did that precious finished work.

Then come those three gracious words from the lips of the risen Saviour to the trembling

hearts of His poor followers, “PEACE UNTO YOU” (John xx. 19).

It is knowing that the Saviour’s precious blood and finished work have fully met all that God had righteously against us that gives the guilty conscience peace. The chastisement to effect our peace was laid upon Him, and “with His stripes we are healed.”

Then comes the Saviour’s challenge to Peter, “LOVEST THOU ME ?” (John xxi. 15.)

It is when we see that He has laid down His life in meeting that which disturbed our peace—the judgment of God which our many sins deserve—that the affections of our hearts are drawn out to Him, and “we love Him, *because He first loved us.*”

Like Jonathan, who, when he saw David with the giant’s head in his hand, was knit in heart to the worthy victor, so are we drawn to love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity ; and when love is in activity, the response to the last three words before us, viz., “FOLLOW THOU ME,” (John xxi. 22), comes in as a natural consequence.

It is not hard to follow one we love, nor hard to love One Who has laid down His life for us, and whose love will never end.

Thus we have seen that God’s order is—

“It is finished.”

“Peace unto you.”

“Lovest thou Me ?”

“Follow thou Me.”

While man's is the very reverse. He—

“Tries to follow Christ,”

“Tries to love Him,” and

“Hopes to get peace”

“When all is finished.”

Which has my reader been adopting? Remember that “there is a way which *seemeth* right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.” If you would have God's salvation you must bow to God's way of getting it.

GEO. CUTTING.

ARE YOU READY TO DIE?

DEATH is a dreary subject, but better it is for us to consider our latter end when in health and strength than to leave it till we struggle in the relentless grip of “the king of terrors.” Death has been spoken of as not only “the king of terrors,” but also as “the terror of kings,” and so it is. The sinner on the throne and on the dunghill alike fear death. The learned philosopher, the brainy rationalist, the voluptuary, the worldling, the religious devotee without Christ, dread death and will not look it in the face till it looks them in the face.

“A death-bed is a poor place to prepare to meet God,” cried a dying young woman of fashion. It is! Few death-bed conversions are real! We only read of one man in the Bible who was converted when dying (Luke xxiii. 43).

An old Christian physician said that out of

a hundred seeming death-bed repentances he had known, where recovery took place, only *one* turned out genuine! "Lord, in trouble have they *visited* Thee, they poured out a prayer when Thy chastening was upon them" (Isa. xxvi. 16). How true! Man pays a hasty *visit* to God in his extremity—the God he has ignored in health and strength. "How gracious shalt thou be when pangs come upon thee!" (Jer. xxii. 23.) But alas! too late.

But, my friend, you may never have a death-bed! "*Sudden death*" and "*Died suddenly*" are commonplace headings in the daily papers. Not in faltering accents, but in thunder tones we would ask, "Are you ready to die?" Life is short. Death is near. Judgment is sure. Death is dogging your steps like a dread Nemesis. At any moment it may arrest you. Be wise, be wary, be warned! How many you and I have known who are *now* in Eternity! Those school-mates, so young and gay, *where are they?* Those men on "change" we often shook hands with, *where are they?* Those dear ones we loved, now gone, *where are they?* Where we shall be very soon—in heaven or in hell!!!

But, thank God, He is still a Saviour God! No hand like the hand of Jesus to smooth a dying pillow. No voice like the voice of Jesus to breathe peace into a dying ear. No arm like the arm of Jesus to bear up a trustful soul in "the swellings of Jordan." No need for the true believer—resting in and on the Saviour—to be "fortified by the rites of the Church." Church sacraments, millinery, creeds, are all

false props in death. Mere religion and orthodoxy will never support us in the dying hour. “Jesus *alone* can save—Jesus *alone*! Jesus *alone*!”

Once again the burning question of the *day*, the *hour*, the *moment* comes: Are you ready to die? Oh, face it *now*, solve it *now*, settle it *now*!

“Time past—’tis gone; thou canst not it recall,
Time present—’tis thine, oh, grasp the moment small,
Time future—’tis not, to thee may never be,
Time *present*—’tis *now*—the only time for thee!”

S. J. B. CARTER.

“IS IT **NOTHING** TO YOU?”

WHAT a question! Yes, indeed it is. A heart- and conscience-searching one. It makes its startling appeal to every reader of **THE JOYFUL MESSAGE**. You cannot afford to be heedless to it. An eternity of never-fading joy is linked up with a favourable acceptance of its precious meaning.

The passage concludes with these words, “All ye that *pass* by.” You will find the verse in Lamentations i. 12. Pass by *what*? A crucified Saviour dying for *you*, yea for *all*. Do you say how, and when did I pass Him by? Let us see. The words compose a prophetic utterance, coming from the holy lips of Jesus as He hung upon Calvary’s Cross. I am concluding that in some way or another every reader has heard the Gospel of God’s great love as presented in the Lord Jesus Christ, either from the lips of a preacher or maybe read of it in the Scriptures of truth.

Whether this be so or not, I do here and now solemnly and earnestly advise its serious personal consideration. It has to be confronted by all of us either in *time* or *eternity*. To answer rightly to the blessed Lord's appeal by opening your heart and life to His entrance will give you never-ending joy and blessing; contrariwise to keep your heart barred against Him will mean your eternal remorse and misery.

Listen! "Is it *nothing* to you?" Sudden surprisals are scarcely alarming in these days, they are so frequent. Imagine the alarm when the angel of the Lord came upon those shepherds in Bethlehem's fields with the astonishing announcement that there had been born that day in the City of David a *Saviour*, Christ the Lord! Then follow these remarkable words: "And *suddenly* there was *with* the angel a multitude of the *heavenly* host, *praising* God and *saying*, 'Glory to God in the *highest*, and on *earth* peace, *good-will* toward men.'" Is this event *nothing* to you?

Much value is attached to certain days in history that mark outstanding events. That was a *most* remarkable day recorded in Luke iv. Jesus went into the Synagogue at Nazareth, as was His custom, on the Sabbath day. He was handed the scroll of the Prophet Isaiah. He found the *place* where it was written, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, *because* He hath anointed me to preach the *Gospel* to the *poor*; He hath sent me to *heal* the *broken-hearted*, to *preach* deliverance to the *captives*, and recovering of sight to the *blind*, to set at *liberty* them that

are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.” The year began *then*, still *is*, but will soon *close*. That day was the inauguration of the dispensation of *grace*. Is it *nothing* to you?

Think of His unique pathway of humiliation, shame, reproach. He said, “I am poured out like water . . . My heart . . . is melted in the midst of My bowels.” What a lament! “Is it *nothing* to you?” He was “*smitten* of GOD and *afflicted*.” “Is it *nothing* to you?” He was spit upon, scourged, crowned with thorns. “Is it *nothing* to you?” Just think, He never had a *thought*, never *uttered* a *word*, never performed a *deed* except in perfect accordance with the will of His Father, and for His glory. He was the *holy* and *spotless* One. “Is it *nothing* to you?”

“*All* have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” Everybody is measured up by this Scripture. “Is it *nothing* to you?”

“He that *believeth* on the Son *hath* everlasting life, and he that believeth *not* the Son shall not *see* life.” Is this *nothing* to you?

“Christ Jesus came into the world to *save* sinners”; “To *seek* and *save* the lost.” “Is it *nothing* to you?”

Amid that darkness, when for three hours nature hid her face and shrank from the scene, Jesus, the sinless Son of God, was being *made* sin for us, and with breaking heart cried, “MY GOD, MY GOD, *Why* hast *Thou* forsaken Me?” Yes, *why*, WHY? That every believer might *never* be forsaken. “Is

it *nothing* to you?" When all Scripture was fulfilled, He cried with a *loud* voice, "IT IS FINISHED," and yielded His Spirit to His Father. Every righteous and holy demand of God had been eternally met, the floodgates of God's mighty love set free, and the way into God's presence fully declared. "Is it *nothing* to you?"

The Lord Jesus is the only Man in all history whom *all* the world hailed, and cried, "Away with Him, *crucify* Him, *crucify* Him." Is this *nothing* to you? He is quickly coming to gather to His presence for ever all those who *know* and *love* Him. Do you, reader, *know* and *love* Him? If not your destiny will be most terrible. "Is it *nothing* to you?" I beg of you to flee to His arms of love immediately. He wants to enclasp you. Listen to His words in John x.: "I give unto them [My sheep] eternal life; and they shall *never* perish, neither shall *any* man pluck them out of *My* hand." Is *this* *nothing* to you? Come, oh, *come* and join the pleasures-for-evermore company, and on to glory go! Then instead of being *nothing* to you, He will become *everything* to you, now and for evermore!

"What *think* ye of Christ? is the *test*
 To try both your *state* and your *scheme*;
 You *cannot* be right in the *rest*
 Unless you *think* rightly of Him.
 As Jesus appears in your view,
 As *He* is beloved or not;
 So God is disposed to you,
 And *mercy* or *wrath* is your lot."

“WANTED, A MAN!”

It is admitted by men of the world, who find how powerless legislators are to bring to a satisfactory issue the problems of to-day, that a man is wanted.

The above heading appeared some time ago on the placard of a London newspaper.

“WE want a man”—is the cry of the world—
“A man who can put things right;
For everything’s wrong, and we’re all astray,
The outlook is dark as night.”
Men have dreamed of peace, and a golden age,
To which they thought they were bound;
But their hopes are blighted, disturbance is rife,
And war, not peace, they have found.
That something is wrong, they freely admit,
Though they’ve boasted things better have grown
But all is awry, and out of control,
In weakness they sigh and they moan.
If only someone would stand in the breach,
And all their hard problems solve,
They would give him support, his name should be
great,
To obey him they all would resolve.
Their efforts are fruitless, their schemes all have failed
To remove the cause of alarm;
The masses are lawless, unrest daily spreads,
And there seems to be gathering a storm.
They’re hastening to ruin, destruction’s ahead,
They’re drifting, to save them, who can?
If no one is found, then they are undone,
They’re helpless—*they want a man!*

* * * * *

Ah! world, you’ve discovered at last what you need,
But where in distress will you turn?
You verily stand in need of a man,
Though the reason you cannot discern.
Go back in your history two thousand years,
When you made that awful choice,
And rejected “*The Man*,” Who had come to save
With one unanimous voice.

Two men were presented to you that day,
 Barabbas, and Jesus, God's Son ;
 " Shall it be Barabbas, or Christ ? " was asked,
 And you chose the lawless one.
 A thief and a murderer at your request,
 Was released to you that day ;
 And the Holy One, the Christ of God,
 To a cross was led away.
 You rejected "*The Man*" Who had come to bless,
 Who dried the widow's tears,
 Who healed the sick, the deaf, the blind,
 And calmed the sinner's fears :
 Whose word the devil-possessed set free,
 And raised to life the dead,
 The dumb, sick, palsied—all were healed,
 The starving filled with bread.
 Who came sin's captives to release,
 From curse, earth to set free,
 To fill the world with God's great good,
 And reign eternally.
 But, outcast and rejected He,
 His brow with thorns adorned ;
 Upon a cross was crucified,
 Hated, maligned, and scorned.
 Refused on earth, in heaven He's crowned,
 And soon will come again ;
 His enemies His footstool make,
 When He in power shall reign.

* * * * *

He is "**THE MAN**"—the coming Man—
 To Whom each knee shall bow,
 Earth's rightful King, and Sovereign Lord,
 Though scorned and hated now.
 Man of the world ! would'st thou be blest ?
 Then let Christ be your trust ;
 You need Him, He alone can save,
 And bow to Him you must.
 Confess Him, lest His anger burn,
 Escape His ire none can :
 Believe on Him, God's glorious Son,
 The exalted, coming **MAN** !

E. E. NICHOLS.

A SISTER'S TEARS.

A YOUNG man was once asked what first led him to see himself a sinner, and to feel his need of Christ. His simple reply was, "*A sister's tears.*"

He said he had been utterly indifferent to his soul's eternal welfare and steeped in infidelity, but he had a converted sister whom he tried to argue down in vain. She entreated her minister to speak to him, but without any apparent result. At length, however, on one occasion when her brother spoke ill of her Saviour, she made no reply but burst into a flood of tears; "and those tears of my sister," said the young man, "reached my heart and melted it. I then saw myself a sinner, and fled to Christ for salvation."

This little paper will find its way into the hands of many persons, old and young, and in various stations of life. It may have been sent in a letter from someone related to you, a beloved parent, brother, sister, or some other person who has a godly interest in your spiritual welfare.

Ere this periodical has come into your possession many prayers (it may be mingled with heart-burning tears) have reached the Saviour's ear from those who earnestly seek your blessing.

Yet what are our desires compared with the gracious and tender pleadings of the Saviour Who died for you? It is the One Who gave His life for you Who waits to save you. Shall those holy

eyes which once wept over proud, rebellious men, who refused His gracious overtures when here on earth, continue to weep over you, dear reader, because of your refusal to bow to His righteous claims? Be wise, we solemnly beseech you, and face this all-important question now! "Behold NOW is the accepted time; behold NOW is the day of salvation."

"Though His gracious call you have oft refused,
And He's sought your trust in vain,
Yet with love unchanged by cold neglect
He is seeking you again.

"O surrender now, yield to love divine,
Jesus lingers for you still,
While in grace, He says, 'Come unto Me,'
Let your answer be, 'I will.'"

A. E. BIRD.

SO GOES THE WORLD.

LAUGH, and the *world* laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone,
For this solid earth must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will echo it;
Sigh, and it's lost on the air,
For they want full measure of all your pleasure,
But nobody wants your care.
Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and they'll pass you by;
Succeed and give, and they'll let you live;
Fail, and they'll let you die.

The Joyful Message

WHERE SHALL I BE AFTER DEATH?

(JOB xiv. 10 ; LUKE xvi. 19-31, xxiii. 43.)

(An Address at a village meeting in Oxfordshire, a few years before the beloved writer's departure to be with Christ.)

“WE must needs die” (2 Sam. xiv. 14).
“Man dieth, and wasteth away ; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and WHERE IS HE ?”
This is a serious question for every one of us, for we must needs die. A man may live sixty or seventy years, or longer, but he must needs die. “It is appointed unto men once to die but after this the judgment.” A man when he dies does not cease to exist. He is an immortal being ; when he ceases to exist in the body, he still exists out of the body. Some would fain suppose that a man dies like a beast, and that is the end of him, and thus they hope to escape the reckoning day, when they will have to render an account to God. But “we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ.” “Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God.” The Apostle Paul believed in the resurrection of the just, and of the unjust. When a man dies, in his spirit he still exists, but where ?

Scripture has drawn aside the veil which hid the future. It reveals the fact that we must

all exist in one of two places ; there is no intermediate place. In Luke xvi. we read of two men who died. A certain rich man died and was buried, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and cried for a drop of water to cool his tongue, for, said he, I am suffering in this flame. A poor man, Lazarus, died, and was carried by angels into the bosom of Abraham. Both existed after death, but what a contrast ! The rich man did not go to hell because he was a rich man, but because he had despised the grace of God, as manifested and brought near to him in Jesus. It is the sequel to chapter xv. ; it is the end of the elder brother who refused when entreated by his father to come in and share in the blessing which grace had provided. So it will be with every one who refuses the grace of God proclaimed in the Gospel, grace which brings salvation for all men. As the Lord said to the unbelieving Jews, “ Ye shall *die in your sins*,” and “ whither I go, ye cannot come.” How great a contrast to His word to the dying thief, who repented and confessed Jesus to be the Lord, and the coming King. In answer to his cry for mercy, the Lord said, “ This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.” Clearly he did not go to paradise because he was better than other men, but by the pure grace of God, and in the cleansing power of the precious blood of Christ. That same grace, and the cleansing virtue of the precious blood of Christ, is available for *all men*. Every soul believing in the Lord Jesus participates in all the value of His death, and receives the present forgiveness of his sins ;

and, being justified by the grace of God, stands in Divine favour, and rejoices in hope of glory.

When death comes to the believer, it is the door into paradise—he departs to be with Christ; absent from the body, he is present with the Lord. There, in a state of untold bliss, he awaits the day of final triumph, when he will be raised up in a body of glory to be with Christ for ever.

Now, my reader, *you must needs die*. Are you ready for that event, when the lot will be cast, deciding your eternal destiny? You may die before to-morrow. Where would you be? To which of these two places would you go—to the place of eternal sorrow and suffering, or to the place of eternal peace and happiness? If death comes to you to-day, how will it find you, in your sins, or in the faith of Christ, your sins washed away by His precious blood? If you die in the faith of Christ, like the dying thief you will go to be with Christ in paradise. But if you die in your sins, you will be raised up in the day of judgment; and will be cast out into outer darkness for ever. The apostle, speaking of those who rejected the testimony of God by Noah, declares that their spirits are now in prison. There they are awaiting the day when they will be raised up, to be judged according to their works. That is true, too, of all who die rejecting the gospel of God.

I would therefore earnestly entreat you to repent, and turn to God in this day of grace. There is forgiveness for you. Christ died for all; He gave Himself a ransom for all. Repentance and remission of sins is proclaimed among all

nations, in the name of the One Who died and rose again. "To Him give all the prophets witness, that, through His Name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." God waits to be gracious; He is long-suffering, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. Turn to Him and live! "Behold, *now* is the accepted time, behold *now* is the day of salvation."

F. H. BODMAN.

"WE BELIEVE AND ARE SURE."

(JOHN vi. 69.)

IF "*Now* made nigh" meant Pine and Wait,
 And "*Peace* with God," a Restless State,
 If shining "*Know*," meant Flickering Hope,
 And brilliant "*Shall*," in Darkness Grope.

If gracious "*Hath*," meant Legal Doubt,
 And "*Never perish*," you Hold Out,
 And every "*Are*," were changed to Feel—
 Assurance Scripture ne'er could seal.

But "every Word of God is pure,"
 And I believe, and I am sure—
 Mistrust my unbelief and fears,
 That faithless sigh, those needless tears.

Rest on His *Word*, "Who cannot lie";
 And trustful on His *work* rely!
 "Who is my peace," enthroned above;
 The God of Truth, the God of Love.

S. J. B. CARTER.

A SIGNIFICANT DREAM.

“God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man.”—**JOB xxxiii. 14–17.**

HOW wonderful it is that God should take occasion by a dream to speak to a man, choosing a moment to reach his conscience when his will is quiescent!

There are many to whom God has spoken in a dream; certainly Job was one of these.

The writer of this little paper had a remarkable dream some while ago, in which he felt on reflection that God was speaking; and thinking that perhaps God would use the telling of the dream to speak to others, has been constrained to write this article.

The subject of the dream was a young man, a near relation of the writer, and the circumstances were as follows:—

The young man was following a well-worn pathway, which led through a field to the cliffs; and being deeply interested in a book he was reading, he took no heed to his pathway or surroundings.

Some distance away in the field, a railing had been erected across the path, together with a danger notice, warning people not to go any further in that direction, as there had been a fall of cliff. Engrossed in the book he was reading, the young man failed to see the danger notice, and, mechanically climbing the railing, he went on his way.

In his dream the writer saw the young man

walking on, altogether ignorant of the danger that lay before him. He gave a warning shout, but to his horror saw the young man suddenly disappear over the cliff edge.

Rushing up and peering over the cliffs he could just see, some way down, the body of the young man lying upon a projecting ledge of earth, just big enough to hold him ; he was not able to scale the cliff above, and below him was a sheer fall upon rocks, which would have meant almost certain death.

Summoning some helpers, and securing a ladder and rope, the ladder was laid upon the ground, with one end projecting over the cliff, some of the helpers sitting upon the other end to keep it steady.

In the dream the writer was then lowered by the rope, and on reaching the young man was able to tie the rope around his body, and both were hauled up to safety.

So impressed was the writer, that on waking he wrote to the young man in question, telling him the story of the dream, and pleading with him to give immediate attention to his soul's eternal welfare ere it was too late !

I wonder, reader, has God ever spoken to you in a dream ? If not by this means, He has spoken to you in other ways. Have you gone on your way engrossed in this world's things and altogether unheeding the peril that lies before you, and neglecting the gracious warnings of the Saviour ?

What a perilous plight man has fallen into by reason of sin ! But how it magnifies the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, Who in love for guilty

sinners came to them just where they lay in all their need, helpless to be, to give, or to say anything that would save them from the consequences of their sin! The Lord Jesus has done all. Upon the cross He shed his precious blood; He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, and endured the righteous judgment of God against sin which we deserved.

His prayer when hanging upon the cross, uttered in the presence and in the hearing of those who despised and crucified Him, was, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do"; and now that He has risen from the dead and ascended into heaven, forgiveness of sins is preached in His Name to whosoever will.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." May God, in His mercy, give you, dear reader, to take heed to the many warnings that God has given, so that, accepting God's salvation and trusting in the Lord Jesus and in His finished work upon the cross, you may be found in the paths of righteousness and of life and peace!

St. Albans.

JOHN B. CARLYON.

HOW GOD CAN CLEAR THE GUILTY.

The Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty."—EXODUS xxxiv. 6-7.

HOW sweetly these words fall upon the ear, as revealing the compassions of God towards His poor sinful creature! God's present attitude

towards man is one of mercy, grace, and forgiveness. Yet coupled with these most precious words are those awe-inspiring words, "Will by no means clear the guilty." Who of us does not stand at God's bar, "guilty"? (see Rom. iii. 19). While it is God's prerogative to forgive, and mercy is behind this marvellous attribute, yet for God to forgive justly, something must be accomplished.

Putting a Gospel tract into the hand of a policeman just recently, led to an interesting conversation on the subject of forgiveness.

"What would you think," I asked him, "if every magistrate and judge in our courts of law forgave every offender brought for trial?"

"Oh, that would never do; there is too much of that now," was his quick reply.

"But you would not quarrel with a kind-hearted judge for forgiving, would you?" I asked.

"But wait, sir, there is such a thing as justice. To forgive a guilty person is a violation of justice, and justice must also be upheld."

If this be so at the bar of erring man, where the integrity of the laws of the land is maintained, how much more so at the bar of Him Who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity and cannot look upon sin? This raises an important question: How can forgiveness be granted without violating the claims of justice? Herein lies one of the most difficult problems that the blessed God has taken in hand to solve. Neither His power nor mercy could meet this question, though both attributes blend in God's sovereign act of forgiveness.

History records that a Roman judge had the painful duty of trying his own son for an act of violation against the laws of Rome. The crowded court awaited the sentence, expecting either acquittal or leniency to be shown to the guilty son. But, to the surprise of all, the heaviest possible sentence that the law would allow was passed. This satisfied the justice of Roman law. But a still greater surprise met them, when the judge himself stepped down to bear the penalty he had passed on his son. Here justice and mercy were united, that forgiveness might be enjoyed by the guilty.

My reader, this is a feeble picture of the inscrutable mystery of the cross of Calvary. The very God Who had pronounced the words, "Can by no means clear the guilty," descended from His throne of holiness and majesty and became a man, in order that He might go to the cross to bear the penalty that He in righteousness had pronounced upon you and me. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "The wages of sin is death." Oh, mystery Divine! The mighty God, Jesus, for Jesus is God, has been to Calvary's cross, not only to suffer and bear the punishment we deserved, but to pay the full wages of sin. Forsaken of God and bearing His holy wrath against sin in those hours of unparalleled suffering, He put away sin by the *sacrifice of Himself*. He laid down as a voluntary act His own precious life. In that act the claims of justice were met, while in that same act the love of God towards the sinner was displayed, as nothing else could have displayed it. On this ground God is free

to extend to the most guilty sinner a present, full and eternal forgiveness. Yea, He finds His unbounded pleasure in pardoning, and that abundantly. (Isa. lv. 7.)

But before a sinner can receive forgiveness, there must be repentance. God looks for this from us. Yea, more, God *commands* all men, everywhere, to repent. It is absolutely essential that the guilty sinner should not only feel real sorrow for his sins, but that he should repent of them. Repentance is not praying for forgiveness, nor seeking to escape the punishment I deserve. It is a thorough change of mind about myself and an acceptance of God's mind about my sinfulness. Instead of delighting in sin, which by nature we all do, I loathe it. I condemn myself for giving liberty to my evil passions and so grieving the heart of the blessed God Who loves me. I say with the Psalmist in Psalm li. 4, "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned and done this evil in Thy sight."

How little do we think of what sin is in God's sight! The prodigal in Luke xv. 21, said, "I have sinned . . . and in thy sight." He repented and hated those sins he once gloated over. Apart from this sorrow and repentance, forgiveness would never be sought, nor could it even be appreciated. Blessed repentance! How heaven delights in it! "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke xv. 7). You need not pray for forgiveness, dear reader, if you have truly and with a contrite heart repented of your sins. God hastens to meet you with the kiss of eternal forgiveness. And more,

He will not only forgive, but He will “ *remember your sins no more.* ”

God grant you may repent this moment, and so prove that He forgives iniquity, transgression and sin, and through the precious atoning death of Jesus, can also clear the guilty!

J. H. LEWIS.

“ HIM.”

THIS one word of three letters has dominated *every* age, and will continue to do so throughout *all* the ages, whether in the endurance of time or the rolling ages of eternity. So that it embraces the past, encompasses the present, and reaches on to the future. What immeasurable depths of meaning are contained in this comprehensive personal pronoun, “ HIM.” It describes the fulness of the *Godhead*. This, in fact, is stated in Colossians ii. 9, “ In ‘ HIM ’ dwelleth *all* the fulness of the *Godhead* bodily.” Upon this wonderful Man the heavens were opened, and the astounding pronouncement made, “ *This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased ;* hear ye ‘ HIM.’ ”

He is incomparably unique and must stand apart from every other person. Well might the apostle exclaim, “ That I may know ‘ HIM.’ ” Again he says, “ *Consider ‘ HIM.’* ” Why should we consider ‘ HIM ’? One reason is because, “ In ‘ HIM ’ was *life.* ” Life? Yes, surely, and *only* in Him. This was never said of any other man. “ He that hath the Son hath *life.* ” The world, as such, does not want “ HIM.” Yet *He*

is absolutely indispensable for salvation to every undying soul.

“ If our faith were but more simple,
We would take ‘*Him*’ at ‘*His*’ word ;
Then our lives would be all sunshine,
In the sweetness of our Lord.”

We read, “ They looked unto ‘**HIM**’ and were lightened ; and their faces were not ashamed.” “ Blessed is the man that trusteth in ‘**HIM**.’ ” The Apostle Paul says in Acts xiii. 39, “ By ‘**HIM**’ all that believe are *justified* from *all* things.” Was this blessed One rejected ? He was. Great was the crime. Are you, reader, rejecting “ **HIM** ” ? Listen, there come echoing along the course of time those piercing, thrilling words, “ *Away* with ‘**HIM**,’ *away* with ‘**HIM**,’ crucify ‘**HIM**,’ crucify ‘**HIM**.’ ” What, crucify a Man Who did nothing amiss ? Yes, alas ! that was the world’s pronouncement then and now. Dear reader, is it yours ?

Some time ago, I was deeply touched by reading of a Christian lady who possessed such a marvellous memory, that at one time in her life she could recite by heart the whole of the New Testament. But as age and infirmity crept on, her memory refused to perform its functions as before, and so book after book faded from her recollection, then chapter after chapter, and verse after verse, until only **ONE** word remained. That soul-satisfying word was “ **HIM**.” Rejoicingly she said, “ That is *sufficient*. ‘*Him*,’ ‘*Him*’ is all I need for ever.”

Reader, I would ask you pressingly, Is “ **HE** ” yours ? If not, delay not another moment !

“The end of all things is at hand.” Believe on “HIM,” receive “HIM” into your heart and life! The supernal joys of eternity are centred in that all-embracing word, “HIM.” “To ‘HIM’ give all the prophets witness.”

“Only trust *Him*! Only trust *Him*!
Only trust *Him* now!
He *will* save you! He *will* save you!
He will save you *now*.”

Malvern.

E. MAYO.

STOP! CAUTION! GO!

HOW often we have seen the signals erected to regulate the traffic in many of our large cities, so that everyone approaching them may be warned of danger that lies ahead, and by reading the directions correctly and obeying them may move over the danger spot into safety! May we not learn an important spiritual lesson from this modern invention?

STOP! The red light is shining. If your sins are unforgiven, how great is the peril with which you are confronted! Stop and consider what is ahead! “The wages of sin is death, *but after this the judgment.*”

CAUTION! Look each way. Before you move further, be quite sure which way you are going. Is it the way to destruction or the way to happiness? “There is a way that *seemeth* right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.” Are you going to move for

your own will or God's will? Have you ever found anything in this world that can afford lasting satisfaction? No, things here cannot truly satisfy; but if you turn to the Lord Jesus, the One "Who gave Himself a ransom for all," He will fill your heart with joy unspeakable! Then you may:—

GO! You will have passed the danger zone, and be able to move on with the Lord Jesus Christ Himself.

Have you ever thought of what He suffered on your behalf, how He was crucified, and died and rose again in order that you might be saved and become one of His companions? Oh, turn to Him now, and place your whole trust in Him! There will be joy in heaven if you do so, and what endless joy you will experience yourself!

"Turn thee now to Him, repenting;
 Jesus as thy Lord confess;
 And, embracing Him as Saviour,
 Joys untold thou shalt possess."

G. M. MEADOWS.

THE WORD OF THE LORD.

IN the third chapter of the first book of Samuel, it is said that "the word of the Lord was precious in those days." It was a very sad time in the history of God's people, Israel. Great failure marked the priesthood, and the lamp of God was going out. Yet at such a time, and

in the midst of such a state of things, the word of the Lord was precious.

We have, doubtless, a similar condition of things portrayed in the New Testament. Paul was in prison for the testimony, yet, though he was bound, the word of God was not bound. So he said to Timothy: "Remember that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead according to my Gospel" (2 Tim. ii. 8).

And now we are living in the *last days*, spoken of in the third chapter of that same epistle. We are found in days of breakdown, failure and apostasy; yet the word of the Lord has become precious in these days, when men are marked by being lovers of their own selves, and lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. How great is the need of taking heed to the word of the Lord in these days!

We read in Acts viii. 25 that they preached the word of the Lord. We thank God that the word of the Lord is preached to-day, and it is for you, dear reader, to take heed to it. How many have taken heed to it, and have proved that it meant salvation and blessing to their souls!

In Amos viii. 11, 12, we read that the days will come when the Lord will send a famine—not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the word of the Lord; and they shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east, they shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it. This is a most serious consideration for all who do not

take heed to the word of the Lord now! The time came when all this was fulfilled as to the nation of Israel. When they had rejected every overture of God's grace, crucified their Messiah, and rejected the testimony of the Holy Spirit in Stephen, wrath came upon them to the uttermost.

Dear reader, take heed to the word of the Lord, and accept Jesus as your Saviour! Thus will He become precious to your soul, and the famine of hearing the word of the Lord will never come upon you.

“The word of the Lord endureth for ever, and this is the word which by the Gospel is preached unto you” (1 Pet. i. 25).

R. CASSELLI.

THE NATURAL MAN AND THE CHRISTIAN.

THE NATURAL MAN
Enters crying ;
Then, through lying,
Selling, buying,
Business plying,
Laughing, sighing,
Christ denying,
Grace defying,
Ends by dying.
AND AFTER THIS THE
JUDGMENT.

THE CHRISTIAN
Bows believing,
Christ receiving—
Evil, thieving,
Spirit-grieving,
All retrieving—
Christward cleaving,
Ends by leaving
Earth on free wing.
EVER WITH THE LORD.

C. C. ELLIOTT.

The Joyful Message

THE YOUNG JEW'S DIFFICULTY.

ONE night a young Jew, who had recently arrived from Palestine, was walking down one of the narrow streets of the city of Constantinople, when he caught sight of a notice outside a Mission Hall, announcing a meeting for Jews. Curiosity led him to open the door and go in, and just as he took his seat he heard the preacher say, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." It was his first introduction to Christianity, and he listened earnestly as the speaker told of the precious blood of Christ and its sin-cleansing value in the sight of God. This was just what his soul was longing to know, for he had for many years been inquiring as to where he could find the blood of atonement.

As a child he had been taught to read the law and the prophets, and as he grew older he was struck with the place the blood had in all the ceremonies connected with the service of God, and was equally struck with its absence in the ritual to which he was brought up. He read Exodus xii. over and over again, and saw clearly that on that dreadful night when the destroying angel passed through the land of Egypt, that there was no way of escape except through the blood of the lamb which had to be sprinkled on the door-post, and God said, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you."

Then again he read in Leviticus xvi. of the way in which the sins of the children of Israel were dealt with on the great day of atonement, the blood of the sin-offering was brought within the vail, in the most holy place, and sprinkled upon and before the mercy seat. Only by blood could sin be removed from before a holy, sin-hating God. Year after year as the day of atonement came round, the poor young man beat his breast and confessed his need of the sin-cleansing blood, but where could he find it? There was no blood shed for the remission of sins, and without it he realized that his case was hopeless. In his distress he called on a learned Rabbi and opened his heart to him, but all he could tell him was that God was displeased with their nation and had cast them off, Jerusalem was in the hands of the Gentiles, the Temple was destroyed, therefore the only spot where they dare shed the blood of sacrifice was desecrated; and that was why there was no blood to put away sins. This made him still more unhappy, for he knew he had broken the law, and was guilty before God, and if there was no place where blood could be shed they were left without an atonement: the thought filled him with horror. In his distress he consulted other Rabbis, but no one could answer his question as to where the blood of atonement could be found.

At last he decided to leave his native country, with this all-important question ever on his heart; and God, Who had awakened this exercise in his soul, graciously led him to the place where the truth was preached, which he

eagerly listened to, and learnt to his great joy that the blessed Son of God, Israel's rejected Messiah, had bled and died upon the cross; there He once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God. He was the One spoken of by the prophet Isaiah, in chapter liii., Who "was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." He was the Holy Sufferer of Psalm xxii., Who cried amid the sufferings of Calvary, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Whose soul was made an offering for sin, Who bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors. The young Jew's doubts and fears were banished, *he had found at last the blood of atonement*, not in the blood of beasts, but *in the precious blood of Christ*. Have you, dear reader? E. E. NICHOLS.

**THE STORY OF PHILIP ROURKE,
AN IRISH LABOURER.**

A HUNDRED AND TWENTY ONE years ago, in the days of the well-known Gideon Ouseley and others, devoted servants of the Lord, a substantial farmer in Co. Tipperary, named Henry Slacke, had the above Philip Rourke in his employment as workman. Rourke was a bigoted Roman Catholic, and did all in his power to persuade his master, who himself had only recently been converted, to discontinue the Gospel preachings in his house. "Had not the

priest said, 'They were dragons in sheep's clothing?' " "No, Rourke," said his master, "you must not condemn people unheard." This made an impression on the spirit of the man, and although he could not come into the parlour to hear the preacher he said he would listen from the kitchen. After he heard he said, "It was all very good, but someone has been telling that preacher about me." He listened again and again from the kitchen door, till light penetrated his heart, and he became exceedingly troubled. He fled to the priest, made his "confession," stated his feelings, and admitted he had been to hear the preachers. "Did I not warn you against those fellows?" cried the priest. Severe penances were laid upon Rourke, but he only became more and more concerned about his soul. Finally the priest gave him "up to the enemy," and cautioned the people to have nothing to do with him.

In this wretched state of mind he was one day at the bog with other men "cutting turf," and when his fellow-labourers went to their dinner he thought he would just kneel down and tell the Lord all about it. And so he poured out his soul, confessed his drunkenness, his cursing and his fighting, and cried out in his native tongue: "Saor, A. Thighearna, A. Thighearna, Saor!" (Save, O Lord, O Lord, Save!)

His prayer was answered, the burden rolled away, and Philip Rourke, the erstwhile drunkard, blasphemer, and fighter, entered with joy into life everlasting. At the next preaching he publicly entered the parlour and confessed the

Lord Jesus before them all. He dismissed the priest, he was done with Popery for ever, and, though he suffered imprisonment for preaching in the open streets, he spoke to his dying day of the love of Jesus.

When old and feeble and on his dying bed his family thought to restore him to the “ true church,” and brought the priest to hear his “ last confession.” “ Sir,” said Philip, “ ‘ God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son ’ to die for me and for all mankind ; I believe that blessed promise, and when He is pleased to take me out of this world it will be to be with Himself for ever.” “ Well, Rourke,” said that priest, “ the confidence you have in your Saviour is the best you can have, and I will give orders that no one shall disturb you.” And so Philip Rourke passed into the presence of his Lord. That was in the year 1812. Reader, how is it with you to-day in 1933 ?

Exmouth.

J. W. McCLURE.

“ **THIS MAN.** ”

“ This Man, if He were a prophet.”—LUKE vii. 39.

“ This Man receiveth sinners.”—LUKE xv. 2.

“ This Man hath done nothing amiss.”—LUKE xxiii. 41.

IN these three Scriptures cited at the head of this paper, three definite principles come to light. In the first there is an *Insinuation*, in the second an *Accusation*, and in the third a glorious *Vindication*.

Simon the Pharisee said, “ This Man, if He were a prophet would have known,” etc. Now the fact

is, He fills perfectly at the moment the position of a prophet, for He unfolds in the hearing of a self-righteous Pharisee the mind of God for men. The mind of God as declared by the Lord Jesus in Luke vii. is, that there is forgiveness for every debtor, whether owing five hundred or fifty pence. The extent of the forgiveness is not measured by the amount of the debt, but by the heart of the One Who calculates the debt and at the same time bestows forgiveness, full and free.

Do you, dear reader, realize that you are a debtor to God, and moreover unable to meet a single claim were He to press one against you? The more deeply a person realizes the greatness of his debt, the greater will be his appreciation of the forgiveness that comes from the blessed God, and clears him of every charge that can be brought against him.

What a base accusation the Pharisees brought against the Lord, in that they confounded His sympathy *for* sinners as sympathy *with* sin! They accused Him of what was true then, and what is as true to-day. He receiveth sinners. As the Shepherd He went after the lost sheep until He found it. No matter how far you may have erred and gone astray, turning to your own way, the Shepherd has gone all the way seeking for the one who is lost. It is enough for you to own your lost and helpless condition, and simply allow the Shepherd to place you on His shoulders and carry you to His glory home, *saved for ever*.

Now think of this glorious vindication! Both thieves railed on this blessed Saviour, but conviction working in the heart of one enabled him

to confess as to the justness of his own sentence, and looking upon Jesus he exclaimed: “This Man hath done nothing amiss.” Again we say, what a GLORIOUS VINDICATION in the face of a hostile universe to be instantly answered by the words, “To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise!”

Are you, dear reader, prepared to condemn yourself and vindicate “*This Man*,” in the face of the whole universe, as having done nothing amiss? If you do so now God will justify your action and give you the assurance of a place with Himself for all eternity.

“How simple it is, then, to trust this risen Saviour,
That blessed Man Who conquered death and lives for
evermore.

What value in the precious blood,
Of Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
Opening the glory for ‘whosoever will.’”

ROBERT PYPER.

“HE CAME WHERE HE WAS.”

I JUDGE that most of my readers will know where these words occur. Luke’s Gospel is essentially the Gospel of *grace*. The scroll of the prophet Isaiah was handed to the Lord. It says, “He found the *place* where it was *written*” (chap. iv. 17). He knew it well. There were no chapters to divide the prophecy then. He stopped reading at the end of a particular sentence: one of the proofs of the perfection of Divine inspiration. The sentence following is, “The day of vengeance of our God.” *This* day

has not yet come. God has from the very beginning shown His love for man, but, alas! all through the ages man has turned away from God. This attitude still marks man to-day. Had not God in the magnitude and sovereignty of His love stepped in, not a soul could have been saved.

Luke x. gives us the touching incident of the good Samaritan; a lovely instance of matchless grace. "He came where he *was*." The priest and the Levite, attentive to their religion, were useless by their legality to go near. They passed by. "*But, a certain Samaritan.*" Here was One who could meet the man half dead in wondrous grace. The man wanted recovery. The One in Whom was *life* was there to relieve the situation. Personally I have an acute and blessed sense of the eternal value of these words, "He came where he *was*." Grace indeed has a charming sound, and nothing but grace could meet the poor man's needs.

I have again and again thought of a frightful happening at the Oaks Colliery in the North of England, which occurred many years ago. A terrible explosion took place in this mine, a large number perished, only ONE man being saved. This man, Sam Brown, was said to be the worst man in the village. A friend of mine visited him at his home and was used to bring him to Christ. When the man was asked how it was that he escaped he said, "The moment I heard the explosion, I fell upon my face and buried it in my flannel jacket. There I lay for some time. When I thought the worst had passed I staggered

to the bottom of the shaft, and rung the wire connected with the bell in the engine house." All above were alarmed, and wondered that any one could be alive below. A rescue party was formed and they descended the shaft. To their surprise on reaching the bottom, there stood Sam Brown in an upright position, motionless. Coming to where he was, a helpless man, they just lifted him into the cage, ascended the shaft, and conveyed him to his home. Slowly he recovered. This incident has often deeply impressed me when reading the story of the "good Samaritan."

"Down from the glory came God's blessed Son,
Lost ones to save, lost ones to save :
Went into death, and the victory won,
Triumphant rose from the grave,
Mighty to save ! Mighty to save !"

By and by the whole universe will reverberate with His praises. Reader, trust Him now ; say, "Jesus, I WILL trust Thee," all will then be well for *time* and *eternity*.

Malvern.

E. MAYO.

MERCY DESIRED, AND MERCY DEFIED.

"THE publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other (the Pharisee)" (Luke xviii. 13).

"In the days of Noah," also "in the days of Lot ; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded : but the

same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all " (Luke xvii. 26-29).

After the *defiance* of the long-suffering mercy which the Lord referred to in chapter xvii. we hear of God's answer to the convicted publican's *desire* for mercy in chapter xviii. These words are momentous ; and if our reader has never yet considered them to profit, it will be well to do so now. There will be a last warning ! The last Gospel message will be given ; and as sure as the time of your birth and the time of your death, *the last opportunity of blessing will come.*

It is said in history, that during the short occupancy by the French army of the city of Moscow, in 1812, a party of officers and soldiers determined to have a military levee, and chose for this purpose the deserted palace of a nobleman, in the vault of which a large quantity of gunpowder had some time before been deposited.

That night the city was set on fire. The females, who followed the fortunes of the French forces, were decorated for the occasion. During the dance the fire rapidly approached them. They saw it coming, but felt no fear ! Again and again they left their pleasure to watch the progress of the flames.

At length the fire, arriving at their own building, caused them to prepare for flight, when a young officer, named Carnot, exclaimed, " One dance more ; and *defiance to the flames !* "

All caught the enthusiasm ; the dance continued ; the magazine, unknown to them in the vault, exploded, and the dancers were hurried

into eternity! What an end to their defiant pleasure-loving!

What a contrast to the portion of true believers. But because they refuse the world's pleasures the devil would have onlookers to conclude that there is no *joy* in Christianity! But this is the opposite to the truth.

True lasting joy is found in Jesus, "Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God" (Heb. xii. 2).

Thence He has sent down the Holy Ghost, Who sheds abroad in the hearts of those who believe in Christ glorified, the love of God (Rom. v. 5).

May our readers be led to seek the Lord while He *may* be found, and to call upon Him while He is near; then, instead of eternal woe, joy eternal will be your portion in the presence of Jesus, and the Father Who sent Him. L. O. LABETT.

THAT WORD "THOU."

"IT was that word 'thou' that did it," said an interested man at the door of the hall, after listening to a Gospel address on the tenth chapter of Romans. He had been impressed and had taken the word home to himself.

Trusting that the seed sown would be fruitful in blessing, and for the glory of God, I would appeal now to my reader from the same Scripture.

The Apostle Paul was intensely earnest for the salvation of Israel, of whom he had been

speaking (verse 1). This was hindered by their not submitting themselves to the righteousness of God, and thus owning their sin and unbelief (verse 3). The apostle now turns to the individual (which includes both Jew and Gentile) and presses home the great truth of personal salvation. He urges you not to reason about it: but to accept the great truth that Christ had come down from above and had come up again from the dead, and that now God had brought the word nigh to us—to you—even to thy mouth and to thy heart; that is the word of *faith* which we preach (verse 8): “That if *thou* shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus (or Jesus as Lord) and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, *thou* shalt be saved” (verse 9).

The same apostle tells us in 1 Corinthians xv. 3, 4, that “Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures.”

Now, dear friend, what about you? Are you prepared to bow and worship as you thank God for His way of salvation, whilst owning your sin and need—so *perfectly proved*, and so *perfectly met* by Christ Who died and rose again?

Salvation is a very personal matter.

Thee, *thy* and THOU bring home to you the fact that God wants you to be saved, and surely you wish to be saved yourself. That word THOU is so important.

More than sixty years ago that ninth verse started me on my course as a Christian. First

by letter, then by mouth, I confessed Christ as my Saviour and Lord. Though often failing, I can indeed commend Christ to you as my own personal Saviour. He wants *now* to be yours, if never before. He is a *present, personal, perfect* and *precious* Saviour, and I urge you to accept Him *now* ere it be too late. Oh, friend, let that word *thou* bring it right home to you! “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved” (Acts xvi. 31).

“Hearken to the wondrous story—
 Jesus died and rose for *thee* ;
 God in heaven now waits to save *thee*,
 And believing *thou* art free.”

T. E. PURDOM.

“THE WAY.”

CONSEQUENT upon a soul's reception of the Gospel, God's desire is that such a one shall be found answering to the thoughts of God, and thus be found for His praise and glory in this world. Hence the Scriptures have a great deal to say as to “THE WAY.”

One blessed Person has trodden “the way” in perfection. He stands out alone and supreme in His glory as having answered to the whole pleasure of God. The heavens were opened upon Him, and God's Voice was heard declaring His full delight in Jesus, His well-beloved Son.

The Scriptures also bring before us the solemn fact that every other man has gone “OUT OF THE WAY” (see Rom. iii. 12). It is here, however, that God has stepped in in wondrous mercy,

and in the precious death and blood-shedding of Christ, God has established a platform whereon He can righteously bless men.

In the ninth of Acts, we find some spoken of as being "OF THE WAY." How did they come to be "of the way"? As a result of coming to Christ, and appreciating Him in connection with the need of their souls, and owning Him as Lord.

Then there is the holy privilege of being "IN THE WAY," and of continuing in it. Bartimæus is an example of one thus found. "He followed Jesus IN THE WAY."

"The way" leads to eternal glory, and is of the greatest moment to us now, in that even here upon earth it is open for us to be found for the pleasure and glory of God. Nothing could be more blessed than this! The desire of every true believer is that of the Psalmist of old who prayed to be led "IN THE WAY EVERLASTING."

But to be "in the way"—to be thus moving for God's pleasure, we must first of all be found amongst such as are "of the way," and this, we would repeat, is the blessed and alone result of coming to the Lord Jesus Christ, and knowing Him as our own personal Saviour and Lord.

W. B. HARRIS.

**"ALWAYS ABOUNDING IN THE WORK
OF THE LORD."**

ALL the powers of evil are arrayed¹ and combined to hinder the work of the Lord in His people, and to prevent perishing souls

around from hearing the glorious news of salvation. May we be greatly exercised as to why we are left here !

“ I want an even strong desire,
I want a calm, a fervent zeal,
To pull poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesu’s blood.

“ Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity Divine !
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine,
And lead them to thy open side,
The sheep for whom the Shepherd died.”

Communicated by M. H. HAUGHTON.

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY.

HAVE YOU MADE IT ?

“ **W**HAT is the greatest discovery you ever made ? ” asked a young man of the late Sir James Y. Simpson, the famous discoverer of chloroform as an anæsthetic. The learned scientist replied : “ The greatest discovery I ever made was that *I* was a great sinner, and that *Jesus Christ* was a great Saviour.”

This all-important discovery determines the eternal destiny of everyone, and thus far exceeds in importance every discovery made in connection with the things of this world.

Have you, dear reader, ever given this matter your serious attention ? There are many people who, in a general way, admit that they are sinners ; but, as all men are sinners, they

content themselves that they are as good as their neighbours. But this is a very mistaken view of their position, and as dangerous as it is deceptive.

The person referred to above discovered *in reality* that he was a lost and ruined sinner in the sight of God, and he found that God had provided a Saviour, in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, *fully competent and willing* to meet the need of his never-dying soul. To him, Jesus was not only a Saviour historically, but *his personally*.

The mere formal assent to the fact that all men are sinners, exempts no one from his or her responsibility towards a righteous God. The soul must own himself a sinner, helpless in himself to retrieve his position, and accept the Saviour of God's providing, as the alone One able to meet the situation. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His Only-Begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). What matchless love towards those who merited nothing but judgment!

How blessed the portion of all who have made the same blessed discovery as the above-named physician!

May you, dear reader, be led to own your true condition as a sinner in the sight of God, and trust the Lord Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour! You will discover His grace far exceeds all you could ever have conceived, and, though your guilt be great, it is His prerogative to pardon and that abundantly.

A. E. BIRD.

The Joyful Message

MAN'S WORLD AND ITS DOOM.

THERE never was a time when the need was felt for a man to deal with the serious world situation more than at the present moment. Everything that the wit and wisdom of man can devise has been tried to avert the threatened disaster, but it has failed, and the world is faced with the greatest crisis in its history. It has become like another Tower of Babel, which men have built for their own glory and aggrandisement; it has grown larger and larger, until it has become a colossal structure, which its foundations are unable to bear the weight of, and eventually it will bring about its own destruction. Ugly cracks are here and there appearing, warning the serious-minded that the gigantic structure will ere long totter and fall, burying its builders and inhabitants in wholesale destruction. What is to be done? Men are at their wits' end; it is their world and not God's, and since "God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved" (John iii. 17), and they refused and rejected Him, nailing Him to a cross, they must suffer the consequence of that rejection. Had Christ been received He would have put the world right. All those wonderful miracles He performed were proofs of the power

He possessed to set man free from every form of Satan's power, and deliver him from that terrible bondage he was lying under. God has a perfect answer in Christ to all the difficulties and problems with which the world is confronted, which they are powerless to grapple with. He is "the power of God, and the wisdom of God" (1 Cor. i. 24). But who wants Him? "Ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you," was Peter's charge against Israel, in Acts iii. Is it therefore to be wondered at that having rejected Him the world finds itself faced with the terrible consequences of its folly, and in its helplessness cries out for "a man" to save it?

The rejection of Christ has not changed or altered God's purpose concerning Him. "He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man Whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead" (Acts xvii. 31). "For He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet" (1 Cor. xv. 25). He is soon coming to take His great power and reign. "Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him" (Rev. i. 7). Then, in despair, men will say, "to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" (Rev. vi. 16-17.)

A man will shortly appear upon the scene, whom Satan will introduce as the answer to the world's cry of despair. He will be his direct instrument to dupe and deceive mankind. Revelation xiii. 2 speaks of the terrible power which will arise, after the Lord Jesus Christ has come and removed all His blood-bought people to heaven, "and the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority." He will be welcomed by all classes as the man to put things right; he will rule with an iron hand: all will be compelled to receive a mark in their right hand or forehead, to enable them to buy or sell, and to an image of this terrible being everyone will be compelled to bow, under pain of death if they refuse.

Only when it is too late will men discover their mistake in rallying around this blasphemous, God-hating man. God will deal with him after a few years of rule, and he, with all his followers, will be cast into the lake of fire, with the devil that deceived them! (see Revelation xix. 20; xx. 10.)

Oh, sinner, we entreat you, turn to God,
And seek the shelter of Christ's precious blood;
'Tis still the day of grace, salvation's free,
And God is freely offering it to thee.
Do not delay, the door is open wide,
Come in your guilt, you will not be denied;
"Christ died for sinners," is the saying true,
In Him is blessing, e'en for such as you.
The day of grace will soon its course have run,
The awful night of judgment then begun
Will seal the doom of those who Christ refuse,
And in His place, "the man" of this world choose.

E. E. NICHOLS.

**GOOD NEWS FOR THOSE
"DOWN AND OUT."**

(ACTS iii.)

PERHAPS there was never a time in the history of this world when there were so many people who, in the sad phrase current among men, are "down and out." From one cause or another these have come to the end of their resources, and are dependent for bare life on resources provided for them by other people. It is deeply distressing that so many of our fellow creatures should be in such a plight, and that one can do so little to ameliorate it. But if it be sad to contemplate such misery, what is it to the condition spiritually in which vast numbers of poor and well-to-do people alike are found as "down and out" as regards God. God is not in all their thoughts; and if any think of Him at all, it is often to complain of their circumstances, and to throw the blame upon One Whom they know not for the pressure in which they find themselves.

It is to speak of Him and of His readiness to convert those "down and out" into "up and in" (if one may reverently use such an expression) that the Scripture above is turned to, in which a man lame from birth, laid as a poor beggar daily at the gate of the Temple to ask alms, found in the power of the Name of Jesus Christ the Nazarene not only healing but salvation, so that it is written of him that he, leaping *up*, stood and walked, and entered with them

(Peter and John) *into* the Temple, "walking and leaping and praising God." Here, indeed, was an "up and in." But how had it come to pass? Two poor men, having no silver or gold, but whose very faces shone with the light of the love of God, had come along just at the hour of prayer, and were looked to for alms, of which they had none, but after charging the poor man to "look on us," told him in the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth to rise up and walk. And Peter took him by the right hand and lifted him up. And so, walking and leaping and praising God, he joined the company of those *within* who knew the Saviour God revealed in Jesus Christ.

This incident was then made the basis of a testimony rendered to a crowd of wonderers at what had come to pass—that through the same Name repentance and remission of sins was to be had by all who believed. And this testimony is rendered still. Why, then, should not readers of this paper, if they have not already done so, pass in that blessed Name, out of the class of those at a distance from God, into companionship with such as have been lifted out of sin and misery into a nearness to Him which is only measured by the nearness of the Lord Jesus Himself?

This may seem to some altogether too wonderful or too bold to be believed, but let us hear what He said Himself when unfolding in a parable the activity of God in grace to men. I refer particularly to the finish of it in Luke xv., in the history of what is called the prodigal son. If ever there was a case, both as regards God and

men, of one "down and out" here was one, and hopelessly so to the eye of man; but not so in the eye of God, Who would make use of the utter misery of the man to awaken in him a sense that there was plenty and to spare in his Father's house, while he was perishing for hunger among swine. He had "come to himself" in this true thought of God, and he resolved to *arise* and go to his father, and make full confession of what a sinner he had been, and would ask for a place with the hired servants. Little did he know what a heart his father had, and that amid all his moral degradation he had been watching for him all the time; thus it was that, when he arose and went to his father, the latter saw him at a great distance, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him. This was wonderful grace indeed, but the prelude to still greater wonders, on the poor returned wanderer making full confession of his sins, but saying nothing of a place among his father's servants. It was to these the father said, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it; and let us eat and be merry: for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost, but is found. And they began to be merry."

To think that all this is to let us know what a God God is, and that He would find His happiness in making such as had been afar off near to Himself in the fitness of the best robe, namely Christ, with the testimony of the love of God (the ring) and the sense of sonship (shoes) in the power of the Holy Spirit! The Godhead is seen

in the activity of over-abounding grace concerned in bringing a "down and out" to a position of "up and in," beyond all human thought.

May the readers of these few lines be moved to learn what is yet available for them in the Name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, not only to lift them up from lawlessness to righteousness, but to bring them into blessing such as a Saviour God alone could think of ! D. L. HIGGINS.

DOING OR DONE, WHICH ?

A QUESTION of great moment, which every one must face sooner or later. The Gospel of God is *concerning* His Son Jesus Christ our Lord (Rom. i. 3).

Thousands to-day are making a serious mistake through failing to view the subject from God's side *first*. *Our* doing is marked by nailing the Son of God to the Cross. Our only commendation to God is that we are *sinner*s. But, blessed be God, His overwhelming love, springing spontaneously from His great heart, has met the whole question. He gave His beloved Son, Who suffered the **JUST** for the **UNJUST**, to bring us to God. All the great eternal blessings of God have been secured entirely outside of us unconditionally. All *we* have to do is to *believe* the fact and *receive*.

One of the many surprises I have had as the years have come and gone is to see how few comparatively amid the wide profession of Christendom have had opened eyes to perceive

the simple features of the wondrous system of grace which centres in the Person of Christ. I would that Hebrews x. 9 were clearly understood by multitudes! What marvellous deliverances would take place! What exultant joys would be experienced! These are the words: "He taketh away the *first*, that He may establish the *second*." The *first* was the law, the God-given arrangements for *doing*, which utterly broke down. The *second*, the present *faith* system, which directs to Christ. This system called Christianity brings to the believer present forgiveness, reconciliation, rest of heart, a cleared conscience of sins, perfect satisfaction, and never-ending joy. Is it not remarkable that with open Bibles and in the full blaze of Gospel testimony so many fail to discriminate between the *first* and the *second*? The first is essentially **DO**. The second is emphatically **DONE**. Had any work on the sinner's part been demanded by God for his salvation, the advent and atoning death of Jesus were unnecessary.

If God held thousands to their word, "Lord, incline our hearts to keep this law," they would be for ever condemned. Is that true? It is indeed. The word says, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in ALL things which are written in the law to do them." Christianity is take, accept, believe, trust. All the **DOING** was *done* by Jesus at Calvary, and when He said "IT IS FINISHED," the veil could be rent from top to bottom. God could then come out in fullest world-wide flowing love, and the believer go in to welcoming joy. Reader, where are you?

Have you believed it? If not, oh, do so this moment!

I will now in conclusion record an incident that may help. Alice was the only child of very rich parents who idolized her. She never knew the meaning of a wish ungratified. But an unexpected visitor arrived, a hectic flush suffused her face, and soon it was perceived that the seeds of consumption had been laid. Alice sank by degrees. How sad it was to leave her loving friends and to go—*where*, WHERE? So she sent for the High Church clergyman. He came and intoned the service for the sick, and, having received her confession, he administered the Sacrament and pronounced her a good child of the Church.

But was Alice satisfied? No, no. “*Father!*” she said, “I am going to die: where am I going?”

The father gave no reply.

“Mother, darling, can you tell me what I am to do to get to heaven?”

No reply, save tears.

Alice said, “I’m *lost*, LOST! Is there any one who can tell me what I must DO to be saved?”

At length father spoke. “My child, you have been a dutiful daughter. You have *regularly* attended the parish Church! You are *all right*.”

“Alas! father, I feel that is not enough. Oh, the blackness of darkness!”

Alice was attended by a little maid, who was accustomed to go to a meeting in the village, where the simple Gospel was preached, and she longed to tell her mistress that she might (like

Naaman) “*wash and be clean.*” At last she took courage and told her mistress of a preacher in the village who would speak to her.

“Oh, that I could see him,” exclaimed the dying girl! The preacher came, and Alice, raising herself, said, “Can you tell me what I must DO to obtain rest for my soul?”

“I fear I cannot,” said he.

Alice fell back. “Alas! and is it so? Is there *no hope?*”

“Stay!” said the preacher. “Though I cannot *tell* you what *you can do* to be saved, I *can* tell you of what has been DONE *for* you. Jesus has completely finished the work by which *lost and helpless* sinners may be *righteously* saved. He shed His precious blood on Calvary’s cross that sinners might be forgiven. *Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou *shalt* be saved.”

“And have I *nothing* to do?”

“Nothing but *believe*. BELIEVING, not doing, is God’s way.”

The awakened girl listened with breathless interest. She *received* the Word of God. Her face was lit up with heaven’s sunlight. Looking upward, she exclaimed, “OH, WHAT LOVE!” In a few days she departed to be with Christ.

“Nothing either *great*, or *small*,
Nothing, sinner, no,
 Jesus *did* it, did it *all*,
 Long, long ago.

“Cast your deadly *doings* down,
 Down at Jesus’ feet,
 Stand in HIM, in HIM alone,
 Gloriously *complete!*”

A REPRIEVE, OR A PARDON.

THE scene is a British Court of Justice at the close of the trial of a prisoner for a serious crime; the jury declare him guilty but recommend him to mercy, as there has been something, however little, that appeared in his favour. Justice must, however, take its course, and the Judge, amidst a tense silence, dons the black cap, and in solemn tones pronounces

SENTENCE OF DEATH.

The recommendation of the jury in course of time reaches the Home Secretary; and in view of all the circumstances he advises the Sovereign to exercise his prerogative of mercy. The guilty man is reprieved, his sentence is commuted to a long period of imprisonment; and in this manner the justice of mankind is tempered with mercy.

There is much in the above picture that resembles the sinner in his relations toward God; as also there are other details that stand in vivid contrast. Have you, dear reader, considered your own position at this present moment as before God?

We would ask you in all solemnity if you are aware that

YOU HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Your trial has taken place, there has not been found one extenuating circumstance in your favour; you have been found **GUILTY**, and God Himself has passed the dread sentence of death upon you. No sinner can escape it; for "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23).

Romans iii. 23 tells us that "ALL have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Verse 19 of the same chapter shows that ALL the world has become guilty before (or under judgment to) God. It is clear, therefore, that YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY.

Romans v. 12 tells us further that, "as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, so death passed upon ALL men, for that ALL have sinned." It is clear, then, that YOU have not only been found guilty, but HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH.

God, however, Who as a righteous God could do no other than pass the sentence on you, is also full of compassion, and has intervened to save you from death, and, indeed, all the consequences of your sin. He is a God Who delights in mercy, and not only proposes to deliver you from death, but to bring you into liberty and life.

A reprieve is not offered you as in the incident referred to, and a resultant revision of the sentence; but a full and free pardon, and this in spite of the fact that you deserve nothing. Yet the claims of justice have not been set aside, for Jesus, the holy Son of God, took the guilty sinner's place, and Himself bore the judgment that you might go free. He has endured to the uttermost the penalty you incurred; the sentence on you has been taken, and the judgment exhausted by Him, and now, as risen and glorified, God sets Him forth as Saviour for every sinner who will trust in Him.

And this is not all, for God is a God Who delights in giving. He not only delivers the

believer on Jesus from the fear and power of death, but brings such an one into a sphere of life where His love is enjoyed, and into which death can never penetrate.

We must nevertheless warn you that if you pass by the extended mercy of God, available for you now by trusting in Christ, the sentence of death passed on you (but now suspended while God waits on you in longsuffering grace) will be surely carried out; and your portion will be eternal banishment from the God Who has moved so blessedly towards you in grace. Now, then, is your opportunity. God is still acting in mercy; and you may pass out of death into life at this very moment if you will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

P. A. FARRANT.

WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT?

WHAT an oft-repeated question in this day of universal unrest! On an ever-increasing scale serious tidings reach us of disturbances, wars, financial crises, disasters in the air, on land and sea, and calamities of all kinds, and from the lips of many an anxious inquirer we hear: "What is going to happen *next*?"

The truth of the Scripture which speaks of "men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth" (Luke xxi.), is already being proved in no uncertain matter. The hopes of those who anticipated better times are, to say the least, sadly shaken.

Alas! the world is reaping the solemn fruits of its rejection and crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ, and everything points to His near return to take His people to be with Himself for ever. This is what every true believer is looking forward to *next*! In the interval God is taking out of the world a people for His Name.

God is speaking very loudly to His creatures through all that is happening at the present time. Oh! that many may take serious heed thereto. Will *you*, dear reader?

How blessed to belong to that wondrous company of the redeemed who will extol the Lamb for ever and ever! To take sides with Christ *now* is the only way of escape from God's righteous judgment which is soon to be poured out in all its fury upon this Christ-rejecting world. Repentance and remission of sins is now proclaimed in His Name to "whosoever will." Oh! hearken to the glorious message, and flee at once to Christ for refuge; then, *whatever happens next*, you will be safely sheltered in the "*Rock of Ages!*"

A. E. BIRD.

"ONE THING THOU LACKEST."

(MATTHEW XIX. 20 ; MARK X. 21 ; LUKE XVIII. 22.)

PEOPLE have come together in crowds—thousands of them—to celebrate the unveiling of a stately monument reared to perpetuate the memory and good deeds of a deceased benefactor and philanthropist.

Everything goes off with *éclat*. The weather

is perfect. The music is invigorating. The speeches are eulogistic and eloquent. Few in that brilliant assembly, studded by nobility and talent and learning, but what predict a life of centuries for the magnificent memorial erected.

But the proceedings terminate, the people disperse, night falls. Then at dead of night a tremendous storm comes, and in the morning light the monument cannot be seen! It is wrecked—smashed to pieces. People inquire and inquire, What was the cause? What could have happened? What vandal hand has brought about the ruin of this, the city's pride?

It lacked *one thing*. Everything it had, but *one thing* it lacked, and that *one thing* lacking was a fatal lack. By some unaccountable oversight *the lightning conductor* had not been put on its summit, and the dread electric fluid had done its work of destruction in a flash.

Now, look at that professed Christian! Apparently he has done everything needful for God and heaven. But has he Christ as the great Protective against eternal ruin? He prays, works, worships, most orthodoxly. His belief, his creed, his rubric he knows by heart. Good! But is his Christianity, *per se*, simply a code of morals, a system of ethics, a religion of forms and genuflexions? Is it a bundle of doctrines, or has he savingly appropriated Christ as his personal Saviour?

“ What lack I yet? ” cried the rich young ruler. “ All these things have I kept from my youth up, what lack I yet? ” So says many a religionist now: “ I read my Bible, say my

prayers, pay my way, attend my Church, I have been baptized, confirmed, and am a communicant at the Sacramental table; and yet I feel in my heart of hearts that I am not fit for the presence of a holy God. I have no joy, no confidence, no expectation of future bliss—what lack I yet?”

“Jesus, beholding him, *loved him*, and said, One thing thou lackest.” And what was that? It was LOVE—the love of Jesus begetting love to Jesus! If the young man had not closed his heart to that love, if he had opened it and let its glad, warm, gracious beams flood his heart, how readily would he have sacrificed his “great possessions,” to which he had clung, and have taken up his cross and followed the Lord!

Friend, we ask not, To what creed do you subscribe, but we do ask, Has the love of Jesus so won your heart that you have accepted Him before everything and everybody else?

Delay not in replying. Your day of grace is waning, “for the day goeth away, for the shadows of the evening are stretched out” (Jer. vi. 4). The distant thunders are muttering. The distant lightnings are glimmering. The distant storm is nearing which must wreck every monument of man-made goodness and piety, however costly and fair, which has not the divinely provided lightning conductor to ward off divine judgment.

Delay not, then, but in the light of God search your soul and see if Christ is yours, as an accepted and only Saviour, from the bolts of wrath that will soon descend upon this Christ-rejecting world!

S. J. B. CARTER.

The Joyful Message

A SOLEMN END TO TRIFLING.

IN the year 1814 the late Mr. and Mrs. Foster, who were lost in the *Rothsay Castle* steamer in 1831, were acquainted with three sisters residing in London, two of whom were very *serious*, retiring women, and the third, just as *gay* and *volatile*. They were all elderly, which rendered the gaiety of the third less becoming, and also inclined her the more easily to take offence at any remarks made upon it. She hated the piety of her sisters and opposed it in many petty spiteful ways, though they endeavoured sedulously to accommodate themselves to her wishes, and to render the difference of their opinions as little disagreeable as possible.

One night, toward the close of the year 1814, she had been out at an assembly very late, and the next morning at breakfast she was so remarkably different from her usual manner that her sisters feared she was either unwell or had met with some misfortune that had affected her deeply. Instead of her usual incessant chatter about every person she had met, everything they wore, had said and done, she sat silent, sullen, and absorbed. The gloom upon her brow was a mixture of temper and distress, which seemed to indicate a fixed resolution, formed upon

circumstances disagreeable to her ; as if she was determined to pursue her own will though it should lead her into trouble, rather than the course she knew to be right, but which would reduce her to submit to the control of another. As she ate nothing her sisters asked her if she were unwell. "No." What was the matter? "Nothing." Had anything distressed her? She had no idea of people prying into what did not concern them.

The whole of the morning she spent in her room, and at dinner the same scene as in the morning recurred. She ate little, never spoke, but to answer unwillingly and with an appearance of depression and melancholy that spread their influence very powerfully over the cheerfulness of her companions. She retired to rest late, and with the spirit of one that expects from sleep neither alleviation nor refreshment.

The next morning she again scarcely tasted breakfast and seemed in the same distressed uncomfortable state as on the preceding day. Her sisters again renewed their inquiries.

She said, "I am well and nothing pains me."

"Then you have something on your mind, why will you not tell us? Do we not love you? Have we not the same earthly interests as you? Can we seek any good but yours in our anxious wish to share your sorrow?"

"Oh! you have superstitions enough of your own without mine being added. I shall not tell you what ails me, so you have no occasion to rack your curiosity. I dare say you would think it some spiritual triumph, but I laugh at such

things. I am not quite old enough yet to be the victim of dreams and visions.”

“ We do not live in dreams and visions, Anne.”

“ No, I do not intend you shall.”

The sisters looked at each other and remained silent.

The second day passed as the first. Anne was gloomy and moody, and her sisters, both from pity and anxiety, were unhappy.

The third day she again entered upon as one who loathes the light, who has no object in living, and to whom the lapse of time in the prospect of futurity brings neither comfort nor hope.

As her sisters looked on her one of them suddenly said: “ Anne, what was your dream ? ”

“ Ah ! what was it ? you would give the world to know, but I shall not tell you. I thought you did not believe in dreams.”

“ Neither do we in general, yet there is no doubt some dreams are no more sent in vain than any other affliction or warning. There is a verse in Scripture which mentions *God* as speaking in the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men.

She laughed again. “ You have a verse in the Bible for everything that suits you ; but I do not choose to be warned in such a manner, and there is no doubt I shall get it out of my head in a day or two.”

“ Anne, we do beseech you to tell us ; if you really have had a dream from *Heaven* you surely would not wish to forget it, and if not, we will help you to laugh it off.”

“ Well, if I must tell you, I must. No doubt

it was very extraordinary and very frightful. I should have thought it the effects of the Ball, but that I never saw anything anywhere in the least like it. I thought I was walking in the wide street of a large city. Many people were walking there besides myself, but there was something in their air which immediately struck me. They seemed thoughtful and cheerful, neither occupied with business nor with pleasure, but having about them such a dignity of repose, such high and settled purpose, such grace and purity as never were stamped upon mortal brow. The light of the city was also strange—it was not the sun, for there was nothing to dazzle; it was not the moon, for all was clear; it seemed an atmosphere of light, calm, lovely and changeless! The buildings seemed all palaces, but not like palaces on earth; the pavements were all alike of gold, bright and shining, clear as glass; the large and glittering windows seemed like divided rainbows and were made to give and transmit none but the rays of gladness. It was indeed a palace to which hope may bend and wherein charity may dwell. I could not help exclaiming, as I walked along, ‘These are the habitations of righteousness and truth.’ All was beautiful and perfect. I could not tell what was wanting to make me wish for an eternity in such a place, and yet its very purity oppressed me. I saw nothing congenial, though looks of kindness met me in every face of that happy throng. I felt nothing responsive; I returned in silence their friendly greetings, and walked alone, oppressed and sad. I saw that all went one way and

I followed, wondering the reason. At length I saw them approach a building much larger and finer than the rest. I saw them ascend its massive steps and enter beneath its ample porch, but I felt no desire to go with them farther than to the foot of the steps. I approached from curiosity and saw persons enter who were dressed in every varied costume of the nations, but they disappeared within the porch and then crossed the hall in white. Oh! that I could describe that hall to you! It was not marble, it was not crystal, it was not gold; but light, pure light, consolidated into form. It was the moon without the coolness, it was the sun without its dazzling ray; and within was a staircase mounting upward, all of light, and I saw it touched by the snowy feet and white and spotless garments of those who ascended. It was indeed passing fair; but it made me shudder and I turned away. As I turned away I saw on the lower step one looking at me with an interest so intense and a manner so anxious that I stopped to hear what he had to say.

“He asked me, in a voice like liquid music, ‘Why do you turn away? Is there peace elsewhere? Is there pleasure in the works of darkness?’”

“I stood in silence; he pressed me to enter, but I neither answered nor moved. Suddenly he disappeared and another took his place. With the same look and manner I wished to avoid him, but I seemed riveted to the spot. ‘Art thou come so far?’ he said, ‘And wilt thou lose thy labour? Put off thine own

garments and take the white livery here.' He pleaded with me until I got weary and angry, and I said: 'I will not enter, I do not like your livery and am oppressed by your whiteness' He sighed and was gone.

"Many passed by me with looks of mingled kindness and pity, and pressed me to follow on with them, and offered me a hand up the steps which led to their mysterious change; but I rejected them and stood melancholy and distressed.

"At length, one bright young messenger came up to me and entreated me to enter with a voice and manner which I could not resist. 'Do not turn away,' he said, 'Where can'st thou go? Do not linger, for why should'st thou weary thyself for naught? Enter thou and taste of happiness. Do not all tribes and colours press into the hall? Are they not clothed, washed and comforted?' He gave me his hand and I entered the hall along with him. Here I was sprinkled with pure water, and a garment of pure white was put upon me and, I know not how, but I mounted the white staircase with my happy guide. Oh, what a light burst upon me when I reached its summit; mortal words cannot describe it, nor mortal fancy conceive it! Where are the living sapphires, where are the glittering stars that are like the bright radiance on which I stood; where are the forms, either, or the looks of love that breathed in the innumerable company that moved around me? I sat down overpowered and wretched. I crept into a corner and tried to hide myself, for I felt that I had

nothing in unison with the blessed creatures of such a place. They were moving in a dance to the music to the harmony of songs that never fell upon mortal ears. My guide joined in raptures, and I was left alone. I saw the tall forms, all fair and brilliant in their ineffable felicity, their songs and looks of gratitude forming the circumstances and differences of each.

“At length, I saw one taller than the rest, every way more fair, more awful, surpassing thought; and to Him every eye was turned. In His face every face was brightened. The songs and the dance were to His honour, and all seemed to drink from Him their life and joy.

“As I gazed in speechless and trembling amazement, one who saw me left the company and came where I stood. ‘Why,’ he asked, ‘Art thou silent? Come quickly and unite in the dance, and join in the song.’ I felt angry in my heart and answered with sharpness—‘I will not join in your song, for I know not the strain; I will not unite in your dance, for I know not the measure.’ He sighed, and, with a look of surprising and humiliating pity, returned to his place.

“About a minute after, another came and addressed me as he had done, and with the same temper I answered him in the same words. He seemed as if he could have resigned his own dazzling glory to have changed me. If *Heaven* knows anguish he seemed to feel it; but he left me and returned. What could it be that put such tempers into my heart?

“ Finally, the Lord of the glorious company of these living forms of light and beauty, saw me and came where I stood ; I thrilled in every pulse with awe ; I felt my blood curdle and the flesh upon me trembled ; my heart grew hardened and my voice was bold. He spoke, and deep-toned music seemed to issue from His lips. ‘ Why sittest thou so still when all around thee are glad ? Come, join in the dance, for I have triumphed ; come, join in the song, for now My people reign.’ Love, ineffable, unutterable, beamed upon me as though it would have melted a heart of stone, but I melted not. I gazed on instead and then said, ‘ I will not join in the song, for I know not the strain ; I will not join in the dance for I know not the measure.’ Creation would have fled at the change of His countenance, His glance was lightning and, in a voice louder than ten thousand thunders, he said, ‘ Then *what doest thou here ?*’ The floor beneath me opened ; the earth quaked, and the whirlwind encompassed me, and I sank into tormenting flames. With the fright I awoke.”

There was silence for a time, for the sisters were struck with awe ; they considered the dream, the deep impression it had made.

“ Anne,” they said, “ we cannot wish you to forget this dream, we surely believe it is from God ; your description of the Holy City is much the same as we find it in the Bible. The City hath no need of the sun nor of the moon to lighten it, for the temple of God is there and the Lamb is the light thereof. All who enter there must put off their own garments—that is, their own

righteousness and must be clothed with linen, clean and white, even the righteousness of the saints, and their righteousness is of Me, saith the Lord. Those who walk in the heavenly temple have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Wisdom waits daily on the steps to call the sons of men into that temple; and the people of God try to persuade their fellows to tread in their steps. Oh, dear sister, you know something of the way, do hearken to the faithful warning; join us and walk in the path that leads to heaven!"

Anne's brow again darkened and she answered, "I will do as I please; I do not intend you to preach to me."

She continued in this melancholy state until the end of the week and was found in her own room a corpse. No one knew the cause of her death; she died without disease and without change.

Communicated by E. MAYO.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

ONE of the most striking features with which a visitor to Italy is confronted is the general adaptation of the names of saints, angels and divine attributes as street names, such as Via. San Pietro, Via. S. Lorenzo, etc.

Some time ago I was standing at the corner of a large building in Turin, watching the constant stream of traffic as it passed through the bars of

purple shadow and golden light. Being somewhat obsessed with the picturesque display of colour and animation before me, I was rather taken off my guard when a woman of the working class anxiously asked me: "Per piacere, dov'è la Via della Grazia?" Assuring her that I could not tell her, being a "forestiero," I saw her disappear in the shadow, before I realized that I had lost an opportunity of telling her something of the "Way of Grace"—not the street of that name, but *God's* way. But, as my mind had been occupied with the picture of men and traffic passing continually, I was not ready to give the "word in season."

"La Via della Grazia" has a melodious sound in the poetic language of Italy—Grace Street simply in ours. The way of Grace and an anxious woman asking where it was! What multitudes are passing in and out of the lights and shadows of life in search for satisfaction, thoughtless of the end, heedless of the eternal future and indifferent about their soul's salvation! It would be better a thousand times, were they anxiously to inquire: "Can you direct me to the way of grace?"

Amid the multitudinous labyrinths in which many are wandering, the endless chaos of human affairs, and the confusion of man's thoughts, the way of grace—*God's* way—stands out as clearly marked as ever. He will never allow it to be obliterated in the mud trampled ways of men. Man has his ways of religion, of philosophy and theosophy, his ways of philanthropy and good living, of education and self-improvement, of

good works and high thoughts, with great guide-posts to mark each one of them. How many proclaim that all ways lead to heaven, so that it does not matter which route you take!

But the voice of Christ rings out high above all this deceit and confusion of Satan; there is no equivocation about it, no doubt, nor misleading. He cries: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."

Peter thought that Moses and Elias were such remarkable men that they could be put on a level with Jesus, but God declares, "This is My beloved Son, hear Him."

Later on Peter preaches with that fine vigour of his, that "there is none other name under heaven given amongst men whereby we must be saved."

Leave Christ out and all ways are futile. The young woman preacher at Philippi had a most seductive sermon which sounded well. "These be the servants of the Most High God which show unto us the way of salvation." How near the truth and yet how great a lie; very plausible, yet so deceptive! She left Christ out entirely, so there was no way; she made no reference to His name, so there was no salvation. She said nothing about a Saviour God and so preached no gospel. It was very religious and sweet sounding, but the whole thing was only the whispering seduction of Satan.

In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried saying: "If any man thirst let him come unto *Me* and drink." This is a fine picture of the tender feelings of Jesus as

He watched the thousands of disappointed souls leaving the feast with empty hearts, disillusioned, sad and thirsty.

The voice of Jesus calls out still to those who are disappointed, "Come." He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

To those who are anxiously inquiring a way out of all the confusion of this world, even in the religious world, He says: "I am the Door: by Me if any man shall enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." To those who labour and are heavy laden He says, "Come"; and soon He will call all His own to be with Himself for ever.

H. R. WILKINSON.

A TROPHY OF GRACE.

A GRACEFUL ship is gliding out with fair wind on an ocean voyage, and sunlit wavelets spread like a sea carpet before it.

A storm, gradually gathering, increases in violence till, stripped of masts and beauty, the fair vessel is at the mercy of the elements.

The storm is over, and, almost a derelict, she is towed into a secure harbour, under sunny skies and upon smooth waters, by a powerful tug.

Such are the scenes that arise in the writer's mind when thinking of Will —. Handsome, genial, and amiable, his character ensured him many friends, amongst whom some envied his share of natural comeliness. Nor in his youth had there been any lack on the part of parents and teachers in displaying before him the durable

riches of wisdom, faith in Christ, and the eternal joys of salvation.

But the world, with her siren voice, spoke also of stolen sweetness, of pleasure apart from God, and sought to allure him from the way of peace. Against her flattering voice the wise man warns the simple, for her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death; yea, the simple "knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell" (Prov. ix. 18).

But the voice of wisdom ceases not: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"; "Hear instruction, and be wise." Well had it been for Will — had he listened to that kindly voice.

A sea-faring life was the one marked out for him, and, amidst companions who bore him no true friendship, enjoying only his geniality and easy manners, he gradually declined from the effects of that godly instruction which had been instilled into him by parent and teacher.

At home his widowed mother nightly and daily prayed for her darling boy at sea, and who can say how much he was preserved by the all-powerful hand of a prayer-answering God?

The world may lay its charms, careless companions may seek to banish the voice of conscience, yea, conscience itself may become hardened by the deceitfulness of sin, but the sinner on his road to hell is broken in upon by the God who hears and answers prayer.

Thus, like the ship in which he sailed, often swayed by a turbulent sea, Will — knew no rest.

From the laugh, the joke, and the occasional

drink, he sank in self-respect, till what was casual became habitual, and told on his none too strong constitution.

At last a doctor who attended him, after placing him in hospital for a time, recommended him to go home and be nursed, as being beyond his skill.

Ah, the ways of God are marvellous, and reflect His love and glory! God speaks once, yea twice, even by strong pain upon the bed, to dissuade man from his purpose. He speaks with eternity in full view. Oh, the triumphs of grace! To the helpless sinner, brought low where no human power can avail, the boundless loving mercy of a watchful God is offered through Christ. Far better the sure eternal pleasures of God's presence than the longest lifetime of sinful pleasures that yield husks, and canker, and grief.

God graciously heard the widow's cry, and brought her only son home to her, that she might hear from his own lips that for which she had prayed.

Loving Christian friends frequently visited him, and great was their joy to find him willing to listen to God's Word and to regard the overtures of the Saviour's love. Soon he was rejoicing in Christ as his Saviour, and longing to be with Him.

During the later days of his life, joy and peace filled his soul; and the writer saw his emaciated face, even in death, lit by a radiance that seemed to triumph over all that had sought to destroy his faith in Christ.

God's only begotten Son, the only Saviour, the Conqueror of Satan, and the Vanquisher of death, was before him, and His power delivered him from all that would have deceived and dragged the soul into eternal perdition.

I saw his face when Satan's art
And sin's enchantments had their day,
And fell disease had done its part—
But had to stay.

I saw his face when Death's cold hand
Had drawn the gates of life aside,
And ushered him to heaven's bright land
There to abide.

I saw his face with radiance bright,
As though a gleam from Jesus' face
Had set his features with its light.
Triumphant grace!

L. O. LABETT.

“ **AND EDITH WITH THEM.** ”

IT was in the North of England, some time ago that a lady went one Sunday evening to a Gospel preaching and took her young daughter, whose name was Edith, with her.

The preacher read from Luke xv., and dwelt particularly on the second verse: “ *This Man receiveth sinners and eateth with them.* ”

After the preaching was over, Edith and her mother started for home. The meeting and the words of the preacher had evidently made a real impression on the mind and heart of Edith, for as mother and daughter were walking home

together the girl turned to her mother and said, "Mother, the preacher mentioned my name to-night."

"Did he, dear, and what was it he said?"

"O mother, he said: 'This Man receiveth sinners and EDITH with them!'"

If the dear child had mistaken the word, she had grasped the blessed fact that, if Jesus receiveth sinners, she was included with them. **AND EDITH WITH THEM.**

What a good thing it is to take the Gospel home to the heart in this definite and personal manner, feeling the word has come directly from the heart of God to my poor, sinful heart, and that Jesus has received me! Your name may not be *Edith*, but, whatever your name is, the same good news is for you personally. God knows your name and all about you, yet, notwithstanding all this, Jesus is waiting to receive you. Those who have come to Him can say from their glad hearts:—

"Just as I was, He received me,
Seeking from judgment to flee;
Now there is no condemnation,
This is the Saviour for me!"

Those whom Jesus receives come into immense privileges and joys! Would my reader not like to share in them, too? The Saviour's precious blood cleanseth from all sin. It is God's great basis and it can be yours. Come just as you are! Do not let the invitation reach you in vain! To-morrow may be too late!

The Joyful Message

“WHOM SAY YE THAT I AM?”

THIS all-important question asked by the Lord Jesus Himself of His disciples, demands the solemn consideration of all in this day, and has done so down through the ages. To answer the Lord satisfactorily in *time* means *full* salvation. To answer it compulsorily in the next world, unsaved, will mean everlasting remorse. It is an absolute certainty that the question *must* and *will* be answered by *every* one. It is imperative to answer it *now*. Your soul's eternal welfare is at stake. *Heart faith* in CHRIST can alone emancipate the soul from the crushing burden and bondage of sin. HE is the only sure rock upon which salvation rests *secure*. Works of *every* kind and character are unrecognized in regard to the soul's salvation. They fitly *follow after* the conscious knowledge of salvation is possessed, but do not *precede* it. No, no, NO—it is the Lord's glorious *Person*, and in HIM alone that salvation and eternal life are vested. These priceless blessings can be known and enjoyed by every true believer *now*. HE (the Lord Jesus) is God's salvation.

In HIM is all we need to ravish and satisfy our souls in time and all through eternity. Mark what the Apostle Paul said: “I know *Whom* I have *believed*,” not *what* so much as “*Whom*” I have believed. “Whom say YE that I am?”

In connection with this personal appeal of the Lord, I will relate an incident that occurred some years ago in the Australian Bush. A young man from England had gone out there to do as he thought best, to sow his wild oats. One day he unfortunately found himself benighted. Darkness had come on sooner than he expected. He tremblingly realized the seriousness of his position, *alone* and *lost* in an Australian Bush. What *was* he to do? He anxiously looked round in every direction hoping to see a light, if such there might be. Peering with straining eyes he discerned a small light flickering in the distance. He at once hastened to reach it. After a hard and heavy struggle he succeeded in doing so. The house was a settler's cottage. He knocked at the door. It was quickly answered from within by the settler's wife, who asked him what he wanted. He told her that he had got benighted unexpectedly in the Bush, and asked her if he could be put up for the night.

"Well," she said, "you can go to the barn close by; there is plenty of straw, and there is a man lying there now. I will give you a candle."

On entering the barn he saw the man referred to, and who instantly inquired as to why he was there.

After explaining, the man looked him full in the face, and said, "Young man, I am dying; do you know anything about the hereafter?"

"No, I do not, but I suppose you need a Bible to tell you about that."

"Well, there is a Bible at the bottom of my box, which is with the landlady. It was placed

there by my mother years ago, when I left home ; go and ask her to give it to you.”

Having fetched it, the stranger asked the man where he was to read.

“ Open it anywhere, and read where it opens of itself.” The divine hand doubtless selected the place. It was Isaiah, chapter liii. When he came to the sixth verse, “ *All* we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned *every one* to his *own* way ; and the Lord hath laid on ‘ *Him* ’ the iniquity of us *all*,” the man said, “ Read that again, please.” He listened breathlessly, and asked, “ Who is the *HIM* ? ” “ I do not know, but I think the New Testament will tell us.” “ Then do as you did before, and read wherever it may open.” Again the divine hand guided him, this time to John iii. When the sixteenth verse was reached and read, the man asked for it to be read two or three times, and then told the stranger to go and lie down and rest.

In the early morning the sun was gleaming in through the chinks of the barn, falling upon the face of the dying man. The stranger young man, on waking, at once went to see how he was. “ I have had a blessed night,” he said. “ I have found out Who the *Him* is : it is the Lord Jesus Christ, and I am trusting in *HIM*.” A few more hours and he was with *HIM* in glory.

“ Whom say *ye* that I am ? ”

“ Turn thee *now* to *HIM* repenting,
 Jesus as thy Lord confess ;
 And, embracing *HIM* as Saviour,
 Joys untold thou *shalt* possess !

MAKE THE PAPER SPEAK.

SOME time ago a godly man named Beck went to labour among the Esquimaux; he laboured under great difficulties for several years, and at last the opposition of the Islanders became so great that it looked as though his labours were to be crowned with martyrdom.

One day Beck was working at his translation of the New Testament when the door of his little hut was rudely broken open by a group of hostile natives, who began turning over his papers, inspecting his pens and ink. "What is this?" demanded Kayarnak, the most impulsive of the intruders, as he held up a sheet of manuscript. Beck explained as well as he could that the black marks were words, the same as the words they were speaking. It was some time before he could make them understand what he meant, but at last their slow minds seemed to grasp his meaning. In astonishment Kayarnak said, "This piece of paper says words?" To which Beck said, "Yes." Then said the wild Esquimaux, "*Make the paper speak.*" The demand was greeted with shouts of delight by his companions. The missionary then began to read portions from the Gospels, and was in the middle of the story of the crucifixion when he paused, conscious of a dread silence. On looking up he was astonished to see tears pouring down Kayarnak's face, which was marked with grief. "Oh," he cried, "make the paper talk more! Go on, go on, I would know more about this Jesus."

It was now the happy task of dear Beck to

unfold to his hearers the way of salvation, and God blessed the word, and before long very many were rejoicing in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, the Islanders travelling twelve, fifteen, and even eighteen miles to hear the Gospel of the grace of God.

Dear reader, how are you treating God's message of love? Can you read the wonderful story of Calvary untouched and unmoved? You do not need to ask someone, like the poor, ignorant Esquimaux, to "make the paper speak," but if your heart has never opened to its living voice, you need to *let it speak to you*. Speaking of the Scriptures, the Lord Jesus said, "They testify of Me." If you read them to find *Him*, you will certainly do so. Christ is the great and glorious theme of Holy Scripture. May you be able to say like Philip, in John i. 45, "We have found Him, of Whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph."

E. E. NICHOLS.

PEACE, AND HOW TO ENJOY IT.

PEACE may be considered: (1) In relation to God; (2) In relation to enemies; (3) In relation to circumstances. The first two are included in the Lord's words, "Peace I leave with you." The last is expressed in the words, "My peace I give unto you."

Peace with God depends upon the assurance of being justified by God. *Being justified* by faith we have *peace with God*. To justify a person is to

establish his righteousness. "Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness." Under the law God was demanding righteousness from man, in the Gospel He is declaring *His righteousness* in favour of man, that is, as the ground on which a man can be justified, and stand in the presence of His glory.

It is important to see first of all that God has found the way to establish *His righteousness* in the judgment of sin, so that He can be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. This has been accomplished in the death of Jesus. "Whom God hath set forth a propitiation (or mercy seat) through faith in His blood, to declare *His righteousness*, that He might be *just* and the *justifier* of him that believeth in Jesus." God's rights have been maintained, all His claims have been satisfied in the blood of Jesus. And He has proved His satisfaction in raising Him from the dead. He "was delivered for our offences and was raised again for our justification." One could scarcely have peace without seeing that the One against Whom we have offended has been satisfied. Moreover, this has all been brought about on God's part, of His own love. He provided the Victim, He delivered Him up to death for our sins, and He raised Him from the dead for our justification.

We read that it was not written for Abraham's sake alone that his faith was reckoned to him as righteousness, or, in other words, that he was reckoned righteous on the ground of having believed God (not on the ground of his works); it was for our sakes also to whom faith is reckoned

as righteousness if we believe on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead. Instead of being called upon to believe in our works, we have to *believe in God's work*. The death and resurrection of Christ is the great work of God. If Christ was delivered for my offences, and is now raised again, that is proof that my offences have been atoned for, and have been removed out of God's sight. But it is God Who has raised Him and thus declared *His satisfaction*, as well as the justification of the believer. You cannot believe that God raised Christ from the dead, and doubt that you are justified, that is, cleared from all imputation of sin. If I want evidence that I am justified, I do not think of my works, nor study my feelings ; I do not look at myself, but at Christ risen and now at the right hand of God. " By Him all that believe are justified from all things " (Acts xiii. 39). Therefore in the faith of a risen Christ, the Word of God justifies the believer in saying, " I am justified." Moreover I am justified *in God's righteousness*, not in mine. I know God as my *Justifier*, not as my *Judge*. Hence I have peace with God, and am confirmed in the thought that His love is behind it all. " God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

The work is done ; the One Who did it is with God in glory, and we have the sure testimony of God's Word. What can we want more to give our souls peace ? Let us then joyfully accept it and praise God for the grace which has brought it about.

Now we may consider peace in relation to our

enemies. Satan, sin, the world, and death are our enemies. In the light of the resurrection of Christ we see them all vanquished. All met at the cross, all the powers of evil were arrayed against Christ there. In view of His death He said to those who came to take Him, "Now is your hour and the power of darkness." His Spirit could say of old, "O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction" (Hosea xiii. 14). He, through death, has destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil. Christ's resurrection is the proof of *His complete victory*. We can say, "The Lord has triumphed gloriously." His triumph is our salvation. In the presence of the risen Christ we are like the people of Israel on the other side of the Red Sea, when they looked back and saw all their enemies dead on the sea shore; or like the people when they saw David returning victorious from the conflict, with the head of the giant in his hand. Christ has triumphed over every enemy, so that in the light of His resurrection we stand as believers on the resurrection side of death, in the position of victory. We triumph in His triumph, and say, "Thanks be to God, Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." After His resurrection He could meet His disciples and say, "Peace be unto you." The battle is over, the victory won. Having secured peace, He now proclaims it. Who hears the joyful sound?

Now, lastly, let us consider peace in relation to our circumstances. We are in an enemy's country, exposed to dangers and trials on every hand, in a world of sin and sorrow, and in bodies

subject to weakness, suffering, and death. The Lord does not undertake to change our circumstances at the present time. He teaches us to expect suffering and affliction. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." He has Himself passed through all that we have to encounter: He was tempted in all points like as we are, sin apart. He encountered the power and wiles of the devil, and the hatred of men, and He bare our sicknesses and carried our sorrows. But He passed through it all in perfect peace; He could sleep in the storm. Hence He could speak of "*My peace.*" The secret of His peace was the knowledge of the Father's love, and implicit trust in Him. He proved the truth of that word, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because He trusteth in Thee." In revealing the Father, He has communicated to us the secret of this peace (read Luke xii.). Hence He says, "*My peace I give unto you.*" Again, He could say to the disciples, "*In Me ye shall have peace.*" By faith we see Him at the right hand of God, all power and authority given to Him, everything put under His feet, supreme above all the power of the enemy, able to control all the powers of evil, and in the end bring in complete salvation for His people at His coming. As we look up and see Him there, in Him we have peace. If we look at the winds and waves we are troubled, but when we look up to Him we have peace.

In Philippians iv. the apostle gives us the secret of peace. "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with

thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." The apostle could speak of that which he had experienced in all the storms and trials which he had encountered in his service for the Lord. We have the same resource, and only lack of faith can hinder us enjoying the same peace. The Lord's word for us to-day is, "Peace be with you." F. H. BODMAN.

GLEANINGS.

(By S. J. B. C.)

LOST opportunities are never found!

* * * * *

There are many books in which man seeks God; but in the Bible God seeks man.

* * * * *

Man knows not all concerning a daisy, yet quibbles because he understands not its Maker.

* * * * *

An error is more dangerous in proportion to the degree of truth it contains.

* * * * *

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. vi. 7).

"Think not the thistle seed to cast,
And reap the rose full blown;
For man must gather, first and last,
The harvest he has sown."

PLEASURES FOR EVERMORE.

(PSALM xvi. 11.)

WE live in a day of pleasure. The human heart thirsts for pleasure, and so on every hand there is this endless quest for satisfaction. The world caters for every kind of pleasure. Alas! Men are lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God. Even the Lord's Day, when we are at liberty and privileged to be engaged with Him, is given up to pleasure.

In your leisure hours do your thoughts ever turn to Him Who has made everything beautiful in His time? The fields, the trees, the hills, the brooks, He giveth us richly all things to enjoy.

It is not that we would find fault with your pleasure seeking, but we desire to point out the great drawback to earth's pleasures. They do not last, they are fading and fleeting. Why not go in for something lasting and satisfying?

God made your heart and only He can fill it. As the poet has truly written,

“God made a heart, and fashioned it so deep,
No love might fill it, waking or asleep,
But the deep love of God.”

God wants to fill your poor heart with real happiness and lasting satisfaction. He has untold blessing for you. As it is written:

“Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.”

How, then, can you enter into and enjoy these eternal realities? There is only one way, and that by turning to the Lord Jesus Christ. Come to Him! He is waiting to receive you and willing to show you the path of life. As a blessed Man found down here in dependence upon God, Jesus could say:

“Thou wilt show Me the path of life. In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.”

Rock Ferry.

C. A. ABRAHAM.

WHICH WAY ARE YOU LOOKING?

GOD'S universal message is: “Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else” (Isa. xlv. 22).

Let us draw the reader's attention to some of the references to *looking* in the Holy Scriptures. In the first instance we will refer you to the importance of

LOOKING AT

an Object *outside* of yourself for LIFE. “And Moses made a serpent of brass and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass that, if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived” (Num. xxi. 9). Commenting on this Scripture, the Lord Jesus says, “And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so Must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that

whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life ” (John iii. 14–16).

Then we learn that the same blessed Saviour to Whom we look for life is the only One to Whom we can look for light and guidance ; hence the need of

LOOKING TO

Him all the way. “ They looked unto Him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed ” (Ps. xxxiv. 5). “ Looking unto Jesus . . . Who . . . is set down at the right hand of the throne of God ” (Heb. xii. 2).

We also read of the importance of movement towards the goal set before us, and not allowing ourselves to be detained or hindered by things here in this world. This means that we should definitely be

LOOKING ON

with set purpose of heart to such a prospect. “ Let thine eyes look right on, and thine eyelids look straight before thee ” (Prov. iv. 25). “ This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus ” (Phil. iii. 13, 14).

How glorious will that scene be, which will be the consummation of the hope of all those who died in faith—a perfect answer to their refusal of *this* world and its glory ! This suggests something to be

LOOKING FOR

Of Abraham we read that “ he *looked for* a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker

is God" (Heb. xi. 10). And how sure is the promise for those who are "*looking for* that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ" (Titus ii. 13)!

All this to which we have referred causes those who love the Saviour to be

LOOKING UP

for we are expecting Him to come and take us to be with Himself. *All* our hopes are centred in Him.

The Psalmist of old could say, "In the morning I . . . will look up" (Ps. v. 3). Those of us who are looking for Him can say, "For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."

Dear reader, which way are *you* looking? What kind of an outlook have you? Everything here is unstable and uncertain. We read of one in Luke xii. 16-20 who looked forward to many years of selfish ease here, but God said unto Him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

One of the thieves on a cross by the side of Jesus looked beyond to a coming kingdom, and he was given a place in it, because he looked to Jesus, confessing his sinful condition. If you do not look to Jesus, there is nothing left but a certain *looking for* of judgment (Heb. x. 27). Oh, turn to the Saviour now! He will deliver you from the power of sin and Satan, and set your face towards the light; then, instead of your outlook being in relation to a perishing world and

eternal darkness, you will be found journeying with joy in your heart towards the sunrise of the coming day of glory.

Winnipeg.

C. DEAYTON.

AN INVITATION.

LISTEN to the Gospel message, to the gracious Word pay heed !

God desires your fullest blessing, for He knows your deepest need ;

He, His only Son has given ; Jesus died and suffered here :

Now from glory He invites you, “ Come to Me ” ; you need not fear.

Faith in Him, t’wards God repentance, this is what God’s Word commands ;

What a welcome He would give you—waiting yet, with outstretched hands—

All day long (what wondrous patience !), *now—to-day*, oh, hear Him plead !

Come to Him Who died to save you ; on His precious Name believe !

You will know your sins forgiven—and, confessing Jesus *Lord*,

Prove His power in your salvation, all your pathway through this world ;

Then at length, life’s journey over, in those mansions fair above,

Oh ! what joy ’twill be to praise Him, for His rich, unbounded love !

Buckingham.

A. A. MARTIN.

“CUT OFF AS THE FOAM.”

HOSEA X. 7.

HOW often has this text come to me as I have stood on an ocean liner at sea and watched the myriad billows rise and fall!

See that great ocean wave rising proudly to meet the gale, with its beautiful crest of white foam glistening in the sun! Man it represents in the glory of his pride and strength.

Look again! The wave has smashed itself, and the glory-crowned foam is scattered into empty bubbles on its sinking breast.

Reader, how soon and tragically may your life or mine be “cut off as the foam!”

Well for us if we have a life which time's gales and vicissitudes cannot break. “Your life is hid with Christ in God,” says the apostle (Col. iii. 1-4). There is no ostentatious glamour or glitter in that life, as seen by men now, but it will come out in display by and by when Christ comes out into display.

S. J. B. CARTER.

WHAT JESUS IS.

A CHRISTIAN who had been feeling depressed once said:—

“What *Jesus is*, and that alone,
Is faith's delightful plea,
It never looks at sinful self
Or righteous self in me.”

The Joyful Message

A QUESTION YOU MUST ANSWER.

THERE is a question no one can possibly evade, and the answer we give will determine our eternal destiny.

Before putting this question to the reader personally, let us in all sincerity remind one another that we are all responsible creatures. Our existence is no mere accident of nature, nor is it the result of any process of evolution. The unerring Word of God assures us that "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them" (Gen. i. 27). And it is further said, "And the Lord God . . . breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul" (Gen. ii. 7). Now the consequence of this inbreathing of God is that all of us have an eternal existence.

We need not that any should prove to us that our life on this earth is, at the most, of short duration. We know only too well that death is our common lot, but let us face the solemn fact that death is here as the direct result of sin. "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned" (Rom. v. 12). But death is not the finish. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this

the judgment" (Heb. ix. 27). This is a most solemn consideration, to which we do well to give earnest heed!

Let us now consider the blessed way in which God has intervened, and, in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ, has provided a Saviour for all. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

The question, then, that every one of us must answer is the one which was raised by Pontius Pilate nearly two thousand years ago. The lowly Jesus of Nazareth stood arraigned before the Roman tribunal. The wickedness of the human heart was rapidly rising to its height, and in their bitter enmity against God, and as led on by Satan, all classes of men were clamouring that Jesus should be put to death. Three times over Pilate had to avow the faultlessness of Jesus and he would fain have avoided the issue as he raised that solemn question, "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" But there was no escape for him and he had to face that question and answer it. What a terrible answer he gave as he released the violent robber, Barabbas, and delivered Jesus to be crucified!

There can be no possible escape for any one of us from the tremendous issue this question raises. Answer it we must. Jesus is God's great love-gift to the world. He is the only Saviour, and on the cross He gave Himself a ransom for all. We must either avail ourselves of His vicarious sacrifice and accept Him as our own individual

Saviour, or despising His work and rejecting His appeal, we must bear the terrible consequences of our sins in an eternity of woe.

What a solemn issue, dear reader, is thus set before you. What will YOU do with Jesus? And we may add, What will YOU do without Him? We earnestly implore you to face this all-important matter at once, and in simple faith and with a thankful heart accept Jesus as your Saviour and confess Him as your Lord.

Hornchurch.

FREDK. J. WILSON.

THE RELIGIOUS ROUND.

A FARMER in Canada returning homeward from town, amid snow and mist, lost his way on the prairie, and uselessly wandered about. Night coming on, he was giving himself up in despair as lost, when suddenly the horses of his sleigh struck into the trail of another sleigh.

“Now,” thought the farmer, “I’ll get help,” especially as, far ahead, he caught the sound of sleigh bells.

He pushed on, and the further he went the more beaten became the track, and clearer the bells.

“Evidently,” he said, “this is a much-used way. I’ll get home to-night.”

But though he urged his tired beasts on, and mile after mile was covered, yet he could see no lights of home, only the dark, dreary prairie. In an agony of suspense and fear he desperately

pressed on till he overtook the man he was following.

“ *Where are you going ?* ” he shouted.

“ *I’m following you !* ” was the reply.

Both men had lost their way and were following *each other’s track in a circle*—round and round.

After a consultation they *thought of the sky !* There shone the beautiful and brilliant North Star, and the North was the way they wanted to go. “ How stupid,” they said ; “ why ever did not we look toward heaven before ? ” Then they started again and, guided by the heavenly lamp, presently they reached their homes, safe and sound.

How many lost sinners there are in Christendom who follow one another, going over and over again together the same religious forms and ceremonies, and trusting and following one another or their religious leaders, who, alas ! are sometimes “ blind leaders of the blind.” How tragic is the sight and end of the lost—led or leading—who vainly think they have found the right way, but discover, either now or hereafter, that they are “ deceiving and being deceived ” (2 Tim. iii. 13). Well is it if they make the discovery before it is too late, and they are lost for ever.

Friend, it is not too late for you to pause and consider the beaten track you are following. If you feel you are getting no nearer God, notwithstanding all your regular round of Church-going and ritual and orthodox observances, cease the religious round. Turn your eyes from man to the Saviour, from earth to heaven, from Catechism

and Catechizer, rubric and ordinances, to *Jesus*, the One and only heavenly Pole-Star of safety and surety! Then you will prove that in Him you have found the safe and sure Guard and Guide to heaven. Trust Him, follow Him, thank Him!

“They looked unto Him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles. . . . O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him” (Ps. xxxiv. 5–8).

S. J. B. CARTER.

THE GOLD STANDARD.

THE eyes and interest of the whole world have been concentrated on this subject because of its commanding and national importance. Gold, *Gold*, GOLD—what an exciting attraction it has for most people!

Directly an announcement appears in the press that a new gold-field has been discovered, a tremendous rush is made by numbers of people to purchase and stake out claims. Privations, hardships, and inconveniences will be patiently endured in the expectation of attaining the object in view, and that all the trying conditions will be rewarded one day by the possession of wealth.

How small the pursuit of earthly *gold* is compared with the *gold* of heaven! Unless the latter is treasured up by us all, we shall be sorrowfully poor for *ever*.

Gold in the Scriptures sets forth that which is exceedingly precious. It is one of the *most* precious metals known, and therefore has been selected by God to represent what is of *superlative* worth.

The ark of the Tabernacle was *overlaid* within and without with *pure gold*, with a crown of *gold* round about. The rings were also of *gold*. The staves of shittim wood were *overlaid* with *gold*. Speaking typically, the *gold* speaks of Christ in His Divine nature, of His essential glory, and Divine righteousness. It brings into prominence the Son of God in the glory of His Person, and so enhances the greatness and preciousness the word *gold* would convey.

In Revelation xxi. it is said that the CITY was *pure gold* (unalloyed), and the *street* of the City was *pure gold*.

I would now like to draw attention to God's moral *standard* given to His people Israel in response to their asking; but they knew not at the time how utterly incapable they were of fulfilling its holy requirements.

God must necessarily set up a *standard* consistent with His perfect holiness and righteousness. Only ONE Person has ever trod this earth who fully *reached* the standard. The law demanded *perfection*, and only Christ could render it, and this He did *absolutely*. We all as born in sin and growing up *sinner*s are *utterly* unable to comply with its demands. There are thousands who think they can, and pray regularly for God to incline their hearts to keep it. Such sincere effort is doomed to failure. Scripture says,

“ All have sinned, and come *short* of the glory of God.” The *standard* God has put up in the law claims *perfection*. Therefore no sinner could ever attain to it. “ The Joyful Message ” comes in here. God found in His beloved Son One Who did gloriously reach His *Divine standard*. He can, in consequence, send forth the soul-emancipating proclamation that through that blessed Man, the Lord Jesus Christ, is preached the *forgiveness* of sins, and by Him ALL who *believe* are *justified* (completely cleared) from *all* things by which they could not be *justified* by the *law* of Moses. Christ is God’s *Gold Standard* of infinite value. All may come to Him through this blessed Saviour, and be eternally saved. “ Not by works of righteousness which *we* have done, but according to His mercy He *saved* us.” “ By the *deeds* of the *law* there shall no flesh be *justified* in His sight.”

How exceedingly wise, then, to shun at once an *unattainable* STANDARD, and bow in faith to God’s *perfect Standard*, which is Christ, and *Christ* only. All that He is to God may become yours also by *faith* in Him.

Malvern.

E. MAYO.

“ ALONE WITH JESUS.”

HAVE you ever had a personal interview with Jesus ?

It is an intense reality and not a mysterious imagination. No one can ever forget such an experience for the first time. It must be *alone*—

no one to break the solitude. With solitude and silence, the crowd of this world's considerations and populace banished, with nothing of human sentiment to exclude Him, to be ALONE WITH JESUS is the most marvellous experience. You may have hated solitude because it casts all your thoughts in upon yourself, and that makes people miserable ; but to be alone with Jesus is not to be self-centred or isolated. Do *you* know what it is ?

The inquiry may have raised with you a small desire to experience such an occasion. Though it may only be curiosity the Lord Jesus Himself has taken account of it, as with those who said long ago : " We would see Jesus." He will answer that wish of yours.

If that wish were granted this instant how would you feel ? I put it to you in sincerity.

Are you diffident ? To be for the first time in the presence of a sinless One might appal you—is that your fear ? He is indeed able to tell you " all things that ever you did " ; He is " holy, harmless and undefiled," but an impression awaits you of the sweetest entreaty in that precious invitation, " Come ye yourselves apart " ; every weary heart is greeted with the promise, " I will give you rest." The " charm of a man is his kindness," and so you will find it. He took a child in His arms ; He dismisses fears with " Fear not," and every moral question is settled—all doubts and fears gone. He wants to say to you, " Thy faith hath saved *thee*," and wherever you go thenceforth you " *Go in peace.*"

Is it possible ?

Yes, indeed ! The actuality of the presence of Jesus will dissipate every qualm with His shining.

I break off for a moment to say that the present opportunity is unique. If you do not avail yourself of the present time it may never be your portion throughout eternity. You may be by His side in glory or banished for ever in darkness, but never will you have Him all to yourself alone as you can *now*.

He is awaiting this interview eagerly ; He wants to impart to your soul the love that died for you. Everlasting assurance of being justified from all things is offered to you, for He was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification. Every great moral question He has solved Himself and finished, and He expects nothing from you but to enjoy the security of His work.

Are there soul problems in your secret conscience that you stifle because you never expect a solution to reach you ? This is the remedy for them : “ *When they were alone, He expounded all things to His disciples* ” (Mark iv. 34).

To be *alone* with Jesus will settle all these questions. “ Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace.”

He may even now be taking you by the hand and drawing you aside to speak to you. He may do this in sickness, unemployment, or by other means, in order that you may be apart from the hubbub of domestic, commercial and personal occupations for intimacy alone with Himself. Cast yourself at the feet of Jesus as Lord, and let Him speak to you !

Harrogate.

G. H. MARKHAM.

“ALL DARK” OR “ALL BRIGHT.”

“Total eclipse. No sun, no moon ;
All dark, all dark, amidst the blaze of noon.”

AT a Musical Festival recently, these words had just been sung by a young tenor singer, when he collapsed, and died shortly after.

Only twenty-six years of age, he passed into eternity with these solemn words of despair upon his lips—a tragic termination of a short life.

* * * * *

“Is it all dark ?” a dying Christian was asked. “No, not dark ; it is all bright” was the victorious answer, as his countenance clearly indicated.

Such a contrast to the sad incident above is confirmed by the words of Samuel Rutherford, the well-known lover of Christ, who in the last moments of his life said :—

“I shall shine ; I shall see Him as He is ! Mine eyes shall see my Redeemer ; these very eyes of mine, and no other for me. What peace I have this day ! I shall sleep in Christ and when I awake I shall be satisfied with His likeness.” To one who spoke of his diligence in the Master’s service he said, “I disclaim all. The port I would be at is Redemption and Forgiveness of sins, through His blood.”

Then with the words upon his lips, “Glory, glory dwells in Immanuel’s land !” he fell asleep.

Will you not face this important question—Would my last moments be “all dark” or “all bright” ?

If you have purified your soul in obeying the truth; if you are cleansed from your sins, as redeemed with the precious blood of Christ; if your faith and hope are in God—then you can face the future with the joyful certainty of spending a blissful eternity with Christ in glory.

F. S. MARSH.

FRIENDLESS FOR EVER!

WHO could endure the thought? To be in *this* world without a known friend is bad enough. What must it be to enter the next without one?

Friendless for ever! If anything could darken the gloom of such a thought, the remembrance of having repeatedly refused the gracious overtures of Jesus would do it—His outstretched hand disregarded, His love ignored, His call refused, Himself, and His work of suffering, set at naught! What an unbearable subject for contemplation in that place of outer darkness which Jesus speaks of as the destination of the eternally lost!

To give *timely warning* is one marked feature of God's kindness to sinful men. Even when He records the exodus of a man from this world without a friend, there is, depend upon it for those left behind, a gracious purpose in that record, a kindly hint that it is still possible for some one else to be found in the same deplorable plight. May it never be the reader's lot!

Let us look at one such beacon on the sacred page of past history—the end of Saul the

king. Listen to his despairing lament to Samuel (1 Sam. xxviii. 15): "I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams."

In that hour of unbearable bitterness he could only think of one true friend, and he already departed! No doubt Samuel had been a very real friend to him. God's word to Samuel twenty years before made that apparent: "How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from reigning over Israel?" (1 Sam. xvi. 1). All was over for Saul's kingdom after that. Yet, how patiently he was borne with! On the eve of that fatal day on Mount Gilboa, at the desire of Saul, God even permitted the departed spirit of His servant to return and to speak for the last time to the poor doomed man. But, alas! Samuel had no message for him but one of rebuke—another reminder of the saddening past. What a solemn indication was this, that the wilfulness and disobedience of years before had never been truly repented of! In vain had space for repentance been granted him; and as God's thought of Saul's sin was unchanged, there was nothing for him now but to be held to the righteous consequences of it! Terrible thought!

Has this no voice for wilful ones to-day? When God's will is known, the self-will that opposes it, is the very essence of sin, even though it be connected with religious service, as with Saul (1 Sam. xv. 21-23). As surely as

Saul was under God's eye then, we are now !
Consider it !

Would *you* have a real Friend when all else is slipping from you and passing away ? Come, then, to Jesus ! Seek Him *now* ! Then will you be able to unite with the thousands on earth to-day who can truly sing :

“ We have found a Friend in Jesus,
O, how He loves ! ”

GEO. CUTTING.

WHITEWASHED, OR WASHED WHITE ?

THE bus had stopped alongside a very large poster advertising a well-known soap, when someone remarked : “ There seems to be a soap for every purpose but one.”

“ What is that ? ” some asked.

“ To wash away sins,” was the answer.

We at once thought of the prophet Isaiah, who said : “ For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before Me, saith the Lord God ” (Jer. ii. 22). It requires more than much soap to remove the deep stains of sin, for they are deeper than what appear on the surface.

In the thirteenth chapter of Jeremiah, the prophet inquires : “ Can the Ethiopian change his skin ” (verse 23). The answer must be, “ No.”

The patriarch Job said : “ If I wash myself with snow water, and make my hands never so clean ; yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me. For He is not

a man, as I am, that I should answer Him, and we should come together in judgment ” (Job ix. 30–32).

God is holy ; He looks beneath the surface, and knows the thoughts and intents of the heart. “ The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked : who can know it ? I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins ” (Jer. xvii. 9, 10).

David, in Psalm li, goes deeper into the question. He is very conscious of his own sin, and he has a real sense of the need of mercy, so he says : “ Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy lovingkindness : according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.” (Verses 1–2.)

Then in verse 7 of the same Psalm he says : “ Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean : wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.” How he longed to be right with God ! “ Create in me a clean heart, O God ; and renew a right spirit within me.” (Verse 10.)

Isaiah expresses God’s desire to meet all repentant ones, when he writes : “ Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord : though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool ” (Isa. i. 18). How beautifully this shows God’s earnest desire to meet us in all our deep need in order that He may make us fit for His holy presence !

When we turn to the New Testament we learn how God does this righteously and for His own

glory. The Apostle John tells us that "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin . . . if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John i. 7-9). Without shedding of blood there is no remission.

Many years ago, the writer listened to a dear coloured servant of the Lord, who drew the attention of his audience to the great difference between being whitewashed and washed white. "It would take a lot of whitewashing to make me white, would it not?" he said, alluding to his black skin. "Mind you," he continued, "I tried to do it for a long time, but the whiting peeled off. I tried every religious means I could think of, every ordinance, but all were of no avail. I only grew worse and worse."

How many have had the same experience?

Should the reader be amongst those who are engaged in any scheme of self-improvement, we would beseech you to abandon for ever all such fruitless efforts. They must surely fail you; but there is One and only One Who will never fail you. Come to Christ! His precious blood avails for all—for you—and will wash away every stain of sin from before the holy eye of God!

How gladly those thus blest delight to sing:—

"O gracious Saviour, Thou hast giv'n
My trembling soul to know
That trusting in Thy precious blood
I'm wash'd as white as snow.

"Since Thou has borne sin's heavy load,
My guilty fear is o'er,
Made Thine by virtue of Thy blood,
I'm seal'd for evermore."

WOULDN'T IT BE MEAN ?

SUCH were the words of one who, when dying, had listened to the sweet message of God's super-abounding grace taken to him.

He was a university man, and popular among the students as the captain of their football team ; a very Hercules in strength and favoured with intellectual ability also. But he had been stricken down with typhoid fever, and brought to death's door.

It was at this stage, as Elihu says (Job xxxiii. 22, 23) a "messenger" met him. After telling him of God's love in Christ, this messenger urged him to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation.

"Don't you think," he replied, "that it would be *mean* to make it up now with One I have rejected all my life ?"

"Yes," was the answer, "it *would* be mean ; but, my dear fellow, it would be far meaner *not* to do it. *He* wants you to do it *now* ; for already He has caused you to listen to Him, and to be willing to heed His voice : hence it would be *doubly* mean to reject a love that is pursuing you even to death !"

The dying man saw the point, and realizing something of the greatness of that "exceeding" grace (1 Tim. i. 14), he cast himself unreservedly upon the rich mercy of God, known through Christ His Son ; and soon passed away to be with Him for ever.

The Joyful Message

SAVED FROM A WATERY GRAVE.

WHILE heading for Auckland in the month of January, several years ago, the Australian Cruiser *Melbourne* picked up the following message :—

“ Sinking. . . . Sinking. . . . Sinking. . . . Main-mast gone—leaking. Come quickly or we perish ! Position 170 east 31.10 south.”

Fifteen minutes later :—

“ Hurry ! Hurry ! Boats all ready waiting to go down.”

The Cruiser immediately altered her course. Two hundred men were called upon to do duty in the stokehold to obtain every ounce of steam.

She raced along in the teeth of the storm, tremendous waves swept the Cruiser's deck, drenching the watchers. Then the wireless sent out messages of hope to the lonely ship in peril, sinking in the sea.

Another message from the sinking ship :—

“ *We cannot last another hour. . . . Boats cannot live in this sea.*”

The efforts of all on board the Cruiser were redoubled ; they toiled with all their might to feed the hungry fires.

The night came on. Searchlights were sweeping the watery waste. Still another message came from the sinking vessel:—

“Anxiously waiting for you. We have a child, two women on board. Three injured men. Cannot hear any sign of you. Am now going up to take my place in the boat.”

Toward midnight the vigilance of the lookout on the Cruiser was rewarded—the searchlights revealed the poop deck of the *Helen B. Sterling* above the water. The rest of the ship was awash.

All night long the Cruiser tracked the drifting schooner, and in early morning she managed to get alongside where a large quantity of oil was poured on the troubled waters to render the sea calm enough for the launching of the boats. Two hours later the derelict schooner's passengers and crew were safely aboard the *Melbourne* steaming for Auckland.

Imagine the relief and joy of the passengers and crew of the sinking ship when they caught the first gleams of the Cruiser's searchlights. They see her coming nearer and nearer. There she is alongside—the boats are lowered by willing hands, and soon they are transferred from the sinking ship to the Cruiser.

Now I want you to notice first of all that these men felt their need, so they send out the message:

“Sinking! Sinking! Sinking!”

Furthermore, they realized that there was no time to lose, so the message read:—

“Come quickly or we perish.”

Dear reader, you may not know it but, if unsaved, you, like those on the schooner, are adrift on the sea of time, and your frail bark is Sinking! Sinking!! Sinking!!! into a lost Eternity.

Like those on the sinking ship, to you also comes the message of a "Deliverer."

The Cruiser, in order to save the sinking crew and passengers, had to endure the storm. So, too, in order that you might be saved, Another had to endure the storm. Yes, listen, dear soul, no man could do this. None less than God Himself. See the storm clouds gathering, the shades of night have fallen. Lo, there in yonder garden Jesus is alone!

Hark to that cry which breaks the silence of the darkness. "Oh, my Father! If it be possible let this cup pass from Me" (Matt. xxvi. 39). Was it possible? Was there any other way of glorifying God and saving poor wretched fallen shipwrecked man? No! Had that cup passed from Jesus it would have passed to us, and our portion would be to drink its bitter dregs throughout a lost Eternity.

See Him facing the storm—"All Thy waves and billows have rolled over me." Again—"Deep called unto deep at the noise of Thy waterspouts" (Ps. xlii. 7). Yes, He bore it all. See His life's sun is setting in the blackness and darkness of Golgotha.

Ah! but that life's sunset, aglow with divine love, bespoke a glorious sunrise, and the One Who bore sin's judgment arose from the dead, a Mighty Conqueror; He "battled death's forces,

rolled back every wave.” Now He lives at God’s right hand triumphant—*Mighty to Save*.

The beneficent beams of light from the risen Son of God shine far across the dreary waste—even to you, poor trembling soul. Do you realize what awaits you? The men in the sinking vessel did. They were “Waiting to go down.”

The Christian is waiting to “Go up.” Unsaved one, your portion without Christ is to “Go down! down!! down!!! to eternal doom.”

If you only knew this then, like those shipwrecked mariners, you would cry—“*Hurry! Hurry!!*”

Are you anxious? Do you really want to be saved? There is One near at hand to bless you even now.

Give up all your efforts—the boats could not live in the rough sea—they were of no avail. Nor can aught you trust in in yourself avail anything. Salvation must come from the One Who has braved the storm.

Trust yourself, dear soul, into His all powerful arms. Believe His faithful word. Rest in His finished work. His precious Blood cleanses away every stain of guilt. You will be pardoned, justified, and He gives *Eternal Life*. Why not trust Him now?

Note also that the ship that saved them from a watery grave also carried them to a haven of rest.

Jesus Christ is an all-the-way-Home Saviour. Not only does He save His people from the judgment due to their sins, but He carries them along to the desired haven—that abode of eternal

love where He will share with those whom He has redeemed, the joys of heaven throughout eternity.

What is your prospect, dear reader? Where will you spend Eternity?

Toronto, Canada.

T. HOLLIDAY.

THE SECRET OF DELIVERANCE.

“**W**HERE can I learn the secret of deliverance from myself—my old dominating self?” asked a troubled soul.

Said the one addressed, and who knew the secret: “The place where you learn the secret is the place where you get to an end of yourself and find your Saviour.”

“And where is that?”

“At the feet of Jesus,” was the swift and sweet reply (Luke viii. 35). S. J. B. C.

ALL OF GRACE.

IT was small and simple, a cottage meeting in the country. Over and over again had the precious Gospel story been told out within these walls, the preacher walking many miles to conduct the meeting. It was a hard place, and little fruit had been seen; but still the few who were interested in the Lord's work went on, knowing that God had said, “My word . . . shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it” (Isa. lv. 11).

On this particular night a stranger had taken the meeting. He spoke faithfully, as in the light of eternity, and as he went on, one young man who went regularly to the meeting was deeply convicted. The Lord had often spoken to him before, and he had tried repeatedly to turn over a new leaf, but this night, as the word reached his conscience with living power, it seemed—to give his own words—as if he was being shaken over hell.

On former occasions he, along with some other young people, had sought to while away the time by laughing to each other, and sometimes quietly making fun of the preacher; but now he sat with bowed head, trembling. At the close of the meeting, the preacher spoke personally to an old man, the head of the house in which the meetings were held, who, alas! was seeking to be justified by his own works. The young man listened to all that was said, and then went away with some of the Christians, who, seeing he was anxious, again sought to put the Gospel before him; but although he was now in great earnest to be saved, he could not see things clearly, and at last started for home alone.

Our young friend had about a mile to go to the farm where he served. On the way he had to pass a wood, and by the time he reached it he could go no further. He had put it off so often, that it seemed to him as if God were giving him his last chance; he thought it must be now or never, so he went into the wood and got down on his knees. He meant to pray, but he had never really prayed in his life, and he could not

think how to begin ; no words would come. As he knelt there, however, one verse of that old hymn came before him :—

“ Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling !
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace :
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.”

He repeated it right through, and as he did so the truth flashed in upon him. He saw that he had been altogether on the wrong track. He had been trying to work his way to God ; but now he realized that Christ alone could save ; and there, by faith, he laid hold of that blessed One for salvation.

He rose from his knees with the burden of his sins gone, and again started for home, but this time with the conscious sense that he was saved. Before this, when he had tried to be a Christian, he had always kept it quiet, lest he should break down, and make a fool of himself, but now he was so happy that, meeting a companion before he had gone very far, he sat down with him at the wood-side, and told him all about it, pressing him to have the matter settled too.

It was easy then to go home to the bothy and confess to an infidel who was lounging in bed. Of course it made a stir when the news got abroad that C—— was converted, as he had generally been at the front in any kind of mischief that was going ; but through grace he was enabled to go on, in spite of the opposition, and although it is now thirty-eight years since that eventful

night, "Having obtained help of God," he continues until this day.

Now, dear unsaved reader, we would address ourselves more particularly to you. Our desire in penning this record of grace is that you too might "Taste and see that the Lord is good. We would, however, add a word of warning. Do not, we beseech you, trifle with the mercy of God, as C—— did.

It was five years from the first time that he was conscious of God speaking to him until he gave in, and all that time the Lord, Who is "Merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy" (Ps. ciii. 8), bore with him; but we cannot promise that He will bear with you five years, or even five days. The Holy Ghost saith, "To day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Heb. iii. 7, 8). The devil's time is to-morrow, which never comes. If you are wise you will take God's time, which is the only safe time. That time is NOW.

" Only trust Him ; only trust Him ;
 Only trust Him now :
 He will save you ; He will save you ;
 He will save you NOW."

A. CAITHNESS.

THE PERSON.

THERE is something better than any blessing, that is *the Blessor Himself*; something better than any knowledge of the Truth, and that is the knowledge of *the God Who is the Truth*; something better than any benefit, and that is *He Who bestows all benefits.* A. T. PIERSON.

ETERNITY

WHO CAN MEASURE IT ?

[*Count each item as one year.*]

COUNT all the rays of yonder sun,
Eternity's but yet begun.

Count all the leaves on every tree,
Eternity will longer be.

Count all the drops of rain that fall,
Eternity outnumberers all.

Count all the stars, each one by one,
Eternity's but yet begun.

Count all the sand beside the sea,
Eternity will longer be.

Count all creation, great and small,
Eternity outnumberers all !

WHERE, THEN, WILL YOU SPEND IT ?

“ Eternity where ? Eternity where ?
With Jesus in glory, or fiends in despair ” ?

W. G. BELL.

THE SERVICES OF LOVE.

LOVE, *Love*, LOVE. The very mention of the word is enchanting, and melodious to the heart. It is not generally seen that the setting forth of truth, morally and spiritually, must emanate from God's side first. So God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Astounding fact ! “ God is love,” and “ love is of God.” It could not have any other source, so it says,

“ 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). This great love of God overwhelms, yea, entirely submerges all human loves. It will fill God’s universe of bliss with its ocean fulness. How perfectly and livingly the Lord Jesus expressed it when here ! That was a confirming expression of it when His blessed hand touched that bier whereon the young man, the only son of his mother lay. Jesus said, “ YOUNG MAN ! I say unto thee, ARISE.” What a touch of love !

Another instance of His *compassionate* love was expressed as the Good Samaritan in Luke x. Do look at this blessed Son of God, coming to that helpless sufferer, when no pity was forthcoming from the representatives of the law. His wounds were tenderly bound up, oil and wine poured in, he was carried to an Inn, and due care of him requested until He called for him.

Then *Love’s* embrace is affectingly seen in its god-like character in Luke xv. There the heart of the Father is touchingly portrayed. How could that heart of love be more displayed than when the returning, repentant wanderer was warmly embraced and *covered* with kisses ?

But the love of God was never so comprehensively displayed as at Calvary. God’s righteous love necessitated the abandonment of His Son. Think, oh, think, that holy One had to be *made* sin, that the believer might become God’s righteousness in Him ! Oh, mystery of love ! A true *mother’s* love is a costly thing. It costs

her many an aching heart. It will stretch across the wide world after the wandering boy ! It will follow the wilful daughter even into the haunts of shame. Such love is of God, and in it we have a faint illustration of " His *great* love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins," and that " while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Just here I will relate a true story of a mother's love. It is filled with pathos. This mother had a daughter named Mary, and she loved her dearly. But, alas ! like so many other daughters, she wanted her liberty, freedom to indulge in the world's deceitful pleasures. One morning at the break of day, she left that home of *love*, determined to see the world, the world that has broken and is breaking thousands of hearts, and ruining lives eternally. On this memorable morning, as usual, her mother rose up and lit the fire, filled the kettle, and wondered why Mary did not respond to her call. Alas ! a letter written carefully and neatly told the sad story of Mary's departure. The fond mother carried her sorrow to Jesus. He gave her sweet relief. Days, weeks, months rolled onward, day by day the mother prayed, " O God, bring my Mary home again, for Thou knowest where she has strayed." Every night that anxious mother placed a light in the window, saying as she did so, " She might come home *to-night*." Not a night since Mary left home had that anxious praying mother omitted to place in that window that welcoming light, nor yet had she ever barred the door. The long and weary hours marked the

mother's faithful watch, and her confiding trust and hope unswerving in God and His loving care. At last, one wintry evening, Mary's weary figure walked up the green with faltering pace. Onward, upward to the old cottage where she perceived the light burning. She heard her mother's familiar voice, saying, "She might come back to-night, I must have a cheery light." The latch was gently lifted and the long expected voice of Mary was heard—

"I have come, mother. Mother will you ever take me in? I'm tired, tired of a life of sin."

"Mary, my dear Mary, God has answered my petition! Praise, oh, praise His name!"

Then upon that face, once so sweetly fair, she fixed her tearful eyes. What a change! It is now lined with sorrow, pain, and care.

"You have suffered," the mother said, "let my dear Mary know that she will soon be bright and rosy again, now she is at home."

But, as the days and months sped onward, Mary grew weaker and weaker, and her mother saw clearly that her darling was fading away.

One day she said to her mother, "If I come to Jesus, will He turn Himself away?"

"No, *no*, *no*, my child. If I love you so dearly, Jesus loves you a hundred times more. He is waiting to receive you, if you go with broken will and repentant, believing heart."

The next day Mary's face was radiant, and she whispered, "Jesus took me in last night. He showed me His wounds, and said, 'I died for love to thee.'"

A few more weeks of resting, and then the call

came for her to leave her earthly cottage home for the presence of her Lord in heaven. Another lost one found and received with great rejoicing.

Reader! Reader! Has God's wondrous love won *your* heart?

“ Far away my steps had wandered,
Long in paths of sin and shame;
Till my wayward heart deceived me,
And the world my trust betrayed:
Then I cried, ‘ There’s none can help me,
None whose love can soothe my woe,
When I heard a voice that whispered,
‘ Child, I loved thee long ago. ’ ”

Malvern.

E. MAYO.

WHEN JESUS DIED FOR ME.

A SAVIOUR God in wondrous grace,
Once sent His Son to take my place,
And bear the wrath I could not face
When Jesus died for me.

The day of wrath I do not dread,
Since Jesus suffered in my stead,
When as the Lamb to slaughter led,
My Saviour died for me.

I know in love to me He died,
For when the Lord was crucified,
And cleansing blood flowed from His side,
He gave Himself for me.

On Calv'ry's cross my debt He paid,
There all my sins on Christ were laid,
And God has said that peace was made,
When Jesus died for me.

Through Him I live to God Who gave
 His Son, now risen from the grave,
 Who from the fear of death can save,
 And now He lives for me.

The world rejected Christ as King,
 But with His praise the heavens ring,
 And from the heart I now can sing
 To Him Who died for me.

The day is quickly drawing near,
 When Christ in glory will appear,
 And from Himself I then shall hear,
 How once He died for me.

So while I wait for Him I pray,
 That now in all I do and say,
 I never shall forget the day,
 When Jesus died for me.

Bradford.

J. W. WILKINSON.

GOD'S KING.

“**B**EHOLD a king shall reign in righteousness” (Isa. xxxii. 1). The prophet Isaiah is referring to the coming in of God’s King, the Lord Jesus Christ, when everything will be brought into subjection to Him. God has decreed that *every* knee shall bow and *every* tongue confess that Jesus Christ is *Lord* (see Phil. ii.).

At the present time Christ is glorified at God’s right hand.

In Psalm ii., where we read of the heathen raging, and the people imagining a vain thing as set against the Lord and His Anointed, God

says : " Yet have I set My King upon My holy hill of Zion." God's King is no less a person than God's Son. Man rejected and crucified Him. God had tested man from the outset, commencing with Adam, and then Israel, a most favoured nation. It is said, " The vineyard of the Lord is the house of Israel " ; but how lamentably they failed !

With what intense feeling God speaks in Deuteronomy v. 20 : " O that there was such an heart in them that they would fear Me, and keep all My commandments, that it might be well with them, and with their children." Then we have the Lord weeping over Jerusalem, the city he loved, and saying : " If thou hadst known, even thou at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace ! but now they are hid from thine eyes " (Luke xix. 41).

The day is drawing near when God will demand a righteous answer from this world for crucifying His beloved Son. Jesus is coming again, and then : " Every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him."

" What think ye of Christ ? " is still the test for every man. Repentance and remission of sins is proclaimed in His Name to " whosoever will." Then come to Him now and join with those who delight to own His supremacy in this the day of His rejection !

" To Him Whom men despise and slight,
To Him be glory giv'n ;
The crown is His, and His by right,
The highest place in heav'n."

R. CASSELLI.

“THEY SHALL NEVER PERISH.”

(JOHN X. 27-30.)

“**Y**OU say you know you will never perish—
How do you know that?” I asked.

“Because,” said he, “*I have hold of Christ—
He is mine!*”

“So far, so good—but suppose Satan gets hold of you again and loosens your grip, as he sometimes has done mine—What then?” (That staggered him.)

“Well,” he said, after a pause, “and pray how do *you* know that you will never perish?”

“Oh!” I replied, “because I know that *Christ has hold of me*, and that Satan cannot loosen *His* grip. *He is mine* makes me *safe*, but *I am His* makes me *sure*.”

“You believe, then, in the calvinistic doctrine of ‘the perseverance of the saints’?”

“Nay, say rather, the perseverance of *the Saviour*.” The one makes my salvation dependent on my holding on to Christ; the other, on Christ holding me.

“The least, the feeblest of the sheep—
To Him the Father gave;
Sure as His word His own to keep,
And strong His hand to save.”

S. J. B. CARTER.

THE CHRISTIAN'S JOY.

YESTERDAY—He loved me
To-day—He's just the same.
How long will this continue?
For ever. Praise His Name!

The Joyful Message

“MAKE HASTE.”

NEVER before in the world's changeful history has there been such a time of rush, excitement, and *haste* as the present. *Speeding up* is the order of the day. Its compelling enforcement is observable in every part of the globe, and in every condition of life. Faster and faster is the universal cry. Whenever a record is broken, it must not be permitted to remain there, but an early attempt must be made by some one to go one better; and so the *hurry* and the *haste* go on insistently and determinedly.

The two words heading this article are taken from Luke xix. 5. The whole of the verse reads: “And when Jesus came to the place, he looked up and saw him (Zacchæus), and said unto him, Zacchæus, *make haste* and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house.” I feel sure Zacchæus must have been taken by surprise, but oh, what an unspeakably blessed interview that was! Zacchæus made *haste*, came *down*, and received Him joyfully. What a meeting!

Unsaved reader, *make haste*, come *down*—down from any and every form of self elation and confidence, and receive Jesus *joyfully*. Time is flying swiftly by. The nations are in a state of great feverish anxiety and nervous perplexity. Every day seems to unveil some startling and

quite unexpected happenings. We are indeed living in the perilous times that Timothy refers to. Men's hearts are failing them for fear. The dark clouds of disturbances, unrest, upheaval and lawlessness are gathering over the world and thickening in ominous gloom. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, tidal waves, destructive floods, financial crises, and commercial collapses, with numerous other calamities, indicate unmistakably that we are living in the *last* days. The prophetic predictions are nearing their fulfilment. The next great event of vital consequence is the secret coming of the Lord Jesus to rapture His Church to His presence for ever. Immediately following this stupendous event the greatest sorrows that *earth* has ever witnessed will commence. Then calculation by dates can begin, but certainly not before. Reader, *make haste* and receive in your heart the "Joyful Message" of God's salvation.

Look now at that heart-melting story of the Prodigal in Luke xv. There is touchingly pictured the deep, ardent love and longing of the father's heart. Mark intently what is written: 'But when he (the Prodigal) was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him.' I need scarcely say this is an affecting presentation of God's attitude of love towards every repentant sinner. It is the only instance recorded of God in the act of running, showing how desirous He was to receive with joy and gladness the returning wanderer. Oh, *haste* thee; oh, *haste* thee to those enclasping arms of everlasting love!

“ Come ! the Father’s house stands open,
 With its love, and light, and song,
 And returning to that Father
 All to you may *now* belong.”

* * * * *

“ Then *haste* thee away ; *haste* thee away :
 Infinite love waits to welcome the sinner to-day.”

A very dear and honoured servant of Christ, whom I knew many years ago, was in his younger days out in the Australian Bush. One day he was alarmed by a loud roaring noise in the distance. The bush was on fire. What should he do ? How escape being burned to death ? Something *must* be done, and done *immediately*. He felt in his pockets. He had only *one* match left. His life depended absolutely upon that *one* match striking. He knelt down and asked God to cause it to strike. Fortunately it did strike. The light was applied to the grass surrounding him, together with the dry bush attached thereto, so that when the larger fire came along, he was saved from the danger, being able to stand calmly and securely where the fire had been. He had to make *haste*.

The fire of God’s unsparing judgment has expended itself upon Jesus for every believer. My reader, don’t delay a minute longer. Trust your soul to Him *now*.

“ Turn thee, O lost one, careworn and weary,
 Lo, the great Saviour is pleading to-day ;
 Seeking to save thee, waiting to bless thee ;
Haste to receive Him, no longer delay ! ”

* * * * *

“ *Hasten*, sinner, to be blest !
 Stay not for the morrow’s sun,
 Lest perdition thee arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun.”

TWO WAYS OF KNOWING.

IN speaking to persons concerning their eternal welfare, you soon find that numbers who know something *about* the Lord Jesus Christ, do not know Him personally. We may know the facts of the Saviour's life and death here, and yet be strangers to His grace. Between knowing *Him* and knowing *about* Him, the difference is great; and a matter of all importance.

Take an illustration. You could direct an inquirer to a certain doctor. Frequently you pass the house with the name-plate outside. At times you have met the doctor himself, but that is all. How very differently your neighbour knows him! He has just recovered from a long and serious illness, during which the doctor was constantly in attendance. Your neighbour's bodily need was the means of giving him a personal introduction.

With you, and every other creature of Adam's race, *soul-need* exists; but have you discovered it? Many a man walks the street with disease in his body, and yet he is ignorant of the fact; and until the presence of God is realized it is thus with men's souls. Where did the prophet Isaiah discover his own sinfulness? In the presence of God. "Woe is me!" he cried, "for I am a man of unclean lips . . . for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts" (Isa. vi. 5).

Where did Simon Peter realize his state as a sinner? In the presence of Jesus. "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord" (Luke v. 8). Conscience is not slow to work when we come before God in reality.

Awakened to the sense of his dire need, the jailor at Philippi was not long in coming to a personal knowledge of the Saviour. Deeply concerned about his soul's salvation, he was ready for the Gospel of God's grace. "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" was his cry; and from the lips of God's servants he received the answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house" (Acts xvi. 31). The thought of the jailor as having to *do* something has also proved a hindrance to anxious souls. All the "doing" has been done by the Son of God Himself; and all the glory of a sinner's salvation, therefore, belongs to the Saviour. It was at Calvary that the mighty work was accomplished. The awful question of sin and its just deserts was there taken up between God and Jesus. It was there that the bitter cry went up from the holy Sinbearer, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" The cup of wrath being drained, Jesus cried, "It is finished." There that terrible question was fully settled to the satisfaction and glory of God; and in proof of that satisfaction God raised Jesus from the dead.

Reader, has Calvary's deep meaning met the need of your soul? The One Who has died, and Who is now a risen and glorified Man at God's right hand, was preached to the jailor—that is, a *living Saviour*.

If you have not yet been brought to *know* this same living Saviour, be persuaded to turn to Him *now*. Distrusting yourself, and believing on Him, the blessedness of a *personal knowledge* of Himself will be yours.

S. P. FERGUSON.

THE KINDNESS OF GOD.

2 SAMUEL ix. 3.

WHAT a beautiful expression that is—the kindness of God! What grace is seen in the king's inquiry, "Is there not yet any of the house of Saul that I may show the kindness of God unto him?" Saul had lost the kingdom, having been rejected by God for disobedience; he had also been David's bitter enemy, and had sought to destroy him, causing him to spend many a weary day and night in exile. How all this enhances the grace of the inquiry, "Is there yet any that is left of the house of *Saul*?" We get the secret in those touching words, "For Jonathan's sake." David is true to his covenant with Jonathan, the fruit of it being seen in the kindness shown to Mephibosheth, the one who was left of that fallen house. It is emphasized that he was lame on both his feet. How like you and I, dear reader, in our lost and sinful state, involved hopelessly in the fall of Adam's race. Well it is, if we acknowledge our condition, as did this poor lame man who referred to himself as "a dead dog." So Mephibosheth is fetched from far off Lo-debar, which means *no pasture*, to sit at the king's table, and to be as one of the king's sons. What kingly grace was shown him! "He did eat continually at the king's table."

This is a beautiful picture of the dispensation of the grace of God in which we are found to-day. We read in the Epistle of Paul to Titus these words, "But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by

works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us. . . .” What precious words are these! Have they any meaning to *you*, dear reader? God’s great grace and kindness, which is toward *all* men, has appeared. It appeared in the coming into this world of Jesus, the Son of God; in His pathway through this world, in that life of perfect obedience to the will of God; in His service of grace and blessing to men; in His going to Calvary to be the Sin-bearer, there to pay the price of redemption; in His going into death and His rising from the dead; in His appearing to His own, showing Himself to be *living*; in His ascension to heaven to the right hand of God, exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour; in the giving of the Holy Spirit to indwell His people and bear witness to His work and His glory. Ponder over all these blessed things, and awake to the wonderful kindness of God seen in it all. “For the grace of God which carries with it salvation for all men *has* appeared. . . .” He has highly exalted Christ, He has given Him a name which is above every name; He has set Him upon the throne, and from that throne to-day comes the most wonderful message of grace and kindness. Do not, O do not despise it, as did Hanun (see 2 Sam. x.), who insulted David’s messengers of peace and goodwill, thereby bringing judgment and destruction upon himself.

Paul, as an ambassador from the throne, presents the most clear message of salvation to those whom he addresses as men and brethren, but closes it with these solemn

words, "Beware, therefore, lest that come upon you which is spoken of in the prophets, Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish." Whilst it is a most blessed thing to accept in one's heart the Gospel of God's grace, it is, on the other hand, a very serious thing to despise it, involving eternal loss. God is showing kindness to men, FOR JESUS' SAKE, and would have us, who were far off, brought nigh. Can you remain indifferent to His inquiry, "Is there any yet left?" It is *you* He wants. Do not despise His ambassadors, those who have so often told you of His great love, and would plead with you yet once more. Soon this dispensation of grace will close. Where will it find you, *inside* with the sons, or *outside* with the Christ-rejectors? Whichever it is, it will be *for eternity*.

Winnipeg.

C. DEAYTON.

"NONE TO MAKE."

"**I** REGRET to hear of the death of your boy, dear man. I hope he made his peace with God before he died."

"None to make," was the answer of the father.

The pastor, thinking the old man did not understand him, repeated, "I hope he made his peace with God."

"None to make," came the laconic reply.

"I'm sorry," said the other; "was he indifferent about God and his soul? Surely, if he was not, he would have made his peace with God."

Again came the answer, "None to make! Did you never read what Jesus said on the Cross: '*It is finished*'?"

"Ah!" said the pastor, "I understand now. No, your son had no peace to make, and died trusting in the One 'Who has made peace by the blood of His Cross.' Was that so?"

"You've got it now," replied the father. "We cannot make what is made. You may make a chair exactly the same as the one you are sitting on, but you cannot make *that* chair you're sitting on, because it is made."

Yes, "peace with God" has been made! God is satisfied, and has accepted what Christ has done and proved His satisfaction in raising Him from the dead. Are you satisfied too?

S. J. B. CARTER.

NOT UP TO THE STANDARD.

IN the year 19— a young man in the city of B—, having been discharged from the regular army owing to the period of his engagement being expired, began to look around for what he considered would be congenial employment. After weighing matters over in his mind and deciding on what he thought would suit him best he made the necessary application, but one after another his applications were refused, not because he had anything against him, but because he did not come up to the standard height required. This was very disappointing, and at last he decided to make a further attempt for a position which he thought he would surely

obtain. After making careful inquiry as to the height required, etc., he found he was just a half inch below the standard. Being anxious to obtain the position, he presented himself one day at the appointed place, and having obtained an interview with the officer in charge, a conversation ensued as follows.

“ I am come to apply for a post as ——, sir. I have just been discharged from the Army, being in possession of an exemplary character, a first-class Army School certificate, and I have qualified as a marksman.” Now, he thought, that is sure to have an influence with this man. But the first words of the officer in charge sounded the death knell to all his hopes.

“ How tall are you ? ” he asked.

“ I think about 5 ft. 7 ins., sir,” was the reply, knowing full well he was not up to this height by half an inch, but hoping against hope that the half inch might be overlooked.

“ Well,” the officer replied, “ I don’t care what you have got, you can get yourself measured ; but if you are not 5 ft. 7 ins. you are no good to me.”

The most careful measurement, however, only revealed the fact that that half inch was lacking.

You, dear reader, might say how foolish of this young man to waste his time when he knew that he was not up to the regulation height. This is true, but what about you, if still unsaved ; are you not acting in a way ten thousand times more foolish ? Perhaps you are taking others as your standard, and no doubt you compare very favourably with other men, but one day

you will be called to give an account to God, and in that day the question will not be whether you have done very bad things or not, but how have you treated the Lord Jesus. God has given his only begotten Son to die in your stead and mine. How have you treated Him? There is no other standard. You may be able to hold your head as high as your fellows, but God says: "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23). Thus *all* come short of the standard, but thanks be to God there is hope. The young man referred to could not add to his height, and in consequence was unable to obtain his desire. Even if he had been able to do so it would only have been a material advantage. But God is offering full and free salvation to all who believe and accept Jesus as their own personal Saviour.

Then be no longer occupied with your own fancied goodness, you will never come up to God's standard in that way. Listen to the words of the apostle in reply to one who was in deep exercise of soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 30-31). Accept the Lord Jesus as your own personal Saviour while you may!

F. W. DOLING.

WISDOM'S WAYS IN MAN'S BLESSING.

THE ways of God with men have ever given delight in heaven, and the intelligent recognition of them on earth always raises a note of praise to God.

“O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out! . . . To Him be glory for ever!” (Rom. xi. 33, 36).

In the course of a long business career, one has met with instances that have been surprising, in revealing the work of God in souls where least expected. Perhaps the most conspicuous was that of a gentleman one had known about forty years ago, as a man of ample means, of good position in society and surrounded by a highly placed circle of friends. He was a Colonel of the Volunteers of those days, a yacht owner; with an old-established business that yielded a golden income.

To all appearances the words of the Lord Jesus Christ might well have applied to him. “How *hardly* shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!” (Luke xviii. 24.) This world had apparently locked him in its circle of pleasure. But though the world would draw a barrier to keep God out, yet thanks be to God, in the greatness of His grace He works in hearts and consciences in a way that no potion prescribed by the enemy can deaden. Colonel — became gradually but certainly *blind*! This meant the withdrawal from much that had kept him in the whirl of pleasure of his former life. A long and beneficial course of treatment followed, during which in his solitary hours, the early training of godly parents was sealed by the Spirit of God in his sound conversion. “Repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus

Christ" were made his own. An almost miraculous recovery of sight ensued, and one had the joy of hearing the dear old man praise God not only for his restored vision but for His ways with him in enabling him to see the kingdom of God. His great regret was, as is so often the case, that he had come into blessing so late in life, and that divine things had not been enjoyed before. His words were to this effect: "I have not only come out of the darkness of physical blindness, but I have been delivered from the spiritual darkness of this world, and brought into the light of a living Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."

What a happy confession! Is that yours, my reader?

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus [or, Jesus as *Lord*], and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, *thou shalt be saved*" (Rom. x. 9).

L. O. LABETT.

FULL ASSURANCE.

A GREAT chemist was busy in his laboratory experimenting with a certain chemical, when three ladies called to see him. They were shown into a workshop, and there on the bench they saw two jars: one containing a chemical preparation, and the other molten lead. The Professor demonstrated his experiments before their eyes. "See, ladies, *there* is that *stuff*;

I cover my arm and hand carefully with it; now I thrust it into the lead and withdraw it uninjured. You understand?"

They did.

"You believe, that if you do as I have done you will not be burned?"

"Most certainly we do," they said.

"You really believe it?"

"Yes, yes, of course."

"Very well, then," said the Professor. "Come now and try it."

"Oh, no thank you, we would rather not try it," they all chorused, and instinctively drew back.

"But I thought you said you really believed it?"

"Certainly we do, but please excuse us from going further."

Reader, they believed it *theoretically*, but not *experimentally*. They were like the *formalist* or *mental* believer.

At last one of the three became courageous! She *first* thrust her fingers into the chemical compound, and *then* into the molten lead. Becoming bolder and braver she tucked up the lace and satin around her arm and carefully covered her arm with the chemical preparation and then placed it in the molten lead, saying, "It is certainly as told by this gentleman." She proved what the other two did not, that the professor's bare word was positively true.

Exactly. Sinner! venture *on* Him, venture *wholly*. Paul said, "I *know* Whom I have *believed*, and am *persuaded*." Are you halting?

trembling? undecided? unbelieving? young or old? You want Christ, do you not? Well, He wants you far more. Naturally you are lost. Unless you let Him save you, you will remain lost for ever. The day of God's grace is fast passing away. The sands of mercy are nearly run out. The golden hours of forgiving love are fast dying. The last loving appeal will soon be given, and, oh, *then*, where will you be? Oh, come to Jesus *now*, and let Him save you!

“ All my doubts I gave to Jesus ;
I His gracious promise heard ;
I shall never be confounded,
I am *trusting* in His word.
I am *trusting*, *fully* trusting,
Calmly trusting in His word.”

Communicated by E. MAYO.

THE END OF THE DAY OF GRACE.

WE see in Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy that the waves of opposition to the glad tidings of the Gospel of the glory of the blessed God were rising to a great height ; and since the Apostle's day, higher still. But there is to be no relaxation ; the testimony of the Lord is to be rendered, though it may be in reproach ; the Word is to be preached ; the work of an evangelist is to be done.

If it were possible that it could be known that the last day of grace had been reached, such is the grace of God that the servants of Christ, up

to the very evening of that day, would still proclaim that grace, not merely as a thrilling subject, though indeed it is, but because it is all seen in Jesus the Son of God. *He* came in flesh, *He* lived, *He* died, *He* was buried, *He* was raised from the dead, and *He* lives as a glorified Man for ever in the bosom of that love which is His home. To the last hour of the day of grace, the servants of the Lord should evangelize as their Master did. The question with them is not so much whether men *seem* to hear or to forbear. *To the last moment of the day of grace*, they have to tell out the grace of God to sinners.

Reader! Think of it, think of the grace of God and the way in which it addresses itself to men right up to the end! *But there is an end!* Once taken away by the stroke of judgment, then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.

T. H. REYNOLDS.

BARTIMÆUS.

(MARK X. 46-52.)

1. DARKNESS : His blindness.
2. DESTITUTION : His poverty.
3. DELIVERANCE : Receiving his sight.
4. DEVOTEDNESS : Following Jesus.

The Joyful Message

“HE DIED FOR ME.”

A GENTLEMAN, while travelling in America, came to a place where there was a newly-made grave. Bending over it was a man planting some flowers, and, as he set them in the new turned soil, he watered them with his tears. After observing him for a time, and seeing his deep sorrow, the traveller approached him, saying, “I suppose you are mourning over the grave of a wife?”

“No,” he replied; “I have not lost my wife.”

“Perhaps,” said the traveller, “your tears water the grave of a much loved child?”

“No,” replied the mourner, “I have lost neither wife nor child.”

“May I ask then, whose death it is that causes you so much sorrow?” asked the gentleman.

He replied, “I plant these flowers and shed tears for one *who died for me*. I was called to serve in the war; I had a wife and family; my friend came forward and said, ‘I have no wife and family, I will go instead of you’; he did so, and was wounded on the battlefield. Hearing that he was lying in the hospital in a dangerous state, I came to see him, but came only in time to find him in his grave; he lies buried here.

He has gone down into the tomb for me, and I plant these flowers and water them with my tears in remembrance of him.”

The mourner afterwards erected a tombstone over the spot, and upon it were carved these words :—

“ HE DIED FOR ME.”

Very few can say the same of an earthly friend, but thousands can say this of the Lord Jesus Christ ; they can also say, what can be said of no earthly lover, that the One Who died for them, and bore their sins in His own body on the tree, has been raised again for their justification, and is now alive again, “ ever living to make intercession ” for them. Further, He died that all who put their trust in Him, might be His companions, in the house of “ many mansions ” He spoke of in John xiv. 1, 2, whither He has gone, and has prepared a place for them, according to His sure word : “ I go to prepare a place for you ; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also.” What a wonderful Friend He is ! Do you know Him ? Those He has made His own at such tremendous cost, may well sing :—

“ Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.”

And not only can they sing the words, but *practise the truth of them* by owning His claims, in loving obedience, seeking only and at all times to please Him, remembering that “ Ye are not

your own, for ye are bought with a price” (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20). “For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge that if one died for all, then were all dead: and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him *which died for them, and rose again.*”

E. E. NICHOLS.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

MATTHEW xxvii. 19; LUKE xxiii. 39-43;

MATTHEW xxvii. 54.

FROM these Scriptures I hope, with the Lord's help, to show how light shines out of darkness. The apostle says in 2 Corinthians iv. that God commanded light to shine out of darkness, and that He has shone into men's hearts in order that there might be a shining forth now “of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” How great is this fact!

The Lord Jesus left Nazareth and dwelt in Capernaum—a great light shone in that dark city, as it says in Isaiah, “The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined” (ch. ix. 2).

In the histories of believers it will be found that in the time of greatest darkness light shines. So we should not be discouraged; in a sense

the very darkness shows that light is going to shine—the darkest hour is that which precedes the dawn. In the history of the Church there has been much darkness. For an extended period before the Reformation there was intense darkness, but then the light shone—light from which we are all benefiting now. So also in the history of souls. Darkness is the work of the devil, but God causes the light to shine out of it. When David numbered Israel it was a dark period, but God spoke to David through Gad; it is said that Gad was David's *seer*. What God has in mind is to bring in light. Through our self-will it may be, darkness has set in in our souls, but if we are truly the Lord's He has means whereby to reach our consciences, so David was convicted and light shone into his soul. Immediately before Israel's deliverance out of Egypt there was a time of deepest darkness, a darkness which could be felt, but the light of Israel's deliverance followed.

Three persons are mentioned in the Scriptures I read, for whom light shone out of darkness. The darkest hour in the history of this world was that in which the Lord Jesus was taken by wicked hands and crucified. He had walked and served in this scene—shone in it; and now He stood before Pilate to be judged and crucified. The world was doing its best to put out the greatest light. That light had shone in darkness, but the darkness apprehended it not. The world put Jesus to death, but He was raised again and shone more extensively than ever. It was morally as absurd an act as if men were to

combine to-day to put out the sun! The Lord was arraigned before Pilate and was condemned to die—a dark hour indeed, as I said, but light shone out of it.

Men's hearts were in deep darkness. The Lord said to the chief priests and captains of the temple as they came to take Him, "This is your hour and the power of darkness."

The first person called attention to in these Scriptures is Pilate's wife. She had a dream, and God spoke to her soul as she slept. He had done this in other cases before. It is one way that God uses to address men and women. In deep sleep in the night God speaks to men once, yea twice, but they perceive it not (Job xxxiii). But He does get a hearing sometimes. He got one that day from Pilate's wife, and in the dream she suffered. It is important to notice that she *suffered*. She says, "I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him." I believe that many who receive light from God and who are counted as Christians are very shallow because they do not suffer at their conversion. It may be that some of us have never suffered on account of Jesus, but Pilate's wife did. He was about to suffer on her account. He, the Just, suffered for us the unjust, that He might bring us to God (1 Peter iii. 18). Her sufferings were trivial; His were infinite. She "suffered many things." One might ask, What did she suffer? We may be sure she did not sleep comfortably, and it was because God would enlighten and bless her soul. If God works with us there will be suffering on account of Jesus.

This prepares a good soil for divine developments in us, and it enables us to appreciate what He suffered for us.

Pilate's wife does not say that the Lord suffered for her, but that she suffered because of Him. From the way the Spirit of God speaks of her one cannot doubt that she was converted and so would know afterwards that He suffered for her. No one can know forgiveness unless he knows that Christ suffered for him. "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree." We offer you this Saviour.

I would point out that Pilate's wife called the Lord Jesus "a just Man." Nearly everyone in Jerusalem said that He was unrighteous and ought to be killed as a malefactor, but she said to her husband, who was about to send Him to the Cross, "Have thou nothing to do with that just Man." What a testimony for Pilate!—especially as his wife had said that she suffered because of Jesus. No doubt he would ordinarily have complied with his wife's request, for he would have freed the Lord if he could; but he represents a man to whom testimony is presented and who *refuses* it. Instead of accepting the testimony of Jesus he refuses it and puts Him to death. He puts himself on the side of the lost, for we could not think of Pilate as saved. The washing of his hands did not make him innocent or righteous. That is what I had to say about Pilate's wife. She called Jesus "a just Man"—she suffered because of Him, and she testified to His righteousness to her husband, who was already on the judgment-seat. When Pilate is

brought before the throne of God he will remember that ; he will not be able to deny it. The same applies to us, if we reject Christ now we shall have to answer for it before the throne of God. Many meetings at which you were present will come before you then ; many gospel booklets which you have read will come to your remembrance. Will you now, like Pilate, still reject the testimony ? God presents Christ to you as a Saviour, Who, as you call upon Him, saves you ; for it is written, " For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved " (Rom. x. 13). It is a solemn matter if there is one here who has not confessed the Lord. This meeting will come before you at the judgment-seat of Christ. Pilate's wife shone out in that hour of darkness in testifying to the righteousness of Jesus.

In Luke xxiii. we have another light shining out, and that only a few hours after the events of which we have been speaking. The two malefactors were hanging, one on each side of Jesus. What a picture ! Three men hanging there, enduring the most excruciating suffering, and One of them was righteous. The fact that He was there makes the scene darker outwardly ; and as if to add to it, one of the thieves reviled Jesus. Another evangelist tells us that both the thieves reviled Him, which shows, as compared with what we have here, how quickly the work of God can take effect in a soul. One moment the thieves were mocking Jesus ; and the next, one of them was calling Him " Lord." Pilate's wife confessed Him as " a just Man " ; the

thief called Him "Lord" a moment after he had been reviling Him. He changed his mind. What caused him to do so? The Spirit of God.

To be converted to God is an instantaneous thing and often happens in gospel meetings. That is what they are held for. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." It is blowing to-night; you may be converted as you sit there. It was so with this thief—a glorious ray of light shone into his soul as he hung by the side of Jesus. What joy it brought to the heart of Jesus! And if one turns to Him from the world to-night it will afford Him great joy.

I am sure there was never a moment more important to heaven and to earth than the one before us. This blessed Man was put to death with malefactors, and for three hours there was darkness over all the land. But light shone in in the conversion of the thief. His glorious confession was taken account of in heaven: "there was joy in the presence of the angels." I would urge you to-night to confess the Lord Jesus. You will give great joy to His heart, as I said, and to the heart of everyone here who belongs to Him. The thief asked the Lord to remember him when He came into His Kingdom, but the Lord says, as it were, I will do something for you *to-day*—"To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." He was to leave his suffering body and enter into Paradise and be there in the company of His Saviour. He went straight to Paradise. What a Saviour! What a salvation! Note here that Jesus was

not dying a natural death; He died in power. He cried with a loud voice and gave up the ghost; He died before the malefactor. Jesus stayed long enough on the Cross to make propitiation. He cried aloud, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" and He gave up the ghost. He says, "I lay down My life of Myself." He did not die the same death as the malefactors. When Pilate sent he marvelled to find that Jesus was already dead, and so no bone of His body was broken. The malefactors were not dead so the soldiers broke their legs. Jesus entered Paradise *before* the malefactor.

The third person I wish to speak about is the centurion. He was a military man on guard over Jesus. That is to say, he was an officer in charge of some soldiers who were keeping guard by the cross. He represents the authority of Rome. Is it possible that such a man is to be converted? Yes, God can convert a man in military uniform. If he can convert and take to heaven a malefactor, He can convert a centurion. The soldiers with him were not insulting the Lord; fear came into their hearts (Matt. xxvii. 54). Could you have stood there without fear? Are you not afraid now of missing the opportunity of being saved—are you not afraid of the consequences? The centurion had had to do with the death of the Son of God. Is that a light matter? The centurion did not think so. When he went out from Jerusalem to Golgotha he was not afraid; doubtless he had seen men put to death before, without giving much thought to their sufferings, but see the change

now! "They feared greatly, saying, Truly this was the Son of God." Maybe your parents are converted, and your sister, and your brother—they have been affected by what is presented here: is it nothing to *you*? The centurion was greatly stirred; he saw the earthquake and what followed, and he feared greatly. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." These military men in the presence of Jesus change their countenance, they become serious, they say, "Truly this Man was the Son of God." They are confessing *the Son of God*. Only the Son of God could produce such a result. So we see Jesus confessed as "a just Man" by Pilate's wife, as "the Lord" by the thief, and the "Son of God" by the centurion.

Thus in an outwardly dark scene we have, so to speak, a galaxy of stars, radiating heavenly light, suddenly appearing. By the work of God light as to the glorious Saviour, Who was that day undergoing His atoning sufferings of Calvary, came to these persons and they made this three-fold confession as to Him.

Will you not now join in this confession? As the gospel is presented to you there is at this very moment the immense opportunity open to you of confessing Jesus as the just One Who died for you, as the Lord, enthroned in heaven, and as the Son of God Who has annulled death, and Whose voice now appeals to you, that you might live. May God grant it!

HOW DO YOU STAND?

A SHORT time ago it was our privilege to make a very brief visit to a certain part of Scotland where there has recently been a very distinct work of God in the blessing of a large number of precious souls.

There was a distinct freshness which, together with the spirit of brotherly interest on the part of the Lord's people in desiring the spiritual progress of the young converts, afforded cause for deep thankfulness.

In preaching the gospel to a goodly number at F——, we were impressed with the reality of the work, and we felt led to refer to the wave of blessing which had just visited those parts. Many had been brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, yet notwithstanding this there might still be some present who remained strangers to His grace, and it was to such we felt led to draw their attention solemnly to their great responsibility in being witnesses of the work of God in so many of their companions, and yet they themselves still undecided.

At the close of the meeting one young man came forward and boldly confessed Christ. He had been invited to the meeting by one of the young converts who had quite recently found peace in believing.

It may be the reader does not live in a place where the work of God is so manifest, yet your privileges are great compared with many who have not been favoured with so much light.

How do you stand? The greater our privileges the greater are our responsibilities.

Maybe you know of some, and those very intimate, a companion, friend, relative, or even a father, mother, brother or sister who are on the Lord's side, but you have not followed their course. Has not all this a voice for you?

This little gospel magazine is sent forth with much prayer that it may be used of God in blessing. If unsaved, the Spirit of God has so ordered that it should come into your possession, and that you might take heed to the glorious message of God's salvation. A golden opportunity awaits you now. Do not miss it, lest you do so for eternity.

“Many are choosing Christ to-day,
Turning from all their sins away,
Heaven shall their blessed portion be,
Where will you spend eternity?”

A. E. BIRD.

“RIGHT BEFORE!—RIGHT BEHIND!”

THE driver from “the footplates” saw
The safety signal as it fell;
Fast closed was every carriage door,
And clear rang out the warning bell.
The crowd drew back, and “Right behind!”—
The porters beckoned; “Right before!”—
The stationmaster quickly signed,
And swift the watchful guard waved o'er
His head his green flag, lifted high,

And shrill his trusty whistle blew.
The engine snorted in reply,
Then puffing, panting, pulling, drew
Its goods, its mails, its living freight,
Along at an increasing rate.
With pistons plunging on for miles
Before, behind, all right it flew,
Far from the waving hands, the smiles,
The tears of those who bade “ *Adieu!* ”

* * * *

Oh! young and old, burdened and gay,
Of every class, and creed, and clime,
We all are travellers on earth's way
And need the lesson of our rhyme.
Then tell us, is it “ *Right behind!* ”
And “ *Right before!* ” with you to-day?
It can be if by grace inclined
You trust the Saviour while you may!
For you His all He freely gave,
For you, for you He lives, He longs;
His arm from every harm can save,
His love can fill your heart with songs.
The past set right, your eye will view
The future with a tranquil mind—
Assured that right it will be too,
As right before as 'tis behind.
Come, trust Him, then, for evermore,
He'll keep you all earth's journey through;
And “ *Right behind!* ” and “ *Right before!* ”
Will blessedly be true of you!

SHE NEVER SAW DEATH.(SEE JOHN viii. 51.)

I MET the subject of this paper when she was in good health, and found her bright in her soul, not caused by her propitious circumstances but by her internal knowledge of God and of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was a real pleasure to go and see her, and hear her speak of what Christ was to her.

She developed that terrible disease, cancer. In great pain she proved that the One Who had saved her soul was supporting her and giving her the consciousness of His unchanging love.

She rapidly grew worse, and during that time I often visited her, the last occasion being on a Saturday evening about six o'clock. Those waiting upon her said it was useless my seeing her as she was quite unconscious and had not opened her eyes for the day. In addition she had taken no nourishment or medicine, and when spoken to had not moved a muscle. I pleaded hard to be allowed to see her, if only to look upon her. This request was granted me, and I entered the room where the dear sufferer was lying in bed as if in a beautiful sleep. Knowing her to be deaf, I put my mouth close to her ear and said: "The Lord Jesus is precious to those that know Him." At once she opened her eyes wide, and said in a distinct voice: "The Lord Jesus Christ is very precious to *me*." Then she closed her eyes again, and before I could get out of the room she had departed to be with Christ.

Dear reader, if unsaved, you cannot, like this dear Christian, look death straight in the face

and say: "O death, where is thy sting?" To her that sleep was illuminated by the personal knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, so that she never saw death, neither as the judgment of God nor as that which had a claim upon her. The Lord Jesus gently put her to sleep.

Truly a personal knowledge of the Lord Jesus and a conscious sense of His presence are great realities. Though her body was racked with pain, she experienced such a deep sense of His presence and support, as to be borne in spirit above her weakness and suffering, and rejoice in all that He was to her. Then when her time of suffering here was over, she was taken to be with Christ for ever, never to know weariness or pain any more—"absent from the body, present with the Lord." Truly she never saw death!

My reader, what is your outlook? Have you such a joyous hope before your soul? If not, the Saviour waits to bless you now and for ever fill your soul with the knowledge of His great, unchanging love! Then whatever may come, it will be your privilege to "trust in Him at all times," and prove His untiring support:

"Your comfort, 'midst all grief and thrall,
Your life in death, your all in all."

E. A. GOODENOUGH.

GOD'S WAY OF SALVATION.

WHILE on a visit at the little town of C——, in Wiltshire, the writer was told of the sickness of H——, a grocer in the town, also that he had led a life forgetful of God, and showing

little consideration for his wife, a humble-minded, God-fearing woman. Now that terrible disease, cancer, had attacked his throat, and his days were numbered.

Looking up for help, for I feared what reception would be given me, I called at the shop, and was shown into the room where poor H—— was sitting. After a few inquiries for his health, a conversation followed as to his soul's welfare, and during it, that precious scripture in Romans x. was referred to and read aloud: "*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.*"

Rising from his chair H—— took the book from my hand, saying, "*Let me read it myself,*" and then walked to the window, where the light of the short winter afternoon still lingered. He gazed on the precious words with the eagerness of a drowning man who clasps the life-line thrown him. I could only thank God for the interest He had evidently aroused in his soul, and having no further opportunity of seeing him, I copied out the verse, that he might have it still under his eye.

Dear reader, it is not by works of our hands or pilgrimages of our feet we are saved; but by confession of the *mouth* and *heart*, faith in the Lord Jesus raised from the dead; and, although you may have known those words from your youth, it is only when, as poor H—— did, they are received into the heart as God's word to *you*, that you get the good of them.

W. H. BRADBURY.

The Joyful Message

BACK FROM A LIVING TOMB.

DURING the most anxious period of the World War a fine submarine left the Clyde to undergo her trials in the Gareloch. She had a full complement on board, including naval officials. All went well till the return journey, when she was subjected to a final dip. Something unexpectedly went wrong and she refused to rise again, and fathoms deep lay "tethered." Half of the crew in the after-part were immediately drowned; those in the fore-part succeeded in closing the watertight doors which kept the onrush of water at bay. At the bottom of the waters, they faced what seemed to be the certainty of a lingering death, for their chances of release were infinitely small.

One of the "prisoners," a naval officer, volunteered to try and reach the surface. He clearly foresaw the terrible risks attached to this undertaking, and had strapped around his waist a message from the imprisoned men. The action cost him his life, but on his body the message was found from the imprisoned men in the depths. Though dead he spoke, and the voice of him who had sacrificed his life was the means of bringing deliverance to the others.

Prompt measures were taken to rescue them. Experienced salvors realized that the hope was a forlorn one, but they toiled all through the

night and the next day. The best and most powerful appliances were brought to their aid. A diver, by a series of tappings, transmitted a signal of hope to the men inside the sunken craft.

Another night followed the day, and "hope" died out of the hearts of most of the survivors. The pangs of hunger and thirst were being felt, farewell messages were written to mothers, wives and loved ones; wills were made, and they all settled down to face the king of terrors—Death.

Suddenly, as if by a miracle, air was forced into their prison house, then a trickle of water, followed by food in "tabloid" form. Hope sprang up afresh within their breasts and joy filled their hearts, as they now began to realize that deliverance was near. They felt the vessel being tilted from her bed, and her bow was raised until her "nose" appeared out of the water, and in the midnight hours a little company of weak, benumbed men gained their freedom.

They all adjourned to the nearest shelter and out of deep gratitude of heart to God joined in the recital of Psalm cxxiv :

“ If it had not been the Lord Who was on our
side, now may Israel say ;
If it had not been the Lord Who was on our
side, when men rose up against us :
Then they had swallowed us up quick, when
their wrath was kindled against us :
Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the
stream had gone over our soul :
Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.
Blessed be the Lord, Who hath not given us as
a prey to their teeth.

Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers : the snare is broken and we are escaped.

Our help is in the name of the Lord, Who made heaven and earth."

Now note, dear reader, first, "*something went wrong,*" and as a result they were held prisoners, with nothing before them but death. Yes, something has gone wrong, and even as you read these lines *you are a prisoner*—self-will, lust, passions, or the craving for a name, fame, riches or honour have ruled your life to the exclusion of God and His claims upon you.

You are held a prisoner, led captive by Satan at his will. Your condition is graphically described by the Holy Ghost—"without God"—"without Christ"—"without Hope." Before you is death, and after death the judgment.

You may not have any warning. The king of terrors may suddenly hurl you into eternity as he did with some of the men in our story. Should he come suddenly to you, ponder this question : Where will you spend eternity ? You are in precisely the same position as those men in the submarine. There was no possible hope of their ever saving themselves. If they were to be saved, salvation must come from above. Somebody must go back from that living tomb. They faced the situation in all its seriousness, and the only way of getting deliverance from above was : one must die ; otherwise, all must die. Out steps a naval officer and volunteers to take that terrible journey, well knowing what was before him. Tell me what feelings were

pent up in those prisoners' breasts, as they bade farewell to the one who was going to give his life in an attempt to save them? What thankfulness! What gratitude! Would they ever forget him? No! Never! His dead body carried a message to a sphere of life from whence only they had hope.

God saw the sons of men in their hopeless estate, imprisoned with naught but death before them. There was none to help, no eye to pity, and He came to this earth, in the Person of Jesus Whose name means Jehovah—Saviour. Yea, He went down into the prison house of death to set the captives free. Terrible, beyond all compare, were His sufferings as the waters rolled over His soul. Listen to His cry, given by the Psalmist, expressing the pent-up feelings of His soul: "Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me." This is not simply the death of the body, but a far more serious question. At the cross Christ entered that combat which is, and ever must be, without parallel. All the hostile forces of evil were arrayed there, but they fell back, baffled and defeated, and Jesus triumphed. From the Victor, as He hung upon the cross, this message was sent:

"IT IS FINISHED."

A thrill of joy passed through the celestial realms. To break the power of death He went down into the grave, but unlike the naval officer

who gave his life but could not take it again, this mighty One had power to lay down His life and power to take it again ; and on that glorious resurrection morning the king of terrors lay prone at His feet. He came back from the tomb.

“Death cannot keep his prey,
Jesus my Saviour.
He tore the bars away,
Jesus, my Lord.
Hallelujah ! Christ arose !”

Now, as the result of His death, His bloodshedding, His resurrection, salvation is brought to you and me.

Nothing was spared to effect the rescue of these men, and God has not spared anything to effect our salvation. He gave His only Son. Deliverance came from above, and your only hope is in God and His Gospel, which proclaims the salvation you need. The men, when set free, owned that their deliverance was from God Who had delivered them—“as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers.” Thus He is ready and able to deliver you from the devil’s snares which have held you so long.

Won’t you own this blessed, glorious Saviour—Jesus—as your Lord ? Oh ! I plead with you, while in health and strength, come to Jesus ! He will not despise you, for He says : “Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.” “If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God has raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.” Then let thy soul be filled with gratitude and

praise for the One Who in wondrous love gave Himself—"the Son of God, Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

Toronto.

T. HOLLIDAY.

AN HONOURABLE TESTIMONY.

[The following is the personal testimony of the Rt. Hon. James Brown, M.P., Lord High Commissioner, in reply to the query, "Why do I believe in God?" addressed to him by the *Scots Observer*. In its issue of June 18th, 1931, Mr. Brown's simple and impressive reply appeared on the front page. We trust multitudes will read and weigh them."]

"**T**HERE were many reasons which led me to believe in God, but they all converged in the Cross. At no time did I doubt His existence, but real, saving belief was hardly a part of my life. I could repeat the whole of the Apostles' Creed, and believe it, but it did not affect me much. As I read and reflected, it dawned on me that life was a great mystery, and that God's universe was vaster and more wonderful than I had ever dreamed. Later, I become conscious that I was mortal. That gave me pause. These disturbing thoughts did not remain with me constantly, but by and by they came oftener, and clamoured for attention. I saw death claiming others; if it claimed me, what then? Personal punishment was no part of my trouble, but I was overwhelmed at the thought of standing before a holy, an omniscient God in all my nakedness and helplessness. I knew Him as God the Creator, and as Judge: how could I stand before Him? Of course, I had heard of

the new birth, but like Nicodemus, and countless thousands of others, I wondered how such things could be. I prayed long and earnestly for light and help, and light and help were given. If God so loved the world that He gave His Son, so that those who believe in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life, why should I doubt His power and His willingness to save? I believed, but was afraid. What of my sins? The answer came, "Christ died for the ungodly." and I found firm footing there. And now I believe in God because of what He is, and for what He has done for me. I am as sure as I am a living man that God has been with me and has directed my steps for more than forty years. I have seen miracles of Grace in others who have been saved from their sins, but I know that I am a miracle of Grace myself. Knowing the tendencies in myself to evil, and remembering how 'He has kept my soul from death, my eyes from tears, and my feet from falling,' I can say, with fullest assurance, that He is my God and my Saviour. Nothing but the saving power of God could have kept me. . . . I have proved, in many ways, His sustaining hand. I believe in God because I know Him to be my Saviour. Since I was brought to a knowledge of the Truth, I have been conscious of His love. He has been my Shepherd, and has led me by the still waters, amid the hurly-burly of life. In the Valley of the Shadow, when everything was dark, He was with me. In the presence of my foes, seen and unseen, He has provided me with every good and necessary thing, and I have His assurance, the witness

of the Spirit, that I shall dwell in His house for ever. I believe in God because I know Him and have proved Him to be 'the Captain of my salvation.' He is the same to me to-day as He was yesterday, and will be for ever."

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

DURING the South African War, the Boers suffered a severe defeat at the battle of Paardeberg. General Cronje, their commander, arranged to meet Lord Roberts, the British General, to discuss terms of surrender. Lord Roberts took him into his tent, and Cronje began his proposals.

Victor and vanquished talked for a good hour, Roberts kindly but firm, Cronje broken but still grim. He tried to make terms. He asked that all his men should be released on parole after giving up their arms. He asked for guarantees of this and that, but Roberts knew better than to listen to any such offers. "I will accept nothing," he said, "short of unconditional surrender," and at last Cronje wisely agreed.

So it is with God. His terms are unconditional surrender also. He has sent His Son into the world to seek poor rebellious rebels like you and me, but many still say, "We will not have *this man* to reign over us" (Luke xix. 14). They want to be ruled by their own wills, but a time comes too when they are in urgent need, and like the Boer army, beset before and behind. Nowhere can they turn but to God (blessed

moment!) and then they are only too glad to listen to His terms.

Dear reader, if this is your condition, just own it to God. Be true to yourself, be honest and upright before God, confessing your ruin and helplessness. Like one long gone who penned those lines :

“ Lord Thou has won, at last I yield,
My soul—by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to Thee ;
Against Thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against Thy love ?
Love conquers *even me.*”

Remember the word says, “ If there be a messenger with him . . . to shew unto man his uprightness : then He is gracious unto him and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit : I have found a ransom ” (Job xxxiii. 23, 24).

Think of the Ransom God found. How precious to Him, how great, His only begotten, His well beloved Son. Oh, how He loves you, to give such a One ! “ 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.” (1 John iv, 9.)

Have you arrived at the point to call yourself vile ? Such was Job’s confession (Job xl. 4, 5). He accepted God’s terms.

Do not be like Naaman when he went away in a rage, but be like him when he dipped himself seven times in the Jordan, thus surrendering himself unconditionally at the word of the prophet Elisha. He received the blessing and became as a little child without any will of his own. In

other words he got to know God, and do His will. (2 Kings v.)

Oh, poor guilty one, will you not fall in with such wondrous proposals *now* offered you? You are asked to do nothing. You can *do* nothing, but thankfully accept everything from Himself, the bounty of His heart. He will bless you eternally.

Now let me ask you: "What would have happened to the Boer army had Cronje refused to surrender? Surely this—that they would have been blotted out, and let me *tell* you solemnly but kindly that if you do not accept God's gracious offer, you will be filled with remorse throughout eternity in that place from which there is no way out. May God in His mercy forbid that such will be your case. Come while there is time and find your way to the feet of Jesus.

"Come while 'tis day,
Procrastinate no longer;
Time precious flies on restless wings away;
Take *now* the Bread of life and know no hunger,
Through God's eternal, bright and blessed day."

Aberdeen.

JAS. TULLOCH.

A CRY OF DISTRESS.

HOW often have eager watchers around our coasts been stirred into activity, as across the dark, rolling deep suddenly a rocket is seen! What does it mean? Why, away out at sea,

probably on a dangerous sandbank, is not only a ship in peril, but on board, are men who are making a final effort to draw attention to their danger.

The following incident, however, took place, not in the black darkness of night, but about midday.

At one of our seaside resorts, a number of people were anxiously watching an exceptionally rough sea. The great rolling billows were dashing against the harbour wall as though nothing could stand against their fury. As we, too, looked, we noticed away out at sea what appeared to be a motor yacht slowly forging its way through the tempestuous waves. At one moment it was high up on the crest of a mountainous wave, and the next lost to our view, then again appearing, tossed to and fro in the raging seas, yet slowly but surely it drew nearer to the harbour mouth. Will it do it? Can it possibly get through? As we watched, its progress suddenly ceased, and we could see it was being driven right against the outer wall of the harbour. One moment it was high up above the wall, and the next down, down, down it went, only to reappear again, but nearer to destruction. Now, inside the harbour was a powerful tug boat with steam up and a crew on board all anxiously watching. Why is it, said the writer, that this boat does not go out and try to save the people in such need? As if in answer to our question, suddenly, from the deck of the boat in distress, a rocket was sent up. Instantly all was activity on the powerful tug

boat, and away it went to save, if possible, those in distress. After a severe struggle, almost at the harbour mouth, the yacht and all on board were safely brought into the quiet, safe waters. Saved.

If you, my reader, are still unsaved, you are at this moment in as great a peril as those on board this little yacht.

You need a Saviour. Yonder, at God's right hand, is One, Who is not only *able* but willing to save: the Lord Jesus Christ, Whom God has exalted a Prince and a Saviour. Now, what is needed to bring a poor helpless, sin-tossed sinner and an all-powerful Saviour together?

Listen! Your cry of distress! Do you say, "What shall I say?" Listen again! I believe countless multitudes will be in heaven whose cry of distress from the heart was, *Lord, save me*. You can say the same! Think of the folly of those on board that doomed boat, if they had been lost, when at hand was a powerful boat and crew that were able and willing to save.

Dear unsaved friend, send up your cry of distress now, and you will find that this blessed Saviour is ready, and willing, to save. The danger of delay is very great. Let your cry be heard now. Do not trifle with your soul. You will not always have the opportunity you now have.

"Jesus lingers still, 'tis for you He waits,
And has waited for you long."

JAMES FREEMAN.

VALUES.

VALUES and VALUES! I judge that every sane person the world over, young and old, knows something of *values*. Observation, discernment, and sound judgment are the necessary and deciding features in this pressing question of *values*. *Values* are the estimated *worth* of things, equivalents; to have objects in high esteem, may be *full* worth in exchange.

I have been induced to call attention to this subject through a remark made by the preacher at a recent Gospel preaching. This is the remark. "Has it ever crossed your mind that God has set a great *value* upon *you*?" Perhaps you are cogitating as to what that *value* is. It is your undying soul. Naturally you will ask, how you know that God *values* it. The positive proof lies in the astounding fact that God (the *only* true and *living* God) sent His only begotten Son into the world. God did this "that we might live *through* Him." View Him for a moment when here on earth! Mark, and that thoughtfully, His infinite wisdom and power! He could weigh with divine exactitude every person, and everything in the universe and their right *values*. Not one thing can escape His eye, nor is one thing forgotten. He is the Creator and Sustainer of *all* things. On one remarkable day He uttered these words, "*What* shall it *profit* a man, if he shall gain the *whole* world, and lose his *own* soul?" OWN soul!

The Lord Jesus when tempted of the devil in

the wilderness was offered the kingdoms of the *world*, and the glory of them, and the devil said, "ALL these things will I give Thee, IF Thou wilt fall down and worship *Me*." The devil is the god of *this* world. Do you know it? The blessed Lord, the perfect and holy One, refused them, ever blessed be His name! The fleeting pleasures of a passing world mesmerize the masses. Pause! consider! another world vastly superior and incalculably more glorious would secure your attention and participation. Do meditate and compare these abiding *values*!

Every day of our earthly life brings something before us demanding a conclusive answer as to *values*. Frequently as one walks along the streets one sees papers of one kind and another strewn about: one makes no effort to gather them up. Why so? They are valueless. The same experience is manifest in the lumber rooms of our houses. We say, let us destroy them, they are of no *real value*. Stop! consider, I beseech you, the immense *value* with which God regards your undying soul. Possibly you may have thought little about it. Looking around upon the multitude merrily treading the *broad* way, and their *own* way, you have felt disposed to take your chance as to the next world, exclaiming: "I consider myself as good as most, and I think I shall stand as good a chance as they of eternal bliss, if such a thing be. Such reasoning is pitiful folly. What does the Bible say? "So then *every* one of us shall give account of himself to God." Such a sentence as this commands a solemn and prolonged

“SELAH.” The most solemn and vital point in this disaster is, that we are *lost* to God. But what an arresting and convicting fact it is to learn, and realize that God *wants* you. Yes, wants you to come to Him. Wants to put you with those who will fill His heaven with endless delight, and His own heart with ceaseless pleasure. I press the surprising fact that all heaven is much more interested in a sinner’s salvation than he is himself. Will any reader be bold enough to refuse God’s desire, as once again this heart appeal is made to you? Such a course, if persisted in, must result in eternal disaster. How do I know this? Hearken! To the man without a wedding garment (Christ) in Matthew xxii. 13, the King (Jesus) will say, “Bind him hand and foot (no liberty), take him away, and cast him into *outer* darkness.” What a terrible consignment this! *Outer* darkness, and that for ever. Will not this be the fate of thousands?

There is no evidence existing that can prove that anyone trusting in Jesus ever regretted it, but any amount of testimonies from all that their future was dark and hopeless. I give below a few. Their judgment as to *values* was misplaced.

Horatio Bottomley said a few weeks before his death: “My affluence and influence are over. I await the summons to that land of mystery, whose portals are growing ever and ever clearer to my eyes. Let no man pity me, ‘as thou sowest so shalt thou reap.’”

Robert Ingersoll, the great American infidel, wrote:

“Is there beyond the silent night an endless day?
Is death a door that leads to life? We cannot say.
The tongueless secret wrapt in fate,
We do not know, we hope and wait.”

In such crass ignorance of God he lived and died.

What did that French atheist, Voltaire, say?
“I wish I had never been born.”

What did the famous poet, Byron, write?
“The worm, the canker, and the grief are mine alone.” He neglected what was of *lasting value*.

Disraeli, the revered politician, declared in his last moments: “Youth is a mistake, manhood a struggle, old age a regret.”

Many more such cases could be given, but the wisest of men wrote after all his selfish indulgence and gratification of human pleasures and fleshly delights: “All is vanity and vexation of spirit.”

Where, then, may we find true *values*? They are to be found, but found *alone* in Christ. Reader, is Christ yours? You *must* possess Him in time, or *never* in eternity. Keep this sentence in mind: “He that *hath* the SON hath LIFE, and he that hath *not* the SON hath *not* life.” Do not miss your way, decide upon the right and abiding *values*, I earnestly entreat you! Can you say?—

“I do believe, I *will* believe,
That Jesus died for *me*;
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set *me* free.”

Then you can joyfully sing:

“Jesus did it all, *all* to Him I owe;
Sin had left a *crimson* stain,
He washed me white as snow.”